

Ontario Workman

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

VOL. I.

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NO. 25

FOREIGN.

Zernetz, one of the largest villages in the Engadine, was almost totally destroyed by fire one night last week.

King Charles of Sweden died at the seaport of Malmo, on the Sound, last Wednesday.

The Empress of Austria has established a fund to give a reward of 100 florins for every life saved within her dominions.

A Russian organ at Brussels denies that the Czar will demand abrogation of the Treaty of Paris.

The Internationals in Europe are reported about to hold another universal Congress, that at the Hague having caused great dissatisfaction.

The coal famine which has been afflicting England for some time shows signs of abatement, an immediate fall in prices being expected.

Oscar II. is the title of the new King of Sweden, who was formally crowned on Friday at Stockholm, as successor to the late King, his brother.

Mark Twain has gone to Europe, it is said, to study the English people from his peculiar point of view. We may expect a side-splitting book when he returns.

The Austrian government is taking strict measures to prevent the Jesuits expelled from Germany from finding a refuge in its dominions.

Prince Oscar, brother of the late King of Sweden, succeeds the deceased monarch on the throne, and the oath of allegiance to him has been taken.

The returns of the Clyde shipbuilding trade for August show a decrease in the number and tonnage of the vessels launched, compared with the previous four years. Taking the eight months of the year, however, there is still a large increase.

The relations between the Courts of Munich and Berlin are not of the most cordial character. King Ludwig is angry at slights of some unexplained kind, avoided the Crown Prince when he visited Bavaria, and has declined an invitation to meet the Emperors of Austria and Russia.

The platform of the London International Convention is a surprisingly sensible and practical one—comprising universal suffrage and the ballot in elections to all public offices, gratuitous and compulsory common school education, and the abolition of standing armies, indirect taxes and usury.

The Coolie Trade is likely to receive a check from the Japanese, who, acting on the opinion of the British Charge d'Affaires, are investigating the circumstances of the shipping of a lot of coolies on board a Peruvian ship, and will probably order them to be released and sent back to China, whence they were taken.

TIN IN AUSTRALIA.—The Birmingham News says that a Birmingham gentleman has just received a letter from Australia, in which it is stated that large quantities of tin have recently been discovered, and that "all the men upon the station are tin mad."

The discovery has been made upon the Strathbogie run, 15 miles from Wellingrove and 90 from Armadale in New South Wales.

The Chinese government has given orders that all the forms of religion of Confucius shall be rigidly enforced among the students recently sent to the United States, and that the four books of the five kings, and the sacred edict of Emperor Kanghi, shall form part of their regular lessons. This action has been taken because those students who preceded them became "contaminated," while in America, with Christianity.

An engineer of celebrity in Italy has just been arrested at Florence for trying to poison at the same time no fewer than eighteen people. Among the number are his father, his brother, his wife, and his children. He was in financial difficulties, and, by way of extricating himself, he resolved to kill all from whom he expected to inherit property, or whose death would give him its untrammelled possession. Only by pure accident was

his diabolical purpose found out—after he had prepared, and indeed, perfected his plans—but before anyone was hurt.

A private letter from Sydney, New South Wales, says: "The mines are still going ahead. Tin and copper will soon be as plentiful as gold mines are. Thousands and thousands of acres are being taken, where the tin can be shovelled up, nearly all stream tin. The opal mountain affair will soon be proved, and its whereabouts made known. The lucky fellow who found it is to have £60,000 and half the ground if the opals are found to be of the right sort. This colony and Queensland abound in minerals and precious stones, such as diamonds, rubies, and sapphires. For many years tin has been walked over, kicked about, and, no one knew what it was; all at once dark little stones and gravel are found to be rich with tin and copper. It was just the same with gold until people here opened their eyes and awoke from their dream."

A MECHANIC'S ARGUMENT.

[From the Cleveland (O.) Herald.]

Those who have carefully studied the state of political opinion in the factories and workshops of this city, inform us the set of the current among Democratic workmen is very strongly in favor of the re-election of Grant, whilst among the Republican workmen there is scarcely an instance of disaffection. In every Grant Club formed in this city there are more or less Democratic workmen, whilst there is no class more enthusiastic in support of the Republican nominees than the workmen as a body.

A mechanic employed in a boiler shop explained the matter in a street car discussion a day or two since. He had been listening quietly to the harangue of a dissatisfied Republican office-seeker, who was denouncing the present Administration and declaring his purpose of voting for Greeley. Turning to the boiler-maker the Greeleyite appealed to him for confirmation, as a Democrat, of what had been said of the evils of the present Administration's rule. The answer was given promptly, and with great earnestness. Said the mechanic:—"I am a Democrat, but I am not a Greeley man; why should I be? A Greeley Administration, you say, will effect a complete change. Since Grant has been President I have had all the work I could do, and more. Last week I worked three nights overtime, and earned forty dollars that week. I could do the same thing this week if I wanted to. My family are taken good care of, and my boy gets the best of education in the High School. I have not been a day out of work. I may be ground down with taxes, as you say, but I have always had the money to pay them and still add to my account in the savings bank. The country may be going to ruin as you tell me, but I don't think I am, and none of my shopmates are. I am as much a Democrat as ever, and I don't like a good many things this Administration has done, but I have done well under it, and the working people generally are well off under it. I don't want any change, and I don't think anybody will be the better for it, except a lot of suckers who want fat offices. No, sir, I don't want any change. I am a Democrat, but I am for Grant all over, every time. That's my position."

There are tens of thousands of mechanics who reason exactly in the same way as this boiler-maker, and who will cast their votes for Grant in November, whatever their past party affiliations may have been.

AN IMMENSE RAILROAD ENTERPRISE.

Herculean railroad enterprises seem to be waking up in Europe. No man can predict what a few years may bring about in commercial and social relations by this process of giving unity and homogeneity to the nations of the whole world. Think of

the revolutions in travel and trade which the following paragraph suggests:—

"A late English paper gives some particulars of an enterprise of world-wide interest, which is now engrossing the attention of railroad capitalists in Europe. This enterprise is the construction of a railroad in the valley of the Euphrates, to connect Antioch on the Persian Gulf, and thus save five days time and 1000 miles of distance in the circumterrestrial steam navigation of the globe. The trip through the Red Sea is one of the most expensive and most unpleasant parts of the trip between Hindostan and England. The completion of the road from Antioch to Basora would soon be followed by extensions to Constantinople on one side and Bombay on the other, and ten days time for passengers and fast freight would be saved between Europe and China. A committee of London capitalists lately studied the Euphrates railway project, and reported that no company could afford to undertake the work without government assistance, and they will appeal to Great Britain or Turkey. The shortest line will be about 1000 miles—a moderate distance to save 2000 miles of perilous and difficult navigation."

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

In a fashionable Scotch church in London (the correspondent of the Dundee Advertiser writes) there has just been a "scandalous" little incident, very painful to one unfortunate man, and very amusing to many others. A gentleman, well known in society, recently deserted his wife, and she, poor creature, has since been roaming about the world in search of him. Having been informed that her husband "worshipped" pretty regularly in the church alluded to, she went there in a great rage, and during the services fixed her eyes on a highly respectable elder, who, though not her husband, was amazingly like him. Immediately after the services concluded, the excited woman rushed from the gallery where she had been sitting, and without waiting to make certain whether she was right or wrong, seized the unfortunate elder by the whiskers, and poured a shower of blows on his head. Before her mistake was made known to her, and explanation given, the poor elder's frontispiece was black and blue. He did not give the woman into custody, but, like a good Christian, took her home with him to dinner.

WIFE LOST.

ADVENTURES OF A DANE IN RESCUING HIS SISTER FROM THE CLUTCHES OF AN UNTAMED BIGAMIST.

Andrew Smith, a Dane, about 22 years of age, a resident of Carson Valley, hearing that his sister was held in "durance vile" in Sampete, Utah Territory, by a Mormon, to whom she was "sealed," a man having two other wives, left Mottsville some three months since with the intention of rescuing his sister from the clutches of the "Lord's Anointed." Arriving in Utah, he stopped at Sampete some time, making believe his presence there was merely for the sake of paying his sister a visit, in order to allay any suspicion that might be raised in regard to his real intentions. At the time the Mormon Conference was being held in Salt Lake City he prevailed upon the man by whom his sister was held to let his three wives (so he called them) accompany him (Smith) to Salt Lake City to attend the Conference. The polygamist consented, and the parties repaired to the "City of Saints" by carriage.

On reaching that place young Smith succeeded in getting the two wives of the man to stop at the hotel, while he and his sister took a ride around the country, proposing to return in a short time. Leaving the unsuspecting females, and when beyond the city limits, Smith drove at a rapid rate until he reached Ogden, when he and his sister took the cars going west, leaving

buggy and horse at Ogden for the owners to recover as best they could. The happy couple arrived here on Thursday last and proceeded to Carson Valley, where their parents reside. The young lady was glad to escape from the thralldom in which she was held, and the brother's joy at affecting her freedom knew no bounds. Smith says if this should meet the eye of his sister's former mate he hopes he will come out here to reclaim her, or send Brigham Young. Miss Smith, when married to the man, had just come to the country, and could not speak a word of English, and being ignorant of the customs of the country, was held an easy captive.

AN ALMHOUSE WAIF.

John Broadway, a young man twenty-five years of age, whose appearance and manners betokened his good breeding, was arraigned at the Yorkville Police Court yesterday, on a charge of larceny. A lady of middle age was his accuser. She testified that her name was Mrs. Catherine Humphrey, residing at No. 18 West Fifty-first street, and that the prisoner had stolen from her \$400 worth of jewelry. When she missed the property she accused him of the theft, and he admitted the charge. In his examination at the court he denied the charge, however, but was committed for a further hearing this morning. The history of the prisoner's life is an interesting one, and was given to the court by the complainant herself, whose grief at the young man's folly was unaffected and deep.

Mrs. Humphrey, it seems, is a lady possessed of a considerable share of this world's goods, and, although married, she has had no children of her own among whom to divide her wealth. Many years ago, while one day visiting the inmates at the almshouse, her attention was attracted by a bright little fellow, a few years old, who was playing around the place. On inquiry she learned that he had no parents alive, or, if he had, they were not then to be found, and, after taking quite a fancy to the child, she determined to adopt him as her own. The child was accordingly removed to Mrs. Humphrey's, and by her reared and educated with the same love and care that she would if he were her own flesh and blood. But her tender solicitude and motherly affection for the waif of, probably, a degraded origin, had been unattended with that success she so fondly wished. Instead of being the solace of her declining years, he began to plunder and rob her of whatever he could lay his hands on. Several times she forgave him, and for a while he would restrain himself, but would again break out as before. Bad company and the evil in his very nature led him from bad to worse, until finally he found himself the inmate of a prison cell. And even here the great affection his more than mother had for him came between him and the fate he so richly merited, and he escaped. This is the second time he has been under arrest on a charge of felony, from which he will not so easily get free.

The places where he had pawned the jewelry were visited and the property recovered, not, however, without having the money advanced on them paid by Mrs. Humphrey.—N. Y. Herald.

MARK TWAIN.

HE IS ENTERTAINED BY A LONDON CLUB.

Mark Twain was entertained at dinner by the Whitefriars' Club, London, at the Mitre Tavern, on the evening of August 6. In reply to the toast in his honor, Mark thus spoke:

GENTLEMEN,—I thank you very heartily indeed for this expression of kindness towards me. What I have done for England and civilization in the arduous affairs which I have engaged in—that is good—that is so smooth that I will say it again—what I have done for England and for civilization in the arduous part I have performed, I have done with a single-hearted devotion, and with no hope of reward. I am proud, I am very proud, that it was reserved for me

to find Dr. Livingstone, and for Mr. Stanley to get all the credit. (Laughter.) I hunted for that man in Africa all over seventy-five or one hundred parishes, thousands and thousands of miles in the wilds and deserts, all over the place, sometimes riding negroes, and sometimes travelling by rail. I didn't mind the rail or anything else so that I didn't come in for the tar and feathers. I found that man at Ujiji—a place you may remember if you have ever been there—and it was a very great satisfaction that I found him just in the nick of time. I found that poor old man deserted by his niggers and his geographers, deserted by all his kind except gorillas—dejected, miserable, famishing, absolutely famishing; but he was eloquent. Just as I had found him he had eaten his last elephant, and he said to me, "God knows where I shall get another." He had nothing to wear except his venerable and honorable naval suit, and nothing to eat but his diary. But I said to him, "It is all right, I have discovered you, and Stanley will be here by the 4 o'clock train and will discover you officially, and then we will turn to and have a reg'lar good time." I said, "Cheer up, for Stanley has got corn, ammunition, glass beads, hymn books, whiskey, and everything which the human heart can desire; he has got all kinds of valuables, including telegraph poles and a few cartloads of money. By this time communication has been made with the land of Bibles and civilization, and property will advance." And then we surveyed all that country from Ujiji, through Unanogo and other places, to Unyanymbe. I mention these names simply for your edification, nothing more—do not expect it—particularly as intelligence to the Royal Geographical Society. (Roars of laughter.) And then, having filled up the old man, we were all too full for utterance, and departed. We have since then feasted on honors. Stanley has received a snuff-box, and I have received considerable snuff; he has got to write a book and gather in the rest of the credit, and I am going to levy on the copyright and to collect the money. Nothing comes amiss to me—cash or credit; but, seriously I do feel that Stanley is the chief man, and an illustrious one, and I do applaud him with all my heart. Whether he is an American or a Welshman by birth, or one, or both, matters not to me. So far as I am personally concerned, I am simply here to stay a few months, and to see English manners and customs, and to enjoy myself; so the simplest thing I can do is to thank you for the toast you have honored me with and for the remarks you have made, and to wish health and prosperity to the Whitefriars' Club, and to sink down to my accustomed level. (Cheers.)

ECONOMY IN THE USE OF TIME.

Perhaps in no other particular are people so penny-wise and pound-foolish as in the employment of time. One individual, engaged in business, gets worn out, dyspeptic, and nervous; a month's relaxation would restore his health; yet rather than give himself the needful rest, he takes the risk of years of suffering and inability. Another, in the mistaken idea that he is economical, occupies time in comparatively profitless occupations, when he used to be employed in his regular calling. Another makes idleness a profession. True economy in the use of time consists in getting as large a return as possible for its expenditure. The man that ruins his eyes by reading in the train under the mistaken idea that he is economising time, is not getting the largest return possible for the use of that time. Good vision in advancing age is worth more than all the information thus obtained. The student who spends a couple of hours a day with his skates, oars, cricket or foot ball, is probably earning more in his recreation than in any similar period of time spent in a study. The man who, by a hearty frolic with his children in the morning before he starts to work, gets good humor for the day, earns as much at his play as he does in his work.

Poetry.

GOD BLESS THE WORKING MAN.

BY C. BELLA FOX.

Ye hardy sons of honest toil,
Be earnest, brave and true,
The building of this great world
Is left for you to do.
Your lots may be the humblest ones,
And you must work and plan,
But is your lot not your gain?
God bless the working man!

We owe our architectural domes,
And all our cities' pride,
The letters of a hundred lands,
Our thrifty fields, beside
The various implements of art
Ere since the world began,
To Labor's energetic sons—
God bless the working man!

Behold the sons of luxury,
Whose hands are soft and fair,
Whose hearts bear off the weight of sin
Instead of busy care,
And see them oft in spotless cloth,
A feeble, helpless clan,
While sons of toil are brave and strong,
God bless the working man!

Ah, it is these who sow and reap,
And plough the stubborn sod,
That know what sweet contentment is
And gratitude to God,
And those who bear the anvil high,
Or wield the ready pen,
Or build, or mold, or lift the ad—
God bless the working man!

All that our nation is to-day
We owe to laboring men—
Our sires who turned our stony lands
The golden fields of grain.
They reared our cities and our towns,
And led the warrior van—
And best of all, they loosed our chains,
God bless the working man!

Our presidents were laboring men,
With mind and muscle strong—
Our greatest authors wrote for bread,
And deemed it nothing wrong.
Your walks may be in lowly life,
But do the best you can,
'Tis no disgrace to humbly toil.
God bless the working man!

O, ye who labor day by day,
Be ever strong of heart,
Ye're building up a mighty world,
And yours the better part.
What matter though your hands be rough,
Your faces brown with tan,
In heaven, all stains are washed away.
God bless the working man!

—Coopers' Journal.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.
Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XXII.

Soon the proximate streets began to resound and quake, convulsively tremble, as the ponderous fire engines, with heavy force, momentarily, loudly rattled over the hard, rough pavement; they were closely followed by the lighter but not less noisy hose carts, and hook and ladder trucks; and the incessant, startling clang of their warning gongs, rose tumultuously, mingled with the "horrid discord," which freighted the still air with a harsh din of thunderous sound that appalled the homeward and sinward bound alike; that roused, from slumberous repose, each habitant for squares around.

But there was no fire.

Already a great and constantly augmenting crowd surged and pressed upon the ruins; first among those present, were Trustgood and McFlynn, and from their bloodless lips and trembling tongues it was ascertained that two men were buried beneath the bricks and timbers of the old building.

It was dark, but the silent, fleecy snow had ceased to fall, and at a short distance the dimly outlined human forms that flitted hurriedly "to and fro," and intermingled like untwistable coils of invisible wool, seemed or looked like moving, palpable shadows; and high above, towered in ghastly grimness, one solitary standing wall, which, like an immovable, shadowy sentinel, calmly looked upon the debris and the excited mass of rational but confused beings, that gazed in almost speechless horror upon each other and upon the ruins.

Hark! a low groan, evidently from a man in great pain, issues from the depths of the rubbish. Hundreds of necks stretched involuntarily forward to catch the slightest sound:

"Oscar! Oscar! 'Ye gods, he makes no breath.' O-s-c-a-r. Oh God!" came up from 'neath the debris, in a hollow, unnaturally pitiful voice.

"Stand back, men, stand back, I say," thundered a small, wiry man, elbowing his way through the crowd.

He was dressed in a fireman's uniform, and spoke in a manner that commanded respect and obedience.

The crowd opened, pressed back, and made way for the Chief. He cast a rapid glance over the scene.

Trustgood, with considerable effort, forced his way through the wall of packed humanity, approached the Chief, and said:

"For God's sake, sir, do something, there's—"

"Help—h-e-l-p," came up from the ruins in the same unnatural, hollow voice, but more pitiful, fainter, distressful.

"Why, you blockheads, there's a man beneath these timbers," said the Chief, raising his trumpet; he then gave a few sharp, quick commands, and in less than five minutes over thirty firemen and one hundred citizens were engaged in removing the bricks and shattered timbers.

The night, which until now was pitchy dark, began to brighten perceptibly; high in the zenith a silvery streak of light seemed to burst through the dark mass of nimbus cloud that canopied the earth with a living obscurity. The streak grew brighter and broader; the nimbus cloud grew fleecy and transparent, then became cirro-stratus or mackerel cloud, which, in turn, resolved itself into cumulus, which floated off pyramidally, leaving a wide belt of blue sky, through which the white, eternally voiceless moon sailed, on, on in peaceful, silent, majestic grandeur. The palpable shadows now became substances, that threw in all directions impalpable, unreal, constantly changing adumbrations. Aided by the light so lavishly diffused by the mild, great eye of Night, the men worked faster and more methodically; the flat roof was soon removed, then a great mass of mortar and brick magically disappeared, then the upper or third floor began to melt away before the persistent strokes of many axes and the giant force of many willing hands. Tightly wedged between a portion of the second floor and a large wooden girder that supported the joists of the third floor, they found Richard Arbyght. With considerable effort, the girder was pried up a few inches, and the mangled workman drawn out and carried a few rods beyond the ruins. Arbyght was found quite close to the bed-room door; his first thought, when he felt the building giving way, was Oscar, and his first movement was towards him.

A great number of broken splintered joists, scantling and boards were now very carefully, but expeditiously, removed from the spot where Oscar, or Oscar's body, was supposed to be; as yet no sound, no groan—not even an evidence of labored breathing, indicated that life would be found in the gentle, natural, amiable Oscar Wood. At last all the rubbish was removed from that particular spot, but no bed, no Oscar could be seen. Paralyzing terror seized McFlynn and Trustgood as the conviction grew in their minds that Oscar was carried down by the thousands of falling bricks, and buried 'neath the inky waters of the sedimentary, pestilential looking river; many of the others came to the same conclusion, but the Chief seemed disposed to think that under a great heap of bricks, mortar, and a large part of the roof that lay piled up near the center of the street, the body would be found. His opinion was based upon the fact that the joists of the floors ran parallel to the river and toward the street, and hence the floors in falling inclined toward the street and not toward the river. This view seemed probable, and the men set to work again, and soon discovered various articles of furniture belonging to the room.

Encouraged by these signs they persevered, and presently evidences of the bed were presented, then the bed itself, and beside it the maimed, mutilated, inanimate body of poor Oscar, his night clothes rent and torn, his entire body covered with dripping gore, his flesh and limbs hacked, lacerated, covered with jagged, gaping wounds from which the hot blood oozed or ran in little purple, purling streams.

"O piteous spectacle! O most bloody sight!"

The body was tenderly placed on a strong sheet, and four men, taking each a corner of the sheet, carried the mangled Oscar and placed him beside the other victim, who was being examined by Dr. Rauchman, a neighboring physician of some note, who had been summoned by one of the men. As soon as the improvised stretcher came up, Arbyght roughly ordered the Doctor to leave him and attend to the other.

The M.D. bent low over the prostrate Oscar; he pressed softly with his thumb upon the radial artery at the wrist, then shook his head and placed his ear close to the breast, when directly his eye brightened; faint, feeble, but regular respirations could be detected.

"Well, Doctor?" groaned Arbyght, but there was a world of eagerness and solicitude in the tone.

"Alive, no more," grunted the Esculapian comforter.

"Will he survive it?" again ventured the questioner in a voice and manner that plainly showed he feared, dreaded the answer.

"Possibly—doubtful," was the rough but truthful reply.

Under the Doctor's immediate direction two stretchers were quickly made of sheets and narrow pieces of splintered board, and on these the two victims were carried to the nearest hospital, that of the Sisters of Mercy, on Calumet Avenue. On the way thither, a reportorial attache of one of the leading dailies, pushed through the crowd and approached the stretcher on which Arbyght was borne, and rained fast upon him a plethora of questions.

"How did it occur? Do you think there was foul play? Was it purely accidental? Was the building substantial and safe? When did you first notice it giving way, where were you at the time, and what, if any, were the

premonitory indications of the fall?" are a few of the questions propounded by this snatcher of trilles, seeker after items, facts, humor, incident and hearsay.

Arbyght was suffering excruciatingly and hardly comprehended the purport of the questionary attack that was made upon him. Looking vaguely at the reporter, he, perhaps unmeaningly, at least hazily, repeated Job's question: "Canst thou draw out Leviathan with a hook?"

The force of this biblical question did not seem to strike the reporter at an understandable angle. He stared blankly at Arbyght and said, "You don't seem to comprehend me," to which the workman responded:

"There is no power on earth that can be compared with him, still his hope shall fail him, and in the sight of all he shall be cast down."

Again the reporter regarded him with fixed, wide-open, but expressionless eyes.

"What can you mean? What do you mean? Whom can you mean?"

"Capital, Sir, the power of money," broke in the other, and thereby put an end to another interminable string of questions.

And that was all the reporter learned from Richard Arbyght.

The melancholy procession shortly afterwards reached the hospital, a large magnificent building, rising three stories above the basement, built of pressed brick and trimmed with stone, one hundred and fifty feet front—the main building rectangular in shape, with two wings running back eighty feet from each side end, enclosing on three sides a large court yard used by convalescents, the main building and wings being surmounted by ornate, beautiful, artistically finished French roofs. Dr. Rauchman being one of the regular attending physicians attached to the hospital, had no difficulty in obtaining cots for his patients in the right wing of the building. Some of the Sisters busied themselves in preparing the cots, while others brought lint and bandages in vast quantities, warm water, and soft fine sponges. Soon all things were in order, and the doctor began an examination of young Oscar. Passing his hand slowly over the lower extremities, he ejaculated monosyllabic answers to questions apparently arising in his own mind:

"Violent contusion; tegument and muscle badly bruised—ha! fracture; simple longitudinal fracture of the femur—*extra capsular*—annular attachment of capsule not affected; trochanter slightly detached." Then passing the hand over the body he continued: "Fracture of third and fourth ribs; pleurisy or pneumothorax probable; compound fracture of sternum—not dangerous; compound contusion; abrasion of cellular tissue—bad bruise; fracture of clavicle—oblique; severe contusion to skull—dangerous brain fever likely—*bad case*."

He then had the body washed, and with the aid of two assistants carefully, but tenderly, set the fractured bones and secured them in their places by multitudes of pasteboard splints and innumerable yards of bandage. The contusions and bruises were also seen after, washed with lotions and properly dressed, a few drops of brandy were administered at intervals during the operation, but the patient remained unconscious, motionless in muscle and feature during the diagnosis, bone-setting and wound-dressing. When through, the doctor again bent over the body and gladly noticed that the respirations were, if anything, somewhat louder and stronger.

"Now, Sir, we will diagnosticate your case," he said, turning to Richard, who was by this time scarcely able to speak.

A strong stimulant was administered and the examination began.

"Fracture of the patella, right knee; no—simple luxation—not dangerous; ha! traverse fracture of tibia, left foot; compound dislocation of fibula—serious. Let us see (passing up the body), some bad bruises; a few insignificant contusions. Oh! you need not make your will just yet. A few weeks rest will do you good. You need rest and must take it now; so be thankful you escaped so luckily."

"I am not thankful, sir," said Richard demurely.

"Not thankful?"

"No, how can I rejoice or congratulate myself, and poor Oscar, whom we all loved, so badly injured? *Will he live, Doctor?*"

The first words of the answer were spoken regretfully, accusingly, the last softly, the question pleadingly, and ere he ceased great tears started from his eyes and chased each other rapidly down his blanched cheeks.

All present were deeply, profoundly moved.

"Will you have an anesthetic before we set the bones?" asked the doctor in a choky voice.

"The operation can not be more painful than what I have already suffered; go ahead," he replied moodily.

He endured the acuminate torture without a murmur, like an Indian at the stake.

Careful, particular instructions were then given concerning Oscar, and shortly afterwards the doctor left.

It was now past midnight. A night of horrors ended—expanded, brightened into a day no less horrible, no less gloomy to two of labor's martyrs—money's victims. And what shall we say of those two longing souls to whom fair, pure, gentle Oscar was such a mine of happiness, contentment, wealth? Day by day will they look for his weekly installment of words of cheer and comfort, as well as something more substantial but not less welcome, and day after day will disappointment's chill

freeze their expectant desire. Day will merge and darken into night, and night will open into day; weeks of bitterest unlooked-for anguish will pass down the ceaseless, endless chain of time, but no tidings of the absent loved one will reach that pair, tortured by doubts, a prey to cruel, chapping uncertainties, haunted by indolence, and paralyzed by gnawing suspense. But the doubts, uncertainties and suspense will disappear like a black cloud and unfold—Oh, God! an eclipsed sun!

The morning papers gave a cursory account of the catastrophe, dwelling mostly on the loss sustained by the owner of the old building, and the probable causes of its fall. Architects and builders were mildly flagellated—the general verdict being that the building fell because it was unable to stand, at least that was the concocreted pith of all remarks on the subject. The several newspaper accounts of the affair, ended with the seemingly unimportant item that two workmen, whose names were given, were more or less injured by the fall. Under our capital system of civilization, human life, especially the life of a toiler, is of less account, cheaper than it was under the feudal or slave system. This is a marked characteristic of a society graded by a cash qualification; a society whose individual members stand, in effect, upon a column of mercury the base or bulb of which seems to be affected by the variations of the profit and loss account of the individual at the apex; should the credit side of the account increase, the individual will shoot up in the social scale proportionally, but should the debtor side increase, he drops in the same ratio. The death of a workman never affects the profit and loss account of a capitalist under the free wages system—under the slave system it did—hence it is that the loss of a horse is regarded as a greater bereavement, by a capitalist of our day, than the loss of every laborer in his employ. Such is the unholy, uncharitable, unjust, iniquitous, rapacious, devouring, insatiable system of Self; such is the defensive and offensive antagonistic civilization of modern times. God's image is being continually discounted, to swell to grander, vaster limits, idle, irresponsible, non-producing, but universally respected, appreciated capital.

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XXIII.—The Excommunication.

All the men-at-arms who were kneeling on the ramparts rose and prepared to lower the drawbridge.

"I forbid you!" exclaimed Don Pedro.

"Are the orders of the bishop to be obeyed, good mother?" asked Diego Lopez, of Paloma, "or must our companions be prevented from betraying the king?"

But after the menace of the Bishop Augustin, the old nurse convulsively trembled, and looked at Don Pedro with her eyes swimming in tears. This stoical woman, who had never feared for herself, seemed, for the first time in her life, a prey to consternation and despair. In fact, poor Paloma, who carried her faith and devotion to fanaticism, who prided herself on being born of old Christian blood, who had imbibed all the superstitious belief of her time and country, had been struck, as by a thunderbolt, by the solemn imprecation of the Bishop of Segovia.

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed she, joining her hands, wrinkled with age, "must I choose between thee and the child whom my breast has nourished! Pedro, why dost thou draw on thyself the anger of Heaven!—thou smilest, but it is a terrible thing to feel the weight of the Divine displeasure."

The men-at-arms moved towards the gate of the tower. The bishop seeing the foster-brothers of the king, together with Fernando de Castro and Mens Rodriguez, still remain immovable, cried out to them again, "Knights and vassals did you not hear me?"

The old nurse approached the king, and seizing one of his hands, she said, "I entreat you, Pedro, to humble yourself before Heaven; there is no shame in bending before the sovereign of the universe. What are we in His eyes? A handful of dust! It would be impious pride not to submit to His decree."

"We will not resist the bishop," added Lopez, in a gloomy voice, "but we will defend our brother, the king, if they dare to lay hands on him."

Don Pedro still remained silent.

"Open the gates," repeated Augustin Gudiel, in a thundering voice.

"Sir King," said Ruy the mower, "we cannot prevent these poor creatures from obeying without risking their eternal salvation. Forgive us, therefore, if we remain neutral."

Rachel also entreated the king to yield to the proud bishop.

Turning towards his foster-brothers, Don Pedro said, "While the defenders of the Castle of Lugo are opening the gates, obey, at least, my last orders, which are to bring hither cups and flasks of Xeres wine."

Pierce Neige and Ruy immediately left the platform to obey the king's command.

The drawbridge was then lowered, and the portcullis raised.

Augustin Gudiel was surrounded by ables and priors, whose mitres, crosses, and stoles

sparkled in the sunshine. They ranged themselves around the coffin and sang the hymn for the dying, while the bells carried by the monks tolled a funeral knell.

Pierce Neige now returned with Ruy to the platform, carrying the cups and flasks that the king had sent them for.

"Sir Bishop," then said Don Pedro, with a forced smile, "will thou accept the hospitality I offer thee in my last castle? Will thou drink with me to the long life and happy reign of thy new master, Don Enrique the usurper? I invite thee to my funeral repast."

The bishop advanced covered with his dalmatica. "It is no longer a time to jest, wicked king," answered he, "think rather of repenting. See to what the habit of sin has led you. Your sword is nailed to its scabbard, your hand is paralysed, your proud forehead is bowed to the dust, your servants have deserted you in dread and terror. Where now are your arsenals, your treasurers, your armies, your executioners? You can no longer claim the asylum of the altar, which is open to the vilest criminals. The Church has cast you from her bosom."

Don Pedro threw a hasty glance around the platform. He reflected an instant and inquired with less haughtiness, "Of what crimes then does Holy Church accuse me?"

"Of what crimes!" exclaimed Augustin Gudiel, with fanatical indignation. "Do you ask of what crimes? Have you not laid hands on a minister of God, on Don Manrique, Archbishop of Toledo?"

"It is true," replied the king, "he had betrayed me, but—"

"But," interrupted the fiery prelate, "you had not the right to retaliate; besides, did you not insult me before the Alcazar a few weeks past? Did not your knights kill your brother, the Grand-master of St. James?"

"It is true," said Don Pedro, turning pale, "that death was merited; yet, if I could have prevented it—." The word died on his trembling lips, he only added, in a hollow voice, "Proud—."

"Have you not favoured the Jews and the Moors, while you have loaded the Christians with taxes?" asked the bishop. "In short, have you not defiled yourself by communion with a Jewish sorceress, who, under your protection, dares appear before us even here, and who has undoubtedly fascinated you by some diabolical charm?" Saying this, he pointed towards Rachel, who fell on her knees, while a deafening clamour rose in the midst of the crowd.

"Even hadst thou uttered the truth, Sir Bishop," replied Don Pedro, with assumed mildness, "are there no means of clearing myself from these imputed crimes? By some sacrifice cannot I disarm the anger of the Church? Is she not as merciful as the God whom she serves?"

"Trifle not with the name of God," said Gudiel; "think not to deceive me by feigned humility."

But Don Pedro, persisting in the character he had imposed on himself, continued: "If I should offer to the cathedral of Segovia the thirty-six quintals of gold, and the precious stones, that my treasurer, Martin Janez, has transported to Tavira by my order—"

"Do you dare to tempt God by promises that are insulting?" replied the bishop. "The gifts of the impious cannot be acceptable to the Lord. Besides the treasures of which you speak are yours no longer. When you fled from Seville, your Genoese admiral descended the Guadalquivir, and sailed with a fair wind towards the coast of Portugal. He chased the vessel that carried Martin Janez and his thirty-six quintals of gold, and overtook him in the waters of Tavira, where he captured him without trouble."

"There are then two traitors more," said Don Pedro, much depressed, "for Janez had doubtless agreed with the Genoese to allow himself to be taken so easily. So I am thus despoiled of everything, and cannot purchase my pardon."

"We do not sell the clemency of Heaven," said the bishop, in a severe tone.

The king could not restrain a smile of contempt as he replied, "People do not sell to those whose purses are empty. Thus, then, pious bishop, even should I sincerely repent, you cannot open any way of salvation to me?"

This question singularly embarrassed the bishop. He changed colour, for as the devoted friend of the Count of Trastamar, he feared to offer Don Pedro the means of regaining his influence over a great portion of the people that surrounded him; but reckoning on the inflexible pride of the king, he arrogantly answered, "Your crimes are great and numerous. To obtain pardon for them, you must submit to a striking public penance; you must engage to come bare-footed, with a rope round your neck, and implore the indulgence of the Church."

"And if I consent to this?" asked Don Pedro, in a loud voice.

This unexpected proposition made a deep impression on the crowd, through which ran a murmur of joy. The king rose in their opinion immediately; all looks were directed towards him with pity. By this concession he defeated the hatred of Augustin Gudiel, who had not expected to find the proud Don Pedro publicly lower himself with so much humility.

In the meanwhile the bishop smiled at the thought of this humiliation so readily acceded to, and he continued, with less harshness, "If there be good faith in your promises—if you are ready to swear to break off all com-

munication with Jews and miscreants, and perform a public act of penance, you will escape excommunication."

"And will all these knights defend me?" demanded the king.

"Against mankind, there is not one of my vassals who will not defend you unto death, sire," answered Don Fernand de Castro.

"Long live Don Pedro!" exclaimed the crowd; but the knights remained sullen and mute. They saw themselves caught in a snare, and dreaded the future vengeance of the king whom they had so grossly insulted.

The bishop, resolving to get over the embarrassment, and to attempt a last effort to expose the dissimulation of Don Pedro, advanced towards the gates of the tower, saying, "I can now accept your hospitality, and prove to you the confidence I place in your word, Sir King."

"Be you welcome, Augustin Gudiel," answered Don Pedro; "I swear to you by my faith, that you shall leave the Castle of Lugo safe and sound."

"I fear nothing," said the bishop, boldly; "I only wish to assure myself of the sincerity of your repentance by commanding you to kneel before me, and hear the penance to which you will have to submit."

He then entered the gate of the tower, followed by four abbots and priors. No one at first dared follow him, for, notwithstanding these appearances of reconciliation, a sad presentiment oppressed all minds.

The two wardens on the turret now blew their horns to announce the entrance of the prelate. The sound seemed a mournful one to the priests, the knights, and the people. The procession mechanically began its march and entered the castle, while the king descended from the platform to receive the bishop, after having ordered Pierce Neige and Ruy to follow him, bringing the flasks and cups. Rachel had expressed a wish to retire, but the king imperatively exacted that she should remain near him.

Arrived in the castle court, he advanced towards Augustin Gudiel, concealing the violence of his resentment beneath a constrained smile.

"Thanks to your generosity, Sir Bishop!" he said, "you had really terrified me."

"It is to Heaven alone that pardon and absolution belong," answered the Bishop of Segovia. "We are but the ministers of His will." He did not seem to mistrust, or to be astonished at the excessive humility of the irascible King of Castile; but suddenly he stopped, and resisting the hand that was urging him on with gentle violence, he exclaimed, "But whither do you lead me, sire? why is not that object of abomination already removed from before our eyes?" And he pointed to Rachel with affected horror and contempt. "Have you forgotten," he continued, "what you just now promised, and what you are going to swear?"

"I have forgotten nothing, my father," answered Don Pedro; "order and I will obey you."

"It does not suffice to engage yourself to outward penance; above all things you must banish that creature of discord, that sorceress who has bewitched you. How dares she remain in our presence—that Jewess to whom the hangman ought to do justice!"

Rachel shuddered with fear; she wished to flee, but Don Pedro forcibly detained her.

"But this young girl," he said, "has done nothing more than preserve my liberty, and save my life, by revealing to me the conspiracy framed against me by the Jews of Seville."

"If she does not depart, I quit the castle," said the inflexible bishop. "Do not protect her if you wish to re-enter the pale of the Church." Then turning towards the monks that followed him, "Seize that girl," added he.

"Let no one dare to insult, or even to touch her!" exclaimed the king, violently agitated, addressing himself to the monks; "if he does not wish to appear in the presence of his Creator before his time."

"You protect and defend her," said the prelate, coolly; "this then is the way you propose to keep your promises; if so, I leave—"

"No," said Don Pedro; "Rachel, move away from that holy man. Now, Augustin," added he, in a low voice that no one else could hear, "be generous; I submit to your will; but what injury has that young girl done you? Why exact that I deliver her up to you, and thus reward her for having been my guardian angel?"

"She is a Jewess," said Augustin, drily.

"A Jewess! well, then, she has more merits my gratitude, as she owed no pity to a Christian."

"You blaspheme, wicked king," said the bishop, as he lowered his eyes with affright and rage on hearing these words.

"You then remain pitiless," said Don Pedro. "I will maintain the rights of the Church against all heresy," answered the prelate.

"Well, since thou art so obstinate, Augustin Gudiel," resumed the king, "I wish, on my side, to prove my repentance before all, in reconciling myself with the Bishop of Segovia, the holy prelate who knows not how to traffic with his conscience."

Augustin looked earnestly at Don Pedro. The latter was calm, serious, and solemn.

"Pierce Neige," he said, "hand us two full cups, one for the bishop, and one for me. I wish to drink to our reconciliation."

The little fellow obeyed. The prelate scarcely touched the edge of the cup with his

lips, while Don Pedro half emptied his. Then he looked at Augustin, and comprehending his hesitation, "Thou doubtest me," said he, his face brightening with a vague and strange smile, "thou fearest poison. Drink, then, from my cup, mistrustful bishop; thou who believest me to have a heart like thine." And he pushed his half-filled cup violently to the lips of Augustin.

The wine splashed the face of the bishop, and ran over his embroidered robe; Augustin became pale with rage.

"Ah, wretch!" exclaimed Don Pedro, abandoning himself to his long-suppressed fury, "it was not the will of God that urged thee into this plot against thy master; it was the fear of my just resentment; it was thy ambition, thy cupidity. But know now, that I have read thy baseness in the bottom of thy soul, thou wilt not succeed in inspiring me with any other sentiment than contempt."

In the meanwhile the terrible and imprudent gesture of the king had been seen by the whole crowd. There was a general cry of horror and indignation. The knights raised their lances, the men-at-arms precipitated themselves around the bishop, crying vengeance, and the vassals of Don Pedro themselves approached their master with a threatening air.

Augustin Gudiel perfidiously smiled, and said, "My Divine Master was also insulted, but He did not avenge himself."

The monks laid the coffin, which was entirely wrapped in a black cloth, thick set with red flames, on the ground, and then ranging themselves round it in a circle, they began to chant the prayers for the dead.

Augustin Gudiel, who held in his hand the parchment, on which was inscribed the sentence of excommunication, then read it with a sonorous voice.

The bearer of the cross lowered it slowly at the conclusion, as an animated threat.

Paloma uttered a piercing shriek, and fell almost lifeless into the arms of Diego Lopez and Blas.

Poor Rachel viewed this mournful ceremony with eyes expanded by dread. At length she seized the arm of the king, and said to him quickly, "Thou hearest all that, Pedro, calmly, thou seest thy power, thy last army, thy last treasure vanish like smoke; thou seest thy friends disown and desert thee, and yet thou remainest calm. Heaven itself conspires against thee, and threatens thee by the mouth of this priest, and yet thou tremblest not. From the height of thy throne thou wilt fall lower than the meanest beggar who wanders alone without shelter and without defence. Water and fire will be refused thee—they will refuse thee even the porch of a gate as an asylum against the wind and rain of Heaven. Thy hand may not touch the fruit of a tree, thy lips may not be quenched at a spring belonging to a Christian, for thou hast plainly heard, thou hast well understood, hast thou not, that thou art excommunicated."

"I know the fate reserved for the excommunicated," said the king, mildly; "but why dost thou seem surprised at the indifference with which I brave the thunders of the Church?"

"Because I know," resumed the Jewess, fixing on her lover a penetrating look, "that it is I who have caused these thunders to burst on thy head."

The chanting now ceased. Then there was a moment of gloomy silence, in which everyone stood in expectation of seeing the fires of heaven fall and consume the excommunicated.

Don Pedro remained immovable. But the young Jewess, struck by this imposing spectacle, stooped towards him, and said, in a stifled voice, "This torture is too much for me. I wish I were dead. It seems to me that heaven closes its portals against thee, and that the earth is about to give way beneath thy feet on account of thy love for poor Rachel."

He cast an affectionate look on her, and mildly answered, "Heaven is where thou art, my beloved!"

Rachel felt heart-broken, "I wish I were a Christian!" murmured she, regarding with terror, mixed with contempt, those men who proscribed their king.

"A Christian!" repeated Don Pedro, surprised.

"If I were a Christian," resumed Rachel, "I could implore thy pardon, and redeem thee by my penitence."

The hymns had ceased. The priests drew near the coffin, and broke their black tapers on its lid. The bishop picked up one of the pieces, and threw it at the feet of Don Pedro, exclaiming, "O Lord, may thy anger consume the excommunicated. May the path under his feet become burning coals! May the wind dry his face, and his children be orphans! May others inherit his property! May whoever affords him hospitality, and does not flee from him, be excommunicated like him, and may the contact of the cursed be their death! All his followers are released from their oaths of allegiance."

The sentence was then affixed to the door-posts.

Fernand de Castro, Don Mens Rodriguez, and the four foster-brothers, immediately turned away from Don Pedro, who saw near him only the Jewess and little Pierce Neige. Smiling on the latter, he muttered, "Weak in mind, but strong in heart."

"My brethren," said Augustin Gudiel, "pray for the soul of our Lord Don Pedro. He is now cut off from the communion of the faithful; he is the victim of an evil spirit;

and whoever approaches, or does not remove from him, will be possessed like him."

"Possessed, possessed!" repeated Pierce Neige, drawing back, overcome by fright; and he fled and rejoined his brothers.

"That child, also!" said Don Pedro, who felt a tear trembling on his eyelids. "Alas!" he added, regarding Rachel, "a heart warmed by love can alone participate in my misfortune, and transform it into happiness."

At that moment the Jewess convulsively pressed the hand of Don Pedro; then, with an unsteady step, she advanced towards the Bishop of Segovia.

The latter turned pale and made a step backwards, doubting if the hand of Rachel was not seeking a poignard beneath her robe.

"I come to you as a suppliant," said she, humbly, while a flash of contempt shot from her eyes, for she comprehended the fear of the prelate.

"What do you expect from me, wretch?" said he, with so much the more harshness, as he wished to hide that involuntary expression of fear that the Jewess had perceived.

"I will not allow Don Pedro to become a victim of his love for me," she replied, in an altered voice; "I am ready to obey your will."

Augustin Gudiel was filled with unbounded joy, for until then he did not feel himself avenged. The calmness of the king had humiliated him. He had not been able by imprecations to subdue the pride and disdain of Don Pedro, who showed himself superior to so many insults. The avowal of the Jewess made him conceive the hope of at last triumphing over his enemy, and making him confess his defeat.

"Rachel," answered he, with a perfidious smile, "if you remain with Don Pedro, his ruin will be complete; but if you leave him, he will recover his royal grandeur; and this separation will restore to him all his servants and partisans."

"Abandon him, when he counts on me alone!" said she shuddering.

"It is for his salvation, Rachel," said the bishop.

"For his salvation!" she answered, while her eyes sparkled under her arched brows like diamonds set in jet. "For his sake, what will I not do!"

"Consent to abjure your faith, and take the veil after your conversion."

"But he will never believe that I can abandon him," she said.

"When he sees himself alone, when thou shalt have disappeared, when thou art far from him, and he seeks thee in vain, then he will no longer doubt," replied the bishop, coldly.

"And thou promisest me," said she, trembling, "that at that price thou wilt absolve him, and restore to him his friends and defenders."

"Yes, the moment of thy expiation, Rachel, has arrived then," said the bishop, in a loud voice. "Abandon the man whom God condemns."

(To be Continued.)

HOW TO RAISE A DINNER.

A Zouave of the army of Italy was billeted at the house of a Savoyard, whose wife was the most avaricious in the whole of the country around.

The Zouave had drunk his pay on the march, and sold his bread for more milk, so as not to set out *sur une sene l'amble*. Now the host was not compelled by law to give him but three things—that is, water, fire and salt—two elements and one mineral, the whole insufficient to make a meal. The Zouave was not discouraged. He lit a fire first, put a pot of water on the hearth, and then went coolly to seek a large stone, which he carefully placed, as if it were beef, in the pot. The good woman opened her eyes with astonishment.

"What are you making?" she asked.

"Flint soup."

"And is it good?"

"So good you would lick your fingers. But unfortunately there is a trifle needed that I have forgotten."

"What is it?"

"Some vegetables to absorb the fat."

"They shall not be wanting. Here are some carrots and cabbage."

"The Zouave took the welcome vegetables, and continued to blow the fire. From time to time he stirred the stone with a spoon.

"It is becoming tender," said he; "it is of a good quality. What a pity there is not a little hogs lard to give it a flavor."

"My faith, my boy," said the old woman, "I have never eaten flint soup, and if you promise me a plate, I will go and get some hog's lard."

"Agreed. You shall have the first of the broth."

The lard was put in with the vegetables, and already it omitted a savory smell.

"I do not know if it is true," said the Zouave, speaking to himself; but they have affirmed to me that some cloves and a little garlic were not superfluous in this pottage."

"Thanks," said, with the most perfect coolness, "but I do not like meat heated over again."

LOOK OUT FOR THE ROCKS.

A gentleman crossing the English Channel, stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship. But a sudden flapping of the sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass.

"You are half a point off the course," he said sharply to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post.

"You must steer very accurately," said the looker on, "when only half a point is so much thought of."

"Ah, half a point, in many places, might bring us on the rocks," he said.

So it is in life. Half a point from strict truthfulness strands us upon the rocks of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty and we are steering straight for the rocks of crime. And so of all kindred vices. The beginnings are always small. No one climbs to a summit at one bound, but goes up one little step at a time. Children think lightly of what they call small sins. These rocks do not look so fearful to them.

A friend was once, when a lad, sailing down East River, near New York, which was then a very dangerous channel. He watched the old steersman with great interest, and observed that whenever he came to a stick of painted wood he changed his course.

"Why do you turn out for those bits of wood?" asked the boy.

The old man looked up from under his shaggy brows, too much taken up with his task to talk, and simply growled, "Rocks!"

"Well, I would not turn out for those bits of wood," said the thoughtless boy; "I would go straight over them."

The old man replied only by a look which that boy has not forgotten in his manhood. "Poor foolish lad," it said, "how little you know about rocks!"

So, children, shun the rocks as you would the way to death. There are plenty of buoys to warn you where they lie hidden; and whenever you meet one, turn aside, for there a danger lies."

UNCLE ZEKE'S PRACTICAL JOKE.

Some years ago there lived in one of our large cities an eccentric character known as Uncle Zeke, who never lost a chance of perpetrating a practical joke. Any place or occasion suited him, provided he could make his point. One fine Sunday he repaired to a fashionable church, some time after the service had commenced, and as there was not a seat vacant he took a prominent position in the centre aisle, where he stood bolt upright, with his stove-pipe hat clapped tightly on his head. Of course he attracted much attention, and very soon the sexton, a man for whom Uncle Zeke had an especial dislike, came creaking up to him and whispered that he must take off his hat.

"That's agin my principles," said Uncle Zeke.

"I can't help that," said the sexton, impatiently, "you must take it off."

"But I won't," replied Uncle Zeke.

"Then I shall take it off for you," said the sexton, who was becoming very nervous on account of the attention this whispered colloquy had occasioned.

"All right," said Uncle Zeke; "you kin take it off. That ain't agin my principles."

The sexton thereupon took hold of Uncle Zeke's hat and dexterously lifted it off his head. But what was the respectable sexton's horror when about two quarts of hickory nuts rolled out of the hat and went clattering and banging over the church floor.

And that was Uncle Zeke's joke on the sexton.

A FALSE IDEA.

A mistaken idea is that entertained by many that riches are necessary to perfect happiness. It is scarcely necessary to state a fact so well understood, that many men and women, possessed of great wealth, are exceedingly unhappy. Wealth cannot always purchase immunity from unhappiness. A thousand things occur in the fluctuations and busy scenes of life to bring sorrow and discontent to the homes of the rich as well as those of the poor. It is in the homes of people of moderate means, as a rule, that happiness is found.

"Put money in thy purse," said the mercenary and selfish Iago. In his estimation, lucre was the magic key to happiness, to position and power—to all that is desirable on earth. Get riches; no matter how, get riches. It is a false and fatal sentiment; a delusion and a snare. Such teachings have been the ruin of thousands of young men of the highest promise.

A good name is to be preferred to great riches. So runs the proverb, and the history of the human race is the verification of its truth.

The highest riches do not consist in a princely income; there is greater wealth than this. It consists in a good constitution, good digestion, a good heart, stout limbs, a sound mind, and a clear conscience. Some one

says that good bones are better than gold, tough muscles than silver, and nerves that flash fire, and carry energy to every function, are better than houses and lands. Better than money is a good disposition; and that man is rich who has generous impulses, a noble soul, and who is hopeful and cheerful, and who has the moral courage to keep the even tenor of his way, whatever may betide him. Such a man is rich, though not accounted so when measured by a money standard; but he stands immeasurably higher in point of true worth to the sordid, avaricious cormorant whose only claim to consideration consists in his money bags.

BIG DINNER BILL.

A couple of flat boatmen on the Mississippi river having made an extraordinary good speculation—made in fact, six hundred dollars, a very large sum for that kind of folk twenty years ago—concluded that while they were in New Orleans, they would for once in their lives see what it was to have a first-class hotel dinner. They could afford it, and they would go. So they went to St. Charles Hotel, and ordered the very best dinner the establishment could afford. When they had eaten to their entire satisfaction (and probably to the astonishment of the waiters) they called for their bill. The waiter in attendance misunderstood them, and supposing that they wanted the bill of fare, laid it before them with the wine list uppermost.

"Whew, Bill!" said Jerry, here's a bill! Just look at it! Here you add up one side and I'll add up the other, and we'll see what the old thing comes to."

So Bill added up the price of wines on one side of the list and Jerry added them on the other and they made the sum total 584 dollars.

"Whew, Bill," said Jerry, "that's pretty nigh all we've got. What are we going to do about it?"

"We can't pay that," said Bill, it would clean us right out. The waiter aint here now, let us jump out o' the window and cut."

"No, sir-ee," said Jerry, "I'd never do such a mean thing as that. Let's pay the bill, and then go down stairs and shoot the landlord."

One Mr. Patrick F. was annoyed exceedingly by a strange dog—as Coleridge says, "a harmless dog"—who invaded his domicile, made abstractions from his cellar, and was very much in the way of Mrs. Patrick F. in the kitchen. On a cold winter night, the wind cutting like a knife, and snow frozen so as to burn like carbonic acid gas frozen, after the dog had been turned out doors no less than three times, and the last time requested to go to a warmer place unmentionable, Patrick was again awakened by the noise of a rather extensive fracture of glass. The dog was in the house again. Patrick waited upon him out, and both were absent some fifteen minutes; so that Mrs. Patrick F., becoming surprised, if not alarmed, at such a prolonged absence, arose also and went to the window.

From her point of observation, she saw in the clear moonlight, her lord standing "in naturalibus," barring the shirt, and the wind making free with that, as of course it would, at the northeast corner of the house. The dog seemed to be sustained on his "last legs," his fore legs forming two sides of an acute triangle.

"What are you doing there, Patrick?"

There was such a chattering of teeth that the answer for some time was somewhat unintelligible—at last it came:

"I am—trying to fraze the baist to death!"

Seldom does a live Dutchman get the credit of more smart things than are set down to him in this catechism that he puts to a journeyman printer:

A Dutchman sitting at the door of his tavern, in the Far West, is approached by a tall, thin Yankee, who is emigrating westward, on foot, with a bundle on a cane over his shoulder.

"Vell, Misther Valking Shtick, vat you vant?" inquired the Dutchman.

"Rest and refreshments," replied the printer.

"Supper and lotchin, I reckon?"

"Yes, supper and lodging, if you please."

"Pe ye a Yankee peddler, mit chawelay in your pack, to sheat the gal?"

"No, Sir, I am no Yankee peddler."

"A singin'-master, too lazy to work?"

"No, Sir."

"Phrenologus, den, feeling te young folks' heads like so many cabbitch?"

"No, I am no phrenologist."

"Vell, ten, vat the tyefels can you be? Choost tell, and you shall have the best sassage for supper, and shtay all night, free gratis, mitout a cent, and a chill of whiskey to start mit in te mornin'."

"I am an humble servant of Faust—a professor of the art that preserves all arts—a typographer, at your service."

"Votsch dat?"

"A printer, Sir; a man that prints books and newspapers."

"A man vot prints nooshpapers! Oh, yaw! yaw! ay, dat ish it. A man vot prints nooshpapers! Yaw! yaw! Walk up, a man vot prints nooshpapers! I wish I may be shot if I did not tink you vas a poor tyefel of a dishtrick school master, who verks for nottin, and board round. I thought you vas him."

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.

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

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One column, for one year	\$150 00
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All communications should be addressed to the Office, 124 Bay Street, or to Post Office Box 1025.

WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MACMILLAN.

Trades Assembly Hall.

Meetings are held in the following order:—

- Machinists and Blacksmiths, every Monday.
- Painters, 1st and 3rd Monday.
- Coachmakers, 2nd and 4th Monday.
- Crispins, (159), 1st and 3rd Tuesday.
- K.O.S.C. Lodge 356, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.
- Tinsmiths, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.
- Cigar Makers, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.
- Varnishers and Polishers, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.
- Iron Moulders, every Thursday.
- Plasterers, 1st and 3rd Thursday.
- Trades' Assembly, 1st and 3rd Friday.
- Bricklayers, 1st and 3rd Friday.
- Coppers, 2nd and 4th Friday.
- Printers, 1st Saturday.
- Bakers, every 2nd Saturday.

Application for renting the halls for special meetings and other purposes to be made to Mr. Andrew Scott, 211 King Street East.

OUR PATRONS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS THIS WEEK.

"A Merchant is known by his wares."

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

- J. & J. W. Cox & Co.—Millinery Goods.
- Crawford & Smith—Millinery Goods, &c.
- Thomas H. Taylor—Clothing.
- Coghill—Carriage Trimmer Wanted.
- H. Stone—Undertaker.
- J. Young—Undertaker.
- "Star" Dry Goods and Clothing House.
- Glover Harrison—China Hall.
- N. McEachren—Merchant Tailor.
- Wm. West & Co.—Borts and Shoes.

WANTED,
A First-Class Carriage Trimmer,
At COGHILL'S CARRIAGE FACTORY, 163 King Street.

BOY WANTED. Apply at this office.

The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, OCT. 3, 1872.

THE LONDON BAKERS.

Cable despatches have already informed us of the settlement of the difficulty between the bakers of London and their employers. Several recent circumstances, however, in other trades than that of the bakers, would seem to prove the fact that trade operatives must touch material interests before any very real sympathy will be felt for their wrongs and sympathies. A strike of masons and joiners would seem to be little more than a matter for abstract speculation, until the unfinished houses that obstruct the thoroughfares, make no progress, and threaten to remain eternal skeletons of brick and plaster. A strike of agricultural laborers or market gardeners was regarded rather as an amusing innovation, till potatoes became exceedingly dear, and strawberries rare as pine-apples. It appears to have taken some time to convince the majority of Englishmen that the prolonged strike of engineers at Newcastle has had its effect on the entire community—the action of the sudden stoppage of works in foundries and workshops is so slow and indirect, that the strike is usually over long before the classes not personally, actually interested in the matter have awakened to a full sense of its

importance to all classes. But in what may be termed the domestic trades—those on which dependance is placed at every hour of the day—interest is quickly excited by the prospect of real privation or constant inconvenience, because they touch what has been called the chief seat of sensibility—the stomach. Therefore it was, we presume, that the threatened difficulty was so speedily arranged, while other branches of industry—equally important in their bearings, though, perhaps, not so direct—have been allowed to become deeper and still more deeply involved, without attempt being made to effect an adjustment.

The justice of the demands of the journeymen bakers is undeniable, and patent even to the most ignorant in such trade matters. Primarily and foremost amongst those demands stands that which has happily and rightly found a place on the programme of the condition of his future life, which every intelligent workingman has set before him—a curtailment of the hours of labor. Nearly every important body of workmen in England have obtained a concession of the principle of nine hours' labor a day, while the bakers were still toiling in the "good old-fashioned way" of sixteen to twenty hours a day. They had the modesty to limit their demands to twelve hours, not to commence before four o'clock a.m., and a free Sunday—things which, at this period of the nineteenth century one would have thought there would have been no hesitation in granting. But the employers were desirous of putting several restrictions upon their acceptance of these demands. They would grant seventy-two hours per week, but they stipulated for the right to divide the period of work as they choose—that is to say, to compel their men to work at any hour of the day or night, or on Sundays. In a trade like breadmaking, it is not hard to know what such stipulations mean, and how they would be used. The journeymen bakers would continue to work all night in the torrid heat of the bakehouse, and die of consumption, asthma, and other diseases, before the age of thirty-two—as they have done hitherto. The men, however, held to their demands, and were determined to enforce them, but the differences were settled before they came to an issue, and thus the matter has for a time been settled. But the settlement, after all, has been merely on matters of detail—the bulk of the question, appears to us to be beyond the province even of the bakers themselves. They will never possess the same advantages, chances, and considerations as other skilled laborers, until the public at large has consented to ask no more from them than it asks from other branches of skilled industry. To thoroughly improve the condition of the operative baker, other forms of action appear to us to be necessary on the part of the general public. Some of the speakers at a meeting held by the bakers were perhaps, not much in error when they asserted that "the baker was the outcast of the industrial system, the pariah of the social circle." Society is not altogether to be blamed for these circumstances; they appear to be the inevitable consequences of the baker's calling—as that calling is constituted by the general requirements of the day—whether these requirements are quite reasonable and unselfish is altogether another matter.

CANADA CAR COMPANY.

This new institution in our city, we are informed is fairly under way, and preparations for starting the works in full vigor are far advanced. The car shop is to have a capacity for building forty cars at one time. There will also be a rolling mill, foundry, etc. So far, so good. But when we learn that in this institution convict labor is to be employed, it becomes more than questionable whether the advantages usually flowing from the establishment of large industrial institutions, will, in this instance, result to the city and province. We shall have occasion to refer more fully to this matter in our next issue.

THE AGRICULTURAL LABORERS' AGITATION.

The National Agricultural Laborers' Union is beginning to initiate measures for the systematic emigration of the surplus agricultural population of the country. This important question was specially considered at the meeting of the Executive committee at Leamington. The desirableness of emigration being judiciously carried out was heartily and unanimously affirmed by the committee as a means of permanently and effectually improving the condition of the laboring classes; and the secretary was directed to ascertain the conditions on which the various colonial governments will assist the agricultural emigrants, so as to give laborers desirous of emigrating the widest possible choice. It was announced that the agent of the Queensland Government had had an interview with the secretary on the subject, and had consented to waive certain conditions, so that additional advantages would be enjoyed by emigrants connected with the union. It is also expected that special facilities will be offered in other quarters. The union has previously assisted emigrants; but this is the first time it has taken the initiative. It was stated that funds will be forthcoming to provide numbers of laborers with free passages.

A GOOD MOVE.

At the convention of the Machinists and Blacksmiths, recently held in Albany, the following resolution was adopted:—"Whereas, our mechanics of the present day are sadly deficient in the theory of mechanics and its higher branches, and this is one of the causes why they are so poorly paid; therefore, be it resolved, that some means be taken to secure the promotion of our members, so that all may have the opportunity of a full and thorough theoretical and practical knowledge of our profession, and thereby raise the standard of intelligence among our brethren, to insure greater proficiency in every branch of our profession.

ENGLISH PROSPERITY.

The Bullionist thinks that Englishmen ought to abate somewhat their exultation expressed at the unparalleled commercial prosperity of the country. It says:—"Capital has its own meaning. Of that we possess abundance, yet the source of all wealth is labour; and it may be apprehended that this is failing us while consumption is progressing. If artisans, imitating the example of their betters, will insist upon working shorter time, in order that they may have more leisure to spend their wages—generally in the best way—we may conceive what will become of it. Our prosperity will possibly come to decline. There seems to be an increasing rivalry in expenditure pervading all classes. Some philosophers say that this is good for trade; that it makes money circulate, and stimulates production. This may be true, and is so within a certain limit. Yet if the increased produce of labour and capital conjoined, as they must be, is consumed in frivolities and vain indulgences, how can the wealth of the nation be really increased. This is a question which admits of no other answer than one. Nevertheless we are, as a nation highly prosperous, making much money; expending a good deal of it; investing the rest in more or less good securities. Let us try to hold that position. How has France succeeded in maintaining the unparalleled credit she commands? Probably up to the present very few persons had the least idea of the enormous resources of that nation. Now they are known. They are due almost altogether—climate and soil being powerful coadjutors—to the unremitting industry, the self-denial, prudence, economy, and frugality of the people. Paris is emphatically the city of luxury, the means, however, being supplied by wealthy foreigners; the luxury of London, is so to say, indigenous, its sustenance drawn from native sources. We do, as has been seen, an enormous and lucrative trade; but in this sense only do we keep shop. Generally, the re-

tail dealers of London have few other customers than English people. At certain seasons of course there is an influx of foreigners who spend money; but, broadly, London is essentially different in this respect from Paris. Nothing more can be added than that no vain-glorious boasts of our prosperity should be heard until the unbridled luxury of all classes, except the lowest, has a bit to put into its mouth.

REVOLUTION IN THE TEA TRADE.

Within the past two years, the New York Bulletin tells us, the tea trade of England has been revolutionized. The day of the "clipper" is over, and the exportation of tea from China to England, which in former years was extended over nine months of the year, is now crowded into four months of June, July, August and September. The tedious and protracted voyage around the Cape has been superseded by the trips of forty-five to fifty days through the Suez Canal. Further on the editor says:

"The tea season in China usually opens in June. This year, attracted by high prices, it opens in May. Last year English and American buyers, eager to make the first shipments by the new routes just opened, created a demand, of which the Chinese tea dealer took advantage, knowing that freight engagements must be filled, and put up the prices of tea. As the total exportation was crowded into a few months, high prices were maintained throughout the year. The same thing has been repeated this year, and the first cost of teas advanced ten cents, gold, over the opening prices of last year. This has proved a losing business both in England and the United States. The overloading of the English market with such enormous stocks has resulted in a recent tumble of 11 to 17 cents, gold, per pound. American buyers have become more cautious; yet the fact that stocks here are large, and that, if necessary, teas can be ordered by telegraph and laid down in this city in forty days, has a depressing effect on the market, and prices have declined 2 to 10 cents, gold, since new teas began to arrive."

If, as in former years, no new teas could have reached here until January, the Bulletin shows this would hardly have been the case. The above routes seem to have changed entirely the course of the tea trade, but the advantages, so far, seem to have been reaped by the Chinese tea dealer.

TRADES' ASSEMBLY.

The regular meeting of the Trades' Assembly will be held in the hall, on Friday, (to-morrow) evening. A prompt attendance of delegates is requested.

TEXAS OR CANADA.

Under the heading, "Texas, the Poor Man's Country," the Christian World, a widely circulated London weekly, contains a column of emigrants' letters, and extracts from Texan papers, showing the advantages of emigration to Texas. These are furnished by the Texan Emigration Agency, with an offer of the "Complete Guide to Texas," to be sent post-paid to all intending emigrants. About Canada these intending emigrants know little or nothing, and have generally no means of obtaining information. Considering the great scarcity of labor here, should not some similar efforts be put forth to reach the better class of emigrants among whom such papers as the Christian World circulate? This Texan agency advances part or whole of the passage money to suitable families, to be repaid out of the first year's wages, takes care of them throughout the whole journey, and guarantees to them good employment, at £3 per month for men, and £2 for women, besides board and lodging. If they can afford to do this, Canada could surely afford to circulate effectively information with regard to the soil and climate of the country, and the wages paid for all kinds of service, as the English men and women would naturally prefer to

remain under the British Crown, and would require no special inducements. This very important advantage of our colonial position should surely be made use of to the utmost to draw to us the much needed commodity of labor.

THE HIGH PRICE OF PROVISIONS.

A demonstration convened by one or more of the Metropolitan Democratic organisations took place recently in Trafalgar-square, for the purpose of talking into consideration the present high price of provisions. Shortly before eight o'clock, the hour named for the meeting, a downfall of rain occurred, and this doubtless had the effect of checking what might otherwise have been a large attendance, for there was at no time more than 600 persons who listened to the various speakers. Mr. Patrick was voted to "the chair," and the proceedings then commenced with an address from Mr. Brightly, who said that the present price of provisions affected the working classes more than any other section of society. The class with fixed incomes had simply to decide what luxuries and superfluities should be given up, but the bulk of the working men had never yet had sufficient wages to procure even the necessaries of life. The recent strike and increase of wages had not raised the prices of provisions as certain sections of the press had asserted, but on the contrary, strikes had not taken place until working men were in a state of semi-starvation. This meeting demanded that the Government should do one of two things—either bring the necessaries of life down to prices consistent with the rate of wages paid to working men, or else increase their wages, and compel the landlords to take less rent, and the manufacturers to be content with less profit, in order to enable working men to get the necessaries of life. He condemned the orders of the Privy council, restricting the importation of foreign cattle, as oppressive, arbitrary, and designed in favor of the aristocracy and the capitalists, and called upon the meeting to insist upon the abolition of the present regime, and the appointment of a Minister of Agriculture in lieu thereof, who should have the command of an experienced staff of inspectors appointed in London, as opposed to local selection, and who should take into consideration the land question and the food supply. He counselled continued agitation, in order that landlords and capitalists might not continue to make, as they were doing under present circumstances, large fortunes out of the blood, sinew and misery of the people of this country. (Loud cheers). He moved the following resolution:—"That in the opinion of this meeting the present administration of Orders in Council in restricting the importation of foreign cattle is not now used so much to prevent disease as to establish a system of monopoly and protection in the interests of home breeders, which should not be tolerated in a country pledged to free trade" ("hear," and cheers). Mr. Magee Pratt, in seconding the resolution, said that there would be plenty for everybody if the wealth which existed in the country was properly applied. There would be no necessity to go to foreign countries for supplies if only the resources of this country were properly utilised. He could distinctly trace the great proportion of want and crime which existed in this country to the fact that capitalists and the governing classes of the country were altogether careless of the condition and wants of the laboring classes (Loud cheers). Mr. Wade proposed the following resolution, viz.:—"That the present land and game laws are the principal causes of the high cost of provisions, by restricting the productive power of the land, thus allowing millions of acres to be devoted to an inhuman sport, and creating an amount of special crime unknown in any other country, and this meeting is emphatically of opinion that were all the land now appropriated by a small section of society for the purpose of selfish pleasures to be properly cultivated, the whole population could be well supplied with food at reasonable prices"

(Cheers). He said the Scriptures taught that "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," but in worldly practice that had been reversed to that "the earth is the landlord's." The working classes had been dodged out of their rights by aristocrats, capitalists, and money-mongers. There were at present 30 millions of uncultivated acres of land in this country. In strong language he denounced the game laws, and advised those who wanted sport to go to Africa and hunt lions, tigers, and leopards, instead of stopping at home to shoot hares, rabbits, pheasants, and grouse. The law of primogeniture and entail should be abolished from the statute books as a disgrace to modern civilization. Poaching under the game laws was severely punished, but at best it was only a nominal crime, and it had really no more right to be made a crime than it should be an offence to breathe the pure air of heaven. The land of England, if properly cultivated, would feed three times the population, but it was at present manipulated and used to keep the working classes in poverty, and to make them the tools of the aristocracy and capitalists (cheers).—Mr. Riddle seconded the resolution.—Messrs. Evans, McAra, H. Evans, and Weston subsequently addressed the meeting, and formed resolutions, protesting against the present condition of waste lands, calling upon the Government to take immediate steps for employing surplus labor in their proper cultivation, and appointing a deputation to wait upon the Premier in order to induce him to take the whole subject into consideration. Having been proposed, and, as a necessary consequence, adopted, as were the preceding ones, the meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

MacEvoy's Hibernicon is on exhibition during the present week in the St. Lawrence Hall. The scenery, etc., is finely executed. Those who wish to enjoy a pleasant evening's entertainment, should not lose the opportunity of witnessing the Hibernicon, and at the same time have a hearty laugh at the eccentricities of Barney the guide and Nora.

JOURNALISTIC.

We regret to learn that the *Northern Journal* of Montreal has ceased to exist. The paper was certainly one of the best edited weeklies in the Dominion. Mr. Stee, however, holds out the half promise that some future day he may resume its publication.

We have received the first numbers of a new daily paper, just started in St. Catharines—the *Daily News*. It is neatly got up and reflects much credit upon the enterprising proprietor. As a daily paper, it is just what the go-ahead town of St. Catharines needed. The selections are short and spicy, it evidently being the creed of the editor that "variety is the spice of life." We sincerely hope Mr. Matheson will have no reason to regret his journalistic enterprise in the town of saints.

"THE HOURS OF LABOR."

History of the Contest for Short Hours in England—Murder of the Innocents in Factories—History of the Contest in America and in Europe—Social and Political Aspects of the Question—Significant Statistics—The Sanitary Aspect.

(FROM THE HAMILTON STANDARD.)

CONTINUED.]

THE SOCIAL AND ECONOMICAL ASPECT.

When the Birmingham resolution was reported in London, several daily papers asserted that, if carried it would make the nation 20 per cent poorer. The bulk of a nation's wealth is no indication of the well-being of the population. That wealth may be private property of a few individuals, and the working populations, like our agricultural laborers, may be in a wretched state.

The taxable property of Boston, as stated by the assessors in 1868 was about \$500,000,000, nearly double what it was in 1856 and 75 per cent more than it was in 1862. The increase was therefore much faster during the latter years than the former, and yet the condition of the working classes has materially deteriorated during the latter six years; it has been proved by official documents that they were better off when the taxable property was but \$250,

000,000 than they are now. [The assertions of the London papers were based on the assumption that every man and woman willing and able to work does, on an average, work ten hours a day. This is by no means the case; let us look at a few trade secretaries' reports just to hand. The Glass Bottle-makers of Yorkshire have during the last four years paid £2,645 19s. 8½d. to members out of employment, out of a total income of £8,067 12s. 7d. The Amalgamated Engineers paid to members out of work: 1867, £58,242; 1868, £64,979; 1869, £59,980; 1870, £32,707. The Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners: 1867, £5,271; 1868, £58,71; 1869, £3,204; 1870, £10,052. These figures relate only to members completely out of work; they furnish no index to the number who were only partially employed. We have here only a peep at the elite, we know nothing of those who are belong to the societies that are exposed to the possibility of having ordinarily so many members out of work that no provision can be made for their relief, nor of those who do not belong to any society. But what we do know of these matters is sufficient to demonstrate that there is nothing like approximate regular employment at ten hours a day for all those who are willing and able to work, and whose very existence depends on working. A reduction of the hours of labor would not diminish the amount of the national wealth, but it would spread the employment for its creation over a large area, and slightly alter its distribution in favor of the poor.

If ten hours a day sufficed in the dark ages to make some people rich, and feed, clothe, and shelter the poor, one would think that a little less would suffice for the same purposes now. It is estimated that the productive power of the machinery of the United States is more than equal to the labor of 500,000,000 human beings. The productive labor of the machinery of this country is variously estimated to be equal to from 300,000,000 to 500,000,000 pair of hands. There was lately an agitation going on in the factory districts to close the mills at twelve o'clock instead of two o'clock on Saturdays; and, with very few honorable exceptions, the mill-owners opposed it on the same grounds that they have opposed all reductions of the hours of labor. One opponent calling himself "Common Sense," raised his voice in January, 1871, in the *Manchester papers*. He opened grandiloquently about the drudgery of little children, and, taking the lowest estimate of our productive machinery, went on to say:—"The result is as if each laborer had within the last hundred years been gifted with ten sets of limbs and senses, and yet had only one body to clothe and one stomach to feed;" and he asked, "Why is not the laborer ten times better off than he was a hundred years ago? Taxation and drink are, in his Common Sense opinion, the reasons why the laborer is not better off than he is, and why he must work as many hours as he does. He reckons up to a nicety how many minutes every man, woman and child has to work every day to pay for taxes and drink, and comes to the conclusion that twenty minutes a day, or two hours a week, might be saved out of the military expenditure, and fifty minutes a day, for drink, which would in all amount to seven hours a week. This is the only chance he can see for the reduction of the hours of labor.

However, the modern direction of legislation, though greatly hampered and impeded, could not be diverted by such sophistry. The act of 1833 was seven times subjected to the progress of being amended, till at last it culminated in limiting the working hours of children to six a day, and the hours of labor of adults to sixty hours a week. After more Royal Commissions, this law was extended to all trades in which women and children are employed, by the Workshops' Act of 1866, which is now in a very fair way of being carried out. Thus, after three-quarters of a century of angry controversies and successive fruitless attempts at legislation, the legal limitation of the hours of labor has at length been established, and the average length of the working day of the dark ages, when demigods spun but one thread, has been restored for the common benefit of all concerned.

(To be continued.)

THE FRENCH INDEMNITY.

The last payment of twenty millions sterling of the indemnity by France to Germany having been made principally in bills on England, anxiety is felt in monied circles to know to what use Germany will put her power of exacting gold. It is usual for the Bank of England, when a drain sets in, reducing the stock of bullion one or two millions, to raise the rate of interest in order to bring back gold, and in proportion as the bullion in vault diminishes, the rate of interest goes up; but now an exceptional case occurs quite out of the commer-

cial line, affording no data to guide operations. There were very heavy subscriptions of the French loan in England, and the instalments which make up the twenty millions must cause an outflow of gold. The *Economist* remarking on the large money transfer, says:—

On a former occasion the French government paid certain Paris and other bankers a commission for guaranteeing the payment of certain instalments of the indemnity to Germany. But now M. Thiers has declined to do anything so absurd. He feels himself too rich to need it. The effect of this great payment from the French to the German Government in bills is to give to the German Government a great credit in the London money market, and a consequent power over that market. We entirely believe that the Germans will exercise their "authority," for such it is, reasonable, and with every fair regard to London convenience. But still they will consider their own convenience first, and we can hardly tell in London what the German idea of future German convenience may be.

PROSPERITY OF INDIA.

India under the late Governor-General, it is universally acknowledged, entered on a new stage of material prosperity. Internal improvements were rapidly pushed forward, and the accustomed victories of war for which its history has been so famous, were changed into those of peace.

We are glad to see, too, that there is now reported an improvement in the Budget. The finances were always the weak part of the Anglo-Indian administration. A company of traders was, as a matter of course, unscrupulous in the means it took to raise a revenue, and didn't enquire too narrowly into the measures adopted by its servants if East India stock only paid good dividends. Hence it happens that opium figures so largely in the Budget, which has an ugly look, just as ardent spirits contribute so much to our revenue. We quote from an exchange:—

"Allah has made white the face of the Indian Chancellor, and our Asiatic Budget for next year is likely to be a most prosperous one. First of all the opium sales at Poona and Benares are averaging down to date £143 sterling per chest. This is at the rate of thirteen pounds a chest better than the estimate announced by Mr. Grant Duff; and if it holds all round, as is likely enough, the surplus anticipated will be higher by at least ten lakhs of rupees. In the next place the Indigo harvest has turned out admirably good; in lower Bengal the produce is computed at fifty per cent. in excess of that returned last season; and good judges set the crop at the large figure of 125,000 maunds. Opium and Indigo are monopolies, and pour their profits directly into the Government exchequer, so that this is very good news indeed for the fiscal department of our great Oriental Empire."—*English Paper.*

A HORRIBLE TRAFFIC.

(From the Boston Globe.)

Many of our readers will remember the account which reached this country a year or more ago of the massacre of a white settlement at Tanna, in the Navigator's Islands, by the natives. As down to that time the reports of visitors to the islands of the South Pacific had been unanimous as to the kindness, generosity and hospitality of the natives of this particular group, there was difficulty in accounting for so sudden and ferocious an outbreak. The British government, under whose auspices the settlement of Tanna had been made, despatched a man-of-war to that harbor for the purpose of ascertaining the facts in the case and demanding reparation. It was discovered upon investigation that the massacre was hardly to be accounted for on the ground of the natural bloodthirstiness of the natives, but that good cause existed for the hostile feeling which resulted in the unfortunate outbreak. It appears that for the past five years a regular system of kidnapping the inhabitants of the islands has been carried on, resembling the African slave trade in its worst features. These diabolical acts have been perpetrated by owners of British vessels, and the islanders seized by them carried to English colonies in Queensland or those in Fiji and Tahiti, where they have been sold in precisely the same manner as cattle. Since 1868 this horrible traffic has largely increased, driving the natives to such a pitch of terror and desperation that they look upon all whites as their enemies alike, and see peace and safety only in their annihilation or expulsion from the islands of the group. An American traveler who remained for several months at one of the settlements, and who had ample opportunities for observation, gives an account of the manner in which these outrages upon the population are perpetrated.

The vessels devoted to the traffic come close in shore and cast anchor for the ostensible purpose of procuring water or fruit, and hold out remarkable inducements to the islanders to trade. If a hundred or more can be enticed on board, they are seized and crowded into the hold, and at once the vessel sets sail for the port determined upon for the market. When the natives seem too shy and suspicious, another programme is substituted. In the dead of night a party of forty or fifty sailors, fully armed and provided with kerosene swabs, are rowed silently to the shore. A hurried march is made to the nearest village, the huts surrounded, and the lighted kerosene swabs thrown into the dry thatch, which is ablaze in an instant. The wretched creatures within, aroused by the flames and the shouts of the assailants, rush terror-stricken into the open air, only to be seized, bound, and hurriedly driven to the boats. Those who attempt resistance are either maimed or killed outright, while the women are driven into the boats like sheep, and treated in the most horrible manner when on board the vessel. The little children are left to starve, or, if too annoying in their cries after their parents, knocked on the head. These facts, which have been fully substantiated by investigation since made by the British Government, seem to us good and sufficient reason for the feeling of the islanders towards white settlers and visitors. Surely heathenism in its worst state is infinitely better than such barbarous civilization. It will rejoice our readers to know that there is a strong prospect of the early wiping out of this traffic. The English government has determined to end it, and a vigorous cruising of the South Pacific by English men-of-war is now going on with good results. The latest English mails bring us news of the capture of one of the kidnapping vessels, and it is not unlikely that others will be seized before the trade is broken up. We trust a short sheriff will be given to the crew and captain, and an example made sufficiently severe to a sudden and permanent close.

MEETING OF CHAIRMAKERS AND CARVERS.

On Monday night a crowded meeting of chairmakers and carvers in the east of London, was held at the Columbia Temperance hall, Hackney-road, for the purpose of taking steps to obtain an advance in their rate of wages. Mr. Hay, a carver, having been voted to the chair, stated that they had not instituted the movement out of any hostility to the masters, whom they wished to treat with every respect and fairness. They repudiated strikes, and looked upon them as great evils, but they considered that, seeing the high prices which prevailed, they were perfectly justified in endeavouring to get an increase of wages, so as to enable them to meet and cope with the exigencies and circumstances of the times. He believed many of the masters—in fact, all the higher class ones—would at once acknowledge the justice of their demands, although no doubt the smaller masters, by underselling them in the market, were a great drawback in the way. By, however, adopting a calm and considerate and reasonable course, and showing that they wished to accommodate their employers as much as possible, he felt certain they would in the end succeed in their object. Mr. Bustall then moved a resolution to the effect that the meeting was of opinion, looking at the exorbitant price of every description of provisions and the great rise which has taken place in house rent, that they were entitled to an increase in their wages to the extent of at least 10 per cent. He stated that the firm for which he worked, Messrs. Piccard, had shown every disposition to meet their men in a fair and honorable manner, and no doubt others would do the same.—Mr. Wilshire seconded the resolution, which was adopted unanimously. It was then resolved to appoint delegates from each shop to ascertain the views of the masters and take steps to carry out the resolution just adopted.

CRUELTY TOWARDS EMIGRANTS.

A most scandalous case of cruelty to emigrant passengers has come before the Commissioners of Emigration at New York, the futility of the complaints of the passengers on arrival at port, shows a strangely unsatisfactory state of the law in the premises. Amongst the many hundred passengers by the Charles E. Marshall on her last voyage were about eighty Jews, mostly from Russian Poland. After the vessel had been out a fortnight the captain died, and the crew lost all discipline. They attempted, unsuccessfully, however, to mutiny, and being defeated in this, solaced themselves in abusing the Hebrew passengers; cuffing and beating them, and

in other ways maltreating them, apparently to vent their own vexation and find themselves cruel sport. One of these cases has been brought before a commissioner, and the reply has been that the offence was not covered by the United States statutes, as the case was not an assault with intent to commit a felony. The *New York Times* thus comments on this view of the question:—

"The jovial mariner bent on pleasure may knock down and kick or beat a luckless passenger half to death, without the shadow of any felonious intent, and merely for the sake of recreation. Just for fun, he may reduce his hapless victim to the verge of starvation, or, only for a joke, he may, as did the merry wags of Marshall, suspend him by the heels over the side of the vessel. The object of such attentions generally draws no fine distinctions as to the intent with which they are proffered, and suffers as much from a jocular kick or cuff as he would from a felonious one. As the matter now stands, the passenger is practically at the mercy of the ship's people, without the hope of protection, or even redress from the laws of the land, to whose safeguard he has so confidently intrusted himself."

TERRIBLE FIGHT.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH BY A VICIOUS SOW.

A few days ago Thomas J. Craycroft, of Taylor township, Harrison county, Md., went into the forest near his residence to feed a large sow, whose pigs were not yet old enough to leave the bed. His wife and little prattling girl, wishing to see the pigs, accompanied him. The father threw the sow some corn, and, after eating a few mouthfuls, she started towards the child, with her huge jaws widely extending making the most frightful demonstrations. Mr. Craycroft, seeing the peril of his child, sprang between it and the ferocious brute, at the same time calling to his wife to take the child away. Then commenced a struggle for life between Mr. Craycroft and the maddened brute. Being a large and powerful animal, she stood on her hind feet and thrust her fore feet against the breast of her victim with such tremendous force as came near knocking him down several times, meantime making repeated efforts to bite or cut him about the face and throat with her powerful tusks. Mr. Craycroft's only weapons of defence were his feet and hands; and in attempting to push the infuriated beast from his face he got his right hand several times in her mouth, by which it was frightfully mangled. The mother, after running a few yards, looked back, and seeing her husband's life in peril, set her child down, and, armed with a club, started to his rescue; but before she got in reach the husband had disengaged himself enough to get hold of a club, with which he dealt his fendish antagonist several heavy blows before she would desist; and even then she made one effort to renew the conflict. The spectacle presented by the victor as he walked panting from the field, was truly frightful. His clothing was cut into shreds, and he was bespattered from head to foot with blood mingled with foam and froth from the mouth of the enraged monster. Besides the mangling of the right hand, he received severe cuts about the left hand and arm, and a frightful gash above his left knee.

CURE FOR DISEASED POTATOES.

The potato disease, so bad in Ireland this year, has appeared in several places in Canada, though in a mitigated form. A gentleman, expressing himself as quite certain as to the efficacy of his recipe for treating diseased potatoes—a subject which is just now engaging much attention in the English press—sends us the following:—

"Take the potatoes up as quickly as possible, expose them to the sun for twelve days, or thereabouts, and the disease is completely stopped. They can then be kept for a length of time (say six months) when they can be converted into starch, for food or for use in the laundry."

The recipe is worthy the attention of agriculturalists.

Some one speaking of the red nose of an intemperate man, said "it was a very expensive painting."

The WHITE HART, corner of Yonge and Elm Street, is conducted by Bell Belmont, on the good old English principle, which gives the greatest satisfaction to its numerous patrons. The bar is most tastefully decorated, and pronounced by the press to be the Prince of Bars. Under the entire management of Mrs. E. Belmont, who is always proud to attend to the customer's wants. A spacious billiard room, and attentive waiters, render the WHITE HART a popular place of resort. Adv.

SMILE WHENEVER YOU CAN.

BY KATE CAMERON.

When things don't go to suit you,
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
But drive away that frown;
Since life is oft perplexing,
'Tis much the wisest plan
To bear all trials bravely,
And smile when'er you can.

Why should you dread to-morrow,
And thus despoil to-day?
For when you borrow trouble,
You always have to pay.
It is a good old maxim,
Which should be often preached—
Don't cross the bridge before you,
Until the bridge is reached.

You might be spared much sighing,
If you would keep in mind
The thought that good and evil
Are always here combined,
There must be something wanting,
And though you roll in wealth,
You miss from out your casket
That precious jewel—health.

And though you're strong and sturdy,
You may have an empty purse—
And earth has many trials
Which I consider worse—
But whether joy or sorrow
Fill up your mortal span,
'Twill make your pathway brighter
To smile when'er you can.

The Home Circle.

TWO PICTURES.

Pictures themselves have sometimes a curious history. The story of the two pictures at Florence is old, but not worn out. An artist at Rome saw often playing in the street near his window a child of exquisite beauty, with golden hair and cherub face. Struck with the loveliness of the boy, he painted a picture of him and hung it up in his studio. In his saddest hours that sweet, gentle face looked down upon him like an angel of light. Its presence filled the soul with gladness and longings for heaven, which its purity symbolized. "If ever I find," said he, "a perfect contrast to this beautiful face, I will paint that also, and hang it on the opposite wall, and the one I shall call heaven and the other hell."

Years passed. At length in another part of Italy, in a prison he visited, looking in through the grated door of a cell, he saw the most hideous object that ever met his gaze—a fierce, haggard fiend, with glaring eyes and cheeks marked with the lines of lust and crime. The artist remembered the promise he had made himself, and immediately painted a picture of this loathsome culprit to hang over against the portrait of the lovely boy.

The contrast was perfect; the two poles of the moral universe were before him. Then the mystery of the human soul gained another illustration. He had two pictures, but they were likenesses of one and the same person. To his great surprise, on inquiring into the history of this horrid wretch, he learned that he was no other than the sweet child with golden ringlets whom he once knew so well, and saw so often playing in the streets of Rome.

GOOD ADVICE.

President Porter, of Yale College, gave the following advice to the students of that institution the other day; "Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star self-reliance, faith, honesty and industry. Inscribe on your banner, 'Luck is a fool, pluck is a hero.' Don't take too much advice. Keep at your helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Strike out. Assume your own position. Put potatoes in your cart, over a rough road, and the small ones will go to the bottom. Rise above the envious and jealous. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Don't drink. Don't chew. Don't smoke. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't read novels. Don't marry until you can support a wife. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Be generous. Be civil. Read the papers. Advertise your business. Make money, and do good with it. Love your country and obey its laws." If this advice is explicitly followed by the young men of the country, the millennium is at hand.

AN OLD LADY'S ADVICE.

"Now, John, listen to me, for I am older than you are, or I couldn't be your mother. Never do you marry a young woman, John, until you have contrived to happen at the house at least four times before breakfast. You should know how late she lies in bed in the morning. You should take notice whether her complexion is the same in the morning as in the evening, or if the wash-bowl and towel have robbed her of her evening bloom. You should take care to surprise her, so that you can see her in her morning dress, and observe her occupation when not expecting you. If possible you should be where you could plainly hear the morning conversation between her and her mother. If she is ill-natured and snappish to her mother, so she will be to you, depend upon it. But if you find her up and neatly dressed in the morning, with the same countenance, the same smiles, neatly combed

hair, the same ready and pleasant answer to her mother which characterized her deportment in the evening, and particularly if she is lending a hand to get the breakfast ready in good season, she is a good prize, John; and the sooner you secure her the better."

THE DOG'S STRATAGEM.

Mr. Snapp, a blacksmith, owns two dogs, one a terrier, four or five years old, the other half shepherd, half common cur, twelve or fifteen years old, and consequently very feeble.

In the winter, between the hours for breakfast and dinner, and dinner and supper, these two dogs may always be seen perched up just far enough from Mr. Snapp's forge to escape the sparks, but still near enough to keep warm. I say between the hours of breakfast and dinner, for as soon as the hour for dinner comes—which they know even better than the apprentices in the shop—they are both off on a full run, each aiming to secure a space behind the warm kitchen stove, which is only large enough for one dog at a time. Now the terrier being the most active, almost always gains the coveted place, leaving the poor old dog out in the cold.

The old dog being thus served one bitter cold day, put himself in a thinking mood, and set his wit's to work to devise means by which he could get the terrier out of the coveted place. All at once an idea seemed to strike him. Taking advantage of the good watch-dog qualities of the terrier, he made a feint toward the garden, barking furiously, as if some one was intruding at that point, when, true to his nature, out popped the terrier, not to make a feint, but to make a pell-mell rush for the extreme end of the garden. Just outside the kitchen door he passed the old schemer, who no sooner saw the terrier enter the garden than he popped too, not into the garden, but behind the warm kitchen stove, curled himself up and waited, with a cunning twinkle in his eye, for his friend, who no sooner made his appearance, and saw the situation, than he tried exactly the same stratagem on the shrewd old dog, with as little success as if he had tried to fly. Finding that to fail so signally, he in turn put his wits to work.

After disappearing in the garden a few moments, he made his appearance right in front of the kitchen door with a large bone in his mouth, and set to work on it as if he was enjoying it hugely.

Now, what dog could resist such a tempting sight? At least, the old fellow behind the stove could not, it is plain, for, sneaking cautiously out of his snug retreat, he made a sudden dash for the coveted bone, which he secured very easily, to the surprise of all. The mystery was soon cleared up, for no sooner had he possessed himself of what he soon found to be an old dry bone they had both gnawed a hundred times, than the young rascal secured the good warm retreat behind the stove—which he certainly deserved after displaying so much cunning—leaving the poor old fellow out in the cold, there to contemplate the old proverb, "It takes a thief to catch a thief."

THE SAGE'S REPROOF.

Alhakem, the sage, whom all people honored for his great wisdom and his many virtues, sat in the market place giving instruction. A youth named Seyd, who had recently inherited vast wealth, passed that way, and shared with the old teacher the attention of the multitude.

"See," cried Seyd, "how my good fortune has lifted me up in a day to claim a public attention which Alhakem has been long years in gaining." And he smiled proudly as he spoke.

Alhakem had heard his words, and mentioned for him to draw near.

"My son," said the sage, "let me speak unto thee a fable. Once upon a time a gourd wound itself around a lofty palm, and in a few weeks climbed to its very top.

"How old mayest thou be?" inquired the gourd.

"A hundred years," answered the palm.

"A hundred years!" cried the gourd, in derision. "Only look; I have grown as tall as thou art in fewer days than thou countest years!"

"I know that very well," the palm made answer. "Every summer of my life a gourd has climbed up around me as proud as thou art and as short-lived as thou wilt be!"

Seyd heard, and then went away with head lowered.

A SHILLING'S WORTH.

A fellow who had just gone to town by railroad, being a stranger, strolled about for some time on the outskirts of a town in search of a barber. He finally discovered one, and requested the tonsorial operator to take off a shilling's worth of hair. The barber trimmed his locks very neatly, soaped up the remainder very handsomely, and then combed and brushed him up till his head looked as if it belonged to some other person than himself.

"Are you done?" asked the stranger, as the barber removed the napkin from his neck.

"Yes, sir," said the barber with a low bow.

"Are you certain that you took off a shilling's worth?"

"Yes, sir; there's a glass; you can look for yourself."

"Well," said the stranger, "if you think you have taken a shilling's worth off, I don't know as I have changed, so you can take the hair for your trouble."

On hearing this, the barber made a jump for the man; whereupon the man made a jump for the door, which not being bolted, he bolted himself.

A TRUTHFUL SKETCH.

Let a man fail in business, what an effect it has on his former creditors! Men who have taken him by the arm, laughed and chatted with him by the hour, shrug their shoulders, and pass on with a cold "How do you do?"

Every trifle of a bill is hunted up and presented that would not have seen light for months to come, but for the misfortunes of the debtor. If it is paid, well and good; if not, the scowl of the sheriff perhaps meets him at the corner. A man who has never failed knows but little of human nature.

In prosperity he sails along gently, wafted by favorable smiles and kind words from everybody. He prides himself on his name and spotless character, and makes his boast that he has not an enemy in the world. Alas! the change. He looks at the world in a different light when reverses come upon him. He reads suspicion on every brow. He hardly knows how to move, or to do this thing or the other; there are spies about him, a writ is ready for his back. To know what quality of stuff the world is made of, a person must be unfortunate, and stop paying once in his lifetime. If he has kind friends, then they are made manifest. A failure is a moral sieve, it brings out the wheat, and shows the chaff. A man thus leans that words and pretended good-will are not and do not constitute real friendship.

ROADS TO RUIN.

It is the easiest thing in the world to find one of these roads, for they run in all directions over the social planet. They present, as the advertisements have it, a "wide field for choice." They comprise highways and byways, round-about roads and cuts across, smooth paths and rough paths, ascents and descents; and as they intersect each other at points innumerable, travellers to the common terminus can turn out of the road they have started on into a new one at their pleasure.

The outfit for the journey, be it long or short, is not of much consequence, since destitution and despair await all who persist in pursuing it. Some set out with pockets full of gold; others with their pockets empty, hoping to fill them by the way. To some, the fiend, Speculation, plays the cicerone, marshalling them to seeming Doradoes in the distance, that melt in moonshine as they travel on. The will-o'-the-wisp, with his paste-board signals, beguiles others to the brink of the precipice, whence they tumble headlong into irremediable shame. The goblin, Gin, heads a caravan of self-destructivists, whose name is legion. All "easily-besetting sins" pull one way, and betray their victims into one or the other of the many roads to ruin. The only trustworthy safeguard against their enticements is resistance at the outset. When morbid appetite or inclination pulls ruinward, brace the moral system against it; pity manhood against temptation; ask help from Heaven. Christian firmness is more than a match for Satan and all his agents. Misfortune may overtake any man; but misfortune is not ruin. In that terrible word, in its true interpretation, is involved a loss of character, of self-respect, or moral courage, of all that renders life valuable. Beware of the first step leading to such a consummation.

THE CADI'S JUSTICE.

The old *lex talionis* or rule of "eye for eye," "tooth for tooth," is now considered cruel in practice, and is rarely enforced in civilized courts, but a threat of it is sometimes wholesome, as showing the danger it might bring to the punisher.

A poor Turkish slater, of Constantinople, being at work upon the roof of a house, lost his footing, and fell into the narrow street upon a man who chanced to be passing at the time.

The pedestrian was killed by the concussion, while the slater escaped without material injury.

A son of the deceased caused the slater to be arrested and brought before the Cadi, where he made the most grave charge, and claimed ample redress.

The Cadi listened attentively, and in the end asked the slater what he had to say in his defence.

"Dispenser of justice," answered the accused, in a humble mood, "it is even as this man says; but God forbid that there should be evil in my heart. I am a poor man, and do not know how I can make amends."

The son of the man who had been killed, thereupon demanded that condign punishment should be inflicted upon the accused. The Cadi reflected a few moments, and finally said: "It shall be so."

Then to the slater he continued: "Thou shalt stand in the street where the father of this man stood when thou didst fall upon him."

And to the accuser he added: "And thou shalt, if it so please thee, go upon the roof,

and fall upon the culprit, even as he did fall upon thy father. Allah is great!"

A GOOD FOUNDATION.

Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, one of the committee of five who drew up the Declaration of Independence, was a shoemaker by trade. John Adams esteemed him highly, and called him "One of the soundest and strongest pillars of the Revolution."

The two elements of character that lifted him from humble life to high position were good sense and inflexible integrity. He was neither brilliant nor eloquent, but his good sense made him wise in counsel, and his integrity gained for him universal esteem and confidence. The humble shoemaker was among the most honored of the judges of Connecticut, and for nineteen years one of the most distinguished members of Congress. Thomas Jefferson pointed him out to a friend as the man "who had never said a foolish thing in all his life." His success proves the great worth of common sense and integrity as the foundations of character.

THE LANGUAGE OF NATURE.

There is no language which can speak more intelligibly to the thoughtful mind than the language of nature; and it is repeated to us, as it were, every year, to teach us trust and confidence in God. It tells us that the power which first created existence is weakened by no time, and subject to no decay; it tells us that, in the majesty of His reign, a thousand years are but as one day, while, in the beneficence of it one day is as a thousand years; it tells us still further, that, in the magnificent system of His government, there exists no evil; that the appearances which, to our limited view, seem pregnant with destruction, are, in the mighty extent of His providence, the source of returning good; and that, in the very hours when we might conceive nature to be deserted and forlorn, the spirit of the Almighty is operating with increasing force, and preparing in silence the world's renovation.

EXPANSIONS OF SOLIDS BY HEAT.

The expansion of solids by heat is exemplified in the following cases: A glass stopper sticking fast in the neck of a bottle often may be released by surrounding the neck with a cloth taken out of warm water, or by immersing the bottle in warm water up to the neck; the binding ring is thus heated and expanded sooner than the stopper, and so becomes slack or loose upon it. In an iron railing, a gate, which, during a cold day, may be loose and easily shut and opened, in a warm day may stick, owing to there being greater expansion of it and the neighboring railings than of the earth on which they are placed. The iron pillars now so much used to support the front walls, of which the ground stories serve as shops with spacious windows, in warm weather really lift up the wall which rests upon them, and in cold weather allow it again to sink or subside. The pitch of a pianoforte or harp is lowered in a warm day or in a warm room, owing to the expansion of the strings being greater than of the wood frame-work; and in cold the reverse will happen. A harp or piano, which is well tuned in a morning drawing-room, cannot be perfectly in tune when the crowded evening party has heated the room.

CARRIER PIGEONS.

One of the best towns in the world for carrier pigeons is Antwerp, and for many years past annual races of seventy or eighty birds have been flown from there to Paris—which latter city, by the way, fully realized the importance of utilizing these little messengers during the late war. It is stated that Belgian societies possess nearly a million of these interesting birds. Their method of training them is severe. In the month of April, as soon as the young birds can fly, they are taken by short stages of two or three leagues at first in the direction of the place fixed for trial, and the distances rapidly increased as their observation and intelligence are developed. Thus they become eventually acquainted with all the conspicuous landmarks of the journey. Special trains run on Saturdays exclusively for the transportation of the pigeons. The trains are ordinarily composed of twenty luggage waggons, each wagon containing fifty baskets, and each basket holding forty or fifty pigeons. Thus at the least estimation we have the number of forty thousand pigeons on a single train. It is curious to watch the opening of the baskets at the different stations. The pigeons on being released wheel and turn until they have rightly adjusted their course, then in a compact body they rise higher and higher and are soon lost to view. The first who reach their homes are the ones selected to take long journeys. The speed of the carrier pigeon is estimated to be about eighty miles an hour. For example, a good carrier pigeon will accomplish a journey from Lyons to Brussels in four hours or four hours and a half. In earlier days when most relied upon, the pigeon despatch was necessarily of the briefest nature; but science and art have combined to render this means of communication more complete; and now through the effective medium of the microscope and camera thirty-five hundred de-

spatches of twenty-five words each can be carried by one of these aerial messengers.

THE END OF SUMMER.

The harvest fields are ready for the husbandmen. The fruits of the season are ripe and mellow. The leaves are already beginning to fade and wither, and are only waiting for the first frosts to give them their autumn tints of gold and crimson. The air, clear, cool and invigorating. It is the last evening of summer.

It brings to us many thoughts that are both sad and pleasant ones. It recalls many memories, that are both sorrowful and joyous, of summers that have gone; roses that have budded, bloomed and faded; of hopes deferred; of fancies that were too bright for human realization; of friendships we have known, and of loved ones that have passed away.

We have watched with feelings of pleasure the leaves and delicate blossoms of the trees as they appeared in the spring time, fresh and beautiful, and we have felt emotions of almost regret and pain "when the flying gold of the ruined woodlands drive through the air."

Life has its seasons. They are as distinct and different from each other as the seasons of the year, though the boundary line that lies between them is imperceptible; for we glide gradually from one into the other, like the gradations of color and shade that express the distances in a beautiful painting.

Like the summer of the year, the summer of our lives is that time when there is the most labor to be done. Everything is earnest and real, and at its close a man is ready to reap the reward of his labors, as a farmer gathers the harvest into his granary. And the recompense conforms perfectly to his respective industry or indolence; for industry, perseverance and good actions bring their corresponding pleasures and blessings, as surely as misdeeds, errors and wasted opportunities produce, ultimately, sorrow and distress. Circumstances have not so much to do with man's prosperity or adversity as many people imagine. The principle of attributing man's good and ill fortune entirely to luck, is the favorite excuse of those whose lack of energy and application in business have been the prime causes of their poor success in getting along in the world.

"The soul of man
Createth its own destiny of power
And as the trial is intenser here
His being hath a nobler strength in heaven."

WHAT A KIND WORD DID.

There was once a boy named Robert, who passed off for a dull boy among his companions, and was ridiculed and called "blunder-bus," etc.

It happened one day that some of the members of the school committee were examining the pupils in drawing. With downcast eyes Robert held up his specimens amid the suppressed laughter of his comrades.

"Don't be ashamed, my boy," said one whom we will call Mr. Curtiss. "I have made worse looking trees and horses when I began to draw. Go on, you'll conquer—and even surpass me, I'm thinking." He then drew a sketch and gave it to the boy, saying, "There, see what can be done by perseverance."

This little incident gave Robert a start in life. Those words were for him as a solid capital well invested.

Several years after, Mr. Curtiss was extolling some architectural drawings which a friend had shown him. He commended in the highest terms both the designs and their style of execution.

"The architect considers himself indebted to you for his success," said his friend.

"Me," exclaimed Mr. Curtiss. "I don't understand."

"Do you remember encouraging a boy at the hillside school, and giving him this sketch?" replied the other producing the small drawing before mentioned.

"That boy," continued the informant, "is the originator and executor of these designs. At the time you spoke to him he was much depressed by reason of the incessant and torturing persecutions of his schoolmates, and was on the point of giving up school altogether, and going to work with his father at his trade which was that of a carpenter. Your words, however, nerved him with new energy and spirit, and your little sketch became to him as a talisman throughout the whole of his subsequent life."

IF I ONLY HAD CAPITAL.

"If I only had capital," said a young man, as he puffed a ten cent cigar, "I would do something."

"If I only had capital," said another, as he walked away from the dramshop, "I would go into business."

Young man with the cigar, you are smoking away your capital. You from the dramshop are drinking yours and destroying your body at the same time. Dimes make dollars. Time is money. Don't wait for a fortune to begin with. Our men of power and influence did not start with fortunes. You, too, can make your mark if you will, but you must stop squandering your money; and spending your time in idleness.

Sawdust and Chips.

The mosquito, as a public singer, draws well, but never gives satisfaction.

What is harder than earning money? Collecting it.

What did Lot do when his wife turned to salt? Got a fresh one.

A man who had a scolding wife being asked what he did for a living, replied that he "kept a hot house."

An experienced boy says he regards hunger and the chastening rod as about the same thing. They both make a boy holler.

A husband can readily foot the bill of a wife who is not afraid of being seen footing the stocking of her husband.

Good.—A wit once asked a peasant what part he performed in the great drama of life. "I mind my own business," was the reply.

"Corn bread?" said an English waiter, in a London restaurant to a Yankee guest, "corn bread! We haven't any, sir, but isn't it corn beef you mean?"

A New England advertiser wants a woman who fears the Lord and weighs 200 pounds, and the editor of the paper remarks that "the experience of most men is that the women who weigh 200 pounds rarely fears the Lord or anybody else."

An orator recently remarked in his fine peroration, "Innocence is like an umbrella, when once we have lost it we can never hope to see it back again."

A city fop who was taking an airing in the country, tried to amuse himself by quizzing an old farmer about his bald head, who solemnly remarked, "Young man, when my head gets as soft as yours, I can raise hair to sell."

A man a hundred years old went to have a pair of shoes made. The shoemaker suggested that he might not live to wear them out, when the old man retorted that he commenced this one hundred years a great deal stronger than he did the last one.

A crazy man having got into the gallery of the Senate of the United States during a rambling debate, was taken out, the sergeant-at-arms telling him that he was "out of place in that gallery." "That's so," said the lunatic; "I ought to be on the floor with the senators."

If twenty-seven inches of snow yield three inches of water, how much milk will a cow give when fed on Swedish turnips? To ascertain, multiply the flakes of snow by the hairs of the cow's tail; then divide the product by a turnip, and a pound of chalk, and the sum will be the answer.

A wee Boston lady was busily engaged the other day in administering to the wants of a sick doll, and when asked by her mother what was the matter with it, she replied that it "had got the Coliseum."

"I'm afraid I'm sitting on your crinoline, ma'am." "Oh never mind, sir, it's of no consequence; you can't hurt it." "No, ma'am, it's not that; but the confounded thing hurts me."

"How many children have you?" inquired a gentleman of one of his laborers, looking around in surprise upon the family. "Better than a dozen, sir." "I only make out eleven," said the gentleman. "Faith, isn't that better than a dozen, when you have to feed 'em?" exclaimed the laborer.

A lady in Lewiston, Me., has a dress which she has worn every summer for twenty-five years. The dry goods men look upon her with perfect scorn, while she is beloved by every married man in town.

This is an exact copy of an advertisement posted on a tree near the house of the woman who lost the cow: "Strayed or Stolen—A large Red Cow, with Yaller Specks on her left side, and a pair of white specks on her right ear. She is about seven or eight years old, and belongs to a poor widow without a tail. Ten dollars will be given to anybody who will turn her to Newark. June 17, 180069."

The conceit was well taken out of a dandy preacher in Tennessee on this wise: "Some years ago, a drunken loafer staggered into a country tavern on the mountains near Sparta, in this State, and asked to stay all night. The landlord refused to admit him, stating that there were four or five Methodist preachers in the house, and he would not have them annoyed by him. The weather was very cold, and the fellow begged so hard that the landlord yielded on condition that he would keep perfectly quiet. After supper he took his seat by the fire, with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. In this position he sat for an hour, adhering to his promise to 'keep quiet.' Among the preachers was the Presiding Elder of the Sparta district—a sedate dignified old gentleman—listening to the spouting of a conceited, self-important young preacher, whom the elder had never met before. The dandy preacher paced the floor, twirling his gold-headed cane, boasting of what he could do, when the elder asked him, 'Brother, are you married?' "Yes, I married one of the Lord's children." "The loafer, who had not spoken, slowly raised his head and drawled out, 'See here, stranger, I'll bet you my horse you'll never see your daddy-in-law.'"

Grains of Gold.

Ignorance bridges the tongue of the wise, but gives perpetual motion to that of the fool.

Waste of wealth is sometimes retrieved; waste of health, seldom; but waste of time, never.

Nature preaches cheerfulness in her saddest mood; she covers even forgotten graves with flowers.

Discretion has large and extended views, and like a well formed eye commands a whole horizon.

Everyone's life lies within the present; for the past is spent and done with, and the future is uncertain.

A great surgical operation—to take the cheek out of a young man, and the jaw out of a scolding woman.

The most beautiful may be the most admired and caressed, but they are not always the most esteemed and loved.

The true motives of our actions, like the reed-pipes of an organ, are usually concealed; but the gilded and hollow pretext is pompously placed in the front for show.

Zealous men are ever displaying to you the strength of their belief, while judicious men are showing you the grounds of it.

A brave man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other by forgiving it.

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.

FASHION.—Be neither too early in the fashion, nor too long out of it; nor at any time in the extremes of it.

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

Every man who is fond of preaching economy to his wife should ask himself how often he practices that self-denial, in little personal expenditures, which he is constantly recommending to her.

Often from our weaknesses our strongest principles of conduct are born; and from the acorn, which a breeze has wafted, springs the oak which defies the storm.

Kind words are the flowers of earth's existence; use them, and especially around the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price, and are powerful to heal the wounded heart and to make the weighed down spirit glad.

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.

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.

Men's lives should be like the day, more beautiful in the evening; or, like the summer, aglow with promise; and, like the autumn, rich with golden sheaves, where good words and deeds have ripened on the field.

Do not lean upon others. It seldom pays. Energetic men do not care to aid a man who never helps himself. It is absurd for any man to call himself unfortunate who has done nothing but to depend upon others, when he might have cut out a way to honor and fortune for himself.

Strangely do some people talk of "getting over" a great sorrow; overlapping it, passing it by, thrusting it into oblivion. Not so. No one ever does that—at least, no nature which is touched by the feeling of grief at all. The only way is to pass through the ocean of affliction solemnly, slowly, with humility and faith, as the Israelites passed through the sea. Then its very waves of misery will divide and become to us a wall on the right side and on the left, until the gulf narrows and narrows before our eyes, and we land safe on the opposite shore.

"How far is it to Cub Creek?" asked a traveller of a Dutch woman at a toll gate in Canada.—"Only about a little ways."—"Is it four, six, eight, or ten miles?" impatiently asked the fretful traveller.—"Yas, I dinks it is," serenely replied the unmoved gatekeeper.

Too CUNNING.—A gentleman sent a lad with a letter to the post office, and money to pay the postage. Having returned the money, he said, "I've done the thing slick. I seen a good many folks putting letters in the post-office through a hole, and so I watched my chance, and got mine in for nothing."

Bow Wow.—At a public table the other day, two "gentlemen" got into a vehement dispute upon a subject of which they were profoundly ignorant. A large dog, whose slumbers on the hearth were disturbed by the altercation, rose up, and began to bark furiously. "Hold your tongue, you brute," said an old gentleman, who had been quietly sipping his wine; "you know no more about it than they do." The table was instantly in a roar, and the brawlers were abashed.

WHAT HE WOULD LIKE.

As Deacon A., on an extremely cold morning in the old times, was riding by the house of a neighbor Potter, the latter was chopping wood. The usual salutations were exchanged, the severity of the weather briefly discussed and the horseman made demonstrations of passing on, when his neighbor detained him with:—

"Don't be in a hurry, deacon, wouldn't you like a glass of old Jamaica this morning?"

"Thank you kindly," said the old gentleman, at the same time beginning to dismount with all the deliberation becoming a deacon. "Don't care if I do."

"Ah, don't trouble yourself to get off, deacon," said the neighbor. "I merely asked for information. We haven't a drop in the house." The deacon sighed, mounted his horse and rode off.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE, TORONTO TIME.

GRAND TRUNK EAST.			
DETROIT TO TORONTO.			
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Detroit - Leave	6.50	4.00	6.30
Port Huron -	9.25	7.00	9.00
Sarnia -	10.20	0.00	9.45
London - Leave	11.20	7.30 a.m.	2.45 p.m.
	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Stratford - Leave	1.50	0.00	1.25
Guelph -	3.45	7.30	3.10
Toronto - Arrive	6.00	10.15	5.25
TORONTO TO MONTREAL.			
	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Toronto -	6.22	0.00	5.37
Whitby -	8.00	0.00	7.07
Oshawa -	0.00	0.00	7.15
Bowmanville -	0.00	0.00	7.35
Port Hope -	9.25	0.00	8.30
Cobourg -	9.40	0.00	8.55
Belleville -	11.30	0.00	11.15
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Napanee -	12.15	0.00	12.00
Kingston -	1.10	0.00	1.35
Brockville -	3.00	0.00	3.35
Ottawa -	10.00	0.00	12.00 noon
	Arr	Leave	Arr
Prescott Jn -	3.00	0.00	4.10
Cornwall -	3.35	0.00	4.10
Montreal - Arrive	5.50	0.00	6.25
GOING WEST—MONTREAL TO TORONTO.	8.00	9.10	9.30
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Montreal - Leave	8.00	5.00	6.00
Cornwall -	11.00	0.00	9.15
	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Prescott Junction	1.10	0.00	11.25
Ottawa - Arrive	3.45	0.00	0.00
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Kingston -	4.05	0.00	2.00
Cobourg -	8.25	0.00	6.15
Bowmanville -	9.35	0.00	7.35
Oshawa -	10.00	0.00	8.00
Whitby -	10.12	0.00	8.12
Toronto - Arrive	11.30	0.00	9.30
TORONTO TO DETROIT.			
	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Toronto - Lve	11.30	3.45	7.30
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Guelph -	1.50	5.28	9.25
Stratford -	3.30	7.45	12 n.n.
London Arrive	0.00	9.10	2.10
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Sarnia -	6.45	0.00	3.30
Port Huron -	6.35	6.45	3.30
Detroit - Arrive	9.15	11.00	6.05

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

MAIN LINE—GOING WEST.					
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Suspension Br.	7.00	12.40	4.40	5.50	1.20
Hamilton	7.20	9.00	2.10	6.20	1.30
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Paris -	0.00	10.25	3.23	7.37	12.55
London -	6.45	12.50	5.25	0.00	2.45
	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Chatham	1.05	3.30	7.50	0.00	5.05
Windsor	4.20	5.15	9.20	0.00	6.45
MAIN LINE—GOING EAST.					
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Windsor	4.20	7.45	8.25	11.30	7.45
Chatham	6.05	11.20	9.55	1.10	9.10
London	6.00	8.40	0.00	12.35	3.55
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Paris -	7.40	10.20	0.00	2.10	6.05
Hamilton	9.10	11.35	0.00	3.35	7.35
Sus'n Br	10.55	1.00	p.m.	5.35	9.30
TORONTO TO HAMILTON.					
	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Toronto - Leave	7.00	11.50	4.00	4.00	8.00
Hamilton - Arrive	8.45	1.40	p.m.	6.00	9.40
HAMILTON TO TORONTO.					
	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Hamilton - Leave	9.10	11.30	3.35	7.40	7.40
Toronto - Arrive	11.00	1.25	p.m.	5.30	9.30

NORTHERN RAILWAY.

Moving North.		Moving South.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Toronto	7.00	4.00	Collingwood
Newmarket	8.50	5.30	Barrie
Barrie	10.30	7.35	Newmarket
Collingwood	12.20	9.20	Toronto
arrive p.m.			City Hall

TORONTO AND NIPISSING RAILWAY.

GOING NORTH.			
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Toronto -	7.05	3.50	5.10
Markham -	8.30	5.10	6.35
Uxbridge -	9.45	6.35	8.25
Midland Junction -	11.35	8.25	
GOING SOUTH.			
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Midland Junction -	6.30	2.00	3.35
Uxbridge -	8.05	3.35	5.10
Markham -	9.20	5.15	6.40
Toronto -	10.45	6.40	

T. G. AND B. RAILWAY.

GOING WEST.		GOING EAST.	
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Toronto -	7.30	3.45	Mt. Forest - 6.00
Orangeville -	10.35	6.50	Orangeville - 8.30
Mt. Forest -	1.00	9.20	Toronto - 11.30

THE FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' HOUSE FOR DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING.



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OF READY-MADE CLOTHING. SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO BOYS' AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING, MILLINERY AND MANTLES, CARPETS AND GENERAL HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, TORONTO AND LONDON.

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Having increased our stock of machinery and material, we wish to inform tradesmen and others that we are prepared to execute orders for

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LEAVE YOUR ORDERS FOR

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- PROGRAMMES,
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And no efforts spared to give satisfaction.

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MAT'S, MAT'S, MAT'S.

FOR CHOICE DRINKS

GO TO **MAT'S!**

IF YOU WANT TO SPEND A PLEASANT EVENING,

GO TO **MAT'S.**

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ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN.

HEAD OFFICE FOR WESTERN CANADA: 2 TORONTO STREET TORONTO.

Incorporated 1820. Commenced Business in Canada in 1850.

Accumulated Assets, July 1, 1871, over.....	\$16,000,000
Annual Income.....	6,000,000
Surplus over all Liabilities.....	3,000,000
Deposited with Canadian Government.....	100,000
Already paid to Widows and Orphans in Canada, nearly.....	200,000

ALL POLICIES STRICTLY NON-FORFEITING.

No money paid to this Company can ever be lost by discontinuing payments after the second year. The policy remains good, on application, for more insurance than the Cash paid in.

This Old, Reliable, and Most Successful Company affords great advantages in Life Insurance.

AN ANNUAL REVENUE OF OVER \$6,000,000.

Over \$16,000,000 Safely Invested at Interest.

JOHN GARVIN, MANAGER.

M. McCABE, PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER,

165 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO, (OPPOSITE COLLEGE AVENUE.) Hearses, Carriages, Scarfs, Gloves, and Craps, furnished at funerals. Fleck's Patent Metallic Cases on hand. M. McCABE has been appointed City Undertaker by His Worship the Mayor.

L. SIEVERT, IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

CIGARS, TOBACCO AND SNUFF, And every description of Tobacconist's Goods, 70 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO.

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CRAWFORD & SMITH, 91 King Street East,

Do 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 ready money.

NEW DRESS FABRICS AT HALF PRICE

CRAWFORD & SMITH Are now showing One Case LIGHT MARL COSTUME CLOTHS at 25 Cents per yard, sold all along at 40 and 45 Cents per yard.

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A JOB LOT OF BLACK SILK

WHICH WILL BE SOLD VERY CHEAP.

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SHIRTS, TIES, COLLARS,

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The Life, Speeches, Labors and Essays

OF

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Price \$1 50, sent by Mail or Express, prepaid, on receipt of price.

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IT CAN'T BE DENIED,

That our straightforward ONE PRICE, PLAIN FIGURE SYSTEM, Has gained the entire confidence of the public.

OUR STOCK IS NEW, And was bought under the most Advantagous Circumstances, And will be sold at prices which will satisfy even the closest buyers.

"STAR" Dry Goods & Clothing House

NOTED FOR CHEAP GOODS AND SQUARE DEALING.

OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

now complete in every requisite in Millinery Goods. We have spared no expense in procuring The Most Approved Styles, FROM LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, AND NEW YORK.

We can confidently state that we are now showing one of the most SUPERB MILLINERY stocks in the Dominion. We solicit an early inspection from our lady patrons.

G. & J. W. COX & CO., GOLDEN BONNET.

OPENED OUT THIS WEEK, A Third Delivery of LONDON AND PARIS PATTERN BONNETS, HATS, JACKETS, and WATERPROOF CLOAKS,

Which makes our stock complete for this season. Milliners from the Western towns are specially invited to call and see our Patterns before making selections, CRAWFORD & SMITH, 91 King Street East.

CRAWFORD & SMITH, Have received ex S. S. "Rydal Hall," GENTS' HAND-KNITTED FINGERING SOCKS.

Gents' Lamb's Wool Socks. n Stripes, Fancy Mixtures and Plain Colours, in three different sizes. French Merinos, Rich Striped Dress Goods, all Wool Tartans, Tartan Long Shawls, Rich Ottoman Striped Wrap Shawls, Anglo-Indian Shawls, Gimps, Buttons, and Fringes, Children's Tartan Hose, &c.

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Has a Splendid Stock of Woollens for Winter Clothing, HIS CLOTHING is noted to LOOK WELL! FIT WELL! WEAR WELL! HIS PRICES compare with any one's in the city. HIS TERMS ARE CASH ONLY.

N. McEACHREN, MERCHANT TAILOR, & C. Officers' Uniforms of every description, made to order, and everything necessary to an Officers' Outfit supplied at the shortest notice. 191 Yonge Street.

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China Covers and Biscuit Bowls, Game Pie Dishes, Fancy Table Flower Pots, Fancy Table Decorations, Victoria Flower Stands, Bohemian Vases, Stone Filters, Smoking Sets, Plated Goods and Cutlery. Irish Bellrock China. GLOVER HARRISON, IMPORTER.

J. YOUNG, LATE FROM G. Armstrong's Undertaking Establishment, Montreal, UNDERTAKER,

361 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. Funerals Furnished with every Requisite. AGENT FOR FISK'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES.

NOTICE. SALE OF TIMBER BERTHS.

DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS, Toronto, 1st August, 1872.

A Sale, by Public Auction, of Timber Berths, on the North shore of Lake Huron, and North of French River will be held at the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto, at Twelve noon, on

Tuesday, the Fifteenth day of October next.

The Berths to be offered for sale are projected Townships estimated at an area each of thirty-six square miles, where the outlines are regular; each Township to be put up as one berth and sold as such, and to be adjudged to the person bidding the highest amount of bonus per square mile therefor; payment for the same to be made on the day of sale, by depositing the amount of purchase to the credit of the Department of Crown Lands, in a Bank authorized to receive deposits on account of the Government of Ontario.

All Berths sold to be subject to correction with respect to area, under the first clause of the Crown Timber Regulations.

Licenses for Berths sold will be issued subject to the "Crown Timber Regulations" one month after date of sale, and payment of bonus and ground-rent for current season.

No deduction, from area sold, allowed for water.

The Department reserves the right to one bid on each Berth; and also the right to grant special licenses to cut fuel on the Berths sold, for the supply of coasting steamers.

A map showing the Berths to be disposed of may be seen at the Woods and Forests' Office, Department of Crown Lands, on and after the 15th inst.

R. W. SCOTT, Commissioner.

Note.—The area to be offered as Timber Berths is very extensive, embracing all unsold and unlicensed lands of the Crown north of Lake Huron and North of French River, and West of the Indian Reserve on Lake Nipissing, to the Eastern boundary of the Townships of Aweres and Vankoughnet, extending North from the Indian Reserve on Lake Nipissing an estimated distance of 24 miles, thence due west to the north-east angle of the Township of Vankoughnet.

Maps of the Territory are for sale by Messrs. Copp, Clark & Co., No. 17 King street East, Toronto.

H. STONE, UNDERTAKER.



337 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. Funerals furnished to order. Fisk's Metallic Burial Cases always on hand. REFRIGERATOR COFFINS supplied when required.

133 YONGE STREET. 133

G. W. LYNN & CO. celebrated for their BOOTS AND SHOES. No Better Stock in the Market. G. W. LYNN & CO., 133 YONGE STREET.

133 YONGE STREET. 133

GOLDEN BOOT, 200 YONGE STREET,

WM. WEST & CO.,

A SPLENDID STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES, IN GREAT VARIETY, Suitable for Workingmen and their Families, CHEAP FOR CASH. Call and see for yourselves.

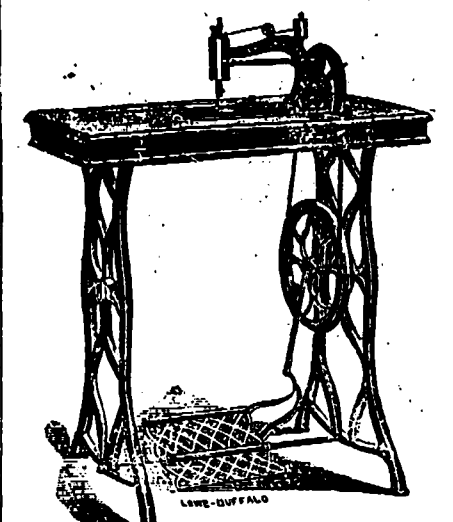
ONE OF THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCKS OF New Fancy Dress Goods

In the City, at all Prices. NEW SELF-COLOR DRESSES, NEW JAPANESE SILK DRESSES, NEW WASHING DO., 33 cents a yard. NEW BLACK SILKS, NEW MOURNING DRESSES, NEW PRINTS, COTTON, &c., &c.

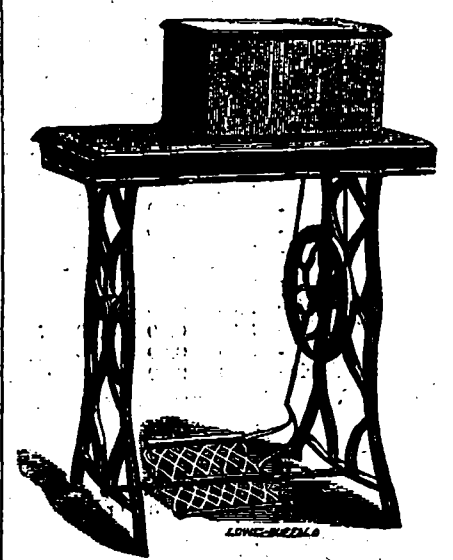
OUR OWN DIRECT IMPORTATIONS, CHEAP FOR CASH. C. PAGE & SONS, London House, 104 and 106 Yonge Street.

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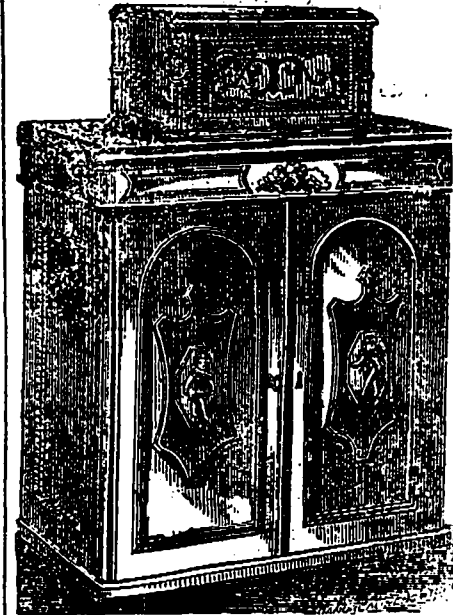
HAND MACHINE, PRICE \$25.00.



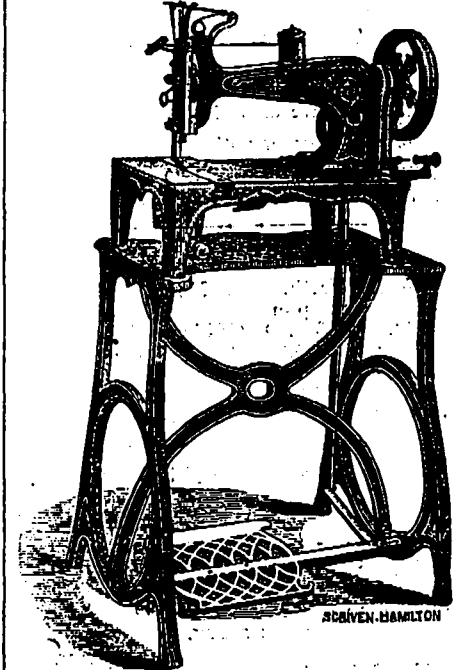
No. 1—PLAIN TOP, PRICE \$32.00.



No. 2—HALF CABINET CASE, PRICE \$35.00.



No. 3—FULL CABINET CASE, PRICE \$45.00 AND UPWARDS.



No. 2—SINGER, PRICE \$55.00.

The above Machines are the best and cheapest in the market.

WILSON, LOCKMAN & Co., Manufacturers, HAMILTON, ONT

Miscellaneous.

TO MECHANICS AND

A. S. IRVING, 35 King Street West, Toronto,

Keeps on hand a large stock of all kinds of Mechanical and Scientific Books,

AND ALSO ALL THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

Give him a call.

AGRICULTURAL Fire insurance Company.

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA: KINGSTON.

CAPITAL, - - - - - \$850,000.

Deposited at Ottawa for Benefit of Policy Holders, \$100,000.

This Company insures nothing but private dwellings and their contents, and in consequence of conducting the business upon this non-hazardous principle, the Premiums of Insurance are much lower.

WORKINGMEN

About to insure their houses or furniture, would do well to call and consult the Agent for this Company before insuring elsewhere.

A. W. SMITH, 3 Manning's Block, FRONT ST., TORONTO.

10-16

THE ONTARIO WORKMAN

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DEVOTED TO THE

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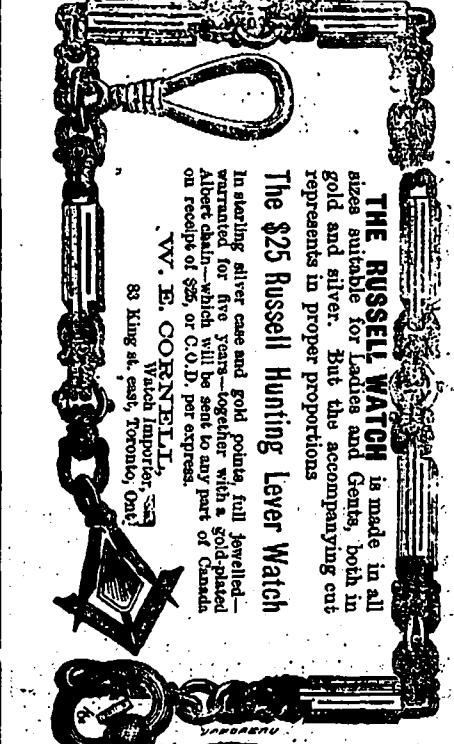
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