

Ontario Workman.

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

VOL. I.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1872.

NO. 14

HOW TRUTHFUL!

The *Globe*, speaking of the torchlight procession on Thursday night says:—The procession consisted of the band, about sixty men and boys carrying torches, a large number of which went out on the road, a carriage containing Sir John and Lady Macdonald, Mr. Beaty, and Mr. McCormick, and an escort of rabble. Alas! Alas! for the green-eyed monster! What a pity the whole affair was not tendered to the Mogul of Bow Park instead of to Sir John and Lady Macdonald. Ah! if it had but been—ye gods and little fishes! What a magnificent ovation it would have been! What an uprising of the intelligence of the country to do honour etc, and so forth. But as the demonstration was in honor only of "Canada's greatest statesman"—why it was but a miserable escort of rabble—that's all!

IS IT A LIBEL?

The *Globe*,—in endeavoring to explain away the action of the "managing director" during the recent arrest of the printers, and wishing to make it appear that they were prosecuted, not for combination, but for overt acts of violence and intimidation—is making some astounding statements, with a recklessness that is quite in keeping with that journal—statements that have no foundation whatever in truth. It says:—"Bricks were thrown in through the windows of the office, in order to frighten, if possible, those at work; plots were laid to destroy the machinery used in the printing; pistols were fired," etc., etc., and adds that "this was done under the sanction of the Printer's Union, or without at any rate being repudiated by their officials." The falsity of these statements have been very clearly shown in an able communication from Mr. J. Armstrong, Vice-President of the Union, but we merely ask, for information, if the author of those statements believed them to be true, why did we hear nothing of them during the process of the trial? To those who are at all acquainted with the animus of the "managing director," the mere fact that no such acts of violence were at all alluded to by the prosecuting counsel is of itself sufficient evidence of their utter untruthfulness.

THE SORE HEADS.

Much has been said lately by the Reform press about the course the workingmen are taking throughout the country in presenting Sir J. A. Macdonald with addresses, as a recognition of his services, and among others the *Hamilton Times* has a long article in which it copies largely from us for the purpose of shewing the workingmen of Hamilton that they have nothing to be thankful for in the Trade Unions Bill. The views we gave expression to in the past we still hold unchanged in no sense whatever. The English Trades Union Bill did not meet our views, nor does the present Canadian bill satisfy us; but at the same time we recognize it as a step in the right direction, and this is but another instance that the workingmen of all countries, if ever met in a compromising spirit, are always easily satisfied; and the slightest concessions always meet with a hearty acknowledgment at their hands, and perhaps it may be said they are appreciative to a fault. The course the workingmen are pursu-

ing at present towards Sir John A., we heartily endorse; not because he is Sir John A. Macdonald, or a Conservative, but because he came forward and occupied ground that might have been occupied by the Reform party, and we have no doubt would have been, had they desired to do the industrial classes justice. But no; the great organ of their party being at loggerheads with the workingmen, the Government proved to be the Reformers in this case, and carried their point, despite the petty opposition offered by the Grits, a party that lies under the whip of a newspaper monopoly. The workmen of this country want no party in power that can be lashed into line by any newspaper man, nor will they have such a party.

PRESENTATION OF ADDRESS.

On Saturday last, a deputation from the Trades' Assembly of Hamilton waited upon Sir John A. Macdonald, and presented him with an address, acknowledging his promptness in taking measures to legalize Trades' Unions; to which Sir John replied in suitable terms. We regret our space prevents us giving a report of the proceeding.

TRADES' ASSEMBLY.

We have been requested to state that a meeting of the Trades' Assembly has been called for Friday evening next, of which all interested will please take note.

Communications.

GLOBULAR MISREPRESENTATION.

To the Editor of the *Ontario Workman*.

Sir,—Familiar as I have been for years with the mode of conducting public journals in Canada—accustomed as I am to see questions of the first importance perverted and distorted, their advocates misrepresented and maligned—yet I must confess the *Globe* out-herods Herod in its mode of discussing anything relating to the labor movement in this country; for audacious mendacity on this subject it stands unapproached.

In proof of this assertion I need only refer to an article, entitled "The Minister of Justice on the Stump," which appeared in the *Globe* of the 13th inst.

The title of the diatribe itself is an index to the line of argument adopted, possessing as it does two elements, perhaps essential in a *Globular* disquisition, viz., vulgar slang and untruth. The Minister of Justice went to the Music Hall on Thursday last, with Lady Macdonald, to accept a tribute of respect offered to her by workingmen of all shades of politics. The meeting partook of nothing in the remotest degree approaching politics; yet the *Globe* is so enamored of slang and untruth that it cannot be, even for once, truthful and decent.

Having read in the *Globe*, for some days previous, that the workingmen of Toronto had been imposed upon, that the testimonial to Lady Macdonald was a fraud, I went to the Music Hall as a workingman, though a Non-Unionist, to witness the "farce," the "humbug," the "political dodge." The *Globular* slang writers will understand me when I say that I was "badly sold." There was no "farce," no "humbug," and, worse than all, no attempt at a "political dodge." The assemblage was simply a very large concourse of respectable people—some of whom, being well dressed, the *Globe* could not admit to be artisans. I can say positively, however, from my own knowledge, that many of them were workingmen, although not wearing the dress which the *Globe* recognizes as appropriate for them. It is just possible that those I did not know were of the same

class, notwithstanding they behaved and looked like their "betters."

Having been disappointed in the appearance and character of the assemblage, I was equally "sold" by the management of the business which brought those people together. The entire proceedings were conducted not only with remarkable order, harmony and enthusiasm, but with still more remarkable ability—remembering that the leading actors were workingmen.

A lady being the recipient of the "testimonial," many of the wives and daughters (if the *Globe* will permit me, I might add, sweethearts) of the working classes were present, feeling an interest, naturally, in the "presentation." The *Globe* sneers at them for their temerity, at the same time grossly exaggerating their number; but I suspect the greatest offence committed by the ladies, in the eyes of the *Globe*, was the guarantee their presence afforded that the meeting would be well conducted.

In order to expose the misrepresentation of the *Globe* to its full extent, it will be necessary to refer to the circumstances which gave Sir John A. Macdonald a claim to the gratitude of the workingmen, and led to the "presentation." These circumstances were briefly and lucidly explained by the chairman, Mr. Williams, but as that gentleman (I beg the *Globe's* pardon—*workingman*) is not apparently connected with either of the two parties who aspire to govern Canada, he was not considered worthy of a "verbatim" report; neither were the other members of the Trades' Assembly; though I have seen speakers reported at length whose silence would indeed be "golden;" but, then, they were not workingmen, but (heaven save the mark!) "politicians."

The testimonial, then, arose out of the *Globe's* "strike." I am aware it is generally called the Printers' "strike;" but I happened to be "behind the scenes," I saw "the wires pulled." I have known of similar "strikes" got up by employers in Europe, with the same object (though without success), namely, to CRUSH TRADE SOCIETIES; and although not connected with any such organization, I claim to know something of the REAL object of the recent "strike" in Toronto. Now, the number of men in the *Globe* job office, who solicited the favor of being placed on equal terms with their fellow-workmen in England and elsewhere, did not exceed, I think, ONE DOZEN. The average number employed in that department, throughout the year, I am confident would not exceed that. Setting aside the fact that there was less work done during the last hour, generally, than any other, does any reflecting man suppose the "Managing Director" of the *Globe* would, on THE EVE OF AN ELECTION, have run a-muck and raised such a commotion, damaging alike to himself as an apostle of "Liberalism"—nay, its high priest—and to his party, merely to save less than the wages of two men per week? No; the "strike" was an "employers' strike," and the real object was to reduce skilled workmen to the position of serfs. Lawyers, doctors, all the "privileged classes," have their organizations precisely analogous to trade societies; even "capitalists," though not worth a cent if their debts were paid, have their Boards of Trade and "rings" for regulating their business; but for vulgar "workingmen" to think of such things—pooh! it was preposterous.

The limits of a single letter will not permit me to enter on a defence of Trade Associations; but I may remark, en passant, that all FAIR employers regard them as useful. The quack doctor or the pettifogging lawyer would, perhaps, prefer "free trade" in the professions they disgrace; so also the empirical printer, who embarks in a business he does not understand, (his only "capital" unbounded "cheek"), would like to see all "restrictions" swept away in what he calls his business. He claims the right to decoy an unlimited number of boys into his establishment (to which, probably, the Sheriff has a greater claim than he); he professes to teach these youths the art of printing,

which every PRINTER knows cannot be taught in a newspaper office alone; he keeps them tied to him, just like the cattle on his mortgaged farm, as long as it suits his whim, and turns them adrift—perhaps after five years' mockery of an "apprenticeship"—perhaps at the end of as many days—for they have no protection—ignorant of the first rudiments of their trade. It is the object of Trade Societies to prevent such gross injustice; hence the hostility they encounter from ALL UNFAIR EMPLOYERS; hence the efforts made to excite prejudice against them, by every species of misrepresentation, in such papers as the *Globe*; hence the exhuming of a barbarous law—never acted on even where it was framed—by a band of conspirators against Trade Societies.

To effect their object artfully, as many men as possibly could be dispensed with were discharged, without notice, from the *Globe* job office, for no other ostensible reason than their signing a respectful memorial, asking, as a concession, that they might be placed on an equal footing with their fellow-craftsmen in England.

This harsh, dishonorable proceeding, had the effect intended. It naturally irritated all the other men in the *Globe* establishment to "fraternize" with the "victims," and they gave notice to leave. Had they followed the example of the employer, by giving no notice, he would not have gained the apparent victory (for it is only apparent, as time will show) of which he boasts.

But although the country was traversed by agents, and a few men were found to yield, through necessity or misrepresentations, to the hard terms of signing away their freedom and their manhood; although intimidation, cajolery, and bribery were resorted to alternately—all this was found insufficient; the obsolete "semi-barbarous" law was therefore invoked; twenty-three respectable men were arrested, worried by repeated "examinations" before a magistrate, and finally committed for trial on the charge of being members of a Trade Society.

The prompt interference of the Minister of Justice led to the repeal of this infamous law, which none but a PRETENDED LIBERAL would have raked up; and this explains "the milk in the cocoa nut"—the growing popularity of Sir JOHN, and consequent rage of the *Globe*.

Toronto, July 16th, 1872.

MR. CLARKE'S LETTER.

(To the Editor of the *Globe*.)

Sir,—I am pleased to have the opportunity afforded me by your invitation of making a few statements through the columns of your widely-circulated paper with reference to communications signed by one Terence Clarke, in connection with the late presentation made by the Toronto Trades' Assembly to Lady Macdonald, Sir J. A. Macdonald, and Mr. Beaty. I will state that the presentation was got up by subscription, none but workingmen and those friendly to them contributing any of the expenses, and was disposed of in the manner that has called forth so much comment on the part of the *Globe* by the unanimous vote of the Toronto Trades' Assembly. And as regards the composition of the addresses I will state that they were arranged by a committee of one from each of the fourteen trades represented in the Assembly, without one word of dictation from outside influence; and further, the committee were very careful that anything done by them should not savour of any party political taint, and they were successful in this respect; and whatever party political influence it may have, to the active *Globe* it is indebted for it. As motives that actuated Mr. Clarke in communicating with the *Globe*, I think at present, further than that he cannot fail to be sensible of the whole tenor of those letters, and the hypocritical cant for the Conservative party at the time. Knowing, as I do,

aspiration that possesses your correspondent is quite a different love than that of any political party, which I may take occasion to lay before the public through another source, I will at present content myself by denying the statements in general made by your correspondent with regard to procuring the casket. As I have said before, it was got by subscription in the same manner that we have been enabled to give valuable prizes at our pic-nics. The value was honestly and legally ours, disposed of at our will, and any reasonable person will readily perceive the impertinence of any one endeavoring to pry into what does not really concern them. All other statements made by your correspondent are false in toto; and, further, the members of the Trades' Assembly, having taken the course they have, on behalf of themselves and those they represent, would suggest that they think the proper course to be pursued by Mr. Clarke, and the most effective, would be to get up a counter demonstration for the purpose of denouncing the course pursued by the Toronto Trades' Assembly in the matter of this presentation. He may receive some assistance from the malcontents of that sectarian political league he is so covertly and assiduously working in the interests of; for until the Assembly are called to account by those to whom they are responsible, they will believe the course they have pursued is approved of.

I remain yours,
JOHN HEWITT,
Cor.-Sec. Toronto Trades' Assembly.

CIGAR MAKERS' PIC-NIC.

The members of the Cigar Makers' Union held their annual pic-nic at West Lodge Pleasure Gardens, on Monday afternoon. The attendance was very large and the affair passed off in a most enjoyable manner. All kinds of games and amusements, including dancing, were indulged in. During the afternoon a number of prizes were contested for, the winners being as follows:—

100 yards race, open to all—1st prize M. C. Burns, a hat by D. O'Connor; 2nd, F. McDuna, meerschaum pipe by J. Spooner.
Running hop, step and leap open to all—1st prize, C. Burns, a silver cup by W. C. Dobson, 2nd, J. Fry, a shirt by B. Adams.
Quoit match, 21 yards—1st prize, Ellison, a pair of silver salt cellars by Mr. Murphy; 2nd, P. Green, a Panama hat, by J. A. Perry.
Three quick jumps—1st prize, J. Lochrie, a satchel by Nerlich & Baker; 2nd, G. Farrell, a meerschaum pipe by a friend.

Two hundred yards race—1st prize C. Kenely, an album, by Mr. Purse; 2nd, T. Lindsay a bottle of claret, by C. Wilson.
Boys race, under 15 years, 100 yards—1st prize, T. Milloy, hat, by Mr. McCrosson; 2nd, H. Handorf, ring, by O. Wardell; 3rd, R. Hall, necktie.
Ladies' race, 75 yards—1st prize, Miss E. Taylor, card basket, by J. Ven; 2nd, Miss Lizzie Curtus, pair of ladies' shoes, by C. Beaty.

Old men's race, over 45 years, 100 yards—1st prize, F. Eboch, 2 bottles of Irish poteen, by Heinrod; 2nd, Mr. P. Cochran, 5 pounds of smoking tobacco.
Three-legged race 75 yards—1st prize, Burns & Baird, 2 vests, by H. Matheson and Hunter & Hunter.

Cigar-makers' apprentices, 100 yards—1st prize, T. Roe, a cigar stand, by J. Klopp; 2nd, F. Woods, pair of shoes, by E. McEntee.
Standing high jump—1st prize, by Shadwell.

Poetry.

WE'LL BATTLE OUR WAY.

BY J. B. SWETT.

There are rough roads to travel, And mountains to climb, And a foe man to battle In life's little time. We must swim across rivers, And dare the wild sea, While before us, defiant, Our foeman will be; But we'll never surrender The spoils of a day— Through the light and the darkness We'll battle our way.

There are storms to beset us, Of rain and of snow, There are false lights to lure us, To ruin and woe. There are wolves in the forest That on us would prey, But with hearts all undaunted We'll battle our way. Through the direst of perils, By night or by day, Through the light and the darkness We'll battle our way.

Let us never turn backward, Or kneel to our fears, For our mission is onward, Through troublesome years. We must march to the city Of beauty and light, But in order to take it Must valiantly fight. To the gates of the city By night and by day, Through the light and the darkness We'll battle our way.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER VI.

"I tell you, I will not stand it any longer, your conduct is unbearable, I have patiently borne with you long enough, and now I am determined that you shall occupy your proper position in this house or leave it."

The speaker was a woman, and the words were spoken in a sharp, commanding and somewhat insulting tone. She was evidently in a fearful rage, a condition into which her intense nervous temperament frequently plunged her. She was fair to a fault, with dark hazel eyes, aquiline features, and narrow, wedge-like forehead. Beautiful, eminently so, at least that was the general opinion of the majority of the male society in which she moved. Ordinarily she wore a serene and placid look, but there is a fearful difference between appearance and reality, and Miss Estella Relvason was no exception to the rule; for although calm and quiet exteriorly, there was an under current below, that at times broke through the barriers of social restraint with impetuous and turbulent fury.

The person whom she so bitterly addressed, had just entered the room, but stopped short and regarded her cousin—for such was the relation they were supposed to bear to each other—with a look of bewildering astonishment.

The person that had just entered was an entirely different type of woman. She was slight, graceful, spirituelle, the face sweet and confiding, the forehead high and arched, her beautiful golden chestnut hair was thrown back with a graceful abandon, like a sheet of broken sunlight, and falling upon and covering her shoulders of matchless symmetry and whiteness, like a drapery of oriental splendor. "Why, cousin, what have I done?" she faltered timidly.

"Don't ask me what you have done, I hate your duplicity."

"Cousin Estella, what can you mean?"

"You can cease calling me cousin. It is time this masquerade was over and done with. I am not your cousin."

"Not my cousin, Estella?"

"No!" with emphasis.

"Then who am I?" exclaimed Grace with blanched cheek and bated breath.

"I know not, I care not," answered the Estella, with a look of triumph.

Grace looked at the woman, doubting whether it would be safe to trust her, but her eyes were met by a tender re-assuring smile.

"You are looking for a respectable boarding-house, is that so?"

"Yes, my dear, how lucky you are, I have just selected a boarding-house, only a short distance from here. None but the most refined and I might say refined, persons are to be accommodated in my house. I have been down town making purchases, and am just returning

"Well, read it then and be convinced," pursued Estella.

Grace took the letter from its faded receptacle with trembling hand, and read as follows:

CLEVELAND, OHIO, May 7th, 1880.
Dear Grace—You ask, who is the child I wish you to take under your protection, in case I should not survive my present illness. In reply I would say she is nobody—merely the daughter of some mechanic whose name I have forgotten. I took a fancy to the child and adopted her. She has no living relative that I am aware of. Her people will never trouble you, for she has none.

Yours, &c., EDNA RALVASON.

ALVAN RALVASON, Chicago.
When Grace finished reading this letter, she threw it upon the floor contemptuously and said, with a firmness really surprising under the circumstances:

"Miss Relvason I see I have been living a false life. I will do so no longer. I have been living an aimless, useless life. I will do so no longer. In the hollow glittering role I have played there will be a gap which you can doubtless fill. I have no name, no home, no friend but the Friend of the Friendless; but not for all your father's wealth or the splendor or grandeur of his home, would I change places with such a being as you. Better, a thousand times, stinging poverty with a stainless soul, than all the wealth of a million worlds chained to a living lie, and a reputation that requires the spangled fictitious garment of wealth to shield it from the merited scorn and odium of the world."

The haughty Estella sprang to her feet, her eyes flashed fire, her bosom rose and fell like the undulating waves on the sea shore, then burst from her lips, white with passion, a torrent of splenetic, vituperative rage, but it spent its force on the walls and furniture, for Grace had gone. Half an hour afterwards she left the house forever, taking with her nothing but the plainest dress, hat and shawl in her wardrobe, and a few trinkets of no intrinsic value. She went out into the streets of the great city friendless and alone; her only armor, a pure unsullied soul, her only friend and protector, her God. She paced the streets, at first, with a rapid nervous step, but as time wore on, her step became slow and undecided. She wandered on, on, apparently in search of something, which she found not, principally because she knew not what she sought. Everything appeared to her like the unreal, undefinable sequence of a dream. The lamp-lighter, with ladder and torch in hand, flitted rapidly in a zig-zag manner through the streets, leaving behind him a faint line of flickering lights, that grew larger and larger as the king of darkness lowered his mantle closer and closer to the earth. Still the nameless homeless girl wandered unceasingly on; but as it grew darker she evidently felt alarmed, and occasionally stopped and looked wistfully around, but nothing met her tear-dimmed eyes but the ever-surg-ing, impetuous rushing crowd. The same clatter of wheels, and confused hum of voices ever assailed her ears. The merchant, the laborer, the mechanic, the wagoner, pushed by, regardless of the sad countenance and weary, heavy heart of the now terror-stricken Grace, who though alone in her misery, was nevertheless not unobserved. A woman showily attired, middle-aged, with a forbidding, libidinous look, stealthily watched and stealthily followed close upon her. The poor girl, unconscious of impending danger, continued to wander on, unmindful of the basilisk orbs that so closely followed her every movement.

She finally left the busy thoroughfares and entered a street on which very few people were moving, and these mostly mechanics, who were fast hurrying to their homes after the labors of the day. Before she had proceeded two blocks on this street, her feelings overpowered her, and she burst into tears. She drew her shawl partly over her face to shield from the passers her uncontrollable emotion. She wept, not for the home she had voluntarily left, but because of the vacuity or terrible sense of utter loneliness in her heart. Her grief, though subdued, was intense. She cast her eyes heavenward with a longing, supplicating expression, as though she would penetrate the illimitable starry space of God's eternal abode. She prayed for consolation and protection, and immediately her troubled soul grew calmer. With renewed hope and a lighter heart she was about to move on, when a hand was laid lightly on her arm. She started and turned suddenly around.

"Good evening, Miss," said the woman who had watched and followed her for the last half hour. The woman spoke kindly, and in the indistinct light of the street, Grace even thought her look was kind, pleasing and sympathetic.

"Good evening, madam," said Grace in return.

"You appear in trouble," said the woman. She then added by way of inquiry: "Perhaps you are a stranger in the city, and may have some questions to ask?"

Grace looked at the woman, doubting whether it would be safe to trust her, but her eyes were met by a tender re-assuring smile.

"You are looking for a respectable boarding-house, is that so?" answered Grace, very adroitly, evading the direct questions of the woman.

"Yes, my dear, how lucky you are, I have just selected a boarding-house, only a short distance from here. None but the most refined and I might say refined, persons are to be accommodated in my house. I have been down town making purchases, and am just returning

home, and if you desire it I will accommodate you with a room, although it is entirely contrary to my accustomed, and I might say heretofore unbroken rules, to take strangers under my roof without the best of recommendations, but I see you are a stranger and evidently in trouble, and I can never bear to see one of my own sex suffer while it is in my power to relieve them."

"You are very kind and good. Indeed you are; and yet I hope you will not be offended when I say I am almost afraid to accept your generous offer, for I know not whom to trust."

"Oh, I don't blame you," answered the woman; but she added, "you can ask any of the neighbors about my house if you think I am not telling you the truth."

The poor defenceless girl again looked toward heaven but answered not; seeing which the woman changed her tactics. She put on an offended appearance, and said rather reproachfully:

"I beg your pardon, Miss. I thought I was doing you a favor by making the offer, but I see you do not so regard it. I would scorn to further push my friendship upon you. So good evening," and she turned to go.

"Oh, don't go. Do not leave me. I am sorry if I offended you. I will go with you and trust you. Why should I fear?" she added. "I know God will protect me."

The woman bit her lips but answered not, and in silence they proceeded together down the street.

Beware, Grace, beware! It were better for you, or any woman in misfortune or distress, to seek protection or consolation from the untamed tiger than from one of your own sex. In woman's darkest hour, when the hand of sorrow is heaviest upon her, when all seems desolate, she may receive sympathy from man, but from her own sex, never.

The above conversation, or the greater part of it, was accidentally overheard by a young man returning from work, who, in passing, noticed the tear-stained face of the girl, and whose more experienced eye detected the true character of the woman. Prompted by an interior impulse, he stepped into the shadow of a large tree and overheard most of the conversation, and when Grace had concluded to accompany the woman, he emerged from the shade and followed at a respectable distance.

CHAPTER VII.

Richard Arbyght had no difficulty in securing work, although trade was rather dull and hands anything but scarce at the time.

He entered the employ of a man generally considered one of the "solidest" in the Chicago Board of Trade. Mr. Relvason, such was the name of Richard's new employer, was an extensive packer, and had a large interest in several oil refineries. He employed, directly and indirectly, some three hundred coopers. He had also a controlling interest in several grocery and dry goods stores, on which he frequently gave orders to his employees in partial or entire payment for their services.

Richard's first acquaintance in the great metropolis of the West was the foreman of the shop in which he was to work. Felix Rulless, the foreman, was a man of rather pleasing manners, but very eccentric and vacillating, traits of character by no means natural to the man. They were doubtless acquired or grew upon him through years of an earnest, persistent desire to please his employer and the men at the same time. Had Mr. Relvason been an employer with any just conception of the rights of his workmen, or had he been less tyrannous and exacting, Felix Rulless would not have become the weak, vacillating man that he was; or had there been less of the "milk of human kindness" in the composition of the gray-haired foreman, these traits had never become vitalized in his being and made a part of his nature.

Young Arbyght was very favorably received and kindly treated by the foreman, Rulless, who not only broke, by his bland and genial manner, the natural reserve incident to the first appearance of a stranger amongst strange shop-mates, but also secured for him a quiet, respectable boarding-house on State street, and in various other ways endeared himself to the "young man from Philadelphia," as he was facetiously called by some of the men.

For the first few days nothing transpired outside the usual routine of shop life. On the fourth day after Richard's arrival in the shop, an incident occurred, which, though casual and apparently of no moment, still had a deep effect upon the mind of our hero. The man had been toiling hard all day, but towards evening they evidently seemed disposed to rejoice that the day was so nearly spent. They entered more generally into conversation, and the younger men became somewhat hilarious and boisterous, and hailed each other,

"From out their youthful lore, With scraps of a slangy repertoire."

The older men, although not really in the caste of the dramatic personae of the general uproar, still enjoyed the sportive ebullency of the younger spirits. Richard did not partake of this recreative feast, being as yet not entirely assimilated to his new surroundings. However, it pleased him hugely, as he well knew that recreation for the mind was relief for the body, and that the terribly exhaustive demands workingmen are necessarily compelled to make on their muscular system are in a measure lessened, or rather the system is better enabled to withstand them, if the mind is directed from the ills of the body.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

And if workmen could only bring to their labors a light heart, they would bring from them a less tired and weary body.

For these reasons Richard was glad to see the men work and be gay and happy at the same time. Suddenly, as if an earthquake had swallowed the shop, the men were mute and still, the songs were broken off abruptly. Jokes and puns, half smothered with a suppressed cough, the hum of voices ceased, and there prevailed a sepulchral silence. The cessation of modulated sounds was so sudden that Richard was startled, and looked around in wonderment, but could see no cause for the strange proceeding. He however noticed a man in the middle of the shop, his right foot on the seat of a shaving-horse, the elbow of the right arm resting on the raised knee, and the hand supporting the chin. He was leisurely smoking a large briar-root pipe, and was regarding our hero with a sharp, penetrating stare.

Richard looked at the new-comer curiously enough, as he immediately divined who he was. He also believed his unexpected appearance upon the scene occasioned the sudden muteness among the men.

Mr. Relvason advanced into Richard's berth, and asked him roughly and bluntly if he was a stranger in the city.

"I am, sir," answered Richard, with cool, polite stiffness.

The tone appeared to offend the "lord of the shop," and he said with curt sharpness:

"How long have you been here?"

"Four days, sir," replied the other, with the same imperturbable gravity of expression.

"What's your name?"

"Richard Arbyght."

"Richard what?"

"Arbyght, sir."

"The devil?"

"No, sir, but Arbyght," said Richard, in the same quiet manner.

"Where did you come from?" roared Relvason.

"Philadelphia," replied Richard, as cool as over.

"Young man, you must be more respectful when talking to me. I am owner of these shops. You will please remember that fact. Do you hear?"

"I do, sir. Your relation to these shops was presumed by me to be what you have kindly informed me it is; when I first saw you; and, sir, if I have not shown you the respect and deference due your position, it is because my conception of the amenities of society and the deference one man should show another, is defective, although it has never been so regarded before."

"You are quite an orator," said the boss, with a sneer which was not lost upon Richard, who replied with equal irony:

"You are quite complimentary; thank you, sir."

The foreman here put in an appearance, and shook his head suggestively at Richard, but the young Trojan's blood was up, and he stood like a stag at bay, awaiting the next attack.

"I like your impudence, young man, but while you remain in my employ I wish you to remember that you are the employed and I the employer."

"Where shall I store the surplus stock," asked Rulless, in a vain effort to break off the conversation. But Arbyght was not to be choked off. He folded his muscular, sinewy arms on his massive breast, and looking his employer unflinchingly in the face, he said:

"Mr. Relvason, I would be very sorry indeed to be impudent to any man, much less to the man between whom and myself there should exist friendly and harmonious relations, and in the present instance, allow me to say that in my opinion the imputation is misapplied. What you are pleased to call impudence, I am pleased to truthfully term the expression of impartial justice to myself, and the vindication of my own sense of honor; for I would have you remember that I, too, am a MAN as well as you. When you wish me to not forget that I am the employed, I understand you to mean that I should not forget that I am the inferior. Now, sir, you must pardon me if I tell you frankly that I cannot comply with your injunction. Aside from our external surroundings and artificial ornamentation of mind and body, and standing in our primal naked individuality, I claim we are equals. We meet on terms of equality. We meet as buyer and seller. I have a commodity which you desire to purchase and which I am willing to sell for a consideration; which you are disposed to give in exchange for it. Such being the case, where arises the difference in our social positions? Why should I be the inferior? Our coming together was mutual, and together we will remain only just so long as our relations prove mutually agreeable."

"You are a dangerous man, sir, a fire-brand that must be extinguished!" and Mr. Relvason, with knit brows and scowling visage left the shop.

"For God's sake," said the foreman, "don't talk in that way again."

"Why not? Have I said aught but the truth?"

"Truth or not, such language will not take here. Your sentiments are mine exactly, but such broad cosmopolitan ideas will wither and die in the barren soil and vitiated atmosphere of this locality, and not only that, but entail destruction on the sower."

"Well, my good friend," said Richard, "your soil needs fertilizing, and your atmo-

sphere purifying, and the sooner it were done the better."

The yard man called the foreman before he had time to reply.

When the foreman again entered it was to inform the workmen that no more loud talking or singing would be allowed in the shop. This, he said, was the direct order of Mr. Relvason.

The men were naturally indignant, and muttered and grumbled loudly. Some even indulged in appellatives that were anything but flattering to the employer.

Richard said nothing, but the word "slaves" came through his set teeth with a sharp, hissing sound.

The foreman shook his finger deprecatingly. The storm soon blew over, but it left traces that were never obliterated.

From that hour young Arbyght was the hero of the shop, and this incident, though quite trivial in itself, was but the "beginning of the end."

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAP. XI.—The Conspirators.

The renegade trembled, and thought he felt madness pass like a flash of lightning through his brain. The grief he suffered made his hair stand on end, and all his limbs were bathed in a cold sweat; a burst of convulsive laughter escaped him, and his distended eyes gazed on the imaginary shade of Rachel; he placed his hand over his heart, the palpitations of which made him feel the icy and cutting sensation of steel entering his flesh.

Meanwhile the other three persons had advanced as far as the porch; standing round the treasurer, they threw the cowls back on their shoulders, and Samuel recognised Aixax, Burdett and Zedeekiah.

When Esau had subdued his agony a little, he resumed: "But it is impossible that Rachel can be dead! Do not mock me, Ben Levi. It is only a few hours since I saw her; she was then well, serene, and almost cheerful. Death could not have seized her so suddenly. Ah, you deceive us! Yes, it was a crime to think of delivering her up. Who would dare to demand that innocent child for a victim? Who could help loving her? To whom did she ever do any harm? She only lived to assist the weak and suffering. Oh, if a dastardly revenge has pursued and reached my poor Rachel, I will exact sanguinary justice! But no, I am mad. Rachel is not dead. Ben Levi, I will see her." And with a countenance disconcerted by doubt and suffering, he made a sign to Samuel to rise.

"Come, be calm, companion," said Burdett to him.

"It is a trial that Heaven has sent you," added Zedeekiah. "Gird your loins against grief, and think of the salvation of your brethren, that they may forgive you your abjuration."

But the immovable renegade disdainfully smiled. "What matters all their projects to me if Rachel is dead?" he replied. "My life, my strength, my courage, my ambition, I have lost all in losing her." And fainting, he leant against a pillar; then meeting the dark and hateful glance of the king's favorite, he recollected her rivalry with the young Jewess, and a dreadful suspicion crossed his mind.

"Oh, I have yet strength to avenge her!" he exclaimed. "Rachel, if it be true that I am not to see thee again, I promise thee that thy enemy shall not long rejoice at thy death."

But as he advanced towards the Morisca, who fiercely awaited him, Samuel, in a tremulous voice, said to him, "Accuse no one, my son. It was I who acquainted Rachel that the king insisted that she should be taken as a hostage to the Alcazar. Dishonor there awaited her. She preferred death."

"So she has been the victim of the tyranny of Don Pedro," said the renegade. "On him alone, then, vengeance must be taken."

The Morisca laughed. "Wilt thou be the dupe of so gross a story, Esau Manasses?" she said; "the thing might be believed if the daughter of this good Samuel had not so plainly betrayed her love for Don Pedro. Thou knowest as well as myself, brave Esau," continued the favorite, with a venomous smile, "that this beautiful chaste Jewess loved the king."

"Insult not her memory, madam," interrupted the renegade.

"May my words be a consolation to thee, Esau," said Aixax; "but I do not believe in the death of Rachel."

"You do not believe it!" exclaimed Esau and Samuel at the same time.

"I will not believe it," she returned, "until I have contemplated the closed eyes of thy daughter, Samuel; until I have touched her cold forehead; until I have assured myself that her stiff lips allow not a breath to escape them. This proof I even demand, for already the suspicions of Esau Manasses turn towards me, and I will not be suspected. Be fra Samuel, and avow that thou hast hidden daughter to withdraw her from all danger avoid trusting her either with the renegade the Morisca Aixax. That I am certain is whole truth."

"Oh, if thou hast thus deceived me! if thou hast thus trifled with my grief and despair

"will not readily forgive thee, Samuel!" said Esau.

"Take care, cunning and dissimulating man," added Zedekiah, "thou knowest how we punish traitors."

"Come, rise up," said Burdett, roughly, and he compelled the astonished treasurer to stand upright before his exasperated interrogators.

"Dead or alive, I will see Rachel again!" cried the renegade, impetuously. "Who knows but that I shall yet hear that voice, so sweet; that it ever made my heart vibrate. Once more to behold her charming features, and impress them indelibly on my heart, will be supreme happiness to me."

"Then you will not respect the repose of my daughter even in death?" said Samuel, gravely.

"Thy persistence is strange, and redoubles our suspicions," replied Zedekiah.

"Besides, if the caprice of the tyrant has caused her death," said the renegade, with savage exultation, "it is on the body of his victim that I will swear the destruction of Don Pedro; it is there that I will make oath to all your brethren, Zedekiah, to devote myself to this holy cause, and take vengeance on him who has caused the death of the most beautiful, the most beloved of the daughters of our tribe. Undoubtedly the life and honor of a Jewess is of small account to a King of Castile, but he shall pay the debt with his throne."

"Come then," replied the old Jew, "since you wish to pursue your projects of rebellion in presence of my beloved dead."

Esau had scarcely descended the first step of the stairs leading to the vault, than he perceived the bier on which Rachel was laid, enveloped in her shroud.

He staggered towards the piteous object, and regarded with painful and fearful eagerness that cold, pale face, immovable as marble, on which he vainly sought to detect a furtive movement, a fugitive indication of existence; "Rachel! Rachel!" cried he, in tones of despair, foolishly hoping that at this ardent invocation she would stand up alive and rend her winding-sheet.

But not a breath escaped from the cold lips of the Jewess. Her eyelids opened not. A fearful silence alone answered the appeal of the renegade.

"So much beauty, so much youth and sweetness, all annihilated by the cruelty of Don Pedro," remarked Zedekiah, sentimentally; "while Heaven might have granted many years of happiness to this poor child, if she had not fallen in the way of the tyrant; but see, my brethren, the result. Let us place ourselves at the four corners of the bier."

While the conspirators had been descending into the vault, the Morisca, ever mistrustful, had removed the winding-sheet of Rachel, and with a bold hand touched her forehead, eyes, and lips, but not a contraction, not a ruffle of breath, revealed to her rival a sign of existence. Once assured of Rachel being really dead, she raised her eyes, and seeing the fanatics that surrounded her, she experienced something like remorse at having engaged in the conspiracy.

In the meantime a number of Jews had assembled in the vault.

"Samuel," said Zedekiah, "inform our brethren why the King Don Pedro has ordered thee to convoke them to thy house."

The treasurer raised his head, which hung on his breast, and, making an effort to control his grief, he slowly said, "Don Pedro imposes on you a tax of one hundred thousand marabolins, in order to defray the expenses of defending Seville."

A low murmur followed this communication.

"And if we refuse?" demanded Zedekiah.

"You will all be banished," replied Samuel, "and your property will be confiscated."

There was now a perfect explosion of invectives and imprecations against the tyrant, who wanted to make those greedy leeches disgorge what they had so complaisantly fattened on.

"My daughter was to have been detained in the Alcazar as a hostage," continued Ben Levi; "but I would rather see her thus sleeping in her winding-sheet, than radiant and triumphant in the palace of Don Pedro."

"You have but one course to pursue," exclaimed Esau, who felt released from his promise to Rachel by her death. "Deliver to Don Enrique the gates of the Jewry, the guardianship of which is confided to you. I have a commission from him to offer you an exemption from taxes, for five years, if you render him this service, which may be the means of putting an end to the war. Here is one of the valiant captains of his army, the English knight, Sir Thomas Burdett, the friend of Sir Hugh de Calverley, who will be a guarantee for my truth."

"And I engage myself," added Sir Thomas, "to preserve your houses from pillage, in the first heat of the assault, for the simple gift of three thousand crowns. At that price I will mount guard with the most resolute adventurers of Calverley, and I will not suffer a single article to be touched."

"Do you accept these conditions?" demanded Zedekiah.

"Yes," answered all the Jews, "long live Don Enrique! Death to Don Pedro."

"But why does the favorite of the tyrant assist at our meeting?" demanded the suspicious Zedekiah. "Is it to deliver us up to the vengeance of the king, and render our resolution abortive?"

"It was I who advised Samuel to urge you to resistance," returned Aixa, proudly; "for,

like you, I thirst for vengeance. But it is only a trifling service that you render Don Enrique, in delivering to him one quarter of the city. It is a check to Don Pedro, certainly, but it will not be his ruin, his destruction. He may still defend the remainder of the city, particularly the Alcazar. You might do better were you a people of energy and boldness. You ask why I have come amongst you. I have come to propose to you a coup-de-main that would terminate the war, and for which Don Enrique would owe you far more than an exemption from taxes. But I forget myself—I speak to timid Jews, who have a dread of violence, and who know not how to comprehend me."

"We listen to you, madam," replied Esau, "and however dangerous your project may be, if it offers any chance of success—"

"You will find here," interrupted Burdett, "men whom timidity does not constrain."

"Even among those Jews you despise so much," added Zedekiah, ferociously.

"Speak, speak," said several voices.

"Well, the plan is this, to introduce yourselves into the Alcazar, and seize the King, Don Pedro himself," said Aixa. "This is the prey I design for you. This is the prize for which Don Enrique will never know how sufficiently to repay you. The lion once caged, Don Enrique will positively and for ever be the real King of Castile."

A murmur of astonishment ran through the band of conspirators.

"But where are the means for executing so bold an undertaking?" demanded Esau, who did not expect this strange proposition.

"The idea is good," said Burdett; "but if you do not assist as to execute it, beautiful Aixa, I do not clearly see how we shall effect it."

The Morisca imperceptibly shrugged her shoulders, and resumed, "Don Pedro desires you to send him chests filled with marabolins. These chests must be sent—he will not refuse them admission to the Alcazar."

"But how will that tend to your purpose?" said Zedekiah.

"Samuel shall accompany the chests, which will be carried in by the cross-bowmen of Diego Lopez. In the meanwhile, the cowards and tremblers may carry off their most valuable effects to the camp of Don Enrique."

"But the coup-de-main," said Esau, impatiently.

"What do you not understand?" said Tom Burdett, gaily. "This tawny-colored dame, my good Esau, would make a clever captain of white companions. Her stratagem is good, and very simple, as all good stratagems are; you, Esau, as well as myself, shall be one of the marabolins heaped in the coffers to be offered to Don Pedro, and we will choose, for the remainder of this false coin, the bravest youths that surround us. Here is the whole secret. Have I not guessed rightly, noble dame?"

"Yes, Sir Knight. A warrior comprehends me in half a word. Oh, I already laugh at the figure poor Pedro will cut at finding himself caught in the trap!"

"But should the king be on his guard, and, instead of being surprised himself, surprise us?" observed Esau, looking mistrustfully at Aixa.

"I will be close to him at the last moment, to lull his suspicions and support your enterprise," said the favorite. "Besides, what interest have I in deceiving you?" she continued; "none of you have sought to injure me, but without me your design cannot be accomplished. Weigh your chance of success, and judge."

"Bah!" exclaimed Burdett; "nothing venture, nothing have. It is said that that palace contains innumerable rare and curious objects. I consent to shut myself up in one of those lucky chests."

"And I also," said Zedekiah.

"There remains then only two or three companions to be found," said Esau, looking at the Jews; but, among these men who had been so eager for violence and death, not one came forward to join the hardy adventurers. He had not time to repeat his words before the ranks were broken, and the conspirators prudently slunk away one after the other.

"During this scene, Aixa had placed herself beside the bier of Rachel, whose discolored countenance she had not ceased to watch with jealous mistrust.

"At this moment, Samuel thought he perceived the folds of the sheet that covered the bosom of the Jewess move; he felt his heart shrink with fear, and leading away the Morisca, who could no longer doubt the death of her rival, he ascended the steps of the vault, followed by Tom Burdett, Esau and Zedekiah.

At the top of the steps they encountered the watchman, standing like a vigilant sentinel, who said to them, "I am the nephew of old Deborah, who long since taught me to love the daughter of Samuel as a saintly creature; if there is a vacant place in your chests, I offer the service of my blood and arm against the tyrant who has caused the death of Rachel."

"Agreed, my boy," said Burdett, "and first I charge you to conduct this noble lady to the gates of the Jewry."

CHAPTER XIII.—A Counterplot.

When the Morisca returned to her elegant apartments at the Alcazar, after taking off her long robe and cowl, she seated herself on a pile of velvet cushions, embroidered with gold, and ordered her women to adorn her as in the days of festival and triumph in which she had appeared, glittering with beauty and pride, be-

fore the charmed eyes of the King of Castile and his courtiers. She assumed a serene and smiling countenance, but by the flashing of her eyes, and the palpitation of her bosom, it was easy to see that a storm was brewing in her mind.

"Sprinkle on yet more perfume," said she, impatiently to her women; "intermingle these jewels with my hair, that I may still appear handsome in his eyes," unconsciously crushing between her clenched fingers the necklace of costly pearls she held out to her maids.

"Handsome for him who has betrayed, and despises me," she muttered, while her eyes sparkled with unnatural brightness, and her cheek changed from its sallow tinge to a livid paleness, and with her sharp white teeth she bit her lips till they bled. "Disdained by him!" she continued. "Thus, in order the more securely to attain that elevation I desired, I have yielded myself to the senseless wishes of this Christian dog; I have dishonored myself in the opinion of all true believers; I have been cursed by the Infans; I have been forbidden going to the Mosque to pray according to the rites of our faith, and I have assisted with face unveiled and a smile on my lips at the feasts of this infidel's court, surrounded by his knights and nobles, the conquerors of my race. God is great! May his Prophet, Mahomet, pardon me! I have suppressed all the sentiments of anger and hatred, with which this proud king inspired me, and behold! by an inexplicable fatality, the royal alliance of which I dreamt, those foolish thoughts of ambition which made me hope to increase the power of the Moors, all have crumbled in an instant, because the king admires the sparkling eyes of a Jew girl! But happily I shall have my revenge!"

Then taking a mirror of polished steel from the hands of a slave, she looked at herself with earnest attention. Gradually the muscles of her countenance, which had contracted with resentment and disdain, relaxed; a most gracious smile played round her vermilion mouth, and her half-closed eye bore an expression of indescribable languor. She had succeeded in effacing from her countenance all traces of the vexation and anger that dwelt in her heart, and she prepared to appear, in Don Pedro's eyes, handsomer than ever.

"Before announcing to him the death of this accursed girl," soliloquised she, "I must once more try my empire over him, to ascertain if I ought yet to reckon on the love he formerly swore to me, or if nothing is left for me but revenge. If he loves me yet, if the idea of Rachel has not driven me like a shadow from his heart, I will deliver up to him those Jews who are so conveniently entrapped in the snare which I spread for them. But if he continues cold and deaf to my words, if he turns his eyes away from me, if he press not my hand as before this unhappy war, woe to him! for these Jews, whom I have in my power, shall be according to my interests, my victims or my avengers."

Quitting her apartments, she descended calm and smiling into the oratory, where she found, as she expected, Don Pedro alone. He was sitting thoughtfully, with his head resting on his hands.

She approached him silently and passed her light fingers through his hair, and as he turned his head she kissed his forehead.

The king started, and an exclamation of joy and surprise escaped him, as if his reverie had become reality; but as soon as he recognised the Morisca, his features resumed their melancholy expression.

"Ah! is it you, Aixa?" he said, with a careless air, resuming his former position.

The daughter of Mohamed feigned not to observe the significant demeanour of Don Pedro, but kneeling on the cushion whereon he rested his feet, she placed her clasped hands on his knees, and fixing her black sparkling eyes on the king, regarded him for a while without speaking.

"You are unhappy, Pedro," at length she said.

"No, I am only thinking," replied the king.

"You wish still to hide your sorrows from me," she said; but I guess them; you are neither fallen nor discouraged, for you have reliance on your own firmness and indomitable courage; but you begin to despise mankind—you no longer believe their oaths—and you expect nothing from their gratitude."

"It is true, Aixa, I always wished to be just towards my subjects; and I cannot, without the utmost bitterness, witness the defection of those whom I believed devoted to my fortunes, and won to my service by my bounty and friendship."

"You would not have been surprised at the rebellion of the Moors, on whom your justice had weighed somewhat heavily; is it not so, Don Pedro?" said the Morisca; "but it is an unexpected blow for you to see those who blessed your name, and styled you the executor of justice, because you protected them against tyranny, surrendering daily to the usurper some of your choicest cities. It shows that the multitude are as ungrateful as courtiers; restless as the waves of the sea, my dear lord, they capriciously break their idols at the first wind that blows. I should not be surprised to see our friendly counsellors the Jews, who, but for the powerful hand that protects them, could not cross the streets of Seville unmolested, end by selling their king."

"Aixa, you eduminate them," said Don Pedro.

"They sold Christ the Saviour, my liege lord."

"So," said the king, bitterly, "treason within and treason without. To see this disaffection spread from city to city, and threaten to extend over all that remains of my dismembered kingdom—and to be alone to struggle against it—"

"You have powerful friends, Pedro; say but the word and we can retire to Granada, where Mohamed will not close the gates against us."

"Take heart, Aixa," returned the king, "my situation is not so desperate that I am reduced to flee to Granada and implore an asylum and protection from your father. And if even this humiliation were reserved for me, I could not expose a woman to the dangers of a flight across the country, filled as it is with marauders who form the forces of Don Enrique."

"I would not recoil from any peril, Pedro," said Aixa, "to accompany you, who eight days ago gave me an hour of triumph such as a woman never forgets."

"Eight days ago," repeated Don Pedro, raising his head, and striving to recollect.

"Yes," continued she, "it is eight days since you dismissed the Jewess from the Alcazar. You remember, don't you?" The forehead of the king wrinkled. "And what makes me happier still," she added, "she will never again enter here either as captive, slave or hostage."

The king allowed a gesture of impatience to escape him, and hastily rose from his seat.

Aixa stood upright as a statue before him, and seizing his arm, cried, "Hold Pedro, do you avow to me that you yet love this young girl?"

"Why interrogate me thus?" asked the king. "Am I here before a judge?"

"Don Pedro, my sovereign lord," replied the Morisca, with a sardonic and proud persistence, "I should not have perceived your coldness had I not loved you."

"Have I not told you a hundred times that I have not ceased to love you?" said Don Pedro in a low voice.

"Can I put any trust in your royal word?" replied the favourite. "You had scarcely allowed me to drive this Jewess from the palace, ere you sought in your mind by what ingenuity you might make her re-enter it. First, you lay a war-tax on the Jews. Since they would sell me if they dared," say you, "let me at least make them pay a ransom. You act wisely in taking away their wealth—that is, depriving them of their arms. It is lawful to undermine the power of these men who meditate your destruction; but did you not demand a hostage from them?"

"And who will answer for their faith and obedience? Do you, Aixa, counsel me to trust to their word?"

"No they are men without either faith or honour," she answered.

"You see, then, that I have acted prudently in exacting—"

"A hostage," interrupted the Morisca, in a sharp tone. "But it is because you must have a hostage in guarantee for the promises of these perfidious Jews, that you were wrong in demanding the daughter of Samuel Ben Levi."

"I do not understand you, Aixa."

"Do you think the old treasurer will deliver up his well-beloved Rachel?"

"I shall find means to compel him," answered Don Pedro.

"She will not come, I tell you, my dear lord," replied the favourite with a solemn expression of countenance.

"What! in spite of my orders?"

"Spite of your orders!" replied the Morisca, suffering a strange and threatening smile to wander over her face.

"Thanks to Heaven, there yet remains some faithful servants to obey my commands," said the king coldly.

"Before proceeding further, my lord, permit me to ask a single question," said the favourite. "You say you love me still; are you sincere, or do you say so only to spare me humiliation?"

"Did I not sufficiently prove it eight days ago?" answered Don Pedro, in a hollow voice.

"Well, if in the name of that love I supplicate you to relinquish this demand?" said Aixa.

"I will answer you that what you ask is impossible," returned the king.

"If I say to you," persisted Aixa, joining her hands, and speaking in a supplicating tone, "if you persist in this determination, I shall die of grief; for I shall regard the entrance of Rachel into the Alcazar as my condemnation."

"I will tell you, you are beside yourself," replied Don Pedro. "What you ask is impossible."

"Ah, it is you, my good lord, who ask impossibilities!" cried the Morisca, with a shout of savage laughter, that made the king shudder. "You are ignorant, then, of what has happened to-day in the house of your faithful treasurer?"

"What mean you?" demanded Don Pedro, seized with a vague dread.

"I mean," she replied, "that the cast-off Rachel, who loved you—for she did love you—is dead, and she died cursing your name." Saying which, she retired some steps towards the door of the oratory.

"Dead! dead!" repeated Don Pedro, in a hasty voice. Then springing forward to detain his tormentor; "deceive me not!" he cried, "speak not my heart thus; throw not venom on my grief!"

"Your grief," said Aixa, with spiteful bitterness, "is now my greatest joy. Yesterday I would have given my life for one of your

smiles; to-day I almost think I would give it for one of your tears." And, disengaging her arm violently from Don Pedro's grasp, she ascended, radiant and triumphant, to her apartments.

(To be continued.)

A SOMNAMBULIST.

Belshazzar Smith had a very bad and dangerous habit of walking in his sleep. His family feared that during some one of his somnambulatory saunterings he would charge out of the window and kill himself; so they persuaded him to sleep with his little brother William, and to tie one end of a rope around his body and the other end around the waist of little William. The very first night after this arrangement was made Belshazzar dreamed that a burglar was pursuing him with a dagger. So he crept over to William's slumbering form, jumped out on the floor and slid under the bed. He stayed there awhile fast asleep, and then his nightmare having changed, he emerged from the other side of the bed, and got under the covers in his old place. The rope, it will be observed, was beneath the bed, and it was pulled taut too. Early in the morning Belshazzar, about half awake, scrouged over against William. To his surprise the movement jerked William clear out of the bed. Belshazzar leaped out to ascertain the cause of the phenomenon, and at the same time his brother disappeared under the bed. Belshazzar, hardly yet awake, was scared, and he dived beneath his bedstead; as he did so he heard William skirmishing across the blankets above his head. Once more he rushed out, just in time to perceive William glide over the other side. Belshazzar just then became sufficiently conscious to feel the rope pull him. He comprehended the situation at once, and disengaged himself. And perhaps little William was not mad? He was in the hospital undergoing repairs for about three weeks, and when he came out had a strange desire to sleep alone. Belshazzar anchors himself now to an anvil.—Chicago InterOcean.

ANECDOTE OF MAZZINI.

As any anecdotes of the late Mazzini must possess some interest at the present moment, I may relate one which has appeared in the German papers.

The British minister at Turin, Sir James Hudson—so runs the story—begged Cavour on one occasion, to grant an audience to a friend of his, an English traveller. The request was granted, and on the following morning the Italian minister received his visitor. The Englishman unfolded a deeply-laid plan for the re-establishment of Italian unity. Cavour was taken aback at the political acumen and depth of thought displayed by the speaker, and mentioned his regret at not being better acquainted with the English language.

His visitor resumed the discourse in the purest Italian.

"Sir," said Cavour, "you discuss politics like Machiavelli, and speak Italian like Mazzini. Were you a countryman of my own, I would willingly resign my position as President of the Ministry in your favor. And now let me know what I can do for you."

"If you had a countryman like me," replied his visitor, "you would sentence him to death. But if you acknowledge the wisdom of my advice, carry it out and free Italy. For the present I am safe under the protection of Sir James Hudson."

Having said this, he handed Count Cavour his card, and withdrew. The ministers' astonishment at finding that he had been conversing with Mazzini may be imagined.

KEEP YOUR WORD.

When you promise to do a thing, be sure to keep your word, as well for the sake of truth as in justice to others. This very interesting story is told of a boy who was singularly faithful to his word.

He had borrowed a tool from a neighbor, promising to return it at night. Before evening he was sent away on an errand and did not return until late. Before he went he was told that his brother should see the tool returned. After he had come home and gone to bed, he inquired and found the tool had not been sent to its owner. He was much distressed to think his promise was not kept, but was persuaded to go to sleep and rise early and carry it home. By daylight he was up, but nowhere was the tool to be found. After a long and fruitless search he set off for his neighbor's in great distress, to acknowledge his fault. But how great was his surprise when he found the tool on his neighbor's doorstep! It then appeared, from the prints of little feet on the mud, that the lad had got up in his sleep and carried it home, and, when he awoke again and knew it not. Of course the boy was prompt in his sleep and made a few awakes. He lived respected, loved by all his neighbors and was a very happy man. After giving offices of trust and profit, Sir John and Lady Deacy, the assemblage

TO THE FREE AND INDEPENDENT ELECTORS OF THE WESTERN DIVISION OF THE CITY OF TORONTO.

GENTLEMEN,—

At the urgent request of numerous electors of this Division I have consented to allow myself to be nominated as a candidate at the coming election, to represent you in the House of Commons.

In a few days I will more fully express to you my views and claims on your suffrages, which I consider equal to those of any candidate who may offer himself for your approbation.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
JOHN CARR.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE

Eastern Division of the City of Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,—

I have the honour to announce that I intend to be a Candidate for the House of Commons, in the above Division, at the coming General Election for the Dominion Parliament.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
JAMES BEATY.

Toronto, 24th June, 1872.

NOTICE.

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

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

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J. S. WILLIAMS,
SUPERINTENDENT.

The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1872

THE DUTY OF WORKINGMEN AT THE COMING ELECTIONS.

In those days in which we live, the tiller of the soil, the laborer, the artisan, have greater social and political power than ever possessed by the same class before; so much so that, if rightly directed, even in this country of limited suffrage, their will must become law. If we are to take a lesson from the past, and view the road over which we came, to our present standpoint, we will behold at the different stations along the route, the rights of the masses tossed to and fro between two contending political factions, the party in power nearly always proving themselves to be the most conservative; and the party out of power taking up a few popular measures for the purpose of carrying them into power. So that it has nearly always been upon the change of an Administration that the masses have received the Legislative concessions that now give us the power we have in the land, if rightly directed; if there ever was a time in the history of our country that the industrial

should show that they are united—pungency, it is at the coming moment. The career of both parties before the eyes of all. We should be careful of what may be expected of the patronage sent to me. the toiler's behalf,

not by going back to the years of '37 and '41, as some eloquent Reform jobbers would have us do, to behold the triumphs achieved by a Progressive Party in those days, while they who claim or monopolize the name to-day, do nothing to prove that they possess the first principle of true reform, further than to point to, and make a parade of, the laurels won in the interest of popular rights by a noble band of freemen, upwards of thirty years ago, supported by the liberty-loving sons of toil, and though those of that generation have mostly passed to their reward, they have left us in the possession of rights that we appreciate, and shall guard with a watchful eye, so that we shall be enabled to hand them down to those who follow us, intact, with such additions as are worthy of a progressive and intelligent parentage.

All intelligent workmen are Progressive Reformers, and therefore the name Reformer has a special charm for us; but we are beginning to understand that a mere name may be very thin, as it has proved itself to be in the record made by the party assuming that name. Lately they climbed into power in Ontario over the dead body of poor Scott; and then as a reward passed a resolution that did not amount to the snap of one's thumb, and we think that the party may be fairly called to account by the workmen of the country, not for being Reformers by name, but for their late actions. Not one popular measure has engaged their attention; not one word on their part for the purpose of conforming our social laws relating to labor to those of the mother country. The Trade Union Bill has been left for the hands of one whom the leaders of the so-called Reform Party have heretofore been loud in making the workmen believe was their uncompromising enemy. No Factory Act for the protection of our sisters and children from the selfishness of unscrupulous employers; no bill for the protection of life and limb to secure the workman against the avarice of the employer, to whom the life of an operative is of less consideration than a little additional expense would be in securing safe appliances for the purpose of conducting his business—no nothing that affects the laborer directly. Of course there is hanging for murder; but if none were liable to suffer the death by this crime but the mudcills of society, there might be no punishment for this crime; but as all are liable to fall by the assassin's hand, it would not be wise to discriminate, and the law is of course generalized—the same as all other laws that are necessary for the protection of the classes,—or, even more so than of the masses.

Now a word with regard to our duty as workingmen in the premises. We should first understand what we require, and those who are willing to support us in our requirements, let them receive our united support. It is time that workmen were learning sense, and ignore party and adopt measures instead, and those men who are willing to carry measures calculated to improve our condition, support them, of whichever party they are. Neither party nor religion should blind us in this contest. The Ballot Bill successfully passed, places that boon in the hands of all parties and all religions. An extension of the Franchise will reach all to whom it applies, irrespective of party or religion. Then let us unite on such measures as directly concern the workingman's welfare, and denounce at the polls all men who believe with the *Globe* that the working-classes have all the rights they are entitled to, and that further legislation in their behalf would be class legislation.

THE PRESENTATION.

The entire proceedings connected with the presentation of an address to Sir John A. Macdonald and a jewel casket to Lady Macdonald, and also an address to J. Beaty, Esq., M.P., in the Music Hall, on Thursday evening last, were of the most satisfactory and pleasing character. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity by an intelligent and appreciative audience—being composed largely of the workingmen and

their wives; but, we suppose, because they happened to be better dressed and much better behaved than suited the *Globe's* ideas of what their appearance and position should be, we are told by that reliable journal that "bona fide workingmen were few and far between." We may well afford, however, to let this statement pass with the rest of its untruthful assertions—in charity attributing them to an overflow of bile and spleen.

The presentation, which was but an expression of gratitude to Sir John for the promptness with which he took action in reference to legalizing Trades' Unions, will, we believe, be productive of many good results yet to follow. It will be remembered that upon former occasions we took exception to many of the provisions of the English Bill as being unnecessarily harsh and oppressive, and therefore it was desired that in adapting it to the wants of the industrial classes of this country, those crudities might be remedied.

But the shortness of time at the disposal of the Minister of Justice prevented this being done unless the Bill remained over till a future session, and therefore it was deemed advisable—as it was absolutely necessary to have legislation in the matter—to accept the bill as it stood, and subsequently have such amendments made as might be deemed proper; and a careful perusal of the Premier's speech will show that even in his opinion the bill introduced requires improvement and amendment before it can effect all that was desired by its passage—before the workingman gets all his rights under the law, and acquires that status in our social system which he ought to have. And therefore it is with great satisfaction that we record the pledge of the Minister of Justice—and undoubtedly these promises will be kept prominently in view by the men interested in labor reform—"that as improvements may be introduced in the English Bill, I shall exercise the same promptitude as before in grafting those improvements and amendments upon the law of this country. I will say more, that while as a Conservative and a British subject, I have great respect for English precedent and English practice, and am satisfied to follow at a humble distance the course of legislation in England, yet I will not pledge myself to wait an unreasonable time if there is no action in regard to this matter in the mother country." We also note with satisfaction the invitation by Sir John to Trades' Assemblies and others interested, to "make communications and suggestions as to any amendment, any extension, any enlargement, any improvement in the present law that may be thought desirable or necessary." This pledge will, we believe, prove satisfactory to the working classes, as a whole—more, indeed, could not reasonably be expected.

THE TESTIMONIAL.

The *Globe* having offered the use of its columns to any who wished to refute the accusations that had frequently been made, editorially and otherwise, respecting the presentation to Lady Macdonald, Mr. J. Hewitt, Corresponding Secretary of the Trades' Assembly, has taken up the cudgels, and in a communication which we publish elsewhere, plainly states the facts of the case. But is the *Globe* satisfied? Not at all. Mr. Hewitt's pedigree is to be traced, his antecedents searched out, his present position stated, and his character given. We suppose this is all right according to *Globe's* proceedings, but we fail to see what connection it has with the communication he has addressed to that journal. To make things even, perhaps, it would be as well to look up the antecedents, present position and character of the "*Globe's* special correspondent," and see which will compare most favorably. We certainly are of the opinion that it would have been more dignified to have treated with the contempt they deserve the statements of the *Globe*,—and have held Mr. Clarke accountable at the proper tribunal.

PRESENTATION TO LADY MACDONALD.

Last Thursday night the Music Hall was filled to repletion with a highly respectable assemblage of ladies and gentlemen to witness the presentation of a gold jewel casket to Lady Macdonald as a token of gratitude for the workingmen of Toronto for the part taken by Sir John Macdonald last session in introducing an act legalizing Trades' Unions.

The walls of the hall were hung with mottoes, among them the following:—"Welcome to Lady Macdonald," "The Workingmen of Toronto welcome their Chief who accorded them their Just Rights," "Labor and Capital," "A Fair Day's Wages for a Fair Day's Work," "Trades' Unions, the Safety of the Workingman," "Honor to Sir John A. Macdonald, whose exertions legalised Trades' Unions." The splendid band of the 10th Royals occupied the gallery, and played excellent selections under the leadership of Mr. Toulmin. On the platform were the chairman, Mr. J. S. Williams, Mr. J. Hewitt, Cor. Sec. of Trades' Assembly, Mr. A. McCormick, Pres., and a number of the officers and members of the Trades' Assembly. Shortly after eight Sir John and Lady Macdonald arrived, accompanied by Mrs. George W. Allan, Mrs. Capt. Strachan, and Mrs. Charles Drinkwater, and took their seats on the platform amidst tremendous cheering, the band playing "God save the Queen." Mr. James Beaty, M. P., on taking his seat near the Premier, received an enthusiastic welcome.

The Chairman, on rising, was greeted with cheers. After some preliminary remarks, he proceeded to review the circumstances which led to the holding of the present gathering. It will be remembered, he said, that for some years past the question of shortening the hours of labor had occupied the attention of our fellow-workers of the Old World, and the marked success that had attended those long-continued efforts, led the thinking portion of the working classes of America to consider whether similar advantages could not be obtained on this side of the Atlantic. While our more enterprising neighbors across the lines had inscribed on their banners the eight-hour system, we in Canada had been more moderate in seeking to have our hours of labor reduced from sixty to fifty-four hours per week. The many mass meetings that were held by the workingmen to discuss the movement was referred to, and the unanimity that prevailed at those meetings. The question of shorter hours having taken so firm a hold upon the operative classes, the Typographical Union was the first to move in the matter—in this city at least—and their request being refused, with one or two noble exceptions (cheers) a strike resulted. Thus matters remained for some weeks, the strike being conducted with the utmost moderation by the men, notwithstanding the many efforts that were made by their opponents to cause a breach of the peace. About that time the famous legal opinion of a certain Q. C. appeared in a city paper—an opinion which stated it to be illegal for workingmen to combine for any purpose whatever—and rumors were speedily afloat that a certain honorable gentleman would test the legality of that opinion. After some weeks' plodding and spying, on the part of a certain detective who was brought from a distance to work up the case, that case was considered sufficiently strong to bring into the courts of law, and one fine morning the electric wires flashed the intelligence that twenty-one men had been arrested for presuming to combine for mutual protection and support; arrested under an Act that had lain covered up under the accumulations of almost a century's legislation—arrested at the instance of a man who is noted for the *animus* and vindictiveness with which he hunts, sleuth-hound like, even to the death, those who may happen to cross his purposes. But in this instance, it soon became evident that he had overshoot his mark, for instead of striking terror and dismay into the hearts of men of union principles—as it was expected it would do—the arrest brought down a storm of indignation that had little been dreamed of, and caused the heart of Unionism to beat and throb in sympathy with the men who were suffering in her cause; and the hand of fraternity and brotherhood was stretched, almost from the Atlantic and the Pacific, towards the men here, assuring them that though far distant, yet their sympathies and assistance were aroused in their behalf (cheers); and the determination was expressed to hold up throughout all coming time, as monuments of foolishness and futility, those who had thus endeavored to tamper with the rights of Canada's free-born sons of toil. (Cheers.) But not alone in the ranks of Union men was this sympathy aroused and expressed. The eyes of those to whom are committed the making of our laws were opened to the

anomalous state of things that existed, that permitted of men being arrested under an Act that may justly be regarded as a relic of the dark ages; and on the evening of the arrest, the Minister of Justice (cheers), in his seat in the House of Commons, gave notice of motion that he would introduce an Act to legalize Trades' Unions (cheers), and accordingly a Bill was introduced, and passed to its final stage, and became law, that renders it no longer possible for men to be arrested merely because they may happen to be members of a Trade Union. The Union men of this Dominion, while recognizing the fact that it was but the duty of our law-makers to speedily remove from our Statute Book such an unjust and iniquitous law as the one referred to, would fail in gratitude if they did not appreciate the promptness of the timely action of Sir John Macdonald in their behalf; and, therefore, when it became known that Sir John would visit our city, efforts were made by the Trades' Assembly to give expression, on behalf of the working classes, to that appreciation, and the testimonial to be presented was the result. The chairman alluded to the fact that the proceedings were not to be regarded in anything of a party or political spirit, as the testimonial was given, not because Sir John was a Conservative, but because he had in this instance introduced a true reform. (Cheers.) After some further remarks, he called upon the Corresponding Secretary to read the address.

Mr. Hewitt then came forward and after referring to the slanders which had appeared in the *Globe* concerning the purchase of the testimonial, assured the meeting that the casket was the free offering of the workingmen, and was as much their property as the newspaper that had calumniated them was the property of Mr. Geo. Brown. (Cheers.) He then proceeded to read the address, as follows:—

To the Hon. Sir JOHN ALEXANDER MACDONALD, K. C. B., Minister of Justice, &c.

HONORED SIR,—The Toronto Trades' Assembly, being at all times ready to acknowledge any benefit conferred upon workingmen, from whatever source it may come, feel constrained to recognize in the passing of the Trades' Union Bill, a measure eminently adapted to promote the principles of co-operation among the working classes of Canada, on whose behalf we now tender you an expression of sincere gratitude, with an ardent desire that the services you have so timely rendered shall be duly appreciated by all interested, and that your future public career shall be of such a character as to merit the confidence and support of the industrial classes.

In presenting to Lady Macdonald the accompanying Gold Casket, as a small token of fervent esteem for her, and warm appreciation of services rendered by you, we would express a hope that you may long live to enjoy the richest, the noblest, the most desirable of all blessings that can encircle an earthly home, and that your combined efforts may continue to be directed to the social advancement and weal of the working classes in this great Dominion.

On behalf of the Toronto Trades' Assembly,
ANDREW MCCORMICK, President.
JOHN HEWITT, Secretary.

Sir John Macdonald, in reply, said—Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, members of the Toronto Trades' Assembly. On behalf of Lady Macdonald and in her name I desire to return to you her warmest, her most grateful thanks for the beautiful present you have made her. She will prize it much for its intrinsic value, she will prize it much as a work of art; but she will prize it still more, she will prize it infinitely more, as being an evidence of good-will extended by the Trades' Assembly of Toronto to her husband. (Cheers.) I must say that I am peculiarly pleased and gratified that you should have taken this mode of showing good will to myself by presenting this beautiful gift to my wife, because if it had not been for her kind care and solicitude two years ago I should not be now here to accept this compliment at your hands, and I should not have had the opportunity of introducing in Parliament and carrying into law the bill to which you, Sir, have made such a kind allusion in your opening remarks. (Loud cheers.) I therefore on behalf of my wife most gratefully accept, coming as it does from the workingmen of Toronto—(renewed cheers)—this beautiful gift. At the same time, with respect to myself, I must say that I can claim but little credit for what I have done in your interest. You have truly stated that the course which I adopted with respect to the Trades' Union Act was simply the course which it was my duty to adopt. I should have been wanting in my duty if I had not taken the step I did when the circumstances were brought before me. I acted promptly, and therein perhaps I may claim a right to some of the kindly remarks with which you have alluded to the transaction, and also some right to the complimentary language contained in the address—the too flattering address—which I hold in my hand. (Cheers.) But the circumstances called for promptness. I saw that in this country, which ought to be and is as free as any country under the sun, some of my fellow-men, some of my fellow-citizens and follow-sub-

Chase & B. Marston, Toronto. The very best brand of light Wines. Our Offices have a reputation for good wine, and are supplied with the finest of what may be expected of the patronage sent to me. Chase and Wine Dealer, 188 Yonge Street, Toronto.

jects, were arrested as if they had committed a great crime for simply doing what the Parliament of England two years ago, by a unanimous vote, declared it was the right of every man to do. (Great cheering.) It seemed to me that such a persecution and uncalled for proceeding required prompt censure; and that the evil, which arose from the existence, the too long existence, of old and obsolete statutes passed in days of semi-barbarism, when the laws of freedom were perhaps not so fully demanded and understood as now—when there was too, an unwholesome fear of the action of the working-classes—it appears to me, I say, that the fact of the continuance of these laws on the statute books was an evil which required prompt and decided action. (Cheers.) My attention was called to this subject more particularly by the opinion of my learned friend Mr. R. A. Harrison. That opinion was too well founded. It declared what was the disgraceful state of our law in Canada in regard to labor, and it showed to the world that here in a new country, where we ought to be as free as air and entirely liberated from the shackles that exist in older communities, this disgraceful state of the law should no longer continue. Mr. Harrison's opinion then called the evil to my attention first; and then when we were informed that these old and obsolete laws were put in force with so much harshness, the exigency, in my opinion called for prompt action. You have seen that Parliament responded as promptly to the call that I made upon it. Some objection was taken to the Acts that I introduced by some of the members from Lower Canada. They, however, denied one and all of them that they had any distrust of the workingmen. Not one of those gentlemen who opposed these measures on their passage through Parliament had any desire to continue in operation the obsolete laws, or any desire to bear harshly and unduly upon the workingman; but they informed me that Trades' Unions meant something like the Communes of France, those political and turbulent organizations that caused strife in that and other countries on the continent of Europe. I was obliged in my place in Parliament, and on your behalf—and the obligation was one which I cheerfully discharged—to abjure, deny and repudiate in whole and in part the assertion that in uniting together to protect the rights of labor you had any political object in view, any desire to subvert the institutions of the State, any desire to introduce into this country new principles of government and new modes of political action—and I pointed out that your aim was to form combinations which you believed to be legal, and knew to be right and equitable, for the purpose of protecting the workingman. (Great cheering.) I pointed out also, that these laws which I proposed to Parliament could not by any possibility be considered to be an infringement upon the rights of capital. I called attention to the fact that bills similar to these had, two years ago received the unanimous assent of both branches of Parliament in England, and that not one single vote was given, not one single division taken, against them—that although some remarks were made upon the measures during their progress through Parliament, yet they were passed without one dissenting voice. (Cheers.) I said, Here, these measures have passed the House of Lords, the feudal House of the Imperial Parliament, composed principally of members of the feudal aristocracy, of men of wealth, of great landed proprietors, of employers of labor, not a single direct representative of the working-classes having a seat among them; and they have also passed the House of Commons, where there are congregated the great manufacturers of the country, influential landed proprietors, great bankers, leading and powerful contractors who are large employers of labor, and great capitalists, with not a single workingman as yet, though I hope it will not be long before that is altered and the House contains a fair representation of workingmen. How is it possible, I added, that in these two Houses of Parliament, where the vast majority, if not all of them, are employers of labor and great capitalists, measures could receive sanction that would in any way be an infringement upon the rights of capital, and the rights of the employer? (Cheers.) These measures are happily now law, but the discharge of my duty with respect to them and my labor in the preparation of them are very humble services indeed. My task was simply to adapt the provisions of the English statute of 1871 to the circumstances of this country. These laws are now in England—they are still on their trial. They are, I believe, very imperfect. While they cleared the ground by sweeping away all the old, barbarous and obsolete statutes that previously existed on the subject, they will in all probability require to be improved and amended before they can effect all that was desired by their

passage, before the workingman can get all his rights under the law and acquire that status in our social system that he ought to have. (Loud cheers.) But a great thing is accomplished when we commence the reform of old, unnecessary and unsuitable laws. Let us not advance too hastily. Let us move with caution, because if you move with caution you may be sure that measures introduced and carried through Parliament after full and mature consideration will last. These Acts swept away the old statutes which prevented combination between man and man for the promotion and protection of their mutual interests. That was one important step gained. These Acts gave Trades' Unions in this country certain specific rights—gave their members a full and complete right to combine together for the accomplishment of certain lawful purposes, and gave recognition to these corporations as legal or quasi corporations. (Cheers.) The supplementary law was in vindication of the same liberty of action. The Act protected the workingman in the right to combine for a lawful purpose, the other protecting him in the right of non-combination, if he chose to act alone for himself. I am aware that objections have been raised in England to several features of the measure of which the one introduced is a counterpart. It was objected that the machinery of registration was too cumbersome and expensive; but that will be accurately developed as the bill comes more into practical use. Registration was absolutely necessary, for without it a Trades' Union would have no legal status in a court of law. (Hear, hear.) Circumstances might arise which would render it necessary for a legal status to be proven, and without registration that could not possibly be done. It is registration that distinguished a Trades' Union from a voluntary society like that of St. George or St. Patrick or St. Andrew, just as banks are distinguished by their charters and joint stock companies by their articles of co-partnership. (Hear, hear.) I am satisfied that the present measure can be simplified and made more perfect, but it will be well to leave that for the present in the hands of the English workingmen, so that we can be guided and may profit by their experience. (Hear, hear.) I am glad to see that the friends of labor in the mother country are making strenuous efforts to improve the workingman's lot and elevate his standing in society; and from the attention that will be paid to the Trades' Union Act either by the British Government or by some friend of the workingman such as Mr. Thomas Hughes, I do not doubt but that improvements will soon be introduced, which may, with propriety, be copied in this country. (Cheers.) I can only say that as it is my duty it will also be my pleasure to watch the course of legislation in England, and as improvements are carried into practice and embodied in the law of England, I hope, if I continue to occupy a seat in Parliament and a place in the Government of Canada, I shall exercise the same promptitude as before in grafting these improvements and amendments upon the law of this country. (Loud cheers.) I will say more, that while as a Conservative and a British subject I have a great respect for English precedent and English practice, and am well satisfied to follow at a humble distance the course of legislation in England, yet I will not pledge myself to wait an unreasonable time if there is no action in regard to this matter in the mother country. (Cheers.) We know that in an old country like England, where everything runs in well-settled grooves, where people are much more conservative and adverse to change than in this new world, there is greater difficulty experienced in carrying into effect important improvements in the law than in this country, where we are at all times free to approach the consideration of any subject upon its merits, without having to weigh and consider difficulties in advance as in England; and I will say this, that I would invite, at any time you are disposed to make them, communications and suggestions from the Trades' Assemblies of Canada as to any amendment, any extension, any enlargement, any improvement in the present law that you may think desirable or necessary. (Loud and prolonged cheering.) Of course, as the responsibility of introducing a law would rest upon me, and the responsibility of carrying it through and adopting it would rest upon members of Parliament, we must exercise our own judgment upon any measure that I may propose and they may be asked to carry; but I will promise to you here that every suggestion made by the workingmen or their representatives in Canada will receive from me most respectful and prompt attention, and, if possible, will be carried into early and practical effect. (Great cheering.) It is a happy time, sir, that at last, after years and years of blindness, and years and years of suspicion, the relations between labor and capital are slowly but certainly assuming their just

position. Labor and capital should meet precisely upon equal terms, and any law which prevents the employer and the employed from acting in a similar way, or from combining in the same degree and in the same manner, or from standing exactly upon the same footing, occupying the same status and the same platform, is unjust, improper, and should be amended. (Cheers.) Why, sir, the capital involved and possessed by every workingman in the use of his own hands is as valuable and is as much to be appreciated as real working and productive capital as are the fruits of the same labor that are hoarded up in the chests of the capitalist; and unless it is clearly understood that the employer and the employed meet on the same terms of equality, there can be no substantial prosperity, no real happiness, in the country. (Loud cheers.) Now, when it is understood that capitalists can meet and combine in order, if possible, to fix the prices of labor or the period in which labor shall be carried on; when it is equally understood that the workingmen can say, "We demand such a price for our labor, and will work so many hours and no more"—that they can, if they wish, combine together in order to strengthen that demand; and when it is understood that the relations of capital and labor are finally settled upon that basis, then I believe and know that with many reasonable men the chief difficulty that has existed between capital and labor will be solved. Then will come the question of arbitration for the adjustment of disputes, then will come concession, and then will come that real friendly spirit and unity of action between employer and employed without which the industry of no country can be permanently prosperous. (Cheers.) I shall not trouble you longer with my imperfect remarks upon the subject. Again I thank you on behalf of Lady Macdonald for all your kindness to her. Again I thank you for your complimentary language to myself; and I will say to you in conclusion that I ought to have a special interest in this subject, because I am a workingman myself. (Cheers.) I know that I work more than nine hours every day myself, and then I think I am a practical mechanic. (Laughter.) If you look at the Confederation Act, in the framing of which I had some hand, you will admit that I am a pretty good joiner; and as for cabinet-making, I have had as much experience as Jacques & Hay themselves. [At this point, roused by the merriment caused by the Premier's *jeu d'esprit*, a dog that had got amongst the audience barked furiously for some moments.] I should like to find out, (continued Sir John), as a mere matter of curiosity, whether the discontented voice that I heard just now is that of one of the employees of the *Globe*. (Great laughter.) If it be, I can only say that, in my opinion, like his master, his bark is a good deal worse than his bite. (Roars of laughter.) With the remarks I have made, sir, I beg again to return you, on behalf of Lady Macdonald and for myself, our very sincere thanks. (The honorable gentleman resumed his seat amid wild demonstrations of applause, in which the ladies joined by waving their handkerchiefs.) Three cheers were then called for by the Chairman for Lady Macdonald, and responded to with great enthusiasm. The Chairman said it had been thought desirable that one of the delegates should make some remarks on the Trades' Union Act. He then introduced Mr. A. Scott, who was loudly cheered. Mr. Andrew Scott, of the Amalgamated Engineers, was then called upon to pass a few observations on the Trades' Union Bill. He received a very warm reception, and spoke to the following effect:—The significance of the present auspicious occasion is, methinks, admirably fitted to constitute a theme well worthy of our consideration and careful attention. That so great a multitude should assemble together at the close of the exhaustive labours of a hot summer day, to participate in a universal acknowledgment of gratitude to those whose late public deliberations have well merited such an acknowledgment, is full of the greatest significance. It proclaims to all the glorious fact that the industrial classes of this country are fast becoming conscious of their own destinies, and that while they are at all times ready to protest against an injury done, they are ever ready to acknowledge a benefit conferred upon them—(applause)—from whatever source it may be forthcoming. This meeting exhibits a healthy feeling amongst the classes of society that are here represented; and perhaps the rarest, but most important, pleasing, and elevating feature of the present gathering is the happy introduction of the female element. (Cheers.) We hail with no ordinary feelings of satisfaction and delight the presence of those cheerful beaming countenances of our fair companions, and while grateful for their manifestations of sympathy, he would hope that the day is not far distant when they too shall follow the example of their sex on the other side of the ocean, by lifting up their voices on behalf of their social and political claims—(great applause)—and so make their influence to tell upon the mind of

this great country. The subject matter that is more particularly brought under our notice to-night, as has just been intimated by our chairman, is the existence and operations of trades' combinations. The circumstance that originated that inquiry must be fresh on the minds of all present, and on the minds of many will continue fresh and vivid for months and years to come. It would be difficult to find a parallel to the selfish and tyrannical outrage that was lately committed upon a peaceable and intelligent association of workmen, a detailed account of which has already been given by our chairman—at a time when the trades' unions of Canada were resting in what they considered to be perfect security—a security which latterly turned out to be only imaginary, for we found that a sufficiently well known class of unscrupulous employers, headed by a notorious newspaper editor, combined for the purpose of splitting up and totally annihilating the existence of those institutions, upon the successful building up of which to a great extent depends the future prosperity and stability of our young country. We rejoice to know, however, that their unhalloved efforts they have been entirely defeated, and we are here to-night to present a small tribute of gratitude to Canada's greatest statesmen. (Applause.) The remarks that fell from Sir John in reference to his willingness to follow in the wake of the Reform Legislatures of the mother country are very acceptable. Would that our employers had adopted the same principle in connection with the reduction of the hours of labour. (Applause.) We would have had a happier and more contented people. (Applause.) While fully appreciating the advantages that are likely to flow from the operations of this law, advantages that would be still further increased by the introduction of some modifications which may be considered advisable. We are willing, however, to accept the invitation of Sir John, and consult him upon those matters on a more suitable occasion. It might, however, be stated that the Bill known as the Criminal Law Amendment Act could never meet the unanimous approval of the workingmen, the passing of which has excited universal dissatisfaction among the artisans of both the old country and this. And we would impress upon our future Government the propriety of repealing that law in its entirety, and so render the invidious and irritating distinctions between one class and others of Canadian subjects unnecessary. We have great reason to feel satisfied that when the coming elections are over and the same great statesmen returned to their seats upon the Ministerial benches, we shall experience little difficulty in obtaining a full and impartial consideration (applause) and that is what we want. I do not profess to belong to one political party more than another, and I believe in this assertion. I only echo the sentiments of the Trades' Assembly and hundreds of workingmen besides. (Great applause.) But if we were to be ruled by our experience in the past, we cannot help supporting those men who have proved to be our friends in practice and not in profession merely. I feel it to be a duty incumbent upon that class with which I am identified to render a return to those who confer benefits upon us, and to use every possible exertion to prevent those men who are the antagonists to our best interests, from getting into power. (Cheers.) It is one of the first principles of trades associations, to promote the social advancement and intellectual elevation of our human brotherhood, (applause) and if we can combine for the furtherance of these objects we shall have done something for the progress of humanity. (Cheers.) It is only fair to recognize in simple, but feeling language the noble and independent attitude assumed by one of our city newspaper proprietors. (Loud and prolonged cheering.) We all know that when we had no organ of our own, and every newspaper in the city was closed against us, how frankly and freely he opened his columns to the discussion of one of the most important social questions that ever attracted the attention of any country. (Applause.) Need I say that I refer to our friend Mr. Beaty, (great cheering.) "Who proved to be our friend when other friend was none, Our champion when we had but one." (Cheers.) With these few rambling remarks I will now give place to other abler and more interesting speakers. (Great and prolonged applause.) The Chairman then stated that he had another pleasing duty to perform; and that was to call upon the Corresponding Secretary to read a complimentary address to Mr. Beaty, M. P., the member for East Toronto. (Cheers.) This address would be presented to Mr. Beaty in recognition of the recent expression of his manly independence—at a time too when the workingmen needed a friend. (Cheers.) Mr. Hewitt then stepped forward to read the address to Mr. Beaty amid loud cheering. He said he was very much pleased to observe the success and unanimity which had characterized the meeting up to that moment. (Cheers.) This had been accomplished despite all the mean, contemptible opposition shown by the *Globe* for the purpose of sowing the seeds of discord in the ranks of the workingmen. (Cheers.) The success of the meeting had proved that these attempts were abortive. The audience had met there that night not as classes but as workingmen, co-

mingled together without tearing each others' throats, and it was evident the class cry only existed in the deranged brain of the writer in the *Globe*. (Cheers.) They were there not as politicians, for the workingmen cared nothing for the success of the Conservative or the Reform party—as mere parties. It was measures they wanted; and measures they would have. (Loud cheers.) So the party cry had no existence outside the sanctum of the *Globe* office. (Hear, hear.) There was yet one thing Brown and his party might do to endeavor to belittle the grand, unanimous, and spontaneous outburst of feeling on the part of the working classes, and that was by buying up a few more Terence O'Toole's and with a force of "rats" in the *Globe* office hold an indignation meeting that would shake the Queen City of the West, from centre to circumference, for the purpose of denouncing the course pursued by the Trades Assembly upon that occasion. (Cheers.) Mr. Hewitt then read the address, as follows:— To JAMES BEATY, Esq., M.P. SIR,—As an evidence of the esteem which the noble attitude assumed by you during the recent labor agitation, has won for you among the workingmen of Canada, the Toronto Trades' Assembly would seek, in a simple form, to present you with a sincere acknowledgment of the friendly interest you have shown towards the comfort and well-being of Canada's hardy sons of toil. And while expressing our admiration of the manly independence which has long formed a prominent characteristic in your transactions as a member of Parliament, a newspaper proprietor, an employer of labor, and a useful active citizen of Toronto, we would fain hope that the day of separation may be far distant, and that the residue of your life may be spent in peaceful felicity and unbroken, harmony among that class of society in whose social elevation you have manifested an unfeigned interest. Feeling persuaded that few gentlemen of public distinction in Canada have ever enjoyed so large a share of working-class esteem as that now enjoyed by you, we venture to believe that you will continue to show yourself to be one of the truest and most faithful friends that the industrial community have ever possessed, and to make yourself a name that shall entitle you to distinctive remembrance. Signed on behalf of the Toronto Trades Assembly. ANDREW MCCORMACK, President. JOHN HEWITT, Secretary. Mr. Beaty, in response, said he felt embarrassed at the mark of confidence that had been bestowed upon him by the workingmen whom he had the honour to represent in Parliament. He referred to the condition of the labouring class in the country; and the fact that it was through human industry that mankind had been raised to its present elevation. The capitalists desired to give as little as they could for the labour by which they profited, and this disposition had to be counteracted by such combinations as Trades Unions. (Cheers.) He said that during recent contests between capital and labour the latter had evinced such a spirit as could only have emanated from good sense and consciousness of moral obligation; and the ability in speaking and writing shown by the representatives of labour spoke highly of their studious habits. He argued that just as commercial stock-in-trade fluctuated in accordance with the laws of demand and supply and so there was no reason why the price of labour should not be governed by the same laws. (Loud cheers.) As long as they continued to act on the principal of doing unto others as they would that others should do to them, their cause was bound to prosper. He remarked that it would probably be said on the morrow that he came there from a political motive; but, whilst being conscious that such was not his motive, the address which he had so kindly presented to him would bear him through all that might be said, particularly that journal which delighted in malicious misrepresentation. (Disapprobation.) In conclusion he referred to that greatest of men, save one, who, though called directly by Jehovah to go forth to evangelize the world, did, not disdain to earn his living as a tent-maker, and he cited him as a great example to them, and as one of whom, as a fellow workman, they might be justly proud. He concluded by thanking them for the honour they had done him. Mr. Beaty sat down amid great applause. At the conclusion of Mr. Beaty's speech Mr. McCormack was called to the chair, and a unanimous vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Williams for his conduct in presiding over the meeting. Mr. Williams in acknowledging the compliment said he felt honoured in presiding over a meeting of such an intellectual character. He had accepted the position, though somewhat physically disqualified for such an onerous post, to avoid anything like misrepresentation in a journal which was only too ready to misrepresent. Before the assembly separated three cheers were given for the Queen and the Guests. Outside the hall a torch-light procession was formed, headed by the band, and the horses were taken from the carriage in which rode Sir John and Lady Macdonald, Mr. Beaty and Mr. McCormack, and it was drawn by a number of members of the Trades Assembly. The procession passed down Church street to King, up King to York, down York to Front, and along Front to the Queen's Hotel. In front of the hotel an immense crowd was assembled, and in response to repeated calls Sir John Macdonald appeared and made a few remarks. He was followed by Mr. J. E. Dods and Mr. James Beaty. After giving cheers for the Queen, Sir John and Lady Macdonald, and Mr. Beaty, the assembly dispersed.

The Home Circle.

SAVING MONEY.

It has been said, and wisely, that all workers should lay aside a portion of their weekly earnings for future use, no matter how limited their income may be.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

Life bears us on like a stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook and the winding of the grassy borders.

A HAPPY WOMAN.

What spectacle more pleasing does the earth afford than a happy woman, contented in her sphere, ready at all times to benefit her little world by her exertions, and transforming the briars and thorns of life into roses of a Paradise by the magic of her touch?

A CHEERFUL HOME.

A single word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household; while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours.

And the influences of home perpetuate themselves. The gentle grace of the mother lives in her daughters long after her head is pillowed in the dust of earth; and fatherly kindness find its echo in the nobility and courtesy of some who come to wear his mantle, and to fill his place; while on the other hand, from an unhappy, misgoverned and disordered home, go forth persons who shall make other homes miserable, and perpetuate the sourness and sadness, the contentions, and strifes, and railings, which have made their own early lives so wretched and distorted.

gather "as clouds and as doves to their windows" while from the home which is the abode of discontent, and strife, and trouble, they fly forth as vultures to rend their prey.

NO HOME.

No home! What a misfortune! How sad the thought! There are thousands who know nothing of the blessed influence of comfortable homes; merely because of a want of thrift, or dissipated habits.

STORY OF A MISER.

The *Italia*, Turin, says the following scene occurred a few days ago at a railway station: "On a bitter cold day a millionaire applied at the ticket-office for a third-class ticket."

WORK, OUR CROWN.

Never be ashamed to work, for labor is man's primal inheritance, and is approved of by his King. Honest toil holds no shame, no opprobrium, needs not to blush before ease; idleness is symbolic of a long train of evils, a multitude of lamentable follies; truly restless hands are Satan's fastest machinery, that gives an unerring impetus to the engines of destruction.

A man has left England for the strange reason that he had discovered that he was his own grandfather. He left a statement explaining the singular affair: "I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time. And as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather."

STEREOTYPED SMILES.

Beware of man or woman with a fixed smile. Beware of the most hideous scowl before she is smiling. Beware of the most angelic grin before she is fully exhibited to all eyes under any and every circumstance. It is not natural to smile perpetually, and no one ever assumes a mask without being conscious of a necessity for concealment.

SCOLDING.

Scolding is mostly a habit. There is not much meaning to it. It is often the result of nervousness, and an irritable condition of both mind and body.

Scolding is a habit very easily formed. It is astonishing how soon one who indulges in it at all, becomes addicted to it and confirmed in it. It is an unreasoning and unreasonable habit. Persons who once get in the way of scolding always find something to scold about.

AN INDIAN COURT.

A Western writer tells this story, found in the records of the Michigan Pioneer Society: Kishkawko was chief of an Indian band in the Saginaw country.

After hearing the evidence, the jury pronounced the prisoner—who sat completely covered with blankets in the middle of the circle, that he might not see the faces of his judges, a custom recalling the night trials of the old Greeks—not guilty. The chief asked the foreman why they had acquitted the prisoner.

"Because he is not guilty by our law," was the reply.

Kishkawko arose quietly, and drawing his tomahawk, drove it crashing into the skull of the shrouded prisoner, killing him instantly, exclaiming as he did so,— "That law is changed now."

The old chief was destined to a tragic end. Some years later, he and his son were arrested for the murder of another Indian, and sentenced to death by a jury at Detroit. The two prisoners agreed to commit suicide by poison, and so cheat the ignominious gallows.

The old man swallowed some deadly herb, wrapped his robe around him and passed away, but the younger lost courage at the last moment, and so did not share his fate. Well for him he did not. A few days later he broke jail and escaped, and a short time after, President John Quincy Adams pardoned him. So ends a romance of this continent.

A CHAPTER FROM LIFE.

A comical episode in the romance of a love affair transpired near Petersburg a few days ago, and aptly serves to illustrate how some hearts yearn. A stunning youth, verging nigh on to manhood's state, wooed and won the affections of a lovely maiden in the western part of the city.

that time forth the fires of love burned not so faintly. The gallant's visits became less frequent, and finally ceased altogether. Protecting litigation, eloquent and vehement, availed not to restore the faithless one; nor, surreptitiously, with the help of a friend, did he succeed in the gentler moods of her nature yielded to the darker impulses of revenge, and a constable appeared on the scene. The man of the law interviewed the aforesaid stunning youth, convinced him of the waywardness of his course, and effected a restoration of the jewelry, other with mutual confidence between the parties, which is one of the reasons why it has been said that the course of true love is very peculiar.

CO-OPERATION ON STREET CARS.

Mr. Hennessy, President of the Chicago City Railway Company, has introduced the principle of paying the drivers a certain portion of the fares collected. The Chicago Post tells the result:—

The co-operative system of paying the conducting drivers has now been in operation ten days, with a most admirable result. Mr. Hennessy's theory that, under this system, the drivers would be more courteous, ingenious and vigilant, and that this would result in larger wages for themselves and a larger revenue for the company, has been abundantly realized. The drivers receive about one fare in seven on an average. Before the change, drivers were paid \$2.25 to \$3.50 a day, according to the route and the service. During the last week the average of commissions has been about \$3 a day for each driver, those who formerly received \$2.50 now getting \$3 to \$3.40. Meantime, it also appears that the net receipts of the company are increased correspondingly—the result of drivers looking out for passengers and collecting all the fares, and keeping their cars well apart. The new circular to drivers says: "The driver's share will be regulated in accordance with the season and business. A larger share will be paid in Winter than in Summer months. It is the earnest wish of the company to benefit the men in its service, and make their positions so remunerative that they will try to retain them."

THE EIGHT HOUR QUESTION.

The reduction in the number of hours to be devoted to labor among the journeymen mechanics in the United States, is a foregone conclusion, and the sooner we shape our course to suit such altered condition of affairs, the sooner the public mind will become settled upon that subject. To contend against such numbers on a question on which they are united, does not seem to be prudent or necessary. It matters not to the world how short the time men work in a day, so there are enough to do all the work the necessities of civilization require. All over the world there is a surplus of mechanics, made so by the fact that labor saving machinery is doing nine-tenths of what forty years ago was done by manual labor; and although such facilities create the greater necessity for labor and add to the wants of the people, yet the number of workmen does not decrease in proportion to the increase of machinery; and the only remedy that seems to be presented is in the decrease of hours for a day's work. All men have certain acts to perform every day, the doing of which is indispensable to both mental and physical welfare. There must be time to dress, to read and to converse, that they may not lose adaptability to and taste for association with their fellow-beings. An elephant, camel or a mule, will carry a great weight, but there is a limit to the strength of each. "It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back." Men can work twelve hours per day, but to labor only ten is much better and nearer the medium time required for the good of workmen. It is found by experience that hard work, even for eight hours, causes the laborer to feel that the human system is weakening under the pressure of over toil, and the mind becomes sluggish and inactive, and unreliable in its operations. Regularity in hours of work is as essential for the benefit of the master in the different kinds of mechanical employment, as it is for the journeymen. He must have time to get materials and put his shop and tools in order that his men may lose no time when the hours of toil commence. By forcing men to work until tired nature seeks repose, they destroy materials under the influence of a sleepy tendency, and often much more than a whole day's work is worth. It is a point of argument well worth serious consideration, whether it is not the duty of bosses to organize and establish eight hours a day, and the periods of time to begin and end the hours of labor.—San Francisco Examiner.

"What shall I do," asked a miserly millionaire of his physician, "for a tightness in my chest?"—"Join some charitable institution," said the doctor.

Sawdust and Chips.

Maxim for young Scotchmen who are fond of dancing—"Youth must have its fling." A Saratoga Belle, who dressed nineteen times a day, has gone into a decline. So has her father. He declines to pay his notes. A correspondent of the *Alta* advises visitors to Yosemite to "go in one way and come out another." So they do; they go in affluent, and come out indigent.

A colored gentleman in Texas, with his coat-tail pocket full of powder, lately visited a blacksmith's shop. He went in through the door, but left a hole in the roof when he went out.

Two ladies were travelling on the cars, when a stranger asked the older what relationship she bore the younger. The answer was quick and pertinent: "She is my sister's daughter, and my daughter's sister!" How?

SHRIMPISH.—A dandy at a hotel table, who wanted the milk passed to him, thus asked for it:—"Please send your cow, this way."—To whom the landlady retorted as follows:—"Waiter, take the cow to where the calf is bleating."

The tendency to get very similar names of places mixed up is so great, that it is said of a worthy deacon, praying for blessings on his favorite locality, that he cautiously added—"Not Reading-wood End, O Lord, but South Reading!"

Railroad employees should not sleep in churches. In a neighboring town last Sunday, one of them, while quietly sleeping, was approached by a man with the contribution box. On being disturbed, he partially aroused himself and exclaimed, "I work on this road," and resumed his slumbers.

Long ago, at a dinner-table in Massachusetts, a gentleman remarked that A—, who used to be given to sharp practice, was getting more circumspect. "Yes," replied Judge Hoare, "he has reached the superlative of life. He began by seeking to get on; then he sought to get honor; and now he is trying to get honest."

"ART ALITERATION'S ARTFUL ART."—In *Notes and Queries*, of the 9th instant, a correspondent gives the following "admirably descriptive lines," by Thomas Dunbar, "on the five handsome daughters of the late Scroop Colquhoun, of Green Bank, Liverpool," the last of whom died a year or two ago:—

"Minerva-like majestic Mary moves. Law, Latin, liberty, learn'd Lucy loves. Eliza's elegance each eye espies. Serenely silent Susan's smiles surprise. From fops, fools, flattery, fairest Fanny flies."

NEGRO PHILOSOPHY.—"Were you in the fight?" said an officer to an elderly negro on a steamer after taking a fort.—"Had a little taste of it, sah."—"Stood your ground; did you?"—"No, sah; I runs."—"Run at the first fire, did you?"—"Yes, sah; would hab run sooner if I had know'n it was comin'."—"Why, that's not very creditable to your courage."—"Dat isn't my line, sah—cookin's my purfession."—"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"—"Reputation's nothin' to me by the side ob life."—"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"—"Its worth more to me, sah."

Our future is always before us. The past is fixed. No tears can wash away its facts. Let us waste no vain regrets upon it; but from the wisdom its very mistakes and sins have bequeathed us, start afresh on the race. Though yesterday we were weak, selfish, indolent, let us to-day—at this moment—begin to be strong, brave, hopeful, just, considerate, generous, tender, truthful, pure, patient, forgiving. "Now" is a glorious word. "Henceforth" is always within our grasp.

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The subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public of Toronto that on account of the duty coming off Tea on the 1st of July next, he will offer his extensive stock of

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At the following reduced prices:-

Finest Young Hyson, lately sold for \$1 60 now 90c Extra very Fine do., " 0 90 " 80c Very Fine do., " 0 80 " 70c Finest Souchong and Congou lately sold for " 0 90 " 80c Very Fine do., lately sold for " 0 80 " 70c Very Fine Japan, Oolong and Pekoe Teas, lately sold for " 0 70 " 60c

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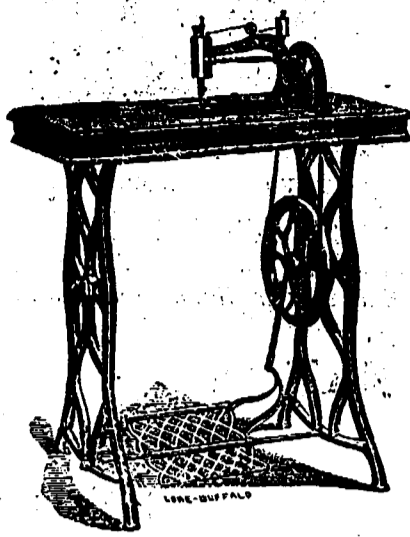
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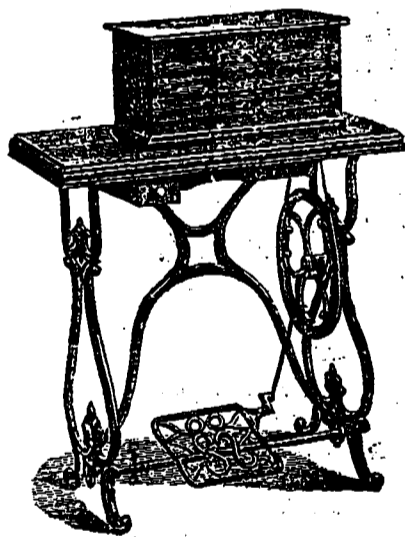
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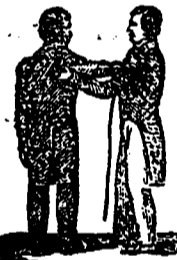
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