

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 52

Labor Notes.

The Dunfermlin operative joiners and cabinet makers have accepted a rise of 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per hour, instead of 6d. as demanded. This prevents the threatened strike.

The carpenters, joiners, and bricklayers of Birmingham have agreed to settle their demands for an advance of wages and alterations in the time rules by arbitration.

The Bookbinders of Belfast, some weeks ago, made a demand for the 54 hours system, which being refused by the employers, a strike has resulted, and is now in progress.

The demand of the Warwickshire miners for a rise of 10 per cent. has been refused. Another great spring strike is therefore considered imminent. The Union offers to accept arbitration.

At a meeting of the joiners of Edinburgh held recently in St. Mary's Hall, it was agreed to accept of the offer of the employers—viz., 7d. per hour, being an advance of one half-penny per hour.

At a general meeting of the Edinburgh coach painters, held in Buchanan's Hotel on Saturday night, the 8th instant, it was made known that three of the shops have conceded the advance of wages requested by the men—viz., 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. and 7d. per hour.

At a late meeting of baker strikers in Elgin, Scotland, an enthusiast concluded his address with the following:—

"May the cock of Scotland never crow,
May the rose of England never blow,
May the harp of Ireland never play,
Till we poor bakers get better pay."

The ironmoulders of Paisley, Renfrew, Johnstone, and Barrhead, have notified to their employers that they wish a reduction of their weekly working hours from fifty-four to fifty-one. At present they work fifty-four hours in the week, but are paid extra time after fifty-one.

Three new Unions have been added to our list since the issue of the last Journal: No. 1 of California, Sacramento, organized by Deputy President Thomas Strohm; and No. 27 of New York, Troy, organized by Bro. John Hart; No. 28 of N. Y., New York City, (Swiss Union), by Bro. Philip Miller.—*M. & B. Journal.*

At a late meeting of cab proprietors of Berlin, the reply of the Minister of Congress to the petition sent by them to the Emperor was read. The Minister therein promises a thorough investigation of their grievances, but expects, however, that in the private and commercial interests of the public the petitioners will immediately resume the traffic. The meeting thereupon authorized the chairman to declare that until such an investigation had been concluded they would resume running at the old rates. The chairman at once entered into communication with the Minister of Commerce and the President of the Police.

The shoemakers in the employment of Mr. Oowler, Commercial street, Dundee, to the number of sixty, have struck work in consequence, as they say, of that gentleman having broken the agreement entered into by the employers and employees in August last, regarding the price to be paid for first and second class work. The men assert that Mr. Oowler has introduced a new class of work, for which they say they ought to be paid first class price, but for which that gentleman will only pay as second class. The result of the dispute is, that the most of the men have now left the town rather than submit to what they consider a gross injustice.

THE FLAX-DRESSERS' STRIKE.—The strike among a portion of the flax-dressers still continues; but as it is confined to two shops, and the men are receiving encouragement and support from all quarters, it is not likely to last long. The number that struck work originally was forty-two, some of whom have left the town, and a few others have succeeded in getting work in other shops. Those who are still out of employment are receiving such good wages for going idle that it is not likely they will return upon the masters' terms. One good

feature in connection with the matter is that none of the other employers have sought to follow the example of the five who originated the dispute. Some of them are rather taking the part of the men, one of them having even gone the length of subscribing anonymously to the support of those who are out.

NOTES FROM PARIS.—Among the many meetings that have been held during the last week in Paris, we might mention the bookbinders, who have appointed a special committee to enquire into matters relating to strikes. The address of this society is No. 4, Rue Antoine, Buboia, Paris. The Syndical Chamber of gimp workers generally meets at the hall, held by M. Patras, 86, Boulevard de Belleville, Paris. The nail makers unite on Sunday to elect new committee men and to select a definitive meeting place. Workmen employed in the manufacture of mathematical instruments are contemplating an alliance with the turners of Paris, and a meeting for that purpose is to be held on Monday. The journeymen carpenters discussed on Sunday the question of candidates for the Council of Prud'hommes. The society of Mutual Credit instituted by the printers on tissues met last Sunday at the dwelling of M. Enneser, 4, Rue Levis, Batignolles, Paris, to organize the distribution of pensions to aged members. At No. 24, Rue Petrelle, the tailors' society la Solidarite, which we have already described, met to attend to the routine business of the association. The packers, the glove makers, the turners, and many other societies formed by different Paris trades also met.

THE BALLOT.

On the second reading of Mr. Tremblay's Ballot Bill, on Thursday evening last, Mr. H. B. Witton, M. P., for Hamilton, delivered the following able speech in favor of the measure:—

Mr. Witton said, I do not wish to express approval of the Bill now under discussion, but I am anxious that the House may express its opinion of the desirability to substitute for our very defective mode of voting for parliamentary representatives, that of voting by ballot. I am desirous that this question should be fully discussed, and that an unequivocal expression of the opinion of the House should be obtained before the introduction by the Premier of his proposed amendments to our election law. I confess to considerable diffidence lest I should fail to place before the House in so clear a light as they might be, and as the importance of the subject demands, the reasons which, in my opinion, make our adoption of the ballot highly desirable. I shall confine my arguments to the specific, practical advantages which, in my opinion, the adoption of this mode of voting would be almost certain to confer, and avoid as far as possible the introduction of arguments which have merely a theoretical or general value. I do this, not because I underrate the worth of the discussion of political theories, but in deference to that rigorous censorship which justly frowns on the introduction here of any subject which does not directly concern the business of the country. There is also less need to go over the whole ground of the general arguments in favor of the ballot, as almost every member of this House, and also most of our people, are more or less familiar with the recent thorough debate on this subject in the British Parliament. And for an exhaustive treatment of the whole subject we have only to turn over the pages of Hansard to the annual speeches in the English Commons of Mr. Grote—speeches now become classic—where the advocacy of this measure will be found marked by a point and power which have never been equalled; and by a cogency of reasoning and breadth of illustration which the most capable of his opponents found themselves unable to meet.

I would not wish to be thought an enthusiast on this subject, or that I for a moment imagine that the immediate introduction of this measure would materially affect the composition of this Chamber, or

the character of our people. But what I do think, and what I feel with an earnestness I cannot hope to express, is that this mode of voting would, if introduced, be certain to remove from our elections the turbulence, expense and intimidation which are so discreditable to us as a people, and which every member to whom I speak, as a lover of his country would gladly do whatever is in his power to remove. There is not a country in the world with representative institutions similar to our own, but has had the same evils attendant on their elections as these which afflict ourselves, and in many countries I frankly admit these evils have been greater than our own. And I believe we are now the only people who boast to be in the van of civilization, who have not become convinced of the expediency of resorting to the ballot in the conduct of elections. No task could be more thankless than that of exposing the evils of our own system. But I think that with protests now before the House against the return of one-fourth of its members, the necessity to amend our system is realized more forcibly from the actual state of things than it could be from any force of words. Fortunately I have not to fall back on mere individual statement as to the value of voting by ballot, but would refer the House to some authorities of the highest and most unimpeachable character. In 1869 a committee of 23 members was appointed by the British House of Commons to examine and report on the value of the ballot in the conduct of elections. The committee comprised men of the highest ability from both parties, and included Gathorne Hardy and John Bright in its numbers, with the Marquis of Hartington as chairman. They sat 27 days, and examined from different countries nearly eighty witnesses, to whom they put no less than thirteen thousand questions, embracing everything for and against the ballot. Nothing but the indisputable value of the conclusions to which these gentlemen came would be regarded by me as a sufficient apology for the great length at which I venture to quote their conclusions as evinced by the resolutions they submitted to the House.

Report on Elections.—Resolutions to be proposed by the Chairman:

XXX., Clause 5. That a large majority of the witnesses who have been examined have advocated the ballot, on the ground that it would secure freedom, tranquility and purity at elections, and that it is proved to your Committee that a great number of voters of all political opinions desire its adoption.

Clause 6. That the adoption of the ballot appears to tend greatly to the tranquility of elections.

Resolution to be moved by Mr. Bright.

XIV., Clause 3. That there is much evidence to show that the discontinuance of open voting and the substitution of vote by ballot would be of great advantage. The great weight of evidence given before this Committee leads to the conclusion that this change in the mode of voting would not only promote the tranquility of elections, but would also secure the voters from undue influence and intimidation, and introduce into elections a freedom and a purity which it is difficult, if not impossible, to secure under the present system of open voting.

Draft of report of that committee prepared by the Chairman, says:—

XIX. We have endeavored to extend our inquiry beyond the theoretical arguments which are usually employed by the advocates and opponents of the ballot, and to ascertain how it has worked in the British colonies, and in foreign states, where it has been adopted.

With this view we have examined witnesses from Victoria, New South Wales, South Australia and Tasmania, and have also received evidence as to the systems in use in France, Italy, and Greece.

The effect of this evidence has been to prove that where the ballot has been in operation, elections have been entirely free from intimidation, riot, or disorder.

It has also been proved that bribery and treating have been reduced to a minimum—and that the expenses of elections have been diminished.

The witnesses have been carefully examined in order to discover any defects which may exist in any of the various systems of balloting, or any abuses or disadvantages which may be inherent in any system of secret voting. We have failed to discover any defects which cannot be easily remedied, or any abuses to which open voting is not equally obnoxious.

Another English document of high value to which I beg leave to refer, is the published return of the answers of the Governors of the Australian Colonies to the official inquiries made by the Colonial Secretary as to results of the adoption of the ballot in their respective Provinces.

Earl of Belmore, Governor of Sydney, refers Earl of Kimberly to the testimony of Mr. Cowper, late First Minister of the Crown, who says:—"With regard to the secret voting there can be no doubt whatever that it has effectually prevented bribery;" and further on, "I have never heard of a case of bribery since the introduction of the ballot, the secret voting alone prevents it."

Viscount Centerbury, Governor of Victoria, to same: "I do believe that the existing system (of which the ballot is a part), under which votes are given, and received here, has exercised a continuous and very valuable influence in maintaining order and tranquility during contested elections."

Governor Sir James Ferguson, Adelaide, South Australia, to the same, "I am bound to state that the ballot is generally and remarkably popular in the colony (and further on), those who regret the institution of universal suffrage, and ascribe to it many mischiefs, consider the ballot to have had a mitigating influence, to have enabled often the superior and independent candidate to be returned; the employer to vote untrammelled by his workmen; the civil service by the Ministry; the tradesmen by their respective classes."

Returning Officer from said Province says: "No practical difficulties concerning bribery have arisen. Electors have been enabled to record their votes without any fear of intimidation, and no disorderly scenes have taken place at elections since its introduction under the Act of 1855-56. I believe that the greatest fear of intimidation would be from numbers acting in concert and not from dread of employers, and that the ballot as carried out in South Australia is a direct specific for such evils."

Governor Du Cane of Tasmania: "So far as the maintenance of good order at elections is concerned, I must express my decided opinion that the Tasmanian system of taking votes at elections is a successful one." In a sub-report from Tasmania of J. M. Wilson as Government officer, it is said "since the passing of the Electoral Act, 1856, there has been four general elections for the House of Assembly, and about three single elections per annum since. But since the introduction of Parliamentary institutions and responsible government, a period of fourteen years, there has been no prosecution for any offence under the Electoral Act; no member has been unseated on petition, and the only petitions against returns have been grounded on alleged non-compliance with the law, or some information on the part of the Returning Officer."

The evidence elicited by this committee and from these governors had weight enough to carry the law at present in operation in England, a law which, in the few cases conducted under it, has fully met the anticipations of its promoters. There is every reason to believe that a system of conducting elections which has worked so well in countries with similar institutions to our own, would work equally well with ourselves if we adopt it.

Many objections will, I doubt not, be urged, and some of them, most likely, worthy of careful consideration. But these it is not my intention to anticipate, with but one exception, namely: that the ballot tends to

Americanise our institutions. And this objection I must submit is puerile in the extreme. Why should we, sir, reject so advantageous an arrangement for the prevention of hubbub, expense, and the grave mal-practice from which scarcely a constituency in this country is free, because our neighbors, whose institutions are in some respects so different, though in most so similar, have had the sagacity to adopt it before us? This course would be discreditable alike to statesmanship, and ridiculous to common sense, a specimen of prejudice in ourselves as preposterous as any we complain of in our neighbors. I hope the hon. members will, with candor and fairness, bring their judgment to bear on this question, and I am in no way apprehensive of the result.

A REVOLUTION IN STONE WORKING.

The Fifth Avenue Hotel is not generally the place selected for the display of machinery, but there is on exhibition there one of the most marvellous pieces of mechanism ever made—the Gear-stone working machine, the production of Col. A. S. Gear, the well-known inventor of Boston. The Gear variety moulding machine, now in general use throughout the country, has long been known as a wonderful invention for the manipulation of wood, on which it would, at a trifling cost, reproduce any pattern desired upon the edge of wood. The stone machine, which has just been perfected, will do on stone what the variety moulder will on wood, and, in addition, place mouldings into the face of material; and its invention is, doubtless, as important to mechanical arts as the sewing machine in the domestic world.

In its operation this machine is strikingly simple. That part in which the cutting tools is placed, works on the principle of the human arm, and is as easily adaptable to the manipulation of a surface. On a table under it, the stone to be cut or worked is secured by clamps, which by an ingenious contrivance admit of placing the stone at any angle or in any position whatever. The tools used are set with black diamonds, and placed in the end or hand of the iron arm, that is provided with adjustable handles which the workman grasps. The pattern having been clamped upon the stone, all that is necessary is to set the machine in operation and it will carve out the stone much more accurately than is possible by hand, and in less than one hundredth part of the time. It may be so adjusted as to cut deep or shallow, and make any pattern of moulding or cutting required. It will surface granite with incredible rapidity. In fact every kind of stone is the same to it, whether it is of soft, laminated formation like slate, which cannot be fastened by hand, or the hardest granite.

Col. Gear has taken the rooms lately occupied by the Republican General Committee, and there are exhibited samples of its work. A joint stock company with a capital of \$1,500,000 has been formed in Boston to supply the New England demand. The company's first large work will be the erection of a block of stone buildings in the burnt district of that city. One machine will do the work of a hundred men, and its adaptability to any kind of work from mantles to the fluting of columns fore-shadows in a revolution in the stone trade, and greater elegance in architectural designs without increased expense.—*N. Y. Sun.*

It is reported that a strange phenomenon occurred at Port Dalhousie on Saturday, just before the storm broke forth. It is said the water in the harbor receded from the shore to a considerable distance, then returned with tremendous force, flooding the beach and strewing it with dead fish.

We observe that Mr. James Young, M. P., who presented the memorial of the Canadian Press Association for the abolition on newspapers, asks for a return showing the total revenue derived from postage on newspapers, and distinguishing, if possible, the amount derived from newspapers sent from the office of publication and those otherwise sent through the mails.

Poetry.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

She wasn't the least bit pretty,
And only the least bit gay;
And she walked with a firm, elastic tread,
In a business like kind of way.
Her dress was of coarse, brown woollen,
Plainly but neatly made,
Trimmed with some common ribbon
Or cheaper kind of braid;
And a hat with a broken feather,
And shawl of a modest plaid.

Her face seemed worn and weary,
And traced with lines of care,
As her nut-brown tresses blow aside
In the keen December air;
Yet she was not old, scarce twenty,
And her form was full and sleek;
But her heavy eye, and tired step,
Seemed of wearisome toil to speak;
She worked as a common factory girl,
For two dollars and a half a week.

Ten hours a day of labor
In a close, ill-lighted room,
Machinery's buzz for music,
Waste gas for sweet perfume;
Hot stifling vapors in summer,
Chill draughts on a winter's day,
No pause for rest or pleasure
On pain of being sent away,
So ran her civilized serfdom—
Four cents an hour the pay!

"A fair day's work," say the masters,
And "a fair day's pay," say the men;
There's a strike—a rise in wages,
What effect to the poor girl then?
A harder struggle than ever
The honest path to keep,
And to sink a little lower
Some humbler home to seek;
For rates are higher—her wages,
Two dollars and a half a week.

A man gets thrice the money,
But then a "man's a man,
And a woman surely can't expect
To earn as much as he can."
Of his hire the laborer's worthy,
Be the laborer who it may;
If a woman can do a man's work
She should have a man's full pay,
Not be left to starve—or sin—
On forty cents a day.

Two dollars and a half to live on,
Or starve on, if you will;
Two dollars and a half to dress on
And a hungry mouth to fill;
Two dollars and a half to lodge on
In some wretched hole or den,
Where crowds are huddled together,
Girls, and women, and men;
If she sins to escape her bondage
Is there room for wonder then?

Tales and Sketches.

EASY TO BE MISTAKEN.

"Will you let me have it, John?"
"No, Georgie, I can't."
John Randall uttered his refusal of his wife's request very decidedly, as if he felt that the request was unreasonable; and yet there was an undercurrent of grieved impatience in his voice, and a look of perplexity and self-dissatisfaction in his eyes. He wanted to see his wife rise from the breakfast-table, and thereby signify her acquiescence in his decision, before he went off for his morning walk to the mill.
Georgie, however, did not rise. Her looks did not express acquiescence. She was a very pretty woman—very pretty; tall, slight, very fair, with large, clear, steady eyes, and profuse brown hair. Besides her beauty, she had an air of delicate, graceful composure rather peculiar, and a voice that suggested alto flute notes. For all this she was simply the wife of a master machinist in the great Haliburton Print Works of Millville, and mistress of one of the small, white factory tenements, whose long, orderly rows constituted Millville proper. But Georgie did not belong to the factory element, although she had married into it. She had been brought up by a relative, upon whom she had been left dependent, and whom she called Aunt Appleton.
Aunt Appleton lived at the other end of Appleton—the west end—among the Haliburtons, the Dillows, and the Verses.
Perhaps, under the circumstances, Georgie might have looked a little higher than John Randall. But then John was as good as gold—strong, steady, manly, true.
Aunt Appleton had the sense to rejoice at the perception of her pretty and protegee, the generosity to give her a liberal outfit—her furniture, a complete wardrobe, a nice wedding.
It had been very agreeable to Georgie to have these things. She was fastidious to the core. She enjoyed advantages of position—her good clothes, her prestige among the wives of the other officials in the print works. She was fastidious—perhaps a little too fastidious for her place.
John Randall had reached his last button—somewhat shabby button on a somewhat shabby coat. He had neither time nor pre-

text for lingering. At this last moment his wife raised her eyes, clearly, unflinchingly, to his face.
"Why not?" she asked, in her own sweet voice.
It is never pleasant for a man to be called to an account—to an account about money (and of course it was money Georgie wanted) by a woman, and that woman his wife. John's face flushed a little; a hot retort pricked the very tip of his tongue, but he did not utter it. He was a very patient man, naturally; and then he had that deep, pure love for his pretty wife which overreaches all slight shocks.
"I have exceeded my salary every month since we were married, Georgie," he said. "The first of January will be here in a few weeks, and I shall not be able to meet all the bills that are due. I don't feel that we ought to trifle away a penny of money. I don't believe you do either."
"I shall say no more about it," she returned. "I ought to wear a new pair of gloves to call on Paul's bride, but if you can't give them to me I must do without them."
John Randall's brain was fine enough to understand that this was not the acquiescence he wanted. He would like to indulge her, but there was the fact that, if he began it, he should be always behindhand, always poor.
This was his fact. Georgie had hers, also—that she was always to be denied and disappointed. She didn't mind so much wearing the old gloves on this occasion; that which troubled her, which was wedging itself painfully into her convictions, was that she would have to give up all the little luxuries and elegancies that she so craved; that her future was to be a plain matter-of-fact routine, deprived of those gratifications in whose absence she felt a sort of moral starvation.
"It don't seem as if you ought to be disappointed, Georgie," said the husband, finally. "You know just what my salary is, and know just how far it will go. We used to talk about saving something every year, so that I might better myself one of these days. I don't like to deny you."
"Never mind," she said rising.
She was one of those women who say too little rather than too much.
John went off to his work. Bridget, the girl-of-all-work, came in to clear the table. Georgie dusted the parlor, and made the pudding, fed the canary, and then placed the sewing machine in the window, facing the dull, leaden light of the November day, and sat down to stitch wrist-bands. She had been married more than a year, and was making her first shirt for John. She was very thoughtful—a dogged pain on her face all the while.
"Perhaps I shall stay to Aunt Appleton's to tea," she said to her husband at the dinner-table. "If I do you will come for me, won't you?"
He reflected a moment.
"I told you last night, Georgie, that I should have to be from home an hour or two this evening. There is to be a meeting of the officials of the mill at half-past seven. I should be too tired to dress and go up to your aunt's afterwards."
"I had forgotten," she said quietly, so quietly that he thought she did not care.
When he was gone she went to her bedroom to arrange her toilet for the call. She put on the best she had, of course. She had a genius for dress; and, despite the mended gloves, she looked as stylish as she did pretty.
Just as she approached her aunt's gate, old Mrs. Haliburton, in her velvets and steelst of steel-colored silks, was being handed from her carriage by her son. The Haliburtons were the owners of the mill in which John Randall was employed. Stephen, the only son, and just returned from a five years' residence abroad. These two facts caused Georgie to scrutinize the mother and son somewhat closely; and, doing so, Stephen Haliburton raised his hat to her.
"A pretty face," he remarked, carelessly, to his mother. "I suppose it is some one I have known or should know."
Old Mrs. Haliburton, with her keen eyes and beak nose glanced sharply back toward Georgie, whom she had not perceived, and nodded.
"It is that young person whom Jane Appleton brought up. She is married now to one of our men, I believe."
Georgie found Paul Appleton and his bride holding a sort of formal reception. The rooms—where her own wedding had been solemnized a year before—were quite filled with guests. A very dainty and graceful bride was the new Mrs. Paul, in her lavender train and point-lace shawl. Georgie tried not to feel the least tinge of envy as she looked at her.
Aunt Appleton had always a sense of gratitude towards her protegee for having forborne to fascinate either of her own marriageable boys, and this gratitude cropped out in active kindness under the exultation she felt over Paul's match.
Georgie moved easily about the well-furnished rooms; somehow she seemed just fitted for such surroundings. The subdued, well-bred manners, the faint perfumes, the refined faces, and the rich dresses, were like a stimulant to her. She needed such quickening to be fully herself. Her composed, delicate beauty unfolded to perfection in this atmosphere.
She had been talking to one and another, taking in shapes and trimmings with her quick artist's eye, and in a pause was just

reflecting on the hang of the new curtains, when a voice said near her:
"I seem not to be able to recall you at all, Mrs. Randall. Yet I must have known you before I went away. My mother has just told me your name, and I have come to reclaim acquaintance if you will permit me."
"I remember you perfectly, Mr. Haliburton," Georgie returned quietly. "I was hardly grown up when you left us five years ago."
"Five years? Ah, true enough! Won't you take this chair? What a lovely lily. Why, it is not real?"
"No; these wax flowers are very like nature, though—almost a plagiarism; don't you think so, Mr. Haliburton?"
"Why, yes. It must be quite difficult to make them. I dare say they bring a good price."
Under her serene smile a quick thought went through Georgie Randall's mind. She began to examine the gentleman before her with interest.
Stephen Haliburton was a gentleman by habit and a man of the world by force of circumstances. But nature intended him for a diligent, painstaking, persevering man of business.
If he was not a great or a very good man, it was because he had so much time, so much money, so much flattery. He was spoiled by his opportunities, yet he needed only the right influence to elevate him beyond himself. He was thirty years old now—he was past the age when a man disdains to be led by a woman. But Stephen Haliburton had never disdained it. He had always been led by the keen-eyed, beak-nosed woman in steel silk, who, as Georgie talked with the heir, sat holding her wine-cup up to the firelight not far off.
The heir seemed to like Mrs. Randall's talk; perhaps because there was so little of it. In return he was rather unreserved—gossiping about his plans and his prospects. He said that he was glad to get home. He meant to settle down at Millville now; look after his factories and the operatives, and introduce some improvements. He wanted a better class of work—more tasteful designs; he hadn't seen a pretty print from the factory. Didn't Mrs. Randall agree with him?
Yes; she agreed with him. It was a strange basis for parlor gossip—oils, chemicals, designs for calicoes. He was surprised to find how much she knew about it; and she—she was a little surprised herself. The most delicate pink began to flush her cheeks, the irises of her eyes grew into great black flakes full of lustre. All at once, at last, she turned a casual glance without the window.
"Why," she said, with a slight start, "it is almost dark. And I believe it is raining. I must go at once."
She stepped towards the window. Great splashing drops were falling upon the flagstones. The dull November daylight was almost gone.
Mr. Haliburton arose also.
"Did you walk?" he inquired. "Let us take you home. My mother will be going soon."
The little stir attracted Mrs. Appleton, who—most of the guests having gone—was devoting herself to Mrs. Haliburton.
"Stay to tea, Georgie," she suggested.
"John knows you are here—does he not?"
"Yes; but it is raining. I think I had better not stop."
"I have been asking Mrs. Randall to take a seat with us, mother," interposed Stephen Haliburton.
"Ah, yes!" said the lady, with contracted nostrils and prolonged lip again. "I shall be happy."
And then the keen eye overlooked Georgie, as if to ask if there were any just cause why the Haliburton carriage, the Haliburton horses, and it might be the Haliburton heir, should traverse the length of Millville to take home this young person, who had married one of the Haliburton employes.
Georgie stood unmoved, a little concerned as to whether her last dress and bonnet should walk or ride, not at all concerned as to her own disposal.
The factory bell had done ringing, and John Randall was in sight of home just as the carriage of his employer stopped at the door, and his wife stepped from it. He did not, however, overhear her say to Stephen Haliburton, "If you call to-morrow afternoon, I will show you what I mean."
"Had you a pleasant afternoon?" her husband asked, by-and-by, as they sat at the table.
"Very pleasant," she said thoughtfully.
"It was very polite in Mrs. Haliburton to bring you home."
"Yes, I should have spoiled my dress."
It was always with a little effort that John Randall could get his wife to talk, and she seemed peculiarly silent to-night, and absent as well as silent.
Her eyes were brighter, too, than common—her face a little flushed. He was too generous, too unselfish a man to begrudge her even a happiness in which he had no part; but something in her abstraction filled him with uneasiness. The uneasiness was not decreased when, reaching home a little before the usual hour the following afternoon, he met Stephen Haliburton just leaving the house, nor when he found Georgie with the same brightened eyes and heightened color as the night before.
That was the beginning of John Randall's trouble.

It was not so much common jealousy—man's instinct of revolt at another man's admiration of his handsome wife—as it was a fear—a desperate, death-like fear—that Georgie needed something he could not give to make her happy. He could not give her luxuries. He could never say such things as he fancied Stephen Haliburton must be able to say to woman. But he loved her so! O, heavens! he loved her so! How could he endure that anything should come between them?
"I won't wrong her and tease her with suspicions," he said to himself in the depth of the night. "I'll just fight my way the best I can against it. I'll keep on steady. Perhaps she'll see it right by-and-by."
Poor fellow! he did not realize how his own determination implied the dreary thought that her heart was turned from him. He raised himself on his arm to look at her as she slept; and all through what followed she retained the pure, calm face, as it pressed the pillow, whitened by the moonlight that glinted the frost on the window-panes and flooded the room.
She seemed colder to him after this, and he kept silent.
He knew that she met Haliburton at her aunt's; he knew that she went to the sea-side the ensuing summer for a week's visit to Mrs. Paul Appleton, there he was also. He knew that she seemed to be living a life apart from him; and once—that was when the iron entered his soul, when he went to her little desk, a present he had made her during their engagement—for a sheet of note paper, and found it locked, and asked her carelessly enough for the key, she flushed and said she would get the paper for him.
But he kept true to the promise he made himself. He kept on "fighting his way against it as best he could," hoping, with a sick heart, that she "might see it right by-and-by."
The months wore away. The second year of their marriage was nearly completed. John had been very careful—as careful as Georgie herself—that there should be no outward and visible sign of misunderstanding or coldness between them. No suspicion had come to any that the second year of their married life had been less happy than the first. Nor had he ever omitted to give her any little indulgence within his power. He had prepared a surprise for her on the coming anniversary of their wedding during the year.
The anniversary fell upon Sunday; and so their little commemoration of the day must come the preceding evening. No allusion had been made to any celebration by either of them; but John felt sure, some way, that she could not let the time pass without any sign. For his own part, he had half resolved to attempt some explanation of their estrangement. Anything, he thought, would be better than this chilling reserve. With his mind divided between the anticipation of relief and jealous dread, he went to the counting-house that Saturday night to receive his money. The cashier looked up with a certain embarrassment at his approach.
"Ah, Mr. Randall—the accumulation you have left in my hands? To be sure! And, by the way, Mr. Haliburton spoke to me that there were to be some changes made, and—and—but there he is himself, sir."
John Randall turned, with a feeling akin to desperation, to meet his employer. It had gone through him like a thunderbolt, as the cashier spoke, that he was to be displaced. Stephen Haliburton simply said, as John faced him: "I'll not detain you now, Mr. Randall. I shall call this evening to let you know of the changes I feel obliged to make."
And the owner bowed and left him.
With the money in his nerveless hands, John Randall walked homeward like a man dazed. He was to lose his place. For what reason, he could not conjecture. But to lose it, was to lose reputation, courage—everything. He had never imagined such a possibility as that. The money that he carried—he should not dare to make a present of it to Georgie now. He might have to wait for other employment. It might be needed for their bare every-day need, before he got work again. A chill like death struck his soul.
Georgie, evidently, had not overlooked the recurrence of their wedding day. The cosy rooms of the cottage all wore a little air of festivity. Some slender vases held the gleamings of the flower-beds; chrysanthemums—blood-red, white and purple—verbenas, and scarlet geraniums.
She came to the door that night to meet him—one of her "company" dresses on, some knots of velvet fastening her collar, and seeming to give a glow and brightness to her white skin. He took her hand; she raised her face, and with a wild heart-bound he kissed it, as he had not for years before. She was coming back to him again. That was the thought that thrilled him. Her infatuation—if such it had been—was at an end. She was his once more! And then, close upon his new happiness, came the dreary recollection of his lost situation. He thrust the money in his pocket. By-and-by he would tell her all.
"You won't mind waiting supper for an hour, will you, John?" she asked, as she let him in. "I am going to give you something nice by-and-by, and—I think Mr. Haliburton will be in."
John Randall's blood froze once more. It was not for him, then, that all these preparations were made. Georgie had never spoken Mr. Haliburton's name to him before. He

could feel that she was embarrassed as she did so.
"I want you to dress, John," she added, coaxingly. "I have laid everything out for you."
It seemed to him that he would have turned upon her but that he felt so broken by the thought of losing his place, and resented her gaiety, her indifference, her secretiveness—all that made him so miserable through this long year. But he had not the spirit.
He went to dress as she had asked him.
When he returned to the parlor Stephen Haliburton and his wife sat upon the sofa side by side. It was rare indeed to see Georgie's fair face so illuminated. Her cheeks were glowing, her eyes were sparkling.
As for Mr. Haliburton he was always the quiet gentleman, with no sense of being out of his place, no apparent suspicion of what was ranking in the heart of his employe.
What a nice little supper Georgie had ready. Yet nobody ate.
Finally the supper was over, and they went back to the parlor.
Georgie disappeared for a moment, and, returning, approached her husband, glancing shyly at the same time to her guest, whose face brightened beyond its wont, as he caught her eye.
"I was meant to make it very formal, John; but I see Mr. Haliburton thinks I might as well tell it in my own way."
She paused, and a sober pallor overspread her husband's face.
"What was coming?" his eyes asked, with no faith that it was anything to lighten his secret burden.
Georgie nervously folded and unfolded a slip of paper which she held.
"This is for you, John," and she held it shyly towards him. "My anniversary gift. I have been working for Mr. Haliburton, too, this year. And I have thirty guineas here—the price of the designs I have made for the calicoes."
"Georgie!"
"You never suspected it? I did not want you to till I knew whether I could succeed."
John Randall had no voice in which to word his amazement or his gratitude for his restored faith, which, though his wife did not suspect it, was by far his most precious anniversary gift. She went on;—"I could always use my pencil nimbly, you know, John. And it had occurred to me one day why I couldn't do something with it for profit. I spoke to Mr. Haliburton, and he was so kind—you must thank him, John—he took so much trouble with my crude attempts; he did so much to encourage me. And now I am fairly in the way of work. I shall work better, to know that you know of it. I want to be design for carpets by-and-by, as for prints; they pay so well—a percentage on the sale."
She stopped short, suddenly conscious of how much she was saying.
"I have a surprise, also, for you Mr. Randall," added Stephen Haliburton, quietly. "I hope it, too, will prove agreeable. The universal testimony of the mill officials, as to your efficiency and trustiness, make me feel that I am not showing you a proper appreciation, and I desire to give you a somewhat more responsible position, with an increase of salary!"
The very glory of heaven seemed to be opening a way to John Randall out of all his trouble.
"I am too happy, Mr. Haliburton, to talk much," he said in his straightforward way. "I have been depressed lately—the sudden removal of all cause for low spirits."
He stopped short. Two big tears rolled down his cheeks. Stephen Haliburton alone perceived what Georgie never suspected, that her secret had made her husband jealous. He gasped John's hand.
"My dear fellow, it's too bad! I feared it a little once or twice. Of course I could not hint to Mrs. Randall."
"What, John?" "What, Mr. Haliburton?"
"Nothing, Georgie, that you will ever know."
They were alone together, by-and-by, with their new-found happiness. Perhaps Georgie was equally relieved that there was no more need of mystification.
"Whatever made you think of it Georgie?" her husband asked.
"Why, John, it was that day about the gloves. I set myself considering why you should have all the toil, and I all the indulgence. I pondered how I could make or save something."
"I am happier than I ever thought I could be again, dear."
"Do you know I have fancied you were unhappy lately, John, because you thought I was longing for things you could not give me? I could hardly wait for to-night to come to tell you all."
"My darling!"
And he folded his arms about her, with his face on her shoulder; and in the brightness and silence of the room, with its odor of flowers and glow of leaves, they felt their way through the coming future, safe, confident, out of the reach of any bitter trouble, since they loved and trusted one another.

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"STAND LIKE AN ANVIL."

"Stand like an anvil," when the stroke
Of stalwart men fall thick and fast;
Storms but more deeply root the oak,
Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

"Stand like an anvil," when the sparks
Fly far and wide, a fiery shower;
Virtue and truth must still be marks
Where malice proves its want of power.

"Stand like an anvil," when the bar
Lies red and glowing on its breast;
Duty shall be life's leading star,
And conscious innocence its rest.

"Stand like an anvil," when the sound
Of ponderous hammers pain the ear;
Thine but the still and stern rebound
Of the great heart that cannot fear.

"Stand like an anvil," noise and heat
Are born to earth, and die with time;
The soul, like God, its source and seat.
Is solemn, still, serene, sublime.

JOSEPH ARCH AND THE AGRICULTURAL LABOR MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.

England is at this moment passing through a revolution as important as that of the sixteenth century. The general of the earlier agitation was a great soldier, and his victory was, in smiting one neck, to behead every English tyrant for all time to come. The purpose of the present revolution is to behead the lordly oppressors of agricultural labor, and its general is a humble son of the soil. Today the wealthiest peer of the realm grows pale at the name of Joseph Arch. And any one who has looked into his eye or heard his voice will not wonder that it should be so. The weary voices of millions who are hopeless are heard through his simple eloquence. Ages of patient suffering, and generations that have long groaned in the prison of Giant Despair, find their first morning ray in the fire of his eye. Amidst scowling noblemen and angry landlords this man has for some time journeyed through the length and breadth of England, seeking to form "unions" of farm laborers, and to combine these unions into a vast national organization. His journeys, even in this limited area, have been such as to recall the labors of Catholic missionaries in earlier times. During each day he visits the homes of the laborers, and learns their exact condition; he takes care to visit all who have suffered wrongs by eviction; and every evening he speaks to the assembled laborers with a force which never fails, and a perseverance which never grows weary. He has been the means of organizing England into some twenty-five districts, each of which includes many different unions—all together representing a kind of United States of Labor. Already in these regions wages have risen; and it is a saying that where Arch goes starvation flies. The poor women cry out as he passes, "God help you! Our children never had meat till you came." But Joseph Arch is not the man to be contented because the lord's fears lead him to gild his serf's chain; he has a settled purpose and plan, with which he is steadily carrying out the farm laborers only, but the sympathy of the disinterested intelligence of the country, though that plan surely contains a revolution of the land laws of Great Britain.

I have just had the opportunity of conversing with this very remarkable man, and it was not a very easy one to secure. I had already driven ten miles out from Stratford-on-Avon to the village of Barford, in Warwick, where his cottage stands, only to learn that it was a very rare thing indeed for one to find him there. And when he visits any large city, the need of distinguished politicians and land owners—friends or foes—to consult him render him as busy as the Premier himself. At length, however, I had the good fortune to obtain from him personally a full statement of the situation and prospects of the great movement he represents. I found him, so far as personal appearance and bearing are concerned, a representative country laborer. He is a sturdy Saxon man, with blonde complexion and light blue eyes, a straight, frank look, and strong features. His face is weather beaten, and bears traces of small pox; the under-face is squarish, the cheek-bones prominent, the forehead high and broad. But he is gifted with that which Saad regarded as his greatest earthly treasure—a sweet voice; and this voice has its own physiognomy in a most innocent and winning smile. With perfect independence and simplicity in his manner he takes his seat before the noble lord or the humble laborer, and with equal courtesy, he converses with the utmost frankness, as one who has nothing to conceal; and he has the highest charm of a Reformer—the faculty of completely forgetting himself in his cause.

In the pretty village of Barford, near Warwick, where he owns a pleasant little cottage and garden, Joseph Arch was born about forty-five years ago. He was born to the life that in England most nearly recalls the inscription over the Inferno—"All hope abandon, ye who enter here." It is very little, comparatively, when an English artisan rises in the social scale and attains education and wealth; but any similar ascent from the ranks of the farm laborers is so nearly impossible that the English agricultural laborer finds not even a myth, such as other working classes have in Whittington, to tell his children of a farm hand transformed. In this valley with-

out a horizon Joseph Arch was born, and he has at least been able to show his comrades that if their case does not admit of culture, wealth, or social advancement, it may admit that light which the mansions cannot monopolize—the light which comes of the glow of human sympathy. While laboring in the field, Arch taught himself to read, and the companions of his toil ever after were the Bible and the newspaper. He was married at the age of twenty-five, and had two children when he first felt the terrible pressure of want. He was getting 1s 6d per day, and he struck. From that time he never took regular employment, but worked by the job. He was an excellent hand, especially in hedge planting. This caused him to live a somewhat nomadic life, which enabled him also to see the many varieties of condition among those suffering under a common oppression. For years he wandered about doing piece-work, from farm to farm, and county to county, often finding his night's lodging in some old barn or under the hedge-row. His supper might be a dry crust, but he had his bit of tallow candle by which to study his Bible and to read his newspaper. Almost insensibly he began preaching. He had been from early life connected with the Primitive Methodist connection (which then differed from the Wesleyan body in having the largest power in its government in the hands of the laity) and he was ordained as a local preacher. He preached with great acceptance to the poor, among whom he associated, and by his high conduct and his abstinence from drink did much to elevate their moral as well as physical condition in many places.

For twenty years, as he told me, he brooded over the wrongs of the laboring classes in the rural districts. He made tremendous efforts to raise his five children out of the slough of county serfdom, and has to-day the pleasure of seeing his eldest son, at the age of twenty, a sergeant in the army, with a fair prospect of promotion. His industrious wife and an intelligent daughter do much to assist him in the great work to which his life is now devoted. —M. D. Conway, in Harper's Magazine for April.

AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS.

An exhibit of the growth of the country in manufactures, from 1850 to 1870, is now obtainable from the advance sheets of the Census Commissioner's Report, and in studying the figures there presented, not even the most extravagant admirers of the country's industrial greatness can fail to be impressed and astonished at the revelations. Of the Northern States, New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, which have always stood at the head of manufacturing interests in the order named, still stand there, but with the value of their facilities and products more than doubled in the last decade. The West has also taken gigantic strides in the same direction. Iowa shows an increase of net assets in manufactures from \$14,000,000 in 1860 to \$46,000,000 in 1870; Michigan from \$32,000,000 to \$118,000,000; Minnesota from \$3,000,000 to \$23,000,000; Indiana from \$42,000,000 to \$108,000,000; Illinois from \$57,000,000 to \$205,000,000; Missouri from \$41,000,000 to \$206,000,000, and Ohio from \$121,000,000 to \$269,000,000. The Southern States bear evidence of the strain of civil war and subsequent restrictions. Virginia, including Western Virginia, has gained but \$12,000,000 since 1860, while her growth in the preceding ten years was \$21,000,000. For the three periods of taking the census, 1850, 1860 and 1870, the total number of manufacturing establishments in the Union have been 123,025, 140,433, and 252,148. The hands employed at the corresponding periods were 957,059, 1,311,246, and 2,053,931; capital, \$553,245,351, \$1,000,855,715, \$2,118,288,769; wages, \$236,755,464, \$378,878,938, \$775,584,343; materials, \$555,123,822, \$1,031,695,092, \$2,488,227,242; products, \$1,019,106,616, \$1,885,861,675, \$4,232,323,442. California's manufactures have apparently decreased, but this is due to the omission of her mining figures from the report for 1870. Tennessee and Georgia of the Southern States have doubled, but no others. In 1850 New York, leading the list of States, produced in manufactured articles the value of \$237,500,000; in 1860, \$379,000,000, and in 1870, \$755,000,000. Pennsylvania during the same period showed a value of \$155,000,000, \$290,000,000 and \$712,000,000; Massachusetts followed with \$158,000,000, \$235,500,000, and \$554,000,000. Rhode Island increased its products more than fivefold in twenty years over which the investigation extended. In 1850 the establishments of Massachusetts numbered 8,852, employing 177,461 hands, and \$83,940,292 in capital. She paid off \$41,954,793 in wages, had \$85,856,771 invested in material, and turned out products to the value of \$137,743,994. For 1860 and 1870 the respective figures corresponding to these items were: Establishments 8,176, and 13,212; hands employed, 217,421,279,330; capital, \$131,792,327; \$201,677,862; wages, \$69,960,913, \$118,051,886; materials, \$135,953,721, \$334,413,982; products, \$225,545,922, \$553,912,568. New Hampshire has a little more than held her own in the number of her establishments during the last twenty years, but in other items she has made considerable advance. Vermont has about doubled the number of her establishments and made a creditable advance in other respects. Maine stands in about the same scale. In all these statistics

mining, quarrying and fishing are included in the tables of 1850 and 1860, but excluded from those of 1870. Quarrying and fishing would swell the total Massachusetts considerably, as Cape Cod and Cape Ann are no unimportant items in the State industries. The tables of 1870 have to be enlarged to contain the additional items of steam engines and water wheels not reckoned in the returns of 1850 and 1860 unless they come under the general head "Capital." Only three States, New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, surpass Massachusetts in steam force, her engines amounting to 78,502 horse-power, and only two States, New York and Pennsylvania, have greater water-wheel strength, hers equalling 106,854 horse-power. Turning from the consideration of the old and well established manufacturing interests of New England, the West shows wonders of growth still more marvellous. The proportion of increase there has been much greater than here. The organization and crystallization of manufacturing resources whereby Minnesota was enabled in 1870 to produce a value of \$23,000,000, were all the work of the twenty years preceding. Montana starting ten years ago produced \$2,494,511, and Nebraska in the same period, \$15,870,539. Were the various mining and quarry interests of these latter localities represented, the showing would be much more favorable, and all over the country these industries have attained an importance whose exact statement would swell incalculably the already grand total. Perhaps no State has reason to be more gratified with what these figures prove than Massachusetts. In proportion to her extent and population she leads almost all her sisters in the Union, and absolutely she stands third in importance with a ratio of increase during the last ten years much greater than the only two States—New York and Pennsylvania—that stand above her. Probably if the growth could be measured year by year, the last five in the calculated decade would be found largely more flattering than the first, and doubtless the three years that have succeeded the collocation of these facts are fraught with yet more stupendous revelations. It is a problem not yet solved to the satisfaction of all whether the agriculture of the State is not declining. The general opinion is that simply modifications and change are going on, but let that question be settled as it may, there is no room for doubt in regard to the increase in her looms, spindles, forges, etc. The proscriptive policy, which has been the rule of government for the Southern people, has put them back years, and proves itself to have been as short-sighted as wrong. With the constant progress toward perfection in manufacturing skill, with railroads spanning the continent, and the restless energy of a rapidly-increasing population seeking a field for its enterprise in the development of new resources, the patient waiter for the exhibit of 1880 will have unfolded a new romance of industrial greatness that he can hardly imagine now. —Exchange.

A LOST ART REVIVED.

A NEW YORK IMPORTER'S STORY.

It is well known among ladies who are connoisseurs in lace, that the manufacture of old point de Venise has been among the lost arts for upwards of a century. Whenever one of our American princesses on her round of morning shopping asks for point de Venise, the salesman who is well informed in laces knows at once that his customer is not. If he is shrewd, shrewd, and unscrupulous, he practices a deception by showing the lady some other lace; if he is honest, he tells her the truth. A representative of the *Sun*, while looking for items for a trade report a few days ago, gathered the following facts from a lace importer and head of the lace department in a wholesale dry goods house, whose cash receipts from sales amount to over sixty millions annually.

About five years before the fall of Paris and banishment of Napoleon III., the Empress Eugenie discovered one day among a lot of old laces which had been transferred to her as souvenirs of the Empress Josephine, and which her daughter Queen Hortense had religiously preserved as relics of her illustrious mother, about a quarter of a yard of a lace flounce of a most singular and beautiful mesh and peculiar design. The *Ex-Empress* is a *dilettante* and connoisseur in laces as well as in many other fine arts. She saw at a glance that she possessed an art treasure, the more valuable as it was yellow with age, broken and mutilated. She sent at once for M. De Lisle, the President of the *Compagnie des Indes*, lace manufacturers of Paris, and sending her treasure before his admiring eyes said:

"Monsieur, I wish this lace reproduced, mesh and design in a full lace dress for myself. Can your lace makers do it?"

Bowing low before the beautiful woman, the manufacturer replied:

"Your Royal Highness gives me a difficult commission, one, I fear, impossible to perform. Your remnant is real old point de Venise, of which there are but few samples in existence, and the art of making it is lost."

"Can we not revive it?" asked the Empress.

"I give you *carte blanche* in making the experiment, and another *carte blanche* for my dress when finished."

"Madame, I will see what can be done. If possible it shall be accomplished," and bowing again he retired from the royal presence,

taking with him the old piece of point de Venise.

When an Empress commands everybody hastens to obey. So the President of the *Compagnie des Indes* lost no time. He first submitted the sample of Queen Hortense's relic to his own adult experienced lace makers. None knew the mesh. He placed it under powerful lenses—no better success. Its intricacy baffled them all. No instruments, however fine, nor fingers the most skilled, under eyes the most practiced, could tell how it could be reproduced. Our manufacturer was perplexed, but not in despair. His next step was to ransack the whole empire for the oldest lace makers living. About forty old women, sexagenarians and octogenarians, were taken to Paris. They were provided with the best of glasses and the most powerful hand lenses. One after the other examined the old flounce. Alas! not one knew the mesh. M. De Lisle was almost desperate. He had tried adult ingenuity and the experience of age, now he must resort to youth. He selected from his young girls twenty of the most intelligent workers—those with the strongest eyes and dexter fingers. To each he gave a section of the old sample. He provided them with lenses and every appliance for work. In the mean time they were secluded and given every necessary comfort, so that their eyes, their fingers, and their minds might be in perfect working order. He watched the work from day to day, and week to week; still no progress seemed to be made. At length he left the house one evening almost persuaded to give up the experiment. This was about one year after the imperial order had been given. The next day he was late in reaching his office, but as soon as he arrived the superintendent of the lace workers met him with the long wished-for welcome, but almost incredible intelligence that one of the young girls had discovered the old point de Venise mesh. The President hurried to the room where the successful young worker was bending over her lace cushion. He seized a lens, examined the work in her hands, compared it with the original, and a quiet smile stole over his features.

"Eh bien!" he exclaimed softly, "Il est achemé!"

Turning to the successful discoverer he rewarded her with the place of teacher to the others and general superintendent of the work, and communicated with the Empress, who, among all her other engagements, had kept diligent watch over the progress of affairs.

Now the work was begun in earnest. It was four years before it approached completion, but from time to time the Empress visited the manufactory, showing the greatest joy and pride that a lost art had been restored by the lace weavers of France in her reign. Before the dress was finished Paris was in ashes and Eugenie an exile. But the lace weavers escaped the general destruction and Eugenie's dress was spared. The generous and noble woman did not forget M. De Lisle nor her order. She wrote to him from England, saying that "though no longer an Empress, nor enjoying the income of royalty, she would take the dress when finished if he should be a loser by keeping it."

The manufacturer, not to be out-done in nobility or generosity, laid the case as stated in the Empress's letter before the directors of the company. They were touched with the misfortunes and genuine nobility of the beautiful woman, and unanimously decided to release her from her engagement. The now historic dress is to be exhibited at the Vienna Exposition as the first specimen of point de Venise manufactured in more than a hundred years.

A BRAVE BRAKEMAN.

A train having been snowed in on the Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, about seven miles from Calmar, Iowa, and news of the condition of the passengers and their need of food having reached that place, a brakeman named James Wilson took 30 pounds of crackers and cheese and set out in a terrible storm to walk through the snow to the train. The Milwaukee *Evening Wisconsin*, describes his walk and fits sequel as follows:

"The wind blew a gale, and with the thermometer at twenty-seven below, he had a hard road to travel. It was hard work, the wind penetrated through his hood, and, notwithstanding he felt his face and ears freezing, on he trudged until he reached the train, almost exhausted and unable to speak distinctly, his face, ears and nose badly frozen. The train reached by Mr. Wilson was one on which, among the passengers, was Mr. John Lawler, of Prairie du Chien, who had some ladies under his care. Mr. Lawler applied snow to the face of Wilson, and did all that was needed to restore him as much as possible. Mr. Lawler then took from his own neck a massive gold chain, which he had worn for a long time, and putting it around Wilson's neck, remarked: 'It's a pretty good man that has worn that chain, but I've found a better, and he shall have it.' The chain is reputed to be worth up among the hundreds of dollars, and was a handsome present worthily bestowed. Under touching circumstances like these, the writer of such an incident can hardly tell which to admire the most, the true heroism of the brakeman, who periled his own life to carry aid to his fellow creatures, or the man who so promptly and generously rewarded the deed of the hero."

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

"Virtue has its own—A Ward."

A day or two since a kind-looking young man called on Mr. James Sturgis, the well-known tea and coffee importer of New street. "Do you remember me?" asked the young man, bowing, and holding his hat deferentially in both hands.

"No. I really can't recollect you now, young man," replied Mr. Sturgis, looking inquiringly over his glasses.

"Don't you remember giving \$2.50 to a poor boy a few years ago to start in the paper business?" continued the good young man.

"No—no! I can't possibly recollect anything about it. Let's see—no—I'm positive that I don't remember you," and Mr. Sturgis went on examining his ledger.

"Well, Mr. Sturgis, I came to tell you that I am that boy, and that your kindness made a man of me. I am now in a flourishing business—the cigar business—and am well enough off to keep my horses, and enjoy a credit among business men. I want you should take the \$2.50 back with my deepest obligations," and the young man handed a \$10 bill to Mr. Sturgis.

"All right, said Mr. Sturgis, you can leave me \$2.50 if you insist."

"And the interest, too," continued the honest fellow.

"Oh, hang the interest! Good morning—good morning, sir!" and the South street millionaire was soon buried in his books and papers again, while the good young man received \$7.50 in exchange for his \$10 bill.

Two or three mornings after this occurrence, the great importer looked up and saw the young man, all out of breath, coming into his office.

"I say, Mr. Sturgis! I've just got!—a splendid chance!—to make some money! A man!—who has just failed!—round on Beaver street!—will let me have 2,000 Havana cigars!—for \$75!—and I came in?—in a great hurry!—to see if you wouldn't lend me the money for half an hour!"

"Why, yes, young man," said Mr. Sturgis, "if it is any accommodation, I don't mind the \$75. Here, Michael (turning to the porter), you go around to Beaver street with the young man, pay the \$75, and bring the 2,000 cigars here to be stored;" and then Mr. S. looked very kindly at his honest young protegee.

"But, Mr. Sturgis, you needn't send Michael, I'll—"

"No trouble at all, sir," said Mr. Sturgis, "Michael has noth—"

"But, O, sir, I'm afraid that you doubt my integrity," interrupted the young man, "you wound my honor," replied the young man, much affected. "I hope you don't doubt my pure intention, Mr. Sturgis?"

"Oh no—not at all; but \$75 is a good deal of money in these times. I don't know you very well, and—"

"But my self-respect won't allow me to do this," replied the young man, looking honestly into the millionaire's face. "Really, I can't do it. I'd rather lose the trade."

"Well, all right," said Mr. Sturgis, "Good morning, sir!" and the young man left with his pride deeply wounded.

The next day the good young man called again. Mr. Sturgis was out—in the back room.

"Do you remember me leaving \$2.50 here the other day?" stepping up to the cashier.

"Yes, very well—very well, sir."

"Well, I was under the impression that I borrowed it of Mr. James S. Sturgis; but it was Mr. Russel Sturgis, and if you'll please hand it back I'll—"

"You'll try and swindle somebody else!" shouted Mr. Sturgis, coming out of the back room. "No, sir, I think I've wasted about two dollars' time on you, and we'll keep this little amount to remember by."

Mr. Sturgis's new protegee went away very much aggrieved. He looked the picture of injured innocence, which quite melted Mr. Sturgis's heart. In a moment he felt that the young man might be right after all, and he sent the porter to overtake him with \$2.50.

Mr. Sturgis is now perfectly satisfied as to the intention of the young man. This morning the bank sent back the \$10. It was a very ingenious counterfeit. It deceived the bank at first. Mr. Sturgis looked at the bill a long time, then he turned to his cashier, and remarked, "Evidently there is a mistake somewhere, or else we have been deceived."

Then Mr. Sturgis filled up the following formula: "The miserable—mean—swindling—scoundrel—"

That was all he said, except to guard his cashier against making any remark about the affair, as he didn't like to have his friends get hold of it. Oh, no!—Eli Perkins.

The WHITE HART, cor. of Yonge & Elm sts., is conducted on the good old English style, by Bell Belmont, late of London, Eng., who has made the above the most popular resort of the city. The bar is most elegantly decorated, displaying both judgment and taste, and is pronounced to be the "Prince of Bars." It is under the sole control of Mrs. Emma Belmont, who is quite capable of discharging the duties entrusted to her. The spacious billiard room is managed by H. Vosper; and the utmost courtesy is displayed by every one connected with this establishment.

Cards, Programmes, Bill-Heads, and Mapmoth Posters, (illuminated or plain), executed at this office, 124 Bay St.

NOTICE.

We shall be pleased to receive orders of interest for the publication of the Ontario Workman. Officers of Trades Unions, Secretaries of Lodges, etc., are invited to send us news relating to their organizations, condition of trade, etc.

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

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

WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MACMILLAN.

Trades Assembly Hall.

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

The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1873.

AN IMPORTANT MOVEMENT.

One of the most cheering symptoms of the present social system of England is the newly-developed tendency towards the amalgamation of classes, and also towards what might be termed a national plan of amelioration, rather than one founded wholly on class considerations. Certain of the movements that are now taking place in the Mother Country contain a promise of mighty results, and the day of small things is not to be despised. The tendency in question is noteworthy, as being directed against mere class or faction; indeed, as an exchange puts it, anything of a national character will never authentically concert with the narrowed views of factious placemen. It is a saying that almost amounts to a truism, measures are of more immediate and more vital consequence than men; and long years ago, the immortal Swift effectually settled the notion of a great nation being governed by the method of factious contention, when, in "Gulliver's Travels," he slyly satirized the great English parties under the names of Big-endians, and the Little-endians. After an experience of well nigh three hundred centuries, the English people are beginning to discover that Party Government is nothing but a gigantic failure. It is found that what are wanted are measures for the benefit of the entire people,—and it is also found that these can only be attained by national co-operation.

It is, therefore, cheering to find peers, clergymen and the toilers of the land all uniting for the furtherance of a noble, philanthropic and national cause. An English paper says:—"Such a combination has happily been witnessed in regard to the important question of the education of the workmen, alike in scholarly and in technical matters. For centuries the higher education, or, indeed, lower education also, of the masses of the English people was shamefully neglected. National ignorance was our national reproach. Not that it was recognized as a reproach; on the contrary, the inane men of the

old, school, and especially the clergy, were wont to maintain that the three R's were quite enough for the common people, nay, that ignorance was a blissful advantage, in that it served to render the populace more obedient to the despotic yoke. All that pretension has been discarded now, and Whig and Tory, Churchman and Dissenter, are endeavoring with commendable ardor to promote the higher education of the people."

It is well known that among the people of Scotland the best possible education—classic and philosophical—has been fully thrown open to the entire people. Long years ago, it is stated, the humblest of the inhabitants of Edinburgh were accustomed to read the Psalms in the Latin version,—and in the present day it is no uncommon affair to find Scotch workmen conversant with the economy and philosophy of Hume or of Adam Smith. Something of the same privilege is now being endeavored to be provided for the men of England, and the Workingmen's Club and Institute Union, chiefly by the energy of the Rev. Mr. Solby, have boldly taken the initiative. We reproduce, in another column, the proceedings of a meeting of the associations named, where the scheme was propounded. The scheme may well be termed a splendid one; and if it fairly be carried out, cannot fail to be the beginning, socially, of a new and better era. The idea of this Guild of Learning, with the view of promoting, the delivery of lectures, and the formation of classes, to assist members of trade societies and other skilled workmen in acquiring a knowledge of history, political economy, and technical education, as well as literature, science, and art generally, and then connecting it with those founts of learning—the historic universities of the country, is so admirable, that the scheme implies its own best commendation. Thus, for the first time in England, an endeavor has been initiated with the view of bringing the highest education within the reach of every Englishman. The movement recommended by Mr. Solby, by Lord Lyttelton, by workmen, in a word by good and philanthropic patriots of every class, is essentially a national one, and as such deserves the cordial support of the nation.

THE BALLOT.

On Thursday night Mr. Tremblay's Ballot Bill was up for its second reading. Quite a number of the members took part in the debate, the usual *pros* and *cons* being advanced. The general tone, however, appeared to be in favor of the ballot system. The main objections offered were that the ballot system had failed to accomplish the purposes designed by its introduction, and had not tended to secure purity at elections, and protection to electors, the United States being instanced as an example. It was also maintained that the ballot system would not prevent an employer exercising his influence and power over his employees, because although he could not follow each man and see how he voted, he could note the votes in the district where he could control, and when the votes were summed up he would be able to tell pretty clearly how his men had voted, and be able to deal with them accordingly. The parties who would gain by the ballot system were those men who had no particular views, and who were ready to work for a candidate who was willing to pay. An assertion had been made that the expense of conducting the election would be greatly lessened by the ballot system, but it was maintained was a mistaken argument, because under the open system of voting a candidate knew who was his friend, and would only treat him, whereas under the secret system he did not know his friend and would treat all round. These objections, far-fetched and extreme as they are, were met by several members, and Mr. Witton, our representative member, in a lucid and forcible speech, placed before the House weighty reasons why the ballot system should be adopted. We have elsewhere re-produced Mr. Witton's re-

marks, feeling quite sure they will be read with the greatest interest. On motion the debate was adjourned till Monday next.

OUR EMIGRATION AGENTS IN ENGLAND.

Very frequently during the session of the Local House, was the question raised by the Opposition as to the fitness of the Chief Emigration Commissioner for Great Britain—the Rev. Horrocks Cocks—for the position to which he had been appointed. Nothing definite was done while the House was in session to secure an investigation into the charges that had been advanced against him. The *Mail* of Monday last contains the most astounding developments respecting the Rev. gentleman (?) and his assistant. The information thus laid before the people not only makes out that Mr. Cocks's antecedents are of the most disreputable kind, but paints his assistant, one C. J. Whellams, in the light of a defaulter, a deserter, a thief, and a swindler of the very first water. It may be remembered by some of our city readers that last year this same Whellams was present at a meeting of the Trades' Assembly, and gave considerable information respecting the agricultural laborers' movement, with which he professed to be in active sympathy; and by his plausibility and good address insinuated himself into the good graces of some of its members. But if even one tithe of the charges advanced against these men in Monday's *Mail* be true—and we cannot believe such charges would be made unless there were the strongest proof of their truthfulness—neither the Chief Commissioner nor his assistant are fit associates for honest and honorable men. Surely this matter will be strictly investigated by the Ontario Government, and if the charges are not false, these foul blots upon our Emigration Bureau be at once removed.

THE ST. LAWRENCE BANK.

We are pleased to notice that the St. Lawrence Bank has opened a Savings Branch in Yorkville, to receive deposits and transact other business (except discounting) on behalf of the Institution. This will be a convenience to the inhabitants of the village, and will help to increase the operations of the Bank. The prospects of this Bank are good, and we again feel it our duty to recommend any of our readers, who have spare funds on hand, to invest them in purchasing the stock of this new Bank.

TRADES' UNIONS.

Trades' Unions are not what many suppose them to be, a modern invention gotten up for the purpose of making war upon employers. Not at all. But they have existed from time immemorial; in nearly all ages and stages of the world's history Trades' Unions existed, called into being through the tyranny and the oppression of those who lived by buying labor and selling its products. Even before the days of Moses we find combinations of working men. In the days of Joshua we find them wielding a powerful influence among the people. We find them again at the building of the Temple which rendered that wisest of wise men, King Solomon, famous. We find them again after completion of the Temple, scattered throughout the civilized countries of the old world. We find them also in the days of Thesus, in Greece, and in the days of Numa, among the Romans. The Trades' Unions of Greece, in the days of Thesus, and those of the Roman Empire, in the days of Numa, except the Masons, have all disappeared and live only in history. But the Jewish Trades' Unions, which date their existence anterior to the days of Joshua, have continued in existence, breaking down all barriers of a superstitious opposition. And of the Trades' Unions of the Roman Empire, many of whom were compelled to succumb to the extravagance of the fifty-two Emperors, ending with the spendthrift Constantine, which was during the commencement of the fourth century, the

Masons were among the few who maintained their organization intact, until, finally it was merged from an operative association of Masons into a speculative organization. The qualifications for membership required by the order permitted none to enter the association but those who were learning the different branches of the building trades, those who were working under instructions and those who had become journeymen and were working as such. These qualifications were changed. The doors of the association were thrown open to all free men of good moral character, no matter of what trade.

From this point the association ceased to be operative and became purely speculative, and as such it exists at the present day. The same rules and regulations, except perhaps the qualifications for membership, that existed in the days of Solomon, King of Israel, are observed and govern the organization and its members throughout the world.

From the small Trades' Union, the establishment of which took place in Syria, about the epoch of the egress of the Israelites from the desert, it has grown to a gigantic organization extending its branches and blessings to every corner of the inhabitable globe, and today there is hardly a foot of soil upon the face of the globe that has not been trodden by the foot of a member of this Trades' Union.

The Bakers', Butchers', Blacksmiths', Sailors', and Farmers' Unions of the Roman empire have disappeared, but in their places have sprung up Unions, that have been a bulwark of protection to the laborers of every civilized nation of the earth. Their influence for good has been carried to the fireside of oppressed labor everywhere. Their utility and benefits no one can truthfully deny. Every workingman should support the organization of his trade; if this was done, workingmen and women would soon have but little to complain of. —*Machinists and Blacksmiths' Journal*.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

The labor question is one of present and permanent interest. The relations of employer and employed, of those who do the hard work and those who guide the great operations of numbers of people and supply the money, without which these operations cannot be conducted—these are matters lying at the very root of social organization, and upon their adjustment depend the success or failure and the happiness or misery of society. And, however fanatics or demagogues may endeavor to disguise the truth, the interests of both classes are identical. The capitalist and the laborer are necessary to each other. The prosperity of the one, is contingent with the prosperity of the other. When their respective interests, instead of going harmoniously forward, are permitted to come into collision, the result is sure to be damaging and may be disastrous to both. The wages of workingmen should not only be sufficient for their support—they should be as liberal as the conditions of trade or manufacture will allow. At the same time the fair profit of the capitalist must be considered, because unless a reasonable return for his investment be secured, the successful continuance of the business in which his men are engaged is impossible. On the one hand the employer who pursues a niggardly policy towards workingmen, keeping them as nearly as possible at starvation wages, need not expect from them good and productive work. On the other hand, the intelligent workingman must concede that, unless the interest of his employer as well as his own are regarded, the partnership cannot be advantageously maintained. For they are really united in a partnership. The employer puts into the concern his money, his business experience, and often the exacting and exhausting work of management. The employed puts into the concern his labor. With this joint stock, affairs are carried on. Throughout society we find this partnership of capital and labor, of employer and employed. Without it large operations are impracticable. Now, it is clearly the true policy of partners to co-operate

cordially, and to work together harmoniously. If they become suspicious or antagonistic, their mutual prosperity is inevitably impaired. The wise course, then, for employers and employed is to settle differences about wages, working hours, and all other matters growing out of the relations of capital and labor, by intelligent discussion, friendly consultation, and mutual concession, each side having regard to the rights of the other.

THE GREAT REMEDY.

The evils of which the laborer in general complain—the vexed question of living, the inferiority of his dwelling, the daily liability to sickness from preventable causes, and many other pressing reasons for improvement must have remedy somewhere.

Is not the remedy in co-operation? The application of the co-operative principle to manufacturers would of necessity produce an equalization of profits between capital and labor. Co-operation used for building would provide better because more comfortable homes for the laborers. Co-operation carried into retail transactions would bring the necessaries of life at a lower cost, and of better quality, to the workingman's door.

Is co-operation a mere theory? Decidedly not. It has been tried during many years in England and Scotland, and with much success. The fatal prejudices always entertained by workingmen against measures for their improvement or advancement, have done their worst to impede co-operation in Great Britain, and almost to shut it out from America, but the day is coming when to co-operate will be allowed to be the universal duty of the laborer and artisan of all nations.

The co-operative store, the co-operative mill, the co-operative bank, and the co-operative paper are all institutions in the near future, to be possessed by the American, and chiefly by the New-Englander.—*Exchange*.

THE ENGLISH WORKMEN.

The workmen of England have formed a political league, to be prepared for the next general election, which is expected to take place in the autumn, although it may be deferred until the fall of 1874. As yet the organization is in its incipency; but it is expected to grow in popularity when its objects become better known. Three hundred towns and districts have already declared themselves friendly to the league, which proposes complete political equality, embracing registration of voters, the abolition of lodgers' rental qualification, and reduction of residential qualification to six months; assimilation of borough and county voting; approximate equality of representation to population; candidates to be relieved of legal election expenses, and Members of Parliament to have the right of payment for their services; absolute secret ballot; shorter Parliaments; abolition of the present common enclosure acts, and the acquisition by the state of cultivable waste and other lands, to be let to co-operative associations or small cultivators on conditions that shall insure them an equitable interest therein; the Land Improvement Commissioner to grant loans to those located on such lands, on the same terms as they now lend money for land improvement; the repeal of the criminal law amendment act; the alteration of the factory and workshops act to nine hours, and an equitable amendment of the law of conspiracy as regards trades' unions. Several other points are reserved, particularly the propriety of reducing the allowances to the Queen and Royal family, now, independent of rent free palaces and parks, amounting to \$3,000,000 per annum.

The industrial classes acting together must prove a power, whose demands the Crown and the Parliament will eventually be compelled to recognize.

For first-class Book and Job Printing go to the office of the ONTARIO WORKMAN, 124 Bay street.

For first-class Job Printing go to the WORKMAN Office.

Communications.

TORONTO.

CONVICT LABOR.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

For a number of years the workmen of the State of New York agitated against the Contract system in the several prisons in that State, the agitation resulting in numerous petitions to the Legislature for relief. In 1868 the New York Legislative Assembly passed a bill with that object in view; but the bill was defeated in the Senate. In 1870 the Assembly again passed a bill, and again the Senate defeated the bill, but also passed a resolution in favor of a Commission to enquire into the working of the Contract system, and the Commission was duly appointed by the Governor. The Commissioners visited fourteen prisons, and spent six months in taking testimony, examining orally ninety-six witnesses, and sent out circulars to inspectors of prisons in New York State, to leading officials in prisons located in other States, to prominent citizens and business men in the State, asking their opinion in the important points of the Commission. They received twenty-two answers to the circulars, and thus had a vast amount of testimony, oral and written, from inspectors, wardens, physicians, chaplains, clerks, keepers, superintendents, managers, and employees of prisons, contractors, agents, manufacturers, dealers, workmen, and others connected and unconnected with the prison labor forming the object of their enquiries.

In the report submitted by the Commission were contained ten propositions, the first of which is as follows:

"The contract system of prison labor is bad and should be abolished."

The sixth, eighth, and ninth read thus:

"In order to a safe and successful change of the labor system from contract to State management, it will be an essential condition precedent, that political control be eliminated from the government of our State prisons; and that their administration be placed and kept in the hands of honest and capable men."

"While the products of prison labor are not sufficient to sensibly affect the general markets of the country, there is no doubt that, in particular localities, the products do come into injurious competition with those of outside labor; and wherever such competition occurs, it is the result of the undue pursuit of one or but a few branches of labor in prisons, to the exclusion of all others; a result which points to the multiplication and equalization of trades in institutions of this class."

"The opposition of the workmen of the State is to the Contract system alone, and not at all to industrial labor in prisons; and not only do they oppose such labor, but they desire that criminals should be reformed, as the result of their imprisonment; and they believe that this can be effected only through industrial labor, in combination with other suitable agencies, and as the result of the acquisition, as far as that may be possible, of trades during their incarceration."

"The other propositions refer to management of prisons, and the necessary changes in the law to effect a complete removal of political power in the conducting of prisons."

These propositions are substantially what have been held by the opponents of the Contract system in this Province, and go far to prove the position thus held to be a sound one; and in order to show the correctness of the propositions, the Senate of New York State passed an amendment to the Constitution in the words of the Commission without a single dissenting voice.

Yours, etc.,
J. W. LEVESLEY.

Toronto, April 3, 1873.

AMALGAMATED SOCIETY OF RAILWAY SERVANTS.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

SIR,—In your last issue you gave an account of a meeting of the District Committee of the above Society, in London, Eng., and you say that the Society only numbers 10,000 members. Will you kindly allow me to state that although the Society has only been established two years, it has upwards of 25,000 members. Hoping you will kindly insert this in your next issue, so that the railway servants of this country can see what a flourishing condition the Society is in.

Yours, truly,
E. V. STONE,
A member of the Society.
Toronto, April 2, 1873.

The objects of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, the Articles of which

have been duly enrolled according to Act of Parliament, are as follows:—

- 1.—To secure ten hours for a fair day's labor.
- 2.—To promote a good understanding between employer and employed.
- 3.—To prevent Strikes.
- 4.—Re-arrangement of Sunday duty.
- 5.—Defence of Members.
- 6.—Arbitration for settlement of disputes.
- 7.—Assistance to Members.

An Executive Council has been legally elected by the Members, and the Society is now in full working order.

HAMILTON.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

SIR,—I hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken in asking you to publish the few lines that I am reluctantly compelled to send, not so much on my own account as for my fellow-workmen in Great Britain, who might be misled by the misrepresentations of certain paid agents who write under the guise of philanthropy. For some time past our Canadian journals have been republishing letters sent to English and Scotch papers by these said agents. My attention has been recently called to a letter which has been widely circulated by the newspapers in Great Britain; the aforesaid letter was written by Mr. A. Somerville (better known under the nom de plume of the "Whistler at the Plow," who, having nothing else particular to do, thinks he is serving his country by publishing what possibly he may believe as true and unvarnished statements regarding its progress, for, as he says, the enlightenment of the toiling masses of Great Britain. With his reminiscences of Muskoka and the Free Grant District (being ignorant of that locality) I have nothing to call in question; but when he speaks of Hamilton, and the Great Western Railway in particular, I, as an employee of four years' standing, well acquainted with every branch of the locomotive and engineering departments, feel bound to question the truth of the representations conveyed in the aforesaid letter respecting Mr. Muir, the General Superintendent, requiring 50 or 60 skilled mechanics at \$2 50 to \$2 75. My own and my fellow-workmen's reasons for doubting, and hereby denying, the truth of that statement arises from the fact that seeing Mr. Somerville's letter, some of our oldest and best hands applied for an increase of pay, and were peremptorily denied, the reason assigned being that the company were determined not to pay a higher rate than they did at present, that being from \$1 02 to \$1 80, many under that; a very few charge men are paid \$2 or \$1 66, but one leading fitter and one steam hammerman have been paid \$2 25 or \$1 80 per day, and that is the highest wages paid to any mechanic working in the locomotive department in Hamilton.

Now, sir, I would ask your many readers is it likely that any mechanical superintendent would pay more to strange hands by 4s. per day, than he would to old, skilled workmen, who have wrought here for years, and who, prior to their coming here, worked in such railway centres as Crewe, Manchester, Wolverton, Swindon, Bristol, &c. Sir, my own opinion is, that Mr. Somerville has overstretched the mark. And my advice to my fellow-workman in Great Britain is "not to place too much reliance on the statements of interested paid agents and mis-styled philanthropists." Their object seems to be a desire not so much the prosperity of the country, as to impede the march of labor reforms.

As regards the other workshops in Hamilton, it may not be superfluous to mention they work, almost without exception, 60 hours per week. The only one that differs is the Great Western, which works 54 hours per week. I may also remark, in conclusion, that the apparent high wages are counterbalanced by the high price of imported necessities, high rent and dear fuel. Provisions are reasonable. I hope you will pardon the liberty I am taking in asking you to put these few facts before your numerous readers, in the hope that they will ponder well before they are led by deception, and in a strange country realize the fact that they have been duped.

I have subscribed my name for your satisfaction, but having no wish to see it published, I beg to subscribe myself,

VULCAN.
April 9th, 1873.

J. B. Cook, one of the former proprietors of the Toronto Telegraph, and more recently of the Express of that city, is at present interested in an effort to establish an evening daily in Oakland, which is considered a venturesome enterprise, in competition with the great dailies of San Francisco, only removed from the same field by a fifteen minutes' ferry.

TRADES GUILD OF LEARNING.

At a preliminary meeting of skilled workmen, convened by the Rev. H. Solly, at the Working Men's Club and Institute Union Offices on Saturday afternoon, it was resolved:—"That in the opinion of this meeting it is desirable to form a Trades Guild of Learning, with the view of promoting the delivery of lectures, and the formation of classes, to assist members of trade societies and other skilled workmen in acquiring a knowledge of history, political economy, and technical education, as well as literature, science, and art generally. That the various trade societies in the United Kingdom be invited to connect themselves with this Guild by a small annual payment which should give all their members admission to certain courses of lectures and to classes, either without payment or on reduced terms; also to libraries, reading-rooms, discussions and social meetings, where these can be provided by the Guild; and that if the requisite funds can be obtained, an agent commanding the confidence of trade societies be engaged to visit their lodge meetings, by permission, and invite their support for the foregoing objects." It was further resolved:—"That in order to bring within reach of members of the Trades Guild of Learning the advantages of University teaching and of such educational endowments as were intended for the less wealthy portion of the community, it is important to obtain the co-operation of the authorities of the Universities and other governing bodies at present administering such endowments." Lord Lyttelton, having introduced the object of the meeting, expressed a strong desire to hear Mr. Stuart's views on this important subject, having formed a high opinion of him from an address he delivered some time since at Leeds. The Rev. H. Solly then explained that he had for some time been convinced that the best way to promote the spread alike of technical and higher education among skilled workmen was through trades societies. Technical education, for the most part, must be given in the workshop; and skilled workmen were naturally jealous on the subject of imparting a knowledge of their own craft. But a good deal might be done, first by promoting meetings among themselves for reading papers and discussion on technical points, or matters of art and skill in their own trades; secondly, by establishing classes; thirdly, by procuring courses of lectures by University men on various subjects, to which the classes would be auxiliary. All this, however, could only be done by employing a sort of education agent, who should visit, by permission, the different trades' society lodges throughout the kingdom. Having heard of Mr. Stuart's desire to extend the benefits of University education to the working classes, and knowing how much more the workmen of other countries, especially in Scotland, shared those advantages than they did in England, he had asked the gentlemen now present to meet him that day. He (Mr. Solly) fully believed that great good might be done if these plans could be made to work together. Mr. William Muir, an old former engineer, warmly supported Mr. Solly's plans. Mr. James Stuart then gave a very interesting and detailed description of the way in which he hoped his University (Cambridge) would, before long, be prepared to send out highly qualified lecturers to the different great centres of industry, if there were sufficient amount of local support forthcoming. The large employers of labor and other persons of property must do their part towards raising funds, while he thought Mr. Solly's proposals were admirably adapted to induce workmen to avail themselves of the advantages thus offered. The "Trades Guild of Learning" would supply the fuel for the fire. Mr. Hodgson Pratt, to whom Mr. Solly had referred as having in connection with Mr. Pateson, made most praiseworthy efforts for the promotion of technical education, declared his readiness and desire to assist in any well-considered scheme for accomplishing the important object which had brought them together. Mr. Thomas Webster, Q.C., and Mr. Pateson expressed themselves to the same effect. Mr. Harris Heal, of Tottenham Court road, stated that his (the Upholsterers') Company was going to move in the matter, and he should be glad to report to them the results of that meeting, with which he felt in entire agreement. Mr. J. K. Buckmaster, of the Department of Science and Art, Kensington, also expressed his warm interest in the proposed scheme, and thought it contained elements capable of valuable development. The third resolution was moved by Mr. Latter (zinc worker), and seconded by Edward Hall, F.S.A.:—"That a Provisional Committee be formed from the persons now present, and with power to add to their number, to consider and carry out

the best modes of accomplishing the foregoing objects." Among the last speakers were several members of the London Trades Council, who expressed their cordial interest in the proposed scheme, and their willingness to bring it before the London trades when it was fully elaborated; but Mr. Shipton, Secretary of the Council, stated that in the present condition of feeling with regard to the gas stokers and the Criminal Law Amendment Act, the time was not favorable for enlisting the sympathies of the trades' societies in any effort for education which the middle class were to take part in. At the same time, he felt this was a very important movement, and he would certainly do his best to help it forward. Lord Lyttelton, replying to Mr. Shipton, remarked that the case of the gas stokers was not a political but a judicial grievance, and the Government had rectified the unduly severe sentence of the judge. Mr. Solly observed that was perfectly true, and important to be remembered by the trade societies; but he knew they felt very deeply the injustice of making a breach of contract a criminal offence on the part of the workmen, while it was only a civil offence if committed by other parties. This view was received with applause, after which votes of thanks were moved by Mr. Solly to the noble chairman and Mr. Stuart, seconded by several persons present, and carried by acclamation; in acknowledging which, Lord Lyttelton stated, in reply to a question put by one of the Trade Council, that he was thoroughly in favor of opening Bethnal Green and other museums on Sunday afternoons, provided the requisite attendance could be secured by a system of relays, for he was very anxious that no one in this country should be obliged to work seven days in a week. The statement of these views was received with much favor. The meeting then separated.—English Exchange.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The efforts of the management of this establishment to secure the engagement of first-class talent is deserving the success that has attended their endeavors. The audience continue large. On Tuesday Mr. John H. Clarke made his re-appearance—"He couldn't stay away,"—and was enthusiastically received. Miss Rosa Lee retains her popularity. Her songs are new, and her singing of a high standard. The songs of Harry Wood, the songs and dances of Miss Fanny Wood and Miss Annie West, and the Cancing of Miss Hattie Rogers, Elk Arnold, and Laura Flint, not forgetting the attractive comicalities of Howard and Egbert, combine to furnish a most pleasant evening's entertainment. On Friday evening, Mr. Z. R. Triganne, the lessee and manager, was presented by Mr. Harry Wood, on behalf of himself and members of the company, with a very handsome gold medal, on which was a suitable inscription. The presentation was both a surprise and a pleasure to Mr. Triganne, who hoped the same kindly and cordial feeling would continue to exist between himself and the artists of the Academy.

The enquiry ordered by the Dominion Government into the Atlantic's disaster was held at the Custom House, and occupied the greater part of Saturday. The Collector, E. M. McDonald, presided. Captain Phillimore, of Her Majesty's ship Sphinx, could not attend as his ship was about to sail for Bermuda. Captain McKenzie was chosen instead, to assist the Collector. Hon. S. T. Shannon, Q.C., and H. Blanchard, Q.C., for the Government; and J. W. Richie, Q.C., for the Captain. The evidence as published is a recapitulation of previous reports.

A RUSSIAN SURPRISE.—The new railway and telegraph chart of the Russian Empire, just published, seems to have taken the German general staff by surprise. Russia is shown by this chart to possess railways and telegraph lines actually in operation of which the world outside had not the slightest notice or even suspicion. There is a complete system of strategical railways, radiating from the principal lines uniting in St. Petersburg, Moscow and Kioff, and extending even to the Asiatic frontier in no less than ten lines. All the military centres, even Nova Tcherhask, the headquarters of the Don Cossacks, are accessible by rail; and in a short time, if not at this moment, Russia can move large bodies of troops and concentrate them within a few days at any desired point. In view of these facts the German journals urge their government to hasten forward the construction of railways on their own eastern frontier, which they will need for their own safety in case of war.

The wives of Workmen are invited to visit Eaton's, where can be found the cheapest Spring Goods.

REMITTANCES.

R. A., Hamilton, \$1; S. S., do., 50cts.; J. H., do., 50cts.; D. T., St. Catharines, \$1; J. G., do., \$1; L. H., do., \$1; J. G., do., \$1; J. B., do., \$1; R. E. E., do., \$1; C. B., do., \$2; J. W., do., \$1; T. R. M., do., \$2; C. Boyer, do., \$1; T. W. H., Kingston, \$1; R. P., Hamilton, \$6.25; J. P., do., \$6.50; J. P., do., \$6.75; G. M., do., \$2.60.

New Advertisements.



Post Office Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Post Office will be open for delivery, on

GOOD FRIDAY,
FROM 8 TO 10 A.M.

Usual daily mails will close at 6 a.m., and United States mails at 10 a.m.

JOSEPH LESSLIE,
Postmaster

Toronto P.O., 10th April 1873.

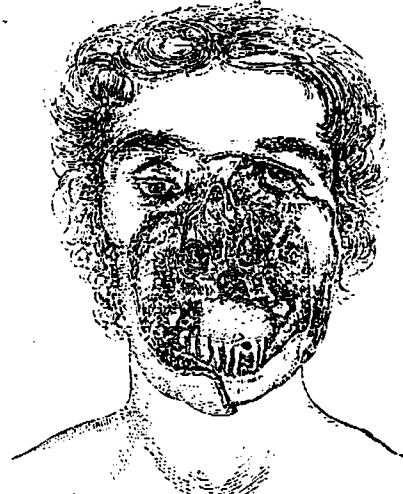
DR. WOOD,

PROPRIETOR OF THE

OTTAWA CANCER CURE,

SPARKS ST. AND MARIA ST., OTTAWA, ONT.

Cancers Cured by a New, but Certain, Speedy, and nearly Painless Process, and without the Use of the Knife.



HOPELESS CASE—EFFECT OF DELAY.

The Cure will be guaranteed, and, as a proof of this, no pay is required until the Cure is complete. The moment a Cancer is discovered, it should be cured, as it will cost less and is more speedily cured than when of longer standing, and there is nothing to gain, and everything to lose, by delay. What now seems a harmless lump in the breast, neck, eyelid or elsewhere, or small wart or sore on the lip, may, in a few short months, become a hideous, disgusting, destroying mass of disease. If required, references can be given to parties who have been cured many years since, and who are now sound and healthy. All communications promptly answered. No money required in advance, and none until the Cure is complete. 52-oh

SPRING GOODS.

N. McEACHREN,
MERCHANT TAILOR, & C.

191 Yonge Street,
Has just received a large and good assortment of SPRING GOODS for Ordered Work. 52-oh

AMALGAMATED SOCIETY
OF
CARPENTERS AND JOINERS.

The above Society intend holding their ANNIVERSARY DINNER at D. Black's Hotel, Hamilton,

On Friday, April 18th, 1873.

Tickets, 75 Cents. Dinner at 7.30.
R. BONNEY, Sec.

TO THE MECHANICS OF THE DOMINION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

That in consequence of the men who were employed on the erection of the Presbyterian Church, not having been yet paid, the members of all Trades' Unions and others are requested not to engage at all with the Contractor who now has it, or any Contractor who may hereafter have said Church, until all arrears are paid.
By Order,
R. H. GRAHAM, Secretary.

Ottawa, March 1, 1873. 48-4f

THE JOURNEYMEN FREE STONE CUTTERS ASSOCIATION, of Ottawa, City, and immediate vicinity, hold their meetings in the St. Lawrence Hotel, corner of Rideau and Nicholas streets, on the first and third Monday in each month. The officers elected for the present quarter, commencing Monday March 3, 1873, are as follows:—President, Robert Thomson; Vice-President, Joseph Hugg; Financial Secretary, William Gould; Recording and Corresponding Secretary, George Bissett; Treasurer, Robert Postle, Tyler, James Walker; Trades Council, Donald Robertson, James Kelly, James Walker, Joseph Hugg; Trustees, Donald Robertson, John Casey, William Clark.

NEW
SPRING
GOODS.

T. EATON & CO.,

Invite inspection of their early Spring Stock of

White Goods and Prints,

Which they are now showing in enormous quantities and at extraordinary low prices.

CORNER YONGE & QUEEN STREETS,
42-4c

Our Home Girl.

BABY'S SHOES.

Oh, those little, those little blue shoes!
Those shoes that little feet use.
Oh the price were high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet;
That by God's good will,
Years since, grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And Oh, since that baby slept,
So hushed, how the mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And over them thought and wept!

For they remind her evermore
Of a patter along the floor;
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babble from chair to chair
A little sweet face
That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then Oh wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start!

COME HOME.

Darling, I am very weary,
Tired of life and all its care,
Longing so to feel your kisses
On my brow, and face, and hair;
Since the weary day we parted,
Said the hours have worn away,
And I'm watching for your coming,
Hour by hour, day by day.

Have you weary been and lonely?
Has the time gone slowly by?
Or, 'mid pleasures and gay revels,
Have you long since ceased to sigh
For the arms that once cradled you,
And the eyes that watched for thee?
In the happy days now vanished
Only memory's left to me.

Gentle breeze of summer sunset!
Can ye not unto me bring
Some fond token of my darling,
On your light and balmy wing?
Lift my curls and whisper softly—
Weary one! oh, murmur not!
Your fond love is not all wasted,
You will never be forgot!

Summer birds, bear on your bosom,
From that bright land whence you come,
Some sweet message of kind import
To the weary waiting one.
Quiet stars! in pale, calm beauty
Kindly beam where'er he be!
Angels guard him! Heaven guide him—
Safely home at last to me.

—Waverley Magazine.

SELF-CULTURE.

We men are not mere fragments—we are whole; we are not single qualities—we are realities of mixed, various, countless combinations. Therefore I say to every man: As far as you can—partly for excellence in your special mental calling, principally for completion of your end in existence—strive while improving your one talent to enrich your whole capital as a man. It is in this way that you escape from that wretched narrow-mindedness which is characteristic of every one who cultivates his specialty alone.

It is a great preservative to a high standard in taste and achievement, to take every year some great book as an especial study, not only to be read, but to be connoised, studied, brooded over; to go in the country with it, travel with it, be devoted faithfully to it; be without any other book at the time; compel yourself to read it again and again. Who can be dull enough to pass long days in the intimate, close, familiar intercourse with some transcendent mind, and not feel the benefit of it when he returns to the common world?

But whatever standard of mental excellency you thus form in your study of the excellent, never, if you wish, let your standard make you intolerant to any other defects but your own. The surest sign of wisdom is charity, and the best charity is that which never ostentatiously parades itself as charity. For your idea of a man as he ought to be, always look upward; but to judge man as he is, never affect to stoop. Look your fellow-men in the face. Learn all you possibly can; and when you have learned that all, I repeat it, you will never converse with any man who does not know something worth knowing better than yourself.

THE DOG'S FACULTY OF SCENT.

A writer in *Land and Water* claims for each variety of dog the faculty of special scent:—The collie can hunt his master's footsteps, or the sheep beneath a snow-drift. The pointer scents the smell of edible fungi within four or five inches of soil. And the foxhound can make himself intelligible, he

would be able to make us acquainted with the difference between the scent of a partridge and that of a hare. Perhaps that information which we cannot obtain by direct mental intercourse, may be gained by watching the expression and gesture attendant on the change of game. A neighbor of mine told me that some years ago, when he was a snipe-shooter, he had a pointer which knew the difference by scent alone, between a jack snipe and a common snipe. Whenever he came upon a "Jack," the dog wagged his tail, but when it was a "Jenny," his setting was stiff and motionless. The same sporting friend informed me that a few of the best hounds in a pack would follow the scent of a hare through snow, the hare having run to her seat before the snow had fallen. Mongrels throw light on this subject. I have seen a handsome dog, bred between a pointer and a hound, proclaim descent by acting a double character in the same field. If a covey of partridge were winded, she would hunt up cautiously to them, and set steadily till the shooter came up. But if she caught scent of a hare, no correction could make her stand; she would run in and start the hare, and follow it closely by nose. Another sporting friend gives me a somewhat similar instance. One of their pack was a half-bred dog, between a hound and pointer. When running in full cry with hounds, if it came upon partridges, the mongrel would stop and point, then put up the partridges, and again join the hounds.

WISDOM IN LOVE-MAKING.

We know that men naturally shrink from the attempt to obtain companions who are their superiors; but they will find that really intelligent women, who possess the most desirable qualities, are uniformly modest, and hold their charms in modest estimation. What such women most admire in men is gallantry; not the gallantry of courts and fops, but boldness, courage, devotion and refined civility. A man's bearing wins ten superior women where his boots and brains win one. If a man stands before a woman with respect for himself and fearlessness of her, his suit is half won. The rest may safely be left to the parties most interested. Therefore never be afraid of a woman. Women are the most harmless and agreeable creatures in the world to a man who shows that he has got a man's soul in him. If you have not got the spirit to come up to a test like this, you have not got that in you which most pleases a high-souled woman, and you will be obliged to content yourself with a simple girl who, in a quiet way, is endeavoring to attract and fasten you. Especially don't imagine that any disappointment in love which takes place before you are twenty-one years old will be of any material damage to you. The truth is, that before a man is twenty-five year old he does not know what he wants himself. So don't be in a hurry. The more a man you become, and the more manliness you become capable of exhibiting in your association with woman, the better wife you will be able to obtain; and one year's possession of the heart and hand of a really noble specimen of her sex is worth nine hundred and ninety-nine years' possession of a sweet creature with two ideas in her head, and nothing new to say about either of them. So don't be in a hurry, we say again. You don't want a wife now, and you have no idea of the kind of a wife you will want by-and-by. Go into female society, if you can find that which will improve you, but not otherwise.

IMPORTANCE OF READING.

No matter how obscure the position in life, an individual, if he can read, he may at will put himself in the best society the world has ever seen. He may converse with Franklin and Washington; with all the writers in prose and poetry. He may learn how to live, how to avoid the errors of his predecessors, and to secure blessings, present and future, to himself. He may reside in a desert far away from the habitations of man; in solitude, where no human eye looks upon him with affection or interest; where no human voice cheers him with animating tones, if he has books to read he can never be alone. He may choose his company and the subject of conversation, and thus become contented and happy, intelligent, wise, and good. He thus elevates his rank in the world, and becomes independent in the best sense of the word.

ELEGANT LANGUAGE.

The proper use of words in expressing thoughts is language—a perfect picture of the mind. When the language is perfect the picture is perfect. Bad language is like a distorted photograph, showing only an unsymmetrical shadow of the object; and when we look at it we can scarcely realize that it is intended as an image. Sometimes it is so badly distorted that its very producer would not recognize it as his own. In the English language there are plenty of words for the expression of thoughts in true bright colors; therefore the artist need not borrow from other tongues. But he must choose judiciously, from among the thousands the proper one for the place, taking care that his colors are blended in such a manner as to please, and at the same time carry a forcible expression. The word-painter must be very careful that his work be not too highly colored, for by the use of high sound-

ing, ambiguous words, the strength that he may intend to give to the picture is lost, and the image is blurred. The simplest colors applied by the skillful artist make the most life-like picture, and the simplest words, judiciously chosen, are colors that must be used in painting a true picture of the mind.

CLEANING PICTURES.

It is stated that a new process for cleaning pictures has been discovered. The great difficulty has always been to get off the old varnish, which by length of time has become almost incorporated with the color underneath, so that any method employed to remove the upper surface is pretty certain to carry off with it the delicate lines below. Some picture dealers use corrosive substances, which make the matter worse. An ingenious system has been discovered at Amsterdam, which consists in simply spreading a coating of copalica balsam on the old painting, and then keeping it face downward over a dish of the same size filled with cold alcohol at an altitude of about three feet. The vapors of the liquid impart to the cadamba a degree of semi-fluidity, in which it easily amalgamates with the varnish it covers. Thus the original brilliancy and transparency are regained without injuring the oil painting; and when the picture is hung up in its place again, two or three days after, it looks as if it had been varnished afresh. The inventors have given the public the benefit of their discovery. The process has the merit of being a short one as compared with the old methods.

RUSTIC BASKETS.

Take a piece of wood four inches square; have four pieces the width of tape three inches long. Tack these to the middle of each side of this square, in an inclined position; drive a tack through the top of each of these uprights, take a piece of wire, pass it round these tacks and all around the basket, throw a handle over the top of the same, secure, and break it off; paint all green; when dry, put arbor vitae around inside, and on the handle, intersperse flowers, and you have a very pretty shaped extempore vase of flowers; if wet, it will last long. A piece of sponge, inserted below the flowers, keeps up moisture. A novel basket for cut flowers may be made by cutting a ripe sun-flower with quarter yard of stem, inverting it, placing a wet sponge below, flowers and green above, two or three toy birds and real butterflies down the handle; and, if you choose, varnishing the under part. It is then entirely water proof.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

Mark Twain takes this view of the millennium of woman's rights:—
In that day a man shall say to his servant, "What is the matter with the baby?" And the servant shall reply, "And where is its mother?" "She is out electioneering for Sallie Ribbons."
And such conversations as these shall transpire between ladies and servants applying for situations:
"Can you cook?" "Yes." "Wash?" "Yes." "All right." "Who is your choice for State milliner?" "Judy McGinis." "Well, you can tramp."
And women shall talk politics instead of discussing the fashions; and men shall nurse the babies while their wives go up to the polls to vote. And in that day the man who hath beautiful whiskers shall beat the homely man of wisdom for Governor, and the youth who waltzes with exquisite grace shall be Chief of Police in preference to the man of practical sagacity and determined energy.
Every man, I take it, has a selfish end in view when he pours out eloquence in behalf of the public good in the newspapers, and such is the case with me. I do not want the privileges of woman extended, because my wife holds office in nineteen different female associations, and I have to do all her clerking.
If you give the women full sweep with men in political affairs, who will proceed to run for every office under the new dispensation. That will finish me. She would not have time to do anything at all then, and every solitary thing would fall on me, and my family would go to destruction, for I am not qualified for a wet nurse.

HORACE GREELEY'S GREAT RIDE.

When the late Mr. Greeley was in California, ovations awaited him at every town. He had written powerful leaders in the *Tribune* in favor of the Pacific Railroad, which had greatly endeared him to the citizens of the Golden Gate. And, therefore, they made much of him when he went to see them.
At one town the enthusiastic populace tore his celebrated white coat to pieces, and carried the pieces home to remember him by.
The citizens of Placerville prepared to fete the great journalist, and an extra coach, with extra relays of horses, was chartered of the California Stage Company to carry him from Folsom to Placerville, distance forty miles. The extra was on some account delayed, and did not leave Folsom until late in the afternoon. Mr. Greeley was to be feted at 7 o'clock, that evening by the citizens of Placerville, and it was altogether necessary that he should be there by that hour. So the Stage

Company said to Henry Monk, the driver of the extra: "Henry, Mr. Greeley must be there at 7 o'clock to-night." And Henry answered, "Mr. Greeley shall be there."
The roads were in an awful state, and during the first few miles out of Folsom slow progress was made.

"Sir," said Mr. Greeley, "are you aware that I must be at Placerville at 7 o'clock to-night?"
"I've got my orders!" laconically returned Henry Monk.

Still the coach dragged slowly forward.
"Sir," said Mr. Greeley, "this is not a trifling matter. I must be there at seven!"
Again came the answer: "I've got my orders."

But the speed was not increased, and Mr. Greeley chafed away another half hour, when, as he was again about to remonstrate with the driver, the horses suddenly started into a furious run, and all sorts of encouraging yells filled the air from the throat of Henry Monk.

"That is right, my good fellow," said Mr. Greeley. "I'll give you ten dollars when we get to Placerville. Now we are going!"
They were, indeed, and at terrible speed.

Crack! Crack! went the whip, and again that voice split the air, "Git up! hi yil g'long! yip-yip!"

And on they tore, over ruts and stones, up and down, at a rate of speed never before achieved by stage horses.

Mr. Greeley, who had been bouncing from one end of the coach to the other like an Indian rubber ball, managed to get his head out of the window, and said:

"D—on't—on't you you—u—u—think e—e—shall get there by seven if we do—n't go so fast?"

"I've got my orders." That was all Henry Monk said, and on tore the coach.

It was becoming serious. Already the journalist was becoming extremely sore from the jolting, and again his head might have been seen at the window.

"Sir," he said, "I don't care—are—are if we don't get there at seven."
"I've got my orders."

Fresh horses—forward again, faster than before; over rocks and stumps, on one of which the coach narrowly escaped turning a summersault.

"See here!" shrieked Mr. Greeley. "I don't care if we don't get there at all."

"I've got my orders. I work for the California Stage Company, I do; that's wot I work for. They said, 'Git this man through by seven.' An' this man's goin' through, you bet! Gerlong! whoop!"

Another frightful jolt, and Mr. Greeley's bald head suddenly found its way through the roof of the coach, amid the ripping of strong canvas.

"Stop you—maniac!" he roared.

Again answered Henry Monk:

"I've got my orders! Keep your seat, Horace."

At Mud Springs, a village a few miles from Placerville, they met a large delegation of citizens of Placerville, who had come out to meet the celebrated editor and escort him into town. There was a military company, a brass band, and a six-horse wagon load of beautiful damsels in milk-white dresses, representing all the States in the Union. It was nearly dark now, but the delegation was amply provided with torches and bonfires all along the road to Placerville.

The citizens met the coach in the outskirts of Mud Springs, and Mr. Monk reined in his foaming steeds.

"Is Mr. Greeley on board?" asked the chairman of the committee.

"He was a few minutes back," said Mr. Monk.

"My orders is as follows: 'Git him there by seven.' It wants a quarter to seven. Stand out of the way."

"But, sir," exclaimed the committeemen, seizing the off leader by the reins, "Mr. Monk, we are to escort him into town. Look at the procession, sir, and the brass band, and the people, and the young women, sir."

"I've got my orders!" screamed Mr. Monk. "My orders don't say nothing about no brass bands and young women. My orders says, 'Git him there by seven.' Let go them lines. Clear the way there. Woo-op! Keep your seat, Horace!" and the coach dashed wildly through the procession, upsetting a portion of the brass band, and violently grazing the wagon which contained the beautiful young women in white.

Years hence grey-haired men, who were in this procession, will tell their grand-children how this stage tore through Mud Springs, and how Horace Greeley's bald head ever and anon showed itself, like a wild apparition, above the coach roof.

Mr. Monk was on time. There is a tradition that Mr. Greeley was very indignant for a while; then he laughed, and finally presented Mr. Monk with a brau new suit of clothes.

Mr. Monk himself is still in the employ of the California Stage Company, and is rather fond of telling a story that has made him famous all over the Pacific coast. But he says he yields to no man in his admiration for Horace Greeley.

For first-class Book and Job Printing go to the office of the ONTARIO WORKMAN, 124 Bay street.

For first-class Job Printing go to the WORKMAN Office.

SAVANNAH AND CHIPS.

"The first bird of spring attempted to sing. But, ere he had sounded a note, He fell from the limb—a dead bird was him. The music had fled in his throat."

A well-known lecturer classifies his audience as follows:—The "still-attentives," the "quick-responses," the "hard-to-lifts," the "won't-applauds," and the "got-up-and-gots."

"So there's another rupture at Mount Venciferous," said Mrs. Partington, as she put down the paper and put up her specs. "The paper tells us about the burning lather running down the mountain, but it don't tell how it got fire."

One of the little pleasantries of the "gods" at the Dublin Opera House consists in throwing on to the stage a bouquet, to which a piece of twine is attached. When the *prima donna* goes to pick it up the nosegay is suddenly drawn up again, amid the roar of the "deities."

Nervous old invalid.—"Well, Miss Nipper, I think it's quite time these passage walls were re-papored." Landlady.—"Pardon me, Sir, but I was a-waiting to see 'ow your 'ealth goes on. Coffins is sech things to knock the paper off a-coming down."

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

In one of Lover's Irish stories, the narrator, describing the feats of a very knowing fox, tells how Master Reynard entered a cottage, sat down by the fire, and took up a Roscommon journal.—"Oh, be aisy wid yer!" cried a listener; "a fox read the paper! I'm not going to believe that!" "To be sure," replied the other; "if a fox doesn't read the newspapers, how is he to know where the hounds meet?"

The most self-sacrificing man in Toronto the other day, while facing a severe storm, with nothing to shelter him from the pelting snow, met, in going down a single street, five of his neighbors, each carrying an umbrella borrowed of him. The satisfaction he felt at seeing them so well sheltered more than compensated him for the thorough drenching he experienced. Such men are rare.

The West end young ladies are about introducing a new game called "Kiss me quick, and let me go." They have frequent rehearsals, at which the girl are never late, but they are not perfect in their parts. They remember the "kiss me quick" well enough, but somehow, they forget to say "and let me go." And the young men are so mean that they won't "prompt" the girls a single time!

"Pa," said a son to his father, "what is meant by 'a chip off the old block'?" "Why, my son, do you ask the question?" "Because I was in Enfield this morning, and told them gentlemen while hunting I saw fifty squirrels up one tree. They kept trying to make me say that I did not see but forty-nine; and because I wouldn't say so they said I was 'a chip of the old block.'" "Hem! Well, my son, they only meant that you were smart and honest, like your pa. You can go out to play now."

The New York practice of using a reflector and throwing a ray of rose-colored light upon the bride's cheeks as she passes up the aisle of the church was sought to be introduced in San Francisco, but the man managing the reflector was a little nervous, and directed the rays upon the nose of the bridegroom, and the consequences was that these who assembled to witness the marriage, and were not in the secret, thought the bride was throwing herself away on a magnificent rum-blossomed nose.

When three Irishmen dug a ditch, for which they were to receive four dollars, the trouble was how to divide four among three, and have it equal. One of them remained quiet, and the other two at last deferred to his judgement, as he had been to school and knew arithmetic, to make the division. He did it at once, saying, "It's aisy enough! Shure there's two for you two, and two for me, too." "Begorra," said one of his co-laborers, "what a great thing it is to have learning!" "And," said the other, as he pocketed his single dollar, "to know arithmetic, too! It's the like of us two'd never divided them four dollars aequally."

DANCING THEIR RAGS OFF.—Two very unsophisticated young lasses visited Niblo's Theatre in New York, during the ballot season. When the short-skirted gossamer clad nymphs made their appearance on the stage, they became restless. "Oh, Annie!" exclaimed one of them, sotto voce. "Well, Mary!" "It ain't nice." "Hush!" "I don't like it." "Hush!" "I don't care, it ain't nice; and I wonder why aunt brought us here." "Hush, Mary, I tell you. The folks will laugh at you." After a flog or two, and a pirouette, the blushing Mary said: "Oh, Annie, let's go—it ain't nice, and I don't feel comfortable." "Do hush, Mary," replied the sister, whose own face was scarlet, though it wore an air of determination: "It's the first time I ever was at a theatre, and I suppose it will be the last time; so I am just going to see it through, if they dance their rag off."

PROVERBS FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION.

The characters of giants have often to be written by dwarfs, who, though tip-toed and confident, are quite unequal to the task.

The scoundrel who, *mal prepense*, injures or robs a man, will defame him in order to justify his crime.

Talents, like riches, excite the cupidity of those who are in want.

It is better to be dull, with an ardent desire to learn, than clever with no disposition to improve.

When the powerful conspire to hustle a man, he will be fortunate, indeed, if he escape without a scar.

A prophet is without honor in his own country, and especially in his own family.

Men are pre-Raffaellite in hypocrisy. They imitate the real thing so closely, that it is difficult to tell which is which.

The pleasures of anticipation, imagination, and hope are the sunshine of life; but the rough weather of disappointment often does a man the most good.

Meanness is always prying into and harping upon antecedents; charity, with more wisdom and generosity, looks to sequents.

Far more labor and talent have been sacrificed to error than to truth.

Everybody who sifts doesn't find the jewel.

Truths lie scattered broadcast, through the ages, waiting eyes to see them.

Nations which encourage spying will ere long be enslaved.

Espionage is an antidote which, in the end, is found to be worse than the disease.

Treachery is the unpardonable of crimes; it says all the foundations of society.

Religion on the tongue, and self in the heart, is the way of the world.

Keep in the temperate zone if you would wish to travel pleasantly and safely.—*Builder.*

Grains of Gold.

False happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.

Marriage is altogether too momentous a matter to be decided upon precipitately. Better never marry, than to marry a person with whom it is not morally certain you can live happily.

Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all for him to bear; but they are so because they are the very ones he needs.

A loving heart and pleasant countenance are commodities which a man should never fail to take home with him. They will best season his food and soften his pillow.

In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert religion and morality, those great pillars of human happiness, those firmest props of the duties of men and citizens.

Agur said, "Give me neither poverty nor riches;" and this will ever be the prayer of the wise. Our income should be like our shoes: if too small, they will gall and pinch us, but if too large, they will cause us to stumble and to trip.

Chastise your passions that they may not chastise you. No one who is a lover of money, a lover of pleasure, or a lover of glory, is likewise a lover of mankind.

Youth beholds happiness gleaming in the prospect. Age looks back on the happiness of youth; and, instead of hopes, seeks its enjoyment in the recollection of hopes. Thus happiness ever resides in the imagination.

How easily one can tell whether a man is glad from within, or whether it is only the play of the sunbeams that chance to fall on him. Happiness is not the work of a chisel and mallet; not mortised into the soul; it is "put out," like the arm of a tree, whose green, unravelled sleeve flutters with the life it shares.

How often a sound night's sleep changes our feelings towards those who differ from us. And how cautious, after this experience, should we be in our hasty, ill-digested denunciations of the conduct and opinions of others!

A good wife, a true woman, is a real heroine. She puts her own grievances out of sight, to drive away with pleasant smiles the clouds that gather around her husband's gloomy brow; she pours oil on the troubled waters of her own soul, that she may soothe his sorrow.

The young ladies of a country seminary are puzzled over the exact measuring of the following inscription recently discovered on the wall of the building:—"Young ladies should set good examples, for the young men will follow them."

White Hart, corner of Yonge and InE streets, is conducted on the good old English principle by Bell Belmont, late of London, England, who has gained the reputation, by strict adherence to business, of keeping the best conducted saloon in this city. The bar is pronounced by the press to be the "prince of bars," and is under the entire management of Mrs. Emma Belmont, whose whole study is to make the numerous patrons of this well-known resort comfortable. Visitors to this city will not regret walking any distance to see this—the handsomest bar in the Dominion.

Dentistry, Surgical, &c.

M. EDWARD SNIDER,
SURGEON DENTIST
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—84 Bay Street, a few doors below King Street, Toronto.
20-hr

J. A. TROUTMAN, L. D. S.,
DENTIST.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—127 Church Street, Toronto, opposite Metropolitan Church.
Makes the preservation of the natural teeth a speciality.
20-hr

DR. J. BRANSTON WILMOTT,
DENTIST
GRADUATE OF THE PHILADELPHIA DENTAL COLLEGE
OFFICE—Corner of King and Church streets, Toronto
27-hr

F. G. CALLENDER,
DENTIST.
OFFICE—Corner of King and Jordan Streets
27-hr TORONTO.

R. G. TROTTER,
DENTIST,
53 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONT.,
Opposite Toronto Street.
RESIDENCE—172 Jarvis Street. 23-hr

W. C. ADAMS,
DENTIST,
35 King Street East, Toronto,
Has given attention to his profession in all its parts.
28-hr

G. W. HALE,
DENTIST,
No. 6 TEMPERANCE ST., TORONTO,
First house off Yonge St., North Side
24-hr

N. AGNEW, M. D.,
(Successor to his brother, the late Dr. Agnew.)
CORNER OF BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS,
TORONTO.
23-hr

Miscellaneous.

WILLIAM BURKE,
LUMBER MERCHANT,
Manufacturer of Doors, Sash, Blinds, Flooring, Sheeting, Packing Boxes, &c., &c.
CORNER SHEPHERD AND RICHMOND STREETS,
TORONTO.
28 Planing, Sawing, &c., done to order. 23-hr

W. MILLICHAAMP,
Gold and Silver-Plater in all its branches
MANUFACTURER OF
Nickel Silver and Wood-Show Cases
and Window Bars,
14 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.
23-hr



Is the best place in the city to get value for your money.
Remember the address,—
55 KING STREET EAST,
OPPOSITE TORONTO STREET.
40-hr

THE ST. LAWRENCE BANK.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

That a second call of ten per cent, on the subscribed stock of this institution has this day been made, and payable at the Office of the Bank here, on or before the 11th proximo.

By Order,
K. F. LOCKHART,
Cashier.
Toronto, 12th March, 1873.



DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS.
TORONTO, 5th MARCH, 1873.

AN ORDER IN COUNCIL, DATED 19,
April last, with the view of promoting settlement on lands of the Crown at present remote from the centres of traffic, provides that the Commissioner of Crown Lands may withdraw any lot or lots or portions of land, he may deem necessary from any timber license therefor issued or renewed, for the purpose of furnishing a supply of timber for saw mills manufacturing or to manufacture timber for local consumption; the timber from lands so set apart for the supply of such saw mills to be cut and manufactured exclusively for such local demand, and so disposed of: that any infraction of such condition, direct or indirect, will be followed in each case by cancellation of authority to cut timber or trees on the lands so set apart for the purpose mentioned, and that such lands shall be restored to the licensee from which they were withdrawn.

R. W. COTT,
COMMISSIONER

Legal Cards.

LAUDER & PROCTOR,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, ETC.
OFFICE:—Masonic Hall, 20 Toronto street.
A. W. LAUDER. JAS. A. PROCTOR
33-hr

HARRY E. CASTON,
Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery,
CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,
OFFICE—48 ADELAIDE STREET,
Opposite the Court House.
54-hr TORONTO

HENRY O'BRIEN,
BARRISTER,
Attorney and Solicitor, &c.,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
OFFICE—68 CHURCH STREET.

SAMUEL PLATT, JR.,
ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c.,
OFFICE:—18 KING STREET WEST,
TORONTO.
42-hr

Miscellaneous.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY
BOTH FOR
New & Second-Hand Furniture.

A good assortment of
SIDEBOARDS, LOUNGES AND HOUSE
FURNISHING GOODS.
Of every description. Always on hand,
CARPETS, STOVES, &c.
FURNITURE EXCHANGED.

ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE NEATLY REPAIRED
Sofas Re-Covered and Chairs Re-Caned
27 Call before purchasing elsewhere.

JAMES WEEKES,
44 to 247 & 249 YONGE STREET

WEST END FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS.

JAMES McQUILLAN,
FURNITURE DEALER,
258 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.
Strict attention paid to repairing in all its branches.
City Express delivery promptly executed. Household Furniture removed with greatest care.
First-class Furniture Varnish always on hand. 32-hr

M. CHEAP FURNITURE STORE,
23-Queen Street West—23
Next to Knox Church.

The Subscriber begs to call special attention to the BARGAINS now offered in New and Second-Hand Furniture.
27 Mechanics and others will find it to their advantage to visit this store to purchase what they want.
23-hr ALEX. KING.

CHARLES HUNTER,
DEALER IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, WINES AND LIQUORS,
68 Queen Street West,
CORNER TERAULEY ST.
45-hr TORONTO, ONT.

CAUTION TO SMOKERS

The Imperial Smoking Mixture
Sold only in registered 2 oz. packets, 15c.

GOLDEN BIRD'S EYE TOBACCO,
Registered, 15c the 2oz. packet.

Masters' Celebrated Virginia Shag,
Registered, 10c the 2oz. packet.

THE IMPERIAL
224 YONGE ST., TORONTO
W. MASTERS, IMPORTER.
36-hr

THE ALHAMBRA,
CORNER YONGE AND SHUTTER STS.
Noted House for Choice Drinks.
Masters' Golden Bird's Eye Tobacco and the Imperial Smoking Mixture can be had here in registered Packets, only 15c each.
36-hr

STEAM DYE WORKS
363 AND 363 1/2 YONGE ST., TORONTO,
(Between Gould and Gerrard Sts.)
THOMAS SQUIR, Proprietor.

Kid Gloves Cleaned with superiority and despatch.
27 Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned, Dyed and Repaired on the shortest possible notice. 36-hr

Tailoring.

CHARLES TOYE,
MERCHANT TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,
72 QUEEN STREET WEST.
A large and extensive stock on hand. A good fit guaranteed.
20-hr

Jewellery.

J. BEGSWORTH,
Importer of Watches, Clocks, and Fancy Goods, and Manufacturer of Gold and Silver Jewellery. Masonic Emblems made to order.
118 YONGE ST., TORONTO.
27 Spectacles to Suit every Sight. 23



THE RUSSELL WATCH is made in all sizes suitable for Ladies and Gents, both in gold and silver. But the accompanying cut represents in proper proportions the \$25 Russell Hunting Lever Watch. In sterling silver case and gold points, full jewelled—warranted for five years—sent together with a gold-plated Albert chain—which will be sent to any part of Canada on receipt of \$25, or G.O.D. per express.

W. E. COHNELL,
Watch Importer,
33 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.

Miscellaneous.

E. WESTMAN,
177 King Street East,
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF BUTCHERS' TOOLS
SAWS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
27 All Goods Warranted. 30-hr

PETER WEST,
(Late West Brothers.)
GOLD AND SILVER PLATER.
Every description of worn out Electro-Plate, Steel Knives, &c., re-plated equal to new, Carriage Irons Silver-Plated to order.
POST OFFICE LANE, TORONTO STREET.
35-hr

T. CLAXTON,
Importer and Dealer in
First-class Band Instruments,
Viollins, English, German and Anglo-German Concer-
tinas, Guitars, Flutes, Fifes, Bows, Strings, Instruction
Books, etc.,
107 YONGE STREET.
Special attention given to repairing and tuning every
description of Musical Instruments. 23-hr

ANTHONY GILLIS,
(SUCCESSOR TO T. ROBINSON),
FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSER,
12 QUEEN STREET WEST.
Shaving, Hair Cutting, Shampooing and Hair Dyeing
done in first-class style.
Ladies and Children's Hair Cutting promptly and
carefully attended to.
26-hr

L. SIEBERT,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
CIGARS, TOBACCO AND SNUFF,
And every description of Tobacconist's Goods.
70 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO.
Sign of the "INDIAN QUEEN."
34-hr

BALLS AND SUPPERS ATTENDED TO,
BY WILLIAM COULTER,
On the shortest notice, and in a manner as to give entire
satisfaction. Home-made bread always on hand.
27 Remember the address—CORNER OF TERAULEY
AND ALBERT STREETS.
33-hr

**BAY STREET
BOOK BINDERY.**
No. 102, Late Telegraph Building?

WM. BLACKHALL.
Account Book Manufacturer, and Law, Plain and Orna-
mental Bookbinder and Paper Ruler, Toronto.
35-hr



Society Seal Presses,
RIBBON AND DATE STAMPS.
CRESTS, MONOGRAMS, &c.
ENGRAVED ON HAND STAMPS.
CHAS. A. SCADDING,
83 Bay Street, Toronto

**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.



CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,
Ottawa, April 5th, 1873
AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON AMERI-
CAN INVOICES until further notice, 15
per cent.
R. S. M. BOUCHETTE
Commissioner
25 tf

D. HEWITT'S
West End Hardware Establishment,
365 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO.
CUTLERY, SHELF GOODS, CARPENTERS' TOOLS
34-hr

T. O. MECHANICS.
S. C. JORY, PHOTOGRAPHER
75 KING ST. EAST
This is the place for Men's and
All work done in the best style.

WORKINGMEN!

SUPPORT YOUR OWN PAPER.

THE
ONTARIO WORKMAN

A WEEKLY PAPER,
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE
WORKING CLASSES.

NOW IS THE TIME

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ONE DOLLAR FOR SIX MONTHS.

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Single Copies, Five Cents,

Can be had at the Office of Publication, at the
Newsdealers in the city.

OFFICE:

124 Bay Street,

One door South of Grand's Horse Bazaar

Lord Suffield has distinguished himself among the Norfolk landlords by his decided fairness towards the laboring class.

TRAVELLERS GUIDE-TORONTO TIME. GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. FROM THE EAST. FROM THE WEST.

Miscellaneous. GEORGE ELLIS, Manufacturer and Importer of Hair and Jute Switches.

MEAKIN & CO. JUST OPENED, A LINE OF BLACK LUSTRE, Bought a Job in the Old Country, WILL BE SOLD CHEAP.

MEAKIN & CO., 207 YONGE STREET, OPPOSITE ALBERT.

THE QUEEN CITY CLOTHING STORE, 1332 Queen Street West, (OPPOSITE W. M. CHURCH.)

H. J. SAUNDERS, Practical Tailor and Cutter, to inform the numerous readers of the ONTARIO WORKMAN that he will do his utmost to make his establishment one of the best Clothing Houses in the Western part of the city.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, Wednesday, 10th day of September, 1872. HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

Undertaking. J. YOUNG, UNDERTAKER, 301 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. FUNERALS FURNISHED WITH EVERY REQUISITE.

M. McCABE, PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER, 165 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO. (OPPOSITE COLLEGE AVENUE.)

H. STONE, UNDERTAKER, 337 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. FUNERALS FURNISHED TO ORDER.

Books, Stationery, &c. ALFRED BUTLER, BOOKSELLER, STATIONER, AND NEWS DEALER.

R. MACKENZIE, 364-1-2 Yonge Street, NEWSDEALER, STATIONER, AND DEALER IN TOYS AND GENERAL FANCY GOODS.

BAIRD'S INDUSTRIAL, PRACTICAL, & SCIENTIFIC PUBLICATIONS. A further supply just received at Piddington's "Mammoth Book Store."

BARGAINS FOR MECHANICS! WM. WRIGHT, DEALER IN GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, WINES AND LIQUORS.

F. PEIRCE, DEALER IN PROVISIONS, Cured Meats, Butter, POULTRY, ETC., 100 Yonge Street, Toronto.

"THE ROYAL TEA MART" IS THE PLACE FOR CHOICE TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS, FRUITS AND SPICES.

MURPHY & BOLTON, FURNISHING UNDERTAKERS, 198 YONGE STREET, NORTH OF QUEEN STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

Coal and Wood. GREY & BRUCE WOOD YARD, BAY STREET, (Opposite Fire Hall.)

HARD AND SOFT COAL. Of every description, promptly delivered, at lowest prices. OPPOSITE BAY STREET FIRE HALL.

QUEEN'S WHARF COAL HOUSE. Having completed my new premises I am prepared to offer a complete assortment of COAL AND WOOD.

BEST COAL & WOOD! LOWEST PRICES IN THE CITY, AT THE VICTORIA WOOD YARD, Victoria Street, near Richmond St.

COAL! WITHOUT SNOW. BIG COAL HOUSE. OFFICE: 45 YONGE STREET. W. NYLES & SON.

COLEMAN & CO.'S COAL OFFICE. REMOVED TO 65 YONGE ST. 65 NEXT TO Henderson's Auction Rooms J. F. COLEMAN & CO

MUTTON, HUTCHINSON & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES, &c., IMPORTERS OF ALL KINDS OF STEAM AND DOMESTIC COAL.

JOHN KELZ, MERCHANT TAILOR, 358 YONGE STREET. Has just received a large and good assortment of SPRING GOODS.

DAVID'S COUGH BALSAM, An infallible remedy for COUGHS, COLD, and all affections of the Lungs and Throat.

SIGN OF THE "GOLDEN BOOT." WM. WEST & CO., 200 YONGE STREET. OUR SPRING STOCK In now Complete in all the LATEST STYLES.

R. MERRYFIELD, Boot and Shoe Maker, 100 YONGE STREET. A large and well-assorted Stock always on hand.

PROCLAMATION. To all whom it may concern, Greeting: MONTHLY DISCOUNT SALE. The Public are hereby informed that S. McCABE, Proprietor of the Big Blue Boot Store.

P. MCGINNES, 131 YORK STREET. All who wish to have good, neat, and comfortable BOOTS AND SHOES.

MANITOBA AND NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES. After the 10th of June next, emigrants having through tickets, will be sent from Toronto to Fort Garry, Manitoba.

THE WOODBINE, 88 YONGE STREET. WM. J. HOWELL, Jr., PROPRIETOR. Choicest brands of Wines, Liquors, and Cigars constantly on hand.

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, in and by an Act of Parliament of Canada, passed in the thirty-first year of Our Majesty Queen Victoria, and intitled, "An Act providing for the organization of the Department of the Secretary of State of Canada."

AND WHEREAS it has been deemed expedient by Our Governor of Canada that the said provisions should be extended to the several tracts of lands hereinafter mentioned and called, known and used as Indian Reserves.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, We have caused these Our Letters to be made Patent, and the Great Seal of Canada to be hereunto affixed.

By Command, J. C. AIKINS, Secretary of State.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, Wednesday, 12th day of February, 1872. PRESENT: HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

On the recommendation of the Hon. the Secretary of State for the Provinces and under the provisions of the 37th section of the Act 31 Vic., cap. 42, His Excellency in Council has been pleased to order that the following regulations for the protection of the timber on the lands of the Six Nation Indians and on the Reserve of the Mississauga Indians of the New Credit Settlement, and to provide for the mode of determining the location of lands to be held, used and enjoyed by the said Indian, under the provisions of the Acts of the Parliament of Canada relating thereto—be, and the same are hereby made and established.

REGULATIONS. No. 1.—No timber or firewood, millway ties, staves, shingle wood, or other description of timber or wood shall be taken from, or cut on, the lands of the Six Nation Indians or those of the Mississaugas of the New Credit Settlement without either a special license issued by the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, or otherwise by the Superintendent within whose agency or jurisdiction the said lands are situated; and which Superintendent shall in no case issue such a license except with the approbation and consent as respects the Six Nation lands, of the council of chiefs; and as respects the lands of the New Credit Settlement, with the joint concurrence of the head chief and the Local Superintendent; and this regulation shall apply to all lands whether located or otherwise.