

Ontario Workman.

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

VOL. I.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1872.

NO. 6.

CANADIAN.

A respectable resident of Burford, named Gillespie, was found dead on the road near Bennisville on Thursday. It is supposed he was murdered.

The Nova Scotia Rifle Association decline to send a team to compete for the honor of going to Wimbledon. Ontario marksmen are also quite indifferent about competing. Why is this thus?

A fire broke out in Uxbridge about half-past three on Friday, and a dwelling house and workshop owned by Mr. Wilson was destroyed, but by the exertions of the people the fire was prevented from spreading. The cause of the fire is unknown.

Last Friday evening, about 5 o'clock, Dr. George Dice, of Lowville while sitting on the doorstep of his residence, fell over on his face dead. The supposed cause of death is heart disease. The doctor was greatly respected, and had a large and lucrative practice. He was about 30 years of age, and leaves a young widow and three children to mourn his death.

A young man named Maguire, aged 18 years, formerly a resident of Maitland, was drowned from off the N.T.Co's., propeller *Lawrence* on Sunday last. It seems that as the boat was passing Maitland, the unfortunate lad got upon the rail to signal some friends who were on shore, when, losing his balance, he fell overboard. Although every exertion was put forth to save him, it proved of no avail.

Two men convicted of assault with intent to commit rape, were sentenced at the opening Assizes to six months imprisonment and to receive forty lashes, twenty to be given within a fortnight of the sentence, and twenty more within a fortnight of their liberation. The first instalment was administered last week, and the scene is described by the local papers as being of a very revolting and sickening nature.

An accident which very nearly proved fatal, occurred on Monday last, to Mr. Thomas Blakenbury, in the employ of the St. L. & O.R. He was standing on the railway dock, near the elevator, when the iron conductor—the spout which conveys the grain from the vessel to the car—fell and struck him, felling him senseless to the ground. He was conveyed to the railway station, when, after recovering sensibility, his injuries were found not to be of a serious nature.

At a sociable of some sort at Cedar Rapids, nineteen mothers accidentally met, each bearing her youngest in unconscious imitation of the well-known wife of the martyred John Rogers. By and by some indiscreet individual suggested that a vote (by ballot) be taken to decide which one was the handsomest. The mothers voted, the ballots were counted, and one vote was found for each of the nineteen infants in the room! Each woman gave a single, solemn, silent look at her neighbor, and in five minutes every mother among them was on her way home.

Intelligence was received by the Sheriff last evening that the sentence of death passed upon John Wilson, convicted of rape at the recent Assizes, has been commuted by the clemency of the Executive, to imprisonment for life. We understand that Wilson's demeanor, since his conviction, has been of the same hardened character that previously distinguished him, as indeed, may be gathered from the fact, that he clings to liberty, principally, as he says, to wreak his vengeance upon the Crown Prosecutor who procured his conviction.—*Guelph Mercury*.

A little daughter of Mr. James Davidson, Guelph, was burnt to death on Thursday afternoon. Her clothes caught fire from the brush, and her dress being of cotton, the poor little girl was in a moment wrapped in flames. She ran screaming across the common away from her home, followed by her mother, and some neighbors who heard her cries, but before they got to her, almost every stitch of her clothing was in flames, which was blazing above her head. She was carried home and suffered intensely till death came to her relief. The body presented a most pitiable sight.

A shed behind a large block of tenements on a street just behind the Montreal city limits, burst into flames on Friday. Before the firemen could reach the place, however, the fire had extended two blocks of houses, and then a scene of wild confusion ensued. The houses were let off in tenements, and were occupied by about 50 families, and the occupants commenced at once to save as much of the property

as possible, taking the usual extraordinary plan of throwing all perishable articles out of the window. A woman who had been confined a day or two before was removed in blankets, and the other occupants escaped as quickly as they could. The fire proved to be a disastrous one, principally owing to the fact that the supply of water was insufficient. Behind the houses were a number of wooden sheds which afforded a ready fuel to the flames which speedily destroyed several houses.

A young woman of less than eighteen years of age, carrying an infant five months old, applied to the Relief Officer this morning for assistance. Like too many of her sex, she had yielded to the beguiling subtlety of a young man of whose character she was ignorant. He resided in the vicinity of Toronto, but has lately disposed of his property and gone to the States, leaving the woman whose happiness he has ruined to battle with the world alone and support his child. The poor creature offered to accept any situation where she could work and take care of the little one, or leaving it with some respectable nurse to earn her living as a servant and pay for the care given to the child. Finally, upon an order from the Mayor, Mr. Hughes took the friendless woman in charge and will do his best to obtain for her a home, where she will be at least comfortable and out of harm's way.—*London Advertiser*.

On Sunday evening last a man by the name of Joseph Aheart was found dead in the woods near Lemonville, in the township of Whitchurch. He was a travelling tinker with a small kit. Two dollars and twenty-three cents in cash and his kit was all that was found with him. Dr. McManus, coroner of Stouffville, held an inquest on Monday and the jury gave as their verdict—"That Joseph Aheart died from pulmonary apoplexy, brought on from the amount of spirituous liquor which he drank on the last day he was seen alive." Aheart left the village of Lemonville last Wednesday about the middle of the afternoon, and was seen by a couple of boys on the same afternoon getting over the fence and going into the woods near where he was found. He must have died that evening as he was quite close to the fence where he was seen getting over, and nothing of him was seen afterwards until he was found on Sunday evening.

AMERICAN.

Libbie Garrabrant, for the murder of R. F. Burroughs, of Patterson, N. Y., was sentenced last week to be hanged on the 18th of July.

Not long since a Michigan Indian was promptly despatched to the happy hunting ground by a can of nitro-glycerine which he attempted to open with his little hatchet.

A new Chinese Temple was recently consecrated at San Francisco, with 75 gods, two of which are 80 feet high and correspondingly large.

In Omaha, the people of Council Bluffs are known as "Scoundrel Hillers," and in Council Bluffs the people of Omaha are known as "Saddle Creekers."

St. Louis has a heroine who rushed up a fireladder into a burning house, rescued her sonolent lover, without experiencing any damage further than a slightly burned chignon.

The Colorado bug has begun its labors in Missouri, and another bug has appeared which devotes itself to the destruction of the devourer of murphies. Long may the second bug wave.

On Friday, messenger Gallatine, of the National Bank, N. Y., while out on a collecting route, was robbed of a pouch containing \$8,000 in gold certificates. The thieves are known, and an arrest is soon expected.

Coal in abundance has been found in close proximity to Austin, Texas, and the quality has been sufficiently tested at Houston and elsewhere to fully demonstrate its superior quality for the manufacture of gas.

The *American Artizan* calls attention to the fact that no less than twelve iron steamships are building on the Delaware, the aggregate cost of which will be considerably more than \$6,000,000. Good.

A brute named Joseph Young, has been arrested at Oswego, N. Y., for a rape committed upon his own daughter, a little girl nine years of age. He will serve twenty years for that.

Professional mendicants of ability, energy and experience can make in New York city, it is said from \$4 to \$5 a day by faithfully playing their vocation, while beggars of inferior talent and tact are forced to content themselves with \$2 to \$3 a day.

A Cuban letter states that two hundred

Spaniards surprised a camp of twenty-five women, six children and twelve old men, in the woods between Guantanamo and Arroyo, and massacred all of them. The Spaniards subsequently were pursued by Cuban revolutionists and many of them were killed.

A gang of Chinese laborers in Louisiana, who had taken umbrage at the conduct of the negro overseer, surprised their employer one morning recently by marching in solemn file up to his mansion, bearing on their shoulders a dark object. This proved to be the obnoxious foreman, securely bound with many cords, whom they deposited on the piazza, nearly frightened to death, with the words, "Too much nigger, too much."

An affecting incident of the California earthquake is that narrated by a young gentleman who was engaged in the operation of "sitting up" with his inamorata at the dead hour of 2:30 a.m. As the earthquake approached the young lady improved the opportunity of fainting away in her lover's arms, it being the first time either had dared to establish such propinquity. She did not recover for 20 minutes or more, and the gentleman took a vast oath on the morrow that he would "give \$20 a shock for earthquakes."

Small pox commits fearful ravages sometimes on the tender sentiments as well as the comely countenance, and reveals the discouraging prospect of ordinary human nature. There is a story told just now of two ardent lovers in Chicago. The young man was stricken with the dread disease and was nursed by his faithful sweetheart until he recovered, and then she in her turn was prostrated. As he was in no further danger he watched over the sufferer till the malady had spent its rage. Health came back but beauty was gone forever, and the young man's love fled after "the visionary gleam," and he refused to keep his engagement. Of course this masculine heartlessness was to be expected, and is romantic enough, but the broken heart. She did nothing of the sort, but quietly acquiesced, and soon after married an old man worth half a million.

FOREIGN.

MADRID, May 17.—News has been received of a fight at Manaria, and the defeat of the Carlists, numbering 5,000, by the forces under General Letona. The insurgents lost 21 killed and a large number were made prisoners.

LONDON, May 17.—The agent of the Cunard line has received information of the loss of the steamer *Tripoli* from Liverpool to Boston. The *Tripoli* went ashore on the South Tuscan rock of Cansors Point on the Irish Coast. The crew and passengers were all saved, but the vessel will be a total loss, and but little of the cargo can be saved.

LONDON, May 17.—The Atlanta crew to-day received from America the new shell in which they intend to row the International match on the Thames, but, on inspection, it was found that the boat was ruined during the voyage, having been badly packed. This unfortunate accident, however, will not prevent the race, as the crew have ordered another boat here which will be finished in time for the race.

THE LONDON CREW.—It is rumored that the London crew which is to run against the Atlanta's in the International race is by no means the strongest one which could have been selected. The *Echo* of to-day however thinks it amply strong enough to beat the American crew.

KINGSTONE, JAM., May 11.—An excitement was occasioned at Cape Hayti on the 19th April, by the landing of a boat's crew from the United States steamer *Nantasket* at Carrenge for Howitzer practice. General Alexis, commander of the department, chose to consider it an hostile act, and posted troops to ascertain the reason of the landing of foreign guns, and remonstrated with the American consul. At the request of the latter, Capt. Carpenter embarked the gun and men, and proceeded to Port au Prince, where the Haytian Foreign Secretary made a demand upon the United States legation for instant reparation for the insult.

MADRID, May 20.—An official announcement to-day by the Government states that desertions from the Carlist bands in the Province of Biscay have commenced. Many of the insurgents present themselves to the Government troops and gave up their arms. More than four thousand have already submitted. Urribari, the Carlist leader, is dead.

MADRID, May 20.—It is stated that the attitude of the Government of France towards the

Carlists, and the facility with which insurgents escaped into France have caused a deep feeling of irritation on the part of the Spanish Government. Garcia Gutierrez, Spanish Consul at Bayonne, France, has arrived in Madrid. He comes for the purpose of formally complaining of the course pursued by the French authorities towards the fleeing Carlists.

Despatches of government troops continue to encounter Carlist bands in the disaffected provinces. The insurgents are invariably beaten and dispersed.

An English Exchange says:—At this year's International Exhibition there is to be exposed a terrific trumpet—certainly not belonging to the class of musical instruments—by M. Lissajou. This fearful instrument, designed as an adjunct to a lighthouse, so as to give warning to sailors during a fog, is to be worked by steam. Its place will be in the garden by the annexe, and if sounded at the full it is stated to be capable of making itself heard as far as St. Paul's. We do not expect any such feat to be performed, since the blast would inevitably blow away the French *cafe* and even play havoc with Louis d'Orleans, to say nothing of the general terror which the hideous yell would produce both inside and outside the Exhibition. The monster is worthy of the Boston Jubilee, and we suggest that it be sent there as a little present to America.

Captain W. Tweedle, of the British army, has discovered how to construct unsinkable ships. Proposing to give his country the benefit of his discovery, he has addressed a suggestion to the Royal Artillery Institution for iron-plating a cruising ship. Having got to the limit of iron-plating on the outside of a ship, and yet having a gun able to pierce it, he proposes to put the armor of cruising ships inside. His plan is to spring an arch or dome of iron on board from the sides of the ship below the water-line, the top of the dome rising a little above the surface covering in the engine room, the lower deck, and stow-rooms, and divided into a series of water-tight compartments. This, he contends, would give additional strength, and however much her hull might be knocked about, she could not sink, unless the arch were penetrated, which, owing to its shape, would be nearly impossible.

BAILING OUT THE CLAIMANT.—The claimant to the Tichborne estates has been released on bail; his sureties being Lord Rivers, Mr. Guildford Onslow, M.P., Dr. Atwood, and Mr. James Lamont. An immense crowd assembled outside Newgate prison when it was known that the claimant was to be released, and after the recognizances had been signed, the claimant and his friends waited some time, in hopes that the crowd would disperse. As they did not, the claimant and his friends passed through the underground passage into the court-room of the Old Bailey, from thence entered a carriage drawn by a pair of handsome grays, which was in attendance, and at once drove off to the claimant's residence at Old Brompton. The next day a letter appeared in the daily papers from the claimant, exulting in his release, which he attributed to the interest taken in his case by the British public. He thanked them also for the money raised by subscription, amounting to \$10,000, but stated that he would require \$30,000 more to conduct his defence thoroughly.

TERRIBLE DISASTER.

The Harbor Grace papers contains details of a fearful disaster which occurred at Labrador. On the 11th of March the brig *Huntsman* sailed from Harbor Grace, commanded by Captain Robt. Dawe, with a crew of sixty-two men on a sealing voyage. When off Cape Charles, Labrador, on Sunday, April 20th, in company with the *Rescue*, *Vesta*, and *Lord Clyde*, and near Bottle Harbor, the *Huntsman*, having forged ahead, a gale from the north-east sprung up suddenly at nine o'clock in the evening. She was driven upon the rocks, the night being pitchy dark. Before she struck, the seamen saw the rock and jumped overboard to try and save themselves, but were killed instantly by the rush of floating ice. The remaining fifty-nine took to the rigging. In five minutes both masts went over at six feet above the deck, and only seventeen men escaped drowning. Of these, all but three were variously injured by having their arms and legs broken and bodies bruised. They managed to reach the *Rescue* by crawling over the ice a distance of half a mile.

Forty-five men were lost, most of them leaving families at or near Harbor Grace. The other vessels escaped with little damage.

THE MISSOURI MURDER.

CONFESSION OF PHEBE CAMPBELL.

The murderess, Phoebe Campbell, has confessed to the crime of murdering her husband, and her confession has been forwarded by the Crown Attorney to the Attorney-General. It covers eight pages of foolscap, and was given to the Sheriff on Saturday evening, all in her own handwriting. She commences by saying that the conduct of her husband was very bad, that she had been used harshly for some time previous to the deed, that he was jealous of her, &c., which made her quite hate him. She told Coyle of this, and he sympathized with her, and took her part, and said she had got to love her, and he would do all in his power for her. Finally Coyle suggested that they would get along well together, and asked her if he made her a free woman, would she marry him? She did not give him a decided answer then. This occurred two months previous to the murder. At first they thought of poisoning Campbell, by putting poison, which they had purchased, into his food, but this did not succeed, and it was then determined to kill him. Coyle, she says, bought a pistol, in St. Marys, as was supposed. She states that Coyle and her made it up to shoot Campbell on the Wednesday before the deed was committed, but that she got frightened, and went to bed and fell asleep; and frustrated the attempt at that time. The next day Coyle saw her and asked her why she had not waited for him, as she had promised; that he, Coyle, had went round the house but found they were all asleep. At this interview it was agreed that the murder should take place on the Friday. On that evening Campbell, she says, read his Bible, said his prayers; and after chatting there some time, went to bed at about ten o'clock, while she sat up and sewed some clothing. Before Coyle came, which was about 11 o'clock, she says she gave the child the breast, and on a signal being given, she knew Coyle was out there, and the course of this conversation, they talked about how the deed should be done. He wanted her to fire the pistol. She replied that she was afraid and could not. It was then agreed that he should discharge the pistol. Previous to going out, she had put the light out, and the house was all dark. The two then went in, and Coyle tried to fire the pistol, but it would not go off. He then said he would get the axe, and went towards the cupboard for that purpose. He got it from under the cupboard, and struck him on the head with the blunt side of it. Campbell, after this blow, managed to get up off the bed, and struggled desperately around the house with Coyle, for some time on the floor, and eventually got towards the door. While in this position Coyle appeared to be getting the better of deceased, who was becoming weak from loss of blood, and determined to finish the horrible affair. He then told her to get the butcher knife and cut his throat, the two men being at that time clutched together. Coyle, when she approached him, took the knife from her, and drew it across Campbell's throat. (The prisoner is very particular on this point, and reiterates that Campbell's throat was cut at this time, and not, as the doctors said, some time afterwards.) Campbell then fell on the floor, and was not moved. She persists in saying that there was no light in the house while the deed was being committed. Coyle, after murdering Campbell, went outside and washed himself, and after doing so came in and lit a match to see if there was any blood on his face or clothing. Coyle then went away to her father's. She states that she was never in bed that night. Coyle's clothes were concealed for a short time, and were afterwards burned. After Coyle had gone a short time, she went out into the field and gave the alarm. She says that neither her father nor mother, nor any of the family, knew anything about it. She also states that Coyle told her he got out through the window in her father's house that night, and reached the ground by a ladder.

The confession is signed "Mrs. Phoebe Campbell."

One Mrs. Newton, an Englishwoman, living within the precincts of London, recently cooked some potatoes for her dinner. That was nothing unusual; but she did think it rather strange when, on cutting open one of the potatoes, she found a small frog imbedded in the centre of it. The animal was harmless, having been thoroughly boiled.

THE WORKING MAN.

Let him speak—though his hand be rough,
And his language be uncouth;
He's kept in silence long enough,
And we need the rugged truth.

Let him speak, as he steps to wipe
The sweat from off his brow;
He has much to say, the time is ripe,
And the world will hear him now.

He has not learned your polished speech,
Nor the logic of your schools,
Nor does he hide what he would teach
With the rhetoric of fools.

His sentences are short and sharp,
And are truths to freemen dear:
The fool may sneer, the rich may carp,
It is now their time to hear.

He has fought the battles—worked the mines—
The rich have had their say,
Have made the laws and built the shrines,
And he has had to pay.

Let him speak, he has earned the right:
Let despots now be still!
Let freemen rise in freemen's might
To do the people's will.

Tales and Sketches.

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER II.—The Veiled Maiden.

Esau, having approached the litter, said to the maiden, who still retained her veil, "And you, Rachel, are you, too, going to curse me? Do you, too, despise me?"

Rachel remained silent.

Esau felt the contempt which her silence signified; and, unable to restrain his rage, he exclaimed, "Know you not that I can destroy you? that it is in my power to deliver you over to those ferocious and licentious soldiers, and who then will defend you from their insults? Will they feel pity for your tears, or respect for your prayers? will your palpitating bosom, your pale face and trembling form excite their compassion; or will a proud and haughty gesture command their obedience? No, no, those gallant knights are not what you imagine. They will but mock you with praises of your beauty, to which your fears and tremblings will add an additional charm in their eyes. They are not like the weak and foolish Esau who worships you."

Rachel still remained as cold, as silent, and as immovable as a statue.

"And your father," continued Esau; "doubtless it will be pleasant in your eyes to see that venerable old man tossed and buffeted about by that abandoned crew, to see him dragged forth by his white beard and cast, amid brutal jests, into the river!"

"Recreant!" murmured the young girl, "such crimes as these are done for your sake I became the thing I am, a minion, a vile apostate, odious to myself and contemptible to others; I believed you ambitious, Rachel, and that you despised the humiliated Jew in me; I thought that you loved to hear of chivalrous exploits, and I knew that a Jew must ever remain obscure, trodden under foot never to rise either by courage or genius. The Jew must suffer insult, but not complain; obedience—obedience is his only part—the virtues of the Christian are worse than vices in the Jew. Of what avail was my secret love, if the flame which consumed me was never to be acknowledged?"

Just at this moment the trumpet of Don Enrique's troops rang through the forest with a fearful distinctness; but not one of the poor fugitives turned their supplicating glance upon Esau, nor could he catch any sign of emotion from the young Jewess.

"Oh, hear me, Rachel!" resumed he, overcome with grief, "hear me, and you will pity me. I was not born to weigh and pile up pieces of coin; the clinking of gold does not light up my eyes with a greedy joy like those of your father, who calls them his poignards of revenge for the Christian. I love the clash of arms, the clanking of armor; I have tried them on my robust limbs; this arm has struck sparks of fire thick as hail from the battle-axe and sword—and then—and then I thought if Rachel saw me, perhaps she too might love me."

The man in the tabard looked on with a mocking smile, and scarcely removed his eyes from the litter, as though he wanted to pierce through the veil which enveloped the Jewess. Several times his hand played with his belt; and although he did not hear the words of Esau, yet the insolent demeanor of the man seemed to irritate him much more than any of the other fugitives. Seeing that Rachel persisted in her disdainful silence, he advanced softly behind the renegade, and heard him thus end his amorous invocation: "Yes, Rachel, I knew that your heart elevated you above the prejudices of our race; and when Samuel has gloated over the sight of some poor Christian debtor on his knees imploring mercy, with the sobs of his wife and the tears of his children, I only felt humiliated at the sad triumph; and when I dreamt of Christian knights, unhorsed and biting the dust, who should ask their lives of the Jew Esau, I could not resist the influence of such a dream. When a Jew, all that impetuous ardor was useless; whilst a Jew, it was criminal and rebellious to be ambitious; I

wanted to become a Christian; and, Rachel, I succeeded beyond my hopes. I am certain of wearing the spurs of knighthood when Pedro the Cruel is driven from Spain."

At these words the man in the tabard smiled insultingly.

Esau turned round sharply, his eyes gleaming with rage, just as the French trumpets resounded so loudly that the Jewess and all the fugitives started up.

"Ah, Rachel, did you hear that?" exclaimed Esau.

"What, then, is the important office entrusted to you by the rebel Enrique?" said Rachel. "Is it that of stripping and giving up helpless fugitives?"

Esau recoiled as though an enemy's gauntlet had struck him full in the face. "I serve my master," said he, stammeringly.

"He who disowns his God, will not hesitate to betray his master," replied the Jewess.

"Be not thus implacable, Rachel; forget not that it was for your sake that I sought to become the most powerful, courageous, and wealthy of our race: I sought power and glory only to lay them at your feet; I, whom so many dread to meet, I am weaker than a child before you;" and thus speaking, he leant against the litter.

But the Jewess, stretching out her hand as though to repulse him, exclaimed loudly, "Approach me not, thou apostate! approach me not! I pity thee."

The whole frame of the wretched man vibrated with anguish; and scalding tears, which he in vain attempted to hide, flowed down his swarthy cheeks.

"Come, father," said the young girl, "let us retrace our steps; let us seek some other ford; only let us leave that accursed man!"

Samuel and his followers drew near as though about to depart; but Esau, stepping forward, exclaimed, "You depart not, most worthy children of Israel; have you not heard that I am the servant of the King Don Enrique?"

"Of the rebel king!" cried the man in the tabard.

"Of the true and legitimate King of Castile," repeated Esau; "and I will compel you to remain my prisoners. If you, Rachel, had given me your hand in friendship, I would have saved all; but you have recalled me to a sense of my duty. I owe no allegiance to King Pedro, to that tyrant whose throne is steeped in blood, and whose favorite is Samuel Ben Levi!"

"Silence, silence, Esau, I beseech," said the old Jew, casting his wild and troubled looks upon his companions.

"Think you," said Esau, crossing his arms contemptuously, "that I fear speaking the truth. One would imagine, Samuel, from your pale cheeks that you were about to prostrate yourself at the feet of Don Pedro in his regal courts, or that you were listening to the last groans of Don Fadrique, as he was struck down by the mace-bearers of his brother in the court

An Alcazar is a royal fortified palace, built during the domination of the Moors in Spain, and the ruins of them are yet to be seen in most of the principal cities of the Iberian peninsula.

A nervous tremor shot through the frame of the fair young man, and, probably, his passion would have burst forth, had not the old treasurer replied, "King Don Pedro is now unfortunate, Esau, and have you so little generosity as to insult the wounded lion?"

"You are right, Samuel," resumed the renegade; "and, after all, what does it signify? In the crimes and quarrels of kings the people are destroyed, as the moth is consumed by the burning taper; let us rather think of your safety; I am not very exacting as regards ransom. Let Rachel allow me to kiss that hand, which formerly used to be interlaced in mine; let her still call me brother, and I will save you. But no! she is cold and insensible—she has forgotten all. Tell her, Samuel, that she is my prisoner; that I alone can save you all. Oh, Rachel, Rachel! oh, my sister! say that you do not despise me!"

"Renegade!" answered Rachel. Esau recoiled as if struck by an arrow.

"You shall see, proud one, that I am something more than renegade," cried he.

"An executioner, probably," replied the young girl.

"Alas! thou art thinking of thyself," sighed Samuel; thou forgettest thy companions in misfortune."

"Hold thy tongue, old dotard," said the young man in the tabard, softly; "thy daughter has good blood in her veins—faithful and loyal blood—and is a noble creature. But remember that I am still one of thy servants—the page of the noble and beautiful Rachel—it is a character that will please me well."

"Descend from your litter, Rachel," said Esau, coolly.

The Jewess did not stir.

"Must I use force to make you yield to my prayer?" said the renegade.

"Obey, ungrateful girl!" said the old Jew; "It is I, now, who command thee. One of our servants is waiting to assist thee."

Here the young page advanced, his eyes flashing and his hair dishevelled.

"Come, young man, do thy duty," said the old treasurer, "assist thy mistress, and be ready to row vigorously across the water with our friend Esau Manasses."

The page approached the litter, but the renegade, with a determined air, pushed him aside.

"Let not the hand of any man but myself touch that young maiden," said he; "no one but myself shall have that privilege. Learn

how little you dare resist me, and that I have a mission from Don Enrique to arrest all partisans of Don Pedro, and even the Don himself, should I be so fortunate as to meet with him. As to those who may denounce him or give him up, they may be assured of a right royal reward."

"What, from the usurper himself, I suppose," said the page, jeeringly.

"Yes; and look at the price Esau Manasses pays for his spurs," added the Jewess.

Esau could no longer contain himself, but lifted his hand to strike the page, who avoided it by jumping aside, exclaiming, "Say but the word, my mistress, and I will hurl this Hercules to the bottom of the river, to make food for the fishes."

The young girl, alarmed at the prospect of a contest between such unequal adversaries, descended from her litter, and, throwing back her veil, the combatants caught sight of her beautiful features.

She was the noblest, chastest creature the imagination of the poet could picture; her olive complexion, clear and beautiful by daylight, received but a deeper tinge from the shadowy eve; nothing could be softer or purer than the perfect oval of her countenance; her large eyes sparkled under the fringed eyelashes, whilst the arched eyebrow canopied the whole with a bewitching beauty; there was an irresistible charm and attraction in those large, bright eyes which seemed to subdue all they looked upon; and her hair, of that golden tinge so dear to the painter, seemed to entwine itself around her forehead with the soft, wavy motion of a serpent; rows of costly pearls, fastened by large gold pins, served to ornament and give to the beautiful head a character at once imposing and attractive; the ample veil which enveloped her yet allowed the small hand and slender wrist, encircled by massive bracelets, to be perceived. A sculptor would have almost worshipped such an apparition, scarcely believing it to be real.

At the sight of her, Esau forgot his anger, and the page, his threat. She seemed like an angelic visitor, whose mission was to restore peace.

The eyes of the handsome Jewess and those of the attendant page met. Both experienced an emotion almost electric—the daughter of Samuel suddenly became pale, as she perceived before her a being evidently of a superior order, and such as she had only met with in her dreams. Her whole frame was agitated with joy; and it seemed to her that the hour had now arrived when she might be permitted to love.

The ardent and excited looks of the page, who did not seek to disguise his feelings, were remarked by Esau Manasses, who, resting upon the oar, the only weapon he retained, disdainfully said to him, "How now, thou too zealous servant, dost thou deem that thou canst stay my arm; thou, whom my mere breath would destroy!"

The page frowned, and his eyes sparkled with rage as he placed his hand on his belt; but, at this moment, Samuel Ben Levi cast upon him a look full of supplication; and then, as though remembering himself, he said, "Come, thou disobedient boy, art thou going to quarrel with our deliverer? Wilt thou never be wiser? It is just like young apprentices, to be always playing with swords and daggers instead of considering their master's interest. Esau was much more useful than thou; thou art only fit to deck thyself with plumes and velvet, and then ramble through the city in quest of adventures. Verily, I lost much by the change! Now that thy master is old, thou no longer fearest him."

"Yes," resumed Esau, "this youngster needs a lesson to make him a little more humble. Your servants have become much too bold, and too little respectful towards ladies, Samuel. What should hinder me from giving this young gallant over to one of our Captains, who are but little inclined to jest?"

"And to which of the captains would you give him, Esau?" asked Samuel, with an assumed indifference.

"To Captain Coupetete, worthy Samuel; of all who have been entrusted to him, not one has ever complained of his treatment."

Samuel started at this reply, and turning to the page, who maintained his resolute and determined air, said, "Come, my lad, ask Esau to pardon you this folly."

"Ay, and quickly too, or my patience may soon be tired out," added the renegade.

"Beg that man's pardon, never!" exclaimed the page; but just at that moment, Rachel, who had kept her eyes constantly fixed on him, whilst leaning against the litter, now moved gently towards him. "Ask it, for the love of me, I entreat you," she murmured, "for he is pitiless."

"I did not mean to offend you," said the page, after a pause, at the same time turning pale and lowering his eyes, as though to hide their flashing fires.

Esau cast upon them a suspicious look; then, with a sardonic smile and curled lip, he muttered, "Ay, she speaks to him as though he were her idol; she thinks of nothing else; shall I allow them to depart together? impossible!" then, raising his voice, he said, "Valiant champion of the ladies, I am certain that it is not courage, but weapons, that you lack to avenge my insulting conduct; for a mere goldsmith's apprentice you are rather spirited. Well, I will be generous for once; in my boat there are some swords—dare you test their temper?"

With alacrity the page stretched out his

hand to Esau, replying, "Willingly." Esau rushed to the boat, scarcely able to dissemble the joy he felt at this opportunity of destroying his rival.

CHAPTER III.—The Exchange.

Upon seeing the intention of the page, Samuel immediately approached him, saying, "What! are you going to waste time in a contest with that miserable varlet, whilst hours are passing, every moment of which is more valuable than the costliest diamond in the crown of Castile?"

"Silence, you will betray yourself," said the page; "and then it will be said that there is not left a single man in Spain faithful to the true king."

"Oh, decline this unequal combat," replied the Jew, "Esau possesses Herculean strength."

"And am I, then, a mere child, incapable of handling a Toledo blade. Believe me, I shall vanquish him as easily as David overcame Goliath; and I rejoice to think that I shall spill the blood of one of those hated rebels and traitors who would betray their lord and master."

"Yes, and your victory will be the ruin of us all, and secure the triumph of our enemies," added the treasurer. "Time flows on like the waves of that river—the French troops are approaching nearer and nearer. The Gascon and English marauders are seeking to surprise us, and deliver us up alive to Don Enrique."

"Alive! thou deceivest thyself there," said the page, somewhat agitated. "Listen, Samuel; as to the handling of a sword or battle-axe, I fear no one in Spain. Don Enrique himself, although reckoned expert, has always been overcome by me in the Alcazar; as soon as this apostate giant is disposed of, I will leap into the boat and row in such a manner as shall carry thee and thy daughter to the other side, long ere the arrows of the English archers can reach us. Once at the sheep-folds, my old nurse Palona and my foster-brothers will give me an asylum, and assistance. A truce to sermonising, Samuel; imagine yourself at a tournament, where your beautiful daughter is the queen!" and he graciously bowed to the fair Rachel as he uttered these words.

But the damsel was pale; her heart was oppressed with an indescribable weight, and the heavy tears involuntarily trembled on her eyelids. "Serrant of my father," she said, with agitation, "fight not, I command you; and you ought to obey your master's daughter. The use of these deadly weapons is familiar to the ruthless Esau, and what can courage prevail against his strength and experience in arms?"

The page gazed at her with intense admiration, and seemed moved with the earnest interest she felt in his fate.

In the meantime Esau advanced towards him; seeing which, Samuel cried out angrily to the page, "I don't like braggadocios and quarrellers; do you hear, boy? If you persist in brandishing swords and knives, instead of making omelettes, I shall not let you off at once, and then you may seek your living where and how you can."

"Well, minion, are you ready?" said Esau, offering one of the swords.

"You hear that my master forbids it," said the page, with some embarrassment.

"Oh, oh!" retorted the other, "you are then much bolder with the tongue than with the heart and hand. Well, I thought better of you."

"I have sworn obedience to those who keep me—"

"Yes; and you are glad of having taken such an oath. Well, well; all cowards are boasters and quarrel-seekers," said the renegade, sneeringly. "True, you are daintily formed for a lady's page; moreover, you have a woman's heart, and not a man's; fierce and brave when swords are in their scabbards, but when they glitter in the sun, then thou hidest thyself behind thy mistress's robe. Listen; thou hast just now grievously insulted me, and thinkest thou that thou canst intrench thyself behind the words of thy master? No, no! I must teach thee better, and inflict a merited chastisement; ay, make thy shoulders acquainted with the pommel of my sword."

But at the instant that Esau was going to put his threat into execution, the young Jewess, who observed the flash of rage in the page's eyes, advanced, and placed her small hand on the renegade's arm; this caused him to tremble like a leaf, and he let the sword fall to the ground. Rachel, at the same moment said, in those silvery tones which always overcame him, "I hope you will pardon the young man."

"It is for his sake then, Rachel, that you speak to me, and even entreat me. I owe to him this happiness; it is for that pert coward that you are afraid, and for him you deign to touch the arm of the man who is odious to you. I pardon him then for your sake. His cowardice has also dispelled the strange suspicion with which his audacity had inspired me. I began to be somewhat mistrustful of so fiery and imperious a Hebrew servant, not having been accustomed to find such daring amongst my former brethren."

"Thanks, Esau, and now let us go, for the soldiers of Don Enrique will speedily be here."

"Let them all go," exclaimed the renegade, "excepting you, beautiful Rachel; you must remain under my care," and he convulsively clasped between his hands those of Rachel, who turned deathly pale.

Quick as lightning the page snatched up the sword that had fallen at Esau's feet, and exclaimed, "Defend yourself, braggart!"

"Ah, art thou aroused from thy cowardice,

minion?" cried the renegade; "be it so; to arms, since thou wishest it, and I prefer it." Then, turning towards Rachel, he added, "It is not I who disobey you."

The page stood on his guard, and following the custom of those days, he brandished the sword over his head, with an agility that Esau little expected from his delicate though well-proportioned limbs. The expression of reluctant submission the page had hitherto preserved towards Samuel, gave way to the haughty and vindictive mien of an outraged warrior, who finds an opportunity of avenging himself, and who is determined to use all his skill and prowess to triumph in a righteous cause.

"Fly!" cried he to the treasurer; "fly, all of you, whilst I engage this hunter of fugitives—this traitor fattened on human gore! Save your daughter, Ben Levi, and gain the opposite shore, where you and your followers will be safe."

"Ah, thou deceivest thyself!" exclaimed Esau, drawing his sword, and pointing to the opposite bank; "look! look!"

The fugitives turned their eyes in the direction indicated, and saw with horror, thick volumes of lurid smoke rising above the trees, and, believing themselves lost, they uttered the most fearful shrieks and lamentations.

"The late comers are avenging themselves," cried the renegade, triumphantly: "see, they require warmth, and a burning forest alone can satisfy them."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the page, "what will become of the poor old nurse, who doubtless has no other defender than that idiot, Pierce-Neige."

Esau stood contemplating the scene with much anxiety; but suddenly turning towards Samuel, he inquired, "How long has this bold youth been in thy service?"

"Only a few days," replied the Jew, lowering his eyes to avoid the searching glance of his old apprentice.

"He is very rash for a mere dependant, and one who wears the red badge."

"He is not more so than thou wert, my son."

"Ay, master, but he is by far too ready with the sword for a Jew."

"Verily, Esau, thou couldst easily give him a lesson in that."

The latter reflected for some moments, and then added, "Does thy daughter know him, Samuel? Lie not to me; I am one of you, and can read the meaning of those downcast eyes, and that wrinkled brow too plainly."

"Rachel has seen him to-day for the first time, my son; he was not admitted like these into the apartments of our women. Thou wert privileged as the son of my old friend, Manasses," replied the treasurer. "This I swear, on the Book of the Law; and as for him, he but caught a glimpse of her through her veil as she descended from the litter."

"No matter," said Esau; "it is dangerous to have such very handsome retainers in a house where there is so much beauty. Hear me, minion," continued he, addressing the page, who remained motionless and horror-stricken at seeing the horizon gradually assume a more reddened hue. "Knowest thou not that in time of peace to spill the blood of a Jew entails a penalty of forty-eight deniers; but, in time of war, no notice is taken of it."

The fair-haired youth, awakening from his stupor, burst into a strange laugh, and holding out his left hand to Esau in mock supplication, he said, "And for the blood of a renegade, how much wilt thou give me, Manasses?"

"Wretch!" growled the apostate Jew, "thou hast pronounced thy fate!" and he rushed on him with his ponderous sword; but a shriek of agony from Rachel so startled the enraged Esau, that, in his hesitation, he missed the blow which would otherwise have fallen on the page, who, perfectly collected, appeared to brave him even to aggravation.

The silence that ensued was so profound that the heavy tramping of a horse was distinctly heard advancing towards them. The head of Samuel Ben Levi dropped on his breast, and the young Jewess exclaimed, "Esau, Esau, are you a traitor? Have you forgotten how many years you broke unleavened bread with us? Have you forgotten all the past, that you can yourself deliver us into the hands of our enemies? See, the breath from their horses' nostrils is already wafted to our faces. How much longer can you possess the power of saving us?"

"True, true!" muttered Esau, who grew more and more uneasy as he heard the sound of a horse's hoofs still more clearly. "You must leave without delay; but I too must be with you. My presence alone could protect you in the midst of that band of French marauders—that pest with which the Bulldog of Brittany has cursed us!"

"How now!" shouted a rough voice from the skirts of the forest; "these are words which sound strangely to a Frenchman's ear, my boy!" and the speaker, a dismounted knight, emerged from the deep glade, leading a jaded and worn-out horse by the bridle.

This intruder had by no means a prepossessing appearance. He was habited in an old, worn, black leather surcoat, such as those used by the lower grade of officers of that time, and a huge steel battle-axe suspended from his neck appeared to be his only means of defence. His sorry equipment gave him rather the air of a licensed brigand than that of a knight, in spite of his brilliant helmet, the vizor of which was raised, so that his large round face, flat nose, grey eyes, and brown bristly hair, were distinctly visible. His limbs were remarkably

Il-proportioned, but his thick, bull-like neck resting on his massive shoulders seemed to indicate enormous strength; whereas, his long wiry arms and small hands, with their huge square wrists, added to his short stature and ill-shaped legs, formed a figure at once repulsive and fearful. It was certainly impossible to look on a worse-made or more disagreeable knight as far as physiognomy was concerned, yet a close observer would have discovered in his face something frank and even jovial; cunning and dissimulation had evidently never rested on those thick lips, where good humor appeared to smile constantly. If he at first sight inspired fear, it was soon removed by his free and unreserved manner and speech, which showed evident signs of goodness; his rough Titanic frame covered a noble and generous heart.

Advancing deliberately to the renegade, and placing his hand on his shoulder, he said, "Ah, ah! friend; what, you wanted to steal this fair prize, did you, from our soldiers? By my faith, they don't much relish such jokes; and if they knew of it, might chance to pay you off in queer coin! Return thou to the good King, Don Enrique, and I will take charge of this caravan. The old Jew shall be put to ransom; and, doubtless, we shall not find it necessary to keep him many days with the screws on his fingers and irons on his feet, to induce him to fill ten of the helmets of our men-at-arms with marabolins."

The poor fugitives were overwhelmed at this new incident, and awaited the result with the utmost anxiety, which was increased as they observed Esau bow his haughty head before the stern gaze of the knight, who appeared to command him with the authority of a master.

Yet the renegade answered, "Sir Knight, you may possibly run some danger, perhaps fall into an ambush of the enemy's party." "By St. Ives!" exclaimed the knight, "to speak to me of danger only increases my appetite for it—away with you! I will remain here."

But Esau, humiliated at being thus treated in the presence of his former brethren, hastily replied, "King Don Enrique, my master, ordered me to guard this ford, and I will keep it. I am a Spaniard, and will receive no orders from a Frenchman. As to the prisoners, they are mine."

"How now, villain?" said the knight, bursting into a loud laugh, "art thou become so bold as to bauby words with me? Dost think that I would lift thy gauntlet were it cast before me? If thou knowest who I am, thou must also know that I am aware of thy occupation. Take heed not to cross me, or I will have thee hung high and fair on the first tree as a faithful spy."

"A spy!" repeated Rachel, raising her hands in horror.

"To this, then, has that noble ambition, of which he vaunted, conducted him!" cried the page, jeeringly.

Esau, crushed with the weight of his shame, was speechless; and the cold damp perspiration stood profusely on his brow.

"What, then, my beautiful Jewess," interrupted the unknown, "did you not know this fine fellow's business? Confess now, that it were better to trust to a loyal knight than to a renegade spy," and he contemptuously turned his back on Esau.

Samuel Ben Levi and all the fugitives imitated him; and Rachel, remounting the litter, was, by the aid of her servants, safely placed in the barque, whither the others all hastened, at the risk of upsetting it.

Esau, in a fit of despair, rushed, with drawn sword, towards the knight, saying, "One man is as good as another—give me back my prisoners, thou robber-captain; I will not submit to be fleeced like a sheep. If you attempt to rob me of my prize, I will repay myself with your blood."

The knight patiently awaited him, and jeeringly pointed to his worn-out steed, exclaiming, "You are right; in business one should act fairly—exchange is no robbery—therefore, I make thee a present of my jaded horse in exchange for thy prisoners."

Esau, blind with rage and fury, attempted to strike the captain, who, without touching his battle-axe, seized the heavy woollen blanket at his saddle bow, and whirled it in the air, with the dexterity of a practised Torero, or Spanish bull-fighter. The renegade's sword entangled in the blanket only made an additional hole in it.

"Thou shalt soon see, fellow, that I need not enter the lists with spies to chastise them," said the knight, and in a moment he had wrapped the head and arms of the Jew tightly in the folds of the blanket, and bound his hands with the cord which was around his waist, in spite of his Herculean struggles. Then lifting him in his arms he bound him upon the tired horse, saying, jestingly, "Henceforth you will know that it is not sufficient to make prisoners only, my fine fellow, you must learn to keep them. I will take care of them for you this time, and I promise that no one shall rob me of them. Farewell, a pleasant journey to you, you fresh-water sailor;" then jumping into the boat, he cut the rope, and let her float.

The fugitives beheld this extraordinary scene with the utmost surprise and joy. The page and the knight seized the oars, and the boat moved rapidly from the bank, as the wretched spy disappeared in the depths of the forest, almost mad with rage and grief, muttering, "Thanks to that freebooting captain, Rachel now knows the price at which I had to raise to

fortune; how I had to crawl those first steps, so deeply sunk and so vile. Yes, Sir Knight, I know thee, and, if Heaven be propitious, we shall yet meet again."

(To be continued.)

The Home Circle.

THE BLUE MONSTER.

A FAIRY TALE FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Little Hans had lost his mother. The angels had taken her away. He lived with an aunt, who had so many children of her own to feed, that she soon grew of keeping Hans, and she told him that he must go.

"But where, aunt?" cried Hans. "It matters not to me, boy; into the forest, if you like; but I can't have you here." She thought she would be certain of not seeing him again, should he take her advice.

So Hans wandered away into the big Black Forest, and soon lost himself. When the night came, and with it darkness, he was very much terrified, and began to pray to the good Lord for protection. Immediately the moon came up, casting her beams through the dense foliage upon the lad, and he was afraid no longer. He rose from the knoll whereon he had been sitting, and went on, guided by the pleasant moonlight.

Now it was midsummer's eve, the time when bad spirits and good fairies and hobgoblins are permitted to walk the earth and do their deeds among men. It is not surprising, then, that as Hans walked along he heard strange voices whispering through the trees, and weird sounds penetrating the air. He was again beginning to feel alarmed, when, just as he was crossing a moonbeam, there stepped out to his side, from the darkness beyond, a beautiful lady, dressed in pure white, and with a golden crown upon her head. Back of her shoulders Hans caught sight of a pair of wings. Then he felt that an angel stood before him, and when she spoke, he knew it was his mother, though so changed for the better that he had at first not recognized her.

"Fear me not, my child," she said, "I have come to warn you of great danger that lies in your path this night. Be brave, be true, above all be silent, and you shall come to no harm."

And then she vanished before Hans could say one word. She was scarcely gone when, in her place, appeared a hideous monster, a man with a horse's head, and who was as tall as the tallest trees in the forest. He was dressed in blue from top to toe, and blue lights danced from his eyes, nose, and mouth. This monster sneered like a horse several times, nearly frightening poor little Hans out of his senses; then, stretching out one of his huge hands, which was big enough to cover the roof of a small house, he seized the boy, and held him up close to his fiery eyes, to be looked at.

Hans remembered what the angel, his mother, had said, and was very still, mustering up all his courage to keep from screaming. The monster, still grasping the lad, now turned back in the direction from which he had come. It was as much as poor Hans could do to stretch his two arms around the monster's great thumb to keep from falling. He would have certainly broken his neck with so great a fall as it would have been from the hollow of the enormous hand to the ground; so he was extremely careful to hold fast.

Presently they came to a large, clear space in the forest. Here the monster stopped, gave three terrible snorts, and stamped there. The earth divided; a great stone staircase appeared, and the monster, still carrying Hans, descended. At the foot of the staircase, the monster spoke for the first time.

"Are you afraid of me?" he asked. Hans shook his head, but, remembering his mother's advice, kept silence.

They now proceeded through the most beautiful hall the boy had ever seen, furnished luxuriously, only Hans noticed that all the furniture was blue. There was not another color in the room; tables and chairs, sofas, ottomans, even the chandeliers, were blue. It pained the eye to dwell so unceasingly on one color. At the end of the hall, which was not straight, but had many winding passages, the monster spoke again.

"I'll leave you here," he neighed. "But you won't be lonely. I shall send company." And so he did—a great company of monsters, big and little, all with horse's heads, and blue flame leaping from eyes, noses, mouths.

They were very kind to Hans, after their fashion, making much of him, but continually plying him with questions to which he was often sorely tempted to answer. But his mother had said: "Above all be silent," and Hans obeyed.

Through the long midsummer night the monsters danced around the lad, sat beside him, or stood near him, always asking the questions that from him received no replies. At length the morning light broke through, Hans knew not where, and the monsters disappeared, while he, all worn out with a night's loss of rest, threw himself on a sofa, and went soundly to sleep.

When he awoke, beside him stood a handsome man and a very beautiful woman. Behind them was quite a crowd of richly dressed persons.

"Speak now, my good lad. All danger is past; you have saved us, and we wish to reward you."

"Saved you?" said Hans, wonderingly. "A wicked fairy," said the handsome man, "had a spite against me for an injury I had unintentionally done her. When I became the king over my father's dominions, she cast a spell on my consort, my subjects and myself, condemning us to become monsters such as you saw, and to live in a cavern underground, furnished with one color only, that our eyes might enjoy no pleasing combinations. The spell was to last until a person should be found wise enough to keep his tongue still under all circumstances. On Midsummer's Night only, I was allowed to go out in search of some one. Years passed, and the search had been unsuccessful until I met you, brave, wise boy! You were the first to stand the test and set us all free."

King, queen, and courtiers, crowded around the lad, expressing their gratitude. Hans was overjoyed at his good fortune.

The king and queen, having no children of their own, adopted him, and he became king when they died.

One day he rode to his wicked aunt's, in his fine carriage, with the lords and ladies coming on behind. But he found that her house had been burned to the ground, and that she had perished with it, while his cousins were scattered wide as the four winds.

Some time afterwards, Hans married a princess, the most beautiful woman in the world. Not a day passes now, but he blesses the night that brought the Blue Monster in his path.—Waverley Magazine.

THE ORIGIN OF LAGER BEER.

The German words lager beer signify stock beer, that is beer that has been stored away. The story as told in Germany is an old one, and runs thus:—

Many years ago a shoemaker, near Bamberg, sent his apprentice to get a bottle of Bamberg beer, which was sold at that place; but the boy, not knowing this, went to the city itself. On returning he met an acquaintance of his, who told him that when he would come home his boss would whip him for staying so long. The poor boy, who was frightened at this, thought it better not to go home at all, but took his bottle, buried it under a tree, and ran away. He went among the soldiers, where he distinguished himself, so that in a short time he became an officer. When one day his regiment was quartered in this small town, the officer thought proper to pay a visit to his old boss, but not before he had got the bottle of beer which he had buried some years before under the tree. When he entered, he said,—"Well, sir, here I bring you your bottle of Bamberg beer that you sent me for."

The shoemaker, not knowing what this meant, was told by the officer all about it. The bottle was then opened, and the beer was found to be of superior quality. When this fact was known, some of the brewers built deep vaults, where they put their beer, and called it, after it had lain there some time, lager, which meant nothing more than lying. The officer afterward married the daughter of the shoemaker, and drank a good deal of lager beer, receiving in that occupation the assistance of his father-in-law.

"NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER."

We have seen an article recently, well written and logical, which tended to prove that "the land of Ophir" of the Biblical era was in Africa—which seems quite probable. The diamond excitement may tend to open up that country as the gold furore did California; in which we shall know how rich or barren this great unknown region is. And this, together with explorations by Livingstone and others, may be the stepping-stone to a new world to conquer, for it is not in the nature of an aggressive civilization, that in the Western World has almost driven the Indian from existence, with India and Australia in the East also engaged in the work, to stop for the hordes of brutal, barbarous negroes of Africa. In this connection, we notice an article on this subject in "Scribner's" for May, full of information, from which we learn Rohlfs, the famous German explorer of Africa, has lately been entertaining and instructing his countrymen in Berlin by a series of popular lectures on his explorations of Northern Africa, which, he thinks, with proper treatment, might again be turned into the paradise that some portions of it were under the Carthaginians and Romans. He has found on the Gulf of Sidra, west of Tripoli, the site of the garden of the Hesperides and the river of Lethe, and he has a strong desire to see his countrymen eating the golden apples so famous in ancient story. He declares that Central Africa is as rich as India, and that grand highway to the Kingdom of Soudan might easily be constructed across the desert from a port to be established on the site of ancient Carthage. He would encourage German emigration thither, and thus found an independent colony that might in time be a nucleus for operations that would turn all Central Africa into a German India. To this end the Germans have already a strong foothold in the friendship now existing between the Emperor William and his sable majesty of Soudan, to whom the German ruler recently sent some magnificent presents, which were received with all the pomp and circumstance that the African monarch could command. Bismarck and all his countrymen are said to be listening most seriously to these stories and suggestions, and are beginning to feel that

their mission is to regenerate Africa and open it to the civilized world. This would be a great task, but the Germans understand Africa thoroughly, for their scholars and geographers have been quietly exploring it for twenty years, and are now no strangers to its hidden recesses and its secluded treasures.—Waverley Magazine.

TICK-LISH TELEGRAPHING.

Two young men, telegraph operators, boarding at one of our leading third-class hotels, find great amusement in carrying on conversation with each other at the table by ticking on their plates with knife, fork or spoon. A combination of sounds or ticks constitutes the telegraphic alphabet, and persons familiar with these sounds can converse thereby as intelligently as with spoken words.

A few days ago, while these fun-loving youths were seated at breakfast, a stoutly-built young man entered the dining-room with a handsome girl on his arm, whose blushing countenance showed her to be a bride. The couple had, in fact, been married but a day or two previous, and had come from their home in Oakland or Mud Springs, or some other rural village, for the purpose of spending the honeymoon. The telegraphic tickers commenced as soon as the husband and wife had seated themselves.

No. 1 opened the discourse as follows:—"What a lovely pigeon this is alongside of me—ain't she?"

No. 2—"Perfectly charming—looks as if butter would not melt in her mouth. Just married, I guess? Don't you think so?"

No. 1—"Yes, I should judge she was. What luscious lips she has! If that country pumpkin beside her was out of the road, I'd give her a hug and a kiss just for luck."

No. 2—"Suppose you try it, anyhow. Give her a little nudge under the table with your knee."

There is no telling to what extent the impudent rascals might have gone, but for an amazing and unforeseen event. The bridegroom's face had flushed, and a dark scowl was on his brow during the progress of the ticking conversation; but the operators were too much occupied with each other to pay any attention to him. The reader may form some idea of the young men's consternation when the partner of the lady picked up his knife, and ticked off the following terse but vigorous message:—"This lady is my wife, and as soon as she gets through with her breakfast, I propose to wring both of your necks, you insolent whelps." The bridegroom was a telegraph operator, and "knew how it was himself."—San Francisco Chronicle.

HE DIDN'T WANT CATS.

The Titusville Herald lately had the following handed in for publication:—

CATS WANTED.—Cats of all sizes and descriptions. Apply to W. S. McMullen, at McDonald's drug store.

The efficacy of advertising was signally demonstrated. The Herald says:

The day after the announcement, Mr. McMullen appeared at the counting room of the Herald, his hair erect and eyes protruding, and wanted to know the author of the aforesaid advertisement. He was informed that it was handed in by a small boy, who paid for one insertion and departed. Said he, "I am he whose name is affixed to the advertisement—take it out immediately. More than fourteen hundred cats have been brought to the store this morning. Upon arriving there at half past seven o'clock I found a colored man with three big black tom-cats, which he was vainly trying to keep still. A small boy then came with thirteen kittens, after which the rush began. Tortoise shell cats, Maltese cats, brindle, brown, black and Bismarck colored cats came in singly and in pairs, and I had to slip out the back door to escape the arrivals. Finally," said Mr. McMullen, "I don't care a cent about the cats, but I want to find the man who paid for that advertisement." And he is looking for him.

SELF-RELIANCE.

The first thing you want to learn, to develop what force is in you, is self-reliance; that is, as regards your relation to man. If I were going to give a formula for developing the most forcible set of men, I would say, turn them upon their own resources, with moral and religious truths, when they are boys, and teach them to "depend on self and not on father." If a boy is thrown on his own resources at fifteen, with the world all before him where to choose, and he fights the battle of life single-handed up to manhood, and don't develop more than an average share of executive ability, then there is no stuff in him worth talking about. He may learn to "plow, and sow, and reap, and mow," but this can only be done with machines and horses, and a man wants to be better than either of these. Wipe out of your vocabulary every such word as fail, give up wishing for improbable results, put your hand to the plow, or whatever tool you take to, and then drive out, and never look back. Don't even sight your person to see if it is straight; don't be consistent, but be simply true. If you go out to "see a reed shaken by the wind," it is pretty likely you will never see anything of more consequence.

NATURE'S COSMETIC.

Girls, don't buy the quack nostrums advertised to give beauty to the face, but trust to the sun, nature's invigorator and cosmetic. Some of our scientific men assert that one reason why American women are so pale, delicate, sleepless, and nervous, is because they do not indulge enough in sunshine. They say that sunshine is one of the most nourishing and health-giving influences to which the human system can be subjected. Yet women shut it out of their houses, and cover themselves with veils and parasols, so as to shut off the subtle and potent influence which is intended to give them health and strength, and bloom and beauty and cheerfulness. Would a flower ever grow up into a thing of beauty if a parasol were forever held above it, or a veil always thrown over it? Could the rose gain its bloom, or the lily its purity, without sunshine? It is said that sunshine is an excellent soporific, and that if it be persistently taken in the open air, it will at last give refreshing sleep to the most nervous and restless.

Grains of Gold.

Depend upon yourself; riding upon the shoulders of another is dangerous and foolish. If you are not cast off into a disagreeable place, you might be let down in a very ugly manner, when you least expect it.

It is not so hard as people suppose to be faithful to one's engagements. The engagement which is to be kept keeps you in its turn. It cuts hesitation to the quick, and protects the will with all the power of a promulgated decree.

Genius, like the lark, is very apt to despise its post upon the earth, and wastes its time in fluttering and quivering among the clouds; but common sense is the humble fowl which picks up the barley corns, and crows and fattens at leisure.

Dress has a moral effect upon the conduct of mankind. Let any gentleman find himself with dirty boots, old surtout, soiled neckcloth, and a general negligence of dress, and he will, in all probability, find a corresponding disposition by negligence of address.

As sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pains, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, but in prudently cultivating an under growth of small pleasures, since very few great ones are let on long lenses.

Five of the sweetest words in the English language begin with H, which is only a breath; Heart, Hope, Home, Happiness and Heaven. Heart is a hope-place, and home is a heart-place, and that man sadly mistaketh who would exchange the happiness of home for anything less than heaven.

Wealth is desirable for what it enables us to do or enjoy; but, it is not desirable at the cost of honesty and honor and true manhood. It is not desirable when truth and virtue and religion—when honorable usefulness and happiness here, and eternal happiness hereafter—must be sacrificed for it.

"I have found a good in everything I have learned. By degrees your destiny will open before you. You will learn what you are good for—what you are made for. I can say nothing more definite, and this is definite enough, and full of animation: Do your duty, and you cannot fail to fit yourself for an honorable work."

In every pursuit, whatever gives strength and energy to the mind of man, experience teaches to be favorable to the interest of piety, knowledge and virtue; in every pursuit, on the contrary, whatever enfeebles or limits the powers of the mind, the same experience ever shows to be hostile to the best interests of human life.

Air castles are old as Adam, as we believe there is not a man, woman or child, but what has built or is building them. And they will continue to build and be built as long as there is a living person on the earth. The child looks forward to the time when it will have grown up to manhood or womanhood, and tells what it will do and be when it reaches that passage in life.

It is not at all wholesome to be in a hurry. Locomotives have been reported to have been moved a mile in a minute for a short distance. But locomotives have often come to grief by such great rapidity. Multitudes, in their haste to get rich, are ruined every year. The men who do things maturely, slowly, deliberately, are the men who oftenest succeed in life. People who are habitually in a hurry generally have to do things twice over. The tortoise beats the hare at last. Slow men seldom knock their brains out against a post.

THE POTATO BUG.—The Waterloc Chronicle says: From various sources we learn that the potato bug is likely to be troublesome during the coming summer. A gentleman near Erbsville informed us that in digging up his potato patch last week, he turned up a large number of the bugs, some in propria personae and others in the chrysalis form. The Stratford Beacon says that a gentleman there also turned up a number, and being curious to know whether they still had life, placed them on a shingle in the sun, when they quickly gave signs of vitality.

NOTICE.

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

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.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

(INVARIABLELY IN ADVANCE.)

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

Contract Advertisements at the following rates:—

One column, for one year	\$150 00
Half " " " "	80 00
Quarter " " " "	60 00
One column, for 6 months	75 00
Half " " " "	45 00
Quarter " " " "	35 00
One column, for 3 months	50 00
Half " " " "	30 00
Quarter " " " "	17 00

All communications should be addressed to the Office, 112 Bay Street, or to Post Office Box 1925.

J. S. WILLIAMS,
SUPERINTENDENT.

OUR PATRONS.

"A Merchant is known by his wares."

The attention of our readers is drawn to the following new advertisements in our columns, and are requested to have them in remembrance when "out shopping."

Eaton & Co.—Dry Goods.
John McCormick—Insurance Agent.
John Garvin—Etna Life Insurance Co.
C. W. H. Coxwell—Hats and Caps.
McCrosson & Co.—Hats and Caps.
C. Page and Sons—Dry Goods.
Crawford & Smith—Dry Goods.
Richardson & Purnach—Advertising Agents.
Girdwood—Photographer.
Fenner & Co.—Photographer.
Edward Lawson—Teas and Coffees.
G. L. Garden—Wine and Spirit Merchant.
Daniel Spry—Wines, Liquors and Provisions.
T. H. Bartindale & Co.—Dry Goods.
Wilson, Lockman & Co.—Sewing Machines.

COMPOSITOR WANTED, IN A NEIGHBORING CITY. Good wages. Fare furnished, on applying to MILLER & RICHARD, Jordan street, Toronto.

The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1872.

THE WASHINGTON TREATY.

The debate on the Treaty of Washington has proved to be the debate of the session—a debate, perhaps, in many respects the most remarkable that has taken place in the House of Commons since the Confederation of the British Provinces of North America was consummated. It has been discussed from every point of view represented by the different shades of politics in the House, and unusual ability was displayed on both sides. But under the phase in which the question is now presented between England and the United States—the high contracting parties—its further discussion is unnecessary. The two powers have now agreed to procure a postponement of the sittings of the Tribunal at Geneva until such time as the Treaty has been supplemented by an additional one, which shall meet the difficulty with regard to the disputed consequential damages, claimed by the Americans, but repudiated by Great Britain. It is questionable whether it is advisable for Canada to carry into effect the fishery clauses, while it is yet possible that the whole may prove abortive. If a solution of the point at issue with regard to consequential damages, cannot be found, then the Treaty must be regarded as a failure, and, therefore, be abandoned. It will require considerable time to secure the additional Treaty, and in the mean time our Parliament will turn its attention to the many important internal questions now before the House.

There is, however, another light in which the matter should be viewed, and that is, that the people will now have a direct opportunity of voting on the treaty. Had Great Britain and America ratified the treaty as it stands, then the sooner it would be rendered comple by the sanction of our Government the better. But the Ministry now have an opportunity of carrying the question to the highest authority in the land. If the people are in favor of ratifying the Treaty, they maintain the Government. If, on the contrary, they are in

favor of pursuing a policy antagonistic to that of the Imperial Government, then they will endorse the Opposition.

Perhaps by means of a plebiscite directly accepting the responsibility of the Treaty, will be most certainly ascertained what truth there may be in the loud assertions of many who repeat that the interests of Canada have been sacrificed to the cupidity of the Americans and to the necessities of Great Britain.

TRADES' UNION BILL.

A perusal of the draft of the Bill presented by Sir John A. Macdonald, to legalize Trades' Unions, will have convinced the reader that while, in some respects, the Bill is open to grave exceptions, and that there is plenty of room for amendments, yet, as the time is too short to accomplish anything this session, the Bill, as a whole, will prove acceptable to the workmen of the Dominion, who will watch its further progress with considerable interest. But, we understand, as a sort of supplement to this Bill, Sir John has brought forward another, entitled, "An Act to amend the original law relating to Violence, Threats and Molestation." From its provisions we believe it is nothing more than a copy of the "Criminal Law Amendment Act" of England, a bill which the working classes there have long been, and are now, endeavoring to have repealed. In respect to this matter we notice from an English exchange, that the Trade Societies of the United Kingdom have had forwarded, for their consideration, a printed circular requesting pecuniary aid towards carrying out the purposes for which a Parliamentary Committee was appointed by a recent Trades' Union Congress. The paper goes on to say:—

"The programme sketched out in this circular by that Committee is both an extensive and important one, and must commend itself to the sympathies of every trades union in the country. It is proposed first to endeavor to effect the repeal of the obnoxious 'Criminal Law Amendment Act,' which, as the Committee remark, has already 'cost some of our societies hundreds of pounds in cases of appeal, and will yet cost much more unless it be repealed.' The Act, indeed, if often put in force, seems fated to beggar many Trade Societies in the kingdom by profitless legal expenses; and as the Council certainly are of opinion that the funds of the Association can be spent to better purposes, than in feeing lawyers, they share to the full in the desire which every trade organization has evinced to erase this arbitrary piece of legislation from the statute-book. And there seems good reason to suppose that such an effort will prove uphill work, only to be effected by steady unanimity and considerable expenditure of money on the part of those affected by its operation; the more so as the Home Secretary only the other day informed a deputation from the late Congress that Government could not consent to repeal the law, nor yet would they be justified in seeking to repeal the Lords' amendments, in face of the large majority in the Commons which had affirmed them."

We would suggest that the various Trades' Unions should take this matter into careful consideration, and bring all their influence to bear against the passage of this supplementary bill.

SLAVES—OR FREEMEN?

We have already alluded to the advice offered by Mr. Brown at a recent meeting of employers—that should the operatives dare to continue the agitation for the shortening of the hours of labor, the employers should shut down their works, and starve the men into submission. That advice has borne fruit in the presentation of the documents binding men for a specified term. This plan failing to accomplish its desired effect, the more recent one of posting the following notice in the different shops has been adopted:—

NOTICE.

"From and after this date the following rules will be in force in this establishment, viz:—

"No. 1.—No outside interference in the internal affairs of this establishment will be permitted.

"No. 2.—No workman known either to agitate or support the agitation for reducing the number (10) of hours now constituting a days work, will be retained in our employ.

"No. 3.—No workman shall leave our employ without giving us at least ONE WEEK'S NOTICE. And after he shall have received one pay, but not before, he shall be entitled to the same notice.

"Any violation, however, of these rules will render him liable to dismissal at once.

"Employes please note and govern themselves accordingly."

This notice first appeared in the foundries of Hamilton, and the following reply was given thereto:—

REPLY.

As regards the first notice of the three, as to interfering with the internal management of the business of any firm, we have not done such a thing, and have no intention of doing so in this or any other case; but we feel, as men enjoying the right to think and speak for ourselves, we cannot accept the second and third notice.

By order. WILLIAM F. T. ROY,
Secretary, pro tem., Moulders' Union,
Hamilton, May 18, 1872.

On Saturday the same notice was posted up in Dickey, Neil & Co.'s Soho Foundry, signed by the firm. Of course the men refused to work under any such rules and regulations, and left the premises, and have also, we believe, taken steps to withdraw the men from the country, where they were sent to work on special contracts. We believe the workmen will show such employers that these efforts to frighten them into submission will not have much effect, and prove that they have to deal with a body of men who will not tamely submit thus to have their liberties trampled in the dust. Perhaps we shall yet have to ask these magnates whether we may possess a political or religious opinion different to their own! Who knows?

THE SHORT TIME MOVEMENT.

We publish elsewhere a synopsis of the agitation for short hours going on in the neighboring Republic. It is gratifying to know that a striking characteristic of the various movements is the absence of the intimidation that formerly characterized similar ones. Instead of having recourse to the bludgeon and the brickbat, the workmen are content to employ argument and persuasion, relying upon the justice of their demands and the public sentiment that is always universally in their favor. The rioting and disgraceful destruction of property that, in years gone by, have cast a slur upon Trades Unions, is now ignored by the strikers, and the money that once was spent for drink is now devoted to the advancement of the interests of the trades. If the workmen continue in this course, there is but little fear for their ultimate success.

The statements of the Secretary of War, sent to the Senate, in which he enumerates the benefits that have ensued from the introduction of the eight hours system into the Springfield Armory and the Rock Island Arsenal, have considerably helped the promoters of the movement. The employes have shown a disposition in both places under government control to work more cheerfully, willingly and intelligently, and, instead of the amount of work done being lessened, the country has actually gained by the change, including a large saving in gas and fuel. The tide is rolling on and cannot be stayed.

THE NEW TRADES' UNION STORY.

We have obtained permission from Mr. M. A. Foran, President of the Cooper's International Union, to publish his new and startling Trades' Union story, entitled "The Other Side." In this story Mr. Foran very ably combats the false impressions of Trades' Unionism sought to be conveyed by Mr. Reade in his novel, entitled "Put Yourself in His Place," by placing the principles that actuate the intelligent, organized workmen of the day in their proper light before the reading public in an able, intelligent and really pleasing and entertaining form. Something of this kind is what we have long wanted, as the whole field of story writing has been occupied and controlled in class interests, and every workman should hail with joy the advent of one of themselves into the literary world, who is not only well able to use his pen in the field of fiction, but is willing to take up the cause of labor, and battle for its rights with literary ability against the acknowledged champions in this great and powerful range of thought.

We intend to commence the publication of this story early next month, and hope that every workman and woman will read and judge of the merits of this great story, founded on facts, for themselves. We shall refer to this story again, and more fully, before we commence its publication.

THE CONSPIRACY CASE.

The printers who have been several times before the Police Court on the charge of conspiracy, appeared on Saturday last for the final decision of the Police Magistrate. Mr. MacNabb briefly stated that a prima facie case of conspiracy had been established, and he therefore sent the trial to the next Assizes, admitting the men to bail in their own recognizance in the sum of \$400. At the first appearance of the men before him, the Magistrate stated that a "strong case of conspiracy" was made out; but since that time, by some process, his opinions have undergone a changing process, and on Saturday, in answer to the prosecuting counsel's request that the men be required to furnish strong bail, the Police Magistrate stated their own recognizance was sufficient, that the case was not a strong one, and that in all probability before the case came on the law would be changed. It will be remembered that the original warrant included some twenty-two names, and we have been asked how it is that only thirteen were committed for trial. We are unable to answer the question, except that it be owing to the peculiar manner of administering justice adopted by the Police Magistrate.

A FALSEHOOD "NAILED."

Mr. Ryan, of Hamilton, denies the statement in the *Globe* of the 17th, that Beckett & Co., Engineers, have decided not to give the nine hours to their men, and says:—

Messrs. Beckett have, since the commencement of the agitation, remained true to their promises and fulfilled to the letter their promise to the men. There is no quarrel between them and their men. The men are now working under the Nine Hour System. The men are indignant at the libel cast upon their employers. There are not two dozen men out of work, all who are working are under the nine hours.

JAMES RYAN,
Secretary Hamilton League.

A NEW POLITICAL PARTY.

We alluded last week to the formation of a new political party in London, Ont. The "Workingmen's Progressive Political Party" held a meeting recently, and after the minutes of the previous meeting had been read and adopted, the report of the Committee on the formation of a platform was submitted. On motion the clauses of the platform were taken up one by one and discussed. The following is the platform adopted as amended.

1. Household Suffrage.
2. An Income Franchise of \$300.
3. Vote by Ballot.
4. No Property Qualifications for members.
5. An Elective Senate, Elected by the people.
6. A Liberal Land Policy.

UNION BELOW STAIRS.

There is no limit to the variety of unions, lockouts and strikes, except the capacity of mankind to engage in different occupations. Consequently no surprise need be felt whenever they make their appearance in new and unexpected directions. The latest manifestation of the sort is among the servant girls in Dundee, Scotland, who have formed a union of their own. The objects of the movement is a half-holiday and free Sabbath every fortnight, restriction of hours of labor to from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m., and the avoidance of unnecessary work on Sundays. Dress, too, was an important subject before the meeting at which these matters were discussed, and it was resolved that the mistress had no right to interfere with apparel or jewellery so long as they were paid for. Besides this, the stringency with which characters are investigated, was condemned, on the ground that it gave employers undue control over the servants' career. The organization formed proposes to secure information not only regarding the character, but the general temper and conduct of these employers. How far the movement is likely to extend does not appear, but apparently these canny lasses mean business.

The workmen employed in the Machine shop of Messrs. W. Hamilton & Son's foundry, to the number of about seventy, ceased work on Saturday until such time as the nine hours system is conceded to them.

We have been requested to convey the thanks of those carpenters who had their tools saved from the effects of the late fire at J. B. Smith's, to the friends who so willingly exerted themselves in securing their safety.

Communications.

WORKINGMEN'S RIGHTS.

To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.

DEAR SIR,—I feel delighted at the establishment of a newspaper in Toronto for and under the control of the workmen of Ontario. It will be the legitimate advocate of the legitimate rights and aspirations of the working people of this corner of the world. It will be their exponent; it will sound forth their views; and from its columns we will learn the true state of the struggle between capital and labor, between freedom and white slavery, between the forces of a greedy, grasping and selfish money-craze, or rather money-grubbers, and the hard-fisted sons of toil. Such an organ—such an advocate—was an absolute necessity for the workmen and workwomen of Ontario.

The proprietor of the *Leader* is entitled to the lasting gratitude of the working men for the noble stand it (the *Leader*) took as an advocate of the rights of labor, and freely opening its columns as a vehicle whereby the public might know what the printers and others had to say in favor of the Nine Hour Movement and other cognate topics. Nevertheless, a workman's newspaper proper, an organ of their own in Toronto, was a desideratum which is now fully supplied.

In reading over your first issue I was glad to see that one of the planks of the platform on which you take your stand was, "man first, property afterwards." This one position includes the whole philosophy of the questions at issue. It is because governments (notably that of England) have reversed this position that workingmen are placed at a disadvantage, both socially and politically. The line of action that has been taken by the rich and ruling classes everywhere is, "property first and man afterwards," or, more properly speaking, "man nowhere;" hence there are "trades unions," "strikes," and all the turmoil of man battling for his legitimate rights. God made the earth for man, and placed him (I mean the whole human race, not a few of the race,) at the head of creation.

The Almighty only stipulated that man should labor, should till and sow and reap, and then enjoy the full fruits of his labor. But our aristocracies, our money-craze say No, you shall not enjoy the full fruits of your labor, you shall only have a margin, just as much as we in our wisdom (save the mark) shall allow you; the balance of the value of your labor—the aristocrats and money-grubbers—will have to ourselves. We, the employers of labor, are your masters, you are our servants, and we have the right to dictate to you the terms upon which you shall labor and live or exist. This is literally the true state of things; all the laws of England are framed on this very basis. The commercial laws, the banking laws, the marine laws, the trade laws, in fact the entire code, civil and criminal, have been made with the view of carrying out the doctrine or dogma of "property first and man afterwards." Man is systematically robbed—robbed by Act of Parliament. Man is held cheap, and only fit to be worked, linked with machinery and steam power for the benefit of a few.

The very term "master" is an abomination, and found throughout the whole jargon of these laws made in the interests of the so-called "masters." We have a number of such "masters" in Toronto. At their head is the redoubtable George Brown and the newspaper he calls the *Globe*. He says he is the prince of "reformers;" and the term *Globe* is a wonderfully wide name to give a sheet which expounds such narrow, selfish and one-sided ideas as are found therein, to the benighted inhabitants of Ontario.

George Brown, we may suppose, is a representative man of his nation, the "canny" Scotch—we know they are "unco pawkie." A certain class of their nationality take credit to themselves for more than the ordinary share of the wisdom that falls to the lot of mankind. Indeed, they believe that wisdom and prudence, and truth and righteousness will live and die with them only. Yes, these precious qualities will become defunct or take their final leave of the world, when "George Brown," and the "*Globe*," and the "reform party" are numbered with the things that were. Alas for the mutation of all terrestrial things. Or will it be the final absorption of the delectables we have just mentioned in the celestial order of the universe?

Mr. Editor, we are astounded at the amount of assumption, or what is vulgarly termed "cheek," that is put forth by some people. Here is a newspaper calling itself the *Globe*, the columns of which are eternally filled with the iteration and re-iteration of some mind which has nothing in it but one of the narrowest of narrow ideas, namely, the building up of the fortunes of

a few Scotchmen in Ontario, said few Scotchmen comprising the leaders of what is called the "Reform party." For the benefit and glory of these few, the people of Canada are called upon in the reform jargon of the *Globe* to place these few Scotchmen in a position to rule, to control and dominate over the whole country.

Let us have had enough of them to get to know them well. They have used their organ unsparingly to crush the aspirations of the workmen of Canada; they have gone heartily with the "masters" in carrying out the hateful dogma of "property first" and man—why, let him go to Hong Kong.

According to their social and political catechism, bricks and mortar and bullion count for everything, and man for nothing. George Brown has, in effect, said that workmen are slaves, and should remain where they are—in slavery. That they have no rights; that if they dare to maintain they have, then trump up some of England's tyrannical laws (that have yet to be repealed,) under the term of conspirators, try them for conspiracy, and crush them; have judgment rendered against these men anyhow, for as police judge have we not the righteous Scotch "Macnabb."

Assumption! Is not all this assumption? Who is George Brown? Is he the same man that, at a former time in the history of Toronto, when the printers requested or demanded an increase of wages, as the pitance they were getting was not enough to keep body and soul together, some one urged that they (they printers) could not afford flesh meat. "Beef," said Geordie, "workmen have no right to eat beef."

No, according to this plausible hypocrite, workmen have no right to eat beef, nor had he his will carried out, have they any other rights. Possibly in the diet way he may have accorded to working men as a privilege, but not as a right, the liberty to eat *brose*, for that is an orthodox Scotch dish.

Away with such reformers. They believe the very name of "reform." Workingmen will teach them the true doctrines of reform, of progress and of humanity.

Conspirators! Conspiracy! We know who are the conspirators; we know who are the plotters in secret conclaves, and we know who they are conspiring against. Is it come to this, that at this time of day, honest, industrious workmen are to be persecuted and prosecuted at the behest of a cast-iron and narrow-souled bigot? Do we live on the free soil of America? If respectable and intelligent men unite as one man on a given principle, which they conceive involves their social status, their elevation or depression in the social scale, are they, because of this intelligent union of sentiment, and because they are determined on carrying this given principle into practice, to be pounced upon by some local tyrant (who hires lawyers and police to do his bidding, and arrested by the police as if they had committed some foul crime, and all the paraphernalia of what is called "law" put in force against them.

The case is simply this: the workmen have minds; latterly they have been cultivating their minds. They have been looking into their own case, studying it, reasoning the case with regard to themselves. The conclusion they have arrived at is, that their lot is a hard one, a degrading one, for their whole lives is one endless routine of working, eating and sleeping; that while they are held to work ten hours a day there is no time (unless they take it off their sleep, which would unfit them for work,) left for mental improvement. They see the value of mental studies and acquirements; they see that knowledge is power, that it is absolutely required in this age to enable them to be good citizens and fulfil the duties of true manhood. Very naturally, they conclude that a reduction of their hours of toil is necessary, that they may do all this in their own interest and the interest of society generally.

They approach their "masters" on this subject. How are they received? One would think that these "masters" should see the reasonableness and propriety of this thing as well as the men. But no, the "masters," with the redoubtable "Geordie" as their leader, ignores the righteous claims of these workmen, and we have seen what has transpired. We have seen that what is called "conspiracy" on the part of the men is right and proper on the part of the "masters."

Verily, even in America, in Canada, there is despotism, and a mean, selfish despotism it is. Under the garb of what is called "reform," under the leadership of a newspaper editor whose euphonious name and title is "Hon." George Brown, and in the columns of a paper called the *Globe* the workmen of Canada have their most unscrupulous and determined enemies. By their fruits ye shall know them.—I am, dear sir, yours truly,

JOHN MCCORMICK.

Spadina Avenue, Toronto, May 20, 1872.

A WORD FOR THE LABORER.

To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.

SIR,—While the grand march of civilization is being accelerated by the increasing intelligence and spirit of the workingmen to its glorious destination, while throughout the world the sons of toil are emancipating themselves from their long night of thralldom, and spurning their shackles in disdain, while the artisans and tradesmen of all classes are asserting the rights of labor and of manhood, the laborers *par excellence*—the men of the pick and shovel, of the crowbar and hod—are, I regret to say, lying in a state of lethargy and supineness, and are as much serfs as in the times "when George the Third was King," or, to go further back, in the days of Jack Cade and the feudal Barons.

This state of things may be ascribed to several causes. Amongst others, to their general lack of intelligence; but, after all, the principal cause is the want of organized union. Union is strength the world over.

The consequence of this want of organized union is that they are completely at the mercy of the bosses, and liable to be tyrannized over and discharged at pleasure. They are compelled to work for what wage those bosses like to give them, and, in fact, live on sufferance.

In Toronto, during the summer months, they receive the miserable pittance of one dollar and a quarter for a day's work of ten hours; in winter, for a dollar or less, and think themselves fortunate if they can work at all. What kind of work this is let any one judge who has observed them dragging their weary way homewards, aftersix o'clock,

—Unfriendly, melancholy, slow.

How a laboring man who is unlucky enough to have a family can manage to live—or more correctly speaking, exist—on this wages, has always to me been a matter of the most profound mystery. But it certainly is not a mystery how the master builders and other employers of unskilled labor (and skilled too, for that matter), realize large fortunes so rapidly.

If you question the "boss" about his luxurious home, his carpets, his Sicilian vases, his articles of vertu, he refers, with pride, to the time when he, too, was only a "common workman," and, perhaps, sarcastically remarks that his employees are only a shiftless, improvident race, who frequent taverns, &c., and who, if they got more wages would drink all the more whisky—good heavens! drink more whisky when they have not sufficient to buy bread for their families.

But hold on, my dear master builder, we all can't be employers you know; some of us must do the work, and if we were all as bright and intelligent and thrifty as you profess to be, you, my dear boss, would still have to take a turn at the pick and shovel, and be thankful to their honors, the Corporation, for the little job at a dollar a day.

A boss takes a contract, he employs, say fifty men, they work six months and finish up, and behold, at the end of that time the contractor has netted as much money as it took to pay all those men for the whole period, all clear profit. Surely, Mr. Editor, there must be something radically wrong when such a state of things can exist in this nineteenth century of railroads, telegraphs, progress and general enlightenment. Yes, there is a screw loose somewhere.

But people will perhaps, say, "oh, the employer invests his capital at considerable risk, he may fail, and then—" Capital! where did he get his capital? Did not capital originally spring from labor, and not labor from capital? I have no hesitation in saying that our venerable first parents had not a York shilling in their possession wherewith to bless themselves. Besides, I take notice that somehow or other, when they do break down, they keep as good a house and wear as magnificent a watch guard as before. In fact, it is with them, "once a boss always a boss."

Let no one imagine I am preaching a crusade of labor against capital. A capitalist has a giant's strength, but that is no reason why he should use it like a giant; or, if he feels that way inclined, he should not be allowed to do so by the laborers. It may be asked, how prevent them? Well, I answer, by organizing unions like the iron moulders and crupins, or any other branch of industry, and by acting like men and not serfs, to be whipped and cuffed by every fellow who choose to call himself "master." There is any amount of shrewd common sense amongst laborers, and intelligence too. It only requires a commencement; it only wants a few earnest men to initiate the movement, and the rest will come also.

Let them only pull together, and nothing under heaven can prevent them obtaining the Nine Hour system and an advance of wages, for labor *omnia vincit*.

EX-LABORER.

THE NINE HOUR MOVEMENT AND THE BOOKBINDERS' STRIKE.

To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.

SIR,—The strike in the Bookbinding trade—which has continued over eight weeks—has had the effect of establishing the 54 hours per week in nearly all the binderies in this city, the employers gradually, one by one, having requested their workmen to resume work on the terms set forth by the Bookbinders' Union, namely, 54 hours to constitute a week's work, all time over 54 hours to be considered overtime, and paid for at the rate of time and half.

I have no doubt but this new arrangement will be found to work well. Let us hope that the time has now come when employers will no longer turn a deaf ear to the reasonable requests of the employees, but will listen to and discuss subjects which affect the well-being of employers, employees, and the country at large, thereby affording an opportunity for the promulgation of that harmonious feeling that ought to exist between employers and employees.

Looking around, we still find two of the "leading elders" in the "Unholy Alliance" as dogmatical and obstinate as ever, lashing themselves into a fury at those employers who have recognized the Nine Hour system, and declaring that they (the noble two) will starve their *lute* employees into subjection to their mighty will. Well, you ask how can they manage that when all the other employers have their shops open on the nine hour system. I don't think they will manage it; but a case in point illustrates how they are attempting it. A bookbinder applied for a situation in a nine hours' shop. He was informed that they required a man, but could not engage him without the permission of his "former master." This the man could scarcely believe, but, determined to find the truth of it, proceeded (accompanied with a friend) to the office of his late employers. On being ushered into the presence of "his master" he (the workman) pointedly asked, "have you any objection to me working in another shop," to which "his master" pointedly answered, "I have every objection," and also informed the other man that he ("his master") "would not employ him without the sanction of his late master."

Well, that is certainly trying on the "humbling and degrading" process, as recommended at the bosses' secret conclave, held in the Agricultural Hall.

Mr. Editor, is that proscription? If so, how does the Common Law of England deal with such cases?

So this is practised in "Canada our Home," and, if I mistake not, practised by men professing to be elders in christian churches. I am an advocate for the union of the christian churches; I would like to see fewer sects and more religion, but when a "leading Methodist" and an "Elder" in a Presbyterian Church unite for such unholy purposes, I think it is time the house was put in order.

I read a letter, some time ago, in the *Leader*, which recommended the appointment of missionaries to visit the Toronto employers. It is a good idea, and in some cases very much required, but if certain "Elders" are to continue visiting their districts, I would recommend the following quotation to their clergymen:—

"Sir," said Mr. Cantwell to his clergyman, who had a great dislike for hypocrisy, "how can I best help to reform the world?" "By beginning with yourself," was the conclusive reply.

By giving this insertion you will oblige one who takes an interest in the conversion of the heathen.

BOOKBINDER.

THE EIGHT HOUR MOVEMENT IN THE STATES.

While in Canada the agitation for the nine hour system is being vigorously prosecuted, across the lines the movement for eight hour is being still more vigorously followed up, and we learn that the workmen are gaining fresh accessions of strength every day. The initiative in this movement was taken by the painters, and after a short and peaceful struggle, they succeeded in gaining their object. The next to move were the carpenters and bricklayers, and the success that has attended their efforts was so great that other trades, which had no intention of moving for the eight hours, have announced their intention to take action.

Speaking of the meeting of the men on strike, the *N. Y. Herald* says:—"The Chairman stated that the strikes had gone beyond their utmost expectations, and more shops had acceded than they had any idea of. They had calculated that the strike would last at least two weeks, but from present prospects it was likely to end in two days. The smallness of the meeting and the diminished numbers outside the hall was due to the fact that more than one

thousand men had resumed work at the new rates.

"The three secretaries were kept busily employed in enrolling the non-society men, 200 of whom joined yesterday, making in all 500 since the commencement of the strike."

OTHER TRADES.

The other trades are all stirring, and those which have no organization are rapidly forming them in order to be in a position to take action when the necessary time comes. The bricklayers met their employers last week according to agreement to consider the eight hours question, and the *pros* and *cons* freely presented by both sides. In the event of the employers not acceding to the reduction of the time, the bricklayers will strike. The organization is a very strong one and business is unusually brisk, so it is to be hoped that a peaceful consultation and mutual forbearance will prevent the necessity of a strike.

At a meeting of the Carpenters the Secretary read the following communication, which was received with the most enthusiastic applause:—

To the Carpenters' Greeting:

The Bricklayers' Committee met the bosses this afternoon, and the conference resulted in an adjournment until next Tuesday, when the eight hours will be definitely settled upon. Should the carpenters fail, however, then we shall depend on the Lord, as he hath promised to help those who help themselves.

Do not hesitate in your action. Let it be earnest and determined. If there ever was a time when we ought to strike, now is the time. Delays are dangerous. Whatever you may do, the Bricklayers heartily sympathize with you.

JOHN W. BROWNING,
Master of the Bricklayers.

The cabinet makers are also preparing to strike, as they voted early in the winter to be governed by the same rules as the carpenters. The trade is almost identical in every way with the carpenters, and numbers some hundreds of men. Action is to be taken at once.

The plumbers and gasfitters have held several meetings to consider the eight hours question, and the result has been that a demand is to be made at an early day of the employers to consent to the reduction; failing this they announce they will strike. The stairmakers will strike next week.

The granite cutters made a formal demand for the reduction of the time to eight hours, and announce their entire success.

The Central Park laborers have demanded an increase of pay from \$2.24 to \$2.50, and, having appointed a committee to confer with the Park Commissioners thereon, are awaiting the event.

The grinders and polishers connected with the silver, nickel, brass and iron business have combined for the purpose of forming a trade association, and by its means to regulate their hours of labor and rates of pay.

Every trade is organizing, and there seems to be a universal feeling among workingmen that their time has come. The topics of hours and wages, the proper recognition of the rights of labor, and the growing power of the workingmen are among the gravest topics of the day, and receiving a very large amount of attention. New York city has taken the initiative in the movement, but it is not by any means confined to it, as responses are coming in from all parts of the Union. Both the skilled and unskilled laborers are participating.

Whatever may be the issue of all these movements, it cannot be denied that the mechanics in that city on strike are conducting themselves in an orderly and peaceable manner worthy of all praise.

A NEW LABOR LEAGUE IN THE STATES.

There has been, for some time, a growing desire for a combination in the interest of labor that shall be so broad, so comprehensive and so catholic as to be capable of including all workmen and their friends, and of reaching all difficulties in the controversy of labor versus capital. The first public meeting for such an organization was held last Tuesday. Representatives of the labor reform movement were present, and the subject of a constitution was considered. It was decided that there should be a recording and corresponding secretary and a treasurer. In the matter of presiding officer or chairman, the general feeling was in favor of calling a chairman from the floor at each meeting. This plan gives to many the opportunity of experience in conducting a meeting, and would, besides, be likely to increase both interest and attendance.

The first public meeting of the union will be held on Tuesday of Anniversary week at Horticultural Hall. C. M. Chamberlain will preside. Wendell Phillips, who is to act as chairman of the Committee on reso-

lutions, will make the principle speech of the evening, and will probably also be heard at other times in the day. Words of interest and suggestion are anticipated from Hon. Charles Sumner, Hon. B. F. Butler, Hon. G. F. Hoar, and others. All presidents of trade unions will hold rank as vice-presidents.

It is intended to hold meetings each month during next winter, at which essays will be read and discussions held upon any topics bearing specially on the labor question.

As a consolidation of the various trades unions, this organization is destined to hold a distinguished position. It copies the International, and has assumed the title of Massachusetts Labor Union.

CO-OPERATION.

We are pleased to think some of the workingmen are beginning to see the necessity of becoming their own employers, and by combination and mutual aid establish shops for themselves. Co-operation is the only true remedy for the insolence of office, when the men can—as happily, they can in this instance—see their way clear to start upon a sound, broad basis, a co-operative establishment for the purpose of manufacturing stoves and general castings. They are the men whose skill, ingenuity and labor have made their employers rich, and if properly directed the same time and talents can enrich themselves. In this country the moulding trade, above almost all others, stands pre-eminent for the increasing demand for goods of their manufacture. They will, assuredly, when working for themselves, display more skill, more carefulness, both in the manufacture and finish of their work. They will be more thrifty with the scrap, more painstaking with their work, more determined to make their goods of such a character that, from that very fact, they shall command a sale in the market, and it is very easy to see they will gain a sale among the working classes, not only on account of the excellence of their manufacture, but also because they are workingmen. The spirit of the workingmen are showing throughout the country is one of mutual assistance and support, and as they are those who mostly need such wares, it is self-evident that a workingman's co-operative establishment will gain the largest proportion of the sale. It is to be hoped that the committee appointed to draft a constitution and issue a prospectus, will speedily issue them to the notice of the workmen of Hamilton. We feel confident, from what information we have gleaned, that there will be no lack of persons desirous of obtaining shares. So that the sooner business is commenced the better. Within a fortnight after the first payment of shares, a frame tenement building can be erected, with the necessary materials for starting work. We hope that as much dispatch will be used as can be, with safety to the success of the movement. Just now the best workmen in the city are not only willing to be shareholders, but also workers, and that fact in itself will induce many persons, beside workingmen in other branches of trade, to join in the speculation. We heartily wish the movement every success, and hope that, before a twelvemonth passes, we shall have the pleasure of announcing, through the columns of the *Standard*, the report of a dividend that will prove satisfactory alike to its members, and every well wisher of the workingmen.—*Hamilton Standard*.

MEETING OF IRON MOULDERS.

A semi-monthly meeting of Iron Moulders' Union No. 25 was held last week at Millery Hall, Bowry. Mr. F. Barlow presided, and Mr. J. Hogg officiated as Secretary. A communication was read from Chicago relative to the Iron Moulders' strike in that city. It stated that the prospects of the strikers were brightening, and that the "scabs" that went from New York to fill the places of the men on strike had since struck themselves as the employers, contrary to contract, had charged them with the expenses of the journey thither. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Jas. Carroll, Wm. Fagen, and M. Smith, after which delegates were appointed to attend the National Biennial Convention, to be held in Troy in July next. The meeting then adjourned. This society has at present 450 members in good standing. The entrance fees are \$5, and the dues are 50 cents per month; \$50 is given towards the burial of a member, and \$5 per week is allowed in case of sickness.—*N. Y. Star*.

A MEMORIAL OF CHICAGO.—Among the ruins of the Western News Company's establishment, there was found a single leaf of a quarto Bible, charred around the edges. It contained the first chapter of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, which opens with the following words: "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! How is she become as a widow! She that was great among the nations and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary! She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks; among all her lovers she hath none to comfort her." And that was the only fragment of literature saved from the News Company's great depot.

THE NINE HOUR PIONEERS.

Honor the men of Hamilton,
The Nine Hour Pioneers—
Their memory will be kept green
Throughout the coming years,
And every honest son of toil
That lives in freedom's light,
Shall bless that glorious day in May,
When Might gave way to Right.

Our children's children will look back
With pleasure and with pride,
To those brave men who struggled on
And stemmed the adverse tide.
Though dark and low'ring was the storm
They ne'er took in a sail,
And fearlessly their gallant craft
Was guided through the gale.

A man may be a hero, though
He never drew a sword;
The peasant's oft a better man
Than he who's called his lord,
A day will come when "honest worth"
Shall be what most we prize,
And "sterling merit" far above
The cross of earth will rise.

Your cause was just, your motives pure,
Again and yet again,
You strove to smooth the path of toil
And help your fellow men;
And Canada will bless your name
Through all the coming years,
And place upon the scroll of fame
The Nine Hour Pioneers.

ALEX. H. WINGFIELD.

Hamilton, May 15th 1872.

THE NINE HOUR MOVEMENT.

Arouse ye men of Canada, ye sons of freedom rise,
Proclaim the Nine Hour Movement till its echoes reach
the skies.

Be earnest, true! still prudent; but firmly take your
stand;
Ye are the Wealth Producers—"Bone and Sinew" of
the land.

Then, workmen, be each one's aim the advancement
of the whole
To assist in social progress and elevate the soul;
But ere thou sign the document our Masters now
propose,
Let the world forget the Shamrock, the Thistle and the
Rose.

To gain the point use legal means; but no coercive
power,
Press firmly onward, upward, let your motto be "Nine
Hours."
God's blessing on your efforts,—be they free from all
intrigue,
And then success will wait upon
The glorious Nine Hour League.

Hamilton, May 15, 1872.

THE SHERIFF OF GLASGOW ON THE SHORT TIME SYSTEM.

At a festival recently held in the City Hall, Glasgow, in inauguration of the establishment of the short time system in the West of Scotland Iron Trades, Sheriff Bell, who presided, delivered an address upon the subject. He said he was well aware that the iron trade of the West of Scotland was a very great and conspicuous industry. Situated as they were in the immediate vicinity of almost inexhaustible coal-fields and iron supplies, and upon the banks of a noble river, affording the utmost facilities for export to every quarter of the globe, it was not to be wondered that this trade should have assumed so great, so magnificent an extent and aspect. (Applause.) He believed he was not overstating the fact when he mentioned that in Glasgow and its vicinity it could not be estimated that there were fewer youths and adults, skilled and unskilled workmen—than 40,000 individuals employed in the iron trade. He believed he was also correct when he said that, taking these persons over-head, it might be said that their wages amounted to somewhere about £1 per week; many had wages much higher, and some considerably lower. The result of this was that there was expended in wages alone in this industry £40,000 per week, or £2,080,000 annually. (Applause.) He knew one firm on the south side of the river which alone employed 5,500 men, paying £11,000 to them fortnightly. They must all be conscious, therefore, that this was a most important, perhaps the most important, branch of industry in their midst. (Hear, hear, and applause.) Of the product of this great trade it was impossible to give correct statistics, but they all knew that they were the persons who supplied to the great steamers, to the great manufacturing works, and to the railways of the world, those boilers and engines which enabled them to create the wealth which did so much in forwarding the progress of the world. (Applause.) He was aware that in some things it had been occasionally said that there was a certain amount of antagonism between the masters and the employed, but he ventured to say that whatever antagonism might in certain instances exist, it was a much greater fact that their interests were substantially the same. (Applause.) He was not there that night to give any opinion of his own upon anything which might occasionally agitate the trade. There was sometimes something to be said on both sides of the question when parties differed, and he rejoiced to find, from the report of recent conferences in Glasgow between representatives of the employers and the employed, that these conferences had been conducted with the utmost good temper and great intelligence on both sides, and had led to amicable results. (Applause.) Surely the disposal of disputes in such a way, where one yielded a little and the other yielded a little, was better than coming to open hostilities leading to the most disastrous results, which accrued from strikes on the one hand and lock-out on the other. (Loud applause.) He found

that in their own trade it had on the one hand been argued, and well argued, that to overtake a workman was neither a fair nor a judicious thing; that if the workman's time was too fully demanded for arduous labor, it was apt to lead him into a desire for stimulating applications, which were much to be avoided; and that if his time was too entirely encroached upon, it made it impossible for him to attend an evening school or a scientific lecture. (Applause.) There could be no doubt that an intelligent workman—a man possessed both of energy and skill, a man who was entitled as such to look after the bettering of his condition—there could be no doubt that it was reasonable for such a man to say—"Whilst I am prepared to give many of the best hours of the day to your labor, and to the production of your work, yet I hope I am to be left some little relaxation for the improvement of my mind and the necessary recreation which every-one requires." (Applause.) At the same time it would not do for either party to be too dogmatical as to what the precise length of time that workmen should occupy themselves. He hoped this was the inauguration of a happier era for the trade, and that in future they would avoid strikes, and endeavor to come to an amicable settlement by conferences, or, if necessary, by arbitration. (Applause.) He hoped that they would all have cheerful fireside homes; and in that hope, and in the belief that they would distinguish themselves as a most intelligent body of workmen, he concluded by saying "God bless them all." (Loud and continued applause.)

THE WORKMAN'S PARADISE.

Switzerland may be termed in one sense the paradise of workmen, for employers, the authorities and private persons, vie with each other with the zealous promoting their material interests. Politically and socially, all are on a footing of absolute equality, education is alike for all, and wealth is very evenly distributed. In no other country is land and property so equally divided among the mass of the people. As there are none very poor, so there are none very rich, and not more than three per cent. of the population who return themselves as being of "no occupation." This is partly due to the thorough democratic spirit which prevails, and partly to the small and manageable size of the republic. It consists of twenty-five cantons, each having its own peculiar laws, manners and customs. The principle of decentralization is carried to its extreme point, and everything is done by mutual voluntary assistance, friendly combinations and co-operative societies, in which masters, workmen, and, indeed, all classes, meet on an equal footing, and in the most fraternal spirit, to devise schemes for the general welfare. The Swiss operative lives in his own home, surrounded by his family and at spare time cultivating his own land, while the Swiss agriculturist, in his leisure hours works at some handicraft or trade, such as watch-making, weaving, toy-making, or wood-carving. The mutual relations between masters and men are excellent, and though they have in one or two instances been disturbed, it has always been due to foreign agitators. In times of depression of trade, the employers keep the factories going even at a direct pecuniary loss to themselves; they subscribe to the sick and pension funds and the schools, liberally assist in case of accident, and when struck down by illness the operative may be certain of being as kindly treated as if he were with his own family. It is stated that the result of this considerate benevolence is visible in the almost invariable good conduct and laborious conscientious work of the men. They are likewise attached to each other, and any quarrel among themselves is usually referred to their employer, and his decision is considered by them ultimate and binding.

EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN.

The New Haven Saturday Evening Union says:—We earnestly call the attention of the members of the Legislature to the following article from the San Francisco Examiner, on the employment of children in manufactories. On the statute book of the State of Connecticut is a law providing that children under fourteen years of age employed in all manufactories shall have at least three months' schooling a year, and it has been stated time and again that the law is a dead letter. The State cannot afford to allow these children to grow up in ignorance, and the Legislature should investigate this matter fully, and have the statute enforced:

The children employed in the factories are the most overworked class of our population. At different times the Legislatures of various manufacturing States have passed laws for their protection. Gov. Parker, in his inaugural address, called the attention of the Legislature of New Jersey to this subject. In New York a bill is now pending to protect these juvenile workers against the excessive toil required of them in factories of that State. In New England protective legislation of this character fills many of their statute-books.

The evidence before the Legislature of New York, proves that children of ten years and upwards are kept regularly at work, day after day, from ten to thirteen hours. Such excessive toil renders them careworn, broken in spirit, and prematurely old. Deprived of the enjoyments and recreation natural to their age, they grow up in ignorance, undermined

in health, and are doomed to an early grave. The bill before the Legislature of that State provides that no children under ten years of age shall be allowed to work in any factory at all, no one under sixteen shall be employed more than sixty hours per week, which is the full week's work of ten hours per day; but they are not to be worked on Saturdays after 4 p.m., nor on holidays. Up to the age of sixteen there must be at least three months attendance at school every year, or an equivalent in six months night school may be allowed. The latter, however, is not a humane proposition. The child, after performing ten hours of labor per day during the week, is not in a fit condition to study three hours of every night during six months of the year. Such a system is wearing out both brain and muscle.

The bill meets with opposition; the insatiable demand for the labor of children brings forth interested advocates to oppose the enactment of this humane law. But public sentiment demands it; its enactment cannot be prevented, and it will save thousands of the children of that State from the excessive toil which is destroying so many youthful lives by overwork. The bill also provides that where machinery is used, it shall be enclosed so as to prevent accidents. A large per centage of the children employed in factories suffer loss of limbs by coming in contact with machinery left uninclosed.

Our manufacturers enjoy high protective duties to make their business profitable. Government grants this aid that our working classes may be saved from pauper competition; but the statute books of various States where manufacturing is carried on are filled with enactments to protect mere children against the excessive labor exacted from them in factories. The manufacturing lords seem to regard the brain and muscle of these juvenile workers as so much raw material, and for the long hours they work their pay is scanty. Manufacturing has been made profitable by law to the capitalists who engage in it; the consumers are taxed by the tariff from 40 to 100 per cent. on all imported articles that can come in competition with those made among us; and the most interesting class of our population, whose necessities compel them to seek the factory, reap no benefit from the duties. The history of factories is high dividends for the stockholders and long hours of labor and low wages for the children, whose intelligence, young as they are, contributes to the success of our manufacturing system.

A RUSSIAN MURDER.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—"A trial which strangely illustrates the fanaticism of the Russian peasantry took place the other day at Saratoff. The defendants—three men and a woman—were accused of murdering a woman named Pelagia Schvetzoff on the 13th June 1869. It appeared from the evidence of one of the defendants, a peasant named Stassenkoff, that on the day in question Pelagia Schvetzoff, herself, and some others peasants, all of whom belonged to the sect of the 'Chlysty,' were driving home from a village where they had heard a sermon from one of the chief men of the sect. While on their way, one of the party, a woman named Prascovia Koshevnikoff, spoke in an inspired tone, calling herself 'The Great Martyr Barbara,' and 'the mother of Christ,' and this produced such an impression upon him (Stassenkoff) that he did all she asked. She first ordered him to throw a woman who was passing into the river. He obeyed, but fortunately the woman could swim, and this saved her life. Soon after he seized the woman Schvetzoff, threw her down head-foremost from the cart, and holding her by the feet, bumped her head and body repeatedly against the wheels until she was dead. Prascovia Koshevnikoff, who was assuring him all the time that she would bring his victim to life again, then stopped the cart, and Stassenkoff laid the body in front of the wheels, upon which she led the horses twice over it. The next evidence taken was that of Prascovia Koshevnikoff. She said she belonged to the sect of the 'Chlysty,' and had accompanied the others to hear the sermon, but that she knew nothing about the murder. She had known the preacher for two years, and believed he was the 'True God Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit.' Some physicians who had examined her and the others declared they were all perfectly sane, and only under the influence of religious fanaticism. Another peasant woman swore that she had been taken to the house of the preacher, and told that he was 'the true God,' and that she afterwards drove home with the defendants, and witnessed the murder of Pelagia Schvetzoff. The jury found a verdict of guilty against all the accused. Stassenkoff, the peasant who committed the murder, and Prascovia, the woman who instigated him to the deed, were sentenced to 17½ years' hard labour in the mines; and Katassonoff, the preacher, to banishment for having propagated false religious doctrine."

AFTER THE FIRE.—The people of Ingersoll, determined, energetic and ambitious still, are bound to have the burnt district rebuilt before next winter. Mr. Muir, on behalf of the Great Western, has generously offered to carry all needed building material over their railway at half the usual rates. With such enterprise on the one hand and such liberality on the other, no fears need be entertained for the future in Ingersoll.

MANAGEMENT OF MANIACS.

One of the oldest inhabitants of Boston has furnished the following anecdote of old Governor Leverett, as an illustration of the force of courage and ingenuity upon a madman.

One morning, many years ago, a stout, burly built maniac in a paroxysm of insanity, burst out of the asylum, and on his way, a musket, heavily loaded, fell into his hands. With this formidable weapon, mounted with the terrible bayonet, the madman rushed out into the city, and pretty effectually cleared the streets as he was marching along. Turning a corner, he suddenly came upon Governor Leverett, and was on the point of making a point-blank charge upon the vitals of the old governor, who comprehending his danger in a single glance at the old fellow, and drawing himself up square and firmly before his dreadful antagonist, he hailed him thus,

"Ho! brother soldier, have you learned your exercise?"

"Yes, I have!" said the fellow with a terrible oath.

"Then, brother," said the Governor, "stand to your arms, like a vigilant soldier, while I give the word of command."

The madman seemed pleased, and stood bolt upright, with his musket fitted close to his shoulder in regular drill order.

"Poise your firelock!" The fellow did so.

"Rest your firelock." The fellow obeyed.

"Ground your firelock." This he did. "Face to the right, about, march," says the governor, and the madman wheeled and stepped away. The governor quickly ran up behind him, seized the powerful fellow and the musket, and held him until several lookers-on—standing at a safe distance and watching this curious scene—came to the governor's assistance, and the madman was carried back in an awful rage, to his quarters.

This anecdote reminds us of a similar one that happened to the famous Dr. Physic, an eminent medical man, now dead and gone, of Philadelphia. The doctor was a visiting physician at the lunatic asylum, near that city; and one morning, after going his rounds among the patients of the institution, the doctor strolled upstairs into the top gallery of the large rotunda of the building, to view the city and surrounding country. While absorbed in the view from his high elevation, a robust madman, who had eluded his keepers, came suddenly upon the doctor, to his no little astonishment and bodily fear. But keeping perfectly cool, he bid the maniac "good day," and was turning about to go down stairs.

"No, you don't," said the man, clutching the doctor firmly as a vice, "I want you to show me something; they say you do everything: cut off heads, legs and arms; put them together, take a man all apart, and mend him up as good as ever; and I know you can, too, but I want you just to jump down this hole, (the opening of the rotunda, surrounded by the long spiral stairway), away on the pavement. Come on—do it you must!" And the fellow exerted himself to drag the doctor up to the railing, to which the poor doctor clung with the tenacity of a tick. The moment was one of peril to the doctor, but his presence of mind completely floored his antagonist.

"It would not be very hard for me to jump down there, sir," said the doctor; "but I can do a greater feat than that for you, if you wish to see me try."

"Can you, eh, old fellow? Well, try it. What is it?"

"Why, sir, I will go down there to the bottom, and with one spring, sir, I'll jump clear up here."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the maniac; "that would be worth seeing; go down, doctor, and and jump up—I'll catch you when you come up."

The doctor lost no time in going down, and sending up the keepers, who nabbed the poor deluded man.

Housewife's Recipes.

VANILTES.—Beat one egg light, add a little salt, and stir with enough flour to roll, roll thin as a wafer, cut out with a saucer and fry in hot lard. They make a pretty appearance on the table.

PLAIN CAKE.—One cup of white sugar, half a cup of butter, one egg, one cup of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Flavor with lemon or nutmeg.

FRITTERS.—One cup of sour milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and flour to make a batter thick enough to drop from a spoon. Drop in hot lard and fry a light brown.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one of strong cold coffee, one teaspoonful of soda, one pound of raisins, four and one-half cups of flour, cinnamon, cloves and spice.

LOAF CAKE.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one pound of butter, one pound of raisins, one-half pound of currants, one-fourth pound of citron, four eggs, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, three nutmegs, one teaspoonful of cloves. Bake slowly one and one-half hours.

TO CLEAN FLOORCLOTH.—Shred half an ounce of good beeswax into a saucer, cover it entirely with turpentine, and place it in the oven until melted. After washing floorcloth thoroughly, rub the whole surface lightly with a flannel

dipped in the wax and turpentine, then rub with a dry cloth. Besides the polish produced, the surface is lightly coated with the wax, which is washed off together with any dust or dirt it may have contracted, while the floor-cloth is preserved.

MARELE CAKE.—White—One cup of butter, three cups of white sugar, four cups of flour, one half cup of sour milk, a little soda, and the whites of nine eggs. Flavor with lemon. Dark—One cup of butter, two cups of brown sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, five cups of flour, yolks of nine eggs, one whole egg, and spices of all sorts. Put in pans, first a layer of dark, then one of white, and so on, finishing with a layer of dark. Bake in a moderate oven.

FRUIT JELLY is delicious when made of strawberries or raspberries in their season; peaches also can be used, but the fruit must be pared and cut into dice, being careful not to use the discolored part around the seed. Clarify half a pound of loaf sugar, strain and mix with it half an ounce of clarified isinglass and the juice of two or three lemons; into this stir the fruit as quickly as possible, and pouring into a mould, place on ice; the sugar and isinglass are not hot, merely lukewarm, when mixed together. Oranges may be used, cut into dice, carefully removing every particle of seed, or the jelly will be thick looking; only two lemons are needed when orange is used. To clarify isinglass cut one and a quarter ounces into small pieces, wash in warm water four or five times, then put into a preserving kettle with a pint and one gill of clear rain water, and boil slowly until reduced one-fourth, leaving three-fourths; as fast as it rises remove the scum; when done, strain through a cloth, bottle and cork it.

Sawdust and Chips.

What is the difference between a good soldier and a fine lady?—One faces the powder, and the other powders the face.

A grocer had a pound of sugar returned to him, with a note stating, "too much sand for table use, and not enough for building purposes."

He came down town for his morning nip; he raised the glass, he heaved a sigh, and then, between each ardent sip, he cried:—O, how is that for rye.

A Yankee editor out West says: "The march of civilization is onward—onward like the slow but intrepid steps of a jackass to a peck of oats."

"How many unfortunates have fallen in war!" said a spinster to a veteran general, who was a veteran bachelor. "Not half so many, madam, as have fallen in love!"

An Irishman was indulging in the very intellectual occupation of sucking raw eggs and reading a newspaper, by some mischance he tried to bolt a live chicken. The poor bird chirruped as it went down his throat, and he very coolly said, "By the powers, my young friend, you spoke too late."

An order was sent to a Chicago bookseller which, among other things, enumerated, "Six Primitive Christianity." It was sent back with the response pencilled opposite the item, and not at all in jest, "No Primitive Christianity to be found in Chicago."

A countryman strolling through New London recently, hand in hand with his rural Phyllis, impatient to visit the circus, exclaimed on seeing a bunch of bananas suspended in front of one of the fruit stores. "I'll be mowed if them ain't the biggest beans I ever seen, Sophrony."

A German expressman called at a house in Brooklyn, and said to the servant girl, "I have got a schmall pox, and if you likes I will carry it up stairs." Not relishing the idea of admitting a man with the small pox, the girl, alarmed, bolted and barred the door in his face.

A bickering couple we overheard in high controversy, and the repentent Benedick exclaimed, "I am determined to have one quiet week with thee!" "But how wilt thou get it?" said his taunting spouse, with that "reiteration" which married ladies so provokingly practice. "I'll keep thee a week after thou'rt dead!" was the tender rejoinder.

A traveller in Paris, having occasion for a hair cutter, sent for one. At the appointed time an elegant attired person arrived, and the gentleman sat down before his dressing-case to prepare for the operation. The man walked round his "client" once or twice, and finally taking his stand at some distance, attentively scrutinized the gentleman's face with the air of a connoisseur looking at a picture. "Well," said the traveler, impatiently, "when are you going to begin?" "Pardon me, sir," was the polite reply, "I am not the operator, but the physiognomist!" "Adolphe!" he cried out, and a sleeved and aproned barber entered from the hall, "a la Virgil!" With this laconic direction as to the model after which the gentleman's hair was to be arranged, the artist retired.

Wool will shortly occupy a prominent place in the market-quotations. A reported scarcity in the manufacturing districts, a short time since, had a tendency to raise the prices, but there is now a reactionary movement, and it is hardly expected that the opening price will reach the figure anticipated.

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PRACTICAL HATTER AND FURRIER,
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HATS AND CAPS,
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Surplus over all Liabilities.....	3,000,000
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No money paid to this Company can ever be lost by discontinuing payments after the second
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AN ANNUAL REVENUE OF OVER \$6,000,000.

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THAT ARE
HATS**

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hence can and do sell cheaper than any other house in
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OPPOSITE TORONTO STREET.

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The Place for Workingmen to make their
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CRAWFORD & SMITH,
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See to call special attention to their new stock of Grey
and White Cotton Sheetings, Twilled and Plain, all
widths, Quilts, Table Damasks, Table Covers, Lace
Curtains, Prints, Towellings, &c., at very low prices for
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CRAWFORD & SMITH
Are now showing One Case LIGHT MARL COSTUME
CLOTHS at 25 Cents per yard, sold all along at 40 and
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Finest Young Hyson, lately sold for \$1 00 now 80c
Extra very Fine do., " 0 90 " 80c
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And the number of flattering testimonials daily received, of their superiority, &c., &c., he has determined to go exclusively into the

TEA AND COFFEE BUSINESS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

And will therefore commence on MONDAY, the 13th INSTANT, to sell off the whole of his extensive stock of fine

Teas, Coffees, Fruits, Pickles, Sauces, Jams, Jelly, Marmalade, &c.,

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

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Workingmen of Toronto, Attention.

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