

Ontario Workman.

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

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TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1874.

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Labor Notes.

The wagon makers have recently formed an Amalgamated Society, which has now 500 members, and a fund of £250.

The Coach Harness Furniture operatives of Birmingham have formed a Union, with bright promises of success.

The trimmers and teamers of Tyno Dock are now out on strike for a reduction of the hours of labor. Hitherto they have worked 73 hours per week. They now wish to cease work on Saturdays at four o'clock. This still leaves a week's work of 65 hours, which is quite long enough.

About 1,000 engineers, moulders, and boiler makers attended a meeting at Stockton, Eng. on Saturday, March 7th, at which it was unanimously resolved to demand an advance of 15 per cent. on the present rates of wages, an advance of 5 per cent. to be given at once, another 5 per cent. in May, and a third 5 per cent. in August.

The Warwickshire and Leicestershire Miners' Association have issued a circular to the proprietors of the coal and ironstone mines of Warwickshire and Leicestershire, suggesting "the propriety of forming a joint committee (composed of an equal number of employers and employed or their representatives) for the amicable settlement of all differences that may at any time occur."

A general meeting of master builders was held in Birmingham on Thursday March 12th, to consider the demands of the laborers, stonemasons and plasterers, who have given notice to strike unless their demands are conceded. The laborers who now receive 4½d. per hour, claim 5½d., the employers offered 5d., subject to arbitration. It was resolved unanimously by the employers to make no further offer. It was the opinion of several masters that a strike would follow. The stonemasons had asked for another ¼d. per hour, which would make their wages 8d. per hour. The employers agreed to give the extra ¼d., but a disagreement had arisen about a rule binding on the stonemasons. The plasterers claimed another ¼d. per hour, but agreed to arbitration.

The tailors of the West-end of London following in the wake of many other trades, are making a praiseworthy effort to improve their condition intellectually, by the establishment of a tailors' institute or club. The inaugural meeting was held on Wednesday evening March 11, at Quebec Institution, Portman-square. The object in view as explained by Mr. Lewis, the chairman, Mr. Sykes, and other speakers, who addressed the meeting, and which originated, it was stated, with a tailors' society already in existence, bearing the somewhat imposing title of the "Anthropometrical Society," is to improve the condition of the men intellectually, by establishing an institute wherein they may meet and profitably employ a portion of their leisure time in the interchange of thought and acquisition of general knowledge and in the enjoyment of healthful recreation.

In the home labor market several of the great industries remain depressed. At the iron centres a want of orders is largely felt, and in the various mining districts a reduction of wages is taking place. In the Forest of Dean the reduction quoted is as high as 20 per cent., and elsewhere masters seem likely to insist on a lowering of the present scale of payment. In Cornwall the tin trade is very dull, and miners are moving away in considerable numbers. In Cambridgeshire, agricultural labor is again unsettled, and from several of the more poorly paid districts a considerable migration is going on. The textile trades are but partially employed, and in some branches a serious depression is expected.—*Labor Notes.*

CONFERENCE OF LONDON ENGINEERS.—On Saturday night, March 7th, a large meeting of engineers, including many delegates from some of the largest metropolitan shops took place at the Imperial Hotel, Southwark street, Blackfriars, when, some formal business having been transacted, Mr. J. Canham, President of the Conference, took the chair. Having briefly glanced at the present aspect of the East-end movement, which has already been before the public, the chairman proceeded to mention the fact that a rise in wages of 15 per cent. had been conceded by the Newcastle masters; that in many cases the London firms had given the 2s. rise as soon as it was applied for; and that the men were quite prepared to come out of some of the East-end shops unless their demands for a rise were complied with. The present movement had

been a success as far as it had gone, although it had been slow; but it had been the means, in many cases, of bringing about the 38s. minimum, and would ultimately carry the rise through the whole trade, if the men were only determined in the matter.

Three of the spring-knife cutlers in the employ of Messrs. Rodgers and Sons, the eminent cutlery manufacturers, at Sheffield, were on Monday, March 9th, summoned at the Town Hall, under the 4th section of the Masters and Servants Act, for breach of contract. The cases arose out of a strike of spring-knife cutlers employed at this firm against a reduction of one penny in the shilling on their wages, and were merely test cases; there being 400 men on strike. The men had proposed to the complainants to refer the matter to arbitration, but they rejected their proposal. They were now prepared to abide by that offer. An agreement to the effect that the matter be referred to Mr. T. Hughes, to say whether or not, under existing circumstances, the complainants were in a position to allow their spring-knife cutlers a penny in the shilling by way of "file" money, was drawn up. It contained a condition that the men should return to work, and that, whatever the award, it should take effect from the date on which the men recommenced, and that each party should bear their own costs.

THE LONDON CARMEN.—A meeting of about 1,000 railway and town carmen was held on Sunday afternoon, March 15th, in the New Hall of Science, Old-street (Dr. Baxter Langley in the chair), to consider the best mode of action for obtaining from the masters the concessions asked for in the memorial sent to the latter. It appeared by the statement of the general secretary, Mr. Shrivens, that the memorial asking a certain increase in wages and reduction in the hours of labor was sent to the masters on the 18th January, and a reply requested on or before the 14th February. No answer having been received, a second application was made on the 18th February, an answer being asked for on or before the 28th February. No notice having been taken of the memorial, the meeting of Sunday was convened. The general secretary read a series of resolutions, which he proposed should be passed at that meeting, and sent to the employers, to the chairmen of railway companies, and to the master carmen. Chief among them was the following:—"That should the application be again refused, or left unnoticed, we respectfully request the chairmen of the railway companies and the master town carriers to submit our just claims to the impartial tribunal of arbitration, such tribunal to consist of one representative for the whole of the railway companies, one for the master carmen of London and two for the railway and town carmen."

THE BENGAL FAMINE.

The *Times* remarks that a letter from Lord Lawrence which it published is substantially the first acknowledgement from an Anglo-Indian of the highest official rank that what we have to face in India is, not mere scarcity or limited distress, but actual and potent famine, and distress upon a scale which will task all the resources both of private benevolence and of the state. We have (the *Times* says) looked long and anxiously for such an expression of opinion from those who could tell us so much and tell it with such undoubted authority. We have scarcely been able to conceive it possible that men who know India intimately, and have enjoyed the advantage of an official training, could be misled as to the impending crisis. At length the natural, though unintentional, result of this silence, and of the course taken by the India office, is apparent. Some of our large provincial towns have held their Indian famine meetings, and have shown that they think the Government have either hung back when they ought to have moved forward with decision, thus neglecting a plain duty, or that they have never believed in what other persons deemed the huge and certain extent of the approaching distress. It is very evident that official confidence has checked private benevolence. Now Lord Lawrence pleads in a voice that will be sure not to be heard in vain, for private no less than public help for India. Private benevolence will probably reach further in some cases than even Government can reach at its best. But when all is said the Indian Government cannot be allowed to rest on any such expectation. The generosity of the public may be unbounded; but the Government must understand that the lives of the people

of India are not to depend upon any committee representing private funds. Public subscriptions may fill up gaps, and work great practical good. The vital action must be the Viceroy's.

THE CLAIMANT.

The *London Globe* says:—We have received, in the usual way, the following letter, which purports to be an avowal by Charles Orton, the brother of "the Claimant," of the fraud for which the latter stands condemned, and an identification of the prisoner. We have no means of verifying the authority of the letter, but give it for what it is worth:

March 18, 1874.

Sir,—will you insert this letter and you will do me a favour as Brother of the person stiled the Claimant and make this confession being no longer able to keep within my breast such a weight I hereby state that all the proceedings carried on for the last 10 months in the Court of Queen's Bench by a Person calling himself Sir R C D Tichborne is no other a person than yours humble Servants Brother.

CHARLES ORTON.

14, George-street, Wapping.

CO-OPERATIVE ITEMS.

The Darwen Mining Company (Limited), consisting of members of the Darwen Industrial Co-operative Society, have recently secured their first cob of coal, which weighs 26 cwt. The colliery is at White Birk, near Blackburn.

The Lurgan Manufacturing Company shares profits with labor, and intends to share it with customers.

A correspondent to the *Labor News*, writing to the *Ipswich Times* of February 28th, says co-operation is making great progress in Ipswich.

The managers of the Ohio City Iron and Nail Works, at Martin's Ferry, desiring to engage a good force of workmen, and to secure all parties interested against strikes and lock-outs, offer any puddler, heater, roller, miller, coal-miner, or their assistants, leave to subscribe to the capital stock to the amount of \$10,000.

THE FIRST JAPANESE RAILROAD.

A San Francisco paper thus describes it:—The eighteen miles in length, narrow gauge, single track, extends from Yokohama, and cost \$1,350,000, borrowed by the government from the Oriental Bank and English capitalists. This road is over a level country, and has two or three bridges. It is said that the earnings of the road are about \$17,000 per month. The general manager is an Englishman, who receives the handsome salary of \$36,000 a year for his services. The road has also twelve inspectors, each at a salary of \$1,500 per year. There is also a government surgeon, who receives \$3,000 per year. The cars are of three classes, after the English style. The first class contains three compartments each holding six people, and the fare is \$1.12. The second class are common box-closets, and the fare of these is 75 cents. The third class cars are like our cattle cars, in which the passenger pays 37½ cents for a ride. The Japanese are pleased with the road, but will, perhaps, find out after a while, that they are paying a little too much to operate it.

KOSSUTH.

Two accounts have lately been published of the present condition of Kossuth. In one he is found in a miserable attic in an Italian city. He is bent with age. His cheeks are wan and hollow, and his eyes utterly dimmed. He does not recognize an old friend, and he almost groans as he stands up to bid his visitors welcome. He is very poor, and he will give you a lesson in languages for a franc. Worse than all, he has no children left, and he is very lonesome. In the other account the illustrious exile is seen; not in a garret, but in a comfortably-furnished *salon* opening into a little garden, where he spends a good deal of his time. He has not lost all his children, for two "noble sons" are with him. He is not without friends; his old aide-de-camp is always by his side, and they often go together into Switzerland and the Tyrol in search of new plants for the garden at home. He remembered a visitor perfectly, and sprang from the chair in great readiness to greet him. There is no reason whatever to believe that he teaches languages, or that his sons would for

one moment hear of his earning his living in that way. Such are the substance the two accounts. The first was sent to *Appleton's Journal* by some one who had forged the signature of Max Schlesinger; the second has been written by Mr. Charles Gilpin to the *Times*. Readers must choose for themselves. The sham Dr. Schlesinger is more in harmony with the dramatic propensities; Mr. Gilpin's has a slight advantage in the way of literal truth.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The epizootic has broken out at various points on Staten Island. Nearly all the horses of one extensive brewery have been prostrated and refuse to take any food.

A good many collieries are being opened out in Russia, where the mineral deposits are very extensive, the coalfield north of Sea of Azof alone having an area of about 1,100 square miles.

Six persons have been fined for swearing in the streets of Blackburn, and other towns in England are about to follow the example. If the idea were acted upon here a goodly fund might be raised.

According to a Brussels paper, the health of the Empress Charlotte, widow of Maximilian, is excellent, but there is no improvement in her mental condition. She lives in constant fear of being poisoned.

A Vienna journal recently contained an advertisement offering the services of "Anna Agrilik, sick nurse, watches dead bodies, repairs straw chairs, applies leeches, and makes pastry, desserts and delicacies."

The Massachusetts Legislature talks of a law prohibiting the catching of trout less than three inches in length. When anglers feel a bite, will they have to wade in and measure the trout before they land him!

The *Journal des Debats* confirms the statement that the understanding existing between Austria and Russia relative to the Eastern question is entirely pacific, and in no way tends to any dismemberment of Turkey.

Ann Eliza Young, 19th wife of the Mormon Prophet, is at the Astor House here. Her suit for divorce and alimony against Young is still pending. She has been offered \$15,000 to compromise the suit, but refused.

The President of the Brooklyn City Railway has issued an order prohibiting, under pain of dismissal, any of the drivers or conductors drinking any intoxicating liquor, or to live in or enter a house where liquor is sold.

The distress amongst the work people of New York appears to be subsiding, and a number of the soup kitchens opened by the Bureau of Charities, and other benevolent associations have been closed during the past week.

Much anxiety is felt concerning the fate of the Austrian Arctic Expedition ship *Tegothoff*. Nothing has been heard of the vessel since July 21, 1872, and none of the Norwegian fishers who last summer reached the northern coast of Nova Zembla saw any traces of the expedition.

Phoebe Cousins, Esq., of St. Louis, doesn't dress like her brothers of the bar. She wears a heavy silk with a polonaise richly trimmed with black lace, roses in her bosom, white frills around her neck, and a sparkling algetta in her hair. While pleading she wears a modest jacket with black velvet hat and plumes, which she often removes while speaking.

The French town of Issoudun boasts of the most wonderful *lusus nature* of the age. It is a young girl, fourteen years old, whose body, from the waist downwards, is double, and presents two parts acting independently of each other. The two legs she uses for walking belong each to a different trunk, whilst a third one is quite insensible to pain. She enjoys good health.

Barnum has shipped 300 ear loads of hippodrome paraphernalia on the steamship *Denmark*, for his exhibition in the United States. This shipment embraces lions, tigers, leopards, camels, elephants, and a large number of monkeys and other wild animals, besides a large collection of birds, etc. He has also engaged 200 performers. What a show he'll make when he goes around.

The Zoological Society of London have just made an important addition to their collection, in the shape of a Javan rhinoceros, which is the first specimen of the species ever brought alive to Europe. There were already repre-

sentatives of three species of these huge animals in the society's gardens. This makes a fourth, and renders the series nearly complete, only two other kinds of rhinoceroses being known to exist.

The increase of Co-operative Societies is surprising. Thus, in Great Britain, from 1866 to 1871, inclusive, the number of societies had increased from 839 to nearly 1,000 with an increase of membership from 174,993 to 262,188, and an increase of share capital from £1,046,800 to £2,305,961. The Societies in Germany, on a somewhat different principle, show equally favorable results, and were but little disturbed by the paralyzing effects of the war.

The Legislature of North Carolina has passed an Act entitled, "for the better security of human life." It provides that any person who manufactures, sell, or deals in spirituous liquors as a drink, of any name or kind, containing foreign properties or ingredients poisonous to the system, shall be punished with five years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. The certificate of a competent chemist shall be *prima facie* evidence against the offender.

At Niederplanitz, near Zwickau, in Saxony, a vast bed of coal has been burning for over three thousand years. The ground above this subterranean bed of fire has become thoroughly warmed by this time, and an ingenious gardener has utilized it by planting upon it a large nursery garden. Here he raises tropical plants of all kinds, with exotic fruits which flourish with a vigor and luxuriance in the open air that the best forcing-houses could not insure.

Mr. Plimsoll's agitation in favor of "Poor Jack" bears fruit on all hands. In refusing an application to the effect that the sentence on the elder Quinn, the Belfast shipowner, might be altered, on the plea of his ill health, Judge Lawson declared that, since the case was disposed of, authentic information regarding some of the vessels owned by the Messrs. Quinn had reached him, and caused him some doubt whether the punishment he inflicted was commensurate with the offence.

Some fifty persons, including the Rev. Mr. Bergh, Professor J. W. Arnold, and Dr. C. Lorillard met to organize a cremation society in New York last week. Letters were read in favor of and in opposition to the proposed scheme, from Messrs. Dana, Fotheringham, Crolly, Stillison, and others. Resolutions were adopted for promoting cremation, and a society shall be founded on a broad basis without distinction as to creed, profession, or nationality.

The Indian papers contain accounts of the religious riots which have recently taken place in Bombay. It seems that the Moham-medans were greatly excited by the comments of one of their priests upon a translation of Washington Irving's *Life of Mahomet* which has been published by a Parsee. An offer was made to stop the sale of the book, and it was thought that the matter had been pacifically settled. However, serious riots occurred, a good deal of pillage took place, many arrests were made, and several persons were injured.

"The Claimant" seems to have left a heritage of trouble to those interested in his affairs. Dr. Kenealy, his counsel, is to be tried for alleged irregularities in his conduct of the case; and Mr. Whalley, M.P. has addressed a letter to the Benchers of Gray's inn, of which he is a member, announcing that, in consequence of the steps taken against Dr. Kenealy, he feels it his duty to appeal to the Benchers of the Middle Temple, of which Mr. Hawkins is a member, for an investigation into the conduct of that gentleman during the trial in charging him (Whalley) with conspiracy.

A number of highly respectable and strictly moral young gentlemen of St. Louis have organized an association whose object is to furnish young ladies who have no regular beat an escort to church, concerts, lectures and places of amusement. All members have to undergo a rigid examination as to character, &c., before they are admitted, and they obligate themselves to obey all orders of the Executive Committee. Any lady wishing an escort has only to apply to the President of the society, naming the evening, and a young man is detailed for the purpose. As soon as a young man becomes engaged he must withdraw from the organization.

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Parody.

TENNYSON'S NEW POEM.

WELCOME TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.

The son of him with whom we strove for power—
Whose will is lord thro' all his world domain—
Who made the serf a man, and burst his chain—
Has given our Prince his own Imperial flower,
Alexandrowna.

And welcome, Russian flower, a people's pride,
To Britain, when her flowers begin to blow!
From love to love, from home to home you go,
From mother unto mother, stately bride,
Marie Alexandrowna.

The golden news along the steppes is blown,
And at thy name the Tartar tents are stirred;
Elburs and all the Caucasus have heard;
And all the sultry palms of India know,
Alexandrowna.

The voices of our universal sea
On capes of Africa as on cliffs of Kent,
The Maoris and that Isle of Continent,
And loyal pines of Canada murmur thee,
Marie Alexandrowna.

Fair empress branching, both, in lusty life!—
Yet Harold's England fell to Normand's swords;
Yet thine own land has bow'd to Tartar hordes
Since English Harold gave his throne a wife,
Alexandrowna.

For thrones and peoples are as waifs that swing,
And float or fall, in endless ebb and flow;
But who love best have best the grace to know
That love by right divine is deathless king,
Marie Alexandrowna.

And love has led thee to the stranger land,
Where men are bold and strongly say their say;
See, empire upon empire smiles to-day,
As thou with thy young lover hand in hand,
Alexandrowna.

So now thy fuller life is in the West,
Whose hand at home was gracious to thy poor,
Thy name was blest within the narrow door;
Here, also, Marie, shall thy name be blest,
Marie Alexandrowna.

Shall fears and jealous hatreds flame again?
Or at thy coming, Princess, everywhere,
The blue heaven break, and some diviner air
Breathe thro' the world and change the hearts of men,
Alexandrowna.

But hearts that change not, love that cannot cease,
And peace be yours, the peace of soul in soul!
And howsoever this wild world may roll,
Between your peoples truth and manful peace,
Alfred—Alexandrowna.

Tales and Sketches.

MY BIT OF ADVENTURE.

I had always wanted to be a heroine, but my opportunities were limited—most people's are, I believe, unless it be for the sort of heroism that possibly is the highest after all—that of being contentedly commonplace. Our horses never run away, our flues were not defective, and Thaddens' business was too absurdly prosperous to omit of my rushing to his arms with the pathetic adoration, "Mourn not the paltry gold! While thou art left my woman's heart will crave no other wealth." The sun-lighted, shadow-flecked days just slipped evenly by, one monotonously like another, I said to myself that very morning. Odd, isn't it? that the marked days of our lives come clad in such common garb! The June breeze swayed the curtains at the window, and brought in the faint perfume of flowers and dreamy hum of insect life. The summer languor was in my veins; nevertheless all the over-day household cares and countless small worries crowded up for their usual place in my thought. Baby escaped from the bed, and went on a pilgrimage to the balcony in scant attire, and must needs be captured and brought back. Cook announced in dismay the entire failure of a muffin enterprise; and was there time to make biscuit or waffles? Then when the daily conundrum of "what's for breakfast?" had been solved once more, came Thaddens with his inevitable harrasing questions:

"What do you want ordered from down town, dear?"
"Send a roast and vegetables—some green peas. Surely there are peas in market by this time?"
"Yes, Oh! wait a minute until I go and get a clean handkerchief."
Thaddens makes a point of always asking orders before he is half ready to hear them, and the making out of the morning list is a

curiously diversified performance.

"There!" returning with a flourish of fresh linen, "Green peas you said, didn't you? Is that all?"

"Why no, Thaddens. A roast, you know, and I want some strawberries and—"

"See here, dear, seems to me this shift-front don't sit exactly right, does it? By the way, Jenkins has some made after a new pattern; wonder if I hadn't better order a dozen?"

"Not unless you expect to live as long as the patriarchs; you have enough for an ordinary lifetime now. There are all those heavy muslin ones that you would have made because they were warmer, and the linen ones that you wanted because they were cooler, and these others that open at the back—"

"Oh! well; I'll wait a few days. Some peas, you wanted, and a roast, wasn't it?"

"And strawberries—"

"Exactly. Pity we don't live a little further south where we could get such things earlier. Frank's letter said they were luxuriating in fruits of all kinds. I declare, I don't believe you saw that letter, did you? And there was a note enclosed for you too. Must be here in my pocket somewhere. Really beg your pardon, my dear, for I've carried it nearly a week."

"Well" I accepted the stale document resignedly—"about the things to be sent up from town—"

"Ah! yes; strawberries: Let me see didn't you mention something else?"

"I should think I did! Meat and vegetables. And, Thaddens, do send a man to look after that gas-pipe in the east room, it surely is leaking somewhere; and, please don't forget to stop and leave word about that carpet this morning."

"Whew! you don't expect a fellow to remember so many commissions, do you? Why, I haven't got it! Wonder if it is possible I left it at the office?"

Then followed a hurried search through improbable places, and sundry drawers had assumed the appearance of having went through a tornado, when the indomitable exploring party suddenly recollected that he had changed coats, and that the missing article was doubtless in "t'other pocket."

"All this hunt for nothing! What a bother! Don't believe I'll go after the thing anyway; I can do well enough without it this morn'g. Peas and strawberries!"

"And meat, looking after the carpet and the gas—"

"Hold on! I'd better write it down after all; that's the surest way." And thereupon he disappeared, and returning with the book remarked blandly: "Now tell me what is needed as speedily as you can, my dear, for I really haven't much time to attend to such matters this morning."

So my list had to be builded again "from turrent to foundation stone," or rather vice versa; Thaddens kissed the baby, straightened his necktie, observed in a half-congratulatory, easy way that women certainly have an easy time of it—"not to do, but order what they wish, and have it sent to them without taking any trouble about it"—and so took his departure.

I surveyed my once tidy drawers and sighed, mused upon Thaddens' valedictory and laughed; heard him go whistling down stairs, and close the street door with a slam, and wondered whether he had been careful to see that it locked, or left it unfastened as he did about half the time. I strongly suspected this last to be the state of affairs; but notwithstanding the "easy time you women have of it, my dear," I experienced a singular feeling of exhaustion and disinclination to look after anything just then, and so sat still with Blossom in my arms.

By and by the blue veined lids began to droop over the baby eyes and that was a reason for sitting still longer. The wind fanned my cheek softly, played with the sunny rings of Blossom's hair, and awakened pleasant far-away thoughts in which street-doors were forgotten. I do not know how long a time had passed; the house must have been very quiet, for nothing disturbed by reverie, I had just laid the little sleeper in her crib beside me, and bent over it for a moment to mark the beauty of one tiny dimpled hand, when something startled me. It was no sound, only the sudden instinctive consciousness that some one was near me. For an instant I remained motionless; then there was a slight rustle in the room adjoining that in which I sat, a careful step, and as I turned my head towards the half open door connecting the two apartments, a pair of sharp grey eyes met mine.

I do not think I started, but the effect of that glance was like a breath from the north pole; I shivered and my hands grew cold as ice on that bright June morning. Mechanically, almost unconsciously, I surveyed the intruder—a stout form coarsely clad, a rough, bearded face, and an old cap pulled closely down over the shaggy hair, and the brown knotted hand on the door fearfully suggestive of strength. Oh, that neglected lock in the hall below! Why had I been so careless? What had become of cook and Bridget? How could those heavy boots have ascended the stairs without me hearing them? What should I do? It seemed to me that I had ample time for thinking of a hundred things in that brief minute.

"What do you want?" I asked, trying to steady my voice, but it did not sound natural even to myself.

"Don't trouble yourself, ma'am. I see what I came for, and I can get it without much bother," was the cool reply.

Little bother, indeed. The accomplishing of his scheme would be only too easy.

"I am not alone; I can call for help," I began, half rising as I spoke; but the knowledge that there was only cook and Bridget to answer the call, intimidated me far more than my suggestion did him.

"It's no use. You needn't be troubling yourself, ma'am; just sit still," he responded, in the same guarded tone as before; and I sank into my chair again as if the words had been a most fearful menace. "I'll help myself to what I want," and he disappeared from the door.

It was a relief not to see him, even though I knew he was so near. But in a moment the dark face was thrust forward again with the ominous remark:—"I'll make a clean job of it, and be sure to leave no tracks, ma'am; so you needn't think of that."

It seemed useless to be thinking of anything; but I could not help my thoughts, and remembered, with unavailing chagrin, my watch and my chain left thoughtlessly exposed upon a toilet table; a roll of bills sent me the day before as treasurer of a benevolent society dropped loosely into a drawer; and various valuable possessions of Thaddens' and my own lying in temptingly convenient places; there was little doubt that our burglarous visitor would "make a clean job of it," as he had said. I heard him moving cautiously about, rolling a chair out of his way, and an occasional rattle of some steel or iron implement knocking against each other. I was sure from the sounds that he had commenced in one corner where a small secretary of Thaddens was standing. It was locked, but that would make no difference. A slight noise as of hammering and boring reached me, and I wondered grimly that he had not demanded the keys, since he had been so kind to assure me that he would "leave no tracks."

Just then a sudden thought made my heart stand still in terror. What had that vague threat meant? "tracks" no clue by which he could be discovered and brought to punishment? Was it probable, then, that he would depart with his booty, leaving me unharmed and free to give information, when I had seen his face so fully, and had so fair an opportunity to note dress and features? For the first time my vague dread and alarm took definite form as I comprehended that something worse than a robbery might befall; my very life was in danger.

I glanced about the room with the eagerness of desperation during those slow moving minutes. No weapon, nothing that could be made available at once, was in sight. Even Thaddens' revolver had been banished from the apartment, lest the fearful thing should fire itself off in some way. Ah! the ground-
less fears of our hours of security, into what real peril do they sometimes lead us! I was defenceless, helpless. The open window near me overlooked only back-yards, the front room, with all the busy life of the city just below it, held the keen eyes and murderous hands from which I sought to escape.

If I could but reach the street! only a few rods from me there was a door leading into an upper hall, and once there I might descend the stairs; but to reach it I must pass directly by the open door of the adjoining room, and risk detection from its occupant. There was no other hope; and as the clinking and grinding of his lawless work fell again upon my ear, warning me that what I did must be done speedily. I rose to my feet—slowly, that there might be no sound, not the slightest rustle of my dress. I paused for an instant, glanced at my tiny, sleeping Blossom, and longed to snatch her in my arms and take her with me. But I dared not lest her awakening cry should betray my movement; so I did what only a woman would have thought of doing at such a time—stooped and kissed the little sleeper, then nerved myself for the effort. Cautiously, silently, yet with my heart beating so loudly that it seemed as if the whole town might hear, I made my way toward the hall, crossed the open space before the door without once turning my head—I could not summon courage to look in that direction, even to discover if I were watched—and so reached the stairway.

There was no stir, no sudden motion of pursuit, and I began to descend. Always before I had thought those stairs firmly built, and the carpet that covered them thick and soft; but that day every step had a voice of its own, and cracked and groaned as if it were in league with the enemy. Yet I reached the street door safely. It was locked. The man had evidently intended to prevent intrusion from without. But the lock turned easily, and in a moment I was on the steps, with the outer world of hope and help all about me. Marvellously enough, a policeman was near at hand, and promptly obeyed my summons. A few words explained the case, and he hastened into the hall. Just then Bridget appeared at the dining-room door, but started at the sight of the officer.

"Keep quiet!"

His peremptory tone silenced the exclamation on her lips, and I whispered:

"There is a burglar in the house."

"Och! the saints defend us!" muttered Bridget, rolling up her eyes in horror. "What'll come of us all!"

Rapidly, but stealthily the policeman mounted the stairs. I followed because my baby

was there, and Bridget for some undefined notion that she would be safest near me. I had never in my life fainted, but as the officer sprang forward into the dreaded room, everything grew dark about me, and I leaned against the wall for support. It was only for a few seconds; then my strength returned, and I began to wonder that all was so quiet when the door was pushed back, and my policeman presented a puzzled face.

"I can't find a sign or trace of anyone."

"I haven't seen a living soul about here anywhere ma'am," added another voice.

And looking in I saw the dark face and keen eyes of the stranger wearing an honest expression of astonishment, and the strong hand busied with no more deadly work than that of repairing the fractured gaspipe.

I wanted to faint then; I tried to; I would willingly have been unconscious for the next hour. But it was no use; and with those three pairs of eyes turned cautiously towards me, I stammered out an explanation which brought a cloud of profound disgust to the countenance of the disappointed official, and into the face of the workman first indignation and their amazement.

I had forgotten about asking my husband to send some one to see to the gas. I thought the door had been unlocked; and then you came up stairs so softly—"

Bridget threw up her hands in a perfect paroxysm of merriment.

"Then, is that yer fine burglar, why shure I let him in myself, and told him where he was to go; and told him ye'd be jist in the next room if he wanted to ax yees anything, but not to bother yees wid stopping to knock or make a noise at the door, as baby had been troubled all night and was jist getting to sleep."

Indade I did ma'am. I thought you looked a little wild, but I didn't think; and there he stopped and joined Bridget's demonstration.

The valiant knight of the mace took his way to the street again, telling the whole story—of course, while periodical shrieks, in the loud voices of cook and Bridget, came from below, and an occasional chuckle mingled with the sound of tools in the adjoining room for the next hour. But yet that was not to be compared to Thaddens when he came home to dinner. That man had a positively sublime genius for laughing when once he gets started, and he certainly was started that time.

"Oh, my most sagacious detective!" he gasped. "In the golden age when women are no longer debarred from the position for which their talents fit them, what a shining light you will be at police headquarters!"

Well, I sat in my room that night, and I felt my face grow hot as I thought it all over. I clenched my hand, and I wished I hadn't been such a ninny, and that the policeman had been a thousand miles away; that Thaddens wouldn't quite raise the roof, and that the pipemender had been a burglar in good earnest, until a quaint remark of Aunt Betsy's floated into my mind, "Queer how some folks will mourn over a little blunder that makes 'em ridiculous in the sight of folks, more than over a sin that makes 'em black in the sight of Heaven."

Ah! but Aunt Betsy, Heaven will forgive our sins, while the world never pardons our blunders. Nevertheless, when a law-abiding citizen and Christian finds herself wishing that somebody else had been guilty of a crime so that she might have been guiltless of a mistake, it is time to be looking into the matter a little, and I subsided. But I felt a sort of reverential pity for absurd blunders since then. So many of them are only heroism on the wrong track.

A BIRD STORY.

Talking about the sagacity of birds, a curious anecdote is related of a pet raven. He lived many years ago at the Red Lion Inn, Hungerford, and was called Rafe. It was given in words of a gentleman who lodged at the inn. "Coming into the inn yard," says he, "my chaise ran over and bruised the leg of my Newfoundland dog; and while we were examining the injury Rafe not only visited him, but brought him bones, and attended on him with particular and repeated marks of kindness. The ostler of the inn informed me that the bird had been brought up with a dog, and that the affection between them was mutual, and all the neighborhood had been witnesses of their many reciprocal acts of kindness. Rafe's poor dog after a while broke his leg, and during the long time he was confined, Rafe waited on him constantly, carried him his provisions, and scarcely ever left him alone. One night, by accident, the stable door had been shut, and Rafe, deprived of the company of his friend the whole night; but the ostler found in the morning the door so pecked away that, had it not been opened in another hour, Rafe would have made his own entrance. My landlady confirmed this account, and mentioned several acts of kindness shown by this bird to all dogs in general, but particularly to maimed or wounded ones."

The best part of one's life is the performance of his daily duties. All higher motives, ideals, conceptions, sentiments, in a man are of no account if they do not come down and strengthen him for the better discharge of the duties which devolve upon him in the ordinary affairs of life.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF JAMES EWART.

(Written for the Ontario Workman.)

Dear Jamie's gone, our darling one,
We think of him with grief;
He was beloved by all he knew
Although his stay was brief.

We've laid him in the grave so dark,
And lonely is our home,
For back to this sad wicked world
Our Jamie ne'er will come.

We miss him at the evening hour,
His face no more we'll see,
Here, there will be a vacant chair,
A saint in Heaven is he.

He is the first of our young band,
Who sleeps beneath the sod,
He now unites 'mong angels bright,
In singing praise to God.

A. J. A.

Oshawa, March 31st, 1874.

Gains of Gold.

The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.

They who know the truth are not equal to those who love it.

The universe is lodged as collateral security to insure bliss to every sparrow that falls.

There are only two kinds of ministers—those born to minister and those born to be administered unto.

Let there be in necessary things unity, in everything charity; and then there need not be in everything uniformity.

The Sermon on the Mount cannot be read by any good man without the strongest feeling of shame and humiliation for the contrast between the picture of Christian principles there drawn and the reality he sees around him.

Most people need all the strength which a high-toned public opinion can give them to keep them true to their conscience and their God; and that opinion is partly formed by what we do and what we are. Strive earnestly, then, to order your life with a wise simplicity. Be frugal in the shows, and generous in the substances of life. Set the example, so greatly needed, of wholesome moderation. Show that you care for character above all else.

When a finely-constituted nature wishes to go into baseness it has first to bribe itself. Evil is never embraced undisguised as evil, but under some fiction which the mind accepts, and with which it has singular power of blinding itself in the face of daylight. The power of imposing on one's self is an essential preliminary to imposing on others. Long habits of this kind of self-delusion in time produce a paralysis in the vital nerves of truth, so that one becomes habitually unable to see things in their verity and realizes the awful words of Scripture, "He feedeth on ashes; a deceived heart hath turned him aside that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand?"

The following sentences are from the Vedas:

"Reflection is the path of immortality; thoughtlessness, the path to death. Those who reflect do not die; those who are thoughtless are as if dead already."

"He who knows that this body is like froth, and has learned that it is unsubstantial as mirage, will break the flower-pointed arrow, of Mara, and never see the king of death."

"As the bee collects nectar and departs without injuring the flower or its color or perfume, so let the sages dwell upon earth."

"As the lily on the rubbish grows beautiful and full of sweet perfume, so bloom those self-controls found growing unseen and un-sung on the waste heaps of human misery."

"As an archer makes straight his arrow, so a wise man makes straight his thought, which it is difficult to turn."

I am well aware that in these days hero worship, the thing I call hero worship, professes to have gone out and finally ceased. This, for reasons which it will be worth while sometime to inquire into, is an age that, as it were, denies the existence of great men. Show our critics a great man, a Luther, for example, they begin to what they call "account" for him; not to worship him, but to take the dimensions of him, and bring him out to be a little kind of man! He was the "creature of the time," they say; the time called him forth, the time did everything, he nothing—but what the little critic could have done too! This seems to me but melancholy work. The times call forth? Alas, we have known times call loudly enough for their great man; but not find him when they called! He was not there; Providence had not sent him; the time, calling its loudest, had to go down in confusion and wreck, because he would not come when called.

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SAVED BY A HAIR.

It was a dark, stormy night without, and I drew my chair closer to the fire as I sipped my tea, and regaled myself with the news of the local column of the evening paper. As the storm and aleet rattled furiously against the window, and pedestrians hurried by, anxious to reach a place of shelter, I felt thankful that I was not obliged to leave my comfortable home for the night.

"What's this?" I said, as my eye alighted on a startling paragraph.

"MYSTERIOUS MURDER!—John Randolph, one of our old and wealthy citizens, was this morning found dead in his room, having been murdered during the night by some unknown person. Edgar Morton, a clerk in his employ, and who, reports say, was soon to be married to his daughter, has been arrested for the murder, and circumstances are said to be strongly against him."

Now, although I am usually among the first to hear of criminal news, from the nature of my business, this was the first intimation I had received that such a murder had been done. This seemed very strange, as I was on the best of terms with Mr. Randolph and his whole family.

"And so this is the way that Edgar Morton repays the benefactor of his youth and soon-to-be-father! Yet no," I cried, "I will stake my life on that young man's innocence."

As I spoke there came a gentle tap at the door, followed almost immediately by the entrance of a lady, deeply veiled, who at once threw aside the veil, disclosing to me the features of my deceased friend's daughter, Cecile Randolph.

"Excuse me, Mr. Fergusson, for entering uninvited; but urgent business must be my only excuse."

"Be seated, Miss Randolph," I said rising and handing her a chair.

"Oh, Mr. Fergusson!" she sobbed forth, burying her face in her hands; "that I should ever be obliged to come to you on such an errand as this!"

I endeavored to quiet her, and partially succeeded, when I drew from her what few remarks she knew regarding her father's death.

"He retired last night at his usual hour, apparently in good spirits, and no sound was heard during the night to cause any alarm. In the morning as he failed to appear at breakfast, a servant despatched to summon him. Knocking at the door, and receiving no answer, he finally opened it, and advanced into the room. What a sight did he behold! My poor father lay upon his bed, with his throat cut from ear to ear! Death must have come to him suddenly—so suddenly as to prevent any outcry—and the unknown assassin had no trouble in making his escape."

"But," I said, "I can't see why anyone should suspect Edgar of the murder."

"That is the most mysterious part of the sad affair. This morning, when Edgar was told of the murder, he turned very pale, reeled and would have fallen to the ground had no support been given him. Some of the ignorant beholders of this scene thought his actions denoted guilt, and an officer was summoned, who at once insisted on searching his room. A razor, on which were several spots of blood, was found concealed under the carpet, together with an old suit of cloths belonging to Edgar, which were bespattered with blood. This was considered sufficient evidence to warrant his arrest, and he now lies in jail, charged with the awful crime of murder. Oh, Mr. Fergusson, if you can do anything to save him, and at the same time bring the guilty perpetrator of this deed to justice, I will amply reward you."

"Do you know of any enemies of your father, or of Edgar, who would be likely to commit such a crime, either for robbery or revenge?" I asked.

"Oh, sir," she replied, "It was not for robbery, as everything in the room was as father left it the night before. His watch and pocket-book, the latter containing quite a large sum of money, were found under his pillow, where he always placed them; so that the crime must have been committed to gratify a fiendish thirst for revenge."

"Now, then, who of all your acquaintances could do such a thing?"

"I cannot possibly say. Father had not an enemy in the world to my knowledge; but my father's bookkeeper and trusty clerk; but it would be impossible for him to do such a deed."

"Only this, some time ago, Conrad, whom we have always regarded as one of the family, proposed for my hand, and I told him it was not mine to give. 'I suspected as much,' he muttered. And then, whilst his face grew dark as night, and his features assumed an appearance perfectly fearful, he continued: 'But you shall never become the wife of Edgar Morton, whilst I have life to prevent it.'"

He then wheeled about and abruptly left my presence. I was considerably alarmed, and thought of speaking to my father about it; but during the afternoon, he returned and begged my forgiveness for the words he had used, and made such professions of sorrow in regard to them, that I freely forgave him, and have since thought no more of the matter."

"The fact is quite clear to me," I said. "I know this fellow well, and the sort of company he keeps, and I should not be surprised to find that he committed the murder. Now,

then, I want to see the body of your father, and the room in which the deed was done."

"Well, sir," she said, rising and preparing to accompany me, "you will find everything as it was when first discovered. The officer concluded not to disturb anything until after the inquest which takes place to-morrow afternoon."

Wrapping myself up in my great coat, we set out, and after a brisk walk of ten minutes, reached the palatial residence of my companion. I was at once shown to the room of the murdered man, and then began making such an examination as only a detective knows how to make. Circumstances of the most trivial character, which would be overlooked by an ignorant person, are often seized upon by a skillful detective, and sometimes constitute the most damning evidence of guilt. In this case, however, everything had been done in the most skilful manner, and I could not succeed in making any discoveries.

I was about to leave the room in despair, when glancing towards the bed, I noticed what appeared to be a scratch on the neck of the murdered man, just upon the gaping wound which had so cruelly let out his life's blood. On examination, I found it to be nothing more than a hair which had, in some manner, probably become loosened from the head of the assassin, and had settled on the neck of the victim, where it now lay, a silent, yet truthful witness pointing out the guilty to the eye of justice. The hair was of a deep red color, which was yet totally unlike that of any of the household. It was, indeed, the same color shade of that of Conrad Smithers.

I placed it carefully in my pocket-book, and saying nothing to anyone of my discovery, started for the house of Smithers, intent on doing a little act. I found him, as his attendant said, ill in bed, and on no account must be disturbed. "This sickness is but a ruse," I thought to divert suspicion. Telling the woman that I wanted to see him for a moment, on the most urgent business, she finally reluctantly consented to my entrance. I found him lying upon a bed, apparently in great pain. In my youth I had studied medicine, and was consequently well-informed on such matters, and I saw at once, with a quick glance, that he was only feigning sickness. He started up somewhat angrily, as I entered but I silenced him with a motion of my hand.

"Conrad Smithers, this is a desperate game you are playing, but it will avail you nothing."

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed springing to his feet, his sickness all gone.

"I mean that the game is up, and the murderer of John Randolph is discovered."

Thrown completely off his guard, as I had anticipated, he sank into a chair, and burying his face in his hands, sobbed out—

"Lost! lost!"

"Do you confess the murder, then?"

"I do," he answered, "now that concealment is no longer of use."

I took him at once into custody, and had the satisfaction of seeing him change places with Edgar Morton, who was overjoyed at his release.

Cornard Smithers was tried for the murder, and knowing any defence would be useless after his confession to me, pleaded guilty, and threw himself upon the mercy of the court, which sentenced him to imprisonment for life.

About a year after, I received an envelope containing an invitation to the wedding of Cecile Randolph and Edgar Morton, who lived long and happy together, and never ceased thanking me that Edgar was "saved by a hair."—*Keystone.*

SCIENTIFIC.

HOW TO SEARCH FOR METALS.

SEARCHING FOR GOLD.

The paying localities of gold deposits are the slopes of the Rocky and Alleghany Mountains. Gold need not be looked for in the anthracite and bituminous coal fields, nor in limestone rock. It is seldom found in the beds of rivers. The thing itself is the surest indication of its existence. If soil or sand is washed, and the particles of gold are not heavy enough to remain at the bottom, but float away, the bed will not pay.

Along streams rather high up among the mountains, and in the gravelly drift covering the slopes of the valley below, are the best prospects. Where the stream meets an obstacle in its path, or makes a bend, or has deep holes, there we may look for "pockets" of gold. Black or red sands are usually richest. Gold-bearing rock is a slate or granite abounding in rusty-looking quartz veins, the latter containing iron pyrites or cavities. Almost all iron pyrites and silver ores may be worked for gold. When the quartz veins are thin and numerous rather than massive, and lie near the surface, they are considered most profitable. Few veins can be worked with profit very far down. As traces of gold may be found almost everywhere, no one should indulge in speculating before calculating the percentage and the cost of extraction. Gold hunting, after all, is a lottery with more blanks than prizes.

The substances most frequently mistaken for gold are iron pyrites, copper pyrites, and mica. The precious metal is easily distinguished from these by its malleability (flattening under the hammer) and its great weight, sinking rapidly in water.

SEARCHING FOR SILVER.

This metal is usually found with lead ore and native copper. Slates and sandstones intersected by igneous rocks, as trap and porphyry, are good localities. Pure silver is often found in or near iron ores and the dark brown zinc blends. The Colorado silver lodes are porous at the surface and colored more or less red or green. Any rock suspected of containing silver should be powdered and dissolved in nitric acid. Pour off the liquid and add to it a solution of salt. If a white powder falls to the bottom, which, upon exposure, turns black, there is silver in it. Silver mines increase in value as in depth, whereas gold diminishes as we descend.

SEARCHING FOR COPPER.

The copper ores, after exposure, or after being dipped in vinegar, are almost invariably green on the surface. They are most abundant near trap dykes. The pyrites are generally found in lead mines, and in granite and clay slate. Copper very rarely occurs in the new formations, as along the Atlantic and Gulf borders, and in the Mississippi valley south of Cairo.

SEARCHING FOR LEAD.

Lead is seldom discovered in the surface soil. It is also in vain to look for it in the coal region and along the coast. It must be sought in steep hills, in limestone and slate rocks. A surface out by frequent ravines, or covered by vegetation in lines, indicates mineral crevices. The galena from the slate is said to contain more silver than that from the limestone. The purest specimens of galena are poorest in silver; the small veins are richest in the more precious metal. A lead vein is thickest in limestone, thinner in sandstone, and thinnest in slate.

SEARCHING FOR IRON.

Any heavy mineral of a black, brown, red, or yellow color may be suspected to be iron. To prove it, dissolve some in oil of vitriol and pour in an infusion of nut gall or oak bark; if it turns black, iron is present. If a ton of rich magnetic ore costs more than \$4 at the furnace, good hematite more than \$3, and poor ores more than \$1.50 or \$2, they are too expensive to pay, unless iron is unusually high. Deep mining for iron is not profitable. Generally speaking, a bed of good iron ore, a foot thick, will repay the cost of stripping it of soil, etc., twelve feet thick. Red and yellow earths, called ochers, contain iron. Magnetic ore is easily found by a compass.—*Underground Treasures, by Prof. James Orton.*

MAGNETIC IRON.

Magnetic iron ore, or "magnetite," received its name in early times from its magnetic properties. A mass of the ore influences the needle at a great distance. The magnetism of the ore is polar, the same side which repels one end of the needle attracting the other, and vice versa with the other side. It crystallizes in the cubical system, the octahedron and rhombic dodecahedron being common forms. It occurs in Sweden, Norway, the Ural Mountains, etc., and on a very much smaller scale in England. In the southeast corner of Dartmoor, a band of this kind of ore deranges a compass as it is carried past its vicinity, and sailors say that there is a place in Cardigan Bay where, on passing a reef of rocks, the needle is influenced, and set oscillating. A large mass of this deposit in the southeast extremity of the Island of Elba has a similar effect; in Sweden, too, deposits are discovered by means of this property. Meteorites frequently contain a percentage of iron greater than magnetite, associated with nickel and chrysolite in some cases; but the rarity of their occurrence precludes them from being classed as iron-ores, by which term we understand a mineral containing iron in sufficient quantity to be economically and advantageously extracted.

PORTABLE DRY INK.

At a recent meeting of the Frankfort Polytechnic Association, Professor Boettger exhibited a novel kind of ink, which is admirably adapted to take on journeys and exploring expeditions. White blotting paper is saturated with aniline black and several sheets are pasted to form a thin pad. When wanted for use, a small piece is torn off and covered with a little water. The black liquid which dissolves out is a good writing ink. A square inch of the paper will give enough ink to last for considerable writing, and a few pads would be all that an exploring party need carry with them. As water is always available, the ink is readily made.

TO CLEAN SILVER.

Dr. Eisner says that hot water poured off potato parings or boiled potatoes is admirably adapted to clean silver. The objects can be easily rubbed by the fingers with the settlings of potato meal, and they become as bright as they usually do when rubbed with tripoli. The process is particularly advantageous for engraved and raised objects, where the powder is liable to collect in the cavities. German silver and plated ware can be cleaned in the same way. Potato water which has become sour by long standing can be substituted for acids to clean copper vessels.

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HUMOROUS.

ONE FOR HIS GRACE.

An amusing story is told of an English nobleman, recently deceased, by the *English Sporting Gazette*—

The Duke was once in church, no matter where, when a collection was announced for some charitable object. The plate or bag or whatever it might be, began to go round, and the duke carefully put his hand into his pocket and took out a florin, which he laid in the pew before him ready for transfer to the plate. Beside him sat a little snob, who, noticing his action, imitated it by ostentatiously laying a sovereign alongside the ducal. This was too much for his grace who dipped his hand into his pocket again and pulled out another florin which he laid by the side of the first. The little snob followed suit by laying another sovereign beside the first. His grace quietly added a third florin, which was capped by a third sovereign on the part of the little snob. Out came a fourth florin to swell the Duke's donation; then the little snob triumphantly laid three sovereigns at once upon the board. The duke, not to be beaten produced three florins. Just at this moment the plate arrived. The little snob took up his handful of sovereigns and ostentatiously rattled them into the plate, then turned defiantly towards his rival, as much as to say, 'I think that takes the shine out of you.' Fancy his chagrin when the Duke, with a grim smile, put one florin into the plate and quietly swept the remaining six back into his pocket. His grace used to chuckle when he told the story, and I think, on the whole, he had the best of it.

BANKRUPT LAW.

"Sambo, what your 'pinion ob de bankrupt law?"

"Tink um fus rate, Pompey."

"I imply for the appellation meself. Just explain him's principles."

"Why you see here now, just len' me dat half dollar you got for whitewashing."

Pompey hands him the money, and Sambo deliberately puts it into his pocket.

"Dere den, naw, I owes the shoemaker three shilling, and you half a dollar, besides de grogshop bill. Now, dis half dollar am all de property I got. I divides him according to de debt."

"Sambo, I takes dat half dollar back."

Sambo, with amazement, "You tink dis chile green? You gits yo share with de oder creditors."

Sambo was as honest as some others.

WHERE SHE LEARNED THE METHOD.

A paper published in Sacramento, Cal., gives the following: Yesterday a young lady called at the counter of the registry department of the post office and asked for the privilege of reopening a letter which she claimed to have dropped in the box that morning. The post-master, after finding the address and taking a particular description of the missive sought, obligingly searched among the letters in the "drop," and finding the letter, proceeded to open it in the presence of the writer. In doing this the official used a common lead pencil, but the lappel of the envelope was stuck to "stay stuck," and a general mutilation was imminent. Observing the unprofessional method, the lady said, decidedly, "Give it to me; let me show you." The letter was handed over, when the fair manipulator deftly ran the thumb nail under the edges of the lappel, raising it neatly. Following this up with delicate touches in kind, it soon became apparent that the opening, without leaving a trace of the manipulation, was only a question of time. The postmaster and his deputy looked on in charming and innocent interest. The performance was a high art; a deft facility eloquent of patient practice. Neatly the work was done, and, as the careful opening was completed, the lady remarked, by way of explanation merely, and lest some inference unfavorable to the legitimacy of this skill might be drawn, "I used to be in a post office myself, you see; I learned how it's done as you know."

AN OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER AND A NEW-FASHIONED BOY.

Some time ago, a Mrs. Buckleby, who lives over in Berrien county, Mich., directed her son Samuel, a lad of 14 years, to take a turn at the churn. Now, as Samuel had set his heart on going a fishing at that very time, he "got his back up" and flatly refused to agitate the cream. The curvative was promptly taken out of his spine by a slipper, and, with "tears in his eyes," he went on duty with the dasher. In about half an hour, and during the brief absence of his mother, his eyes fell upon a plate of fly poison, and a bright, smart thought struck him. Just before Mrs. Buckleby came in, Samuel lifted the fatal platter to his face, and as she entered he put the "poison" from his lips with the dramatic exclamation: "There mother, I guess you won't lick me no more!" Now what did this Spartan dame do? Did she shriek for a doctor and fall into hysterics? Not much. She simply took Samuel by the nape of the neck, lifted him deftly into the pantry, beat the whites of six eggs together, and told him to engulf the same instant; he refusing, she called the hired girl, and in a twinkling Sam found him-

self outside the albumen. Then Mrs. Buckleby began preparing a mustard emetic. Seeing this, Sam's pluck dissolved, and he commenced begging, crying, "I was only tryin' to stop 'em." But the stern mother was not to be softened, and Samuel had to swallow the mustard. He was then forced to take a dose of painkiller, and had his back rubbed with "Vigor et Life," and his stomach with the "Oil of Gladness." Then he vomited up everything but his boots and socks. Being over, he took seven Ayer's pills, a spoonful of castor oil, a spoonful of blue pill. And now, if you want to hold the maddest boy in Michigan just say "fly-poison" to Sam Buckleby.

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

An extremely intelligent American gentleman from the West once walked into the office of Dr. C. T. Jackson, the chemist. "Dr. Jackson, I presume?" said he. "Yes, sir." "Are you alone?" "Yes, sir." "May I lock the door?" And he did so; then, having looked behind the sofa, and satisfied himself that no one else was in the room, he placed a large bundle, done up in a yellow handkerchief, on the table, and opened it. "There doctor look at that!" "Well," said the doctor, "I see it." "What do you call that doctor?" "I call it iron pyrites." "What!" said the man; "isn't that stuff gold?" "No," said the doctor, "it's good for nothing, it's pyrites." And putting some on the fire in a shovel, it soon evaporated up the chimney. "Well," said the gentlemanly man, with a woebegone look, "there's a widow up in our town has a whole hill full of that and I've been and married her."

SLEPT WITH HIS SPURS ON.

"Yes said the old man, with a smile, 'I remember one time in particular while out prospecting with an old friend about twenty years ago. We were travelling on horseback, and came across a tavern one night about ten o'clock. Being very tired and hungry, as soon as we got some supper and something warm to keep the cold out, we asked to be shown to our room."

On looking around we found the room had two beds in it, one of which was already occupied by two strangers, who were both snoring lustily. The fact of there being two beds in the room did not surprise us, as in backwood taverns there were frequently three beds in a room. We undressed, and just as I was going to blow out the light my friend, who had got into bed, espied the foot of one of the strangers sticking through the bed cloths at the foot of the bed.

With a suppressed chuckle he motioned me to hold on a moment; he got quietly out of bed, and going to where the stranger's boots were, he took off a huge, sharp Mexican spur, and carefully adjusted it to the bare heel of the unconscious stranger.

With another audible chuckle as he thought of the consequences that would follow when the stranger drew in his foot, he got back into bed, and I blew out the light and followed him. He soon managed to get a long strawl from the bed, and reached over and tickled the stranger's foot. He instantly drew his feet under the bed clothes, and then drew his legs up until his knees almost touched his chin. In doing this he drew the spur the whole length of his bed-fellow's leg, making a bad scratch.

The victim uttered a yell and sprang out of bed with a muttered exclamation that I did not make out, and then he commenced a wild dance around the room, with his nether garment under his arm, and making frantic efforts either to dislocate his neck, or see how badly he was hurt, all the while making exclamations that would have made a baggageman with a Saratoga trunk on his shoulder turn green with envy.

The innocent cause of the trouble had been awakened at the first yell of the victim, and straightening his legs out scratched himself most unmercifully. He did not yell, nor say bad words, but he jumped out of bed and made for his friend with the purpose of taking vengeance. I suppose he had not taken two steps before he jabbed the spur into his leg again.

The landlord then appeared with a light, followed by half the boarders in the house, inquired what the matter was.

An examination brought to light the spur, which explained the matter. The stranger looked sheepishly at the spur, then at his scratch, and finally at his boots, and with a sickly smile said:

"Well, boys, I have lived all my life among people who wear spurs, but I never before saw a man who could pull off his boot and leave his spur on his foot! I'll treat in the morning."

There is a clever lad in Binghampton who will get his living in this world, and no mistake. For playing truant, maternal authority cut of his supper. Casting one fond look at the authoress of his existence he paused at the door to say, Mother I'm going to die, and when I am no more, I wish the doctor to cut me open and look at my stomach. The maternal mind was filled with awful forebodings, and the maternal heart asked what he meant. I wish it to be known, he answered, I died of starvation. This was enough. The small boy was triumphant, and retired to his little bed gorged to repletion.

thority from the consent of the governed, and that taxation without representation is immoral, because it is unjust. These ideas have destroyed the rulership of kings or aristocracies by divine right, and have made monarchy, in all civilized countries, constitutional.

With the same certainty is the conviction which productive industry has finally arrived at, that labor produces all wealth, destined to alter in a far greater ratio the whole industrial, financial and social systems at present in force. It is in this way that institutions change. The ideas upon which they are based, through increased knowledge, lose their hold upon men, and the institutions which were possible as embodiments of them give way for others better suited to the increased culture, the more extended knowledge and the better morality of the new conceptions of life.

The enjoyment of the Ballot has fitted the labor of this country to conceive and to demand its industrial freedom. By the sentiment of responsibility which political freedom implies, from loyal colonists, who were proud of their loyalty, and eager to display it upon all occasions, this nation has been transformed into a community of citizens, each of whom feels himself personally responsible for the maintenance of those whom he has raised to office. Political power is therefore a trust, and not a thing to be gained by indirect or fraudulent means. Nor is it unlimited, subject only to the whims, the fancies or the tricks of those to whom it has been lent; and any evidence given by those who have been entrusted with it for a time, that they misconceive the nature of their position and use of their personal ends only, excites the just indignation and the contempt of all honest hearts.

The same change has been found necessary in the industrial world, by our increased knowledge of the nature and function of wealth. The wealth of a country is not, as it was formerly thought to be, an unlimited store, any proportion of which was justly the due of any one who, by any means could get possession of it. The problem, therefore, of its distribution is to so arrange the exchanges of those who have taken part in its production, that each should receive an equivalent for that which he has contributed to the general stock. This is the task that lies before us.

To-day the producers of wealth are as little considered by the system which distributes it, as the serfs of the middle ages were considered by their feudal lords, in their distribution of political power among themselves. The money lords, the barons of our commercial and financial feudalism as little consider the producers, in handing the results of whose labor they find their power, as the barons of the middle ages considered their serfs from whose bodies they made their armies. In neither case would it quite do to starve them; but anything above that they should be thankful for, and grateful.

Mr. Howland is aware, as are all earnest and sincere reformers, that it is through a reformation in our financial system that much of this needed reform will be brought about. Measures seeking this purpose have already been discussed in Congress and it is the duty of the people to stand by those men, who are disposed to stand by the producers. Those sharks who demand a return to specie payment must be rebuked, because it is their desire to further shackle the people and make them amenable to the exactions of the gold gamblers. As Mr. Howland says, to attempt to force the industry of this country, at any time, to depend for its exchanges upon an actual specie currency, would be as absurd as to try and force it to return for its tools, to the stone hatchets and bone implements of the native Indians. Currency is the nation's best tool, and the make shifts which have hitherto been furnished it have been such make shifts as most probably the plows and harrows, or the scythes designed by lawyers, speculators and politicians, from an experience gained rather by theory than practice, would most likely be.

Let the people thoroughly understand the financial question, get a just system adopted, and other reforms will come easily.—*New Haven Union.*

THE BALLOT.

In the Dominion House on Monday, Hon. A. A. Dorion asked permission to introduce a bill making elections for the House of Commons take place by ballot. The arguments used by members were similar to those so ably put forward last session by Mr. Witton and other members favorable to the Ballot. The proposed bill also provides that the sheriffs be made returning-officers of the counties in which they took place, the public nomination of candidates to be done away with and candidates to be nominated by an election paper. The property qualification of members was also to be done away with, and the elections will take place on the same day, excepting in British Columbia, Manitoba, Algoma, Muskoka and three or four counties in Quebec. We are pleased to see the Dominion House moving in this matter so early, and trust a Ballot bill will be passed at the present session.

NO AMNESTY TO RIEL.

In answer to several enquiries by members in the Dominion House on Monday, as to whether it is the intention of the Government to apply for an amnesty for all or any, and what offences committed by the persons engaged in the insurrection in the North-West Territory in 1869. Mr. Mackenzie said it was not the intention of the Government to apply for an amnesty for any offences at present.

PAINTERS' UNION.

At the regular quarterly meeting of the above Union held on Monday night at the Trades' Assembly Hall, the following members were elected officers for the ensuing term:—Henry Armstrong, re-elected, President; Charles March, Vice-President; Henry Norrich, re-elected, Recording Secretary; Henry Leech, re-elected, Fin. Secretary; James Pursa, Treasurer; Wm. Thompson, Inside Guardian. Several new members were enrolled and correspondence was received from the Canadian Labor Union, from Grand Lodge of Painters, America, from Painters Union, Ottawa, and from Trades' Assembly. A very successful and pleasant meeting was held.

SHORT SERMONS.

NO. XIII.

BY A LAY PREACHER.

Behold, I will rain bread from Heaven for you; and the people shall go out and gather a certain rate every day.—Exodus xvi. 4.

MY FRIENDS,—We cannot read of the wonderful dealings of the Lord with the Israelites, and especially during their escape from bondage in Egypt, without feeling the force of St. Paul's declaration that "they are written for our admonition;" nor can we give them a few moments' careful thought without finding some lesson of practical value to body as well as to soul.

Shortly after leaving the brick-yard of Egypt where their lives had been made bitter with hard bondage; after the wonderful parting of the waters, enabling them to cross the bed of the Red Sea with dry feet; after seeing the power of the Lord in the overthrow of their oppressors by the return of the waters flooding the very channel they had just traversed, they found their scanty supply of unleavened bread was all eaten. The case was critical now, indeed. They could not go back. The power over the mighty sea, that had been exercised at the waving of Moses' rod, was used in their behalf only while they followed the pillar of cloud, that gave token that the Angel of The Presence was leading the way. And before them spread out for many miles a dry and thirsty land—a wilderness so barren that special mention is made of finding a place where were "twelve wells of water and seventy palm trees," and Elim has a peculiarly pleasing, cheerful sound to every weary pilgrim who recalls its blessings to the fugitive children of Abraham. And they murmured against Moses and Aaron, and said: "Ye have brought us forth into the wilderness to kill the whole assembly with hunger." And then were the words of the text spoken, and in calling your thoughts to the comforting promise that bread should be rained from Heaven for the hungry multitude, I would especially ask you to note the system of gathering and dividing the manna, and while dwelling upon it, to keep in mind the fact

that this system was instituted by the same Divine Power that furnished the food. With the morrow's sunrise, the people found the mystic food at their doors. And Moses said, "This is the thing which the Lord hath commanded; gather of it every man according to his eating—an ephah (about three pints) for every man; and every man for them which are in his tents." And they did so, and gathered, some more, and some less; and after gathering they divided up on the rule of common stock, so that "he that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack."

Here is one of the best lessons of co-operation we have in all history. "The people gathered"—not one hiring two others to gather, and taking half or two-thirds for the trouble of engaging them; not two or three hiring one to keep them at work and to supervise the apportionment with double or treble wages for standing by. The success of the arrangement is shown by the result—that for forty years the poorest one among the multitude (over two millions of people, with vast herds of cattle and flocks of sheep), was enabled to report day by day that he "had no lack." We may not set aside the lesson by saying that the food was miraculously provided—or that "the people were different then—they are not willing to give away, or would not be content with a fair share now." The food was provided by supernatural power; yet, let us remember that while "there are diversities of operations, it is the same God which worketh"—so that we with a garden land, with the telegraph to send instant orders to the remotest bounds of fertile fields, and steam's superhuman might to bring us supplies in immediate answer, we are as liberally dealt with by the same God. The world is not worse; its people are not less ready to share their goods than they were in the olden time. These very people when so divided up that he that gathered little had no lack, were at this very time seeking to escape from a hard master, who had been making their life bitter in exhaustive and unrequited toil. All along their journey to Canaan, they had to contend with nations mightier than themselves, and whose polity was that "might makes right." And such had been the creed among their own ancestors many generations before. No, human nature is human nature all the world around, and all history's longest reach. The people divided Heaven's new gift equitably at God's direct command.

My friends, it was not all who were encamped between the Red Sea and the River Jordan who thus gathered and had no lack. There were the Amorites, the Meabites, three-score cities of Bashan, and others who trusted in the sword—regarding not the weaker brethren, but saying "I can make my way—let others do the same; no community doctrine for me." So to-day we cannot—need not, should not—fail or be discouraged in undertaking to gather in company because neighbors refuse to take share in co-operative interests.

We need not hesitate because some say, "Blacksmiths and tailors cannot get along together; carpenters and tinsmiths have no interest in common; or, what does a printer know about masonry?" The tribe of Reuben were men of sturdy martial bearing; Simeon and Benjamin gave their names to men force and quick in the fight; Zebulon supplied merchants and mariners; Issachar, mechanics, artisans; Joseph, scientists in astronomy, agriculture, geography, mineralogy, etc.; Judah was truly the lawgiver, the statesman. Withal, they all held their share in the new possession when they came to it. But they journeyed together, and fought the common enemy in one grand army, and gathered manna as a "people."

Nor need any be embarrassed by the small number they will find ready to sow or reap in union. To those who assisted the troop of gatherers whom we find eating angels' food, they appeared as a "handful," "weak, weary and unarmed." Now, while the evil days come not, while times are good and before the next panic—for panics will come, and ten per cent. reduction of wages or hands—even now, in the morning, let as many as be like-minded go out and gather and mete out to every man a just and righteous measure, and it will be found that none lacketh. LET US CO-OPERATE.

A NEW FIRM.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our numerous patrons to the advertisement in another column of the firm of Miller & Hughes, who have lately taken possession of the premises formerly occupied by Messrs. G. & J. W. Cox and Co., Nos. 115 to 121 King street, east. Although new as a firm, yet the long experience brought into the business warrants us in predicting for them a prosperous career; and in introducing them to our readers we do so feeling confident that they who choose to visit the House will find the various departments largely stocked with goods of the first quality, well assorted, and at reasonable prices. Especially deserving of notice are the Millinery and Mantle Departments, also the Clothing, in which first-class workwomen and workmen are employed. We wish the new firm every possible measure of success.

The molders of Oshawa, who had been out on strike, have resumed work, having succeeded in securing an advance of wages.

MILLER & HUGHES
CALL ATTENTION TO THEIR
CLOTHING,
First-Class Cutters—Ready Made,
of good Value—Men's & Boys'.
FANCY GOODS,
Large Variety.
MANTLES,
Stylish and Rich.
HATS,
Most Elegant.

COME AND SEE THEM!
115 TO 122 KING STREET EAST.

THE ST. CATHARINES Y. M. C. A.

We have been requested to publish the following circular in our columns, and we do so with pleasure. Such institutions all over the country have been proved to be a means of great good to the young men of the community, and we trust the St. Catharines Y. M. C. A. will also become a vigorous and powerful organization for good.

St. Catharines, April 6th, 1874.

To Parents, Guardians, Pastors, and others, whose Sons, Wards, or Friends may be leaving home for residence in the Town of St. Catharines.

The Young Men's Christian Association take pleasure in inviting the attention of young men, strangers, and the public generally to their FREE READING ROOM, which is open daily from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M. The Reading Room which occupies a central position in the town will always be found inviting and strangers and others having a few hours to spare will be welcome. It is well supplied with the principal Newspapers of the Dominion and American and English Magazines and Papers.

Prayer Meetings, Literary and Musical Entertainments are frequently held and open to all.

Those who have young friends in the Town or about to come to it, are invited to urge them to come to us. A Reception Committee has been formed, the members of which gladly call on all strangers whom they may hear of from those interested.

Communications from friends at a distance are gladly received.

Yours Respectfully,
M. H. FISHBURN,
SECRETARY.

THE WORKINGMEN REPRESENTATIVES.

On Wednesday, March 18th, a complimentary dinner was given by the Labor Representation League to Messrs. Macdonald and Burt, the newly elected M. P.'s. During the evening the following address was presented, to which admirable replies were made:—

"Presented by the Labour Representation League to Mr. Alexander Macdonald, M. P. for Stafford, and Mr. Thomas Bart, M. P. for Morpeth, at a public dinner in London on the 18th March 1874.—Gentlemen, we meet you here this evening with unfeigned gratification. As old members of this League, and as representing labour directly in Parliament, we recognize in your presence in this assembly the fulfilment of a hope we have long and earnestly endeavored to realize. We are enemies of class legislative. We are opposed to any arrangement of our representative system whereby the interests of any class are unduly promoted to the injury of the general community, and we believe sincerely that the best way to prevent this is to labour for a direct and honest representation in Parliament of all classes and interests, without the exclusion of any. As workingmen we desire that the legislation of the country should aim at its progress and prosperity in all its classes, and we are sure, gentlemen, you will exert yourselves earnestly and honestly in that spirit. You are both well known to the working men of England. You are both connected with the largest organized body of workmen in the kingdom. You are both old and tried soldiers in the battle of labour, and in behalf of the workingmen in the Kingdom we commit their cause to your hands with confidence, trusting to your integrity and ability for such an advocacy of the interests of labor in Parliament as will prove that the prosperity of the workingmen of Great Britain is compatible with the well-being of all other classes of her Majesty's subjects. You, gentlemen, have the high honor of being the first direct and fully-recognized representatives of labour in the British Parliament. We are proud to meet you in that character, and to promise you that we shall do our best to increase your number as speedily as possible. In the meantime we can only repeat that you have our full confidence as well as the confidence of the working men throughout the Kingdom, and we promise you that at any and at all times we shall be ready to co-operate with you heartily for the promotion of the good work to which we are mutually engaged.—WILLIAM ALLEN, President; DANIEL GUILK, Treasurer; HENRY BROADHURST, Secretary."

MILLER & HUGHES
ON TO THEIR
GENTS' FURNISHINGS,
All the Latest Styles.
DRESS GOODS,
Chaste and Beautiful.
MILLINERY,
Latest London and Paris.
BONNETS,
Latest Styles.

SEE THEM!
STREET EAST.



(Registered.)
NOTICE
To the Workmen of Toronto.
We have received the first instalment of this SPRING'S HATS, and can sell you a good Hat FROM ONE DOLLAR UPWARDS.
Remember the Address,
55 KING STREET EAST,
OPPOSITE TORONTO STREET.

R. REEVE, B. A., M. D.,
OCULIST AND AURIST,
22 Shuter Street, Corner of Victoria,
TORONTO.

GENTS' OVER-SHOES!
New Patent Clasp, the Best and Cheapest ever offered in the City,
ONLY \$1 20!
WM. WEST & CO.,
200 Yonge Street.
ALSO

A large stock of Fall and Winter Boots, Shoes, Rubber and House Shoes.
WE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD!

EATON'S
CHEAP
DRESSES
One of our Cheap Dresses would be an acceptable Christmas Present. One of our COSTUMES would be an acceptable Christmas Present.
COME AND SEE THEM.
Corner Yonge and Queen Streets.

FOR SALE,
First-class Timothy Hay, wholesale; sample can be seen on our wharf. A 300, a Portable 8-horse power Engine and Boiler, on wheels and in good order, cheap.
MUTTON, HUTCHINSON & CO.,
Cor. Sherbourne and Queen Sts

IN ORDER TO SUPPLY OUR MANY
Customers in the Eastern part of the city with the
BEST AND CHEAPEST FUEL,
We have purchased from Messrs. Hollivell & Sitcher the business lately carried on by them on the corner of QUEEN and BRIGET STREETS, where we shall endeavor to maintain the reputation of the

VICTORIA WOOD YARD
As the Best and Cheapest Coal and Wood Depot in the City. Cut Pine and Hardwood always on hand. All kinds Hard and Soft Coal, dry and water cover, from snow and ice.
J. & A. MONTYRE,
Corner Queen and Brigt Streets, and
23 and 25 Victoria Street.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS!
A. RAFFIGNON,
No. 107 KING STREET WEST
Is now prepared to supply
Foster's Celebrated New York Oysters
BY THE QUART OR GALLON.
An elegant Oyster Parlor has been fitted up suit the most fastidious taste, where Oysters will be served up in every style.
Remember the Address,
No. 107 KING STREET WEST,
Near the Royal Life Buoy.
H. J. SAUNDERS, PRACTICAL TAILOR
OR and CUTTER, Queen City Clothing Store
222 Queen Street West, opposite W.M. Church.

The Home Circle.

THIRTY-FIVE.

As one who climbs a mountain steep,
And pauses on the way
With backward glance his path to sweep;
So would I pause to-day,
Half-way.

Half-way I and looking down the road,
The stones that hurt my feet,
The wayside thorne, the tiresome load,
Make this short rest seem sweet;
Half-way.

Half-way! a haze obscures my sight;
My eyes grow dim with tears,
As, looking downward from this height,
I count my buried years;
Half-way.

Ah, me! how bright and happy some!
Their graves are strewn with flowers;
But others shroud me in their gloom
And bring back heavy hours;
Half-way.

How many a treasure from my grasp
Has dropped along the way!
Father! Thy strong and steady clasp
I seek anew to-day;
Half-way.

Half-way long! I look above,
But nothing can I see!
My Father's guidance and his love
Are all in all to me;
Half-way.

Half-way! and I may never count
My "three-score years and ten!"
And looking down on life's rough mount,
Think that this might have been
Half-way.

Aye, looking down! If e're my feet
May tread the mount of God,
I fain would stop for rest so sweet,
And drop life's weary load
Half-way.

TRUE TO LIFE.

Yes, Eddie, you can play Papa,
And I will be Mamma; and Hus
(Don't bark so old fellow,) is Katy.
And the dollies—poor things—must be us.
Now Eddie, just take up the paper,
And scowl at it. No, that ain't right;
Hold it up closer and higher,
And pucker your forehead up tight.

And Eddie, don't laugh when the children
(The dollies you know) have their fun,
But stick your teeth tight to each other
And tell me that "Tophets begun."
And then, when I rustle their dresses,
Just slam your fist on the sill,
And say, "There's no rest for the weary,"
And "Why can't those young ones be still?"

Then 'twill be my turn; but Mamma
Don't say much, you know, so I'll sigh,
And take them up stairs out of hearing,
Though I would like to stop and tell why
We—I mean they—can't be quiet,
But Mamma don't answer, you see,
For Papa goes on with his reading,
And you must do that way with me.

And then we'll have dinner; but Eddie,
You mustn't say dinner tastes good,
Nor ask for some more of the pudding;
That ain't the way a gentleman should—
But make up a face at the gravy,
And say that it stuck to the pan,
And tell me, if Kate can't get dinner,
I'd better get some one that can.

And then I'll say softly, "But, Edward"—
And you must break in—'tis such fun;
And lift up the meat from the platter,
And say, "De you call that well done?"
I guess I'll cry then, and you grumble,
Say "Women don't have any sense,"
And you'll "get along to the club-house,"
And—well, now it's time to commence.

A CHEERFUL HOME.

A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexposed flowers, which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance, and beauty, so do kind words and gentle acts and sweet dispositions make glad the home where peace and blessing dwell. No matter how humble the abode, if it be thus garnished with grace and sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn lovingly toward it from all the tumults of the world, and home, be it ever so humbly, will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun. And the influences of home permeate themselves. The gentle grace of the mother lives in the daughter long after her head is pillowed in the dust of death and the fatherly kindness finds its echo in the nobility and courtesy of sons who come to wear his mantle and to fill his place; while on the other hand, from an unhappy, misgoverned, and disordered home go forth persons who shall make other homes miserable, and perpetuate the sourness and sadness, the contentions and strife and railings which have marked their own early lives so wretched and distressed.

Toward the cheerful home the children gather as clouds and "as doves to their windows," while "from the home which is the abode of discontent and strife and trouble they fly forth as vultures to rend their prey. The class of men that disturb and disorder and distress the world are not those born and nurtured amid the hallowed influences of Christian homes; but rather those whose early life has been a scene of trouble and vexation—who have started wrong in the pilgrimage, and whose course is one of disaster to themselves, and trouble to those around them.—Friend's Intelligencer.

CIVILITY IS A FORTUNE.

Civility is a fortune itself, for a courteous man always succeeds well in life, and even when persons of ability sometimes fail. The famous Duke of Marlborough is a case in point. It was said of him by one contemporary, that his agreeable manner often converted an enemy into a friend; and by another, that it was more pleasing to be denied a favor by his grace than to receive one from other men. The gracious manner of Charles James Fox preserved him from personal dislike, even at a time when he was politically the most unpopular man in the kingdom. The history of the country is full of such examples of success obtained by civility. The experience of every man furnishes, if we but recall the past, frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, merchants, and, indeed, individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to a stranger, his affability, or the reverse, creates instantaneously a prepossession in his behalf, or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him. To men, civility is, in fact, what beauty is to a woman; it is a general passport to favor, a letter of recommendation, written in language that every stranger understands. The best of men have often injured themselves by irritability and consequent rudeness, as the greatest scoundrels have frequently succeeded by their plausible manners. Of two men, equal in all other respects, the courteous one has twice the chance for fortune.

RIDICULE.

There is so great a charm in the sportive play of fancy and wit that there is no danger of their being neglected or undervalued, or that the naive talent for them will remain undeveloped; our chief solicitude must be to keep them, even in their wildest flights, still in subjection to duty and benevolence. We must not allow ourselves to be betrayed into an approving smile at any effusions of wit and humor tinged in the slightest degree by ill-nature. A child will watch the expression of our countenance, to see how far he may venture, and if he finds he has the power to amuse us in spite of ourselves, we have no longer any hold over him from respect, and he will go rioting on in his sallies until he is tired, and seek at every future opportunity to renew his triumph.

Wit, undirected by benevolence, generally falls into personal satire—the keenest instrument of unkindness; it is so easy to laugh at the expense of our friends and neighbors—they furnish such ready materials for our wit, that all the moral forces require to be arranged against the propensity, and its earliest indications checked. We may satirize error, but we must compassionate the erring, and this we must always teach by example to children, not only in what we say of others before them, but in our treatment of themselves. We should never use ridicule toward them, except when it is evidently good natured, that its spirit cannot be mistaken; the agony which a sensitive child feels on being held up before others as an object of ridicule, even for a trifling error, a peculiarity, is not soon forgotten, nor easily forgiven. When we wish, therefore, to excite contrition for a serious fault, ridicule should never be employed, as the feelings it raises are directly opposed to self-reproach.

FLATTERY.

I despise it more than I can find words to express. The silly, senseless meaningless flattery that is so prevalent in society. But I believe in merited praise; we find many things to censure, and the most of us are not backward about doing so, but on the other hand, when we see things to commend, should we not, in love and justice, be more ready to give a word of praise, if we see many beautiful traits of character in the members of our household, if we believe them to be temperate, honest, industrious and cheerful, is it flattery for us to tell them so?

If we see many noble qualities in our friend or neighbor is it flattery for us to tell them that we appreciate them? or must we wait until distance separates, or death divides, and then, with the shadow of the far distant one clinging to our hearts as we are standing by the casket that contains all that is left to us of those once so fair and beautiful to our eyes, and have made the joy and sunshine of our hearts and homes, or by the sacred mound in the cemetery where mother earth has kindly opened her heart to receive them and pour forth our words of life and appreciation, (that we have been so chary of,) which would have been far more graceful to their famished

hearts when living, than the oasis in the desert is to the wearied and thirsty traveler?

It is not after we are dead that we need sympathy, charity and kindness, but whilst we are journeying along together through the rugged pathways of life, let us spurn flattery as we would a viper, but never withhold the word of praise whether for great or noble deeds or seeming trifles, for it is the small acts that make up the sum and substance of our existence.

DREAMS AND DREAMING.

Early in the present century a Wiltshire farmer had a dream soon after midnight, thrice repeated, to the effect that there was something wrong going on in a certain field of his, and after dreaming this the third time, so strong was his impression of its being a reality that he arose, and, taking his gun, set out for the spot. It was Summer time, and an hour or two before dawn. On reaching the field, he saw, in a remote part of it, a faint glimmering light, toward which he directed his steps. On approaching, he found a man digging what appeared to be intended for a grave, the light being at the bottom. "What are you doing there," demanded the farmer, but without replying, the fellow bounded off at the top of his speed, leaving behind him his jacket, in a pocket of which was found a murderous weapon in the shape of a knife. The farmer did not pursue, but retraced his steps, and on approaching his house met one of his servant girls carrying a bundle. He inquired whither she was going at that unseasonable hour. But having formed her plan she seemed bent on carrying it out, and showed a disposition to avoid him. This, however, he would not permit, and insisted upon an explanation. It appeared that the wretched man who had just been surprised in the act of preparing for his wicked design had promised to marry the girl, and the arrangement was that she should leave her place and meet him at a specified hour and spot in the field in question, bringing with her the money she had saved while in service. It need hardly be said that, after being apprised by her master of what he had just witnessed, the poor girl was only too glad and thankful to return with him, thus doubtless escaping, through the interposition of a merciful Providence, an untimely and violent death.

In June, 1752, Mr. Robert Aikenhead, farmer in Denstrath, of Arnball, in the Mearns about five miles north of Bechin and seven from Montrose, went to a market called Tarrenty Fair, where he had a large sum of money to receive. His eldest son, Robert, a boy between seven and eight years old, was sent to take care of the cattle, and happened to lie down upon a grassy bank, and before sunset was fast asleep. Although the boy had never been far from home, he was immediately carried in his imagination to Tarrenty market, where he dreamed that his father after receiving the money, set out on his return home, and was followed all the way by two ill-looking fellows, who when he had got into the western dykes of Inglismauld (the seat of the then Lord Halkerton now Earl of Kintore) and a little more than a mile from home, attacked and attempted to rob him; whereupon the boy thought he ran to his assistance, and when come within a gunshot of the place called out to some people, just going to bed who put the robbers to flight. He immediately awoke in a fright, and without waiting to consider whether it was a vision or a reality, ran as fast as he could to the place he had dreamed of, and no sooner reached it than he saw his father in the very spot and situation he had seen in his dream, defending himself with a stick against the assassins. He therefore realized his own part of the visionary scene by roaring out "Murder" at the top of his voice, which soon brought out the people, who, running up to Mr. Aikenhead's assistance, found him victor over one of the villains, whom he had previously knocked down with a stone, after they had pulled him off his horse, but almost overpowered by the other, who repeatedly attempted to stab him with a sword, against which he had no other defence than his stick and his hands, which were considerably mangled by grasping the blade. Upon sight of the country people, the villain who had the sword ran off, but the other, not being able, was apprehended and lodged in jail. Meanwhile there was a hue and cry after young Robert, whose mother missing him and finding the cattle among the corn, was in the utmost anxiety, concluded he had fallen into some water or peat moss. But her joy and surprise were equally great when her husband returned and told her how wonderfully both his money and his life had been saved by his son's dream.

Not less remarkable than the above was a case mentioned by Dr. Abercrombie of a most respectable clergyman in a country parish in Scotland, who made a collection in his church for an object of public benevolence, in which he felt deeply interested. The amount of collection, which was received in ladles carried through the church, fell greatly short of expectations, and during the evening of the day, he frequently alluded to the fact with expressions of much disappointment. In the following night he dreamed that three one pound notes had been left in one of the ladles, having been so compressed that they stuck in the corner when the ladle was emptied. He was so impressed with the vision, that an early

hour he went to the church, found the ladle he had seen in his dream, and drew from one of the corners of it three one pound notes.

The same writer tells of another clergyman who had gone to Edinburgh from a short distance in the country, and was sleeping at an inn, when he dreamed of seeing a fire and one of his children in the midst of it. He woke with the impression; and instantly returned home. When he arrived within sight of his house, he found it was on fire, and reached the spot just in time to assist in saving one of his children, who, in the alarm and confusion resulting from the fire, had been left in a state of danger.

A lady dreamed that an aged female relative had been murdered by a colored servant, and the dream occurred more than once. She was then so impressed by it that she went to the house to which it related, accompanied by a gentleman, whom she prevailed upon to watch in an adjoining room the next night. About three o'clock in the morning the gentleman hearing footsteps on the stairs, left his place of concealment and met the servant carrying a quantity of coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he replied in a confused and hurried manner that he was going to mend his mistress' fire, which at three o'clock in the morning in the midst of the Summer, was evidently impossible, and on further investigation a knife was found concealed beneath the coals.

A lady in Edinburgh had sent her watch to be repaired; a long time elapsed without her being able to recover it, and, after many excuses, she began to suspect something was wrong. She now dreamed that the watchmaker's boy, by whom the watch was sent, had dropped it in the street and injured it in such a manner that it could not be repaired. She then went to the master, and without any allusion to the dream, put the question to the boy directly, when he confessed that it was true.

A physician, writing in the *All the Year Round* for 1859, relates a curious story, and suggests as curious a theory to account for it: "One night," he says, "I had a vivid impression in a dream that a man-servant who had lived with him many years was presenting me with some strange object that looked like a screen, over the whole of which was a scalloped pattern. In my dream I was immensely puzzled to make out what it was that produced the pattern; whether shells, or marbles, or any other variegated thing that would effect a tessellated appearance. The next morning I said laughingly to the man 'John, what would it be that I dreamed last night you were making me a present of? it was a sort of screen, with a pattern on like this,' and I rapidly sketched with a pencil on the back of a card, which I still preserve, the pattern I had seen in my dream.

"Why," said John, looking blank, "then you know all about it, sir? My wife, I suppose, has been showing you the screen we are making for you."

"No, indeed, I assure you she has not, and I have never seen nor had any hint of such a thing."

John's answer was to dart from the room and to bring back with him a curious piece of unfinished work. It was a canvas in the form of a square screen into which John's wife had sewed feathers of a water fowl which John had shot by a large marsh near which we were living. The screen which had made considerable progress, was the joint effort of the ingenious pair, and the feathers being assorted with many various colors, sewed into the canvas by the quilts, with their tops overlapping each other, produced a fantastic and agreeable mosaic, which at least had the merit of complete originality. As I had never seen any-where remotely like it, the inference was strong that John's brain was deeply preoccupied by his screen and its approaching presentation (he was actually cutting a feather at the time I rang my bell), and had impressed on my brain the dominant idea. Nothing could more exactly resemble the pattern I had drawn to show John what my dream had been, than the real pattern. The screen has since been mounted under glass on a fine gilded frame, and is at this time an ornament to my drawing room. It is singular to observe how it puzzles everybody who sees it for the first time, just as it did me in my dream, as to what the material is that produces its curious mosaic.

STRAIGHTFORWARD.

All the delay and ceremony which precedes matrimony among us is avoided in India, where the wedded state is considered more in the light of an advantageous partnership than as a matter of sentiment. When a man in a decent rank of life wishes to marry, and can prove that he possesses the means of maintaining a wife, it is customary for him to apply to the mistress of the Byculla school, state his wishes and qualifications, and inquire into the number and character of the marriageable girls. An investigation immediately follows as to his eligibility, and if all promises satisfactorily, he is forthwith invited to drink tea with the school-mistress, upon an appointed evening, to give him an opportunity of making his selection. The elder girls are then informed of his intended visit, and its purport, and those who desire to enter the matrimonial list open forward, and signify their wish to join the party. Frequently four or five com-

petitors make their appearance on these occasions, in the mistress' room. The gentleman, while doing his best to make himself universally agreeable, yet contrives in the course of the evening, to mark his preference to one particular lady. Should these symptoms of budding affection be favorably received, he tenders his proposals in due form on the following morning. But it often occurs that the selected lady does not participate in the innamorata's sudden flame, in which case she is at perfect liberty to decline the honor of his alliance, and reserve herself for the next tea-party exhibition.

A STARTLING METAMORPHOSIS.

Some one who has been viewing the Siamese jugglers says: "One trick which Minhman performed was a very superior version of the mango-tree feat of the Indian jugglers. He took an orange, cut it open, and produced a snake. This he took down into the audience, and borrowing a robe from one, cut the snake's head off and covered it with the robe. When the robe was lifted again a fox was in place of the snake. The fox's head was cut off, two robes borrowed, and when they were raised there was a wolf, which was killed with a sword. Three robes and a leopard appeared; it was slain with a javelin. Four robes covered a most savage looking buffalo, that was killed with an axe. Five robes covered in part but not altogether a lordly elephant who, when the sword was pointed at him, seized Minhman by the neck and tossed him violently up. He mounted feet foremost, and finally clung by his toes to the capitol of one of the columns. Tepada now leaped from the stage and alighted on the elephant's shoulders. With a short sword he goaded the beast on the head until, shrieking, the unwieldy animal reared upon his hind feet, twined his trunk about one of the great columns, and seemed trying to lift itself from the ground and wrap its body around the great pillar. The music clashed out barbarously, Norodom flashed forth a dazzling firework of some sort, and the elephant had disappeared, and Tepada lay upon the stage writhing in the folds of a great box constrictor and holding up Minhman upon his feet."

THE DIFFERENCE.

Genius rushes like a whirlwind, talent marches on like a cavalcade of heavy men and heavy horses, cleverness skims like a swallow in the summer evening, with a sharp shrill note and sudden turning. The man of genius dwells with men and with nature; the man of talent in his study; but the clever man dances here, there and everywhere, like a butterfly in a hurricane, striking everything and enjoying nothing, but too light to be dashed to pieces. The man of talent will attack theories, the clever man will assail the individual and slander private character. The man of genius despises both; he heeds none, he fears none, he lives in himself, shrouded in the consciousness of his own strength; he interferes with none, and walks forth an example that "eagles fly alone—they are but sheep that herd together." It is true that should a poisonous worm cross his path he may tread it under his foot; should a cur snarl at him he may chastise him; but he will not, cannot attack the privacy of another. Clever men write verses, men of talent write prose, but the man of genius writes poetry.

FOR YOUNG MEN.

James Parton, the noted author, in an article on Chas. Browne (Artemus Ward) closes thus, and he gives good advice to young men:

"I thought I ought not to conclude this article without letting the reader know why this bright and genial spirit is no longer here to add to the world's amusement. Well, this was the reason—

"Wherever he lectured, whether in New England, California or London, there were sure to be a knot of young fellows to gather around him, and go home with him to supper, and spend half the night in telling stories and singing songs.

"To any man this will be fatal in time, but when the nightly carousé follows an evening's performance before an audience, and if succeeded by a railway journey the next day, the waste of vitality is fearfully rapid. Five years of such a life finished poor Charles Browne. He died in London, 1867, aged 33 years and he now lies buried at the home of his childhood in Maine.

"He was not a deep drinker. He was not a man of strong appetites. It was the nights wasted in conviviality which his system needed for sleep, that sent him to his grave forty years before his time. For men of his profession and character, for all editors, literary men and artists, there is only one safety, teetotalism. He should have taken the advice of the stage driver on the plains, to whom he offered some whiskey; and I commend it strongly to the countless hosts who see this paper every week.

"I don't drink—I won't drink. And I don't like to see anybody else drink. I'm of the opinion of those mountains—keep your top cool! They've got snow, and I've got brains—that's all the difference."—*American Paper.*

Ball Cards, Programmes, etc., executed with promptness at the WORKMAN Office, 124 Bay Street.

Sawdust and Chips.

John Reeves said to his boy, when shaving presented a difficulty, "John, I wish you would no open any more oysters with my razor."

"Who was the meekest man?" asked a Sunday School teacher. "Moses." "Very well, who was the meekest woman?" "Never was."

It is getting to be a pretty general notion that the reason why so many children get on the wrong track is because the switch is so often misplaced.

I meet a grate menny men whoze talk iz like a bunch of fire crackers when they are first touched oph, full, ov pop for a fu minits, and then it is over.

A Free paper points out how the passion for gambling is shown in this country, so that even in wedding notices, it is necessary to state that there were "no cards."

An Iowa newspaper proclaims itself an "honest newspaper," and in another paragraph says: "When a man professes honesty nowadays, keep your eye peeled for a thief."

Jones says he always makes up his mind regarding the value of a horse by the abundance, length and beauty of his tail, for it is a well-attested fact that "all's well that ends well."

"You look like death on a pale horse," said a gentleman to a bald toper, who was pale and emaciated. "I don't know anything about that," said the toper, "but I am death on pale brandy."

A lady was recommending to a gentleman a medicine for the gon. "I know many who praise it to the skies," she said. "No doubt, madam," said he, "for it has sent many to the skies to praise it."

"You are from the country, are you not, sir?" asked a city cleric of a Quaker who had just arrived. "Yes." Well, here is an essay on the rearing of calves. "That," said Aminadab, as he turned ago, "these had best present to thy mother."

A young man was conversing in a tavern of his abilities and accomplishments, and boasting a great deal of his mighty performances. When he had finished, a Quaker quietly observed, "There is one thing you canst not do; thou canst not tell the truth."

A tutor of a college, lecturing a young man on his irregular conduct, and with great pathos, "The report of your sins will bring your father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." "I beg your pardon, sir," replied the pupil, "my father wears a wig."

A pair at San Francisco chartered a tug and steamed outside the bar, with the romantic intention of having the wedding ceremony performed on the bounding billow. It is comforting to know that they were very sea sick, and were obliged to return unmarried.

When a good wife had prepared an excellent dinner for her husband, and he declared he was pleased with it, she said, "Well, thank me, then." "Oh, never mind that my dear," was his reply: "the necessaries of life we must have, but the luxuries you can dispense with."

A lady sitting in her parlor and engaged in dreamy contemplation of the moustache of the young gentleman who was to escort her and her sister to a festival, was suddenly awakened by an omnious whisper, in a juvenile voice at the door, "You've got Ann's teeth, an' she wants 'em."

Mr. Jenkins playfully remarked to his wife that in her he possessed five fells. "Name them, my love." "You are beautiful, dutiful, youthful, faithful, and an armful." "You have the advantage of me, my dear." "How so, my precious?" "I have but one fool." Mr. Jenkins made no further inquiries.

A while ago a farmer in conversation with his wife, and out of

City Directory.

Our readers will find it to their advantage to patronize the following firms.

Auctioneer.

JAMES BANKS, AUCTIONEER, AND APPRAISER. Salerooms, 45 Jarvis Street, corner King Street East. Second-hand Furniture bought and sold. 60-oh

Barristers, &c.

REEVE & PLATT, BARRISTERS, AT-TORNEYS, Solicitors, &c. Office—18 King St. East, Toronto. J. McPherson Reeve, BARRISTER. 43-hr

LAUDER & PROCTOR, BARRISTERS, Attorneys, Solicitors in Chancery, &c. Office—Masonic Hall, 20 Toronto Street. 32-hr

HARRY E. CASTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. Office—43 Adelaide Street, opposite the Court House, Toronto. 34-oh

HENRY O'BRIEN, BARRISTER, Attorney and Solicitor, &c., Notary Public, &c. Office—68 Church Street. 77-oh

BOULTON & GORDON, BARRISTERS, Solicitors, Notaries, etc., No. 7 Ontario Hall, corner Court and Church Streets, Toronto. D'ARCY BOULTON, Q.C. G. B. GORDON. 81-oh

Dentists.

M. EDWARD SNIDER, SURGEON-DENTIST, Office and Residence—84 Bay Street, a few doors below King Street, Toronto. 1

G. W. HALE, DENTIST, No. 6 TEMPERANCE STREET, first house off Yonge Street, north side. 34-hr

DR. J. BRANSTON WILMOTT, DENTIST, Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College. Office—Corner of King and Church streets, Toronto. 27-oh

F. G. CALLENDER, DENTIST, Office—Corner of King and Jordan streets, Toronto. 27-hr

W. C. ADAMS, DENTIST, 95 KING Street East, Toronto, has given attention to his profession in all its parts. 26-oh

J. A. TROUTMAN, L.D.S., DENTIST. Office and Residence—127 Church Street, Toronto, opposite Metropolitan Church. Makes the preservation of the natural teeth a speciality. 26-oh

R. G. TROTTER, DENTIST 53 King Street East, Toronto, opposite Toronto Street. Residence—172 Jarvis Street. 22-oh

Groceries.

CHARLES HUNTER, DEALER IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, WINES AND LIQUORS, 68 Queen Street West, corner Teravley Street, Toronto, Ont. 59-oh

Physicians.

N. AGNEW, M.D., (SUCCESSOR to his brother, the late Dr. Agnew), corner of Bay and Richmond Streets, Toronto. 23-oh

Shoe Dealers.

S. McCABE, FASHIONABLE AND Cheap Boot and Shoe Emporium, 59 Queen Street West, sign of "THE BIG BLUE BOOT." 54-oh

R. MERRYFIELD, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER, 190 Yonge Street. A large and well-assorted stock always on hand. 59-oh

P. MCGINNES, 129 YORK STREET.—All who wish to have good, neat, and comfortable BOOTS and SHOES, call at the Workman's Shoe Depot. 77-oh

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J. & T. IREDALE, MANUFACTURERS of Tin, Sheet Iron and Copperware, dealers in Baths, Water Coolers, Refrigerators, &c., No 47 Queen Street West, first door West of Bay Street, Toronto, Ont. 54-oh

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Coal and Wood.

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Our trade mark, "Cresona and Celeste Organ," is placed upon the nameboard or key slip of all Organs manufactured by us, and having been registered for our sole use, all parties are cautioned not to infringe on the said trade mark.

We claim special attention to our Vox Celeste Organs, No. 27 and No. 34. The Vox Celeste Reeds were first introduced in Canada by us in 1869, in a 6 reed organ, which took the first prize at the Provincial Fair held that year in London. We have since applied it successfully to our single and double reed organs, making our "Celeste Organs" the most popular instrument now before the Canadian public.

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Sole Proprietors of the ORGANETTE contain Scribner's Patent Qualifying Tubes, acknowledged by all to be the greatest improvement yet introduced. Their superiority is conceded by other makers, from the fact that at Guelph they withdrew from competition, thus acknowledging their inability to compete with them.

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Sketches of Cities, Towns and Villages in Canada. Continued.

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OAKVILLE, ONT.

Is an incorporated town on the Toronto Branch of the Great Western Railway, about 18 miles east of Hamilton. It was first settled by Col. Chisholm, (the father of the present Mayor) in 1829. It is beautifully situated on the banks of Lake Ontario at the mouth of a river named Sixteen Mile creek, which forms an extremely safe harbor of nearly a mile in length. The streets are chiefly laid out with maple trees, which adds much to the adornment of the town. Oakville numbers about 1,800 inhabitants, and comprises amongst its industries a tannery, a foundry, a grist mill, 2 saw mills, 1 blind and sash factory, 3 cabinet factories, 5 carriage factories, 10 general stores, 5 hotels, a billiard room, 1 hardware store, 2 drug stores, 2 tin and stove depots, 6 boot and shoe shops, 2 saddlers, 2 bakers, 3 blacksmiths, 3 butchers, &c. Among the public buildings may be mentioned 5 churches; a large brick school house; (union), with six teachers and an attendance of 300, a separate school, 2 telegraph offices, town hall and orange hall, in which 2 lodges meet, a masonic hall, an Odd Fellows' hall, and a lodge of good templars, post-office, &c.

THE SHIPPING.

Some of the fastest sailing vessels have some years since been built at this port, and a number of crafts lie up here every winter. It is also the favorite spot for a number of Captains, who make this town their home.

Of late years Oakville has become a fashionable summer resort for tourists from the South, Torontonians and Hamiltonians, who seek in this pleasant retreat from the busy hum of cities, the luxury of quiet enjoyment amid people whose friendly courtesy to strangers is a marked characteristic. The climate and soil of this section of Ontario, has combined to make Oakville the centre of what in a few years will be considered as the orchard of the Province, or in other words one of the greatest fruit growing districts in the Dominion. Already within a radius of 10 miles, there are 2000 acres of young orchards, and the cultivation of strawberries has reached the large figure of 200 tons being exported last season, is rapidly increasing. To further the growth of fruits, the chief people in the business spare no expense in procuring the richest manures, such as bone dust, &c. One firm M. S. McCraney & Co., received last week 20 tons of pigs feet, to be dissolved in lime and ashes for manure this spring.

The following is a list of some of the principal fruit growers of Oakville: E. R. Skelley, strawberries; Robertson & Co., strawberries and apples, &c.; Jones & Lackay, strawberries; W. Martin, strawberries; M. Felan, berries. A. L. E. P.

finished and dried in ovens, varnished and again dried in the ovens. The process being completed by extra drying in the open air. The splits after the second tanning are curried, scoured, stuffed, whitened, glossed, blacked and oiled, when they are ready for market. Besides the machinery already mentioned, there are in use glossing and pebbling machines, there is also a large bark mill, and the most modern appliances for conveying the bark to the leaches, the water and staining liquors from one part of the building to the other. Mr. Reed employs from 30 to 40 people, and turns out about 14,000 enameled and patent leather skins per annum. The works are conducted on thoroughly business principles, and although there is no appearance of hurry, every one in the establishment appears to know exactly what to do and to lose no time in doing it. The demand for the leather turned out of this tannery enables the proprietor at all times to realize the the highest market price for his skins as soon as they are ready for sale.

THE OAKVILLE MILLS,

Isaac Marcup, proprietor. This Mill is situated near the G. W. R. Station, on the 16 mile Creek. It is a stone building, measuring 34 by 70, 3½ stories, 5 run of stones. A peculiarity of this mill is that the water-power is applied by means of a conduct pipe, 1,200 feet in length. A new pipe is to be put in this season, measuring 30 by 30 in diameter. A 30 horse-power engine is attached as an auxiliary, the capacity is 150 brls in 24 hours. Mr. Marcup does a large custom trade besides the flour made for exportation and carries on a cooperage in connection with the mill.

A CURIOUS WILL.

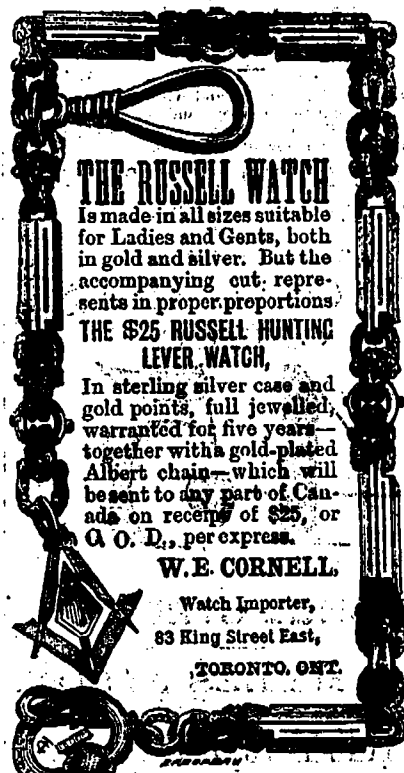
THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE GLADSTONE GOVERNMENT.

In the name of our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, amen, we, the Gladstone Government being weak of body, and of fickle mind, do make this our last will and testament, revoking all others heretofore made. First—We commit our body to the miners, matchmakers, civil service clerks, and dockyard employes, to be decently interred by them in the land of oblivion. We also request that all our funeral expenses be paid out of the money saved by our liberal economy, and unprecedented policy in reducing the number of said civil service clerks, and dockyard employes, and in the great fall of paper, pens, ink, and envelopes, which they extravagantly used, as well as the benefits derived by our army regulation bill, and the great fall off in coal supplies for the navy. We also desire a marble tablet to be raised to our memory in Westminster Abbey, the expense of same to come out of our dog tax fund. We further request that all the debts we incurred or brought on the crown of Great Britain by our blunderings and shortsightedness, such as the Alabama claims, the loss of the ship "Captain," the San Juan Fishery, the Black Sea Treaty, and the Ashantee war, be honourably paid with legal interest. We bequeath Majesty's loyal and

Austrians so far favor Sir Henry Thompson's idea of cremation as a means of disposing of the dead that the Communal Council of Vienna adopted the proposal of one of its members to establish in the city cemetery the apparatus necessary for cremation, the use of which is to be optional and open to all without distinction. The Communal Council of Gratz, a city of 100,000 population, has a similar proposition under consideration. Sir Henry's pamphlet on the subject has been translated twice, into German—once in Vienna and secondly at Cologne. In the latter it was preceded with an introduction by Dr. Kopl, physician to the late King of the Belgians.

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