

# Ontario Workman

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

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### Labor Notes.

The Bradford Amalgamated Society of Dyers have given notice for an increase of 2s. a week in their pay.

The strikers on the Midland Railway, who stopped and seized the trains last week, were on Saturday pacified and a compromise arranged. Trains are now running as usual.

A Philadelphia despatch says five hundred men in Horter & Digkey's cotton works, at Kensington, have struck for an advance of 15 per cent. over the rates adopted during the panic, and that troubles in the shoe business are threatened.

On Monday night Feb. 2nd a crowded meeting of engineers delegates and men on strike was held at the Imperial hotel, Southwark. The chair was taken by Mr. Canham, who said he had that night received intimation of several more impending strikes, and of other shops in a very unsettled state.

The organization of labor in France has received support from a class of the community which has never before joined any similar movement, and which cannot be looked upon as appertaining to what is generally understood by the term working classes. The artists, that is to say, the sculptors, painters, engravers and lithographers have constituted an "Anonymous Society," for the purpose of holding art exhibitions, free of state aid or interference, where each associate will be able to exhibit his work, negotiate its sale, and receive a medal or any other honorific recompence according to his merit.

The executive of the National Agricultural Laborers' union on Monday Feb. 2nd considered reports from a special commissioner respecting the dismissal of laborers on the Queen's estate at Osborne, as alleged, simply for having sent a memorial to Sir Thomas Biddulph asking for their wages to be increased from 14s. to 16s. weekly. The executive directed copies of the reports to be forwarded to Sir Thomas Biddulph, with a respectful request that he would lay them before the Queen. Prof. Goldwin Smith attended the meeting, and practically evinced his sympathy with the movement by subscribing to the union funds.

The Labor Market during the past week has undergone few important changes, though the excitement of a general election has given employment to a large number of miscellaneous workers. In the iron trade the condition of things is still far from healthy, and in many places the operatives are on short time; in the rail mills, however, increased activity may be noticed. In most of the textile branches hands are fairly employed, and makers are well under contract. In the Midlands, in certain of the hardware trades, the supply of labor is still below the demand.—Labor News.

The provincial paper, L'Ordre Social of Nice, has opened its columns to all news and communications relating to workingmen's questions, and is ready to support their efforts to create co-operative societies. This paper will henceforth represent the labor interests of South France. With regard to the provinces we may note that at Angers several unions are in course of formation. The stone cutters, the boot-makers, and the cartwrights, have been busy for a long time preparing the rules of their respective syndical unions. A local paper, the Travailleur, has recorded these efforts. Several reports have reached us from French provincial co-operative societies which denote progress and improvement, but this relates to co-operative stores and bake-houses, rather than to co-operative productive or industrial societies.

The Syndical council of the Parisian mechanics has issued a circular demonstrating the advantages which would accrue to the workmen employed in this branch of industry if they would support energetically the syndical efforts to establish an employment or labor bureau, for the use of employers and employed. From 35,000 to 38,000 mechanics reside in Paris, and

among them 400 to 500 are on an average in search of work. How much trouble, how many useless efforts and humiliating refusals these men might avoid, if a central organization could keep a faithful record of all the demands made for workmen! To attain this end, the workmen's syndical has held several conferences with the employers' syndical. They urged that in future, whenever an employer was in want of hands he should apply to the workmen's syndical, where it was proposed to keep a register of members without employment. After several debates this suggestion was finally adopted by the employers, who will henceforth apply to the workman's union for any mechanics they may require.

The Glasgow Herald's Melbourne correspondent writes:—The Victorian labor market is causing some trouble to employers. Workmen are so much in demand that they can make their own terms with masters. On land and at sea it is all the same. Sailors are getting £5 in sailing and £6 pound in steam ships and are now demanding £7 per month. Every trade here seems determined to have eight hours generally settled as a day's labor. There are fewer diggers every year of late, and yet labor is scarce. The settlement of an agricultural population has drained off many from the gold fields, and has caused a great demand for labor in fencing, building, in making of saddlery, waggons, and implements of husbandry. But while all this creates a disturbance in the labor market, it intimates clearly that the country is making rapid progress. The construction of the Government lines of railway will absorb labor to a great extent for several years.

The labor market in Italy has been somewhat disturbed by the strike of the sheath and case makers of Turin. At first all the employers resisted the demand for increased wages but yielded after a few days' struggle. At the Reineri manufactory alone the men met with a more stubborn resistance and the workmen consequently migrated to other towns in search of work. The Swiss sheath makers sent considerable sums of money to assist the strike of their Italian co-workers, and from many towns of Italy the workmen of Turin also received both material and moral assistance. In Tuscany, at Lucca and at Pontassorchio, workmen's societies have been recently formed, and also at Bavelotta. The federation of workers in Macerata is developing itself rapidly, and the saddle makers of Villa-Potenza have unanimously resolved to join this federation. We might mention several other towns where new societies have been recently started, so that we may safely conclude that the organization of labor is progressing in Italy as well as in other countries. At the same time the cost of provisions is constantly increasing, and we hear many complaints from Florence, where the rent charged for workingmen's lodgings is all the more exorbitant, as many houses are vacant, now that the capital of Italy is no longer Florence but Rome.

The Melbourne Argus says:—The past month has been remarkable for the number of strikes that have taken place. Workmen in many trades have been standing out either for higher wages or some concession in the hours of labour, and as a rule, with success. The journeymen bakers have been at variance with their employers, and a strike has resulted, but the dispute appears to be principally about the time at which work shall be commenced. It is generally considered that the men could have obtained very fair terms without having recourse to a strike. A largely attended meeting of brickmakers was held on November 13, at which it was resolved that eight hours should constitute a day's work, and that 6s. per 1,000 should be the price of molding, and 7s. per day should be the rate of wages. It was decided that three shifts instead of two should be employed in burning bricks. The slaters have fixed the rate of wages they will receive at 12s. per day, but the employers decline to pay more than

10s. The high price of material and wages have made the contractors increase their charges. In the boot trade there has been an attempt to increase the rate of wages, but without success. The boiler makers also failed in obtaining higher wages. The difficulty between the operative bakers and their employers is not settled yet. Farming men are scarce and ask 30s. per week. The rate paid at present is 25s. per week, but the higher rate will be given before the harvest season is over. Household servants are very urgently wanted, and there are at least three employers for every female servant out of place. The rates have consequently advanced considerably.

### THE TRADES' UNION CONGRESS, SHEFFIELD.

#### FIFTH DAY.

The Trades Union Congress resumed its sitting in the Temperance Hall, Townhead street, Sheffield, this morning, under the presidency of Mr. Wm. Rolley.

#### THE MACDONALD PRIZE ESSAY ON TRADES UNIONISM.

Mr. Lloyd Jones (London), one of the visitors to the Congress, read, at the request of Mr. Macdonald, the conditions upon which the prize essays on trades unionism are to be written. He stated that three prizes had been offered for the best essays on the following subjects:— "Trades unions; their objects; their fitness to attain those objects; their influence on the trade of the country; and their moral effect on those who belong to them." The first prize would be £50, the second prize £20, and the third prize £10. Mr. F. Harrison and Mr. H. Crompton had agreed to act as adjudicators, and Mr. Jos. Cowen, M. P.,—and no better name could stand in connection with the labor of this country—would act as treasurer. The manuscripts would require to be sent in by the 1st of October. The first two prizes would be open, but the third prize of £10 would be confined to the members of the present Congress. He hoped the prizes would bring out a methodically arranged body of thought in relation to trades unions, and in relation to their position as regarded the best of the community, that they could not otherwise have easily obtained. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Macdonald, in acknowledging a vote of thanks, said he gave £70 of the money, £5 was given by Mr. Mundella, M. P., and a similar sum by Mr. Stevens, Stalybridge.

#### THE ELECTION OF THE PARLIAMENTARY COMMITTEE.

The Congress then proceeded to the election of the Parliamentary Committee, which resulted as follows:—A. W. Bailey, Preston; Geo. Howell, London; W. Rolley, Sheffield; Geo. Odger, London; T. Motterhead, East Lancashire; A. Macdonald, Glasgow; D. Guilo, London; H. Broadhurst, London; Joseph Arch, Leamington; W. Allen, London; A. Boa, Glasgow.

#### NEXT YEAR'S PLACE OF MEETING.

The Congress next proceeded to decide upon the invitations from the delegates as to the town at which next year's meeting should be held. Invitations had been received from Liverpool, Glasgow, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Oldham, and Hanley. The result of the voting in the first instance was—Liverpool 40, Glasgow 47, Oldham 26, Newcastle 12, and Hanley 11. The second voting—Liverpool 56, Glasgow 55, and Oldham 22; and the final voting—Liverpool 71, and Glasgow 65. The next Congress will therefore be held at Liverpool.

#### THE WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION BILL.

On the motion of Mr. Broadhurst, seconded by Mr. Hartford, it was resolved— That the Parliamentary Committee be requested to put themselves into communication with Mr. Hinde Palmer, with the view of re-introducing the Compensation Bill of 1872, and to press the subject on the attention of the Government.

#### THE INSPECTION OF WORKSHOPS AND MINES.

Mr. Thos. Rhodes (North Staffordshire), proposed—

"That the Parliamentary Committee be introduced to call the attention of the Government to the necessity for more efficient inspection under the Factory and Workshops Regulation Acts and the Mines Regulations Act; and also the necessity of appointing efficient and practical men for that purpose."

Some discussion took place as to the advisableness of referring the subject to some selected delegates who would be better able to deal with it than the members of the Parliamentary Committee.

The subject was referred to the committee.

#### THE EXTENSION OF THE COUNTY FRANCHISE.

The standing order of the Congress were suspended, in order that the delegates might consider the question of assimilating the county with the borough franchise.

Mr. McDonald moved—

"That, considering the large number of workmen, consisting of miners and general laborers and others, who are placed in a position of serfdom by the unjust and class-made laws which, in direct opposition to frequent votes in Parliament, destroy the constitutional privileges of the suffrage by placing the county franchise at a money value, this Congress declares its conviction that those invidious and party political laws should be erased from the statute book, and our fellow-workmen in the counties be placed in a free and responsible position, equal to other classes in the country."

This was seconded by Mr. Walton (Brecon), and carried almost unanimously.

The Parliamentary Committee were instructed to forward the resolution to Mr. Gladstone.

The Congress then adjourned.

#### SIXTH DAY.

The sittings of the Congress were resumed on Saturday morning; Mr. W. Rolley presiding.

#### TAXES ON INDUSTRIAL OPERATIONS.

Mr. C. Yardley (Oldham), moved—

"This Congress, knowing from sad experience that the past struggles between capital and labor are not only analogous to simply 'beating the air,' but are now become a dangerous menace to the well-being of the State, it also considers the time has now arrived for these questions to be dealt with on statesmanlike principles, which are calculated to develop the best interests of the commonwealth in adopting a policy of taxation that shall secure to all classes the perfect law of liberty in their industrial operations. This can best be obtained by relieving these of the shackles now imposed upon them through the baneful influence of customs and excise. The Congress is therefore clearly of opinion that the Imperial revenues ought to be raised by direct levy on the annual value of realized property."

Mr. Bailey (Preston) seconded the motion, which was carried.

#### THE DIRECT REPRESENTATION OF LABOUR.

This subject, which had been left over from the previous day, came up for discussion. The following resolution was proposed by Mr. Knight (Liverpool)—

"That, as previous Congresses have passed resolutions in favour of the direct representation of labour in Parliament, and considering that the election contest which must be gone through by each candidate will involve a large expenditure of money and time, it is the opinion of this Congress that the duty of all trade societies should be to exert themselves in the most strenuous manner for the support of labour candidates at the coming election; we, therefore, recommend that trade societies should be asked to contribute at least six-pence per member towards raising a fund to secure the return to Parliament of as many working men as possible, and that the money be placed in the hands of such a committee as, in the opinion of the members of the Congress, might meet the exigencies of the case; and, further, that such committee be empowered to render such assistance and advice as in their judgment may appear best calculated to attain the object we have in view."

To this there was the following amendment—

"That this Congress believes that local efforts are most desirable, and the best means of securing the return of working

men into Parliament, and recommends all trades unions in all trade districts to amalgamate, to go in common council for the said object."

This amendment was carried.

#### FEDERATION OF TRADES UNIONS.

On the motion of Mr. Yardley (Oldham), seconded by Mr. Shafto (Bradford), it was resolved—

"That the Parliamentary Committee be instructed to recommend all trades represented at this Congress, as well as all trades and branches of trades throughout the country, to become connected with the trades councils of their various districts."

#### OVERTIME.

Mr. Swift (Manchester) moved—

"That, in the opinion of this Congress, overtime is an injury to workmen both mentally and physically, and ought to be repressed wherever practicable, especially that of a systematic form, which we regret to say, has become an extensive nature, and calls for a firm determination on our part and those we represent to work overtime only in cases of necessity, and seek such payment for the same as will be a recompense for the extra hours imposed upon them."

#### LIMITATION OF APPRENTICES.

Mr. McDonald (Manchester) moved a resolution to the effect that the limitation of apprentices, where required, was a question in which workmen in every trade were fully entitled to a voice, and that all such restrictions ought to be decided by mutual agreement of employers and employed.

Mr. Hodges (Birmingham) seconded the motion, and it was adopted.

#### FIBRE WORK.

Mr. Armstrong (London) moved, and Mr. Jenkinson (Bolton), seconded—

"That the Congress is of opinion that piece-work is detrimental to the welfare of workmen, and recommends its discontinuance wherever practicable."

Mr. Menmott (Sheffield) moved as an amendment—

"That in the opinion of the Congress the matter of piece and day work should be left to the employers and employed."

He did not believe in fettering the liberty of the men in that way. This was seconded by Mr. Maston (Leeds). The amendment was carried.

#### CO-OPERATION.

On the motion of Mr. Graham (Newcastle), seconded by Mr. Walton (Brecon), it was resolved—

"That the interests of labor would be considerably advanced by workmen in every trade encouraging productive co-operation."

Mr. Juggins (Salford) then moved—

"That in the opinion of this Congress, that in all trades where disputes occur, and where it is possible to prevent strikes by starting co-operative establishments, all trades societies and trades councils be recommended to render such assistance as lies in their power, and thus, as far as possible, prevent strikes and lock-outs in the future."

Mr. S. W. Maddocks (Birmingham) seconded the motion, which was carried.

#### EXPENSE OF THE CONGRESS.

Mr. Knight (Liverpool) read a statement of the Congress accounts during the week, showing a balance of £47 10s. 6d. in hand.

#### EMPLOYMENT OF SOLDIERS IN AGRICULTURE.

Mr. Taylor (Peterborough) moved—

"That this Congress protests against the War Office authorities allowing soldiers to enter into competition with agricultural laborers in the harvest field, except it could be clearly shown that owing to a scarcity of hands the harvest could not be gathered in."

Mr. Graham (Newcastle) seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

#### MAGISTERIAL JURISDICTION.

Mr. Banks (Boston) moved—

"That in the opinion of this Congress it is the duty of Her Majesty's Government to appoint a Royal Commission to enquire into and report upon the state of the laws of procedure relating to summary jurisdiction, as to the way in which the law has been administered by qualified and unqualified magistrates, and also as to the mode of their appointment; and that a copy of the resolution be forwarded to Mr. Gladstone."

Mr. Juggins (Salford) seconded the motion, and it was adopted.

QUALIFICATIONS OF JURYMEN.  
Mr. Fox (Sheffield) moved—  
"That the time has now arrived for the admission of workmen to discharge the duties of jurymen, and that the Parliamentary Com-



Poetry.

THE TRUE NOBLEMAN.

No airs, no rudeness, no pretence, No lack of plain, good common sense; No boorish manners to annoy, No vicious morals that destroy True manliness and grace; He wears upon his face gentleness, honest air, And no deceit is there. His true address, and not his dress, Commend him, and his manliness Wins the good favor of the few Who know him well, and know him true. He leans not on the broken reeds Of ancestral renown and deeds His father did long years ago. Blue blood in royal veins may flow, And be so cold and thin That the proud heart within Warms not in "weal or woe," So cold its pulse and slow. By all men be it understood, The noble man trusts not in blood; He asks no privilege of birth— He would be valued at his worth. Knowing his rights, he "dare maintain" His principle without a stain Upon his lips; he bravely pleads For others, and he intercedes For the down-trodden poor, For the heart-sick and sore; He dries the tear he finds, The broken heart he binds. His word is good as any bond; He loves his life, yet looks beyond; Wealth cannot spoil him, for his trust Is not in heaps of yellow dust. His face and speech inspire the soul To upward flights and self-control; It gives the soul a sense of wings, It lifts it from terrestrial things. When he is host or guest, A blessing seems to rest On all who hear and see Such true nobility. The throbb which his brave heart repeats In kindred bosoms warmly beats; A benediction lights his face, His speech is gentleness and grace.

NEVER GIVE UP.

Never give up! it is wiser and better Always to hope, than once to despair; Fling off the load of Doubt's cankering fetter, And break the dark spell of tyrannical care; Never give up! or the burden may sink you— Providence has kindly mingled the cup And in all trials or troubles bethink you The watchword of life must be, Never give up! Never give up! there are chances and changes Helping the hopeful a hundred to one, And through the chaos, High Wisdom arranges Ever success,—if you will only hope on. Never give up! for the wisest is boldest, Knowing that Providence mingles the cup, And of all maxims the best, the oldest, Is the true watchword of Never give up! Never give up! though the grape-shot may rattle, Or the full thunder cloud over you burst, Stand like a rock,—and the storm or the battle Little shall harm you, though doing their worst. Never give up if adversity presses, Providence has wisely mingled the cup, And the best council, in all your distresses Is the stout watchword of Never give up!

Tales and Sketches.

LOVE-PATRONAGE;

OR, ART, MYSTERY AND HEART.

But a few steps from the Boulevards—that broad channel through which incessantly ebbs and flows a living tide of Parisians—is the "Place Royale." It is a pleasant square, filled with handsome trees, and enlivened by sparkling fountains, but the old mansions which encircle it have such a sombre air of massive seriousness as to cast an involuntary gloom over the stranger, as he treads the almost deserted sidewalk. Even the gay and light-hearted Parisians assume a grave look as they pass through the square, and the residents are gloomy poets, disappointed politicians, or those to whom stern poverty forbids any choice in a locality, save the cheapness of the rents. In an attic-room of one of these dismal mansions, near the close of a bright summer's day, in 1847, sat Raymond Dalton, busily engaged in copying a picture. Out of repair, scantily furnished, and with a ceiling discolored in spots, where the loose roof-tiles admitted the rain, the apartment had but one redeeming quality. Light—the bright outgushing of heaven's glory—shone in through a large window, and as it illuminated the canvas upon which the young artist was at work, little cared he about the desolation around him, or the scanty pittance in his purse. At last came the rich and prolonged glow of sunset, and laying down his palette, Raymond awoke from his day-dream of fame and honor—fast poetry, present wait and future uncertainty

casting shadows upon his ardent heart, far gloomier than those of the approaching night. Raymond was a Virginian by birth; and the Daltons had been in the foremost rank of that warlike and chivalrous race so justly renowned in the annals of our republic. But now he stood in a public business, and he was to neglect their private affairs, and but little remained for Raymond when left an orphan early in life. Devoted to art, he declined the liberal offer made by his guardian, to join him in business; and no sooner was he of age than he left for Europe, where he carefully studied the master-pieces of the old painters. But long ere he could think of returning, his finances became exhausted, and he was forced to labor for a keen Bostonian, who speculated on the artistic verandah of his countrymen. Visiting Paris every winter, with a few thousand francs in his pocket, he easily engaged the services of a score of young, needy artists. And the copies which they made, after having been carefully smoked and time-stained, were exported to the United States as the "original productions" of Raffaele, Rubens, Correggio or Rembrandt. Profitable as this imposture is to the principal, the artists only engage in it from necessity; and although Raymond had been interested while copying a Carlo Dolce, yet his heart sickened when, as night came on, he reflected upon his position. Another subject crossed his heart, but while penury swept across its sensitive chords, like the tempest through the rigging of a foundering ship at sea, love came, gently and softly, as the summer breezes murmur over the strings of an Aeolian harp. And yet his affection was but a dream—a happy dream, indeed, but it was almost madness to hope that it would ever be reciprocated. The object of his idolatry resided under the same roof, but he knew her not except by sight. She was the daughter of a peer of France, noble, wealthy and aristocratic; he was but a counterfeiter of other men's genius—an orphan artist, "to fortune and fame unknown." Such were the thoughts of Raymond, as he closed the door of his room, and descended the staircase. The Marquis de Lorraine occupied the lower floor, (the houses in Paris being divided by stories into separate tenements), and as the young artist passed the door, his heart again beat quick and warm, for there stood the fair Adele, the object of his secret adoration. Was it fancy, or did a deep roseate hue tinge her cheek as the artist timidly raised his hat? And did he not see in her liquid, dark eyes, fringed by long lashes, a sympathetic glance? His very soul was inflamed; and after walking about the square for nearly half an hour, he determined to abandon his usual evening visit to the "School of Design," and to return to his solitary chamber. There, undisturbed, he could recall the fugitive glance which had so enraptured him, and could revel in the bright dreams of hope, and love and happiness, with which imagination gladdens a truly affectionate heart. Slowly ascending the massive staircase, Raymond arrived at the door again, but ere he had drawn the key from his pocket, he was surprised by hearing voices within, and involuntarily listened. "And must I go, Adele?" said a deep manly voice. Adele! It was the name of her whom he loved, ay, and he recognized her voice in reply. He had heard her singing oftentimes, and there could be no mistake. "Yes, Gustavo, for the artist will soon return, perhaps. Take care how you walk on the roof, for some of the tiles are loose." "Never fear, dearest. And now adieu. I will be here again to-morrow evening, if the painter is away, and do hope you will have good news for me." "Adieu, dear Gustavo." Then the maddened artist heard—there could be no mistake—a kiss! Laying his hand upon the latch of the door, he found that it was fastened within, but in an instant it was opened, and opened by Adele de Lorraine! Raymond, infuriated, rushed to the window, but only in time to see a young man who was clambering on the "roof slip" to the gutter, throw up his arms convulsively, and then, with a faint cry, fall. A heavy, dull sound came up from the pavement, and there were loud calls for assistance. Horrified at this terrible sight, Raymond stood gazing on the spot from whence the young stranger had been so unexpectedly launched forth into eternity. And when he turned he found himself alone. Adele had probably glided down-stairs the instant that Raymond entered. Descending into the street, Raymond found a large crowd gathered around the corpse of a young man, the head of which was so disfigured that the features could not be recognized. Prominent in the group was the occupant of the next house to that which Raymond inhabited, who stated that the deceased lodged in one of his attics. "Poor fellow!" said he; "he probably fell asleep, and in a fit of somnambulism walked out of his window." Just then a patrol arrived, and as no one knew the name of the deceased, he was taken to the Morgue. The young artist said not a word. Raymond had known sleepless nights, and had suffered mental agony; but that night was a night of wretchedness. At times he reproached himself as the cause of the fatal

accident; then he denounced the audacity of Adele in using a stranger's room as a place of rendezvous; and then—sure proof of his affection—he picked up the body near sunrise ere he fell asleep. "Open your door, landlord!" This imperative command, with an accompaniment of knocks and raps, awoke Raymond from a troubled slumber, and he hastened to admit his visitor. The new comer was a manly, jovial-looking young fellow, clad in an artistic garb, and smoking a huge pipe. Raymond stammered out some excuse. "Not another word, or, as sure as my name is Hal Vincent, you shall be proclaimed at the School of Design. What a capital indictment I could draw up against you! Asleep at ten o'clock, with eyes that betoken an uneasy night, and—per Bacchus—why, here is a miniature of the lady!" Sure enough, a miniature of Adele de Lorraine lay on the floor, and only added to Raymond's confusion. At last Vincent, having teased his friend sufficiently, changed the subject of conversation. "Is your noble fellow lodger dead?" "Who? The marquis below stairs?" "Ay. Noticed as I entered the house that they were removing the furniture, and met a young lady who was leaving the apartment occupied by the marquis, bathed in tears." Here was a fresh mystery, and Raymond disclosed his secret to his friend. On inquiry at the porter's lodge, they learned that the marquis had left at an hour's warning, leaving instructions to have his furniture sold at auction. "I am of the opinion," continued the garrulous porter, "that mademoiselle did not wish to go, for her eyes were very red this morning. Perhaps, Monsieur Raymond, you were the cause? Mademoiselle used often to inquire of my wife about you—where you passed your evenings, etc." "Bravo!" said Vincent. "Well, every American citizen is a prince royal, so the old marquis cannot object on the score of rank. But come, Lovelorn Swain, the doors of the Louvre are open, and we must hasten to our casals." Raymond sought diligently for traces of the marquis, but could not discover his abode. So he toiled and struggled on, his heart surcharged with recollections of that eventful life. His only solace was the miniature of Adele, and although he could not doubt that the original had pledged her affections to the unfortunate man who had clandestinely met her, still he loved her. Dreams of rapture flitted through his brain in rapid succession, yet each one was dispelled by the remembrance of what he had overheard, and left the dreamer's heart a blank. His countenance wore a mournful expression, and he even so far lost interest in his art as to paint mechanically, unmoved by any thoughts of improvement or consequent fame. But when a visitor in the gallery came one day to his easel, complimented his execution, and ordered a couple of original pictures, for which he paid a round sum, in advance, Raymond's artistic ambition was again aroused. And when the pictures finished, their gratified purchaser ordered twelve more, to be landscapes on the Rhine, love, had to occupy a subordinate place in the delighted painter's heart. The visit to picturesque Rhineland restored his sorrow-stricken heart; and his pencil revelled in the delineation of ruined castles, vine-wreathed crags, or those glorious old gothic fancies, whose stone-arched walls reminded him of the forests of his native land, with their column-like trees and their intertwining branches. At length he reached Baden, that resort of fashionable notables and of gamblers, which combines the bustle of a capital and the repose of a rural solitude. One night he attended a masked ball, and while sauntering through the brilliantly illuminated and crowded halls, a sweet voice pronounced his name. He did not recognize the tones as familiar to his ear, but they fell with electric effect upon his heart. The speaker was a gracefully formed and apparently young lady, clad in a magnificent Russian costume. Raymond offered his arm, and she accepted it. "You may deem this a forward act," said the lady, "but justice to myself demands an explanation." "Adele! Mademoiselle de Lor—" "Hush!" interrupted the mask. "And believe me when I say, after asking you pardon for the unwarranted use of your room, that it was not sullied—" "Could I think," exclaimed Raymond—Lutero he could finish his sentence; a man disguised as a monk, who had been closely following the couple, came alongside of the lady, and said, in an angry tone,—"Enough of this, my daughter." And Raymond, as he watched her departure, felt all his old feelings renewed with greater force. But who was the unfortunate young man, whose sad fate he had witnessed? Did Adele love him? Was she faithful to his memory? These three questions were the staple of many an imaginative tissue, some of them gay and bright—others sad and dark. The next morning Raymond inquired at the hotel for the Marquis de Lorraine, and he was informed at the "Golden Eagle" that the object of his inquiry, accompanied by his daughter, had left in the first train for Frankfurt. The artist followed them, but could not

overtake, or rather discover them. It was evident that the marquis wished to get away from him, and this afforded a new theme for conjecture. Never was a young man so bewildered, nor did his heart offer a sunny or a joyous resting-place for his phantom thoughts. At length, weary and dispirited, he returned to Paris, hoping either to unravel the mysterious scene, with which the idol of his love was associated, or to forget both amidst the studios and the saloons of the French metropolis. The very day of Raymond's arrival, he called on his friend, Hal Vincent, and found that worthy busy in "manufacturing" a portrait of Christopher Columbus, which was to command a high price in New York, although the artist received a mere trifle for it. While the two were chatting away, a footstep was heard on the stairs, and Vincent changed color. "Dalton," he asked, "do you wish to please me?" "That I do, Hal." "Then, my dear fellow, step into the closet, for here comes my tailor on a dunning expedition, and if you are here, he will seek to mortify me by some unmanly remark—just as a small boy will tease a caged lion. So imprison yourself for a while." Raymond stepped into the closet, and the stranger entered. It was not the importunate tailor, however, but a notary with whom Vincent was slightly acquainted. He was a corpulent old gentleman, and was evidently tired and out of breath. "Ouf! ouf!" he at length gasped out. "The caprice of women!" "You are a bachelor, I believe," said Vincent. "Thank my stars, yes—emphatically yes! But I am nevertheless often a slave to some bright pair of eyes, and that is the case just now. Just imagine, young man. A few months since, the daughter of one of my most profitable clients came into my office, and with her pretty face, bewitched me into a promise that I would serve her. Consent I must—consent I did. Well, the service was nothing more nor less than to put money into a young painter's pocket, and make him think it was for pictures. To be sure, the task was easy enough then—for I could always find him in the Louvre; but she must needs have sent him to the Rhine; and now she has returned, and fancies he must be here too. And such a chase as I have had after him to-day." "Supposing you give me the funds," said Vincent, in a jesting tone. "Your fair client may be as well pleased." "Egotist," merrily replied the old notary. "But have you any receipts in the shape of twelve landscapes painted on the Rhine, so as to make it delicate for you to pocket the cash? or, do you love the daughter of a marquis? or, is your name—" "Raymond Dalton!" said that individual, stepping forth from his place of concealment. He continued, "I accepted your money, sir, thinking it was in payment for my labor. Accidentally I learn my mistake, and, just now, I cannot repay you the sums advanced. But, sir, I am no medicant, neither can I receive the bounties of a lady to whom I am personally unknown—the more especially as I heard you utter insinuations which, were you a younger man, should be washed out in blood." "Saints preserve us!" exclaimed the excited notary. "I thought that we were alone, and in an unguarded moment disclosed my secret. Do not, for heaven's sake, refuse the money, for it would, perhaps, so incense mademoiselle that I shall lose the business of her father." "But," inquired Vincent, "what is the motive of this generosity? Is it love, or the price of a secret, or—" "Hush!" interrupted Raymond. "You will drive me mad! As for you, sir, I know your address, and will forward you my note this very day for what you have advanced me; if honest toil will secure gold, that note will be repaid. And now, Vincent, let me go into the Tuilleries gardens, and endeavor to compose my deranged thoughts. I will return in an hour." "There is a bomb-shell burst," said the notary, after Raymond had gone; "but what will Mademoiselle Adele say, if she discovers that I lit the match? And she thought it all so well contrived? Well, well, the caprices of women are curious, after all." It was the 22nd of February, 1848; and as Raymond approached the garden of the Tuilleries, he found an angry populace in arms, and struggling to overthrow the despotic Louis Philippe. The pealing tocsin mingled its sinister knell with cries of indignation and threats of vengeance. The pavements were torn up and piled into barricades across the streets, while, amidst the rattling fire of musketry and the roar of cannon, the pealing notes of the "Marseillaise Hymn" animated those who fought for freedom. Raymond, as may be easily imagined, was excited by the scene, and his despair-nerved, his heart with heroic daring, as he joined one of the bands of insurgents. They were on their way to the palace, and after carrying the intervening barriers, which the troops sought vainly to defend, they reached a side door, opening upon the Rue de Rivoli. It was defended by a platoon of infantry; and at the commencement of the contest, Raymond saw, encouraging the soldiers, the Marquis de Lorraine. Devoted to his sovereign, he was

vainly endeavoring to repel the mob; but the assailants, burning with an insatiate feeling of revenge, swept the troops from before them, as the reaper levels the mally waving grain. "Down with the aristocracy!" was the shout, and the marquis was singled out as an object of attack. He was gashed on his unprotected head, and he would have fallen, had not Raymond Dalton started at the blow. So conspicuous had been the young American's bravery, that he had won the respect of the wild and desperate band at whose head he had fought, and when he claimed the marquis as a friend, their arms were stayed. Just then the door of the palace was broken in, and the revolutionists hurried on, leaving the terrified marquis and his deliverer. They were not alone, for at their feet, writhing in pain, was a wounded police officer. Raymond endeavored to lift him up, but the man shook his head. "It's too late," said he; "but Providence has sent hither one to whom I can confess the most deadly of my many sins. Do you remember me, Monsieur Marquis? I am Pierre Dulongue, the son of your old gardener." "You were convicted—" "Ay—convicted. I shot a patridge in your woods for my sick mother; I became a police agent; but through all I vowed revenge. God pardon me, I had it. Listen: "You had a son, Monsieur Marquis, upon whom you doted. I managed to have him inculcated with doctrines that were then treason, although to-day they are dominant. You were informed of it, and you forbade him your house. He hoping that a reconciliation might be effected, took lodgings next door, and every evening used to clamber along the roof to meet his sister in the garret of your house—" "Was it in the Place Royale?" cried Raymond. "Ah—in the Place Royale; and I—may the saints intercede for me—followed him one night—hid behind a chimney—and—and—O!—O!" Raymond and the marquis knelt beside the unfortunate man, but his soul had winged its flight to another world, where all are rewarded and punished as they merit. "Young man," said the marquis, in a hollow tone, "you have saved my life, and you alone know that my loved Gustave was an innocent victim. You, too, have won my daughter's heart; and if my aristocratic pride has made me censure her because I was informed that she had visited your room in the Place Royale, and avoid you as a plebeian fortune hunter, I now see that I have wronged you both. But let us leave this scene of carnage, and join Adele at the hotel where I am now residing." The buoyancy of the youth again inspired Raymond's heart, and joy reigned in his full dark eyes. The night was past, and there was every prospect of brilliant sunlight. Little cared he for overturned thrones or ill-constructed republics, so that Adele was his bride. Retiring from convulsed Europe with his bride, and her care-stricken but now happy father, Raymond Dalton settled on the bank of the lovely Potomac. Enriched by the large property of the De Lorraine family, he has built a commodious mansion, which commands a distant view of the national metropolis, while the river meanders through the foreground, its silver tide decked with islets charmingly picturesque. Here the once truant artist is contented with the enjoyments of rural life, and always gives a hearty welcome to those of his friends who are led by inclination or by business to visit Washington. Among those who have been his guests of late, was Hal Vincent, who was delighted with the mansion, the grounds, and (most acceptable to the parents) with a rosy-cheeked little urchin, named Gustavo. The little fellow was an especial pet of his grandfather's, and the "old marquis," as the negro persisted in calling him, had taught him to converse quite fluently in the melodious tongue of "la belle France." "Considering that you were once an artist, friend Dalton," said Vincent, one day at the breakfast table, "I must say that you display execrable taste in ornamenting your sitting-room with that batch of Rhenish landscapes, some of them unfinished. Why not, at least, endeavor to finish them?" "And have you forgotten the intrusion of your friend the notary, or rather the upturn of his nasal organ as he spoke of them, not dreaming that the artist was an involuntary listener?" "I forgot; well, they are not so bad, if they were only finished." "But," said Madame Dalton, "you forget that they are mine, and I choose to keep them as a souvenir of the past." "Ay, dearest wife, of your kind consideration for the poor artist, whose love for you was so mysteriously tried, but who, after heart tempest and sun-darkness, basks in the full sunlight of wedded love, and trusts that, while grateful to the Giver of all happiness, he may never prove unworthy of your "Love-Patronage."

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SIMS' LITTLE GIRL.

"Come out here, George Burks. Put that glass down—can't wait a minute. Business particular—concerns the Company. "Now I've got you by the arm, boy, I want to tell you something. Then if you want to go back into that saloon, you may. "I don't often meddle in other folks' business, do I? When a tough old fellow like me sets out to warn a body, you may know its because he sees sore need of it. I've had an eye on you ever since the 'Company promoted you to an engine, and I want you to make a fair trip of your life. You're a fine, bright youngster. I don't never say things to compliment. "Just takin' dinks for good fellowship? Yes, I know all 'bout that. Been there myself. Sit down on the edge of the platform here. "Of all men in the world, I take it, engineers ought to be the last to touch the bottle. We have life and property trusted to our hands unobtain. Ours is a grand business. I don't think folks look at it as they ought to. Remember when I was a young fellow like you, just set up with an engine, I used to feel like a strong angel or somethin', rushin' over the country, makin' that iron beast do just as I wanted him to. The power, sort of made me think fast, square up and feel much of a man. "I was doin' well when I married, and I did well long afterwards. We had a nice home, the little woman and me; our hearts were set on each other, and she was a little proud of her engineer. She used to say so anyhow. She was sort of mild and tender with her tongue. Not one of your loud ones. And pretty, too. But you know what it is to love a woman, George Burks; I saw you walkin' with a blue-eyed little thing last Sunday. "And after awhile we had the little girl. How I felt when I came home and they put her into my arms the first time! I looked silly and sort of glad! My wife, she just laughed out loud, to see me handle the little thing so orkardly. "I never liked little children much, but I took to that un' powerful. Everybody took to her. "George, boy, did you ever take time to go and peep at young ferns in the spring? You see 'em all doubled together like a twenty fist. That's what she was at first; all fist and squirm; beauty curled up tight. Then they unfold and spread out, and come up bright and delicate, and finer'n you can put into words. That's just the way she did. Every night I come home, I found her growed and plumped more. Used to toss her up, and she'd squeal like a squirrel, and come down on my face in fits of laughter. "Oh, I daren't think about her cunningness! But the very first word she learned to say was 'Papa!' "We talked a good deal about what we should call her, my wife and I. We went clean through the Bible, and set down all the fine story names we heard of. But nothing seemed to suit. I used to puzzle the whole length of my route to find out a name for that little girl. My wife wanted to call her Eudora Isabel. But that sounded very like fol-der-rol. Then we had up Rebecca and Maud, and Amanda Ann and what not. Finally, whenever I looked at her, I seemed to see 'Katie.' She looked Katie, I took to callin' her Katie, and she learned it, so Katie she was. "I tell you, George, that was a child to be noticed. She was rounder and prettier made 'n a wax figure; her eyes were bigger and blacker 'n any grown woman's you ever saw, set like stars under her forehead; and her hair was that light kind, that all runs to curls and glitter. "Soon's she could toddle, she used to come dancin', to meet me. I've soiled a many of her white pinafores, buryin' my face in them before I was washed, and sort of prayin' soft like under the roof of my heart, 'God bless my baby!—God bless my little lamb!' "As she grew older, I used to talk to her about engin'—even took her into my cab, and showed her the 'achments of the engine, and loaned her signals and such things. She took such an interest, and was the smartest little thing I seemed as if she had always knowed 'em. She loved the road. Remember once hearing her say to a playmate, 'There's papa. He's an engineer. Don't you wish he was your papa?' "My home was close by the track. Often and often the little girl stood in our green yard, waving her mite of a hand to me, as we rushed by. "Well, sir, them was happy years. It most kills me to look over 'em now. I was doin' too well. Had an idea I was a man made to prosper. I felt good to all the world, and that 'd been well, if I'd shown my good friend-ship some other way. But men are fools; I was so dazy, I couldn't refuse a social glass, and I was always free toasting others. Many's the time we've stood, three or four foals of us, clinin' our glasses and drinkin' to brother-hood—drinkin' the very thing that made us fit for anything but brothers. It pleased me most to have them pledge my little girl. And they'd toast her, the deeper I'd drink. And I was drinkin' death, to her and damnation to me. "I'll cut it off short. Didn't mean to say but a few words to you, but I got to thinkin' so. Can't spin it out much longer, or there'll be no man left of me.

"Well, one day I started on my home trip, full of that good-fellowship you was imbibin' awhile ago. Made the engine whirr! We was awful jolly, the fireman and me. Never was drunk when I got on my engine before, or the Company would have shipped me. Wasn't no such time never made on that road before nor since. I had just sense enough to know what I was about, but not enough to handle an emergency. We fairly roared down on the trestle that stood at the entrance of our town. "I had a tipsy eye out, and, George, as we was flyin' through the suburbs, I see my little girl on the track ahead, wavin' a red flag and standin' stock still! "The air seemed full of Katics. I could have stopped the engine, if I'd only had sense enough to know what to take hold of to reverse her! But I was too drunk! And that grand little angel stood up to it, trying to warn us in time, and we just swept right ahead into a pile of ties some wretch had laid on the track!—right over my baby!—Oh my baby!—Go away, George. "There! And do you want me to tell you how the sight of that mangled little mass killed her mother? And do you want me to tell you I walk alive to-day the murderer of my own child who stood up to save me? And do you want me to tell you the good fellowship you were drinkin' awhile ago brought all this on me? "You'll let this pass by, makin' up your mind to be moderate. Hope you will. I was a moderate 'un. (O, God! Oh my baby!) "I can knock down any man twice my size for a good reason, George Burks, but my heart just melts to water for that little girl."

WAYFARERS.

The way is long, my darling,  
The road is rough and steep,  
And fast across the evening sky  
I see the shadows sweep.  
But, oh! my love, my darling,  
No ill to us can come,  
No terror turns us from the path,  
For we are going home.  
Your feet are tired, darling—  
So tired, the tender feet;  
But think, when we are there at last,  
How sweet the rest! how sweet!  
For, lo! the lamps are lighted,  
And yonder gleaming dome,  
Before us shining like a star,  
Shall guide our footsteps home.  
We've lost the flowers we gathered  
So early in the morn;  
And on we go, with empty hands,  
And garments soiled and worn.  
But oh! the dear All Father  
Will out to meet us come,  
And fairer flowers and winter robes  
There wait for us at home.  
Art cold, my love and famished?  
Art faint and sore athirst?  
Be patient yet a little while,  
And joyous as at first;  
For, oh! the sun sets never  
Within that land of bloom,  
And thou shalt eat the bread of life  
And drink life's wine at home.  
The wind blows cold, my darling,  
Adown the mountain steep,  
And thick across the evening sky  
The darkling shadows creep;  
But, oh! my love, press onward,  
Whatever trials come,  
For in the way the Father set  
We two are going home.

SCIENTIFIC.

PAINLESS AND BLOODLESS AMPUTATION.

The most interesting operations in the whole round of medical practice are the amputations. The cutting off of an arm or limb has not those dangerous results attending it which ever threaten operations where the internal organs, the viscera, or the brain are concerned; it is tolerably easy of performance, requiring only a certain adroitness and "nerve," a good eye and a good hand, and when well done, is a brilliant performance. The one thing which has of late years altered in a visible manner the general character of surgical operations generally, and perhaps more especially those of amputations, is the introduction of anaesthetics. An operation is no longer an agonizing vivisection. There are no cries, no struggling, no pain. This was a grand step; recently there has been another. It is the invention of a local appliance by which the blood is completely shut off from the limb to be operated upon. Something of this kind was tried a number of years ago and it failed. The tourniquet had its partisans and its day. The blood by its use could not be driven out of the limb; it only shut off the current so that no fresh blood could enter, but what was already there remained and was lost. It was discarded; but during the Franco-Prussian war a German surgeon, Dr. Esmarch, brought it into use again under a new and greatly improved form. By the addition of an elastic band wound tightly around the limb the requisite amount of pressure can be brought to bear precisely where it is needed. It has been everywhere tried and has invariably met with success. Bloodless amputation is the latest

topic in the schools, and at the clinics, and the Esmarch method is heralded as a successful advance. Thanks to ether, capital operations are painless; thanks to the Esmarch method it is bloodless. There was at the Bellevue Hospital, New York, recently, an operation performed by Dr. Wood—an amputation of the leg—in which both ether and the Esmarch appliance was used. The scene contrasted strongly with those of some of the operations in Paris and other European cities, where very often neither of these modern improvements are brought into requisition.

If a limb is to be amputated, for instance, the surgeon begins by administering anaesthetics, as usual, and the patient being reduced to a comatose state, he takes a long, elastic bandage, and beginning at the toes, wraps it around the limb tightly, each successive turn overlapping the former one half, until the entire limb below, and four or five inches above the place of amputation is completely enveloped. This forces all the blood in the limb upward, beyond the point of incision. When this is accomplished, a piece of flexible rubber tube is wound tightly around the member just at the upper edge of the bandage and secured by knots. This prevents the blood from returning; and it only remains necessary to remove the elastic bandage below, in order to be ready for the amputation. No blood follows his work as well as if carving a round of beef-steak. When the work is completed, and all the arteries tied, the tube is loosened for the purpose of letting in the blood, in order to discover any twig-arteries not yet fastened. By this method the patient not only does not lose any blood from above the wound, but that below is retained in the veins, leaving much greater strength in the body to recover from the shock than where the usual hemorrhage occurs. It is thought that this method may be also utilized to avoid the administration of anaesthetics, which are so much, though as a rule unnecessarily, feared. The very tight elastic bandage several inches above the incision, it is believed, deadens the nerves of sensation to such an extent that the operation can be performed without great pain to the subject, even though not under the influence of ether. Professor Andrews used this method not long since upon a young woman in Mercy Hospital, by Pirogoff's amputation. When the bandage was removed the limb had a white shrivelled appearance, and the cutting yielded only three or four drops of blood. It follows from this that the usual tourniquet is an unnecessary instrument, and that the rubber band is an excellent substitute therefor.

Operations as performed by Dr. Wood and others at Bellevue Hospital differ from the above in but one particular—the elastic band is not applied at the toes, but above the wounded or injured part. The subject operated upon recently at Bellevue, was a little boy who had been run over by a horse-car, his right leg below the knee being badly crushed. He was brought to the hospital eight days before. The large new amphitheatre high up in Bellevue was densely packed with students and physicians eager and impatient to witness the new and much discussed bloodless amputation. The centre around the operating table was kept clear, and no one could approach except the surgeon and his assistants. The operating table is a fixture, being fastened to the floor by one grand central leg. It is a plain six-foot table, heavy and covered with a black mattress; which has a wedge-shaped pillow at one end. The table is made to rise or fall as is required, and when in use is draped with white canvas. Upon this table the little fellow was placed. He was pale but showed no signs of fear. A cloth wet with ether was thrown over his mouth and nose; a half minute sufficed—he was asleep.

The crushed limb was exposed, a roll of crimson elastic belting was produced, and slowly wound from the knee upward to nearly the top of the leg, and a piece of white rubber pipe was bound tightly around it at the upper extremity, lapping the red scroll like the capital of a column. Not a muscle stirred as the knife and saw did their work. There was no gushing of the crimson fluid; the pound of flesh was taken without the shedding of Christian blood. The little patient came to himself just as the last artery was tied. He moaned softly, but not like one who suffered acutely. He is now doing well, and a few hours after the amputation he was quietly sleeping in his hospital cot.

THE NEW COMBUSTIBLE.

We stated, says Gullyman's Messenger, a short time ago, that a Belgian peasant had made the extraordinary discovery that earth, coal, and soda mixed up together would burn as well and better than any other combustible and the fact has since been proved without a doubt. The way in which he found this out is curious. He had been scraping the floor of his cellar with a shovel, in order to bring all the bits of coal lying about into a heap, which, mixed as it was with earth and other impurities, he put into his stove. To his astonishment he found that this accidental compound burnt better instead of worse than he expected, and emitted much greater heat. Being an intelligent man, he attempted to discover the cause, and found that a great deal of soda, probably the remnant of the last wash, lay about the floor of the cellar, and that some of it must have got into his heap. He then made a few experiments, and at length improved his compound sufficiently to render it practical.

The publicity given in Belgium to this discovery caused trials to be made everywhere, and it has now been ascertained that three parts of earth and one of coal dust, mixed with a concentrated solution of soda will burn well and emit great heat. Many Parisian papers talked of it; but only one, the *Moniteur*, went so far as to make the experiment at its printing office. A certain quantity of friable and slightly sandy earth was mixed with the quantum of coal dust prescribed; the two ingredients were well incorporated with each other, and then made into a paste with the solution above-mentioned. The fireplace of one of the boilers had previously been lighted with coal, and the fire was kept up with shovelfull of the mixture. The latter in a few seconds, was transformed into a brown, dry crust, which soon after became red hot, and then burned brightly, but without being very rapidly consumed. The fact of the combustion is, therefore, well ascertained; but, before the system can be universally adopted, there are some important points to be considered, such as the calorific power of the mixture compared to that of pure coal, its price, and, above all, a remedy for the great drawback attached to it—its fouling the fire-grate considerably.

THE BRAIN.

It is now a well established physiological fact that mental action is a distinctly physical process, depending primarily on a chemical reaction between the blood and the brain, precisely as muscular action depends primarily on a chemical reaction between the blood and the muscular tissues. Without the free circulation of blood in the brain, there can be neither thought nor sensation, neither emotions nor ideas. It necessarily follows that thought, the only form of the brain action which we have here to consider, is a process not merely depending upon, but in its turn affecting, the physical condition of the brain, precisely as muscular exertion of any given kind depends on the quality of the muscles employed, and affects the condition of those muscles, not at the moment only, but thereafter, conducing to their growth and development if wisely adjusted to their power, or causing waste and decay if excessive and too long continued. It is important to notice that this is not a mere analogy. The relation between thought and the condition of the brain is a reality. So far as this statement affects our ideas about actually existent mental power, it is of little importance; for it is not more useful to announce that a man with a good will possesses good mental powers, than to say that a muscular man will be capable of considerable exertion. But as it is of extreme importance to know of the relation which exists between muscular exercise and the growth or development of bodily strength, so it is highly important for us to remember that the development of mental power depends largely on the exercise of the mind. There is a "training" for the brain, as well as for the body—a real physical training—depending, like bodily training, on rules as to nourishment, method of action, quantity of exercise, and so forth.

HUMOROUS.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.

Mr. Rawley walked in, and close at his heels stalked Bitters. Both seated themselves; the one on a chair, and the other on end, directly in front of the Surrogate. Mr. Jagger looked at the dog with a solemn eye of a Surrogate, and shook his head as only a Surrogate can shake it. "Are you the witness?" inquired he of the dog's master. "I am, sir," replied Mr. Rawley. "I was subpoenaed to testify." "What's that animal doing here?" demanded the Surrogate. "Nothing," replied Mr. Rawley. "He comes when I comes. He goes when I goes." "The animal must leave the court. It's contempt of court to bring him here," said Mr. Jagger, angrily. "Remove him instantly." Mr. Rawley had frequently been in attendance at the police courts, and once or twice had a slight taste of the sessions, so that he was not as much struck with the Surrogate as he otherwise might have been; and he replied: "I make no opposition, sir; and shall not move a finger to prevent it. There's the animal; and any officer as pleases may remove him: I say nuffin ag'n it. I knows what a contempt of court is; and that sinit one." And Mr. Rawley threw himself amiably back in his chair. "Mr. Slagg!" said the Surrogate to the man with a frizzled wig, "remove the dog." Mr. Slagg laid down his pen, took off his spectacles, went up to the dog, and told him to get out; to which Bitters replied by snapping at his fingers, as he attempted to touch him. Mr. Rawley was staring abstractedly out of the window. The dog looked up at him for instructions; and receiving none, supposed that snapping at a scrivener's fingers was perfectly correct, and resumed his pleasant expression towards that functionary, occasionally casting a lowering eye at the Surrogate as if deliberating whether to include him in his demonstrations of anger. "Slagg, have you removed the dog?" said

Mr. Jagger, who, after being under his very nose, was that he had not, himself, had to state. "No, sir," replied the Surrogate, "I have not." "Call Walker!" said Mr. Jagger. Walker, a thin man in a black suit, entered something of the kind, and had been actually withdrawn as soon as he saw that the whole court was set at defiance by the dog. "Witness!" said Mr. Jagger. Mr. Rawley looked the Court full in the face. "Will you oblige the Court by removing that animal?" said Mr. Jagger, mildly. "Certainly, sir," said Mr. Rawley. "Bitters, go home." Bitters rose stiffly and went out, first casting a glance at the man with the wig for the purpose of being able to identify him on some future occasion; and was soon after seen from the window walking up the street with the most profound gravity.—From the "Attorney," by John T. Irving.

TAKING IN THE CLOTHES.

AN AGONIZING DOMESTIC EXPERIENCE—HOW A MAN HELPS HIS WIFE.

What a frightful sensation that is when you have just got home of a cold Monday night, and pulled your boots off, to be told that the week's washing is out on the line and must be brought in. Now, to do this of a dewy eve in summer, with the delicate perfume of the flowers filling the air, and a brass band on the next street, is not exactly a hardship; but to do it in the dead of winter, with a chilling breeze blowing, and the clothes as stiff as a rolling pin, is something no man can contemplate without quaking. We don't quite understand how it is that a man invariably gets his boots off before the dread summons comes, but the rest of it is plain enough. There is a sort of rebellious feeling in his heart which prompts him to try to entangle his wife in an argument, and failing in this, he snatches up the basket and goes out in the yard with it, rapping it against the sides of the door with as much vigor as if it were not purely accidental. If the fond wife is any way attentive she can hear his well known voice consigning various objects to eternal suffering, long after he has disappeared. There is no levity in a line of frozen clothes. Every article is as fragile as the Cardiff Giant, and the man who wrenches the pin off and then holds the basket in expectation of seeing the piece drop off the line of its own accord is too pure and simple for this world. But our man isn't of this nature. He catches hold of the garment with his chilled hand and seeks to pull it off, but it doesn't come. Then he yanks it upward and then downward, and then sideways; and when it comes off it maintains the shape it has been all the afternoon working into, which permits it just as readily to enter the basket as to be shoved through the key-hole of a valve. The first articles double up with his hands, and there is a faint semblance of carefulness in packing them away; but after that he smashes them away into the basket without any ceremony, and crowds them down with his foot. He uses the same care in taking down a fine cambric handkerchief that he does in capturing a sheet, and makes two handkerchiefs of every one. When he gets far from the basket he allows the articles to multiply in his arms, so as to save steps and when he gets his arms full of the awkward and miserable things, whose sharp, icy corners jab him in the neck and face, and he comes to an article that refuses to give way on one end. He pulls and shakes desperately at it, howling and screaming in his rage, until he inadvertently steps on the dragging end of a sheet, and then he comes down flat on the frozen snow, but bounds up again, grating his teeth, and hastily depositing the bundle in the basket, darts back to the refractory member, and, taking hold of it, fiercely tugs at it while he fairly jumps up and down in the extremity of his anger and cold. Then it comes unexpectedly, and with it a part of the next article, and he goes over again—this time on his back and with violence. With the clothes gathered, he takes the basket up in his livid hands, thus bringing the top articles against his already frozen chin, and, thus tortured, propels his lifeless limbs into the house. She stands ready to tell him to close the door, and is thoughtful enough to ask him if it's cold work. But if he's a wise man he will silently plant himself in front of the stove, and, framing his frozen features into an implacable frown, will preserve that exterior without the faintest modification until bedtime.

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

Here is an order lately received by a music dealer: "Please send me the music to strike the harp in praise of God, and paddle your own canoe." It is almost as unique as the title page of a new piece of music, which reads: "Hark! sister is dying with piano forte accompaniment!" or like the sheet of music hanging in a shop window, entitled, "You may kiss me on my lips, darling," for 25 cents.

The Licensed Victuallers of this city have formed an association, and are rapidly progressing with the work of thorough organization.





resistibly funny. The newest variety is Mr. Ned West's "Pedestalkatologance," which must be seen to be fully appreciated.

ANSWERS.

We have received the following replies to Historical Question No. 1, Transposition No. 1, and geographical charade, (published in last week's issue), from "D. K., Ottawa," which are correct, with the exception of the answer to "A British Dependency in Europe,"—although the correct answer to the whole is arrived at.

HISTORICAL QUESTIONS.—The Birthplace of Napoleon—Island of Corsica. Capital, Ajaccio.

TRANSPPOSITION No. 1.—1. Massachusetts; 2. Delaware; 3. Columbus; 4. Minnesota; 5. Milledgeville; 6. Baton Rouge.

CHARADES.—1. Georgia; 2. Oxford; 3. England; 4. Tipperary; 5. Hanover; 6. Etna. Answer, Goethe.

We shall be glad to receive original charades or puzzles from any of our readers.

Communication.

THE PROGRESS OF LEGISLATION.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

SIR,—It becomes the intelligent citizen at all times to be watchful of the administration of the public affairs; but at no time should he be so watchful as when the representatives of the people are in session, and legislation progressing.

The present session of the Ontario Legislature has progressed through half the session without disposing of many important questions, though some questions were foreshadowed at the opening that will be of weighty moment to the masses of the people.

THE ASSESSMENT LAW.

The most important measure to the producing classes that has been before the House this session has been a bill relating to Accumulated Capital, Bank Stock, Mortgages, &c., and the most direct attempt to influence legislation in favor of the farmer, artizan and laborer of the country, who are producing the tangible wealth of the nation.

Why, in the name of common sense, should those money sharks go untaxed, who do not add one cent's worth to the intrinsic value of the nation in a year, whose only thought is how to avoid existing enactments in carrying out their usurious manipulations of the circulating medium by shaving the notes of the poor and industrious, and robbing the farmer of his inheritance by taking advantage of his circumstances in using what should be a public convenience under proper legislation,—the monetary system—which in the hands of unscrupulous Shylocks becomes the agent of centralization and the most despotic master the people have to fight against in this age of independence and progress.

And yet the wisdom, or want of wisdom, in the Ontario Legislature says that the income from Bank deposits and Mortgages shall be all profit to the money sharks. The fact of the matter is this, that it was self-interest that prompted the vote against Mr. Rykert's amendment and not the security of the widow's dower or the welfare of the country at large.

BALLOT BILL.

Sir, I have before me the Mowat Ballot Bill of '74, and to tell the truth, I am lost in it. It is a whole book, twenty large pages! with schedules from A to K!!! I am sure it will astonish Mr. Clarke, of Wellington, to see the proportions his bill has grown to in one year. In my humble opinion, the bill is voluminous enough to contain the whole election law of the Province, did not the ministers wish to soar above and beyond the comprehension of the people.

tired of the Ballot after the first election, not because the ballot system of voting is wrong or not wanted by the people, but because it has assumed a shape in the hands of the ministers that will not be appreciated by the people.

THE INCOME FRANCHISE BILL

has not yet come down, and I think when the election law is undergoing such radical change, there could not have been a better time for consolidating the law in one measure, but the piece-meal Government must be true to their antecedents, and give half measure,—a ballot measure that will not reach to the municipalities, obliging Mr. Clarke to add another piece of patch-work to the election law; and when the franchise bill comes down, I have not the slightest doubt that its technicalities will destroy its usefulness and leave the class it proposes to do justice to much in the same fix as it found them.

Useful reform, that would do justice to the people and honor to the state, would be an election law that would admit to the suffrage every male citizen who has arrived at the age of twenty one years who is neither a pauper nor a criminal, with a free and comprehensive system of Ballot voting, protected by a voluntary system of registration a month or twenty days before an election.

Yours, &c., JOHN HEWITT.

Toronto, Feb. 23rd, 1874.

ONTARIO EDUCATION.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

(Concluded from our last.)

It would be interesting to learn, if during "the Chief's" correspondence with the Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of New York, the fact transpired that no superintendent or subordinate officer of that State is permitted to derive benefit, direct or otherwise, from the sale of books, and school apparatus, under a penalty of fine and imprisonment.

In the course of the Chief's "extensive peregrinations in Europe and America," he doubtless, visited numerous Episcopal soap-factories; at which establishments, a large supply of "the best honey," is always on hand for sleek dissenters. It is therefore less surprising that instead of meeting the murmurs of carnally-minded men with a balance sheet, he prefers clutching at the skirts of Episcopal garments—he fishes up a soapy extract from a charge delivered in 1859, and produces certain prelatial utterances from "the other side," in the delusive hope of cajoling the public by such subtleties.

English noblemen are not the men to grapple with astute clerical conjurers. Capital is necessarily sought to be made out of a visit of the present Governor-General to the department, and it is assumed that the readers of the report are in so unsophisticated a condition as to be deluded by the blandishments attendant on a state visit.

which characterize such events as a Governor's visit, His Excellency's words convey no uncertain sound as to his estimate of the practical outcome of the prevalent system of cram. Addressing himself to those who were about to repair as masters and mistresses to the several provincial schools; Lord Dufferin recommended them "to be very careful to do their best to develop the general intelligence of their pupils, by not merely going through the routine of the several courses which might be prescribed by the authorities of the school, but by seeing that, in giving answers, their pupils thoroughly understood the process by which those answers should be arrived at."

Six and twenty American gentlemen have been courteous enough to reply to the clumsy, silly, yet crafty circulars above named. How many perceived the drift of them, and did not deign to reply, we are not informed.

Affairs must have approached a crisis, one would suppose, when it was deemed necessary to post this contemptible circular, &c. to South Australia!

What citizen of a civilized country ever heard of a department report being presented to an Executive, unaccompanied by a financial statement? The "Reverend" manipulator of the vast sums which flow through the educational department appears to presume upon the prescriptive neglect of all that pertains to it, which has characterized the legislature and the public, hitherto.

There are two other subjects of minor importance, on which, so soon as it becomes known to the department in question that I desire information, some contention will probably arise among the authorities, as to who shall first have the distinction of enlightening me. The former of these relates to a letter of Dr. Comfort, of St. Catharines, and the reason of its exclusion from the report.

It is reassuring to learn, as one does by implication, that the Chief Superintendent "hates all shams, cant, and cunning lies." I had intended to offer some suggestions of an ethical nature, prior to bringing this partial review to a close.

1. State on what occasions the rulers of a country have found it necessary to rebuke the proffessed servants of God for equivocation.

2. Define equivocation. (By way of aiding the memory of the Council, I will refer them to Gen. cls. 20 and 26.)

3. Whether of the two is the more blessed—to give or to receive?

Among the questions on history, I would insert, Who was "the Judicious Hooker?" In natural history, require a succinct statement of the habits of the fox, the parrot, and the cuttle-fish—state also where we read of a "nest of unclean birds." In view of the paramount importance of moral considerations, I would suggest that each copy book be adorned with that renowned aphorism:—"The love of money is the root of all evil." Add also, "Honesty is the best policy." "With the roses of office grow the thorns of criticism."

Before laying down my pen, I would enquire if, of the eighty-three members of the Legislature, there cannot one be found to demand and to insist upon the appointment of a committee of the members, which shall be empowered to investigate, and report upon the working of the Educational Department?—B.

At a banquet given at the Royal Palace, St. Petersburg, the Czar made a speech in which he referred hopefully to the condition of affairs in Europe. He hoped that the friendship between Russia, Austria, Germany, and England would prove of peace to the world.

ST. CATHARINES.

(From our own Correspondent.) Since we last wrote to the WORKMAN, our attention has been drawn to a mistake made by the Editor of the Illustrated Canadian News, regarding the authorship of "The Old Arm Chair." The Editor of that paper states that Miss Cook is more widely known in consequence of her having written that beautiful song. Now, we beg most humbly to enlighten the learned Editor on this point; and we regret that such a course is necessary,—especially for Miss E. Cook's sake.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

A reader of the WORKMAN, and a large employer of labor in St. Kato's, deserves special mention in connection with the way he has lately been treating his large staff of men. It is well known at least in St. Catharines, that work of all kinds has been very dull for a long time past.

St. Catharines, Feb. 21st, 1874.

EDUCATION.

Education is development—not instruction merely—knowledge, facts, rules—communicated by the teacher—but it is a discipline, a waking up of the mind, a growth of the mind. It is the arousing of the child's mind to think independently; it is the awakening of its powers to observe, to remember, to reflect, to combine.

We find that in every age of the world, some provision was made to have the young educated, notwithstanding the opportunity might have been poor. And we find, also, at the present day, in every part of the world, that education is the thing wished for. Education has reference to the whole man—the body, mind and the heart; its object, and when rightly conducted its effect is, to make him a complete creature after his kind.

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

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Confederation of the Trades Unions of the Province of Ontario, at its next session, for an Act to amend the Trade Union Act, 1871, by adding the following to the list of trades and professions...

R. A. REEVE, M.D. OCUList AND SURGON. 22 Shuter Street, Corner of Victoria Street, TORONTO.

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

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.



LADIES', GENTS' AND CHILDRENS FURS SELLING OFF! BELOW AT NEAR COST COST COST. COLEMAN & CO., 55 KING STREET EAST, OPPOSITE TORONTO STREET.

FOR SALE, First-class Timothy Hay, wholesale; sample can be seen on our wharf. Also, a Portable Horse power Engine and Boiler, on wheels and in good order, cheap!

THE UNION BOOT & SHOE STORE 170 King Street East, CORNER OF GEORGE STREET.

The undersigned respectfully informs his friends that he has opened The Union Boot and Shoe Store, With a Large and Varied Stock of the NEWEST STYLES.

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. Hillwell & Sinclair the business lately carried on by them on the corner of QUEEN and BRIGHT STREETS.

VICTORIA WOOD YARD As the Best and Cheapest Coal and Wood Depot in the City. Cut Pine and Hardwood always on hand.

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 with the most fastidious taste, where Oysters will be served up in every style.

H. J. SAUNDERS, PRACTICAL TAILOR, OR AND OUTFITTER, Queen City Clothing Store, 232 Queen Street West, opposite W. M. Church.



The Home Circle.

A YEAR AGO.

'Twas in the Spring—a year ago—
We laid her low;
Now, many boughs have scented know,
And soft winds blow.
And by her favorite window seat
Rose-branches meet,
And peep within, no more to greet
Her glances sweet.
The buds ungathered must remain,
And ne'er again
To hear that voice's glad refrain
Will all things strain.
The earliest song-bird loved it much,
The flowers her touch,
And wild things at her feet would crouch:
Her love was such,
That for her smile all nature yearned,
And strong riven burned;
And she in kind all love returned,
And none were spurned.
But now spring hath unwonted gloom—
All speaks her doom:
The sun seems powerless to illumine
Her little room.
It was not so a year ago;
We did not know
She was too fair for aught below,
We loved her so.
And yet, one morn, when sudden glow
Made spring seem so
Like summer, we must lay her low—
A year ago.

A year ago, amid the bloom
And spring's perfume;
And now we've nothing but a tomb—
An empty room.
Yet all her flowers still bloom and grow;
And even so
Do all her books and trinkets show
She left them so.
No ruthless hands these treasures know
Not one may go:
Death made all sacred in a blow
A year ago.
He found her fairest in his quest,
And bared the nest;
We simply laid her down to rest
At his behest,
With dappled daisies on her breast.
(God knoweth best.)

GOLDEN RULES OF LIFE.

All the air and the exercise in the universe,
and the most generous and liberal table,
but poorly suffice to maintain human stamina,
if we neglect their co-operatives—namely,
the obedience to the laws of abstinence,
and those of ordinary gratification.
We rise with the head-ache,
and we set about puzzling ourselves
to find out the cause.
We then recollect
that we had a hard day's fag,
or that we feasted
over bounteously,
or that we stayed
up very late;
at all events we are inclined
to find out the fault,
and then we accuse ourselves
of folly for falling into it.
Let any one
individual review his past life,
how instantaneously
the blush will cover his cheek
when he thinks of the errors
he has unknowingly committed—
say unknowingly,
because it never occurred
to him that they were errors,
until the effects followed
that betrayed the cause.
All our sickness and ailments
mainly depend upon ourselves.
There are thousands
who practice errors
day after day,
and whose prevailing thought
is, that everything which
is agreeable and pleasant
cannot be hurtful.
The slothful man
loves his bed;
the toper his drink;
because it throws him
into an exhilarative
and exquisite mood;
the gourmand makes
his stomach his god;
and the sensualist
thinks his delights
imperishable.
So we go on,
had at last we stumble
and break down.
We then begin to reflect,
and the truth stares
upon the face
how much we are to blame.

POPULAR GAMES AND PASTIMES.

The great body of the people are but children
of a large growth,
and are as much in need
of pastimes;
nay, more so,
for they require
wholesome exhilaration
to enable them
to bear up against
the wear and tear
of toil,
and the stern realities
of life.
Deprived
of innocent amusements,
they droop
they become listless,
morose,
dangerous,
they cease to love
their country.
There are persons
who maintain
that the pleasure
of religion,
and a knowledge
of their duties,
are sufficient,
or ought
to be sufficient,
to enable the working-classes
to endure
the hardships
of their lot
with patience,
if not with cheerfulness;
but this is
to infer
that the majority
of those who
are doomed
to a life of toil
and suffering,
have attained
to a perfection
of Christian heroism
not often
practised
by those
who preach
its necessity.
Solomon tells us,
"There is a time
to work,
and a time
to play."
Why should
those who
work be
deprived
their share
of pastime?
—AGNES STRICKLAND.

A WELSH TRADITION.

Sir Nicholas Kemys,
Baron of Cefu Malby,
was accounted
one of the strongest
men of his day,
and a tradition
of him corroborative
to his great strength
still exists
in Glamorgan-shire.
The story runs,
that one summer
even-

ing, as Sir Nicholas was walking in the Deer-
park, at Cefu Malby, with some guests, an
athletic man, leading an ass, upon which was
his wallet, approached and respectfully salu-
ting the company, said, he humbly supposed
that the huge gentleman he had the honour of
addressing was the strong Sir Nicholas Kemys.
The stranger being answered in the aff-
firmative, declared himself a noted Cornish
wrestler, who had never been thrown, and
that having heard from a Welshman whom he
had met at Bristol of the great bodily strength
of Sir Nicholas, he had made his journey to
see his honour, adding, that, if it were not
asking too great a favor, he trusted Sir Nich-
olas would condescend to "try a fall"
with him. The baronet, smilingly assented,
but advised the Cornishman first to go to the
buttery and get some refreshment. The Corn-
ishman declined with many thanks, saying
he was quite fresh; so they fell to wrestling,
and in a moment the Cornishman was thrown
on his back. The baronet, assisting him to
rise, asked him if he was satisfied of his
strength. The reply was, "Not unless you
throw me over the wall!" The tale
continues to say that it was instantly complied
with, when the unsatisfied wrestler entreated
that Sir Nicholas would throw his ass after
him over the wall, which was accordingly
done! A place is still shown in the ancient
park wall as the scene of the exploit. A fine
picture now at Cefu Malby, in the possession
of Colonel Kemys Tynte, represents Sir Nich-
olas as of great stature and apparent gigantic
strength. He was subsequently killed at
Chepstow Castle, in defending it against the
troops of Cromwell, having slain many of the
enemy with his own hand in the sortie in
which he fell.

A DRUIDICAL PUZZLE.

It is stated that persons who visit the ex-
traordinary Druidical remains at Stonehenge
never succeed, however careful they may be,
in counting the stones twice alike, and the
corresponding marks with which they are in
many places covered seem to be a sure proof
that attempts have frequently been made to
ascertain the number correctly. We never
heard that the same party, either in a second
attempt or on a second visit, could make his
numbers tally, and it is a pretty general opin-
ion in the neighborhood that "old Goosberry"
is somehow mixed up in the affair, and thus
frustrates their endeavors. But some few
years ago there lived at Salisbury a baker, who
was considered a very clever fellow, and his
own opinion fully justified him in making a
heavy bet with some friends that he would
(by a scheme of his own) go round round the
stones, and on two occasions make the num-
bers to correspond. Of course very much in-
terest was manifested for the result; and on a
certain day the baker proceeded to put his
scheme into execution, for which purpose he
supplied himself with two baskets full of
penny rolls, and started for Stonehenge, con-
fident of success. He carefully placed a roll
upon each of the masses of stone, thus empty-
ing his baskets, having just sufficient to cover
the whole, with the exception of one; he then
cautiously examined them, and feeling quite
sure that he was correct, that each stone had
got its roll, commenced collecting them and
counting them, and when he had finished he
as carefully wrote down the number taken off,
and adding the one omitted, became elated
with the certainty of winning his wager. He
then began placing the rolls the second time
on the stones, taking the same round, and
proceeding exactly as he had done at first; but
judge his astonishment when, after the most
minute examination, and considerable time
spent in walking round every direction of the
rains, he not only found that this time every
stone had its roll, but that there was positively
one left in his basket. This was a clincher—
the poor baker became so impressed with the
mysterious part of the business (which he was
never able to fathom), together with his losing
his wager, but more especially by receiving
the jeers of his plain-dealing friends, who had
never any inclination to try their luck in such
a way, that he became a changed man, and
never after ventured to visit Stonehenge, or to
make wagers on such dark and unaccountable
proceedings.

ELOQUENCE OF A THUNDERER.

One Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher in
Texas, advertised a barbecue, with better
liquor than usually furnished. When the
people assembled as desperado in the crowd
cried out, "Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has
lied. You promised us not only good barbecue,
but better liquor. Where is the liquor?"
There? answered the missionary, in tones of
thunder, and (says a Yankee contemporary)
pointed his motionless finger at the matchless
double spring, gushing up in two strong columns,
with a sound like a shout of joy from the
earth. There he repeated, with a look
terrible as the lightning, (while his enemy
scarcely trembled on his feet), "there is the
liquor which God the Eternal, brews for all
His children!" Not in the blundering still,
over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and
surrounded with the stench of sickening ess-
ence of life, the pure cold water, but in the
green glade and glassy dell, where the red deer
wanders, and the child loves to play—there
God brews it! and flows down in the
deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs
and the rills sing; and upon the tall mountain
tops, where the granite glitters like gold in
the sun, where the storm-cloud broods and the

thunder-storms crash; and away far out on
the wide, wild sea, where the hurricane howls
music, and the big wave roars the chorus,
sweeping the march of God—there He brews it
that beverage of life, health-giving water.
And everywhere, it is a thing of beauty;
gleaming in the dew-drop; singing in the sum-
mer rain; shining in the ice gem; till the trees
all seemed turned to living jewels; spreading
a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white
gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in
the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing
in the hail shower; folding its bright snow
curtains softly about the wintry world; and
weaving the many-colored iris, that seraph's
zone of the sky—whose warp is the rain-drop
of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of
heaven—all checkered over with the celestial
flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction.
Still always it is beautiful—that blessed life-
water! No poison bubbles on its brink; its
foam brings no madness and murder; no
blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and
starving orphans weep no burning tears in
its depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost
from the grave curses it in words of eternal
despair! Speak out, my friends! would you
exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol?"
A shout like the roar of a tempest answered
—"No!"

ARAB LEGEND RESPECTING MOUNT
MOHAIH.

The side occupied by the mosque of Omar
was formerly a ploughed field, possessed in
common by two brothers. One was married
and had several children; the other was a
bachelor; nevertheless, they lived together in
perfect concord, cultivating the patrimony
they jointly inherited from their father.
Harvest-time arrived. The brothers wisped
their sheaves, and apportioned them into two
equal heaps, which they left in the field.
During the night, a happy thought occurred to
the unmarried brother: he said to himself,
"By brother has a wife and children to sup-
port; it is then unjust that my portion of the
harvest should equal his?" On that he arose,
and took from his heap several sheaves, which
he added to his brother's. This was done with
as much modesty as if he had been observing
caution while doing a bad action. His motive
was, that his fraternal offering should not be re-
fused. The other brother awoke the same
night, and said to his wife: "My brother lives
alone, without company; he has no one to
assist him in his labour, or to recompense him
for his fatigue; whilst God has given me a
wife and children. It is not right that he
should take from the field so many sheaves as
he, since we have already more domestic fel-
icity than he enjoys. If you consent to it, we
will as a compensation, and without his know-
ing it, increase his portion of the harvest, by
adding to his heap a certain number of our
sheaves." The project was approved, and put
in execution. The next day the brothers re-
paired to the field. Each was surprised to see
that the two heaps were still equal. During
several nights the same conduct was re-
peated; for, as each of them carried to the
portion of his brother the like number of sheaves
the heap always remained the same. But one
night both resolved to watch the cause of this
miracle, when they met face to face, each bear-
ing the sheaves which they had mutually des-
tined for the other; and all was cleared. They
threw themselves into each other's arms, each
thanking Heaven for having so good a brother.
The spot where so good a thought occurred
at the same time, and with so much credit to two
brothers, must be a place agreeable to God,
Good men blessed it, and Israel chose it to
build thereon a house of worship to the Lord.

USELESS TREASURES.

A rich nobleman was once showing a friend
a great collection of precious stones, whose
value was almost beyond counting. There
were diamonds and pearls and rubies and
gems from almost every country on the globe,
which had been gathered by their possessor
with the greatest labor and expense. "And
yet," he remarked, "they yield me no in-
come."

His friend replied that he had two stones
which cost him about ten florins, yet they
yielded him an income of two hundred florins
a year.

In much surprise the nobleman desired to
see the wonderful stones, when the man led
him down to his mill, and pointed to the two
toiling gray mill-stones. They were labori-
ously crushing the grain into snowy flour for
the use of hundreds who depended on this
work for their daily bread. Those two dull,
homely stones did more good in the world,
and yielded a larger income, than all the
nobleman's jewels. So it is with idle treasure
everywhere. It is doing nobody any good.
It is right to be prudent and saving of our
money when it is for a good, fixed purpose,
not to hoard it up for its own sake is more
than folly—it is sin.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

This sentence should be written on every
heart and stamped on every memory. It
should be the golden rule, not only practiced
in every household, but throughout the entire
world. "By helping one another we not only
remove thorns from the pathway and anxiety
from the mind, but we feel a sense of pleasure
in our own hearts, knowing that we are doing
a duty to a fellow creature. A helping hand,

or an encouraging word, is no loss to us, yet a
benefit to others. Who has not felt the pow-
er of this little sentence? Who has not need-
ed the encouragement of some kind friend?
How soothing when perplexed with some
task that is mysterious and burdensome to feel
a hand on the shoulder, and to hear a kind
voice whisper: "Do not be discouraged—I
see your trouble—let me help you." What
strength is inspired, what hope created, what
a sweet gratitude is felt, and the great diffi-
culty is dissolved as dew beneath the sun-
shine. Yes, let us help one another by en-
deavoring to strengthen and encourage the
weak, and by lifting the burden of care from
the weary and oppressed, that life may glide
smoothly on, and the fount of bitterness yield
sweet waters; and He whose willing hand is
ever ready to aid us will reward our humble
endeavors, and every good deed will be as
"bread cast upon the waters, to return after
many days," if not to us, to those we love.

SAID SO.

Here is a domestic drama from Paris. A
young girl was about to be married to a
journeyman carpenter, whose suit was by no
means agreeable to her. She had refused and
protested against the match, but her father
was inexorable on the subject, and insisted on
the marriage, though the mother would will-
ingly have yielded. At length the bride elect
appeared resigned to her fate, and the father,
pointing out the happy result of his firmness
to his wife, triumphantly, exclaimed, "I told
you so." Next day, however, the poor girl,
having left a letter at home explaining the
cause of her action, jumped off the Bridge of
Austerlitz into the Seine. She was, however,
saved, and carried home by two sailors. The
father returned home, just as the dripping
girl was placed in safety beside the paternal
hearth, when the mother, with perhaps more
point than discretion, simply observed, "I
told you so."

FROZEN KINDNESS.

The world is full of kindness that never
was spoken, and that is not much better than
no kindness at all. The fuel in the stove
makes the room warm, but there are great piles
of fallen trees lying among the rocks and on
the tops of the hills where nobody can get
them; these do not make anybody warm.
You might freeze to death for want of wood
in plain sight of all these fallen trees if you
had no means of getting the wood home and
making a fire with it. Just so in a family;
love is what makes the parents and children
and brothers and sisters happy; but if they
take care never to speak about it—if they keep
it a profound secret, as if it were a crime,
they will not be much happier than if there
was not any love among them; the house will
seem cold even in the summer, and if you
live there, you envy the dog when any one
calls him "poor fellow."

TRUE WORTH

A really modest and meritorious person will
never make pretensions of any kind. His
manner and expressions will always have a
tendency to underrate his real ability, not be-
cause he will pretend to be less than he really
is, but as so many men have become pretentious
in their manners and expressions, he fears he
may be considered as such. We are, in con-
sequence, too apt to consider the extent of the
capacity of those whom we meet a little below
the standard indicated by their acts and ex-
pressions. Therefore, true merit is seldom
properly appreciated, and its cultivation is
never greatly encouraged. On the contrary,
pretence is almost always successful. He who
is pretentious affects the interests of society in
a similar manner as the swindler. He induces
men to doubt the capacity of others, and
often refuse aid and employment because they
measure the merits of all by those of the pre-
tentitious top and the conceited ignoramus.
Many an honest and skillful man, and many a
valuable improvement has been refused sup-
port and adoption because the pretentious
swindler has previously misled the people and
imposed upon them outrageously. Pretensions
of every kind are the true indications of a
weak mind or a would-be swindler.

INTELLIGENCE OF BIRDS.

Here is an interesting instance of the intel-
ligence of storks. A great fire broke out in a
little German town near where stood a tower
about eighty feet high, which formed a part
of the town wall. On the summit a stork's nest
had been built for so many years that the
building had received the name of "Stork's
Tower." At the time of the fire, there were
three unfledged birds in the nest, and the poor
little birds were in great danger. But the
old storks soon showed their good sense and
their love for their young; for by turns they
each flew to some fish pond just outside
the walls; here they took a dip in the water
and filled their beaks with as much as they
could carry away, then, notwithstanding the
smoke and flames, they flew back to their
little ones, poured the water from their beaks
over them and the nest, and at the same time
shaking it out from their feathers. Thus dur-
ing the whole day, did these faithful birds act
as a winged fire-brigade; till toward evening,
when all danger for their young and their nest
was over.

MEN WITHOUT HEARTS.

We sometimes meet with men who seem to
think that any indulgence in an affectionable
feeling is weakness. They will return from
journey, and greet their families with a distant
dignity, and move among their children with
the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg sur-
rounded by its broken fragments. There is
hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than
one of these fathers without a heart. A father,
had better extinguish a boy's eyes than to take
away his heart. Who that has experienced
the joys of friendship, would be robbed of the
hidden treasures of his heart? and values
sympathy and affection, would not rather lose
all that is beautiful in nature's scenery?
Cherish, then, your heart's best affections.
Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions
of filial, paternal and fraternal love.

MAKING LOVE IN SWEDEN.

Courtship and marriages in Sweden are
peculiar institutions. Du Chailu says:—
I saw one match made. He met her at the
gato poked his finger in her ribs, and said:—
'I want to get married; don't you?'
'I don't know. Go away.'
'Yes, you do. Let's get married.'
'Well, ask papa.'
'No; never mind him. We'll get married
anyhow.'
And he went around telling everybody he
saw:—
'I'm going to marry that girl.'
The preparations continued during the three
weeks required by law to have the bans pub-
lished in the churches. Fishes were caught,
stores for the feast laid in, beer brewed, and
whiskey purchased. Wedding jollifications
are indulged in for a week. This couple were
married. They went from the church to the
house, and the bridesmaids locked the bride
in the room. The groom knocked at the door.
'How much will you give to come in.'
'Two cows and \$5.'
'That is not enough.'
'Three cows and \$10.'
'Oh, you are rich. You must give more
than that.'
'Five cows and \$25 was the final offer, which
was accepted.

"I WANT TO FIND MY PAPA"

The other day a lady was walking along the
street when she met a little girl about three
years old, crying bitterly. Taking her by the
hand, the lady asked her tenderly where she
was going. 'I'm going down town to find papa,'
was the reply, between the sobs of the child
'What's your papa's name, and what does your
mama call him?' asked the lady. 'His name
is papa,' persisted the baby. The lady then
took the little thing by the hand and led her
forward, saying, 'you had better come with me.
I guess you came from this way.' 'Yes but I
don't want to go back. I want to find papa,'
replied the child, crying afresh as if her heart
would break. 'What do you want of your
papa?' asked the lady, 'I want to kiss him.'
Then a sister of the child came along, looking
for her, and led her away. From subsequent
inquiries it appeared this little one's papa, whom
she was so earnestly in search of, had recently
died. In her loneliness and love for him
to come home, she had gone to find and greet
him with the accustomed kiss.

THE BENEFITS OF EDUCATION.

Not only the practical benefit to be derived
from a knowledge of the studies usually
taught in common schools, and higher ac-
quaintance with the sciences, renders it important
that all should become acquainted with them;
there are other considerations in favor of
having them pursued.
The individual whose mind is expanded by
and stored with scientific knowledge, lives in
a more exalted atmosphere, and is better cal-
culated to enjoy life, than is he whose mind is
enslaved in ignorance. That which is in-
tricate, mysterious and inexplicable to the un-
learned, is plain and comprehensible to him.
He is able to revel among the stars of heaven;
while the ignorant man is necessarily grovel-
ling among the pebbles beneath his feet.
When he walks abroad, everything that comes
within the scope of his vision is fraught with
interest. The voices of nature's ten thousand
tongues are understood by him, while on the
ear of the ignorant they fall like sounds of iron.
His mind has a perpetual feast, because his
mental nature is so trained that he is capable
of partaking of the bounties so richly furnished
at nature's royal banquet.
By understanding the laws that govern the
universe, the educated man is competent to
make achievements that are calculated to prove
subservient to the good of mankind. It is
only by the supremacy of mind, over matter
that man is able to guide the ship, fraught
with human beings, in safety across the sea,
where snow-capped billows rise their heads
in awful grandeur. By education he is en-
abled to conquer the forked lightning, bring
it from the gold-fringed clouds of heaven, not let
it return to its thunder-bomb; but make it
subservient to his will, and his measure flour-
ish to shores. By education he is enabled
to guide the surgeon's knife through the dis-
eased portions of the physical system, without
causing pain. In short, education does not
teach which is of incalculable value in raising
the human race in the scale of being—enriching
their happiness, and mitigating their misery.
Let it be understood that the more thorough-

ly one's mind is stored with useful knowledge—the more deeply he has drunk from the fountain of science—the better fitted he is to fill his sphere in this world, and discharge the high and responsible duties which, as a human being, awaiting an immortal destiny, devolve upon him.

Sawdust and Chips.

A young lady had coquetted until the victim was completely exhausted. He rose to go away. She whispered, as she accompanied him to the door, "I shall be at home next Sunday evening." "So shall I," he replied.

The Philadelphia Star thinks that genuine love is played out. Humph! The old singer ought to travel through Michigan and see the sprinkle of the eyes as two lovers hold the same peppermint lozenges between their teeth.—Detroit Free Press.

"Conductor, why didn't you wake me up as I asked you? Here I am, miles beyond my station." Conductor: "I did try, sir, but all I could get you to say, was: 'All right, Maria; get the children their breakfast, and I'll be down in a minute!'"

"Your future husband seems very exacting; he has been stipulating for all sorts of things," said a mother to her daughter, who was on the point of being married. "Never mind, mamma," said the affectionate girl, who was already dressed for the wedding, "these are his last wishes."

A missionary among the freedmen in Tennessee, after relating to some little colored children the story of Ananias and Sapphira, asked them why God does not strike everybody dead that tells a lie, when one of the least in the room quickly answered, "Because there wouldn't be anybody left."

A young man who was attending a night writing-school, was smitten by the charms of a lady present, and, at the close of the school, pressed forward and asked if he might escort her home. "Yes," said she, "if you will carry my little boy." He is gradually recovering from the shock.

An affected young lady, seated in a rocking-chair, reading the Bible, exclaimed, "Mother, here is a grammatical error in the Bible!" Her mother, lowering her spectacles, and approaching the reader in a very scrutinizing attitude, said "Kill it! kill it! It is the very thing that has been eating the leaves and the book marks!"

A school boy being requested to write a composition upon the subject of "Pins," produced the following: "Pins are very useful. They have saved the lives of a great many men, women, and children; in fact whole families." "How so?" asked the puzzled teacher. "Why, by not swallowing them." That matches the story of the other boy who defined salt as "the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put on any."

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

In Cooperstown they tell a story of an English joker who once visited Fenimore Cooper. Cooper was then the most conspicuous man in the little town. One day, while Mr. Cooper was dining with the Englishman, he poured out some native wine—wine from grapes raised in his own garden. Taking a glass and looking through it with pride, Cooper remarked, "Now, Mr. Stebbins, I call this good, honest wine." "Yes, Mr. Cooper, I agree with you, it is honest wine—poor, but honest." Mr. Cooper went on telling his "Injun" stories.

At a recent session of the court in Allentown, Pa., a jury rendered a verdict of \$50 for the plaintiff where he had claimed \$500. Counselor Stiles, for the plaintiff, being slightly disgusted, started hurriedly for the street, but his progress was arrested at the door by a large dog, which barked lustily at the learned gentleman, making further advancement dangerous. Mr. Stiles paused for a moment, looked kindly at the animal, and in a low tone of voice said, in the hearing of the jury, "Go away; I am not one of the men that brought in that verdict!" The dog was appeased, and allowed Mr. Stiles' egress from the temple of justice.

"I was on Broadway the other day, and there was a consequential individual airing himself a few yards ahead of me. He approached a street crossing on which the masons who had lately been repairing it had carelessly left a superfluous paving stone. Our self-important gentleman was carrying his chin so high in the air that he did not notice the obstruction that lay directly in his path. He stumbled over the stone, driving it before him for a distance of two or three feet. He floundered until his nose was within a foot of the paving-stone, and, but for the almost superhuman exertions of his inseparable small companion, he would have fell sprawling upon the top of the stone. His pride was payed that terrible excess of downfall; but, oh, horrors! a shoeless urchin on the sidewalk jeeringly called out, 'Why, yer old fool, yer couldn't swaller that stone if yer tried for a month o' Sundays.'"

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Barristers, &c. REEVE & PLATT, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, Solicitors, &c. Office—78 King St. East, Toronto. J. McPherson REEVE, SAMUEL PLATT. 42-hr

LAUDER & PROCTOR, BARRISTERS, Attorneys, Solicitors in Chancery, &c. Office—Masonic Hall, 20 Toronto Street. 23-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—98 Church Street. 77-to

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

Dentists. M. EDWARD SNIDER, SURGEON-DENTIST, OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—84 Bay Street, a few doors below King Street, Toronto. 27-oh

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

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The public are invited to call and see my stock before buying in their winter supply. P. BURNS. Office on Yard, corner Bathurst and Front Streets. 77-to

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Parliamentary Business

Committee be instructed to raise a discussion in Parliament with a view to further the object.

Mr. Allen (Sheffield) seconded the motion, which was supported by Mr. Odger, and carried unanimously.

Mr. Green (London) moved—

"That in the opinion of this Congress, the manufacture of goods by prisoners in the goals of this country, for sale in the public market, as illustrated in the case of the mat and matting trade, is a violation of the laws of justice and social life and tends to the pauperization and starvation of the honest and free workman, and demands the immediate attention of the State; that it be an instruction to the Parliamentary Committee to assist in the carrying out of this resolution."

Mr. Graham (Newcastle) seconded the motion which was amended to read, after "public market," as follows:—"Below the market value of goods produced by free labor, as illustrated in the case of the mat and matting, is a violation of the laws of justice, &c."

TRADES HALLS.

On the motion of Mr. Graham (Newcastle), seconded by Mr. Kane (Darlington), it was resolved—

"That in the opinion of this Congress trades unionists throughout the country should render every assistance in establishing trades halls in their various localities, as best calculated to promote the social and moral interests of workingmen."

ARBITRATION IN TRADE DISPUTES.

Mr. Fox (Sheffield) moved a resolution approving of the principle of arbitration in trade disputes, which was seconded by Mr. Higginbotham (Sheffield), and was carried unanimously.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

Mr. Owen (Pauley) moved that the Congress believe that the time has come when the workingmen throughout the country should take up the question of technical education, with a view of improving their skill, and that schools for that purpose be established. This was unanimously carried.

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

Mr. Mottershead (London) proposed— "That this Congress rejoice at the progress which the principle of international arbitration is making, as evidenced by the growth and development of public opinion in its favor, the votes of the House of Commons in July last, and the recent unanimous acceptance of the principle by the Italian Parliament and Government; and this Congress further regrets that our Government has not taken active steps to give effect to the vote of the House of Commons."

Mr. Povey (Maidstone) seconded the motion, and it was adopted. After the usual votes of thanks, etc., the business of the Congress was brought to a conclusion.

WAGES IN AUSTRALIA.

From recent exchanges from Australia we learn that trade generally is good, and that the formation of trades unions are being vigorously proceeded with. The following statistics of wages for skilled laborers will prove of interest to our readers:

Building Trades.—Stonemasons, 11s per day; plasterers, bricklayers, slaters, 10s per day; carpenters, 10s to 11s per day; laborers, 6s to 7s per day; pick and shovel men, 6s per day. The day's work is eight hours.

Bootmakers.—For rivoting children's boots the rate is 6d per pair; boys, 10d; women's 1s; and men's 1s 3d. The same rates are paid for finishing. In some of the best order shops the rates paid are:—Wellingtons, 10s; elastic, 7s; closing, 8s. Good hands for ladies' boots are scarce.

Bakers.—First-class workmen (foremen) average 3l. per week; second hands, 2l. to 2l. 3s. In inferior shops the rates are slightly lower.

Butchers.—Shopmen receive from 36s to 40s per week; boys 15s to 20s per week; slaughtermen receive from 40s to 50s per week; small goods men (pork butchers) receive 30s to 40s per week with rations; superior men receive more.

Brassfinishers and coppersmiths.—There is a full supply of labor in this trade. The average rate of wages is 10s per day, the payment being 15d per hour.

Cabinetmakers.—The average earning of good tradesmen is 9s per day, though some superior hands get higher wages. Second-class workmen earn from 35s to 40s per week. Upholsterers can earn from 2l 10s to 3l. per week.

Coopers.—Most of the work in this trade is done by the piece; the wages fixed by the trade are 10s per day of ten hours. Tallowcasks are made at 5s 6d for thirds, and 4s 10d for fourths, which latter are now most made.

Coachbuilders.—Smiths receive from 2l. 10s to 3l. per week. A few hands earn as high as 4l. per week. Bodymakers.—Most of this work is done by the piece. The average earnings of good hands are from 2l. 10s to as high as 4l. per week. Wheelers.—Most of this work is done by the piece; the wages made are from 2l. 10s to 3l. 10s per week.

Plumbers and gasfitters receive 3l. per week of eight hours per day.

Printers, etc.—The rate paid in this trade is 1s. per 1,000. In manufacturing establishments lithographers are paid 2l. 10s to 3l. 10s per week; paper rulers 3l. to 3l. 10s per week; binders 2l. to 2l. 10s per week. The demand for labor in these trades is limited, and is at present fully supplied.

Tailors.—In first-class establishments the rate paid is 1s. per hour. In second-class shops the earnings are from 2l. 10s to 3l. per week. In factories the rates vary, the men being often paid by the piece. Where wages are paid, the rate is 40s per week in factory hours.

Tinsmiths.—Owing to the meat preserving companies not being fully employed, a good many men in this trade are out of work at present. In this trade the rate is from 2l. 10s to 3l. per week of ten hours per day.

Watchmakers.—The general rate of wages in this trade is 4l. per week, though some of the superior workmen get as high as 6l.

CARLYLE ON MODERN WORK.

The following unpublished letter from Mr. Thomas Carlyle to Sir James Whitworth, regarding the announcement, made some months ago, of the latter's intention to supplement the savings of his workpeople by a bonus, was read recently by the Hon. W. B. Lytton at a meeting of the Stourbridge School of Art:—"I have heard your offer on behalf of the thrifty workpeople of Darley, and of the thankful acceptance of it by the district authorities of the place. I cannot resist the highly unwonted desire that has risen in me to say that I highly approve and applaud the ideas you have on the subject, and to declare in words that, in my opinion, nothing wiser, more beneficent, or more worthy of your distinguished place as a master of workers has come before this many a year. Would to Heaven that all or many of the captains of industry in England had a soul in them such as yours, and could do as you have done, or could still further co-operate with you in works and plans to the like effect! The look of England is to me at this moment abundantly ominous, the question of capital and labour growing ever more anarchic, insoluble altogether by the notions hitherto applied to it—pretty sure to issue in petroloum one day, unless some other gospel than that of the 'Dis-mal Science' come to illuminate it. Two things are pretty sure to me. The first is that capital and labour never can or will agree together till they both first of all decide on doing their work faithfully throughout, and like men of conscience and honour, whose highest aim is to behave like faithful citizens to this universe, and obey the eternal commandments of Almighty God, who made them. The second thing is that a sadder object than even that of the coal strike, or any other conceivable strike, is the fact that—loosely speaking—we may say all England has decided that the profitablest way is to do its work ill, slurlily, swiftly, and mendaciously. What a contrast between now and say only a hundred years! At the latter date, or, still more conspicuously, for ages before that, all England awoke to its work—to an invocation to the Eternal Maker to bless them in their day's labour, and help to do it well. Now, all England—shopkeepers, workmen, all manner of competing labourers—awaken as if with an unspoken but heartfelt prayer to Beelzebub:—'Oh, help us, thou great Lord of Shoddy, Adulteration, Malfeasance, to do our work with the maximum of the slurriness, swiftness, profit, and mendacity, for the Devil's sake. Amen.'"

WORKING MEN AND CO-OPERATION.

Returns were received in 1871 from 146 co-operative societies, the members of which numbered 207,964. Their share capital at the end of 1871 was £2,305,951; loan capital, £215,538; capital invested in other societies, etc., £145,346; reserve fund, £67,722; value of buildings, fixtures, land, etc., £923,194; liabilities, £2,865,318; assets, £3,021,567; cash received for goods sold during the year, £9,439,471. The total number of co-operative societies in the United Kingdom is about 1,300, and their membership must be considerably above 400,000. If these co-operative societies which have sent in no returns are doing as much business proportionately as the above 746 societies, the value of goods sold by co-operation annually must be from £16,000,000 to £17,000,000. Nearly all the members of co-operative societies are working men.

CARPENTERS AND JOINERS.—A meeting of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners of Chicago, was held recently, for the purpose of organizing a co-operative building association. If such an organization should be deemed feasible after a discussion of the question. Mr. Dunn occupied the chair. He explained the object of the meeting, and said that such a society as the one proposed would benefit the carpenters and joiners who became identified with it. The Secretary, Mr. Lynn, favored the starting of a co-operative shop, and, if assistance was required, he thought other associations ought to help along in a pecuniary way, provided they

were paid interest on what they advanced. Under the present system, carpenters could not earn decent wages, but if the co-operative system was adopted they would be provided with work (that is, those of them who wanted to identify themselves with that system), and receive reasonable wages. Mr. Sherman said he had been a member of such Society for years, and it had always been successful. Mr. Hudson favored experimenting with the co-operative plan, and moved that a co-operative association be formed, and be confined to members of the Carpenters' and Joiners' Society. Mr. Trigg suggested that other branches of mechanical trades should be admitted, such as bricklaying, stonecutting, painting, &c. This proposition was discussed at some length, but it was finally discountenanced, and it was resolved to open a list of co-operative membership. Eighteen members signed it.

Miscellaneous.

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