

# Ontario Workman.

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

VOL. I.

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NO 39

## Labor Notes.

The Silk weavers of Paterson, N. J., are out on strike for higher terms of remuneration.

The outdoor operatives in the employ of his Grace, the Duke of Buccleuch at Granton have had conceded to them the 51 hours a week, their rate of wages to continue the same.

The Ship Joiners of the Pacific Slope are sustaining themselves very well; there are more of the members employed just now than there has been for some time past. They are getting from \$4 to \$5 per day.

The Bricklayers of California are still sustaining an association. Their members only work eight hours per day for \$5. Those outside of the society are getting the same price, but are working nine hours per day.

The trades unionists of Liverpool held a meeting on Wednesday night, and expressed their sympathy with shop assistants in their effort to obtain shorter hours of labor. The meeting pledged itself to render every assistance in its power, and to give up shopping after 7 p.m.

The masters in the Belfast Building Trade, have agreed to grant the terms demanded by the stonemasons, viz., 7 1/4 per hour, winter and summer. The stonemasons commenced work on Wednesday morning. The strike continues in the other sections of the trade, but negotiations with a view to a settlement of the dispute are going on.

Mr. Mundella, M.P., has requested Mr. Birwistle, of Accrington, general secretary to the East Lancashire Power Loom Weavers' Association, to meet the Government Commissioner, who is about to visit the cotton mills of Lancashire relative—amongst other things—to the proposed change in the hours of working from 60 to 54 per week.

On Wednesday a conference regarding systematic overtime in calender works, Dundee, was held between employers and delegates of the employes. After a long discussion, it was resolved that systematic overtime should be abolished, and that overtime beyond six hours per week should not be wrought, and that on Tuesday and Friday nights this amount of extra labor should be performed.

About ninety laborers in Edinburgh struck work last week, the reason being that the masters wished to reduce their wages from 5 1/2 d to 5 d per hour. The master builders have in turn locked out about 230 of their men, non-society as well as those belonging to the union, so that at the present moment upwards of 320 laborers in the city are out of employment. The masters have assumed a very firm attitude.

The strike of engineers employed in the locomotive department of the North British Railway, at St. Margaret's Station, has now terminated. On Tuesday, a deputation of the men met the superintendent by appointment, and were informed that the directors had resolved to concede the 51 hours, without any reduction of wages taking place. The men employed at the Cowairs Works have resumed work on precisely the same terms.

At present there is a strike at the dry dock in this city, arising from the fact that the men, recently imported from Quebec, receive sixty cents per day more than the workmen who are, and have been residents of Detroit. Perhaps the American Consul at Quebec can throw a little light on the reason why? Canucks are good enough in their place; but when such a display is made in their favor our friends can rest assured there is a "nigger in the fence" somewhere.—*Workingman's Advocate.*

The Crispins of California are sustaining themselves very well. They have several co-operative establishments, most of them doing as well as they can expect.—The Chinese are making boots and shoes, and have a complete monopoly of slipper manufacturing. They are also making all the cigars, caps for fruit, miners' clothing and other coarse apparel. They are generally

filling the place of domestic servants, and do not hesitate about demanding higher wages as fast as they learn the language and ways of white people. They learn everything but drinking whisky very rapidly.

The *Daily News* holds that question of the wages and houses of agricultural laborers is mixed up with some of the great social and political problems of the time. The enthusiasm with which the meeting received Mr. Ball's demand for the political enfranchisement of the rural working men indicates, at least, one bearing of the matter on politics. Its relation to the land question is another. The national union of agricultural laborers is a great fact, and its direct effect must be to force the land problem to the front. The problem will never be entirely solved till land is owned as other things are owned, and transferred and dealt with as easily as consols or railway shares.

A number of representatives of the trade association of Washington, D.C., have organized a Mechanics and Workmen's National Council. The president stated that the object of the meeting was to organize and set in motion a continuous council of workmen that will meet as often as once a month at the national capital, and consider all national issues pertaining to workmen, and to recommend to Congress any legislation that may be deemed necessary. Resolutions were adopted requesting Congress to pass a law establishing a bureau of education; declaring that every citizen is entitled to a free home, and every child to an education; urging members of Congress to oppose the disposal of public lands other than to actual settlers; providing a graduated tariff; asking Congress to give full effect to the eight-hour law; declaring that accumulated wealth should pay an equal tax to all taxable property.

A special court was held at Stockton-on-Tees lately, for the purpose of hearing charges against 48 puddlers who were charged by the proprietors of the Moor Ironworks with breach of contract under the 9th section of Master and Servants Act. Both employers and employed are members of the Board of Arbitration and Conciliation for the iron trades of the North of England. It was alleged by the prosecution that the defendants had absented themselves from work without just cause or excuse, while in defence it was urged that the coals supplied to the men were of inferior quality, and that this form a reasonable cause for ceasing work. The President of the Board of Arbitration was called as a witness, and he stated that the coals in use at the works were not capable of giving the heat necessary for puddling iron without excessive labor, and this opinion was confirmed by twenty witnesses. The magistrates decided that the men had broken their contract, and ordered each to pay the 17s. 6d. compensation claimed, with costs, or be imprisoned for one month.—*Manchester Guardian.*

**NATIONAL EARLY CLOSING LEAGUE.**—Recently a meeting in connection with the Manchester and Salford Branch of this League was held in the Waste Dealer's Exchange. Mr. Croston, vice-president of the branch, occupied the chair, and there was a good attendance. The objects of the League, as stated by the chairman, are to secure the extension of the Factory and Workshops Acts to all retail shops, to obtain the half holiday, the seven o'clock system, and the extension of the Bank Holidays' Act, which it was proposed to do by an application to Parliament to extend to shopkeepers' assistants the advantages enjoyed by other branches of industry. Mr. J. J. Allen, Bradford, secretary to the League, moved: "That, with a view to remove the evils attendant upon the late hour system in the retail trade, and seeing that moral suasion has hitherto failed, this meeting pledges itself to use every legitimate means to attain the objects sought by the League." The motion was seconded by Mr. T. Taylor, and passed. Mr. T. Chapman, Jr., proposed: "That the best thanks of the meeting be tendered to Sir

John Lubbock for his kindness in undertaking to introduce a bill into the House of Commons to restrict the hours of labor in retail establishments." Mr. M. Needham seconded the resolution, which was agreed to. A vote of thanks to the chairman concluded the proceedings.

## THE DIRECT REPRESENTATION OF LABOR.

The question of the representation of the people is always one which demands grave consideration by the people who live by manual labor. It is no fault of the working classes that we are divided and subdivided in our interests as to make class legislation a consequence of our divisions. The history of our representative institutions, when it comes to be fairly written, will be found to be one course of error, and occasionally oppression, by the people who acquired power by the use of fictions in the laws, which they took care to make convenient to themselves. The king-makers of our age found it desirable to perpetuate the institution of the House of Commons, which preceding kings had founded to supply the money needed for royal wars; and an aristocracy which only sought to transfer the burdens of taxation to the people, was ever ready to acknowledge the House of Commons, provided the Commons would supply the money that otherwise the land would have to contribute, as its first and primary duty. The invention of indirect taxation led gradually to the release of the land from burdens which the owners by confiscation had undertaken to bear, and it was only another step in the same direction when the aristocracy discovered that the money paid by the people in transfer of the burdens upon land could as easily be spent upon the younger sons of aristocracy. The Church and the Army were very soon turned into two institutions suited to the relief of the aristocracy out of elbows; and the Navy would probably have shared the same fate, had it not been that aristocrats have never liked sea-sickness; and the bar and physic would also have been absorbed, but that the practice of these professions demanded brains that the order could not supply. This exclusive possession of the good things which the Crown and the Constitution were made to yield, were broken in upon at last, and the middle classes entered into joint possession—and there we rest. The Reform Act of 1832 was a great advance, but it fell short of justice; and the Reform Act of 1867 fell short of equity. We have never shaken off aristocracy in the counties, nor have we got rid of plutocracy in the towns. The cardinal vice of the representation of the people so far has been this—that it has been the representation of poor men by rich men, under conditions which made it impossible for poor men to succeed, unless they were adventurers, prepared to do the work of rich men; and hence all the laws have been made under a bias which tends always in one direction—the narrow, restrictive ideas of the aristocracy, tempered only by the competition of the plutocrats, who, if they can be satisfied, are only too ready to make common cause with the aristocracy. One class asks and obtains compensation for a cattle plague which endangers rent; the other asks for security in the form of a law which is called "besetting." "Claw me; and I'll claw you," is the rule which is acted upon from a sense of mutual danger.

There is a great gulf fixed between rich and poor, but there is even a deeper gulf fixed between the idle and the industrious. We do not realize how much of this has been produced by our political antecedents, but in all the great issues which are before us to-day we may trace the influence of bad legislation, and what is equally, if not more, to be noted, the absence of good laws, such as would have been made by a just and impartial system of representation. The people who live by labor in the counties have no representation at all. They are supposed to be represented through the farmers and the shopkeepers, who respectively pay as little for labor, and take as

much as they can get in the prices they ask for the few articles of food and clothing the laborer can buy. In towns the artisan has the right to vote under conditions that forbid him to make a free choice, for he is asked to select one or two gentlemen merely because they are rich, and are able to please themselves as to whether they call themselves Liberals or Conservatives. Forty years of experience of both parties since 1832 has shown us this—that it matters little which is in power, for, after forty years, we still find ourselves in the wilderness, with no prospect of the Canaan of our hopes. An honest House of Commons would not have listened to a lawyer whose political hopes are confined to the Solicitor-Generalship, and after that the bench, when he sought to deny the obligation of borough and county rates to pay the legitimate expenses of elections. It is obvious that the only object of such a prohibition was to exclude the working classes of this country from the right to elect men of their own order to the House of Commons. It is asked that a workingman, if he stands as a candidate, shall pay over his share of the expenses—an easy matter to his competitors, who are all rich, and who desire to buy, or, at least, to pay their way into the best club in London, for the House of Commons is "the rich man's club," in a sense which is not political. The House of Commons is intimately interlaced with the social purposes of the upper classes; it is the "open sesame" of the cave of the Forty Thieves, and the social treasures which lie beyond the threshold attract the eye of the vulgar rich who have made fortunes by beer, or soap, or petroleum, or shares in the companies they have got up or let down, or in the markets which they have rigged. It is lawful to rig the market, to make a fictitious price for shares; and it is equally lawful to "beset" a company, to run it down, and to ruin thousands of widows and orphans; to "bull," and to "bear," but it is unlawful to do any of these things if the subject of them happens to be connected with labor. "This is a wonderful country for justice," as Sam Weller said; for there is only one law for rich and for poor; but—and everything depends upon the but—there are two modes of administering it. "Mon do not gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles," and, therefore, we do not get what we have a right to expect from our so-called representatives, if we take their promises as trustworthy; but we do get what we may expect if we take their connection with the Society as an index of the future. The instincts of the rich and of the expectant of profit are naturally allied in the purchase of land, and the two classes are as remorseless as the lion, but which they employ for the coercion of labor, as they make themselves think labor is remorseless to them. We have come to this pass: that each class has lost the confidence of the other, and now, like Hal-o'-the-Wynd, each fights for his own hand.

The exact conditions of the fight are yet all in favor of the upper classes, with one exception—they have numbers against them. The working classes have only to be united in one general election, daring to disregard party cries, and the battle is won. They must determine that the people who live by labor shall either be represented by their own class, or shall refuse to be represented at all. The spectacle of a dozen working men entertain the House of Commons would disenchant that house, would disillusion society, and create a new and salutary feeling of respect in the minds of the holders of property looking for the usurious interest which only trade now cares for. The spectacle of the working classes, where they cannot obtain candidates of their own order, refusing to vote for party candidates, would also strike terror into the hearts of both parties—that they had been found out, and found wanting. The House of Commons could not go on for a session under an election by a minority of the people; it would cease to be representative if it was composed only of rising lawyers, army officers, and push-

ing professional politicians. There is only one hope of labor, and it lies in the alteration of the spirit of legislation, which experience has shown is only to be attained by an invasion of the social pact which now gives law to the people. It is this spirit which now supplies sentences of six weeks' imprisonment for working men for breach of labor contracts, which to the middle classes are only punished by civil actions for damages and the payment of such a fine as the jury may award. A mistake in judgment, an error in manner by a working man, is visited by the cropping of his hair and association with thieves. This is considered justice—by Society. In the counties, where no laborer is allowed even to see inside a polling-booth, the same provision is made if he snares a hare or shoots a pheasant—creates so sacred in the eyes of English Brahmins that they may not be touched by the profane hands of the vulgar, nor eaten by plebeian teeth. The Scotch farmers are just now showing what working men should do. They are electing men who will vote against the law of hypothec and the Game-laws, and they will not listen to either Whigs or Tories until they pledge themselves distinctly to the views of the farmers. Men who are faithful to themselves soon obtain the agents they need; and so Sir George Balfour enters the House of Commons unopposed, and Mr. Barclay will probably beat his judicial opponent. If working men wish to succeed, they must imitate the Scotch farmers, and revolt against the parties which now unitedly misrepresent them. The social revolt is working under-ground, and the day, we may hope, is not far distant when it will be felt in the only circle which has hitherto escaped its influence.—*Lloyd's News.*

## SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL POSSIBILITIES.

Gas wells in various localities indicate that immense deposits of coal oil and petroleum exist in the earth, which may be at great depths; and New England may yet count it among her treasures, and large and enduring deposits, which few now dream of, be found. We may burn it for fuel as well as for illumination; by its use steamboats may cross the ocean, and locomotives fly by its aid. We are just beginning to learn the power of this new servant that man has awakened from the sleep of ages. The country also abounds in limestone, sandstone and bituminous shales, which, by scientific and mechanical aid, may afford an almost never ending supply of this wonderful material.

And notwithstanding the seemingly advanced state of the means of transportation, it is inadequate to the present wants of man. Steamboats and railroads do not even meet the wants of our own country. New England and the Middle States want Western and Southern products; and vice versa, the West and South want Eastern products at cheaper rates. Can the possibility of aerial navigation be doubted? Every year is bringing us nearer the practical solution of this great problem.

If a light motive power is required, science may yet discover a cheap method of separating aluminum from our clay, some of which contains as much as 30 pounds of this most wonderful material to the ton. This metal is three times stronger than steel, and as light as chalk. On the very surface of the earth, we daily walk over a material from which the machinery for a motive power may be constructed of about one-tenth the weight of iron or steel. In the oxygen of the atmosphere is abundant fuel which may yet be used to rarify the air for a motive power; other powers also exist in Nature, which will, no doubt, yet become the servants of man. One discovery opens vast and expansive avenues, leading to unexplored regions where magnificent creative Nature holds in store rich treasures which the scientific hand may drag from her dark arcana.

He who engages his mind, his time, or his fortune in the development of scientific means for bringing forth from Nature's rich stores that which will add to the enjoyment, happiness and comfort of man is entitled to the greatest honors that can possibly be bestowed by an appreciative world.—*Scientific American.*

Poetry.

NOW.

The venerable Past is past ; 'Tis dark and shines not in the way ; 'Twas good, no doubt—'tis gone at last— There dawns another day.

The Present needs us. Every age Bequeaths the next for heritage ; But lazy luxury or delight, But strenuous labor for the right : For Now the child and sire of Time, Demands the deeds of earnest men To make it better than the past

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Mayor and others took a deep interest in the beautiful, wee woman—for she was woman in loveliness of soul and ripeness of mind.

Everything she needed was procured for her and an escort was sent with her to Jacksonville. Through the influence of several prominent and influential citizens, she was given a room at the asylum and was permitted to be the constant companion of her brother.

"Little angel, this is a prison. If you can't fly, you will have to remain here. The gates are guarded by huge sharks that swallow all who attempt to escape; so fly, little angel, fly."

"Dear Oscar, I am going to stay here and take care of you," she answered softly, and turned her large blue eyes full upon him.

"I am not Oscar, I am Atlas; Oscar is in a lower ward," he replied. "It is singular that while he disclaimed the name of Oscar, he insisted upon designating another maniac by that appellation. This vagary, no doubt, arose from the fact that an inkling of the name still lurked in his mind, but from the narrowness of the compass in which it moved, he was unable to locate the name where it belonged."

After Amy had been a few days at the asylum, Oscar became strongly attached to her, and during the day, could not bear to have her out of his sight. He always called her "little angel," and seemed to get angry should she call him anything but Atlas.

There was a grove near the asylum, and it was the practice of the management to hold picnics there occasionally, during the summer, in which the more rational and tractable maniacs generally took part. The superintendent was very careful, however, not to allow too many out at one time, he also took the precaution to send a plentiful supply of keepers along.

Along towards the first of September one of these open air festivals was given on the eve of a visit from the commissioners. Oscar and Amy were present, although the picnic was not specially from his ward, but as we have already intimated, he was permitted to attend nearly all these festivals.

On this day he strolled away towards the outskirts of the grove, but on account of his previous good behavior, his absence excited no alarm. When out of sight of the rest, his manner suddenly changed, his eyes shone with strange brilliancy, his nostrils dilated and his breath came thick and fast:

"Now, little angel, we are clear of the sharks, run, little angel, run," he said excitedly, wildly.

"Oh, no, dear Oscar, don't go," she exclaimed, taking his hand as if to detain him, but she trembled visibly as she saw how unnaturally wild he looked.

"Good bye, little angel, I must go," he said, bounding away like an arrow.

"Oscar! Oscar!" she cried, running after him as fast as she could. Happening to look round he saw her following him, and stopping suddenly he turned back, took her by the hand and ran on, on across a broad field towards a road leading into the country. But little Amy could not run far, she was soon tired, and fell down from sheer exhaustion.

"The north, little angel, the north," he broke out with sudden vehemence.

Amy took his hand and faced northward. They ran on for a quarter of a mile, when the maniac, looking back, saw some persons on the road leading to the town, and thinking them pursuers, he snatched little Amy up again and darted across a wide, new-mown meadow, skirted by a few straggling trees, beyond which another road was encountered. They followed this road for some distance, followed it until it became untraceable—lost in a great stretch of prairie. It was now near sundown, and poor Amy was very tired—for the last mile or two she was barely able to drag herself along—finally she sat down and began to cry inwardly, but the big tears ploughed furrows through her dust-covered cheeks.

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Amy was quite lame, but she limped around and made a sort of reconnaissance which resulted in the discovery of a farm house. Towards this house she led her brother. At the gate they met the farmer's wife, a kind-hearted woman, who gave them some breakfast, and asked but few questions. Amy was very reserved and cautious in answering questions.

They traveled all that day, their only dinner being some cheese and a few crackers Amy bought at a country store. As it grew dark, Amy thought of stopping at some house and asking for shelter, but no house could be seen—not even a barn or shed was visible in all the expanse of prairie.

two, asked them if they were going to town—and, when Amy replied in the affirmative, he made them get in.

"You are welcome to a ride," he said, "as I am going direct there."

There are no stones on these roads, and very few inequalities, so the wagon did not jolt but little, and Amy was soon asleep, warmly wrapped in a heavy robe the man kindly spread on the bottom of the box. They reached the town a little before daylight; but, as it proved to be quite a large place, the maniac seemed to grow uneasy and restless, and was not satisfied until they were a full mile beyond the suburbs.

This morning they had no breakfast, as Amy was afraid to stop at any of the first houses they passed—she did not like their appearance—and now they had entered upon a road that was evidently very little traveled, and on which no house could be seen or met for miles. About ten o'clock, the sun became intensely hot, and as they trudged along through the choking dust, little Amy suddenly swooned away—fell at the maniac's feet—the boiling sun overhead and God alone at hand.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Although Amy had been exposed to the intensely hot rays of the burning sun, which seemed to pierce the air with countless spear-like threads of fire, she had nevertheless escaped being stricken down by coup de soleil. Such an event might have happened had nature not succumbed to the severe strain, resulting from the excitement and excessive exhaustive toil of the two days last past, which together with an insufficiency of physical aliment, so acted upon the brain, and on the nervous system as to cause a temporary cessation of the movements of the heart.

The maniac stopped and looked down at the lifeless, inanimate, temporarily dead being at his feet, and as he gazed, an expression puzzling to comprehend, a look of tumultuous confusion settled upon his countenance, giving his face a fearfully striking appearance.

Many men reach the magic land of magnificent ease, the enchanted realm of splendor, luxury and sumptuous idleness, but the highway over which they travel is strewn with the blasted hopes of hundreds of God's children; it is paved with poverty, watered with the tears of the widow and orphan, and made hideous by the doleful, wailing sound of misery's shrieking voice, which is heard, over and anon, above the melodious cadences of mirth and gaiety, arising from that little heaven created at the expense of an infinitely larger hell.

The maniac continued to gaze on the helpless creature with that curious but painful look for some time. Presently she gave a slight groan, and her body began to quiver violently. This had the effect of recalling the maniac, for he quickly picked her up and ran across the field towards a large spreading tree, in the shade of which he placed her, and then sat down at some little distance and relapsed into the same mood, his face wearing the same expression.

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Amy slowly recovered consciousness and animation, but was very weak, almost powerless. She lay on her side on the green sward and looked steadily at her brother. It was now nearly eleven o'clock, and owing to hydrometric and barometric changes which had gradually taken place in the state of the atmosphere for the past few hours, Amy experienced a sensation of closeness, oppression and uneasiness; and this added a feeling of gloomy despondency to her other sufferings and sorrows.

of this, and she crawled some distance away from the tree and begged the maniac to join her, but the thunder and lightning appeared to have had a strange effect upon him. He leaped, danced, shouted, and grew more vehemently wild as the sun's beams were smothered in huge dark masses of vapor, and the quivering air was being almost continually pierced by the prolonged, rolling, leaping reverberations of violent thunder, while the very earth trembled and seemed to quake and shrink at the horrible shrieking sounds that reverberated and resounded, far and near, upon the pulsating air.

"Little Angel," he cried, in wild, unnatural ecstasy, "hear His voice; see the flash of His eye; the sharks will be destroyed. This is their day of judgment. The sound of His voice will strike them dead, and the fire of His eye will consume them one and all."

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—The Fortune of War.

While the English, notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, eagerly pursued the enemy, Captain Burdett turned his steps towards the farm house. Here he was informed that a chamber above contained a Castilian knight who was wounded, and a lady who was solicitously attending on him.

Almost immediately the Morisca descended, followed by Esau, whom Bouchard supported, and lead to a seat against the wall; he then quickly left the farm.

Aixa was hardly able to restrain an exclamation of joy on recognising the Late Comer, thinking she might reckon on his valour and friendship.

A very different sentiment animated Burdett, who, at sight of the daughter of Mohamed, began speculating on the enormous ransom he should obtain for her.

"Allow me to ask you how you knew I had taken refuge here?" said Aixa.

Burdett only smiled, but Aixa did not understand why; notwithstanding her cunning and penetration, she did not suspect the snare into which she was falling. All she feared was becoming the captive of Don Pedro, and this she did not apprehend while protected by Burdett, who, however, took care to alarm her fears on that head; till at length she proposed that they should immediately quit the farm, and that if any one should question them, the captain should say she was his prisoner.

To this proposition Burdett replied with a sinister smile, "We understand each other surprisingly, madam: I reckon on no other means of getting you across the camp in safety."

"It is indeed an infallible way," remarked Aixa; "and the most natural in the world."

"You are right, Madam, but do not let us trifle any longer," said Burdett, in a loud and firm tone. "You cannot quit this farm without falling into the hands of Don Pedro's captains, who occupy all the environs of the field of battle. Besides," continued the Late Comer, "it is much better to pay your ransom to me than to any one else: for I declare to you very seriously, madam, that you are indeed my prisoner."

Aixa shuddered at this unexpected reply. "It is impossible, sir, that you are speaking seriously," said she.

"In truth," said the Late Comer, "you are my prisoner, and I will restore your liberty only on condition that I receive a good ransom."

"A ransom!" repeated the Morisca; "no, I will disappoint thy shameful cupidity. I will not allow my father to purchase my liberty. Thou mayest torture me, thou mayest kill me, but thou shalt not exchange me for money!" Then pointing to Esau, she continued, "if that knight who sits there motionless were not mortally wounded, thou wouldst not depart hence alive."

Burdett, observing that the knight, whom till this moment he had forgotten, wore gold spurs, began to think he had made another rich capture; but Esau, roused by the appeal of Aixa, dragged himself with difficulty towards Burdett, and raising his visor, the Late Comer uttered an exclamation, and repulsing the leper with his gungletted hand, he sprang suddenly to the Morisca, seized her in his arms, and, notwithstanding her shrieks and struggles, fled with her from the farm. Esau, in trying to pursue him, staggered and fell heavily to the ground.

The Prince of Wales had caused his standard to be planted before the entrance of the farm, so that the knights, squires, and men-at-arms, who had ventured in pursuit of the fugitives, might rally round the banner of St. George.

Don Pedro, elated at the brilliant victory

that had been gained, went among his partisans, dispensing rewards and promises to some, smiles and commendations to all. Still, in the midst of his triumph, a deep anxiety sat heavy at his heart. What had become of his illegitimate brother, Enrique?

The Black Prince, meanwhile, with admirable foresight, sought to strengthen his success; he superintended the encampment of the different companies; he sent to Navaretto, to seek the provisions which had tempted him (the chief of a starving army) to give battle; and he dispatched messengers to Burgos, Toledo, and Seville, to announce to the inhabitants the defeat and ruin of Don Enrique.

Burdett, who was appointed Governor of Burgos, set out with his escort, which was composed of about a dozen horsemen, in the midst of whom rode the Morisca, and two Granadian soldiers, who had been taken prisoners.

They had brought her the most alarming news; they said that King Mohamed had perished in defending Don Enrique, in the wood beside the river, where Aixa had seen the vanquished king take refuge and disappear.

No one had seen Don Enrique leave the wood where the last blows of the battle were exchanged; so the report of his death had been generally spread abroad.

The Morisca shed not a tear at the recital, but her eyes flashed, and she inwardly vowed a human holocaust to her father's manes.

Burdett, after taking leave of the Prince of Wales, put himself at the head of his little troop, and rode in the direction of Burgos. To avoid a long detour, he decided on crossing the field of battle, thinking the shades of night would spread a sufficiently thick veil over that immense sea of blood to hide its horrors.

The moon could hardly pierce the black clouds collected in the firmament. Like a sepulchral lamp, she lighted with her faint and livid beams those men wrapped in their iron shrouds, among whom here and there one would start, by a last effort, on hearing the approach of the escort, but immediately arrested by the hand of death, would fall back again, and breathe his last sigh.

In profound silence, and leading their horses carefully by the bridle, Burdett and his escort at length reached the forest where Don Enrique had disappeared, when one of the Granadians whispered to Aixa, "It is here, madam, that the king, your father, must have fallen," and he pointed to a large ditch where men and horses, helmets and turbans, swords and scymitars, were heaped in promiscuous confusion.

The Morisca stopped her mule, and requested Burdett to permit her to alight, and seek the dead body of her father. The Late Comer at first refused, but at length consented, on one condition, which was, that her father's rings, the pearl of the caliphs in the handle of his scymitar, and the housings of his horse, adorned with precious stones, were to become his property.

Too intent on her painful task, Aixa had not observed the approach of some new comers, who immediately began, like her, an examination of the dead bodies. With this difference, however, that while the Morisca concerned herself only with those whose heads were covered by a turban, the others were attracted only to the helmets with gilt crests.

Gradually the two parties so strangely employed drew nearer to each other, till a few steps only separated them, when one of the men, half buried among a heap of the slain, which he turned over with untiring energy, exclaimed, "It is he?"

At that voice, which sounded more like the savage shriek of a bird of prey, than like that of a human being, Aixa was seized with a sudden trembling, and in alarm was about to flee, when her feet became entangled in the folds of a white olbournous striped with scarlet, at the sight of which a piercing shriek escaped from her lips.

"My father!" she exclaimed, pressing in her arms the body of Mohamed, now cold as the coat of mail that covered his breast. She thought only of her father, of whose death she could scarcely be convinced; she regarded him with swollen, but tearless eyes; her heart beat violently, as she placed her hand on the bosom of her father to be certain that his heart did not beat like her own.

During this time, the man whose voice had so powerfully attracted the Morisca had remained kneeling, and gazed with sparkling eyes on the body and head of the dead man whom he held in his arms. Then casting down the corpse with disdain, and drawing himself up to his full height, "At length," he exclaimed, "I am King of Castile; Don Enrique has paid his debt!"

These words reached the heart of the Morisca; she slowly turned her head, and her sparkling eyes met the look of the triumphant king. Don Pedro now perceived her for the first time; and, strange to say, he who had fought so bravely on that memorable day, retreated with alarm and surprise at that sudden apparition. "Aixa!" murmured he, in an altered voice.

"Is thy brother really dead?" said the Morisca, with a disdainful smile.

"Quite dead, Aixa," replied the king, "and with the life of that rebel has flown thy last hope; Heaven has ordained that thou shouldst find thy punishment in thy revenge, Aixa."

"It suits thee well, impious man, to speak of the justice of Heaven!" replied the Morisca,

forcely. "But what induces thee to prow amidst human gore like a vampire? Darest thou say it is a generous sentiment of pity or remorse—a spark of chivalry or honour? Art thou not ashamed, thou the conqueror of an army, to fear a vanquished man?"

"No, Aixa! I am not ashamed of my hatred to Don Enrique, nor of the joy his death has caused me. Heaven selected victims, in striking Don Enrique and Mohamed. Submit, then, to thy fate, Aixa."

"Submit, because thou art conqueror!" exclaimed she. "Kiss, like a beaten dog, the hand that drove me from the Alcazar of Seville! the hand to which I owe the death of my father, the only being I loved in this world! No; thy victory, far from destroying the hatred I have vowed against thee, will only render it more implacable."

"Go, then, unhappy woman," answered Don Pedro, "I would rather have thee for an acknowledged enemy than for a doubtful friend. I despise all thy senseless menaces."

The Morisca, taking these words as a challenge, rose with a sudden bound, and sprang towards the King of Castile. "Before despising my threats," said she, in a voice of inspiration, while her wandering eyes seemed to plunge into an unknown future, "wait, and see how I avenge myself. I tell thee, Don Pedro, on this fearful battle-field, every time thou meetest me, our encounter will be signalised by some sad and fatal event."

"Fatal to Don Pedro, or to Aixa!" demanded the king, with a forced smile; "for I find thee in my path, and I see sleeping there last sleep my two fiercest enemies."

"Have a little patience!" replied Aixa, in a dull voice. Then turning to the body of her father, she put her arms round it, and motioned to her two servants to assist her in carrying it. With a menacing air, she repeated, "Patience, O conquering king!" and, with her sad load, she walked slowly and sorrowfully away.

As she directed her steps towards the river the escort was to cross, Burdett rejoined her, and, in a whisper reminded her of her promise. The two Granadians, at a signal from Aixa, delivered to the freebooters the jewels he had stipulated for. The body was then placed on the bank, and the Morisca knelt to offer the prayers which had been before interrupted by the appearance of Don Pedro.

The servants of the latter, who carried the body of Don Enrique, stopped with their burden at some paces from her; the king was still with them, absorbed in an ecstasy of triumph.

Suddenly Aixa uttered a shrill scream, in which was expressed joy, surprise and superstitious alarm. She had just felt the heart of her father beat under her hand. "He lives!" she exclaimed, "he lives! Heaven has heard me, and pardoned me." With trembling hands she removed the coat of mail that Mohamed might breathe more freely, and kissed his lips, to impart warmth and life to them.

All at once in the mysterious silence of the night, an unaccountable noise reached the ears of the King of Castile.

The bank, like the plain, was covered with bleeding bodies, whose feet were bathed by the water. The noise that had alarmed Don Pedro resembled, at first, the clattering of horses' feet in the sand and mud, then it seemed like the clank of armour. Instigated by an irresistible curiosity, Don Pedro cast an eager and uneasy look on the bushes that bordered the river. He thought he was dreaming when he saw them swerve aside, and a polished steel helmet appear in their place. A knight, mounted on a steed with a breastplate of iron, rose from the bosom of the reeds; and behind him there appeared other warriors, who seemed, as they advanced, to increase in size.

Don Pedro, amazed, ran towards the Morisca who was calling on her father in a plaintive voice, and placing his hand on her mouth without speaking, continued to watch the strange squadron, to which the river had thus afforded an invisible asylum. At length all the armed knights, like phantoms evoked by a supernatural power, placed themselves in line on the shore. The moon had pierced the black clouds, and cast a pale light on this strange scene.

The knight, who seemed to be the chief of the silent squadron, then turned his head towards the holders of the forest. "Forward, my faithful friends," said he, in a soft, deep voice, "we will yet meet my brother again."

Don Pedro, bewildered with amazement, recognised Don Enrique, the vanquished, the dethroned, the slain—Don Enrique, whose raised visor allowed his pale, but fierce and threatening countenance to be seen—Don Enrique, who seemed more alive than himself. He tried to speak, but his voice choked in his throat, dread and horror paralyzed the effort of his will. Soon, however, recovering from that strange access of fright so new to his firm and intelligent mind, he rose with the intention of securing the prey that seemed to brave him, but Don Enrique and his escort had disappeared; they had gone off at a gallop, flying like arrows, and were lost in the depths of the woods before Don Pedro had recovered from his alarm.

"Thank Heaven, my father lives!" cried Aixa; then regarding the king with astonishment. "Why art thou so pale, Don Pedro?" she asked.

"Because I have seen my brother again, living, free, and armed," answered he, in a voice full of anguish.

"And didst thou not call thy knights to thy assistance?" coolly demanded the Morisca.

"I was alone, Aixa. By a word I could have surrounded him with an army, but he might have laid me dead at his feet before one of my knights had been awakened."

"What, then, has become of thy courage?" said Aixa, disdainfully. "Did I not tell thee just now to have patience? Remember my prediction, Don Pedro. We have met to-night for the first time since thy return into Spain. Thou seest that I know how to keep my promises. A sad event for thee has marked this meeting, since thou hast witnessed the awakening of Mohamed and the resurrection of Don Enrique."

"Thou art, indeed, a prophetess of misfortune," he replied.

At that moment the voice of Burdett summoned Aixa from a distance to remount.

The Morisca turned to her two faithful servants, saying, "Carry my dear father safe to Granada, as though he were not come to life again." Then saluting the king with her jeering laugh, "We shall yet meet again, Don Pedro!" said she, and remounting her mule, she tranquilly rejoined the escort, while her former lover followed her with his eyes, his heart bursting with anguish.

(To be Continued.)

HOW THEY LIVE IN SWEDEN.

The houses are strong, being built of strong thick walls, generally of brick, with high stone foundations. They are small, generally of one story, and meant but for one family. Their houses are not so very simple, but they are simply furnished, there often being, especially in the northern part where the houses are frequently of logs, and covered with turf or straw, no more than one room in the house, and in that only the coarsest home-made furniture. The sleeping-room (there is rarely more than one) is provided with ranges of beds in tiers, one above another, the women generally sleeping below, and the men above. You rarely see any carpet, but the floors are sprinkled with a clean white sand, which dries up moisture, gives off no dust, and may easily be removed. Sometimes the floors, as in Germany, are painted, or of wood mosaic, though this luxury, except in large mansions, is very rarely indulged in. Occasionally, the best rooms will have a little carpet, but never more than two strips, which cross each other in the centre. The land is, generally, good, and four-fifths of all the people subsist by agriculture. Great quantities of wheat, rye and barley are raised; the stubbled fields being now seen to stretch out in all directions. Much of this grain is exported to Germany and Great Britain. Large droves of cattle, sheep, geese and ducks, may also be seen in the fields, though the stock is far inferior to that of Denmark, where it was a real pleasure to see the magnificent droves in their pastures. The cattle and poultry are, commonly, kept in the same field; the ducks and geese being around the ponds, while the sheep and cows are scattered through the meadows, a shepherd boy commonly sleeping in some fence corner. In the evening, these flocks are driven to the barn-yard, where they present a lively scene for a few hours after sunset. I spent a little time at the country residence of a large land-owner in this neighborhood, where the noise of ducks and geese, in his barn yard, was like a perpetual horse-fiddle serenade.

MECHANICAL HINTS.

Many mechanics complain of inability to set a machine to be driven at right angles from the line or counter shaft, without continual trouble with friction from the shifter on the belt, and the slipping of the belt to the tight and loose pulley. The operation is a simple one, and just as effectual as to drive in a direct perpendicular or horizontal. Take the center of the off or contributing side of your pulley and drop from it a plummet; let this line decide the center and perpendicular of the side of the tight and loose pulleys which takes your belt at a right angle below. Unless your eye is accustomed to the appearance of the belt, from either side, you will condemn the position without trying, but if you are careful to get an exact perpendicular in the manner described there can be no mistake.

STAR DEPTHS.

The mind of man utterly fails to realize the immensity of space, and no one unaccustomed to the use of the telescope can have any adequate idea of the difference presented by the heavens when viewed by the naked eye, even upon a clear night, and the scene which is disclosed to the eye and mind of the astronomer. How difficult it is to realize that each star in the solemn depths of the universe is a sun like our sun, but separated one from each other and our own by distances almost beyond the power of man to compute!

Only about 3,000 stars can be distinctly seen and counted by the naked eye, while an ordinary telescope reveals the presence of something like 350,000. Herschel's great 18-inch instrument, it is estimated, shows 180,000, while the great Rosse telescope, by its vast penetrating power, is supposed to open to our vision not less than 700,000! And yet, when the whole heavens is swept by this telescope, we have only penetrated a distance into space from our stand-point on this globe

which, when compared to the immensity beyond, is no more than the space occupied by the room where we write or read it to the immensity of depth penetrated by the last mentioned instrument.

THE LEARNED CARPENTER.

Samuel Lee, Professor of Hebrew at the University at Cambridge, England, was seventeen years of age before he conceived the idea of learning a foreign language. Out of the scanty pittance of his weekly earnings as a carpenter, he purchased a book, and when this was read he exchanged it for another, and thus advanced in knowledge. He had not even the privilege of balancing between reading and recreation, but was obliged to pass directly from bodily fatigue to mental exertion. During the six years previous to his twenty-fifth year he omitted none of the hours usually appropriated to manual labor, and he retired to rest regularly at ten o'clock in the evening, and yet at the age of thirty-one years he had actually taught seventeen languages. This illustrates, "Where there's a will, there's a way."

BOYS LISTEN TO THIS.

True as Gospel is the following, said by Robert Collyer, of Chicago: "It is true that the working successful men of to-day were once poor, industrious self-reliant boys. And the same thing will be repeated—for from the ranks of the hard working, economical, temperance and persevering boys of to-day, will emanate the progressive prominent men of the future."

"Every man doing any sort of work in Chicago to-day, was raised a poor man's son, and had to fight his way to his place. Not one of them, as I can ascertain, was a rich man's son, and had a good time when he was a boy. All boys should grow as strong as a steel bar, fighting their way on to an education, and then, when they are ready, plunge into life with that traditional half-dollar and a little bundle tied up in a red handkerchief, as I have known great men start. I tell you that in five and twenty years, when most of us that are in our middle ages have gone to our retribution, the men of mark in this country will not be the sons of those whose fathers can give them all they wish for, and ten times more than they ought to have, but will be those who are brought up in farm houses and cottages, cutting their way through the thickest hindrances of every sort; and all the brown stone houses will be as nothing to bring out the noble man."

FACTS WORTHY OF SERIOUS CONSIDERATION.

Labor and capital are at present, and have been in most instances and in most localities, directly opposed to each other. Labor, the source of all wealth, is the exertion of human power, muscle, or brains for the purpose of producing the necessaries and comforts of life, and with perseverance, temperance, and economy will produce a competence that will insure intelligence and happiness. Such being the object sought, all labor should be protected, and, knowing, as we do, that capital will not protect it. The only resource that is left us is combination, through perfect organization.

To the thinking, reasoning, educated mechanic, poorly paid labor is more crushing and degrading than to the ignorant one, whose wants and passions are easily satisfied, for none can deny that labor is repugnant when it is forced by poverty and want. With a fair remuneration it can be ennobled, made honorable and attractive. To produce such a condition of affairs should be the ambition of every man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. It can be accomplished only through organization.

NINE HOURS FACTORY ACT ASSOCIATION.

The committee of this association held a special meeting on Saturday night, in order to hear a report of an interview which a deputation from the Arbroath Nine Hours Factory League had with the Hon. W. E. Baxter, M. P., at his residence at Ashcliff. The object of the deputation was to ascertain what views the honorable gentleman entertained regarding the probability of Mr. Mundella's Factory Bill being passed next session. During the interview Mr. Baxter stated that he was personally in favor of the bill; but it would entirely depend upon the nature of the report brought in by the inquiry committee whether the Government would support it or not. If the report was unfavorable, then he thought it would be a very difficult matter indeed for Mr. Mundella to get his bill passed without the assistance of the Government, as, being a private member, he could only get one of the Wednesday evenings which were set apart for introducing private measures, and he had known members having to wait from April to August before they could secure one of those evenings. Mr. Baxter also informed the deputation that the Inquiry Committee was composed of two medical gentlemen of high standing, along with Mr. Redgrave, chief factory inspector, and from his knowledge of these gentlemen, he had the fullest confidence that they would carry out their mission in a faithful and straightforward manner. The honorable gentleman also expressed an opinion that signed petitions had

not much weight with the Government or the House; as it had been found that they often contained very absurd and ridiculous signatures. A public meeting, with a petition signed by the chairman on behalf of the meeting, was in his opinion a far more preferable mode of making their minds known to the Government.

I WISH TIMES WOULD GET BETTER.

BY PATRICK RUSSELL.

I wish times would get better This cry is repeated eternally. I wish times would get better, the owl cries, while at the same time he is doing all in his power to frustrate the wish; just as much as if he had no other object in view:

1st. Working long hours, and his employer can say, "look, you have earned so much in so many days, think you that I will advance your wages above the par of other laborers?" while at the same time this man really worked at the rate of nine days per week.

2nd. The amount of work made by over-exertion, and thrown on the market, where there is already too much, and still would be even if every man was stinted to eight hours per day, for at least six months, has a direct tendency to keep the market value of an article at cost price, and consequently if he was bent to purposely frustrate the wish, he could not do it more fully and completely.

Why does he not join a union, which is the surest way of "making better times?" There men combine together for self-protection. There is no man, however badly informed or ignorant he may be, but knows that of himself he could never ask for an advance of wages without the aid or assistance of his shopmates.

I wish times would get better, is the cry of union men, who never attend a meeting. These men would seem to think that because there is a skeleton of a union in existence, of which they form the flesh, that this skeleton will walk about, make a great noise, perform wondrous achievements in advancing wages, and other very unseemly things for a skeleton to do, and because the skeleton cannot really do it, they say, "Oh, I never knew that union to do any good," when, in truth, all the fault is theirs. Better to put flesh and blood into the skeleton, so that it can "Whoop, whoop, big injun, me," by every member attending the meeting of his union. Then the cowardly whine, "Oh, I never saw that union do any good," will be replaced by the more wholesome and manly cry, "Tis a bully little union; we'll have every man to do his duty, and not an owl shall pierce the night air with his 'tu-whit, tu-who.'"

It is most surprising that members who have sworn to advance the interests of the union, all that in their power lies, should do all in their power to thwart the intentions they have sworn to fulfil. This may appear not to be so in the eyes of those members themselves, but the facts in the case will, I think, bear out the argument.

Is it not by members absenting themselves from meetings that no power is left in a union, or, if left, is but nominal? Will ten or fifteen members legislate for, probably, one hundred or thereabouts, without some of those ninety or eighty-five members grumbling? and this grumbling begets and engenders strife and ill feeling in the union, where every member is sworn to have nothing in his heart but brotherly love for his brother member, and the absentee member conduces to bring all this strife and ill feeling about. Again, whose interest does he serve by being absent? He does not serve his own, and he cannot serve the interest of his union; but on the other hand, directly contributes to the disorganization of the union, by being absent from its meetings. There is scarcely a doubt but if members attended every meeting of their union, that scarcely an owl would be left in North America to-day, and the wish, "that I wish times would get better," would be certainly realized.

This subject of attendance at meetings is a most painful one to dwell upon; I have many reminiscences of it. I remember once, when a circus was in town on meeting night, and it was to remain in town for three days, and members had two evenings to attend the circus, that out of eighty members we had ten in attendance at the meeting.

On another occasion, some political excitement caused a general stampede, so that not a quorum could be obtained, when there was really very urgent business to be brought before the union. I could cite several more instances of a like nature. This was certainly a most flagrant violation of their obligation, and the incalculable injury done the cause of organization must be immense. It is not the least wonder that the cry would be raised, "I wish times would get better;" but there is a wish ahead of that wish, and it is this: "That I wish every member would do his duty; or, I wish that every man was a true man, and there would be no need then for the contemptible whine, "I wish times would get better."

Another subject, in close alliance with this, and it is this: that members almost seem to forget the purposes for which they meet, or ought to meet, the purposes for which the organization was first brought into being, viz: "That men meet to argue the best method whereby their wages may be increased, and this should be the ultimatum of every meeting. Instead of this being the case, to go into a meeting of a Coopers' Union, you would imagine the meeting to be a session of a Grand Jury sitting on the personal crimes and mis-

demeanors of their fellow members. This certainly is not the spirit for which the International Union was brought into existence, nor will it do much toward furthering the wish, "I wish times would get better."

The only way to make this wish effective, is by members punctually attending every meeting of their union. This, in time, will convince all outside the union that you are really in earnest, and will, in a great measure, be as instrumental if not as effective to induce said outsiders to become members of the organization, as holding conventions or mass meetings, and it will be the most effective way of fulfilling the wish, "I wish times would get better."—Coopers' Journal.

THINGS OF TRUE VALUE.

The mechanical impulses of the age of which most of us are so proud, are a mere passing fever, half speculative, half childish. People will discover at last that royal roads to any thing can no more be hid in iron than they can in dust; that there are, in fact, no royal roads to any where worth going to; that if there were, it would that instant cease to be worth going to—I mean so far as the things to be obtained are in any way estimable in terms of price. For there are two classes of precious things in the world; those that God gives us for nothing—sun, air and life (both mortal and immortal life), and the secondarily precious things which He gives us for a price; these secondarily things, worldly wine and milk, can only be bought for definite money; they never can be cheapened. No cheating or bargaining will ever get a single thing out of nature's establishment at half price. Do we want to be strong? we must work. To be hungry? we must starve. To be happy? we must be kind. To be wise? we must look and think. No changing of place at a hundred miles an hour, nor making of stuffs a thousand yards a minute, will make us one whit stronger, happier, or wiser. There was always more in the world than men could see, walked they ever so slowly; they will see it no better for going fast. And they will at last, and soon, too, find out that their grand inventions for conquering (as they think) space and time, do, in reality, conquer nothing; for space and time are, in their own essence, unconquerable, and, besides, did not want any sort of conquering; they wanted using. A fool always wants to shorten time; a wise man, first to gain them, then to animate them. Your railroad, when you come to understand it, it is only a device for making the world smaller; and as to being able to talk from place to place, that is indeed, well and convenient; but suppose you have, originally, nothing to say. We should long ago have known that the really precious things are thought and sight, not space. It does a bullet no good to go fast, and a man no harm to go slow; for his story is not at all in going, but in being.

OCCUPATIONS.

From the tables of occupation recently prepared at the census office, Washington, it appears that the number of persons "working for their living" in the United States, on the 1st of June, 1870, was 12,506,923, which speaks well for the industry of the nation, and of these, more than three-fourths were born in the United States, the balance representing all the rationalities of the world, from the Norwegian to Ah Sin. Agriculture, as it should, leads all other occupations in point of numbers, nearly six million persons being tiller of the soil, beside those classes whose calling connects them with agricultural pursuits, as vine growers, gardeners, herders, dairymen, and counsellors others. The manufacturing and mechanical interests of the country are represented by 344,596 carpenters and joiners, 153,107 miners, 141,774 blacksmiths, 171,127 boot and shoemakers, 161,820 tailors, tailoresses and seamstresses, 92,084 milliners, dress and mantua-makers, 85,123 painters and varnishers, 41,789 coopers, 44,354 butchers, 42,835 cabinet makers, 42,464 carriage and waggon makers and trimmers, 32,817 harness and saddle makers, 54,831 machinists, 89,710 brick and stone masons, 41,582 millers, 23,577 plasterers, 39,860 printers, 47,296 saw-mill hands, 30,524 tanners, 29,042 wheelwrights, 26,070 brick and tile makers, 28,286 cigar makers, 27,680 bakers, 28,702 tanners, carriers and leather finishers, 27,106 fish and oyster men, and 25,831 marble and stone cutters. The number of manufacturers, by which term it is meant persons who work in, or are connected with factories or mills, is 360,410. The number of traders and dealers is 326,368, which includes all trades and persons having connection with them. Under the head of transportation, 370,622 persons are registered, the two largest numbers in any calling being railroad employees, 154,027, and hackmen and teamsters, 120,756. Those whose duties it is to render personal or professional services are numbered as follows: Laborers, 1,931,666; domestic servants, 971,043; teachers of all kinds, 136,570; physicians and surgeons, 62,383; laundresses and laundresses, 60,906; clergymen, 43,874; lawyer, 70,736; journalists, 5,236; dentists, 7,744; restaurant keepers, 35,241; hotel keepers, 26,394; barbers and hair dressers, 23,935; employees of restaurants and hotels, 33,382; hotel clerks, 5,243; hostlers, 17,581; livery stable keepers, 8,609; nurses, 15,697; boarding and lodging house keepers, 12,785; musicians, 6,519; officers of the army and navy, 2,866; civil officers of federal, state and municipal governments, clerks and employees, 67,913.

**NO TICE.**

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

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

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

WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MACMILLAN.

**Trades Assembly Hall.**

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

**The Ontario Workman.**

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JAN. 9, 1873.

**WAGES DAY.**

We have before referred to the movement that has been set on foot for the payment of wages on Monday instead of on Saturday. So far as we have seen the articles written in favor of or concerning the proposed change, it does not appear that the man who sells his labor has been in the least degree consulted in the matter,—a piece of impertinence and imposition on the part of those who are advocating the change, to say the least. Those who advocate the change appear to regard it as a very trifling matter as to when what a man has earned is handed over to him, whether at the end of the week or the beginning of the week following. Certainly, in the abstract, no principle is involved. It is merely a mechanical arrangement, which should be regulated as a matter of convenience between the parties concerned. Experience, however, has shown that this trifling matter may be attended with material results. We know of many instances where it is the custom to pay wages on the Friday, and this has given an opportunity to those thus receiving their wages of making the best of Saturday's market, instead of having to take what might happen to be left until Saturday night, though it might be unsuitable alike in quality and price. We remember those workmen who were thus paid, hesitated not to speak of the advantages of this plan as practically adding to the value of their wages; and to us there would seem to be no insuperable barrier to its general adoption.

But as to the Monday question. For whose benefit is this change to be made? It has been ostensibly put that the one and only argument of weight so far adduced, is that the comparatively uneducated and morally less trustworthy classes of working people who draw their weekly wages, will be less exposed to the temptation of extravagance or debauchery when their wages are paid them at the opening of a working week, than when they have a leisure evening and a Sunday before them in which to spend it. This seems plausible, but, we think, the truth of

this reasoning admits of very serious doubts. That a sadly large share of the wages received by our working classes finds its way to the saloon, and is squandered on Saturday, unfortunately admits of no doubt—'tis true, a pity 'tis, 'tis true—but it is more than questionable whether the man addicted to dissipated and dissolute habits will be reformed by so flimsy an expedient. The indulgence would go on just the same, only instead of its terminating with the Saturday night or Sunday, in all probability it would be continued into the working week, with results even more disastrous. As it is, innumerable improvident workmen forestall their wages, and run up a "score" against Saturday night, and what is to hinder them from doing this to an even still greater extent?

It is not easy to see then that any social revolution would be effected in the interests of the employed, and we believe the proposed system, if adopted, would very materially affect the comfort of the industrious and respectable workman. We doubt much whether it would be justifiable to introduce, at such an expense, a radical change merely to protect a weak workman against himself,—even supposing that there was a possibility of the plan proposed being successful—because if it affected wrongful expense, it would also affect rightful expense. But in point of fact, to benefit men of this stamp, reform must begin with the man, and not with his wages. While he is what he is, surrounded by the same temptations, and suffering from the same want of moral stamina, the weak brother will continue to go to the wall. Fancy expedients like Monday wages will not save him. He must be raised to a vastly higher state of intellectual being; he must be taught a nobler conception of manhood. The potent agency of education must be brought to bear upon him; what he is, what he might be, and what he should be, must be forcibly impressed upon him. Life must present itself to him, both at home and in his social relations, in an aspect less calculated to produce either discontent or recklessness. While life is a blank to him—either of his own or another's making—and while his motto, practically is "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die,"—the case is desperate, but not hopeless. The reform may be wrought, but not by the mere changing of a pay-day. The means of accomplishment, we believe, may be found in the reduction of the hours of labor, advancing remuneration, the diffusion of knowledge, and the establishment of reading rooms and libraries for the especial use of workingmen.

But the *Coopers' Journal*, treating on this subject, gives us another phase of the question which may perhaps, after all, be more nearly the true object of those who are endeavoring to bring about the change of pay day, than the ostensible one advanced, and we close the present article with the following extract:-

*Qui bono.* Should this change take place, who will be benefited? It is a well known fact, at least in business and monetary circles, that money is invariably "tight" on Saturdays, while it is much "easier" on Mondays. Banks which are quite willing to "accommodate" their patrons on Monday, would be apt to discount them, or even refuse them, on Saturday. Large corporations, or employers, whose pay roll foots up among the thousands, appreciate the value of an "accommodation" while they shudder at the sound of discount.

**SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY.**

"It has been noticed that the burnt district of the city formed exactly the area of wholesale business where the half-holiday on Saturday had not been conceded by employers. The fire broke out on a Saturday."

The above paragraph we clip from the *Boston Trade Journal*. What it means we cannot readily perceive. The paragraph is open to two constructions. One is, that the Boston fire, must be regarded, not as a calamity but as a judgment, because the Saturday half-holiday had not been conceded by the employers; and the other is an indirect insinuation that the fire was the work of the employees. Which construction

is to be accepted? The latter will be most readily accepted by a large portion of the community; and we should hardly think the men who are thus, indirectly accused of committing a most foul and horrible crime, would quietly submit to such insinuation, but would demand a clear explanation of the paragraph from the editor of the *Boston Trades' Journal*.

**REFORM.**

Among the many necessary reforms there is one standing prominently forth which should command the attention of every workingman. We refer to Labor Reform. This is a reform which touches us all very nearly, and demands the earnest consideration of all those who earn their bread by their labor. The rich getting richer, the poor growing poorer, is now the social order, and as the poor grow poorer so does their servility to the rich increase. These remarks were caused by reading a paragraph in a *New York Magazine* as follows:

"The New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor has for its object the relief of the worthy poor who require temporary help to recover themselves and save themselves from the loss of self-respect and the permanent debasement of pauperism. The organization includes the entire city and county, which is divided into districts, and the districts sub-divided into sections, to each of which a visitor is appointed. Assistance is not given until the visitor ascertains personally the condition of the applicant. There are thousands of cases in a great city like this where counsel, sympathy and timely aid will save the wretched from sinking into despair and vicious modes of life. During the winter months there is special suffering among the poor, of course, which this Association strives to relieve as far as its funds will permit."

So far from finding fault with the above-named association, we think its objects laudable, but we do most certainly find fault with a social system that calls, aye, urgently calls, for such an institution. When will men open their eyes to the facts which surround them? Here we have an acknowledgment of the deepest poverty, "thousands of cases," and we naturally enquire the reason why these "worthy poor" require temporary help. Is it because there is not sufficient food or clothing in the country? Are the granaries and the dry goods houses empty? No, but the laws of distribution have concentrated these into the hands of a few rich men. Is it because there is too much work to do? No; or why are the "worthy poor" sinking into despair? Is it because there is not enough work to keep these "thousands" in employment? Surely not, for New York has just passed through a mighty struggle for a reduction in the hours of labor, so that all might have work who wished, and so avoid distress among the "worthy poor." The reason is that the many are slaves to the few, and the few are heaping up wealth while a portion of the many lack the necessary food and clothing. Workingmen, arouse yourselves from all apathy. Let each workman not now connected with a union join his trade organization, and meet in their halls to discuss these matters. Educate yourselves in the principles of trade co-operation, and establish a reform under which no "worthy poor" can sink into the permanent debasement of pauperism.

**CAPITAL FALLACIES.**

Mr. David A. Wasson, a scholar of good repute, a man of travel, experience and liberal views, writes a letter to a workingman from Hanover, in Germany, which appears in a recent number of the *Golden Age*.

We have read this letter carefully, and our candid opinion is that we rightly designate its character in the title of this article. It is a series of fallacies in the interest of capital. From the beginning to the end the burden of its song is this: Capital has possession, the nine points of the law, and labor may get the remaining tenth part of the contest if it can.

Now the only right decision of this controlling labor question is this: Labor and capital are on a perfect equality. If there be any superiority on either side, it is on the side of labor. It is an eternal law as fixed and un-

changeable as any law of the universe, that every honest man and woman should earn their own living. Some must earn it one way, some in another; but the whole family of man, without an exception, is under the law that makes honest labor of some kind an invariable duty. The whole universe is one great hive of labor. They who do not work with industry are drones. Under whatever names they appear, in whatever quarter of the world they drone away their lives, they are the burdens, and, in many cases, the pests of the rest of the human family.

It is labor that produces everything. The sun, moon and stars are all laborers. Living-water is a laborer. The moment it ceases to labor it stagnates and becomes a curse. When the grass of the field stops to labor it stops its growth, and can no longer produce food for man, or beast, or bird. The mind of the Deity is the greatest laborer of the universe. The mind of man is cast in the same mould. Labor is its law, idleness is its curse.

By this incontestable argument we see the innate superiority of labor over capital. Labor is the producer; capital is the instrument of production. Idle capital is useless. It is only useful when wielded by labor. The question, therefore, naturally arises, and demands a fair answer: Shall the less always control the greater? This question is immediately followed by another, equally important, and equally worthy of an answer: Shall the creator be forever controlled by the thing created? Which, then, shall rule—capital or labor? Or, rather, shall not capital and labor both rule together?

It is assumed by Mr. Wasson that capital has the supreme power of the world, and that all labor has to do is to make the best terms it can. We deny the assumption, and demand the proof. Labor does not ask any favors of capital. It demands its rights. Labor does not come cringing to the feet of capital, as a slave. It asserts and will maintain the dignity of an equal. Labor has as much right to say that it will work but eight hours a day, as capital has to say it shall work ten. The labor of the workingmen and women of the world is as much their capital as money is that of the capitalist. Labor is as fair an article or commodity, in the markets of the world, as anything else. The laborer, therefore, has a right to get the most he honestly can for his labor, and to make what use of his earnings he thinks best.—*Shopmate*.

**ROYAL BLACK KNIGHTS OF MALTA.**

St. John's Encampment, No. 74, G. R. S., Royal Black Knights of Malta, held its first annual ball in the Music Hall, on Monday evening last. The hall was tastefully decorated on the occasion with banners, bunting, etc. From the chandelier hung suspended the helmets, shields, etc., of the Sir Knight Companions. The scene presented was very beautiful, the dark, rich regalia of the members of the order making a fine contrast with the bright and handsome toilets of the fair ladies. The magnificent band of the 10th Royals supplied the music, and the efforts of Mr. McMillan to cater to the appetites of the guests were successful in the extreme. The company consisted of upwards of seventy couples, and all expressed themselves highly delighted with the entire proceedings. The committee were most assiduous in their efforts to please, and the pleasure and interest of the guests were heightened by the careful attention with which their every wish was attended to. Those who were present will long have pleasant recollections of the first annual ball of St. John's Encampment.

Stokes, the murderer of Fisk, was sentenced on Monday to be hanged on Friday, the 28th February next. Efforts are being made to obtain another trial.

**PRESENTATION.**—On Thursday evening, at his residence, Mercer street, Mr. J. McMichael, manager of the Dominion Saw Works, was presented with a handsome silver-mounted meerschaum pipe and all its appendages. It was presented on behalf of the employees by the foreman, Mr. Thorndell, who made a very appropriate speech. Mr. McMichael returned his sincere thanks for the very handsome present that had been made to him.

**ADVANCE OF WAGES AT OTTAWA.**

We are much pleased to notice that at a recent meeting of the Ottawa Typographical Union, it was announced that the recent demand for an increase of wages had been acceded to by the master printers of the city. The scale of wages in future will be \$10 a week for 58 hours for day hands, and 25 cents an hour overtime; piccework, 33 cents per thousand for compositors on morning papers; 30 cents per thousand on evening papers; and 40 cents an hour for Sunday work.

**THE ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.**

Yesterday the Ontario House of Legislature was opened with the usual ceremonies. We have not space in this issue to produce the Lieutenant Governor's speech.

**Communications.**

**CONVICT LABOR.**

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)  
 Sir,—In your issue of December 18th, ult., I promised to continue the subject of Convict Labor, by showing how myself and many others of the working men of this city would like to see convicts employed. That promise I have been unable to fulfill up to the present; but I shall endeavor now to redeem it. I have spoken of two features that are to be incorporated with this institution, namely, the contract system, and the monopoly of certain callings, with the evils that it is believed will flow from them; and now I must handle the question of how those "damaged goods," as the *Globe* puts it, are to be employed, and how to avoid the evils before named. I have said, in my previous letter, that I believed it was a sad thing that such expensive institutions were needed for such a purpose; but nevertheless, such is the case; and the artificial, unnatural, and therefore unnecessary usages of society contributed in a measure to render them a continued necessity, that man, at present, intellectually is unable to comprehend the enormity of; so, therefore, until he is enabled to comprehend the cause, and remove it, we must content ourselves with managing the effect in the best manner we can; and the world has made some progress in the management of the "damaged goods" of society since the days of Howard. But to come home to what concerns our immediate selves, we are told by those who control the destinies of this province for the time being, and into whose hands has fallen the construction of an institution for the safe keeping of these "damaged goods," until that happy time shall come when it shall be needed no more for that purpose, that they dispatched an interested party to the neighboring republic,—no less a personage than the manager of the Canada Steel and Iron Company, a person, who wanted the labor of the convicts of the Province for a specific purpose, and therefore could be depended upon to bring a disinterested report for our legislators to act upon.

I wonder did our very limited and disinterested committee visit New York, and if so did the beautiful location of the institutions on Blackwell's Island call forth his admiration; and then did his mind's eye revert back to the Queen City of the West and draw a similitude between our own desert Island and that rocky spot of land in the East River which is so well and usefully adorned? Now what I am driving at is this, that the Island was the proper location for the Central Prison, and probably would have been, had reason and the public weal ruled instead of private vested interests. What a thing it is to be influential! Why, a government will appoint the manager of an influential company, who wants to dispose of their business, as a committee of one, and receive his disinterested report (of course) in such a manner that the public never hear anything about it until everything is cut and dried. With the institution on the Island, that piece of land, the beautifying and preservation of which ought to be the object and pride of every patriotic citizen of Toronto and Ontario, would take the shape of something practical; and instead of having it a desert waste, with its outskirts the prey of every storm, threatening soon to block the entrance to our harbor, it might be, with the outlay of the usefulness still retained by those "damaged goods," be secured in time against the ravages of the storm, made a thing of beauty,—and therefore a joy forever. In short, labor, who pays the piper, dance who will, claims that prisoners be made as useful as possible by producing; that labor be made a fact with them by having them redeem from the waters, secure against the ravages of the tide, beautify and make productive Mother Earth. Let them wrest from the womb of Nature the minerals; but give the honest artisan the privilege of shaping them. Production for the convict; reproduction for honest labor. Yours, in the cause of justice,  
 Toronto, Jan. 6th, 1873. JOHN HEWITT.

LONDON.

INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.) Sir, - The latest excuse I ever heard given for not joining a trades union, is the one advanced by some of those hirelings of capital - I mean the press - and echoed by some specimens of homo in this city. In conversation with one, not long ago, the old stereotyped cry of "individual liberty" was advanced. Now, individual liberty, to do good, is first rate, but when individual liberty means working fifteen hours per day, and committing individual suicide, besides robbing others of their just rights, I think individual tyranny the more appropriate term, don't you, reader? Talk of the restrictions of trade unions! Their laws are made upon the principle of the most enlightened nations in the world, viz.: "to give the greatest possible amount of good to the greatest possible number." I have heard of color-blindness, but the man who believes in working fifteen hours per day, is surely stone blind (mentally at least). Ye gods! are the bruta creation treated thus? What man having an horse or an ass would subject the dumb brute to such treatment? I know of none; but on the contrary, I know of some horses which do not work more than three or four hours per day. Shades of "Howard," are men of less value than horses?

I think the moral sense of the world laments the act of the man who takes away his life by pistol, or otherwise, because by so doing he throws his widow and family on the community. The trades union enacts laws to prevent men from working themselves to death, for the same purpose. Again, all nations keep up a force of police to enforce their laws, and there is no "individual liberty" to do evil anywhere; but when a trades union, by moral suasion or otherwise, enforces their just laws, it is called compulsion. It were good for some if they were more strongly dealt with for disturbing the community - for it has been proven to be a disturbance to the community to hear coopers working towards the small hours of morning.

W. W.

London, Ont., Jan., 1873.

HAMILTON.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

DEAR SIR, - The struggle is over, and now for the result. Five of the seven Aldermen who voted against the working-men having the use of the Crystal Palace grounds on the 15th of May last, have been left at home to look after their own business. So much has been done, yet what has been left undone darkens the prospect for the time being - all the more so, as we can trace the cause back to its source, which I may at once say is the want of proper organization. It is no use to attempt to conceal the fact that the unity which alone springs from thorough organization was lacking, and, therefore, in the ward in which we expected to obtain the greatest victory, we have met with a crushing defeat. We should have been able to return Mr. J. C. Watkins in St. Mary's Ward, instead of doing which he only received 78 votes in all against 393 cast for McCarty - the one who was really opposed to him. One thing which made it hard against Mr. Watkins, was that he was not a resident of the ward; another was the presence of several of the employers at the polling place during the whole time of the polling, by which means several men were deterred from recording their votes at all, and others voted straight the wrong ticket. This is a new mode of intimidation. Of course, it is no breach of the law in its letter, yet you can see at once the influence brought to bear upon those employed under such men. No attempt was made on their part to conceal the fact that the reduction of the hours of labor was the great thing to be defeated in the present contest. The employers set up the golden calf of wages, and called upon the men to fall down and worship it. The ballot is the only remedy for the dependent workingman, it is his only chance for freedom. And now that the men of Ottawa have taken the subject of legal reform into their hands, let them make this one plank in their platform, the reduction of the property qualification for Alderman, the reduction of the amount of assessment for a vote, and the ballot; without these, the chance of passing new laws and amending old ones is small indeed. Now to this end, we must have thorough organization. Our constant cry must be organize, organize, organize. We see its effects in every day occurrences, it is forced upon our attention upon the right hand and upon the left, and yet, as a class, we stand with folded arms, wishing that something may turn well. Something will turn up when our railway rings get all

they want, when they place a heavy rent upon the houses which the men they now lead blindfolded have purchased with their hard scraped earnings, and which they fondly believe to be their own. Yes, these men will find that if they do not spend their earnings in the tavern, that there is another way to deprive them of that which is justly theirs. I mean the present system of bonuses by which an annual rental is placed upon the cottage of the hard working man in the shape of a tax to create a property for a chosen few, who will control the earnings and appropriate the profits of these railways for all time to come. Well, sir, the apathy of the workingmen will one day be rudely rubbed away, and then, and not till then, will they awaken to a true sense of their duties and responsibilities. All honor to those men in Ottawa who have banded themselves together to force upon the attention of their fellows the duties of the present time. Let them press forward the good work, and seek by every legal means to spread a knowledge of the wants of the workingman through the length and breadth of the land. To do this, the ONTARIO WORKMAN, must be placed in the hands of every man in the Dominion. Let, therefore, every man become an agent for the circulation of the paper; and let all who have a grievance to ventilate, avail themselves of its columns for the benefit of all.

I remain yours,

WORKMAN.

January, 1873.

IS IT RIGHT THAT CONVICT LABOR SHOULD COMPETE WITH HONEST LABOR?

A ST. LOUIS, MO., MANUFACTURER'S VIEWS.

There has been much talk and much printers' ink expended on the subject of prison labor and prison discipline, and yet there is no change except for the encouragement of crime. My idea is that prisons and all other buildings intended for the detention of criminals for punishment should be of solid, forbidding exterior - should have something in outside appearance that would create a dread of getting inside, and its inside should verify the outside, so that one short term of punishment would make the criminal careful about getting inside again. Instead of this we see elegant buildings erected, very attractive in outside appearance, with spacious grounds elegantly adorned with flower gardens and shrubbery, with lawns and shade trees, fine perspective views, &c., and all this is at the expense of honest men who pay taxes. "I repeat, 'is this right?'" "But," says the economical philanthropist, "the prisoners are made to work and contribute toward their own support." "Stuff! Contractors are the only ones who get the benefit of their labor in such cases, and 'is it right' that criminals should be lodged in palaces and the product of their labor thrown into the market in competition with honest labor? Does any one know of an instance of taxes being reduced by reason of convict labor? Does any one know of crime being lessened by reason of gorgeous prisons? Grand juries and municipal officers pay periodical visits to see if the prisoner is nicely cared for; if his food is properly cooked and seasoned; if his bed is kept clean, and all other comforts properly attended to by the person in charge. If a few criminals grumble the honest tax payer is made to bear the expense of an investigation, and if it is proved that Smith's porridge is not seasoned to his liking, woe to the jailor; he is called a cruel brute, and is removed or is allowed another probation under censure. Hence it becomes a matter of bread and butter with jailors to let Smith have all the seasoning he wants, so that when the official comes around the thieves and murderers will speak well of his care and attention to their wants, and he be approved of as the right man in the right place.

Thus we see prison life is not so great a hardship as many suppose it to be - plenty of good, wholesome food and clothing, nice grounds for exercise, light, airy shops to work in, doctors to attend them in sickness, and all this for the consideration of wearing a striped uniform and not having the privilege of working harder outside for a less comfortable living.

Let us make a comparison right here in our own State, and to do so understandingly, we will compare one mechanical branch of business which is a favorite with prison, labor contractors with the same branch outside, to wit, shoemaking. There are two shoe factories in the penitentiary at Jefferson City. They hire convicts from the State at 40 cents per day, and the tax payers board them. These contractors select men who are sentenced for long terms, and as shoemaking, with the aid of machinery is now divided into many parts, the convict in a few weeks becomes pro-

ficient in his one part, and a fair looking shoe is produced. The convict must work so many hours per day and perform a specified amount of work; all the overtime he can make is his own, and with this stimulant in many cases, the allotted task is finished in six or eight hours. This overwork is frequently paid much higher prices for than the State gets, and as the convicts have nothing to pay for board, &c., they can do as well and better in many cases, than honest outside mechanics can.

With all these advantages the prison manufacturer can laugh at all outside competition. He throws the products of this convict labor into the market at lower figures than it costs honest labor to produce it, and it pays him well for doing so, but is fatal to those who are forced into competition with him.

The above is a fair view of the facts as now existing throughout our country, and when the yearly aggregate production in this one branch is stated we can readily comprehend how many honest men are deprived of a fair compensation for their labor. It is estimated that at least five million pairs of shoes are annually manufactured in the various criminal institutions of this country, and this vast production of criminals enters the market in competition with honest labor.

Now let us look at the condition and surroundings of the honest man outside who earns his living in that same branch of business. He has given two or more years of his early life to learn the trade; he seeks and finds employment, and is in most cases shown into a dingy, crowded shop in some high up, very low down or far back apartment. No cool, fresh air laden with the sweet fragrance from flower gardens reaches him - he sees no sparkling fountains or ornamental shrubbery as he raises his weary eye from his work. The blank brick wall or back alley, with its garbage and foul odors, are the daily accompaniments of his struggle to live, and the product of this honest man's labor is forced into competition with that of thieves and murderers, who are fed, clothed, and cared for by the State. I ask again, is this right? Is it not paying a premium on villany? And yet in the face of these glaring facts there is a great cry out about introducing into this country what tariff advocates call the pauper labor of Europe in competition with the laboring classes of our citizens. I cannot conceive of any lower or more degrading competition than now exists by forcing the honest labor of the country into direct competition with convict labor. But say some, what are we to do with criminals? The answer will be found in Holy Writ: "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth;" let the punishment be short, sharp, and as certain as death. Abolish technicalities and emotional insanities. Stop making law makers of lawyers, and let honest men, who know right from wrong, make the required laws, and then enforce them.

A MECHANICAL EYE.

No mechanic can ever attain distinction unless he is able to detect ordinary imperfections at sight, so that he can see if things are out of plumb, out of level, out of square and out of proper shape; and unless he can also detect disproportioned or ill-shaped patterns. This is a great mechanical attainment. We say attainment, because it may be attained by any ordinary person. Of course there are defective eyes, as there are other defective organs: the speech, for instance, is sometimes defective, but the eye is susceptible of the same training as any other organ. The muscles, the voice, the sense of hearing, all require training. Consider how the artist must train the organ of sight in order to detect the slightest imperfection in shade, color, proportion, shape, expression, etc. Not one blacksmith in five ever attains the art of hammering square; yet it is very essential to his occupation. It is simply because he allows himself to get into a careless habit; a little training and care is all that is necessary for success.

The fact is that the eye is not half as much at fault as the heedless mind. Some carpenters acquire the careless habit of using a try-square every time they plane off a shaving, in place of giving their minds right to their business and properly training their eyes, and unless they cultivate this power of the eye they will always be at journey work. Look at the well-trained blacksmith; he goes across the shop, picks up the horse's foot, takes a squint, returns to his anvil, forges the shoe, and it exactly fits the foot. Contrast him with the bungler who looks at the foot, then forges a shoe, then fits the foot to it, often to the ruin of a fine horse. Now the fault lies in ever allowing himself to put a shoe on that is not in the proper shape for the foot - he should determine to make the shoe to fit the foot in place of the foot fitting the shoe, and should follow it up until the object is accomplished.

A very good way to discipline the me-

chanical eye is to first measure an inch with the eye; then prove it with the rule, then measure a half inch, then an eighth, and so on, and you will soon be able to discover at a glance the difference between a twelfth and a sixteenth of an inch; then go to 3 inches, 6, 12, and so on. Some call this guessing, but there is no guessing about it; it is measuring with the eye and mind. Acquire the habit of criticizing for imperfections every piece of work that you see, do everything as nearly as you can without measuring, (without spoiling it), or as nearly as you can trust the eye with its present training. If you cannot see things mechanically, do not blame the eye for it; it is no more to blame than the mouth is because we cannot read, or the fingers because we cannot write. A person may write a very good hand with his eyes closed, the mind of course directing the hand. The eye is necessary, however, to detect imperfections.

Every occupation in life requires a mechanically trained eye, and we should realize more that we do, the great importance of properly training that organ.

BIRTH.

SLEETH - On the 31st ult., the wife of David Sleeth, jr., ONTARIO WORKMAN Office, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

STEWART-FLEWELLING - At the residence of the bride's father, on Thursday evening, Dec. 26th, by the Rev. W. E. Scovil, M. A., Mr. P. H. Stewart, of Toronto, Ont., proprietor of the Ontario Temper, to Miss C. Addie Flewelling, youngest daughter of Hon. W. P. Flewelling, of Chilton, King's County, New Brunswick.

TRAVELLERS GUIDE - TORONTO TIME.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

FROM THE EAST. Helleville Train - 9.37 a.m. Express - 11.07 a.m. Mixed - 6.57 p.m. Express - 11.07 p.m.

FROM THE WEST. Night Express - 5.15 a.m. Mixed from Berlin - 10.45 a.m. Express - 6.30 p.m. Mail - 11.00 p.m.

GOING EAST. Express - 5.37 a.m. Mixed - 12.05 a.m. Helleville Train - 5.37 p.m. Express - 7.07 p.m.

GOING WEST. Express - 7.00 a.m. Do. - 11.50 a.m. Accommodation - 6.00 p.m. Express - 3.00 p.m.

TORONTO AND NIPISSING RAILWAY. GOING SOUTH. Mail - 8.00 a.m. Mail - 3.50 p.m. Connects with Midland Railway for Lindsay, Beaverton, Peterborough, &c.

TORONTO, GREY & BRUCE RAILWAY. GOING WEST. Mail - 7.30 a.m. Do. - 3.45 a.m.

GLORIOUS NEWS

To those who have not already bought their winter stock of clothing, we are selling out the remainder of our stock of BEAVER OVERCOATS, WHITNEY OVERCOATS, HUDSON BAY OVERCOATS, PEA JACKETS.

At a great reduction, as we are determined to clear them out before receiving our spring stock, now being bought by our buyers in Europe.

"STAR"

Dry Goods & Clothing House

Corner King and West Market Streets.

181 YONGE STREET 181

GREAT STOCK-TAKING SALE.

We commenced on Thursday morning, 2nd January, 1873, to offer the WHOLE STOCK at a GREAT REDUCTION from the regular prices, in order to make a clearance, before commencing to merchandise for Stock-taking.

BARGAINS WILL BE GIVEN.

Look at some of our Prices. Scarlet Flannel 1s, worth 1 3. Stout Winey, 54s, 6d, worth 0 1. Fine French Merinos 2s and 2s 3d, worth 0 3. Rich Floated Dress Goods, 1s, worth 0 1.6. French Reys 1s 2d, worth 0 1.9. Heavy Tartan Lustres 1s, worth 0 1.9. All-wool Flannels, 4s 3d, worth 1 10.0. Good Grey Cottons, 3s 6d, worth 0 0.7. Clouds 7s, 1s 3d, 1s 0d, 1s 3d, worth 0 2.0. Hibernian White Cotton, 0 1.7. Black Alpaca and 1s 1d, 1s 3d, and 0 1.8. Blankets 1s 1d, worth 0 1.5.

AND OTHER GOODS IN PROPORTION.

This is a genuine sale and no humbug. T. BROWNLOW, 181 Yonge Street, 4 doors North of Queen.

CHINA HALL,

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THE BOYS.

There comes the boys! Oh dear! the noise,  
The whole house feels the racket;  
Behold the knee of Harry's pants,  
And weep o'er Bertie's jacket.

But never mind, if eyes keep bright,  
And limbs grow straight and limber;  
We'd rather lose the tree's whole bark  
Than find unsound the timber.

Now hear the tops and marbles roll,  
The floors—oh, woe betide them!  
And I must watch the banisters,  
For I know boys who ride them!

Look well as you descend the stairs,  
I often find them haunted  
By ghostly toys that make no noise  
Just when their noise is wanted.

The very chairs are tied in pairs,  
And made to prance and caper;  
What swords are whittled out of sticks!  
What brave hats made of paper!

The dinner bell peals loud and well,  
To tell the milkman's coming;  
And then the rush of "steam-car trains"  
Sets all our ears a-humming.

How oft I say, "what shall I do  
To keep these children quiet?"  
If I could find a good receipt  
I certainly should try it.

But what to do with these wild boys  
And all their din and clatter,  
Is really quite a grave affair—  
No laughing, trifling matter.

"Boys will be boys"—but not for long;  
Ah, could we hear about us  
This thought—how very soon our boys  
Will learn to do without us!

How soon but tall and deep-voiced men  
Will gravely call us "Mother;"  
Or we be stretching empty hands  
From this world to the other.

More gently we should chide the noise,  
And when night quells the racket,  
Stitch in but loving thoughts and prayers  
While mending pants and jacket.

CULTIVATE PATIENCE.

Be patient with the little ones. Let not their slow understanding nor their occasional perverseness offend you, or provoke the sharp reproof. Remember the world is new to them, and they have no slight task to grasp, with their unripened intellects, the mass of facts and truths that crowd upon their attention. You are grown to maturity and strength through years of experience, and it ill becomes you to fret at the little child that fails to keep pace with your thought. Teach him patiently as God teaches you, "line upon line, precept upon precept; here a little and there a little." Cheer him on in his conflict with mind; in after years his ripe rich thoughts shall rise up and call you blessed. Bide patiently the endless questionings of your children. Do not roughly crush the springing spirit of free inquiry with an impatient word or frown, nor attempt on the contrary, a long and instructive reply to every slight and casual question. Seek rather to deepen their curiosity. Convert, if possible, the careless question into a profound and earnest enquiry; and aim rather to direct and teach than answer the enquiry. Let your reply send the little questioner forth, not so much proud of what he has learned, as anxious to know more. Happy you, if in giving your child the fragment of truth he asks for, you can whet his curiosity with a glimpse of the mountain of truth lying beyond; so you will send forth a philosopher, and not a silly pedant into the world. Bear patiently the humors of the little ones. They are but the untutored pleadings of the young spirit for care and cultivation. Irritated into strength and hardened into habits, they will flaunt the whole of life like fiends of despair, and make your little ones curse the day they were born; but correct kindly and patiently, they become but the elements of happiness and usefulness. Passions are but fires that may either scorch us with their uncontrolled fury, or may yield us a genial and needful warmth. Bless your little ones with patient care of their childhood, and they will certainly consecrate the glory and grace of their manhood to your service. Sow in their hearts the seed of a perennial blessedness and its ripened fruit will afford you a perpetual joy.

A REMARKABLE BOY.

If there was anything Father Boggles really delighted in, it was to spin a yarn about the sharpness of his boy Tom.  
"Ah!" said Boggles one day, as he had fairly fixed his auditor, "Tom is the most remarkable boy you ever set eyes on. He's like his old dad; you can no more circumvent him than you can catch a weasel asleep. You recollect that choice apple tree by the hedge. Well, I forbid Tom touchin' those apples; but he would get 'em in spite of 'em. One day I caught the young scape-grace up in the tree stuffing his pockets with the fruit, and I determined this time to punish him for it."  
"Thomas my son," says I, "come down, I

thought I'd be a sort of persuasive, so it would fetch him; but he smelt the rat, and didn't budge an inch."  
"I can't dad," said he, "these apples are in the way."  
"Tom," I continued sternly, "come down this minute, or I'll cut down the tree, and let yer fall."  
"You see, my poor limbs wouldn't permit my shinin' after the boy."  
"Oh, no, you won't, dad," says Tom. "Only think how you'd mourn if you couldn't sell the apples."  
"That was too much to have my own boy accuse me of such parsimony. So what does I do but get the axe, and cut away at the bottom of the tree."  
"Tom—Thomas!" I cried, as the tree was about half cut off, "will you come down now, and save yourself!"  
"Never mind, dad," says he; "I'm all right."  
"It was no use! I couldn't bring him down that way. So I chopped away at the tree till it began to sway, and fell to the ground."  
"What! and crushed your own boy?" ejaculated his horrified listener.  
"Not by a long chalk," said old Boggles, winking knowingly. "You couldn't get over Tom in any such way. What had he done but crawled out on a limb; and while I was choppin' at the bottom o' the tree he had been cutting off the limb with his jack-knife, and when the tree fell he was still up there on the limb!"

A DESPERATE BEAST.

Mrs. Jane Swisshelm furnishes the world with a description of the cougar, or American tiger, that is thrillingly interesting. She says that at a certain time past her husband bought in Arkansas a cougar, six months old, which had been caught while a kitten in the woods. The creature was brought home, and remained a prisoner four years, at the end of which time he died. Tom, such was his name, was nine feet in length, of a gray color on his back and sides, and nearly white on the belly and throat. His back was generally perfectly straight, his form symmetrical, and his movements lithe and graceful. If in exceedingly good humor he would purr; but if he wished to intimidate, he would raise his back, erect his hair, and spit like a cat. In the twilight of the evening the animal was accustomed to pace back and forth to the full extent of his limits, ever and anon uttering a short piercing shriek, which made the valley reverberate for half a mile or more in every direction. Mrs. Swisshelm says these sounds were the shrillest, and at the same time the most mournful, she ever heard. They might, perhaps, be likened to the scream of a woman in an agony of terror.  
The natural ferocity of the panther was at length so far subdued, that his fair mistress sometimes ventured, when he was in good humor, to stroke his head and feel his paw. On one occasion, indeed, when he had broken his chain, and all the men in the house, with the exception of Mr. Swisshelm, had fled to the barn for safety, she seized him by the collar, as he took refuge in the dining-room, and held him until her husband took effectual measures to secure him. At length, however, the lady was thrown from a carriage, and so severely injured that she was confined to her bed several weeks. She says:  
"When we appeared on crutches, we had inadvertently went quite near the cougar, and were warned, by a low growl, that he was regarding us as his prey. We turned and found him crouched within five or six feet of us ready to spring—his eyes green and blazing, and the tip of his tail moving from side to side. We kept our eyes fastened on his; there was no one within call, and we tried to make him remember us by talking to and naming him."  
"Tom—poor Tom!" but Tom's eyes lost none of their fire, and the tail kept up its regular motion.  
"Then we tried to intimidate him, as we had often done before, by assuming a voice of command. 'Tom! Tom! down Tom!' but Tom kept his hostile attitude, and we—in doubt as to whether his chain was long enough to reach us, or strong enough to resist the spring we saw he intended making—kept our place, and tried to stare him out of countenance."  
"After what appeared to us a long time, trusting to the power of the eye to keep him still, we set our crutches, and still speaking to him, threw ourselves backward a step. The instant we moved he sprang, but the chain held him, and, being too short, he rebounded against a post, and fell to the floor some eighteen inches from where we stood.

IS POVERTY A CRIME.

If poverty is a crime, then there are many criminals, for many are too poor to live in any sort of decent comfort. The standard of excellence and honesty, in the minds of many men, is money. Give an individual plenty of money, fill his barns full, and examine his title papers to broad acres of land on which no mortgage lies, and what a multitude of faults are hidden beneath these tidings! Wealth hides more sins than anything else.  
"He is a poor, but an honest man." Ah, there it is, "poor" yet "honest," as if the two conditions were rarely allied. And that's the way the world feels toward poverty. Crime and poverty go hand in hand in the

mind of too many of us. If men would learn to honor and trust each other for their intrinsic worth—their wealth of mind and soul—their talent, genius, industry, sobriety, etc., be he rich or poor, and a low estimate were placed upon each other for their wealth or purse, we should all be happier, wiser and better. Genius would oftener be rewarded, and better appreciated. "Poor yet honest" men would be stimulated to higher exertions, for they would feel and know that honor, trust and profit might follow such exertions. A man should be honored and applauded for what he is, not for what he has.  
It was not your men of wealth which gave the world the steam engine, the telegraph, the sewing machine, and thousands of other useful and scientific inventions which have revolutionized the whole civilized work; but men of poverty who live in obscurity, and under the ban of reproach on account of such poverty. It has ever been thus; and, we fear, will continue to be so, for man by nature is ungrateful, and money rules the world.

SUCCESS A DUTY.

It is a prime obligation resting upon every man to succeed up to the fullest measure which it is possible for him to do. Success is not only desirable, it is a duty. Look at a man along whatever range of faculties, and you will see in the perfect equipment of capacity, in the presence of every energy, the obligation to success. In the wings of a bird you see the Maker has suggested flight; in the build of a horse and a dog, speed is manifest; in the ox strength. And so through all the grades of life, in the organization, in the capacities bestowed, God has pointed the mode and result of life. But in man this is most observable.  
Look at yourself, my friend; look at your faculties, your endowments by nature, and you see in the liberal, the superabundant resources of your organization, the suggestion, yea, the command of your Maker. All the elements and means necessary to success in any branch of worthy industry, in any line of noble ambition are in you.  
A young man has no right to fail in life. It may not be his opportunity to succeed in the direction and to that extent in which his natural capacities point and make possible. Society is full of failures that need never have been made; full of men who have never succeeded, when they might and should have done so; full of women, who in the first half of their days, did nothing but eat, drink, and sip, and in the last half have done nothing but repent their folly and weaknesses. The world is full of such people; full of men in every trade or profession, who do not amount to anything, and of girls and women without any trade or profession, who do not seem to have any desire to amount to anything; and I do not speak irreverently, and I trust not without charity, without making due allowance for the inevitable in life, when I say that God and all thoughtful people are weary of their presence. See to it, my friend, for we each have an individual responsibility.

A SLIPPERY CUSTOMER.

Colonel Sharp is our deputy sheriff, and he had for several weeks held a warrant for the arrest of a certain Mike Hedgeman, but Mike had eluded him in a most unaccountable manner. So sure as the Colonel went where Mike was, Mike was as sure to be somewhere else.  
At length the Colonel received positive information that his man was at work for Mr. Cutter, on his farm in an adjoining town, and away to Mr. Cutter's, bright and early on a June morning, hied the Colonel. At the house he asked a bright-eyed servant girl if Mike Hedgeman was on the premises. The bright-eyed damsel informed the deputy, with all her apparent honesty, that Mr. Hedgeman was "at work over in the corn field beyond," and she thought she could see him from where she stood. The Colonel followed the direction of her finger, and he too saw the man.  
Without further delay the Colonel started for the corn field; but he did not advance upon the game in a direct line. He thought it safer to make a detour and strike by a flank movement. So he crept around behind the stone wall, and when opposite the point where the unsuspected man stood, he leaped the barrier, and advancing upon the double quick. The man stood with his back to the wall, so he could not see the approaching enemy.  
"Ha, ha!" shouted the Colonel, clapping his hands upon the unsuspecting shoulder. "Now, my slippery Mike, you are my prisoner!"  
But the prisoner didn't budge—he didn't move—though he swayed strangely beneath the weight of the sheriff's strong hand. The Colonel stepped around to look into the prisoner's face, and found that—he had caught a scare crow!  
And that wasn't the worst of it. Within a week from that time the Colonel learned that Mike Hedgeman and the bright-eyed servant girl of the Cutter farm had gone West together.

THE CUSTOM OF "TREATING."

If I could persuade all the young people of Elmira never to treat each other, nor be treated, I think one-half the danger from strong drink would be gone. If I cannot get you to sign the total abstinence pledge binding until you are twenty-five, I would be glad to have you promise three things: First, never

to drink on the sly, alone; Second, never to drink socially, treating or being treated; and, Third, when you drink do it openly and in the presence of some man or woman whom you respect.  
Now boys, if you want to be generous and treat each other, why not select some other shop besides the liquor shop? Suppose as you go to the post-office, you say: "Come boys, come in and take some stamps." Those stamps will do your friends a real good, and will cost no more than drinks all round. Or go by the tailor's store, and say, "Boys, come in and take a box of collars." Walk up to the counter free and generous and say, "What style will you have?" Why not treat to collars as well as drinks? Or go by a confectioner's and propose to chocolate-drops all round. Or say, "Boys take a newspaper." Or say, "I'll stand a jack-knife all round!"  
How does it happen that we have fallen into a habit almost compulsory of social drinking? You drink many a time when asked to when really you do not want to. When a man has treated you, you feel mean and indebted, and keep a sort of a count current in your mind, and treat him. And so in the use of just that agent, which at the very best is a dangerous one, you join hand in hand to help each other to ruin, instead of hand in hand to help each other to temperance.—Thos. K. Beecher.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

A good woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwells in her heart she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman we never think on her age, she looks as happy as when the rose that bloomed upon her cheek. That rose has not faded yet; it will never fade. In her neighborhood she is a friend and a benefactor; in the church the devout worshiper and exemplary Christian. Who does not love and respect the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy; who has been the friend of man and God, her life has been a scene of kindness and love, devotion to truth and religion? We repeat, such a woman cannot grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in her spirits and active in her humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If the young lady desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her not yield to the way of fashion and folly; let her love truth and virtue, and to the close of life she will retain those feelings which now make life appear a garden of sweets even fresh and green.

Sawdust and Chips.

The man that plants a birch tree, little knows what benefit he is conferring on posterity.  
When deaf-mutes are married, two members of the wedding party are sure to be unspeakably happy.  
A Yankee, on going with a friend to dine at the house of an acquaintance, in order to save time, said, "Scrape for me, while I knock for both of us."  
"You'd better ask for manners than money," said a man to a poor boy who asked for assistance. "I ask for what I thought you had most of," innocently replied the lad.  
A gentleman in company with Foote took up a newspaper, saying he wanted to see "what the ministry was about." Foote, with a smile, replied, "Look among the robberies."  
"How does that look, eh?" said a big-fisted Wall street man to a friend, holding up one of his brawny hands. "That," said the friend, "looks as though you'd gone short of soap."  
A writer on physiognomy sagely says, "A human face without a nose doesn't amount to much;" whereupon another writer observes that "a human nose without a face doesn't amount to much either."  
"My dear Mrs. Miffini, your darling Emma is a perfect arseph. She has your eyes and her father's hair." "Now I see," said the darling Emma, "it's because I've got pa's hair that he has to wear a wig."  
Two undertakers meeting the other day, one of them remarked on the vast increase of mortality. "Well," replied the other, "you're luckier than I, for I have not buried a living soul for more than three weeks."  
A dwarf said to an encroaching giant, "See here! we've equal rights in this country!" "That may be," replied the giant, "but you can't walk in my shoes." "That's nothing; you can't begin to walk in mine," retorted the dwarf.  
"I cannot imagine," said an alderman, "why my whiskers turn gray so much sooner than the hair of my head." "Because," observed a bystander, "you have worked so much harder with your jaws than with your brains."

A Titusville paper says: "An intoxicated printer in East St. Louis wandered into a shoe shop in a fit of mental aberration and set up several stacks of shoe pegs, and took a proof of his matter in the boot press before he realized his awful condition."  
The Atlanta "Sun" has given to the wide world this masterly attempt at verse-making:  
Mary had a little lamb,  
She kept in her garden,  
And every time it wagged its tail  
It spoilt her Dolly Varden.  
In one of the suburban schools, a school in-

spector gave out the word "psalter" to a class for spelling. It was a poser to all till it reached the foot of the class, when a curly-headed little fellow spelled it correctly, but, being asked to define it, he shouted out, "More salt!"  
A Terra Haute boy of tender years and heart has drowned seventeen kittens, tied pans to the tails of nine dogs, brushed his father's new hat against the grain, and blown up the pet canary with a fire-cracker, in the last month, and still his mother intends him for the pulpit.  
A quaint old gentleman, of an active, stirring disposition, had a man to work in his garden who was quite the reverse.—"Jones," said he "did you ever see a snail?" "Certainly," said Jones. "Then," said the old man, "you must have met him, for you never could overtake him."  
A broom with a heavy handle was sent as a wedding gift to a bride, with the following sentiment:  
"This trifling gift accept from me,  
Its use I would commend,  
In sunshine use the brushy part,  
In storms the other end."  
That marriage is not always fatal to the poetry in man is proved by a case of an Iowa bridegroom, who says that he never thinks without regret of the happy days now gone forever, when he was free to indulge his wild, poetic inclination for going out at nights and sleeping beneath the starlit canopy of heaven.  
A woman of Laurencekirk, who keeps an inn, being asleep in church, and persevering to doze, in spite of the exertions of her neighbors to awaken her, the minister said, "Let her alone, I'll soon awaken her;—Whew, whew, Janet, a bottle of ale and a dram." On which she started up and cried, "Coming sir, coming sir!"  
"I am glad," said a missionary to an Indian chief, "that you do not drink whiskey, but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it." "Ah, yes," said the red man, and he fixed an impressive eye upon the preacher, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it, "we Indians use a great deal of whiskey, but we do not make it."  
"What a nuisance!" exclaimed a gentleman at a concert, as a young fop in front of him kept talking in a loud voice to a lady at his side. "Did you refer to me, sir!" threateningly demanded the fop. "Oh, no; I mean the musicians there, who keep up such a noise with their instruments, that I can't hear your conversation," was the stinging reply.  
A few days since a seedy person applied to a wealthy citizen for help and received the small sum of five cents. The giver remarked as he handed him the pittance, "Take it, you are welcome; our ears are always open to the distressed." "That may be," replied the recipient, "but never before in my life have I seen so small an opening for such large ears."  
A little urchin who was sent to meet his father and bring him home on pay-day, was induced to enter the tabernacle of Bacchus. The novelty of the scene entertained him for a little, but at length being out of patience, and having little hope of getting his father home until he had got his usual, he, knocking his father significantly on the elbow, exclaimed—"Haste ye, father, an' get drunk, an' come awa' home."  
An eminent civil engineer and geologist gave the following certificate to the starter of a coal mine: "At the urgent request of the directors of the Ojibway Coal Company I have tested the sample of coal sent me, and it is my firm opinion that when the great conflagration of the world shall take place, and which is expected to happen on the final day, the man who shall stand upon the coal mine will be the very last man who shall be burned."  
A country laird riding in an unfrequented part of Kirkcubrightshire, came to the edge of a morass, which he considered not quite safe to pass. Observing a peasant lad in the vicinity, he hailed him, and inquired if the bog was hard at the bottom. "Oo, ay, quite hard," responded the youth. The laird passed on but his horse began to sink with alarming rapidity. "You rascal," shouted the laird to his misinformant, "did you not say it was hard at the bottom?" "So it is," rejoined the rogue, "but ye're no halfway till't yet."  
AN ARTIST'S REPROOF.—A jovial artist was painting some divine, who felt it incumbent upon him to give the painter a moral lecture during one of his sittings. Somewhat in awe of the artist, he began rather nervously; but as the "knight of the brush" painted away without any sign of annoyance, he gathered courage as he proceeded, and finally administered a pretty good sermon. He paused for a reply, and confessed afterward that he never felt so insignificant in his life as when the artist, with the urbane but positive authority of the profession, merely said, "Turn your head a little to the right, and shut your mouth."

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An infallible remedy for COUGHS, COLD, and all affec-  
tions of the Lungs and Throat.  
25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.  
JOSEPH DAVIDS,  
Chemist, &c.,  
170 King Street East.  
32-1c

**PETER WEST,**  
(Late West Brothers.)  
GOLD AND SILVER PLATER.  
Every description of work out Electro-Plate, Steel  
Knives, &c., re-plated equal to new, Carriage Irons Sil-  
ver-Plated to order.  
POST OFFICE LANE, TORONTO STREET.  
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**GEORGE ELLIS,**  
Manufacturer and Importer of  
Hair and Jute Switches,  
Chignons, Curis, Wigs, Bands, Puffs  
and Perfumery.  
LARGE ASSORTMENT OF HAIR NETS  
No. 179 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.  
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Special attention given to Shampooing, Cutting, and  
Dressing Ladies' and Children's Hair. Price lists and  
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A LARGE AND GOOD ASSORTMENT OF FALL  
GOODS FOR ORDERED WORK.  
A Cheap Stock of Ready-Made Clothing on hand.  
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Portrait Painter,  
Life Size Portraits in Oil. Inspection invited.  
STUDIO—39 King Street West, over Ewing & Co.'s.  
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COR. QUEEN AND TERAULEY STS  
Offer great inducements to families and housekeepers in  
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**Family Groceries and Provisions,**  
Comprising Teas of high quality and good flavor, fresh  
ground Coffee several grades, Cocoa, Chocolate, New  
Kaisins, New Currants, New Canned Peel, Crosse &  
Blackwell's Jams and Fruits, Crosse & Blackwell's  
Pickles, Wyat's Pickles, etc., Canned Fruits, Corn, Peas,  
etc., Canned Lobsters, Salmon, Mackerel, Sardines.  
A full stock of Provisions always on hand—Butter,  
Eggs, Ham, Bacon, Fish, Flour, Cornmeal, Oatmeal,  
Cracked Wheat and Buckwheat Flour.  
ALSO, A LARGE STOCK OF  
FIRST-CLASS BRANDS OF LIQUORS,  
Drandy from.....\$1 50 to \$4 Sealed Brand.  
Port Wine.....\$1 00 to \$4  
Sherry Wine.....\$1 50 to \$4  
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Jamaica Rum.....\$1 50 to \$3  
O. T. Gin.....\$1 50 to \$3  
Holland Gin, J. D. Kuyper, a large stock of Bottled  
Liquors, Guinness and Blood's Stout, Ale and Porter.  
Cash traders would do well to give us a trial. R.  
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ROOMS.**  
JAMES McQUILLAN,  
FURNITURE DEALER,  
258 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.  
Strict attention paid to repairing in all its branches.  
City Express delivery promptly executed. Household  
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First-class Furniture Varnish always on hand. 32-oh

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**COAL & WOOD!**  
LOWEST PRICES IN THE CITY,  
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BOTH FOR  
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A good assortment of  
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Of every description. Always on hand,  
**CARPETS, STOVES, &c.**  
FURNITURE EXCHANGED.  
All kinds of Furniture neatly repaired,  
Sofas Re-covered and Re-caned.  
Call before purchasing elsewhere.  
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247 and 249 Yonge Street.

**PROPERTIES FOR SALE.**  
A LARGE TWO-STORY  
**Rough-Cast House,**  
On Caer Howell street. Price, \$1,700.  
A two-story Rough Cast House on Dummer street,  
near St. Patrick's Church. Price, \$1,100.  
A Lot on Kingston Road, west of the toll gate, with  
small house thereon. Price, \$340.  
About 60 building lots North of the Kingston Road,  
at from \$100 to \$250 each, according to size and situa-  
tion.  
A Lot on Bathurst street, 52x125 feet. Price, \$320.  
A Lot on corner of Baldwin street and John street,  
30 x 120 feet to a lane. Price, \$800.  
Several desirable Building Lots in Yorkville, in sizes to  
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CLARK & FEILDE,  
Jordan street.  
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**CARPETS, TAPESTRY,  
BRUSSELS, TAPESTRY,  
AND  
WOOL CARPETS,**  
In Newest Designs  
Also, a large stock of OIL CLOTHS, MAT-  
TINGS WOOL, and other MATS.  
HENRY GRAHAM & CO.,  
3 King Street East.  
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**JOHN JACKSON,**  
TINSMITH, PLUMBER,  
COPPERSMITH,  
Galvanized Iron Worker,  
252 QUEEN STREET WEST,  
TORONTO, ONT.  
HARDWARE, ROCK OIL, LAMPS AND CHIMNEYS  
House Furnishing Goods.  
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**J. & T. IREDALE,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
Tin, Sheet Iron, and Copperware,  
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HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS,  
WATER COOLERS,  
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No. 57 Queen Street West,  
First Door West of Bay Street,  
TORONTO, ONT  
JAMES IREDALE,  
Late Foreman to Wm. H. Sparrow.  
THOS. IREDALE,  
Late Ishmail Iredale & Son  
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**MAT'S,  
MAT'S,  
MAT'S.**  
FOR CHOICE DRINKS  
GO TO  
**MAT'S.**  
IF YOU WANT TO  
SPEND A PLEASANT EVENING,  
GO TO  
**MAT'S.**  
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**THOS. H. TAYLOR,**  
271 YONGE STREET,  
Has a Splendid Stock of Woollens for Winter Clothing.  
HIS CLOTHING is noted to  
LOOK WELL!  
FIT WELL!  
WEAR WELL!  
HIS PRICES compare with any one's in the city.  
HIS TERMS ARE CASH ONLY.  
Be particular,  
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"THE IMPERIAL," 824 YONGE STREET.  
W. MASTERS, Importers.

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NARROW GAUGE  
COAL AND WOOD YARD,**  
CORNER ESPLANADE AND PRINCESS STREET.  
Superior Wood, nearly all Maple, extra length.  
Scranton and Lackawanna Coal, &c.  
Cut Wood always on hand.  
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**COAL AND WOOD**  
A large supply on hand, and receiving daily  
best quality  
**HARD AND SOFT COAL,**  
FRESH MINED, ALSO  
Beech, Maple and Pine Wood.  
M. DWAN,  
Church Street Wharf.  
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**COAL AND WOOD.**  
ALL THE BEST VARIETIES OF  
**Hard and Soft Coal,**  
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.  
Also, the best of  
**CORDWOOD,**  
AS CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.  
Wood, Sawn only, or Sawm and Split,  
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JOHN SNARR,  
IMPORTER, TORONTO.  
OFF-SITE CITY WEIGH SCALES, NELSON STREET.  
25-1c

**COAL AND WOOD**  
AT  
**LOWEST PRICES,**  
FOR SALE BY  
**CAMERON & BOVELL**  
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Cut Wood always on hand.  
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**LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES, &c.,**  
IMPORTERS OF ALL KINDS OF  
**STEAM AND DOMESTIC COAL,**  
DEALERS IN  
**CORDWOOD, CUT AND UNCUT.**  
OFFICE AND YARD—Corner Queen and Sherbourne  
Streets. WHARF: Foot of Sherbourne St., Toronto.  
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**THE RUSSELL WATCH** is made in all  
sizes suitable for Ladies and Gents, both in  
gold and silver. But the accompanying out-  
represents in proper proportions  
The \$25 Russell Hunting Lever Watch  
In starting after case and gold points, full jewelled—  
warranted for five years. Will be sent for with a gold-  
chain for \$25.00. Will be sent for with a gold-  
chain for \$25.00. Will be sent for with a gold-  
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chain for \$25.00.  
W. E. CORPENTIER,  
Watch and Jewelry Maker,  
35 King St. West, Toronto, Ont

**CAUTION TO SMOKERS.**  
The Imperial Smoking Mixture  
Is manufactured solely by W. MASTERS & CO., and  
sold in registered jackets, at 15c, 30c and 55c each.  
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**SIGN AND CARD PAINTER,**  
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All kinds of work done on time and guaranteed.  
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**\$20,000 BANKRUPT STOCK  
OF  
DRY GOODS  
AND  
READY-MADE CLOTHING,**  
AT 151 YONGE STREET,  
T. BROWNLOW  
Having purchased a Bankrupt Stock of Dry Goods and  
Ready-made Clothing at a great sacrifice, consisting of  
Fancy Dress Goods, French Merinos, Wool Fields,  
Winceys, Shawls, Jackets, Flannels, Blankets, Clouds,  
Hosiery, &c. Also, Men's and Boys' Ready-made Cloth-  
ing, Hats, Caps, Shirts, Drawers, Tweeds, &c., &c. The  
great portion of the above is Fall and Winter Goods,  
bought this season, and will be found superior in quality  
and style to most bankrupt stocks.  
Great bargains will be given. In order to save time,  
the lowest prices will be asked first.  
Sale to commence, on Saturday morning, November  
the 30th.  
T. BROWNLOW,  
151 Yonge Street  
34-1c

**STEAM DYE WORKS!**  
303 AND 303½ YONGE ST., TORONTO,  
(Between Gould and Gerrard Sts.)  
**THOMAS SQUIRE, Proprietor.**  
Kid Gloves Cleaned with superiority and despatch.  
Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned, Dyed and Repaired  
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Gold and Silver Plater in all its branches  
MANUFACTURER OF  
Nickel Silver and Wood Show Cases  
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14 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.  
25-hr

**HENRY O'BRIEN,**  
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**MADAME VON BEETHOVEN'S**  
MUSIC ROOMS,  
No. 48 KING STREET EAST, 1st FLOOR,  
(Over Bain's Book Store.)  
MADAME VON BEETHOVEN begs to announce that  
she is now prepared to accept pupils for instruction on  
the pianoforte at her rooms between the hours of 9 to 1  
and 3 to 6.  
Circulars, with full particulars as to terms, &c., can  
be had upon application at the rooms.  
Special arrangements will be made with Ladies' Col-  
leges and Seminaries.  
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WE ARE NOW OFFERING A LARGE STOCK OF  
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NOTICE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

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HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR

WELLAND CANAL ENLARGEMENT