

# Ontario Workman.

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

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## THE "SCOTSMAN" AND TRADES UNIONISTS.

The expression of opinion in regard to the *Scotsman* which was so emphatically given at the Music Hall meeting on Tuesday night will have a powerful influence on the public mind, and should also, and doubtless will, have an influence on the conductors of it and other journals. The fact cannot be denied that all daily newspapers are in a great measure depending on the working classes as readers, and that many advertisers become so from the fact that the papers are read by the working classes. The inner life of newspaper employes has not—in Scotland, at least—received much public attention, and the great mass of people know comparatively little of the technicalities of the present dispute. That the Music Hall was crowded on Tuesday night by a highly respectable, intelligent and appreciative audience will be no matter for surprise to those who have known the policy of the *Scotsman* on all questions affecting the social and material welfare of the toiling masses. For years past all manner of abuse has been heaped on all movements attempted by the working classes for the amelioration of their condition, and while ridiculing these movements no opportunity was lost of bringing the leaders into bad repute, poisoning the public mind in regard to their objects, and thus trying to defeat them. As may naturally be expected in such cases, the day of retribution has come, and the antecedents of the *Scotsman* are not of a kind which will warrant the workmen in hushing up the matter, and accepting promises similar to pie crusts—made only to be broken. While the immediate cause of the dispute is with the compositors, it is rather significant that the officials of all trade societies are eager to denounce the paper and support the compositors in their strike. Serious complaints were made at the public meeting by different speakers of the injustice done by the *Scotsman* in regard to working class questions, and although these have since been denied or stated to be untrue, still, from the known veracity of many of the speakers who made the charge, and the means they had of obtaining information, we fear, however much we may deplore the prostitution of the press, that the complaints were well founded. It so happens that what the *Scotsman* maintains is merely a point of discipline in the management of their own office is made the occasion for an expression of opinion as hearty and encouraging to the men on strike as it must be disheartening to the proprietors. One fact the *Scotsman* with all his resources of assertion cannot shake off is, that the scale the men insisted upon was agreed to by the proprietors, and is equally as binding on honourable men as the law under which the proprietors have been prosecuting some of their late workmen. In our opinion, a fair bargain between employer and employed is more worthy to be maintained than the Master and Servants Act, which the *Scotsman* has found available for their purposes. That the agreement was repeatedly broken is evident, and that promises of better and more honourable management were made is also beyond dispute. Still, these promises, it seems, were as often broken as they were made, and when the last letter on the subject was sent in an immediate rupture was apprehended. Yet the question is very cleverly made to appear as if the strike occurred because the proprietors have exercised their legitimate right of paying off five men guilty of a breach of discipline, and it is very mildly insinuated that the crime was drunkenness. It is alleged that it is the rules of the trades union that are to be set aside, and that in future the office is to be managed by the proprietors instead of by the workmen's trades union. Now, the fact is, the rule that has been broken is an agreement solemnly entered into by the proprietors of the daily newspapers in Edinburgh on the one hand and the compositors in their employment on the other. The other papers have honourably fulfilled their engagements and given no cause of com-

plaint, while the *Scotsman*, with the usual shabbiness of the Old Whig party was continually picking out "fat" copy for the boys, so as to increase the profits of the proprietors and decrease the earnings of the workmen. In the effort to be freed from "trades union tyranny" it is reported (though we cannot vouch for its accuracy) that the proprietors have already been obliged to make provision for the enjoyment or indulgence of two luxuries much prized by the generality of English workmen, but especially by the class that come to Scotland during trade disputes. It need not be said that these are "beer and baccy." Perhaps the greatest victory that has been achieved in this dispute is that the *Scotsman* has been taught the propriety of reporting the meeting on Tuesday night. It no doubt was a bitter pill, but the desperate nature of the case left no alternative. Another lesson that many others besides the *Scotsman* will learn is, that workmen can get up and supply from their own ranks all the speakers for one of the best and largest public meetings ever held in Edinburgh; and we fearlessly assert that the speeches on the occasion will bear a favourable contrast with those where the speakers occupy a higher position in society. The men on strike have shown a moderation and firmness that secure the sympathy of all workmen; while the energetic means they have taken to lay their case before the public shows that they are in earnest, and not afraid to submit the matter in dispute to public opinion. This not only augurs well for their success, but is evidence that they are satisfied their cause is a good one, and with public opinion in their favor success is sooner or later certain. The arguments and facts are all in favor of the men on strike; the unsupported assertions made by the proprietors, taken along with the well-known character of the paper, cannot have much weight with a discriminating public when placed in the balance against the clear and candid statement of the men.—*Edinburgh Reformer.*

## THE GENIUS OF LABOR.

When Coleridge was young he was offered a share in a London Journal of note, which would have yielded him two thousand pounds a year. But his answer was that he "would not give up the lazy reading of old folios for ten thousand times ten thousand pounds."

A life of ease and indolence was the one that this great genius marked out for himself. Personal gratification was the end of his existence. No wonder that it led him to become an opium-eater, and at last brought him to depend in his old age on the charity of friends.

No youth can afford to give himself over to a life of indolence. The majority of the human race must toil for their daily bread, and God has given them talents to win it. If he has conferred nine talents, the responsibility to improve them is increased so many fold. It is not for a genius to say: "I need not toil like other men; my talents should win me renown and fortune." They never will win even a crust unless they are put at interest. Some men seem to have the magic of turning everything they touch into gold, but it is the magic of hard, untiring industry that accomplishes it. Success often comes in the very humblest walks of life when it is joined with this diligence.

The foundation of one of the wealthiest foreign fruit houses in Boston was formed thirty years ago by selling apples at a little corner stand. A head waiter in a Boston hotel is putting up a fine granite building. A porter in a bank on State Street owns eight houses. And an old apple woman pays taxes on a thirty thousand dollar house.

If you have industry and a wise economy, you may rise in the world, whatever your business.

A distinguished man has said, "There is no genius but that of patient labor." And those who cultivate best this gift prove ever the successful men in a community.

## PRESENT ADVANTAGES.

One hundred years ago, what a man discovered in the arts he concealed. Workmen were put upon oath in the name of God, never to reveal the process used by their employers. Doors were kept closed, artisans going out were searched, visitors were rigorously excluded from admission, and false operations blinded the workmen themselves. The mysteries of every craft were hedged in by quickset fences of empirical pretensions and judicial affirmation. The royal manufactories of porcelain, for example, were long carried on in Europe with a spirit of jealous exclusiveness. His Majesty of Saxony was especially circumspect. Not content with the oath of secrecy imposed upon his work-people, he would not abate his kingly suspicion in favor of a brother monarch. Neither king nor king's delegate might enter the tabooed walls of Meissen. What is erroneously called the Dresden porcelain—that exquisite pottery of which the world has never seen the like—was produced for two hundred years by a process so secret that neither the bribery of princes nor the garrulity of the operatives ever revealed it. Other discoveries have been less successfully guarded, fortunately for the world. The manufacture of tin-ware in England originated in a stolen secret. Few readers need to be informed that tin-ware is simply thin iron plated with tin by being dipped into the molten metal. In theory it is an easy matter to clean the surface of iron, dip it into a bath of the boiling tin, and remove it, enveloped with the silvery metal, to a place for cooling. In practice, however, the process is one of the most difficult in the arts. It was discovered in Holland, and guarded from publicity with the utmost vigilance for nearly half a century. England tried in vain to discover the secret, until James Sherman, a Cornish miner, crossed the Channel, insinuated himself master of the secret, and brought it home. The secret of manufacturing cast-steel was also stealthily obtained, and it is now within the reach of all artisans. Another stolen secret is the method of inventing citric acid. The inventor of the process—who was a resident of London, England—for a long time enjoyed the monopoly of his invention. More favorably circumstanced than other secret manufacturers, his was a process that required no assistance. He employed no workmen. Experts came to sample and assort and bottle his products. They never entered his laboratory. The mystic operations by which he grew rich were confined to himself. One day, having locked the doors and blinded the windows, sure as usual of the safety of his secret, the chemist went home to dinner. A chimney-sweep, or a boy distinguished as such, wide awake in chemistry, was on the watch. Following the secret-keeper so far on his way toward Charing Cross as to be sure he would not return that day, the sooty philosopher hied rapidly back to Temple Bar, ascended the low building, dropped down the flue, saw all he wanted, and returned, carrying with him the mystery of making citric acid. The monopoly of the inventor was gone. A few months after, and the price of the article was reduced four-fifths. The poor man was heart-broken, and died shortly afterward, ignorant of the trick by which he had been victimized. He was to be pitied as an individual sufferer; but the wheel of progress is bound to crush all obstacles which threaten to impede its course, sacrificing the man to the needs of the multitude. Fortunately, inventors of the present day can work openly, and enrich themselves whilst they benefit others.—*Waverley Magazine.*

## QUACK MEDICINES.

Concerning the origin of these "wonderful cure-alls," a curious story is told. Some thirty years ago, a certain young man, having exhausted his means and the patience of his friends by fast living, in London, found himself finally reduced to absolute poverty, rags and hunger. He had been

educated for the bar—brilliantly educated; graduated even with distinguished honors; but evil associates soon induced evil habits, and he became, as we have intimated, wretchedly low. In this plight, while he felt that he must beg, or starve, he wandered into a large apothecary's shop on the Strand, and asked the attendant if the proprietor was in. He was conducted to a back office, where the party sought was engaged with his books and business papers. First asking for food and a glass of beer, the visitor told the somewhat surprised apothecary that he would pay him by valuable information. He ate heartily, was refreshed, and felt grateful. Calling for a pen and paper, he wrote what proved to be the advertisement of a grand, newly-discovered panacea, which he called the "Matchless Sanitive," four drops of which, taken at a time, would gradually cure any known disease, while it was represented to be a universal preventative against every infectious disorder known to man. Indeed the virtues of the mixture were described in such extravagant and laudatory terms, that the apothecary laughed at the idea of anybody believing in them. However, the young stranger soon persuaded him to risk his money by advertising the medicine in the most liberal manner. Accordingly, the walls of London were covered with announcements of the "Matchless Sanitive," the papers were full of it, and circulars detailed its marvellous powers. At first the apothecary was startled at the expense, but in a fortnight he found that he must increase his clerks—in another that he could not get vials fast enough—and in a month that he must get larger quarters. The expense of manufacturing the article was simply that required to produce colored water! At the end of the month our adventurer called for a settlement, and actually received, as his share of the profits, three hundred pounds. With this sum he resolved to return to respectable life once more, and he did so. The "Matchless Sanitive" still sold for a while, but like all articles which are fictitious and worthless, it soon sank out of sight; still it had illustrated a principle which, if applied to a really genuine panacea, would have established a valuable and laudable business. There were observant men enough in London and elsewhere to adopt the idea, and, for a period of years, the patent medicine business, as it was called, was the source of individual fortunes, through the influence and power of advertising; and in many instances valuable specifics, which were prepared upon scientific principles, were dispensed to the public.

## RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN COTTON MACHINERY.

A Manchester paper describes recent improvements in cotton machinery by which an increased rate of production is secured. The process of cotton spinning is performed either by mules or throstles, and it has hitherto been considered impossible to produce the finer numbers or higher counts from the latter machine. The mule, however, with all its latest improvements, requires a large space in which to work, and needs the superintendence of full-waged attendants; while a throstle may be managed by younger and cheaper hands. Hence much attention has been directed of late to the improvement of the throstle.

In throstles the thread spun is twisted and wound on a bobbin at the same time and continuously, while in a mule the thread is twisted in lengths of about sixty-four inches, and then wound upon the spindle itself in what is termed a cop, this intermittent action being continued till the cops are fully formed. The throstle spindle carries a bobbin upon itself, on to which the yarn is wound while the spindle is revolving, the thread passing through a flyer fixed to the top of the spindle. In the usual way the bobbins themselves very soon become so worn as to vibrate upon the spindle and cause the thread to break, as a very little irregularity rapidly increases when the spindle is revolving at 5,000 or 6,000

turns per minute. In the usual way the spindle works through a brass bush or guide, termed a bolster, which is fixed in the top part of the frame. It is to this bolster and the arrangements for carrying the bobbin that the improvements apply.

The point of the invention lies in the influence exerted by the cloth washer as the medium through which the required drag is imparted to the bobbin that is necessary to cause the proper winding of the yarn upon it. The speed at which the cloth washer revolves is such that sufficient centrifugal action is generated to cause the washer to flatten or straighten itself, and so tend to raise partially its outer edge from contact with the turned-up edge of the collar, and thus carry the weight of an empty bobbin upon itself, and, as it were, in the air. But as the weight of the bobbin increases by the winding on of the yarn, this centrifugal action has less and less power to support the bobbin, and consequently the weight presses downward with a gradually increasing force upon the stationary edge of the bolster collar. This self-acting increase or decrease of frictional contact between the cloth washer and the bolster is to the throstle exactly what the "governor" is to a steam engine, and acts upon the same laws of gravitation and centrifugal force. By the placing of a thin small washer of paper or leather between the lower flange of the drag-shell and the cloth washer upon it (which may be easily done at any time), the governing power of the cloth washer may be regulated to the greatest possible nicety for any weight of thread to be spun, and the drag that is desired may be ensured with certainty. So beautifully delicate is the action that, by lifting the edge of the cloth washer with a knife blade while it is running, and so causing a variation of drag that ought not to be, one can instantly cause the yarn to snarl; but upon the withdrawal of the interruption, the drag at once re-asserts itself, and all goes right again.

The increased rate of production is stated by Messrs. Ashworth, of Todmorden, who are the inventors and patentees, to be from 25 to 30 per cent. Arrangements have been made with the firm of Evan Leigh, Sons & Co., for the sole manufacture of the new bolster and drag-shell, at a price of about 15d. to 18d. per spindle, inclusive of royalty.

## THE BALLOT AT LAST.

The first trial of the Ballot took place on Thursday last, when Mr. Childers and Lord Rollington stood for Pontefract; and were proposed and seconded, according to the regulations of the new Act. The quietness of the proceedings is a promise of the success of the measure. There was no disturbance whatever in the town; and many persons were heard to say that it was not like election day at all. Mr. Childers was returned by a majority of only eighty, he having 658 votes, and Lord Pollington 578. Some curious incidents in Lord Pollington's political career were brought to light during the election, which did much to influence the opinion of the voters against him.

So the Ballot has had its first trial—an eminently successful and hopeful one. It is not in this case, however, that its real influence is fully shown. We shall see what the Ballot is worth, when its operation will affect a candidate of the working class!

If only 1,236 of the 1,946 registered electors of Pontefract took the trouble to record their votes (a fact which has furnished an argument to the opposers of the new Act), it must be borne in mind that between 150 and 200 electors are seafaring men, and in summer are at sea; that the local militia regiment, containing about fifty electors, left the town a fortnight ago; and that some fifty Conservative electors refused to vote, disapproving of Lord Pollington's nomination. But for these circumstances, Mr. Childers would have had a much larger majority.

We cannot but be glad to see the Ballot established under any circumstances; and we trust that the electors of the United Kingdom will do their utmost to support a system so manifestly just by participation in it.—*English Paper.*

## Poetry.

## THE SONG OF THE FORGE.

Clang, clang! the massive anvils ring;  
Clang, clang! a hundred hammers swing;  
Like the thunder-rattle of a tropic sky,  
The mighty blows still multiply,—  
Clang, clang!  
Say, brothers of the dusky brow,  
What are your strong arms forging now?

Clang, clang!—we forge the couler now,—  
The couler of the kindly plough.  
Kind Providence, bless our toil!  
May its broad furrows still unbind  
To genial rains, to sun and wind,  
The most benignant soil!

Clang, clang!—our couler's course shall be  
On many a sweet and sheltered lea,  
By many a streamlet's silver tide;  
Amidst the song of morning birds,  
Amidst the low of sauntering herds,  
Amidst soft breezes, which do stray  
Through woodbine hedges and sweet May,  
Along the green hill's side.

When regal Autumn's bounteous hand  
With wide-spread glory clothes the land,—  
When to the valleys, from the brow  
Of each resplendent slope, is rolled  
A ruddy sea of living gold,—  
We bless, we bless the plough.

Clang, clang!—again, my mates, what grows  
Beneath the hammer's potent blows?  
Clank, clank!—we forge the giant chain,  
Which bears the gallant vessel's train  
Midst stormy winds and adverse tides;  
Scoured by this, the good ship braves  
The rocky roundhead, and the waves  
Which thunder on her sides.

Anxious no more, the merchant sees  
The mist drive dark before the breeze,  
The storm-cloud on the hill;  
Calmly he rests,—though far away,  
In boisterous climes, his vessel lay,—  
Reliant on our skill.

Say on what sands these links shall sleep,  
Fathoms beneath the solemn deep?  
By Africa's pestilential shore;  
By many an iceberg, lone and hoar;  
By many a balmy western isle,  
Basking in spring's perpetual smile;  
By stormy Labrador.

Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,  
When to the battery's deadly peal  
The crashing broadside makes reply;  
Or else, as at the glorious Nile,  
Hold grappling ships, that strive the while  
For death or victory?

Hurrah!—clang, clang!—once more, what glows,  
Dark brothers of the forge, beneath  
The iron teinpest of your blows,  
The furnace's red breath?

Clang, clang!—a burning torrent, clear  
And brilliant of bright sparks, is poured  
Around, and up in the dusky air,  
As our hammers forge the sword.

The sword! a name of dread; yet when  
Upon the freeman's thigh 'tis bound,—  
While for his altar and his hearth,  
While for the land that gave him birth,  
The war drums roll, the trumpets sound,—  
How sacred is it then!

Whenever for the truth and right  
It flashes in the van of fight,—  
Whether in some wild mountain pass,  
As that where fell Leonidas;  
Or on some sterile plain and stern,  
A Marston, or a Bannockburn;  
Or amidst crags and bursting hills;  
The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills;  
Or as, when sunk the Armada's pride,  
It gleamed above the stormy tide,—  
Still, still, whene'er the battle word  
Is liberty, when men do stand  
For justice and their native land—  
Then Heaven bless the sword!

## Tales and Sketches.

## THE OTHER SIDE.

## NEW TRADES' UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Bertha noticed his mood, and moved down upon him with serried columns of anxiety and sympathy—curiosity was held in the rear as a reserve. The flanked foe, clad in an armor of glancing evasion, warded off the shot and shell of inquiry that rained upon him incessantly for full five minutes. However, a return shot from Richard—leaving the city—fired from the gun of equivocation, got him safely out of the difficulty.

They had a long talk. Bertha learned her new name, and was not displeased with it, although she said that dropping "Grace" seemed like losing a very dear and very old friend. Still she was pleased with the idea that nothing of her lived life would remain, that no magic spell of name would ever awaken even the cadence of an echo from the hence to be forgotten past of her former life. "Of this sweet name I will make a monumental slab, and with it close the tomb in which lies the past of my young life," she said sadly, very sadly, as some sweet thoughts of times gone by rose momentarily before her. She was reconciled to his near departure from the city by a promise that he would soon send for her, and in some strange city and among strange scenes they could begin a new life. While they were yet enjoyably talking, and romantically planning like young lovers, the distant muffled sound of carriage wheels in rapid motion, on an unpaved street, broke upon their senses. Bertha listened; the sound grew nearer and louder, then grew slower and fainter. Bertha became agitated.

The carriage stopped. A sound, half snort, half neigh—Bertha grasped her brother's arm, shook and trembled like a reed in the wind above each cheek a fiery red spot glowed in a face as white as virgin snow. Her lips opened and a sound that seemed born in the air—not uttered by mortal—resolved itself into "Jesus!" The gate opened, a man's step was heard on the walk. The red spots faded from Bertha's face and left it as pale and colourless as the waning moon after sunrise. The door opened and Mrs. Soofire introduced Paul Geldamo into the room.

"Found at last," he exclaimed, with a seraphic smile in his clear blue eye, love's celestial fire glorifying his handsome face.

Bertha still held her brother by the arm, but she had stood straight up; stood gracefully firm, stood there with a dignified impressiveness of personality, with a majestic loftiness of mien and grandeur of stateliness that might be termed Cleopatraian. She bowed with easy grace, but her face remained as calmly impassive as a marble Madonna. And yet she loved this man with a love as silently pure as the dew of heaven, with a love that knew no death, no end, that was sponge-like in its nature and infinite in its receptiveness. But a baleful blast from Mammon's hell had rudely swept away all hope of the fruition of that love, and she now wept over it as a smouldering golgotha of withered, blighted hopes. Her individuality was not affected by the change, except that it was idealized and purified. She was too unselfish to expect Paul to keep his plighted word, knowing, as she did, that he would incur the odium and scorn of the gold worshippers and the wrath of one of their high priests—his father—by so doing. True love cares not for self; the love of a child for a toy seen in a shop window is the love of many—the love of possession, but it is not real love. Bertha could not give her love to Paul and give him trials and toils with it. She preferred that both their hearts should be thrown into the hopper of caste, as thousands before have been, and there crushed and mashed to trituration by the giant stones of money and position. But Paul was not so ethereal in his views. He came to comfort her and assure her that no change in her social status, no vicissitude of life or mutation of time could affect his love; but when he saw the change had extended to Bertha's individuality, a great cloud of grief fell upon his soul, and dropping into a chair he covered his face with his hands and merely said, "O Grace!" but the words seemed torn, wrenched from a bleeding heart. They had such an effect upon Richard that he left the room at once. She tried to detain him, but he said in a very emphatic, determined whisper, "Sister, you are cruel," as he tore himself away.

Alone. In Cupid's syntax, duality is always in the singular number, hence alone in this case is not misapplied.

A long silence—the seconds of love are either evanescently short or interminably long. In this instance they were long. A plain gold ring on the little finger of Paul's left hand broke the spell. It was a present from Bertha, innocently given, but now it did yeoman service. It mutely appealed to the statueque girl; it silently told its tale of constancy and love; it brought tears to her eyes and a sobbing "Paul" to her lips; it dissolved her passive rigidity; it set great streams of mellifluous sympathy loose—and a weak and trembling girl fell into the arms of a trembling man.

The invincible winged God had triumphed.

The interview was a long, and in some respects an unhappy one. Paul begged, pleaded, protested, moaned and wept, but Bertha was unyieldingly inexorable, and would agree to but one condition, which was that he should not see her again for one year, and if at the end of that time his love remained unchanged, she would marry him, come what might, and, if necessary, work and toil for him as he had sworn to work and toil for her.

Richard bade his sister an affectionate adieu, and at the gate found Paul, of whom he also wished to take leave, but Paul insisted on driving him to the depot. Richard was not quite ready to start, so Paul drove him to Madame Yudall's, where he took leave of him regretfully and sorrowfully.

"Oh, by the way," he said, turning back, "have you any relatives in this part of the country?"

Richard replied that he feared not. His grandfather and grandmother had lived in the city and had died there, but although he had diligently inquired and searched, he could not discover their graves or any trace of their only daughter, his father's sister. He could not say whether she was dead or not, but he feared such was the case since nothing could be heard concerning her.

Paul was gone. The force of his inquiry did not occur to Richard for some time afterwards. Arbyght wrote a letter to the union, which he mailed.

Across the Illinois prairie that night, cleaving the thick gloom as cleaves the air the eagle descending upon its prey, shot a thing of life, yet inanimate, leaving a long trail of fire and smoke in its wake—a falling star skimming the horizontal earth. Carried along in the impetuous, rushing, thundering embrace of this obedient but Jovian-powered child of creating, life-sustaining Labor, was one of Labor's noblest sons—Richard Arbyght. The creator fleeing from the creature, the parent hounded and driven off the premises by the unnatural child.

## CHAPTER XIX.

One morning, two or three days after Arbyght's departure from the city, three workmen entered Relvason's office. Workmen? Yes. There is that on the face of the harrowed, which tells its tale of toil, a tongueless, but for all a subtle revelation that speaks to the heart. There is that peculiar look, a blending of age and youth, by some termed "a young old look," a dull, oppressive, heavy expression, seen only on those who toil ten hours or more per day. It is a look that tells a sad tale of undue physical exertion, overwrought muscle. It is the slow, sluggish, obtuse expressive that increasing, deadening, burdensome fatigue ever stamps upon the features of man, woman or child. Any person who labors ten hours per day at hard work, has the word "toil" written upon his forehead as plainly as the number or mark of the beast mentioned in the apocalypse, so plainly that it could be read were the man clad in the royal garments of a king. Oh! the melancholy pathos, the soul-rending anguish seen on the brow of many that toil, is simply indescribable—unutterable. The fictitious accessories of rags or poverty-stricken hovels is not needed here. Every lineament of the face speaks volumes of wretchedness, volumes of despair and woe. How many men daily walk our streets who are to the artist's eye a truer, better picture of modern life than the best works of Titian, Reynolds, Rubens or Van-dyke were of the life of their times? And again, how many roll through our streets a la Geldamo, who luxuriate in themselves a similitude of the luxurious, effeminate rottenness that sapped the foundation of historic Rome?

"Mr. Relvason, we are a committee, appointed by the union, to respectfully lay before you and the other employers a proposition, which that body has, in justice to itself, deemed it necessary to make." So spoke Henry Trustgood, and by acquiescence so spoke John McFlynn and Oscar Wood, the balance of the committee.

"You are what?" queried Relvason with rising ire, in a sharp, peremptory voice.

"A committee, sir," replied the man deferentially.

"And by what authority?" Air despotic, tone autocrat.

"The union," answered Trustgood respectfully, but with firmness.

"Don't know such a party," said Relvason, curtly, contemptuously, and he turned to his desk with a rudeness observable only in the apish Lord Shoddy or Count Startup.

The committee stared at each other. This was a rebuff they did not expect. They were thrown into an insuperable difficulty—embarrassingly confounded, and knew not what to do next.

Nothing will nonplus a man so readily and completely as to have the person he is addressing rudely or disdainfully turn away.

The committee saw that there was nothing left them but to go, and go they did. They had not gone far before Spindle hailed them. They returned to the office, when Relvason said with a savage sneer:

"Men, I will give you some advice. The sooner you emigrate, the better for yourselves, you are not wanted in the city," and again faced his desk with vulgar abruptness.

"Mr. Relvason, we are free agents, sole and rightful sovereigns of our own acts, persons and accountabilities, and no man's dictum do we fear." 'Twas McFlynn that spoke.

Relvason faced round, but the committee were gone.

They then visited the other employers, and in each case met with the same or nearly the same reception. Strange? No. The employers had a union and acted in concert.

Next day the men quietly left the shops, and either remained at home or sought work elsewhere. Three days went by; no change. Most of the men were already engaged in such work as presented itself. The employers became uneasy. The busy season was already upon them, and demand was pressing. They sought some of the men, but their every question was answered, "See the committee, we have no jurisdiction in the matter." One easy-going man, who it was thought could be weaned from duty, replied to a long string of questions in a way that astonished his logical reasoners and would-be capturers. "We do not deny your right to refuse to treat with our committee; that is your privilege," he said, "but," he continued, "we have an inalienable right to combine and appoint that committee, and if we choose to treat only through such committee, that is our privilege. We deny you no right legitimately yours; we simply insist upon rights legitimately ours. It is an employer's unquestionable province to say how much he shall give for labor; but is also labor's unquestionable province to say for how much it shall be sold, how sold and how paid. Let us illustrate. There is a question of dispute between two powers, for instance, on a point of international law. Now, either nation has a right to appoint a commission to confer with the other on the point in dispute, but neither power is bound to recognize or treat with the commission appointed by the other. Still they do so because it is a wise national policy, because civilization and enlightenment are opposed to war and bloodshed. And although you are not compelled to treat with our committee, that does not invalidate our right to appoint the committee and to in no other manner treat with you; and do you not think it would be better to recognize in us a *de facto* body with which to

treat, than to continue this commercial war?"

The employers thought so finally, and resolved to see the committee and learn what demand was to be made.

"Weekly cash payments and the right to use their money as it seemed to them best," was the request of the men.

It was flatly, insultingly refused. The industrial internecine war continued. It should have never commenced, and would not had not causes that once led to a war in high, empyrial heaven superinduced it—the blasphemous attempt of the creature to dictate to the Creator.

The men conscious of their supremely predominant right to control their own acts and persons, in matters unlawful, refused to work except under conditions in consonance with their conceptions of justice. They, at the same time, conceded to the employers unrestrained liberty, an equal sovereign prerogative to obtain other hands should they choose to do so. And such they attempted, by advertisement, by more liberal and generous offers than their own men respectfully asked as a human, divine right. Still they failed most signally. A lull now occurred in the strife, a presageful, ominous calm. Three days of "masterly inactivity." Ah! the crash. Every man who had left the shops and who had secured other work, some from the city, others from private corporations, were one morning, summarily discharged without warning or explanation. Why? Because they had endeavored to be better men and make of their children, ere they reached maturity, better and stronger pillars of state. How? Simply enough. A resolution of the Board of Trade, of which many of the employers were members, and some manipulatory ring shuffling, by a corrupt mercenary City Council, of which Relvason was a member, did the business, did it effectually. Had this result been the effect of an invocatory prayer to the Prince of Darkness, by a convocation of devils, it could not appear in the eyes of just men more heinous, hideous, more despotically, cruelly inhuman, more mercilessly savagely, barbarous; or, had it been the effect of the magical incantation of witchcraft it could not more thoroughly dishearten the men.

The second week of the difficulty ended very gloomily for the cause of right.

The morning after his departure from Chicago, Richard found himself in the flourishing city of Milwaukee. "Here," he said to himself, "I may live in peace, as there are no impeditives obstacles to living honestly before me." He secured work readily, and was fully settled early in the afternoon. He then bethought himself of some letters he had received the evening previous, but which he had not time to read. Among them was one that exerted upon his turbulent soul a peculiar demulcent effect. He trembled and glowed as he read:

Dear Sir: Your note reached me a few moments ago. I need not say that it filled me with astonishment; I was stupified with amazement and I might add delight; not alone do I rejoice to learn that my dearest and best friend has found a brother, but that she has found one so eminently worthy of her, and found him at a time she most needed fraternal protection. I must say that I was much pained by your ungenerous reference to the difference in our social positions. In all the essential elements of true greatness your sister is my superior, and I am selfish enough to desire a continuance of our former friendship. Inform me where and when I can see her, and oblige  
VIDA GELDAMO.

P. S. I am a prophetess. You are going to leave the city. Perhaps 'tis well, but 'twere better to conciliate an enemy, or therein failing, fight him in his own territory.  
V. G.

As minute particles of iron fly, adhere and cling to a magnet, so every attribute of Richard's soul flew to and centered in this note. He pored over it, read it a dozen times, kissed it rapturously, read it again and again, and the more he read and kissed it, the higher rose, in his estimation, the writer. She was all goodness, all loveliness—an angel.

Goethe, in his autobiography, says that the first propensity to love in an uncorrupted youth takes altogether a spiritual direction. It was so with Richard; he could see nothing but beauty and goodness in her he loved; but he paid dearly for indulging in these joyous transports, and the depth of his pain was in exact proportion to the height of his ecstatic fight. One moment in heaven would add infinite tortures—the pain of loss—to the damned soul, and when the utter, absolute hopelessness of his passion swept across the mind of Richard Arbyght his pain was inconceivably great indeed.

As his body lay in deep sleep that night his wakeful soul sought its affinity. The man sped through dreamland without regard to time, speed or distance. He finally stood in the centre of an apparently boundless but sea-girt plain; the earth and sky seemed to meet in a coronal line, broken only in the east, where mountainous irregularities, surpassing anything seen on earth, great curvilinear, isolated peaks, towering precipitously, threw long lines of shadows across the plain. Through the plain, swiftly ran a deep, broad river, cutting it into two unequal divisions. The plain on both sides of the river was inhabited, but strange to say the smaller division was densely populated, uncomfortably packed with suffering, starving mortals, while in the larger division there were comparatively few people, who seemed to enjoy life in palatial splendor, in a realm of enchanted wealth and unbounded luxury. Richard walked down to the river,

and looked across. The first object that riveted his attention was Vida Geldamo, who seemed to be earnestly looking toward the side on which he stood. An uncontrollable desire to cross the dark river now took possession of him, but to attempt it was death. The expanse of water was wide and the current was swift, almost a rapid. There was a regular boat that plied between the two shores, but he was told that to insure a transit he must have the usual passport—gold. Very few went over and fewer came back, and those that did come back had no choice in the matter. How to cross that river was a problem that now perplexed his mind. Passport he could not obtain, although he was told it mattered not how it was procured, whether stolen or fished from the feculence of fraud and wrong, or even secured at the expense of a smoking holocaust of blood, all that was required was that it should be of solid, real gold and of sufficient weight. But he had no gold, nor would he steal or murder to get it; hence the boat transit was abandoned. Going closer to the bank he observed that the water was many feet below the level of the plain, but from stratifications of evident mechanical origin noticeable on the descending bank, he concluded that the river had once been much wider and deeper, and contained a larger volume of water than at present, and that it was evidently fast drying up. He wandered far up the bank, thinking that like all rivers it would grow narrower towards its source, and perhaps a point might be reached where a passage might be safely effected, but he was disappointed; it preserved a uniform width and swiftness at every point he approached; still he perseveringly pursued his course towards the head, if head this mysterious river had. The shadows of the sugar loaf mountains grew broader and darker as he neared them. He reached their bases, passed through gorge-like valleys and deep canons, then into an open space where he beheld a spectacle that startled him. The sight was unspcakably, incomprehensibly grand, a vision that inspired awe and worship rather than admiration. Two towering chains of precipitous mountains, whose peaks were swathed in eternal snows, abruptly terminated in the open space some ninety miles apart, and extending back convergently until they met about ninety miles from the opening. These mountain chains were more than five miles high, and the V like valley they once formed was once a vast field or block of ice, over four miles thick—the concerted accumulations of over sixty centuries. It was called the ice of ignorance and barbarism, but a mighty stationary orb hung in the western heavens, called the sun of education, had already made fearful inroads in this icy world. For many years its steady perpetual rays of effulgent heat, with dissolving effect, shone on the congealed mass, and over one-half of it had already disappeared. The heat of education's sun was growing stronger and stronger, and the ice was melting away more and more rapidly. The film of inevitable dissolution was upon it; great fissures were everywhere discernible; and this was the head, the last and final source of the river of distinction, that by its dividing line made two worlds of one. Streams, creeks, and runnels, fed by the dissolving ice, fed the river that the dreamer essayed in vain to cross. He now retraced his steps, returning through the canons and gorges, passing under the shade of the tall, curvilinear mountains, back into the wide plain. But a great change had taken place in the river; it was almost dry. The boat that monopolized and held the exclusive right to cross or recross its dark bosom was now grounded and deserted. The dreamer again looked across the now nearly empty channel and again he saw her, standing where he first beheld her, but as he looked she advanced towards him. Filled with inexpressible joy he started to meet her. Nearer and nearer they came; more and more distinct grew the features of each, and in the middle of the dry channel they fell into each other's arms in a burst of mutual rapture. The temporary torpidity of his senses began to give way; the faculties of the mind gradually emerged from a quiescent state, his slumberous eyelids slowly opened and in wakeful moments the sad conviction burst upon him that his blissful vision was a dream.

(To be Continued.)

CARVING DONE HERE.—Bob — is a wag of the practical sort, and last Thanksgiving, having been swindled into purchasing a goose of whose age "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," determined to have revenge out of somebody. So on the morrow he took the "Saviour of Rome" under his arm (after having carefully wrapped it up) and proceeding until he came to a sign of "carving done here." A gentle smile rippled over his placid countenance as he entered and inquired for the boss. He presented himself, and Bob gravely asked if he did all kinds of carving.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Then," said Bob, "I'd like to have you carve this goose, for I tried an hour yesterday and couldn't."

Whether the goose was ever dissected, Bob has some doubts, but is certain he never went down stairs so quickly in his life.

"If you can't keep awake," said a parson to one of his hearers, "when you feel drowsy why don't you take a pinch of snuff?"—"I think," was the shrewd reply, "the snuff should be put into the sermon."

## RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

*The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.*

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XIX.—A Royal Feast and a Perilous Leap.

As soon as Bertrand had emptied his last sack he folded it in four, and laid it as a saddle on one of his mules, taking the road to the Alcazar, preceded by the little Pierce Neige.

Whilst crossing the court-yard of the Alcazar, and the magnificent halls which led to the saloon where the king awaited him, Bertrand appeared lost in wonder and admiration until Pierce Neige introduced him into the blue china saloon, where he found three persons, whom he recognised at first sight. They were the king and the young Jewess, seated side by side, in carved straight backed chairs before a large empty table, and old Paloma.

Bertrand, in accordance with his assumed character, stopped on the threshold, twirling his broad-brimmed hat between his fingers with an embarrassed air, waiting for the king to order him to advance.

"You have had rough work to-day, my good miller," said Don Pedro, making a sign for him to approach, "and I wish to know the name of the brave fellow who has so opportunely rendered me such service."

"I am called Antonio Mendes, sire," humbly replied the pretended miller.

At the sound of that rough voice Rachel and Paloma hastily raised their heads, and regarded Bertrand with singular attention, who began to experience some uneasiness, regretting that he had ventured into the Alcazar.

"Well, Master Antonio, you can boast of having arrived just in time to dispel the storm that was furiously raging round my palace," resumed the king.

"Oh, as the shepherds say in the country, 'Small rain abates a high wind,' my lord," said the miller, laughing awkwardly.

"And also to teach these fools," continued Don Pedro, "the gratitude they owe to her they dared pursue with their curses."

"Better than that, sire, better than that," returned the miller. "These madmen were hungry—want is a bad counsellor—and in their impatience they wanted to crucify your favorite to teach her not to starve them in future," and he laughed yet louder. Rachel covered her face with her hands.

"Peace," said Don Pedro, "let us forget these things. After so much trouble and fatigue, you must require repose and refreshment."

"Refreshment particularly, sire, for I am as thirsty as a wandering dog at noon," answered the Breton, with a frankness that made the king smile.

"Come then, and sit at this table, and you shall partake of our frugal meal."

When the eyes of the pretended miller fell on the bare table on which Gil had just placed some wooden porringers like those used by gypsies and beggars, with two or three jars of water, and some goat-skin bottles, he could not help making a significant grimace. Yet, pushed by little Pierce Neige, he advanced, and sitting down, said, "Long life to our master, Don Pedro."

"You do not appear to utter that wish heartily, Mendes," observed the king.

"It is perhaps because the stars are not propitious to-day," answered the miller.

"Why so?" said Don Pedro, surprised.

"Because a person can only live long on condition of eating; but probably to-day is a fast day."

"To-day is a day of famine," answered Don Pedro, sadly, "for the king as well as for his subjects."

"It seems your mill is well provided, Antonio Mendes," observed Paloma, ironically.

"How often have I been led to envy the lot of princes," replied the pretended miller, "because they have no need to work for a livelihood, because they eat and drink out of gold and silver, and because the most exquisite productions of the earth, and the finest wines, are reserved for their use. Well, to-day I would not change my lot for yours, Sir King. I would rather be the obscure Mendes than Don Pedro of Castile. It is hard to fall from such a height."

"And to see the gold tankards changed for wooden porringers, eh?" said the king, with a bitter smile; "but my affairs have not always been so bad, Mendes. I have expended all the treasures I had left to pay my men-at-arms, as well as to support the inhabitants of Seville. I have scarcely anything left after the losses I have suffered during the war with the pretender and his free-booting allies."

"Come, I see the king's couch is not a bed of roses. By my faith, Don Pedro has more cares than Antonio Mendes. A great fool is he who would exchange the miller's coat for a royal mantle. In your place, sire, I would give up struggling against stronger men than myself; and provided they gave me, as a fief, a rich and fertile territory, I would let the usurper enjoy the cares of royal power."

"This is strange advice," said the old nurse, again casting uneasy and suspicious glances on the pretended miller, whose voice continued to awaken in her mind some vague recollections.

"Good Mendes," resumed Don Pedro, "a knight and king cannot have the same sentiments as a miller."

"I don't gainsay that," replied the miller,

"but, noble or peasant, one must always yield in the end to the strongest."

"Listen, Mendes," resumed Don Pedro; "if you had a wife, and one of your friends or neighbors were to carry her away, or insult her before your face, and put her to a cruel death, what would you do?"

"By St. Ives!" exclaimed Bertrand, forgetting for a moment his assumed character, "I would not ask advice of the Pope, but would fall on with a good cudgel."

"If you had children," continued the king, "and one night, on entering your house, you found the cradle empty, your children stolen, your field and mill invaded, robbers encamped on your property, and driving you away as a beggar and an impostor, what would you do?"

"While an arm hung to my shoulder, they should feel the weight of it," answered Duguesclin.

"But if they were four, ten, twenty, against you alone, would you not at last yield to force, and make your escape?"

"No," replied the sham miller, in a gloomy voice, "I would fight till I was killed."

"Well, now you know why I condemned Don Fadrique, the lover of Blanche of Bourbon, and why I do not surrender Seville to Don Enrique, who comes to steal my kingdom, and the inheritance of my children. As to the repast, I cannot give you a better; but if you have meagre fare, you can at least boast of having had your king for cup-bearer. It is the only honor that your master can do you." And taking a goat-skin bottle, he poured out for Bertrand to drink, into one of the wooden porringers. The Breton could not help being moved at seeing that noble prince thus serve his most formidable enemy. Pierce Neige then placed before the pretended miller another porringer half full of large grey peas.

"I have yet a question to put to you, Mendes," said Don Pedro. "How is it that my foster-brothers did not enter Seville at the same time as you?"

"My lord," answered Bertrand, laying on the table the keys he had taken from the mower, "the poor devils have been the victims of their zeal."

Paloma turned pale, and darted a look of fire on the miller. Don Pedro rose, his heart beating with agony. "Continue!—speak quickly!" he said.

"At the moment of entering the aqueduct, where I waited for them," said the miller, "they met Duguesclin."

"Duguesclin!" repeated Don Pedro and Paloma at the same time.

"Unfortunately, he was asleep, which gave them the idea of surprising and making him prisoner."

"An excellent idea!" exclaimed Don Pedro.

"A deplorable idea, Sir King," said the miller; "in fact, they reckoned on taking him, and were taken by him instead."

"My poor brothers prisoners!" murmured the king, sorrowfully.

"You have lost your best servants, Pedro," said Paloma, mournfully, but more afflicted at the loss the king had sustained than at her own. "We should not be in this situation if you had not prevented the bulldog of Brittany drinking the waters of the cistern in the forest of Cardona," added she, in tones of the profoundest regret. "May God let this chief of robbers fall into our hands one day."

Bertrand looked askance at her, and although he was not sceptical on the score of beauty, the old nurse appeared hideous to him.

"Oh, he would be a fine prize?" exclaimed Don Pedro, while the miller lowered his eyes before the piercing and steady gaze of the Jewess. "That captain is the head and arm of the usurper, and without him, I swear the rebels would not long continue the campaign."

"You think so," observed Mendes, carelessly, stuffing himself with grey peas.

"Oh, he is a cunning fellow, and a terrible swordsman," said Don Pedro.

"Yet," continued the miller, "they relate that at the sheep-pens at Cardona, that cunning fellow might have laid his hands on the gold table, and that he let Tom Burdett, the captain of the English freebooters, steal it."

"Burdett!" exclaimed the king; "why did I not know this some hours earlier, when I had that Late Comer in my power?"

"And that terrible swordsman," continued Mendes, "who made you prisoner that day, did not know how to keep his royal captive."

"That is true," said Don Pedro, "thanks to my foster-brothers, who valiantly protected my flight."

"Bah! that Bertrand is a true adventurer, like his companions; he would serve the devil, if the devil paid him. He has followed Don Enrique to the spoliation of your kingdom; but if you were to give him two or three heaps of gold, he would abandon Don Enrique."

"You calumniate that generous and formidable knight, Mendes; although he is my enemy, I must do him justice. No man alive ever made him retreat. He is the father of his soldiers, and the best counsellor of the self-styled king. Oh, that I had similar adherents!"

"Yes, it might be better than the leaders that at present surround you, Sir King," resumed Bertrand, surprised to hear Don Pedro take up his defence so nobly; "still, I persist in saying I have not so good an opinion of that captain of marauders as you have; his figure don't please me at all."

"You have seen him, then?"

"Seen him! yes; he was as near to me as I am to you. First, he is the roughest knight,

and the worst made man I have ever encountered. He is as ugly as—"

"As thou. Is it not so?" interrupted Rachel; "and yet thou hast the advantage of him—hiding half thy ugliness under a layer of flour."

Bertrand received this sarcasm without a frown, but he felt an inward tremor run through all his limbs.

"What matters his figure?" observed Don Pedro; "he is one of those men destined to become the heroes of ballads and romances."

"A fine advantage!" said the pretended Mendes, "when death shall have broken his lance and dismounted him; after a thousand dangers, a thousand fatigues, after having spilt his blood like water all his life, his corpse will not take up more room than mine, and he will no longer frighten any one. It is true there will be a fine inscription engraven on his tomb, which moss and mildew will prevent people from reading, and above his grave, will be placed a helmet and coat-of-mail, that will soon be eaten away with rust."

"Simple clown!" said the king, "thou reckonest as nothing the glory that renders a name immortal, that makes that tomb a sanctuary. But I forget, thou canst not comprehend that spirit of chivalry which separates the noble from the peasant, and which makes a man sacrifice his life in preference to his honor."

"In all humility I acknowledge I am a peasant, my Lord Pedro; but I would rather be a live peasant than a dead knight."

Bertrand, by this facetiousness, succeeded in destroying any vague suspicions that the old nurse might have succeeded in inspiring the king with. The latter, pouring some wine out of one of the skins into the porringer, said to him, "What dost thou think of this Jaen wine, Mendes?"

"I find it very good, but it must be excellent when drunk while eating;" saying this he emptied the porringer, looking wistfully at a few stray peas that were still before him.

"And dost thou believe, thou who hast seen Duguesclin," resumed Don Pedro, "that this bulldog knows to what extremity this city is reduced?"

"He knows it as well as I do," said the pretended miller, with considerable phlegm. "He knows that the inhabitants can no longer endure the famine, and that they will deliver up their king, if he persists in defending the city. I have heard say with my own ears, that Don Enrique claims his share of the inheritance; and if you consented to concede it to him the war would be at an end."

"That is a good thought and well expressed," said the Jewess, casting a kind glance at the miller.

"Make peace with the pretender! Submit to his terms! See him reign within a few leagues of me! Never, never!" exclaimed Don Pedro, violently agitated.

"On his side," continued the miller, "Don Enrique has sworn that if he takes Seville by storm, he will avenge himself for this obstinate resistance by giving your favorite, Rachel, as a slave to the man-at-arms that takes her prisoner."

"Infamous!" exclaimed the king. "This, then, is what my love has been worth to you, my child—slavery and shame!" and, completely discouraged, he covered his face with his hands.

Paloma leant towards him and whispered, "Mistrust the advice of this man, my son, he is a spy sent to subdue your courage; let him be detained in the Alcazar, if you do not wish him to go and tell the Frenchmen the secret of our misery and desperate state."

But Don Pedro, regarding her with an indescribable expression of dignity, answered, "Loyal or false, this peasant is my guest. Mendes," he continued, turning to Bertrand, "thou wilt do well to leave the Alcazar without delay, for suspicions might arise against thee that would make my palace a very insecure asylum for thee."

The pretended miller arose, without suffering the least emotion to appear in his countenance. "To those who suspect me of treason I answer, that I did not seek to penetrate into the Alcazar. I only obeyed your orders, Sir King."

"My son," whispered Paloma in the ears of Don Pedro, "you must prove the sincerity of this man before you suffer him to pass out of the gates of Seville. Take care—be warned; there is an air of boldness and authority about him that seems to me altogether unnatural in an Andalusian miller."

"But, nurse," argued Don Pedro, "look at his broad shoulders, knock-knees, and flat nose; look at his neck stretched forward, as if bent under a heavy load. Is that the bearing of a knight, or even of an archer? The good man is a real miller in person, as well as in heart and language."

"He may be so; but put him to the proof," persisted Paloma.

"Come, you shall be satisfied," said the king; "and if Mendes hides a man of warlike pursuits under his white linen coat, we shall soon know it."

The king then made a sign to Pierce Neige, who advanced, received the orders which Don Pedro whispered in his ear, and disappeared.

"If thou seest Duguesclin again," resumed Don Pedro, addressing himself to Mendes, "thou wilt tell him that Seville can hold out yet longer than he expects, and that behind the walls of the Alcazar he will find another rampart, the breasts of my brave archers."

Without saying another word he bent his steps to the door of the saloon.

"I will faithfully fulfil your wish, sire," said Mendes, also preparing to depart.

"I depend on it, brave miller," said the king.

"Absolutely the same as if you had told it to him yourself," returned the miller.

Don Pedro did not reply, but silently descended the grand marble staircase, and when he arrived in the court-yard he turned to the pretended miller, saying, "Don't you think my Andalusian archers are fully equal to the Breton adventurers or the English freebooters?" And he made his guest pass in front of a group of archers.

"I say, my lord, that they are terrible companions," returned Bertrand, "and if my mule could speak it certainly would be of my opinion, for they can boast of having frightened the poor beast dreadfully." The king frowned. "But *ayyropos* of my mule; where the deuce have you lodged it?" continued the pretended miller, addressing himself to one of the archers.

"I don't know," answered the soldier, "it must have run into the city; for I no longer see the iron ring to which we tied it."

"Into the city?" exclaimed Mendes, with an accent of despair. "Ah, I am unfortunate, I am sure there is now not the least vestige of him left, for from head to tail he will have been devoured by the hungry inhabitants of Seville."

"Comfort yourself, my friend," said Don Pedro, "however ruined and besieged a king may be, he cannot leave uncompensated so great a service as the one thou hast rendered me in saving my beloved Rachel. Thou shalt therefore choose the reward that pleases thee best of the only three gifts I can offer thee."

At the same instant Mendes perceived little Pierce Neige advance, leading a magnificent Arabian horse.

"Hold!" exclaimed the king, "here is a steed that will advantageously replace thy mule, and with which it will be easy for thee to escape the pursuit of the plundering adventurers."

"What! would you give me that noble animal?" exclaimed Mendes, examining with astonished eyes the valuable horse, a gift to Don Pedro from the King of Granada. "What sinewy flanks! what fire in his look! He starts, he neighs, and his ears are pointed, as if he already heard the clash of battle. He is a true steed of the desert, and swift as the wind. Oh, a knight mounted on that gallant beast would not need to use the spur. So brave a horse in an enclosed field would half ensure the victory."

Paloma, who had followed the king, said to him, "Well, my son, don't you find that this miller is as well acquainted with horses as a knight of high degree?"

"Stop, good mother," said Don Pedro, astonished at the enthusiasm of the pretended miller, and feeling his suspicions aroused.

"So, honest miller," said he, loudly, "you accept this horse for your reward?"

"Alas! no," replied the wary Breton, shrugging his shoulders, "I like to see a fine horse run, but I don't use one. What could I do with it? I who am no warrior, but a plain miller. It would embarrass me, and I should be obliged to sell it. If I used it to carry my sacks of flour it would be injured and broken-winded in less than a month. So fine a steed is only fit to prance in the lists. I like my slow, but sure-footed mule better. It is not so handsome, but it is more useful, for it can carry a heavy load a long way without wincing."

"Thou art right, and wilt make a fortune in thy trade," said Don Pedro, smiling; "but accept at least my good battle-sword to defend thyself against the Late Comers." So saying, he loosened from his belt that sword which had so often been tinged with the blood of his enemies. "I have been obliged to deprive it of the jewels and precious stones that ornamented the hilt," added he; "it has now no other value than the confidence it inspires in a resolute hand and brave heart, for it is excellently tempered."

The pretended miller seized it in his large hands, and made it bend like a reed. "Oh, it is an admirable Toledo blade!" exclaimed he, "how light it is in the hand! one might cut through iron, and shield, buckler, and steel jacket with this sword. Nothing could give such confidence as the possession of an instrument of this temper."

"The miller betrays himself," said Paloma to Don Pedro. "See, my son, at the sight of your sword his eyes sparkle like burning coals; his nostrils dilate, as if he prepared himself to rush on an enemy."

"Take it, then, Mendes," said the king, whom that martial enthusiasm had also made mistrustful, "take it, and thou canst then bravely face the adventurers of Duguesclin."

"Oh, I would not hesitate to choose that fine blade as a reward," replied the miller, "if I were a man-at-arms, but do you not see, sire, if I am armed the adventurers will attack me; but on the contrary, I travel peaceably, like a poor inoffensive fellow, who has neither a purse in his pouch nor a rapier at his belt; they will let me pass with, at most, a few shouts. Besides, I don't know how to handle swords," added he, raising the Toledo blade, and turning it like a stick over his head, "the vagabonds would snatch it from me, and might very well run me through with this terrible weapon."

Don Pedro turned towards his nurse, "Well," said he, "do you yet believe this poor Mendes can be a knight in disguise? I

could more easily make a head cook or *major-domo* of him than a sergeant-at-arms."

Paloma shook her head doubtfully, but did not answer. The archers laughed at the singular evolutions the miller made with the sword. He brandished it about like a pitchfork or a ploughshare.

"Sampson's weapon, the jaw-bone of an ass would be almost as useful to thee as my old fighting blade," resumed the king, "Well," added he, holding out to Mendes a leathern bag which Pierce Neige had just brought him, "accept, at least, as a remembrance of our interview, this handful of marabolins; I had rather see them in thy pocket than in those of Don Enrique's soldiers."

The pretended miller knitted his thick brows, but this first movement was immediately succeeded by an affectation of clownish joy.

"Bravo!" he exclaimed, "marabolins are wanted in every purse, in that of the peasant, as in that of the adventurer or nobleman."

Don Pedro, reassured by this vulgar contentment, then said to him, "Thou mayest depart, Mendes, and I pray for thy speedy return; but I wish thee to keep the horse and sword with the bag of coin. If they escape the rapacity of the adventurers, if the horse and sword assist thee to save thy pieces of gold, I will come and reclaim them from thee either as conqueror or conquered. Conqueror, they will recall to me the royal reward I owe thee; conquered, they may probably assist me to escape from my enemies."

"The first child you meet at Camona will show you the mill of Antonio Mendes," said Bertrand, bowing awkwardly before the king.

Meanwhile, the horse pawed the ground impatiently, and Pierce Neige had some trouble to restrain its bounds and starts. It was a magnificent fiery animal; no one but the centaur, Blas, had yet been able to mount him, and the archers prepared to laugh at the inexperienced rider who looked comically frightened at his horse.

(To be continued.)

## HOPE.

The gray eastern sky heralded the coming day, and still the lamp burned dimly in the sick man's chamber; still the watcher was unweary. Anxiety, deep and most intense, was depicted on that pale, lovely face, and yet hope was not banished from her brow; for ever and anon did the calm eye of him she idolized, rest with holy, pure affection on the form of his loved wife, as in days gone by, and then she felt she could not give him up. She yet hoped the "cup might pass." But ere another dawn the purified spirit of all her earthly hopes had flown to its eternal rest, and left the young wife and her child desolate.

'Twas then despair, deep and dark, did bow her to the earth, and grief, such as the widowed heart alone feels, was hers.

But, blessed be God, there is a voice that whispereth unto the mourner's heart, "thou mayest still hope"—hope for resignation to the will of him who drieth the mourner's tears; who doeth all things well; hope, that however dark and dreary this world may oft seem unto thee, there may be a bright, holy light, to guide thee and to cheer thee; hope that the sainted spirit of him or her that has gone before thee may still hover around thee and be a guardian angel unto thee. Hope that "as thy day is, so shall thy strength be," and that thou even mayest find consolation in this life, in performing as best thou canst thy duties here; hope that when thy duties here are ended, when thy journey here is over, thou wilt again meet those thou hast loved on earth, in a home of eternal day, where the tears of separation will be no more known, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." There is a deep spring of joy in hope to the human breast, whose waters while life remains, never cease to flow. It is this that renders existence tolerable, and even precious to the bereaved and desolate wayfarer, as he treads his downward path to the grave.

When all around is dark, and want and wretchedness stare us in the face, when in the past all is barren, and in the future there is no way to light the wanderer in his pilgrimage, there is still a spirit of hope within him teaching him to gather the few flowers that yet remain within his reach, though they be of fading beauty and dying fragrance. The faint glimmerings of the pale-faced moon on the troubled billows of the ocean, are not so fleeting and inconstant as the fortune and condition of human life. We one day bask in the sunshine of prosperity, and the next, too often, roll in anguish on the thorny bed of adversity and affliction. How many are doomed to roam in this wide world alone, unloved and unknown! What can cheer the mind, raise the drooping soul, calm the agitated bosom, and throw a cheering light on the future? It is Hope, sweet Hope! thou ministering spirit of Heaven! who visitest the abodes of misery; wipest the tear from sorrow's eye; chasest away the anguish of despair; sweetenest the cup of affliction with thine all-soothing and siren voice. And when the solemn hour of death should come, and the lamp of light but faintly glimmers in the feeble frame, Hope shall bid us look to a better and brighter world than this, to live and reign with the Blessed Redeemer in never, never ending joys, such as "ear never heard nor eye hath seen, nor has it ever entered into the human mind to conceive" that never ending bliss which is prepared for those who love and serve God.

NOTICE.

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

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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Half "	30 00
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All communications should be addressed to the Office, 124 Bay Street, or to Post Office Box 1025.

WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MACMILLAN.

Trades' Assembly Hall.

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

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

The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPT. 12, 1872

THE THREE EAGLES.

Journalists of late have been discussing the proposed meeting of the three Emperors of continental Europe, and speculating upon the probable effects that will likely follow the consummation of the meeting—the programme of which has been made known. The Three Eagles propose, in the first place, to interpose their united power against any attempt of France to regain her lost provinces. Prussia's last accession of territory is to be secured to her by the three million bayonets which the three rulers can bring into the field. Her other provinces have been secured from those who are unable to retaliate—from Hungary, Poland, Denmark, and the weaker German States. Alsace and Lorraine have been taken from a nation which has proved its military prowess, its immense power and flexibility of resources, in all the great European wars of the last four centuries; and Prussia, fearing that without help her newly acquired provinces may otherwise fall from her grasp, invokes the aid and assistance of her new allies to enable her to keep possession of them. Prussia's military institutions and method of government have almost broken down before the fixed determination of the annexed people to repel the advances of their new masters. German sagacity argues that a war with France is an inevitable part of their future, and consequently few will risk their capital in cities that must be decimated in the first shock of the conflict. But if Austria and Russia will guarantee that the tide of future war will be kept from their gates, German cautiousness may be overcome, and the occupation of the Gallic provinces become a success.

Austria comes next in this proposed three-fold arrangement. The question as to the destiny of the Slavonic populations is to be solved by imperial wisdom. This means, that since Austria has proved incompetent to manage her people, the peace of Europe must be preserved by her authority being made absolute. She has conceded to the

Hungarians as much as is considered safe by the despots of the north; and as Russia crushed the Hungarian rebellion of '48, so will Austria, by the iron heel of oppression, repress the rising spirit of freedom and the spread of representative institutions. Unfortunate Bohemians and Croats must be taught that they are seeking more from the House of Hapsburg than is at all agreeable to, or will be sanctioned by, the Houses of Hohenzollern and Romanoff. The concessions and reforms which Austria has been compelled to make must be recalled, and by the hand of dynastic convenience must be stifled the aspirations of nationality.

And now comes the turn of Russia. Anglo-French influence at the capital of Turkey must be neutralized; the Eastern question must be settled; in short, on the Bosphorus must be set up Russian domination, and the Porte made to submit to the will of Alexander. Already the Black Sea treaties have been thrown to the winds; the Circassians are now thoroughly reduced; Sebastopol is being rebuilt; German and Russian influence is paramount in the Principalities; and there is no further bar to the progress of Russian conquest than the "sick man," whom Nicholas was only prevented from killing outright by the Crimean intervention of France and England. Russia covets Constantinople, and is anxious that Prussian power at Bucharest, and a second Austrian army of observation, may not prevent a consummation of the desired result of beating the "sick man" into submission. This appears to be the compensation which Russia seeks, and which Austria and Prussia are willing to give.

One other thing the Eagles are to do is to fix the doom of the much dreaded International Society. That the workmen of continental Europe have of late proved their strength in a series of social conflicts, that have resulted in placing them in a higher position in the social scale than they have hitherto occupied, cannot be questioned. The German peasant has begun to reject the agrarian regulations by which he was bound, and thousands of them have found homes on the prairies and in the forests of this continent. The whole industrial system of Europe has been stirred into activity, and the laborers have, by united resistance, urged their way to position and power. The Emperors who are now met at Berlin know all this, and know, also, that social progress and despotic rule are eternally opposed to each other; and hence their anxiety to speedily crush the great democratic association known as the International.

Thus are the three Eagles to arrange on all hands the destiny and relations of the two hundred and fifty millions of people who are to constitute their subjects, and fix, as far as these can be fixed by crowned heads, their political position and social status.

LONDON PATRIOTIC CLUB.

Mr. Robertson recently submitted to a meeting of the members of this club, which had its quarters on Clerkenwell Green, a new political "platform," for which he claimed all the advantages of previous platforms put forth by Mr. Scott Russell, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Morley, the International, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Gladstone, and, lastly, Lord Russell. Its propositions were ranged under five distinct heads:—

1. Reform of the House of Lords, which in its present form was, in Mr. Robertson's opinion, contrary to the constitution of the country. The hereditary principle should be abolished, and in its place a principle of selection set up, whereby the upper chamber should comprise men distinguished in the various walks of science, statesmanship and patriotism.
2. Separation of Church and State, the union of which, he said, was devised by the wisdom of our forefathers for the benefit of society as it then existed, and was altogether unsuited to the present times.
3. Triennial parliaments. The seven years' parliaments had this effect, that incapable men once returned to parliament could remain there against the

will of their constituents, and there was nothing to prevent good men from being rejected.

4. Homo rule, measures of sanitary improvements, such as canals, tramways, waterworks, gas companies, and such like being taken in hand by some local authority. Magistrates should be elected as representing the public interest, and their appointment be placed on the same footing as civic appointments in large boroughs. \*The administration of justice in counties, and even in the high courts of Scotland, was altogether subsidiary to the landed interest.

5. Reform of the whole laws relating to land, eminent authorities in England and Scotland having declared that the land was capable of producing double the crops, under different treatment, they now produced. That while there were ten million acres of land, it was a disgrace to the country that so many farmers, with their capital, their families, and their intelligence, should every year emigrate from this to other countries. Game, entail, and primogeniture laws should be altogether abolished, and charters of expensive deeds be superseded by registration, the same as in Canada. By carrying out these and other subsidiary reforms, he endeavored to prove, in conclusion, that a great saving would be effected, and the burdens of the people correspondingly relieved.

A cordial vote of thanks was recorded to Mr. Robertson for his paper.—*English Paper.*

LABOR POLITICS.

The *Trades Journal* of Boston considers that in the present political contest in the United States Labor Reformers are considerably demoralized.

The New Hampshire men, as a rule, go for Greeley, so does Puetz, of Indiana, who is credited with manipulating the Columbus Convention for Justice Davis. Winn, of California, is for Grant; so are such Massachusetts leaders as S. P. Cummings and Wendell Phillips. Elsewhere, and notably in New York and Pennsylvania, there is a disposition to coalesce with and give direction to the Democratic Convention at Louisville, Ky., which it is expected will nominate a President.

Non-enforcement of the eight-hour law is charged against the administration in many quarters, but the Washington correspondent of the *Traveller* makes the following statement about the matter:—

"Col. Hinton, the secretary of the resident Republican Committee here, has personally investigated the subject, and finds that since the last Presidential proclamation no complaint has come from any quarter relative to the non-enforcement of the law. As is well known, different constructions were put upon the law by military officers, but workmen who were compelled, by reason of those constructions, to work more than eight hours per day, are now receiving extra compensation for their services. It is only in a few cases of river, harbor and lighthouse works, where natural obstacles of tide, etc., render it absolutely necessary to labor an extra number of hours at a stretch at certain hours, as at Minot Ledge, that any departure from the law is allowed."

CO-OPERATION.

We are glad to hear that there is really something doing at Lynn in the way of practical co-operation in the manufacture of shoes. It is said that the strike has led to this, and thus, possibly, the workmen may have indirectly helped themselves by their adhesion to the Crispin order. We hear of one promising attempt, for which the means have been furnished by wealthy parties in this city, and several other associations are in process of formation under the general law of the State recently adopted. The plan which seems to promise success is for a small number of workmen, say twenty or thirty, to unite, contribute a capital of fifty dollars each, to be paid in advance or in instalments, and appoint a general manager, who looks after the details of the business. The men work at some-

what smaller wages than they would receive in the large shops, and depend upon the quarterly dividends for their reimbursement. It is too early to say what the result of these experiments will be, but with safe management and honest work, they ought to, and probably will, succeed. The present tendency of the shoe business is toward concentration in a limited number of immense factories. If the co-operation plan is to succeed, it has not started a moment too soon. The result will be looked for with interest.

THE GENEVA ARBITRATION CLOSED.

Recent telegrams contain the announcement that the Board of Arbitration assembled at Geneva to adjudicate between Great Britain and the United States on the vexed questions of the Alabama claims, have finally concluded all business requiring deliberation, and the Court was adjourned till Monday to give time for the final draughting, revising and translating of official copies of the judgment rendered. The official signatures will not, it is stated, be affixed to the documents, nor will the results of the arbitration be made known to the respective Governments, until the 14th instant. In the absence, therefore, of the official statement, we can only give what the *New York World* correspondent at Geneva telegraphed as the award. Great Britain is adjudged to be liable for "the losses caused by the Alabama, Florida and Shenandoah, and for the expenditures incurred by the United States in pursuit of these vessels. The award is said to be a lump sum of \$15,000,000." General satisfaction is expressed at the result of the labors of the arbitrators.

JOURNALISTIC.

The familiar face of the *Boston American Workman* has passed away, and in its place we are greeted with the *Trades Journal*. The *Workman* has been an ably conducted journal, earnest in the cause of Labor Reform, and with the new name the proprietors hold on to the old faith. The *Trades Journal* says:

"We entered the lists some years ago as a champion of Labor, and we have fought some battles successfully, some have been drawn, others are waging, and others have yet to be opened. Our cause and our faith remain, and we shall fight on valiantly, hopefully, and, as we trust, successfully, in behalf of labor and its claims, privileges and rewards."

HOME COMFORTS.

The more comfortable the home of the workingman is, other things being equal, the better his work. A man or woman in good spirits can do more and better work than one in spirits depressed. What is calculated to make working people feel happy more than a happy home!

Home, home, sweet home!  
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

One of the first duties of all parties interested in promoting the success of labor, is to make its homes happy. Every corporation in the country owes a duty to working people in this respect. When they can add to the resources of home enjoyment among all they employ, employers should do so. A comfortable home makes the workingman all the more ready to work.

Give him meat and convenient dwellings. Let them be well ventilated. See to it that they are kept in repair. Be particular that there is plenty of pure water. Encourage as far as possible the use of ice in summer. Provide for the construction of grass plots with conveniences for flowers.

Employers who give these facilities to their working people will not only promote their home comforts but their own interests. If there should be, unfortunately, any employees who do not appreciate these advantages, who neglect to take proper care of the premises they now have, the good work of reform should go on. Let the rents be as cheap as they possibly can be, and the workmen and women will have so much the more to add to the happiness of

their families. They will do so much the more work, and every one concerned will be the happier.

STRIKE OF THE EDINBURGH "SCOTSMAN" COMPOSITORS.

We had occasion in a previous issue to refer to a trade dispute that had arisen between the proprietors of the *Edinburgh Scotsman* and their employees, at the same time giving the causes that occasioned the action of the typists. Our late exchanges contain a very lengthy account of an immense and enthusiastic mass meeting of the workmen of that city, which was held in the Music Hall. The meeting was conducted entirely by Trades' Unionists, and it is generally acknowledged that the speeches delivered on the occasion would compare favorably with those where the speakers occupy a higher position in society. The policy of the "*Scotsman*" newspaper, past and present, was discussed fully and fearlessly by the various speakers, of many of whom it was said, "truth made them eloquent." Resolutions were moved and enthusiastically carried as follows:—

Moved by Mr. Holborn, tin-plater, and seconded by Mr. Cribbes, tailor—

"Having heard the statement on behalf of the compositors lately employed in the *Scotsman* newspaper—Resolved that the hearty sympathy of this meeting be tendered to the printers now on strike in support of their adopted and recognised scale of prices, and in their resistance to the oppressive measures pursued by the proprietors of the *Scotsman*, in their persistent efforts to overturn a just and binding office and trade agreement."

Moved by Mr. Dewae, blacksmith, and seconded by Mr. Paterson, engineer—

"Viewing the present action of the *Scotsman* proprietors as an attempt to carry out in practice the opinions so long and so determinedly advocated by that newspaper, subversive of trades unions and generally depreciative of the efforts of workmen, however well directed—Resolved, that such conduct deserves, and hereby receives, the unqualified condemnation of this meeting. Further resolved, that a practical expression of feeling being called for, this meeting pronounces the *Scotsman* unworthy of the confidence of workmen, and pledges itself to discontinue its support of the *Scotsman*, by ceasing to subscribe for, advertise in, or otherwise patronise, either directly or indirectly, individually or collectively, a newspaper so avowedly hostile to the working classes."

During the delivery of the speeches, frequent allusion was made to the advisability of establishing a workingman's organ, and it is not improbable our next advices will inform us of the fact of the establishment of such a journal.

ARRESTED.

Three of the compositors concerned in the strike of the *Edinburgh Scotsman* have been brought before the courts on a charge of deserting employment, and after a protracted trial one of them was fined £5 and costs, and the two other cases were not proven.

The members of Brunswick L. O. Lodge, No. 404, intend holding their annual picnic in West Lodge Gardens, on Saturday next. Every effort has been made for a "first-class time," and nothing is wanted to complete the arrangements but a fine day, which we hope they will have.

During our absence last week, a communication received from Hamilton, bearing on the presentation to Mr. Tarbox, was inadvertently omitted. As no interest will attach to the communication at this late date, we deem it but just to the writer to make mention of the omission. We hope to hear from our correspondent again, and will take measures to prevent a similar occurrence.

The *WHITE HART*, corner of Yonge and Elm Street, is conducted on the good old English system, which gives the greatest satisfaction to its patrons. The bar is most tastefully decorated, and the surroundings are all that could be desired. A spacious billiard parlor, and attentive waiters, render the *WHITE HART* a popular place of resort. adv.

A NOBLE RESPONSE.

Soon after the proceedings against the printers of this city were commenced a fund was started for the purpose of raising money to fee counsel, and in response to the call various sums were subscribed in different parts of the Province, till the Printers' Defence Fund assumed, we believe, respectable proportions. The subjoined letter from the Secretary of the Consolidated Bookbinders' Union of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, just received by the Secretary of the Bookbinders' Union of this city, speaks volumes as to the fraternity and generosity of the members of that association. This kindly action on the part of our English fellow-workers cannot fail to cement more firmly the bonds of fraternity and fellowship by which Unionists are bound, and demonstrates the fact, that though seas may divide, yet the hearts of Trades' Unionists beat responsive in the common cause.

The time is fast approaching when the trial will take place, and it is to be hoped the Typographical Union will be placed in a position to secure the best legal talent the city affords. We have very much pleasure in submitting the following letter from Mr. Ballard:—

1 WELLINGTON STREET,  
SALFORD, August 25th, 1872.

MR. BERWICK—DEAR SIR,—According to your advice of the 8th instant, I now beg to enclose Post Office orders for the sum of £20, being the amount granted by the "Bookbinders' Consolidated Union" towards the fund now being raised for the defence of certain members of the Typographical Association of Canada, who have been arrested on the charge of conspiracy and combination.

On behalf of the Union, I beg to thank you for your kind expressions towards us; and on behalf of the Central Committee to express their regret that the sum named in their proposition was not larger, as they feel quite certain that had they proposed twice the amount it would have been carried. Indeed, some of our Branches in sending their returns, suggested that if we could see any way of increasing the amount, they would be very glad, but the Committee felt themselves bound by the original proposition, and could only express their regret that they had not been more liberal.

"The nine hours movement" is making rapid progress here, but not without some struggling. We have a strike pending now in Belfast (Ireland), for the above object, and which is costing us over £20 per week; but if the object is only gained, we shall look upon it as money well spent.

Yours respectfully,  
R. BALLARD, C. S.

PAINTERS' UNION.

The quarterly meeting of the above Union was held on Monday last in the Temperance Hall. Mr. R. Roy, Vice-President, in the chair. Mr. Carter, Secretary, read a report of the past quarter, which showed a large increase of members, a considerable amount of funds in hands, and a general improvement as regards the attendance of members.

Mr. Carter expressed great satisfaction at the position the society had taken, and felt assured that so long as the members were united, no attempts would be made to disturb their peace. He also congratulated the painters for having sent representatives to the Toronto Trades' Assembly, which he believed was destined to take a high position in Toronto, and he considered it an honor to be one of its members.

The election of officers for the ensuing quarter then took place, with the following result:—

- Mr. R. Roy, President.
- Mr. E. H. Boddy, Vice-President.
- Mr. J. D. Gunn, Secretary.
- Mr. J. W. Carter, Treasurer.
- Mr. R. Brown, Door-keeper.
- Messrs. W. Colby, J. Norrich, R. Mowat, G. Whily, R. Powell and A. Partridge, Committee.

It was decided to hold the future meetings of the Union at the Trades Assembly Hall on the 1st and 3rd Mondays in the month. The meeting then closed.

The Young Irishman's Quadrille Club held its first meeting for the present season on Monday last, in Halley's Hall. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present, and the club commenced its operations under very auspicious circumstances.

A PLEA FOR THE BOYS.

There is no greater evil sapping the foundation of our physical greatness, as a people, than the habit or custom of placing boys in factories and workshops, at an immature and tender age; and this practice is more widely prevalent than many suppose. We have on hundreds of occasions seen boys of eight and ten years of age performing the labor of men; and in this article we propose to say a few words on the heinousness of the crime—for it is a crime—committed by those who compel boys to toil and sweat at such an early age. We will regard it from physiological and intellectual standpoints, and endeavor to show that parents, governments and society, by tolerating this evil, are responsible for the moral and physical death of thousands of God's children. The movable frame-work of the house in which we live, consists of some two hundred and eight bones, curiously planned and put together. Now, the frame-work of a building of any kind is the most important part of it, and it is essentially necessary that the material of the frame-work be sound and good. If this is true of the house in which the body lives, how much truer should it be of the house in which the soul lives? And this is the framework that parents distort, twist, deform, ruin in infancy; and society and governments not only wink at the crime but are quite often the direct cause of it. Bone is a substance composed of animal and earthy materials. The earthy parts give the bones solidity and strength, while the animal part gives them life and elasticity. In childhood, the bones contain a great deal more animal than earthy material, hence they are soft, pliable and yielding, and very little pressure will bend them permanently out of shape, very often entailing upon the unfortunate victims ugly, mis-shapen deformity, life-long misery, poor health and not unfrequently premature death. And, again, putting a mere, or even a grown child, to severe, continued labor, has a tendency to fill up and harden the bones too rapidly, thereby preventing a natural growth from being attained, and leaving the world cursed with men deformed and stunted in stature. Disease finds a congenial soil in these deformed bodies, and they are generally the parents of effeminate, unhealthy children, and thus the world is cursed with this hideous evil. It seems scarcely necessary to add, that this early toil has a debasing effect upon the mind, which at this age should be given freer scope to contemplate the God of Nature and His works; young boys are generally quick and intelligent, but if the expanding mind is denied light and kept in the darkness of drudgery, it becomes debased, animalized. Some years ago we knew a bright, fine-looking, intelligent child, with a sparkling eye—window of a soul of great promise—but he was put to hard work before he was ten years old, and when he reached twelve, he was a half-idiot, and might justly blame his father for it. What can you expect of the man who when a boy scarcely ever saw the inside of a school-house, and whose early life was one of hard, exacting toil? Nothing, except intemperance and crime; and who is to blame for it? The refining, holy influence of education was denied him; he saw nothing of the world except its grossness, its debauchery and sinfulness, and, is it any wonder that he grew up a reprobate and a vagabond? Parents, it is to you we speak; give the boys a chance. In behalf of their future physical and mental life, we demand it—in behalf of a nation fast deteriorating in energy, stamina, manhood, we demand it—in behalf of religion, morality and good government, we demand it—in behalf of an outraged Deity, we demand it. Yes, give the boys a chance—give them an education; they are the future pillars of this great nation, and on you it depends whether these pillars shall be strong and substantial, and uphold the destinies of a mighty people, or whether they shall be weak and puny props to a tottering republic. Boys should not be placed at hard work before they are at least sixteen years of age. Give the frame-work of the body time to develop fully. Give the mind time to form and fashion itself after models of purity, goodness, honesty and integrity.

Give the boys the best education you can possibly afford, and do not fail to impress upon their minds the fact, that education does not cease when toil begins; that on the contrary our whole life is a school, and the world a schoolhouse; and then, if in after years they are not competent to fill higher stations in life you can say the fault was not yours. Do not, we implore you, put your little boys into the shop before they comprehend the meaning of work. Do not dwarf their young bodies and blight their young souls. Do not blot out the lines of wisdom in the flesh. Do not render sterile and barren the wisdom soil of the mind. You cannot afford to have your own flesh and blood cover the soul of a vil-

lain or scoundrel. But rest assured, if you do not heed this monition such an event may occur, and you will be held responsible for it. So, again, we say to you, do not do it.—Coopers' Journal.

WHITE SLAVERY IN ENGLAND.

At the Horncastle Petty Session, before a bench of magistrates, Thomas Bates was charged by William Glossop, farmer, of Kirkstead, with unlawfully absconding himself from his service without lawful excuse. Mr. Glossop deposed that he hired the defendant on the 16th of February last, as a servant in husbandry, up to the 6th of April next, at the weekly wage of 12s. 6d., twenty-five stone of bacon, house rent free, and the flour from one quarter of wheat. On the 8th inst. defendant left his work without any excuse, and on 12th inst., he fetched away his goods. By Mr. Boulton: I claim £4, as compensation for lost services. Thos. Bates, the defendant, deposed: On the 7th inst. I was going into the fields before five o'clock to fetch the horses up. When I got them to the stables I cleaned them. I had got three done when master came and said, if I could not get the horses ready sooner he would do them himself. He was very cross with me, and said I must go. At last I took up my bottle and basket and went home. Mr. Glossop called me back, and said if I went he would fetch a summons for me. He refused to set me to work. I waited about for an hour and a half; he would not give me anything to do, but he said he would have nothing more to do with me till after the summons. I did not swear at Mr. Glossop at all. I went to him again the next morning, and he then said if I would pay him 10s. for the lost day, and 2s. 6d. for that morning, he would look over it. I said no, I would rather be shot first, for you only pay me 12s. 6d. per week. I left Mr. Glossop solely because he would not give me any work to do after the dispute. The magistrates found defendant guilty, and ordered him to pay compensation £4, and costs 8s. The defendant asked the magistrates how many hours a day he was to work; one of the magistrates [Moses Elmhirst, Esq.] said, as many as his master wished him. The defendant said it was to be twenty-four hours, for he had already worked eighteen, and sometimes nineteen, a day. And his master wanted him to work longer every day. The same magistrate said, "You go back to your place and work as long as your master wants you."

COMING TO CANADA.

We find the following pleasing bit of information in the New York Herald of the 26th ult.: "When the war closed in France, and the German troops, with the exception of the army of occupation, vacated the French Provinces, the Alsatians and Lorrainians displayed a restive disposition and a dislike to live under German rule. Emigration followed, and has since continued. The population of Metz has already been diminished by over one-third. About 1,500 of the inhabitants of the two provinces sought Algeria as their future home and residence, but their destitute condition unfitted them for the colony they sought to establish. America is now the land which attracts the French emigrants, and Canada, rather than the United States, the particular location on the continent. It is estimated that over seventeen thousand have already gone to Canada, and more are sure to follow. Among those coming across the Atlantic are skilled mechanics and artisans. We can assure emigrants that they are welcome to the Dominion of Canada, where they can all secure comfortable homes and steady employment at high wages. They have acted wisely in coming to Canada instead of seeking homes in the United States, where there is a surplus of population, who, in many instances, are starving because there is no work for them. We can give free grants to millions of the farming classes of Europe, and we will welcome them to our shores."

HUNTING FOR TREASURE.

The following is from the San Francisco Bulletin:—  
The inauguration of the Arizona diamond excitement is evidently the prelude to a perfect whirl of treasure hunting enthusiasm. The Cocos Island chimera still affords the light of faith and hope, and another expedition is now preparing to renew the search for "devil's wealth," existing (according to tradition of dubious character) on the lone isle. We have still another project maturing, more brilliant than all, of which only a few of the main points have not yet been revealed. But in due time, no doubt, California street will be afforded an opportunity of taking stock. This latter tradition of great promise relates that once on a time, several hundred years ago, the early French settlers of

Louisiana sent an expedition into the region of this country now designated as New Mexico. They founded a city in a fertile region, on the banks of a beautiful stream, and which became quite populous. There the precious metals, gold and silver, abounded profusely, and the good people, in their religious fervor, erected a magnificent temple, and endowed it bounteously with their wealth. Among its decorations were life size pictures of the virgin and of the saints of their preference, in solid gold and silver. An earthquake occurred which turned the current of their river—or, indeed, erased it from the face of the earth—and left the city untenable from the absence of water. The inhabitants who survived the calamity, few in number, gathered together their immense treasures and deposited them in a pit, which was excavated on the piazza in front of their splendid church. They then attempted to return eastward, but mostly perished by privation or at the hands of the hostile Indians. A record of the treasure burying, however, purports to have been preserved in the hands of the Yuma Indians, describing the precise location and indicating the amount to be many millions. The ruins of this city are said to be discernible on the banks of a dry river in New Mexico, the most convenient point of access thereto being Albuquerque. A frontiersman who has spent the greater portion of his life upon the plains and in the territory claims to have got possession of the all-important document referred to, which is said to embrace a diagram indicating the precise spot where the enormous treasure is to be found.

RUSSIA.

OBJECT OF THE JOURNEY OF THE CZAR TO BERLIN.

St. PETERSBURG, Aug. 12.—What excites public curiosity here at present is the projected meeting of the three Emperors at Berlin in September. The Czar will arrive there on the 5th of September, and will stay to see the Autumn maneuvers. He will be accompanied by his sons, the Hereditary Grand Duke Alexander and the Grand Duke Vladimir, his brother, the Grand Duke Nicholas, and a numerous suite of generals and aides-de-camp. Not every one is pleased with the prospect of going, and the three Grand Dukes are especially provoked at being forced to pay court to the Germans. The Hereditary Grand Duke is known to hate the Germans from the bottom of his heart, and is now with his wife on a visit to Copenhagen. The Grand Duke Nicholas is indignant because he wanted to go to England, and asked for an invitation to the maneuvers there. When the Queen's telegram arrived he was forced to decline, as he had received the Emperor's commands to go to Berlin but an hour before. During the late Russian maneuvers, in spite of a large delegation from Prussia, headed by Prince Hohenlohe, and another from Austria, with the Archduke William, the anti-German feeling was very marked and prominent. There is very little difference in the sentiments of the army and its officers on this subject, and, ready or not ready, a war against Germany would be hailed with enthusiasm. There will be none, however, during the life of this Emperor. Of that everybody is satisfied. But what is feared is that the government will go too far in its German sympathies, and that throws suspicion on the meeting at Berlin. Many are the conjectures as to its object. The first idea was that it was to re-establish the Holy Alliance. But whatever horror the three monarchs and their ministers may have of liberal ideas, Europe has made too much progress for the Holy Alliance to be revived. Others suggest the Internationale, the restraint of Jesuitism, and the Eastern Question as probable subjects of discussion. It is possible, indeed, that these subjects may be spoken of, but I doubt if any plans or measures will be devised with regard to any of them. It is much more probable that the Polish question will be spoken of, and a gentle pressure exercised on the Emperor of Austria not to allow his Polish subjects too great freedom of intrigue. The Polish emigrants have already a suspicion of this, and dire rumors are heard of a plot to avenge at one blow the position of Poland by destroying all three monarchs at once.

By far the most probable cause of this Imperial Conference is the desire of Bismarck to read a lesson to the immense success of the recent French loan, and fears that it will elate the French too much and make them more than ever desirous of their revenge. Bismarck wished, therefore, by attracting the Emperors of Russia and Austria to Berlin, to show France that her schemes are chimerical, and that she has no allies, and can count on no assistance. Germany, on the contrary, is on good terms with almost all the powers of Europe. The display of the Czar, and the immense suite he takes,

seem to show that his visit is in the nature of a demonstration chiefly, though Gortschakoff may do a little serious work with Bismarck and Andrassy. Of the Russian papers which have discussed this proposed meeting, the *Golos* thinks it means and can mean only one thing—peace for Europe and the world. The *Exchange Gazette* is very apprehensive that the Government will be led into too close a union with Germany, and says that Russia wants only two things which it should be the object of her foreign policy to obtain: the acquisition of Galicia, and of the strip bordering on Prussia up to the Niemen. It thinks that the proposed conference is not likely to promote either of these ends.

MECHANICAL EDUCATION.

For some months back we have been advocating the establishment of shops for mechanical education in connection with our free schools. The great number of boys growing up without learning a trade, or some honorable calling, by which to make a living, is constantly pressing the subject upon the serious consideration of parents, and all others who take an interest in the prospects, prosperity and happiness of the rising generation. The *Call*, touching that subject, thinks, as "the State of Massachusetts is about to establish, as a branch of its educational system, schools for the instruction of the working classes in the mechanical trades," that we ought to be doing something of the kind ourselves. This is an exceedingly correct view, for if that State has been waked up to any reform necessary for the good of the workingmen, the whole world should have had it in operation before this time.

We are greatly in need of educated mechanics, men who solve a problem in mathematics, as well as do the work on an engine; men who can calculate the strength of wood or iron, as well as frame a roof or dome. The day for mere drudgery has passed, machinery does that. The mechanic's brain must be cultivated so that he can put to work the most complicated machinery. Woodworth's Planer will do the work of a hundred men, but it requires a cultivated mechanical mind to keep it in order. Machinery is the product of educated genius. We want men of the same calibre to keep it in order. Our boys learning trades work too much and think too little. Those going to school think too much and do no work. Four hours of study and four of labor is much better than eight of either. The mind and body should be kept in equilibrium. The hands and body should be able to do what the mind dictates, and the mind should be well educated so as to require the hands to do only what is necessary to accomplish the object in view. Many men do twice as much work to accomplish an end as those whose education has fitted the mind to understand the work they commence. If a man destroys material in working it, he is called stupid, when in fact it is want of education; he did not know where and how to cut it. A man who frames timber or iron for a dome, cannot fit it together on the ground; every tenon, mortice, square or level must be cut in each piece, separate and apart from the rest, and come together making a harmonious whole. But it cannot be done without education. A boy when learning a trade spends half his time in learning the use of tools; if learned at school, he will be much more useful to his employer, start in life as a skilled mechanic, and be proud of his calling.

The Legislature should now authorize the Board of School Directors in cities to establish Mechanical Schools, to put up temporary shops, buy tools, and employ foremen to teach the boys. There is no use of waiting until Massachusetts adopts the system. This is not an old fogy State; our people are progressive. We need no one to tell us what to do. We are raising a superior race of boys and girls, in mind and body; but we must cultivate their mental and physical capacity, or the vices common to human nature will make them more powerful for crime.

A true man lives for his children; they are his care through life. Knowing that, we should make a pleasant home for industrious families. An educated mechanic is the highest member of any community. The study and practice of such community are enabling in their character, dignifying in their influence, and elevate men in their scale of usefulness. The world needs such men, and we furnish them.—*San Francisco Examiner*.

A brakeman, named James Garvey, was accidentally killed at the station here on Monday morning last, while coupling cars.

The editor of the Indianapolis Journal is learning to fiddle. The agitated neighbors soothe their nerves by applauding him with brickbats.

## THE PRIMEVAL MAN'S PASTORAL.

My grandfather Jock was an ape,  
His grandfather Twist was a worm;  
Each age has developed in shape,  
And ours has got rid of the squirm;  
If the law of Selection will work in our case,  
We'll develop, in time, to a wonderful race.

My sweetheart has claws, and her face  
Is covered with bristles and hair;  
She's feline in nature and grace,  
She's apt to get out on a tear,  
She's cursed with a passion to sing after night;  
But these she'll evolve, and develop all right.

One race has evolved in the sea,  
And partly got rid of their scales;  
Though cousins by faces to me,  
They're cousins to fishes by tails;  
But they'll ever remain simply mer-men and women,  
For selection won't work in the world that they swim in.

'Tis said that Gorilla the Great,  
Who rules as the chief of our clan,  
Has found in the annals of fate,  
We're soon to evolve into man;  
Furthermore that our children will doubt whence they came,  
Till a fellow named Darwin shall put them to shame.

## The Home Circle.

## EVENING.

Much of our life-time is composed of the evening hours, which may, if we choose, become the pleasantest, most profitable part of our lives. 'Tis then we gather around the home circle, and enjoy, uninterruptedly, the society of father, mother, brothers and sisters, and perhaps children.

Here, in the twilight hours, among such friends whose sympathy and affection are equalled nowhere outside out of the domicile we so lovingly call home, true, pure and perfect happiness may be secured, if we but make the effort.

Evenings spent at home exert an influence for good over our lives which is felt even until the shadows of our closing days fall upon us. How many young men have wandered from truth, temperance, honesty and respectability, simply because the evenings of their youth were misspent.

When the hours of darkness are falling around us, and the day gone, never to be recalled, we should find our pleasantest hours, our best and purest pleasures, our most noble and inspiring ambitions.

Do we strive as best we can to render our young members of the family an evening of comfort and happiness at "Home, the dearest spot on earth?"

## A BOY'S PURPOSE.

When Warren Hastings was a lad only seven years old, he lay one day beside a little rivulet that flowed towards the river Isis, and there he formed the purpose which was his guiding star through life. His parents were in reduced circumstances, but descended from a noble family. The boy's ambition was to win back the lost estate of his ancestors—to make Daylesford his own. To this purpose he steadily adhered. Every aim and effort of his boyhood was associated with this purpose. It seemed like the romantic day-dreams of a boy, very likely never to be realized. The young Hastings sat on the same bench in the village school with the peasant children with whom he played, and to an outward observer there was little to distinguish him from the rest. But the world in the boy's heart was as different in their hopes and aspirations as if he belonged to another planet. He held on to this great life-purpose of winning back his family lands all through his youth and manhood. Through his checkered life history this was like a star ever leading him on. And success at last crowned his efforts. He was able to buy the beautiful fields and parks of his ancestors, and rebuild the mansion; and here the last days of his toilsome life were spent.

You may become what you will, if you only work for it with all the powers God has given you. Choose, then, some worthy ambition. Do not let it be riches or honor among men, or anything that the Lord does not esteem. Choose some great, noble purpose on which you can ask his blessing. Then work for it with all your might, and you will not fail of the victory.

## BE HAPPY NOW.

How old are you? Twenty-five? Thirty? Are you happy to-day? Were you happy yesterday? Are you generally happy? And are you going to be happy when you are old? No, you will not. You now have a specimen of what you will be when you are old. Look in the face of to-day. That is about the average. That will tell you what you are going to be; what you are carrying along with you is what you will have by and by. If you are so conducting yourself that you have peace with God, and with your fellow men and with your faculties; if every day you insist that duty shall make you happy, and you take what is needful for your social faculties, you will not be exhausting life, and it will be continually replenished. But if you are saving everything till you get to be an old man, habit will stand like a tyrant, and say, "You would not enjoy yourself before, and you shall not now." How many men there are who have ground to make money, that they may be happy by and by, but who, after they have got to be fifty or sixty years old, have then used up all the enjoyable nerve that was in them. During their early life they carried toil and

economy and frugality to the excess of stinginess, and when the time came that they expected joy, there was no joy for them.

## THE STORY OF CINDERELLA.

The origin of this nursery tale is sufficiently curious. About the year 1730, a French actor of equal talent and wealth, named Thevenard, in passing through the streets of Paris, observed upon a cobbler's stall the shoe of a female, which struck him by the remarkable smallness of its size. After admiring it for some time, he returned to his house; but his thoughts reverted to the shoe with such intensity that he reappeared at the stall the next day; but the cobbler could give him no other clue to the owner than that it had been left in his absence for the purpose of being repaired. Day after day did Thevenard return to his post to watch the re-integration of the slipper, which proceeded slowly; nor did the proprietor appear to claim it. Although he had completed the sixtieth year of his age, so extravagant became his passion for the unknown one, that he became (were it possible for a Frenchman of that day to be so), miserable and melancholy. His pain was, however, somewhat appeased by the avatar of the little foot itself, appertaining to a pretty and youthful girl in the very humblest class of life. All distinctions were levelled at once by love; the actor sought the parents of the female, procured their consent to the match, and actually made her his wife.

## WHO IS OLD?

A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move or breathe he will be doing for himself, for his neighbor, or for posterity. Almost to the last hour of his life Washington was at work. So were Franklin and Howard and Newton. The vigor of their lives never decayed. No rust marred their spirits. It is a foolish idea to suppose that we must lie down and die because we are old. Who is old? Not the man of energy, not the day laborer in science, art or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away and the springs of life to become motionless; on whose hands the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the garb of gloom. Is he old? should not be put; but is he active?—can he breathe freely and move with agility? There are scores of grey-headed men we should prefer, in any important enterprise, to those young men who fear and tremble at approaching shadows, and turn pale at a lion in their path, at a harsh word or a frown.

## SUCCESS IN LIFE.

The great evil upon which we have fallen in these days of rapid fortunes and extravagant living, will be appreciated if we ask ourselves what meaning is attached to the word success. What are our young people taught as compassing true success in life? What class of men are held up as the true type of manhood, and as worthy of emulation? When Mr. Greeley talks of "a self-made man," who are the bright examples he holds up to view, and whom does he ask our young men to pattern after—the men of ideas, of moral power, of strong virtues, or of great wealth? What is meant by success in life when the instances most cited in this connection are Astor, Girard, Stewart and Vanderbilt? Whoever speaks of men like Elihu Burritt and that class of philanthropists and scholars, who are constantly thinking so much of others that they have no time to devote to the accumulation of wealth? as Peabody, who had lived within himself until he had amassed great wealth, and got through with its use and aggrandizement, bequeathed it to such purposes and under such restrictions as to suit his fancy and ambition? We are quite apt to lose sight of the thousands of tender hearts and great souls whose wonderful benevolence and fellow feeling have made it impossible that they should grow rich save in the blessings of those whom they have helped. Is it not time that a new lexicon was prepared, so that our "coming" men and women shall have a different idea of the true meaning of success?

## ENGLISH IVY IN ROOMS.

A writer thus speaks of the winter decorations of rooms with English Ivy—the best of all house plants, perhaps, though many give the preference for a single specimen to a Calla Lily.

The use of English Ivies for the purpose of decorating living rooms is more extensive every year, and cannot be too highly recommended. Being very strong, they will live through almost any treatment; but study their peculiarities, and manifest willingness to gratify them, and they will grow without stint. Most houses are too hot for them, as indeed they are for their owners. Neither plants nor people should have the average temperature over 65 degrees Fahrenheit. Take care not to enfeeble your ivies, by undue heat or excessive watering, and you will find they will not seem to mind whether the sun shines on them or not or in what position or direction you find them. Indeed, so much they will do of themselves to render a room charming, that we would rather have an unlimited number of them to draw upon than anything else in nature or art. Do you wish the ugly plain doors that shut off your entry from your parlor, to be arched or curved, like those in the drawing room of your richer neighbor; buy a couple of brackets, such as lamps for the burning of kerosene are

sometimes placed in, and screw them on the sides of the door. Put in each a plant of the ivy, the longer the better; then train the plants over the top, against the sides, indeed any way your fancy dictates. You need not buy the beautiful nor the costly pots the flower dealers will advise; common glazed ones will answer every purpose, for by placing in each two or three sprigs of Coliseum ivy, in a month's time no vestige of the pot can be discerned through their thick screen.

## A MATRIMONIAL FAIR.

To those young ladies who are bent on matrimony, and have not found a suitable partner, we offer urgent advice. Let them pack up all their property, and start immediately for the mountainous districts to the extreme east of Hungary. They will find that at this season of the year a fair is held of marriageable young men and women. From all quarters long trains of chariots wind their way to the plain of Kalinosa. They are laden with household furniture, and followed by the cattle of the family. In the midst of these goods may be seen the young lady whom her family has brought to seek a husband at the fair. She is dressed in her best, with brilliant silk scarf and scarlet petticoat. These caravans take up their position one after the other on one side of the plain, while on the other side a cavalcade of young men approaches and deploys along the whole line. The men—young Wallachias, for the most part—are dressed in their best goatskins, and make what show of horsemanship they can. After both parties have taken up their respective quarters opposite each other, the fathers step forward, and begin to negotiate marriages for their children. The questions asked on these occasions are apt to be of a somewhat sordid character; but the business is carried out with a promptitude equal to its frankness. As soon as the parties are agreed, a priest, who is always ready at hand, is summoned. He chants a hymn, and gives his benediction; the bride then kisses her parents, mounts the chariot, and starts for some unknown village with a husband she has never seen before, the furniture and cattle which her parents have allowed her as a marriage portion, following her in the rear. Thus every year marriages are contracted by this primitive people, and there is, we must confess, a plain honesty and absence of sham in this style of proceeding. One is apt to compare it with the deceptions and artifices employed in civilized society by those who, pretending to love, only seek to marry fortunes.

## A TELEGRAPH STORY.

I think the most curious fact, taken altogether, that I ever heard of the electric telegraph, was told me by the cashier of the Bank of England. You may have heard of it. It may have been in print. I am sure it deserves to be:

"Once upon a time, then on a certain Saturday night, the folks of the bank could not make the balance come right, by just £100. This is a serious matter in this little establishment; I do not mean the cash, but the mistake in arithmetic; for it occasions a work of scrutiny. An error in balancing has been known, I am told, to keep a delegation of clerks from each office at work sometimes the whole night. A hue and cry, of course, was made after this £100, as if the old lady in Threadneedle street would be in the *Gazette* for want of it. Luckily on Sunday morning, a clerk in the middle of the sermon, I dare say (if the truth was known), felt a suspicion of the truth dash through his mind quicker than a flash of telegraph itself. He told the chief cashier on Monday morning, that perhaps the mistake might have occurred in packing some boxes of specie for the West Indies, which had been sent to Southampton for shipment. The suggestion was immediately acted upon. Here was a race—lightning against steam with eight and forty hours start given. Instantly the wires asked, "whether such a vessel had left the harbor?" "Just weighing anchor," was the answer. "Stop her!" frantically shouted the electric telegraph. It was done.—"Have you on dock boxes marked so and so; weigh them." They were weighed; and one—the delinquent—was found by just one packet of a hundred sovereigns heavier than it ought to be. "Let her go," said the mysterious telegraph. The West Indian folks were debited with just £100 more, and the error was corrected, without ever looking into books or delaying the voyage for an hour. Now, that is what may be called "doing business."

## A MUSICAL HORROR.

We observe that McVicker's theatre was opened the other evening in Chicago, and the fact is noteworthy, as this is the first building of the kind rebuilt since the fire. In order to recognize in some manner the most striking event in the history of Chicago, the orchestra performed between acts a remarkable composition illustrative of the great conflagration.

Now, our musical ear is not sensitive. We have attended a Boston Jubilee, and have heard Japanese music with a smile upon our countenance. We have beamed hypocritically upon the distressing efforts of sweet thirteen to fight the "Battle of Prague" over again on the much abused piano. But there is a limit to all things—and it strikes us that this is a case where all but deaf people will cordially support the authorities in intering in behalf of

outraged humanity. "The burning of Chicago," by a band! This is really too much. Let the comet loose, Professor! We are ready to go.

## KISSING EXTRAORDINARY.

## A GREAT DAY WITH THE SILAKERS IN LONDON

The 19th inst. was a great day with the Shakers in London. It was celebrated with a tea meeting, which was largely attended by friends and inquiring visitors from far and near, as it was publicly known that the mother of the sect, or "their dearly beloved mother," as they call her, was going to take this opportunity of relating what she saw whilst in a trance in her three extraordinary visions, when she was carried away in the spirit, as St. John was when at the Isle of Patmos. Throughout the week there have been several special services in their new hall, which they have recently taken, and which is called Ebenezer Hall, in Chelsea. One great display took place at one of the evening meetings during the week. As they entered, the Shakers all kissed each other. The men kissed each other, the women kissed each other, then the men ran about kissing the women, and the girls then ran and kissed the men. Their kisses were not mere single kisses, or mere salutes of love and peace; they were regular running fires of kisses and lip chirps, which lasted for several minutes. Their arms were first round each other's waists, then round each other's necks; then they were looking into each other's eyes, and then laying their heads on one another's shoulders, and then kissing again, as though entirely lost to all around in feelings of the most exquisite ecstasy. It is no exaggeration to say that the men and girls hugged each other in the most passionate manner. After perhaps a few minutes' embracing of this kind, some of the younger girls would sit down, apparently nearly overcome with hysteria. The men would then make a run, and seize hold of another girl or woman, and embrace and kiss her in the same frantic manner, whilst the other young woman, partly recovered, would make a sudden dart across the reserved space to some man on the opposite side, and throwing her arms round his neck, kiss him vigorously as before. During the time these proceedings were taking place most of the audience were standing on the benches to see what was going on, and many and varied were the remarks made, some of them very ludicrous. "Ah, that ain't fair to have all the kissing and shaking down there; why don't you come and give us a few up here?" Then another fellow on the benches would call out, "Oh, crikey, look here at that there girl; ain't her having it nice; I should like to be kissing her." Others among the audience loudly called out, "You all ought to be ashamed of yourselves, you ought; it's disgraceful;" whilst a few of the older ladies reiterated the sentiment expressed by the old woman whose husband was staring at the statue of Venus in the Fine Arts Exhibition, and seemed inclined to say: "Come along do, come along do; what are you staring at? Do come along do." These scenes, during the whole of which time the audience kept coming in, lasted half an hour. It was now 7 o'clock, and precisely at that time Mrs. Girling, of Ipswich, the mother of the preacher of the sect, entered the room, but before she could ascend the platform they all set to and kissed her—an ordeal which she stood very well, amidst the sharp fire and laughter among many of the audience. After waiting for a few minutes for the laughter and derision to subside, she gave out the first hymn. A young woman, who was said to be Mrs. Girling's daughter, after having gone through all the kissing, now ascended the platform and took her place by the side of her mother. After the singing of the first hymn one of the elders offered up a prayer. Mrs. Girling then gave out another hymn, which, had it not been for the determined interruption, would have been well sung, as it was the popular hymn, "Shall we gather at the river?" The audience, however, started an opposition tune, being a parody on "Old Brown's Daughter."

There lives an ancient party  
At the end of Ipswich town,  
Who keeps a little preaching shop  
In Chelsea College town.  
She has got an only daughter,  
Such a party I never saw;  
By jingo! I should like to be  
That woman's son-in-law.

Cries of ("Chorus, gentlemen!") Chorus:  
Mother Girling's daughter is a proper sort of girl.

Mrs. Girling then proceeded to read a portion of Holy Scriptures, taking her text from the 9th chapter of Romans, from which she preached a sermon far above the mediocrity, bringing to bear great earnestness and energy, interspersed with many well-chosen and effective illustrations. At the close of this another hymn was sung, with similar interruptions to those which had taken place during the singing of the others. She then herself made a very forcible prayer, at the close of which a number of spiritual manifestations and scandalous scenes took place. The proceedings were kept up till a very late hour. The phenomena displayed were the most extraordinary and varied ever witnessed. Numbers of people were thrown into trances, from which they were not aroused, and apparently could not be aroused, at the time of leaving. In their apparently mesmeric state they related visions and prophesied most startling events. While in their unconscious state they danced and

violently jumped to a height of several feet. They also spoke and sang in unknown tongues. They wore several professed spiritualists present, and friends were invited to come on Sunday night next.

## Household Recipes.

**PICKLED PEACHES.**—Take six pounds of peaches to three of sugar, and one quart of vinegar, put a clove in one end of each peach and a bit of cinnamon in the other.

**OATMEAL FOR DYSENTERY.**—Put a quarter of a pound of oatmeal, an ounce and a half of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and three pints of water; boil slowly twenty minutes, stir continually. Before serving, add one pint of boiled milk, one ounce of butter and a little pounded spice.

**BUTTER PIE.**—Cover your pie tin with crust as for custard pie. Take a piece of fresh butter the size of an egg, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, one cup of sweet cream, one table-spoon of flour; stir butter, flour, and sugar together, then stir in the cream. Pour in the tin and lay strips of crust across. Bake till brown. This is a most excellent pie.

**POTATO PONE.**—This is a favorite dish in the West India Islands. Wash, peel, and grate two pounds of potatoes; add four ounces each of sugar and butter (or beef dripping) melted, one teaspoonful each of salt and pepper; mix well together, place it in a baking dish, and put it into a brisk oven until it is done and becomes nicely browned.

**BEEF CHEESE.**—Have a beef shin well broken; put it to cook in boiling water; cook till the meat drops from the bone; take out the meat and bones, leaving the water boiling; chop the meat fine, and skim the pot thoroughly. If the water is boiled down to two quarts or a little more it will do; mix the meat and water from the pot together; season as you like with salt, pepper and sage; pour it into deep earthen dishes to cool; next day it will cut nicely, and will, I think, be liked by all who try it. I cook pig's feet the same way, and think it the best way to cook them—Household.

For sugar biscuit, dissolve one tea-cupful of white sugar in a quart of new milk, then stir in a pint of lively yeast, with sifted flour enough to make a stiff sponge; let it rise until very light, then work into a sponge three-quarters of a pound of melted butter, with sifted flour enough to make a stiff dough; work the dough thoroughly, cut into biscuits, let them stand on buttered tins to rise; sift sugar upon each, and bake in a quick oven.

**TO TAKE OUT STAINS.**—Take about a pint of water, dissolve in it half an ounce of salt of sorrel; and two ounces of spirits of wine. Shake them well together. Rub the liquid on the stains with a sponge.

**TO TAKE OUT STAINS FROM MATTRESSES OR FEATHER BEDS.**—Make a paste of soap and starch, and spread over the spots; when dry scrape it off with a knife, washing with a damp sponge as it falls off; if not clean put on another paste. This application, if repeated frequently until all discolorations are gone, will purify any bedding.

**SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.**—The London *Lancet*, excellent authority, gives the following receipt for the cure of bone felon. As soon as the disease is felt, put directly over the spot a fly blister about the size of your thumb nail, and let it remain for six hours; at the end of which time, directly under the surface of the blister, may be seen the felon, which can be instantly taken out with the point of a needle or a lancet.

**WHITE FLANNEL.**—To restore the original appearance to white flannel which has turned yellowish by lying for a long time or by wear, soak for an hour in a weak solution of bisulphate of soda, then add a little diluted muriatic acid, stir well and cover the vessel for twenty minutes. After this, take the flannel out, rinse in plenty of soft water and dry in the sun. The flannel will be purely white.

**RHEUMATISM.**—Having been cured of rheumatism by the following prescription, Mr. William Basset, of Birmingham, Michigan, communicates it to the New York Farmers' Club. Sarsaparilla root, sassafras chips, and gentian root, of each one ounce; gum guaiacum, half ounce. Simmer the first four articles in a gallon of water to half a gallon; when nearly cold add the potassium; stir together, strain, bottle. Dose, wineglass full twice a day.

**EFFICACY OF ONIONS.**—A writer says:—"We are troubled often with severe coughs, the result of colds of long standing, which may turn to consumption or premature death. Hard coughs cause sleepless nights by constant irritation of the throat, and a strong effort to throw off offensive matter from the lungs. The remedy proposed has often been tried, and is simply to take into the stomach before retiring for the night, a piece of raw onion after chewing. This esculent in an uncooked state is very healing, and collects the water from the lungs and throat, causing immediate relief to the patient."

**MAT** has recently opened a first-class house on Yonge Street, near the Avenue, and is always happy to see his friends. An obliging host, attentive waiters and pleasant surroundings, make the house attractive.

I WOULDN'T! WOULD YOU?

I wouldn't give much for the girl who would follow  
Such fashions as our girls do—  
Who dress in the finest of silk, then besides  
Wear bracelets that shine as if new:—  
I wouldn't give much for this girl—  
Would you?

I wouldn't give much for the girl who would bend  
As graceful as Grecianers do;  
Who struts down the street to exhibit her feet,  
While the boys stand with eyes all askew:—  
I wouldn't give much for this girl—  
Would you?

I wouldn't give much for the girl who would try  
To cut herself almost in two,  
With the hope that she'll o'hear somebody say,  
"That's a nice little waist, I tell you:—"  
I wouldn't give much for this girl—  
Would you?

And the girl who ought to wear shoes number four,  
Yet torture themselves with a two,  
And then with the Boston limp, onward they go,  
With the grace of a kangaroo:—  
I wouldn't give much for this girl—  
Would you?

I wouldn't give much for the girl who would cut  
Such extras as most of them do;  
Who try to convince all the gents that their hump  
Is the natural flesh as it grew:—  
I wouldn't give much for all such—  
Would you?

Sawdust and Chips.

Judge—Well, you are fond of stealing; if I should let you steal now what would you steal? Prisoner—I would steal away, your Honor.

"Doctor, what do you think is the cause of this frequent rush of blood to the head?"—"Oh! it is nothing but an effort of nature. Nature, you know, abhors a vacuum."

Small, but active bootblack to a wearer of thirteens:—"Say, boss, le' me black yer boots. Do it for five cents an acre, and warrant it done before sundown."

"Never be critical on the ladies," was the maxim of an Irish peer, remarkable for his homage to the sex. "The only way that a true gentleman will ever attempt to look at the faults of a pretty woman is to shut his eyes."

The mother of an unmanageable Irish boy thus excused him to the police: "Sure, Patsy isn't a bad boy at all; but he's only troubled with a rush of mind to the brain."

Newly married daughter—"Mamma, how long does the honeymoon last?" Practical parent—"Till you ask your husband for money, my dear."

"Why, Emily, how do you do?"—"I am very well, Julia. I celebrated my wooden wedding last week." "Why, I didn't know you were married. How did you celebrate it?" "By marrying a blockhead."

A young lady who lately gave an order to her milliner for a bonnet, said, "You are to make it plain, but at the same time smart, as I sit in a conspicuous place in church."

An Iowa man recently died from swallowing his pocket knife and injudicious medical treatment combined. He got along very nicely as long as the knife was closed; but, when the doctor gave him opening medicine, it killed him.

Josh Billings says that the difference between a mistake and a blunder is this: "When a man puts down a bad umbrella, and takes up a good one, he makes a mistake; but when he put down a good one, and takes up a bad one, he makes a blunder."

It must be nice to go to that Iowa school. A lady teacher at Des Moines called a boy up, and made him show how he kissed the big girls in the woodshed. After he had showed her, she further punished him by making him stay after school. He says he don't want to graduate for two years yet.

A thick-headed squire, being worsted by Sydney Smith, took his revenge by exclaiming, "If I had a son who was an idiot, by Jove! I'd make him a parson."—"Very probably," was the cutting reply of the eccentric clergyman, "but I see your father was of a different mind."

Walter, a five-year old, was surprised at breakfast by the presence of a diminutive egg, served for his special delectation. He thus accounted for the egg's smallness, "Mamma, I think the chicken was learning to lay."

A GALLANT SCHOOL BOY'S TOAST.—"The girls! May they add charity to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply general affections, divide time by industry and recreation, reduce scandal to its lowest denomination, and raise virtue to its highest power!"

Art received rather an awkward criticism from a young country bumpkin, who recently met a sculptor in a social circle and addressed him thus: "Er—er—so you are the man—er—that makes—er—mud heads." And this was the artist's reply, "Er—er—not all of 'em. I didn't make yours, for instance."

Lord North, who was very corpulent before a severe sickness, said to his physician after it, "Sir I am obliged to you for introducing me to some old acquaintances." "Who are they, my lord?" inquired the doctor. "My ribs," replied his lordships, "which I have not felt for many years until now."

An awkward-looking, stage-struck hosier went to see one of the New Orleans theatrical managers, some time since, and solicited an engagement. "What role would you prefer, my friend," asked the manager. "Wal, squire," said the would-be Western Roscius,

"I ain't partial to rolls, nohow—corn-dodgers is my favorite."

A gentleman riding a very ordinary-looking horse, asked of a negro whom he met, how far it was to a neighboring town. The negro, looking at the animal under the rider, with a broad grin of contempt, replied: "Wi dat ar hoss, massa, it's jist fo'teen miles; Wi' a good chunk ob ahoss seben miles; but if you jist had Massa Jemmy's hoss, gosh! you're dare now!"

A close fisted old fellow, in treating a friend to some liquor, poured out a very small drink. The latter, taking the glass and holding it above his head, remarked very skeptically: "You say this is forty years old?" "Yes," replied the host. "Then," replied our friend, "all I have to say is, it's very small for its age!"

"I declare," said an old lady, reverting to the promise made on her marriage day by her liege lord, "I shall never forget when Obadiah put the nuptial ring on my finger, and said, 'With my worldly goods I thee endow.' He used to keep a dry-goods store then, and I thought he was going to give me the whole there was in it. I was young and simple then, and did not know till afterward that it meant one calico gown a year."

A guest in a hotel in Belfast, Maine, on being told that dinner was ready, stripped off his coat, and, accompanied by his wife, entered the dining-room in his shirt-sleeves. A waiter brought him a bill of fare, which he regarded curiously, and then laid it down. Pretty soon another bill of fare was placed in his plate. Then he arose in his wrath, exclaiming: "I didn't come here to read show-bills; I came after some dinner."

A one-legged Welsh orator, named Jones, was pretty successful in bantering an Irishman, when the latter asked him, "How did you come to lose your leg?" "Well," said Jones, "on examining my pedigree, and looking up my descent, I found there was some Irish blood in me, and, becoming convinced that it was settled in that left leg, I had it cut off at once." "Be the powers," said Pat, "it would have been a deuced good thing if it had only settled in your head."

A worthy miller, wishing for a portrait of himself, applied to a painter to have it accomplished. "But," said he, "I am a very industrious man. I wish to pop my head in, so as not to be thought lazy, or as spending too much time at the window." "Very well," said the painter; it shall be done so." He painted the mill and the mill window. The miller looked at it. "Very well," said he, "but where is myself looking out?" "Oh," said the painter, "whenever one looks at the mill, you know, you pop your head in to preserve your credit for industry." "That's right—that's right," said the miller; "I'm content—just so. I'm in the mill now, ain't I. Just so; that will do."

Grains of Gold.

The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.

Let what you do be done with a will. Energy and perseverance will accomplish wonders.

The grand essential of happiness in this life is something to hope for and something to love.

As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character.

Two wrongs never make one right. It is better to repay evil by good deeds than by wrong doing.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.

Happy are families when the government of parents is the reign of affection, and the obedience of the children the submission of love.

Passions, like wild horses, when properly trained and disciplined, are capable of being applied to the noblest purposes; but when allowed to have their own way, they become dangerous in the extreme.

An impatient man is like a fiery horse champing the bit and yet restrained by it. Time is the curb that holds us all in check. We can neither overleap nor break through its barriers. Better to wait tranquilly than to fret our lives away in struggles that are powerless.

The first vision that comes to the brain of an infant is love. It is first, also, to girlhood and motherhood. So it is the last of earth and the first of heaven. But come it when or where it will, the stamp it leaves upon the soul is impressed with the word "beautiful."

Everything in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it round, find troubles on the other side; or you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it round find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities.

Examine yourself. Do it impartially; do it faithfully; do it often. Sit down by yourself, and shutting out all thoughts on other subjects, review your own life for the last day—for the last week. Recall both your acts and your words, for both to others and yourself your words are often as serious realities as your actions.

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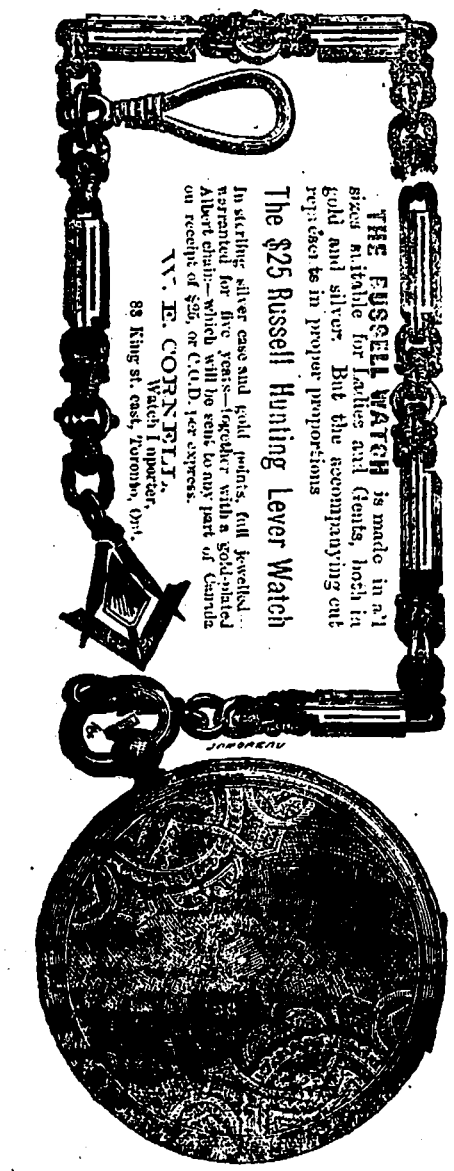
THE SPHINX AND THE PYRAMIDS.

The late Lord Elgin briefly but picturesquely describes his visit to the pyramids in Egypt: "We pushed on over the heaps of sand and debris, or probably covered-up tombs, which surround the base of the pyramids, when we suddenly came in face of the most remarkable object on which my eye ever lighted. Somehow or other I had not thought of the Sphinx till I saw her before me. There she was in all her imposing magnitude, crouched on the margin of the desert, looking over the fertile valley of the Nile, and her gaze fixed on the east as if in earnest expectation of the sunrise. And such a gaze! The mystical light and deep shadows cast by the moon gave to it an intensity which I cannot attempt to describe. To me it seemed a look, earnest, searching, but unsatisfied. For a long time I remained transfixed, endeavoring to read the meaning conveyed by this wonderful eye; but I was struck after a while by what seemed a contradiction in the expression of the eye and mouth. There was a singular gentleness and hopefulness in the lines of the mouth, which appeared to be in contrast to the anxious eye. The upper part of the face spoke of the intellect striving, and striving vainly, to solve the mystery—(What mystery? the mystery, shall we say, of God's universe or man's destiny?)—while the lower indicated a moral conviction that all must be well, and that this truth would in good time be made manifest. We could hardly tear ourselves away from this fascinating spectacle to draw nearer to the great pyramid, which stood beside us, its outline sharply traced in the clear atmosphere.

We walked round and round it, thinking of the strange men whose ambition to secure immortality for themselves had expressed itself in this giant creation. The enormous blocks of granite, brought from one knows not where, built up one knows not how; the form selected solely for the purpose of defying the assaults of time; the contrast between the conception embodied in these constructions and the talk of the frivolous race by whom we are surrounded, and who seemed capable of no thought beyond a desire for daily 'backshish,'—all this seen and felt under the influence of the dim moonlight was very striking and impressive. We spent some time in moving from place to place along the shadow cast by the pyramid upon the sand, and observing the effect produced by bringing the moon sometimes to its apex, and sometimes to other points on its outline. I felt no disposition to exchange for sleep the state of dreamy half-consciousness in which I was wandering about; but at length I laid down on the shingly sand, with a block of granite for a pillow, and passed an hour or two, sometimes dozing, sometimes wakeful, till one of my attendants warned me that the sun would shortly rise, and that it was time to commence to ascend the pyramid if we intended to witness from its summit his first appearance. The ascent, was, I confess, a much more formidable undertaking than I had anticipated; and our French friend gave in after attempting a few steps."

HATS! HATS! HATS

HATS! American.  
HATS! French.  
HATS! English.  
HATS! Home-made.  
HATS! Straw.  
HATS! Silk.  
HATS! Drab.  
HATS! All colors and qualities.  
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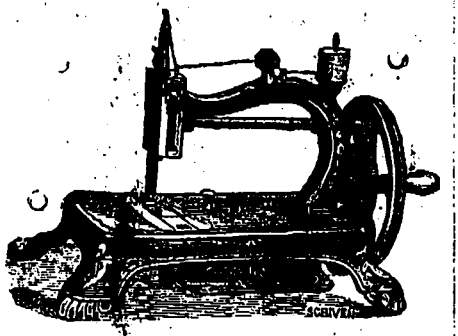
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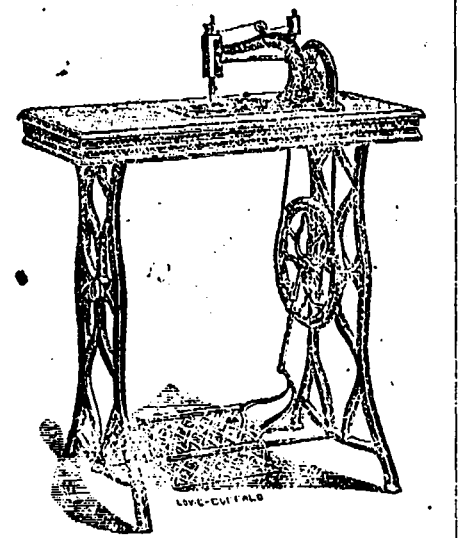
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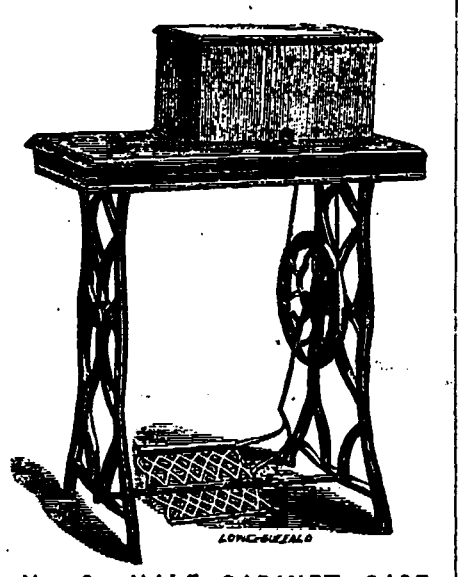
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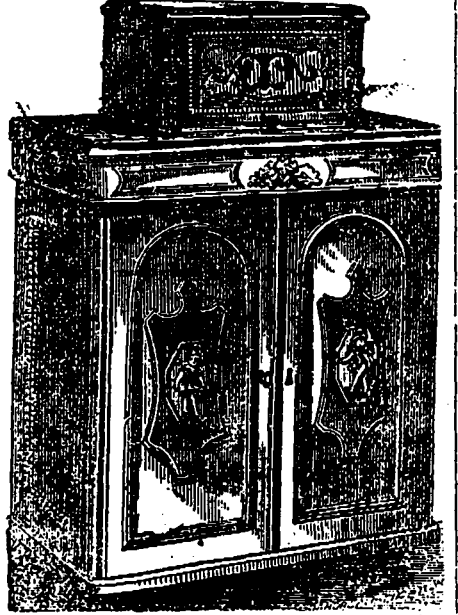
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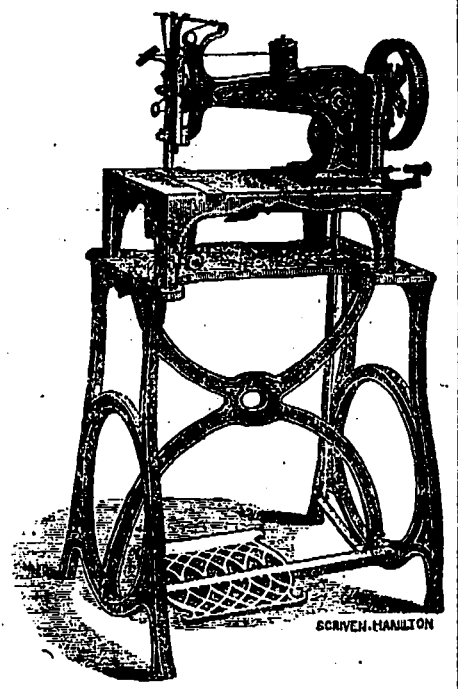
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