

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

THE TRIP HAMMER.

Vol. I.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1885.

No. 2

The Trip Hammer.

THE TRIP HAMMER is published monthly by a Board of Editors from the employes of The Massey Manufacturing Co.

The subscription price is Twenty cents per annum, in advance, By mail, Thirty cents. Single copies, Five cents.

Remittances should be made by means of good clean postage stamps or registered letter.

All matter intended for publication must be in before the first of the month. Every correspondent, in order to insure attention, should give his full name and address.

Inform the publishers of any irregularity in the arrival of your paper.

Advertising rates will be furnished upon application.

Address all communications to

"THE TRIP HAMMER,"
Care The Massey M'f'g. Co.,
Toronto, Ont.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF JOHN B. HARRIS.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS :

J. H. STANTON, R. HARMER,
W. GRIFFITHS, GORAM POWERS,
"PROF. SCRUB."

BUSINESS MANAGER W. E. H. MASSEY.

ASSISTANTS :

W. W. ATKINSON, D. A. CAREY.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL:	
In the Soudan.....	9
Method.....	11
CONTRIBUTED:	
A Strange Story.....	11
JOTTINGS.....	14
WORKMAN'S LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.....	15
MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.....	16
MUSICAL.....	16
LETTERS AND QUESTIONS.....	16
HISTORICAL DIARY.....	17
SELECTED.....	18
PERSONAL MENTION.....	20
NOTICES.....	20
BUSINESS CORNER.....	20

IN THE SOUDAN.

The news of the recent capture of Khartoum by the rebels under El Mehdi and the death of General Gordon has caused the most poignant feelings of regret over all the

British Empire. In England the long smouldering fires of dissatisfaction with the Eastern policy of the Gladstone government have at last burst forth, and English people, of all ranks and shades of politics, are loud in their denunciation. Nevertheless the "grand old man" has been sustained. By a narrow majority it is true, only 14 in a house of 590, yet still a majority. Whether the Liberals will decide to carry on against so large a hostile vote is not certain at this time of writing, but the probabilities are that they will. Certain it is that an appeal to the people in their present temper would result disastrously for the present government. It is proverbial that in times of danger the great majority of the English people turn instinctively towards the Conservatives as their natural leaders, and the recent reverses to British arms in the Soudan under a Liberal régime will not tend to lessen this feeling. Englishmen had come to regard Gordon as a hero, and his defence of Khartoum as but another example of that British pluck and daring which is characteristic of Britons the world over. The heart of the British nation was with him in his heroic struggles against fearful odds, even as it was with Havelock and Williams in former days. In lordly mansion and in laborer's cottage alike the name of "Chinese Gordon" had become a household word, and when the news so suddenly came that the post was lost and its defender slain a gloom was cast over all the country. Not for his death alone, however much it was deplored, but for the manner of it. England has many a time and oft had occasion to bury her face amid the folds of her mourning for heroes dead and gone, but seldom has it been her lot to cover it there in shame as she thought of them. Had he died sword in hand with the might of England at his back, his countrymen would have exulted in his glory even while they wept for his fall; but that he should be left to die alone, defenceless amid brutal foes whom he trusted as friends, deserted, or, at least, but half

supported by his country, whose behests he was carrying out; for whose sake he had undergone perils and hardships innumerable—these are drops of bitterness in England's cup to-day. The government will assuredly be made to drink its share. During the long 320 days of the siege, now among the most famous in history, the opposition in parliament had not ceased to urge upon Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues the necessity for more vigorous measures in Egypt, and when at last General Lord Wolseley was dispatched to the relief of Gordon and Khartoum England rested, for with the hero of Ashantee at the helm all must be well. The fatal words "too late" dispelled the dream, and with the awakening came an almost savage anger against the government which, by its feeble, half-hearted policy, had allowed the honor of England to be trailed in the dust, and her prestige to be dimmed in the eyes of the world. Even Wolseley's fame was not sufficient to save him from unfavorable criticism amid the public desire for a propitiatory sacrifice to the memory of the dead soldier. "Too late; why was he too late? He should have been in time"—forgetting for the moment that, in order to have been in time, he should have started earlier.

Khartoum has fallen. Gordon is dead. The mischief is done. What next? The dying soldier's words are on every lip, and it is felt that the course they indicate is the only one left under all the circumstances, namely to "smash the Mehdi." This may be easier said than done. The swarthy prophet has proved himself a foe not to be despised, and a long and costly campaign may be in store for England before that object is accomplished. That the campaign will be pursued with more vigor than formerly will undoubtedly be the case. Whatever of feebleness and uncertainty may have characterized its prosecution in the past must now give place to stern resolve. However unsympathizing the English people may have been up to the time of Gordon's death, that event has caused a complete revulsion of feeling, and the government of the country, whether Liberal or Conservative, will be compelled to take active measures to avenge his fall, and to wipe out the stain upon the honor of England. What the immediate results will be it is, of course, impossible to predict. Wolseley is upon the ground, and by his advice the government will, to a great extent, be guided. Major-General Buller has succeeded in reaching Gakdul, 70 miles from Korti, where

Wolseley is. Their junction will doubtless be the signal for renewed hostilities against the foe. Before this article reaches the public events of grave importance to England's authority in her Eastern Empire may have taken place. That her prestige will be maintained and her honor vindicated there can be no doubt.

Meantime the Canadian contingent returns home, having performed in a satisfactory manner the duties allotted them. They do not all return, however, several officers, Colonel Denison, of Toronto, among the number, having asked permission to remain on active service until the campaign is ended. And a few, sad to say, will return no more, having lost their lives in their perilous adventure. The survivors will be received honor, and soon beside many a Canadian fireside the sun-bronzed voyageurs will tell wonderful tales of the hardships they have encountered, the perils they have passed. Beside some there will be empty chairs, and tear-drops falling on the hearthstone to the memory of brave young fellows who sleep in that far-off Eastern land. Such is the fortune of war. They have fallen in the cause of England, and surely their end was not inglorious. Though there are voices here and there in Canada which scoff at loyalty to the Mother Country as a sentiment fast dying out of Canadian bosoms, they are few and weak of tone. The great heart of our people still bears true allegiance to the British throne, still cherishes as its birthright a share in the memories of old, of Britain's glory and her renown.

England has many troubles on her hands. The complications in Europe in which she is interested are assuming manifold shapes. Russia is credited with designs on Afghanistan, rendered possible, it would seem, through Britain's difficulties in Egypt. France, who has her hands full in China, is annoyed because England will not consent to regard rice as contraband of war. "Strained relations" between the two countries are the result, and Lord Granville's protest in this matter having been treated with indifference by the French authorities, the British squadron in Chinese waters is to be augmented. The enemies of England are, in consequence of all this, exultant. Her overthrow is to be looked for in the near future. The prophets of evil are many and their utterances pregnant with disaster to our poor old Motherland. It is said that the Fenian element

in the States is again in active motion.—Canada is to be invaded. Ireland freed. The Mahdi is to be victorious. India to rise in revolt, again ushering in the scenes of Cawnpore and the black hole of Calcutta. Dire and threatening are the clouds which hang over the once proud mistress of the seas, if we are to credit the soothsayers, clouds which shall soon envelope her in blackness and darkness, from which she shall emerge no more. That the times are ominous, none can deny. It is possible that days of severe trial may be in store for all who dwell beneath the red cross flag, Canada included. Should such days come, which Heaven avert, we are quite sure that all in whose veins runs British blood will so bear themselves as to bring no reproach on the race from which they sprang.

METHOD.

Many people have a constitutional distaste for anything in the shape of method. Never satisfied to order their actions by wise and judicious rules, inviolable as principle itself, they are content to drift along, doing this thing only when they can no longer avoid doing it, and that when leaving it undone would affect them unpleasantly. Talk to such a man of rule and system in life's affairs—he will tell you that man was never created to be the slave of "red tape"—that he is not a mere machine, sir; but a rational being—not a creature who eats by weight and drinks by measure. "Time for doing things, sir?" "Time was made for slaves—free men make their own time," &c. &c. Now, it has been demonstrated over and over again, that for the successful prosecution of any enterprise, work or study a reasonable amount of "red tape," if you choose to call it by that name, must be employed. It is not necessary, at this day, to argue that to obtain the best results in any calling a rigid system must prevail. And if this is so is it not a fair inference that the individual must also, if he desires to get the best out of himself that he is capable of, govern his life by well defined, honestly observed rules? Suppose the case of a household in which every individual of his own free will, and not in forced compliance with any statute "in such case made and provided," should set himself firmly to observe a code of rules which all had agreed would be beneficial. Suppose that every member, except perhaps the smallest children, were to be out of bed at a certain hour—suppose breakfast over

at least half an hour before the time to start for the shop, store or office—housework finished at a certain hour—children ready for school with half an hour to spare. Suppose the work necessary to bring about this result had been carefully apportioned and each had honestly done his or her share so that when the clock struck nine nothing was left undone which should be done—would the result be beneficial or otherwise? With our limited knowledge of family affairs we cannot, of course, pose as an authority, but we think we are safe in saying that it *would* be beneficial in the highest degree. Suppose, further, that such a set of rules were acted on by an entire community. Would the results be less gratifying? Certainly not. And so we might reason outward from communities to nations, and from nations to the great world itself, almost hoping to prove that order, system, a time and place for everything are the great panacea for the ills of life. However that may be we are quite sure that a more careful observance of order and method would bring greatly augmented happiness to many households—households in which there is now a constant worry and fret to overtake work which will not be overtaken—whose doors have slammed behind impatient husbands, sons and brothers behind their time, shutting in discouraged mothers, cross and irritable sisters and daughters, all arising from the small circumstance that they were not up in time.

Varying circumstances require varying codes of rules. Let each find out for himself the *best*, adopt it and adhere to it with conscientious firmness, and the result cannot fail to be gratifying. We have only entered upon the threshold of this subject and hope to return to it again at some future time.

CONTRIBUTED.

For the TRIP HAMMER.

A STRANGE STORY.

BY C. E. SAUNDERS.

In a room, bare and perfectly dark, save that a faint glimmer of gray light came from one end where the wall seemed to have been removed, there stood two men; one old and gray, with a face careworn, but full of loveliness, the other middle aged with a proud, stern countenance, and a short stubborn brown beard. The younger man was talking excitedly, while the elder listened apparently unmoved by the angry words.

"I tell you you have cheated me," said he: "you say on your sign, that you have a wonderful mirror in

here, and that anyone who will come in will see strange sights they never saw before, and I come in and find a dark, empty room with one wall taken out. Do you think I came here to be made a fool of? Give me back my money or I will have you arrested."

The old man stood silent for a moment and then said in a gentle, quiet voice:

"I will show you what I promised if you will have patience for a short time, and if you are not satisfied with what you see I will give you back your money."

"Hurry up, then; I don't want to wait here all day" said the other.

The old man did not appear to notice this last remark, but proceeded to give directions to the visitor what he must do before he could see the images in the mirror.

"That is not an empty space," said he, pointing to the end of the room from which came the feeble light, "it is the mirror you spoke of. Look at it steadily for a few moments and you will see some reflection in it."

The man's curiosity was now roused, so he quietly obeyed the command. The two stood silent for a short time gazing at the mirror. Nothing was to be seen. How could anything appear when the room was so dark? They could not even discern the reflection of their own persons. The patience of the would-be sight-seer was soon exhausted, and feeling that it was ridiculous for him to stand there expecting to see something wonderful in a mirror while there was so little light in the room, he exclaimed gruffly: "How long do you expect me to wait here? I don't see anything."

"Silence," said the other gravely, "the reflections will come soon."

Again all was still,—no not all, for the breathing of the two men could be heard, and the heavy beating of the heart of the younger, awaiting anxiously the wonderful vision. So quiet was the room you would have thought it built in some lonely desert, far from the dwellings of men, not in the heart of a bustling, noisy city. Is there nothing to be seen yet? Nothing! But what was that? The shadow of a ghost seemed to flit across the dull, gray surface of the mirror. Now, there seems to be a combat of lights and shadows. No, it is more like a company of ghosts dancing. Look, they are slackening their pace. Now, they are almost still. Surely there is some witch controlling them, for they seem to have lost their identity and to be forming themselves into a picture. A picture is it, or a reality?

A few more touches of the unseen wand and it is finished. A house has grown up out of nothing; a magnificent house surrounded by stately trees. In front gracefully curved drives and walks wind in and out among the shrubbery and flower-beds. The grounds are surrounded by a high wall, giving the scene, with all its beauty and splendor, a look of solitary gloom and coldness which deprives it of the charm it would otherwise have possessed. A man, richly dressed, stands at the front entrance, giving orders to his servants, who bow before him with looks of the most servile reverence. When he has finished he waves his hand in a stately manner, dismissing his attendants and walks back into the house—alone.

The visitor was astounded, and thinking the scene must be the reflection of something in the room, turned to see what there was behind him. All was gloomy and bare.

"Where is —," but the old man interrupted him

hurriedly whispering, "Don't move till you have seen all you wish to see." The stranger looked again at the mirror. The outside of the house had gone, and the interior was now visible. It was in keeping with what he had seen in the former vision. The world could not have devised more sumptuous carpets and furniture, or more beautiful ornaments than were there displayed. In a magnificent drawing-room sits the owner of the house,—alone—endeavoring to amuse himself by reading one of the daily papers. Presently it drops from his hands and he falls asleep. While he sleeps the scene vanishes. For a moment there is again an indefinite flitting of lights and shadows over the face of the mirror. Now all is quite, and a new vision presents itself; a crowded street along which are being driven a carriage and pair. The carriage is large and roomy, but behind the coachman there sits only one man,—alone. The crowd stops to gaze at this display of wealth as it passes. The owner of the carriage stares vacantly at them; he is pleased with their evident admiration, but recognizes none of them. He has no friends there. The scene disappears.

Next, there comes before the anxious gaze of the visitor a large room, filled with groups of men gesticulating, and apparently talking wildly, but no sound is heard. Apart from the others stands the man seen in the previous visions, holding before him a paper, and smiling to himself as he reads it. He folds it up and walks away—alone.

The visitor, who had been watching all with the greatest attentiveness, seemed to know the substance of what was written on that paper, for he exclaimed almost involuntarily, "Ha! he has made another million!" the sound of his own voice breaking on the death-like stillness startled him. The scene vanished. The man shook himself, rubbed his eyes, and walked towards the door. Had he been dreaming?

"Are you satisfied?" asked the old man.

"Yes," replied he, "I am. I intend to come in again soon."

"You may spare yourself the trouble" said the owner of the mirror, "for one person almost always sees the same vision over again, unless—"; but, he was here interrupted by the entrance of a young girl, who came timidly in as though shy, and yet anxious to see whatever wonders this strange glass could show. The previous visitor departed. The old man took the girl by the hand, and giving her some injunctions about the necessity of silence, led her over nearer to the mirror. This time the witch who ruled the magic glass, perhaps pleased with the beautiful though sad face of the girl, passed her wand more quickly over the surface, and in a moment a scene came, different from any of the former ones.

It is a wood with a little stream flowing through, rapid and joyous. On a rustic seat near the water are seated a maiden and a youth. He holds her hand and seems to plead earnestly with her. She dare not listen—yet she cannot resist his appeal. She bursts into tears. (A scarce stifled sob came from the eager young watcher of the scene). She does listen, though against her better judgment, and sets aside whatever obstacles appeared before her,—whether fear of an angry father or sorrow for a loving mother—and the two walk off together. The scene disappears.

The next is a church, at the altar stand the same two now united—the clergyman is giving them his blessing. There are present but a few friends and some strang-

ers. The parents are absent, yet it matters not to the young husband and wife, for they could be happy though everyone should desert them.

Then follows a cottage, comfortable, clean and tidy, for which the sun seems to save his brightest rays. In front is a little lawn in the centre of which is a bed of bright flowers. The aspect of the place is cheerful and homelike; the hand of Love is visible everywhere. The wife stands at the gate watching for her husband. See how she smiles as he comes in sight! He greets her affectionately and they walk in together, their faces beaming with love and happiness. Alas! to soon, the scene has gone!

There were tears in the young girl's eyes as she was leaving the room, and she asked the old man, "Do you think my life will be like that?"

"I cannot tell," he replied, with a look of kind sympathy, "but we must hope for the best."

The next to enter was a boy, young and full of life. "I say, mister," said he, "is it you keeps that lookin'-glass."

"Yes," replied the old man

"Well I want to see it. Where is it?" said the lad looking around the room.

"Come with me," replied the owner of the mirror, "it is over this way."

They stood before it a moment when the boy exclaimed, "That ain't a lookin'-glass."

"Wait a while and you will see," said the old man.

Presently there comes ascene; a wild prairie, covered with a herd of buffalo. A band of Indians, led by a young white boy are galloping up to the chase. In an instant they are among the herd, mercilessly slaughtering the animals, who run in every direction, endeavouring to escape but in vain. The white boy distinguishes himself above all the Indians by his skill and bravery. He is attacked by a large bull, but just as it runs at him he turns his horse sharply to one side and by a well-aimed shot lays the buffalo dead on the grass.

The boy watching the scene uttered an exclamation of delight and the prairie vanished.

Another vision comes; a lonely island in the ocean, partly covered with palm and other tropical trees. A rude hut, surrounded by a palisade, stands back at some distance from the shore. A boy in rough dress, apparently the only inhabitant of the island, is sitting in the shade of a tree, with a rifle in his hand; suddenly another human being comes in sight, an Indian runs up to the boy, salutes him with a smile of joy and triumph, and lays down before him a bird just killed.

"I bet that's Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, ain't it now? But I thought Robinson Crusoe was a man," said the lad.

The scene fled as though frightened at the sound of the voice. The old man silenced the boy without answering his question.

Another dim waving of lights and shadows and there appears a cave filled with smuggled goods. A few hardened looking men sit on the bales smoking smuggled tobacco and drinking smuggled whiskey. Presently there steals toward the mouth of the cavern a band of men, led by a boy detective. They rush in, a few shots are fired, and the smugglers are prisoners.

"Well ain't that fine," exclaimed the boy as he walked away from the mirror, sated with the gorgeous panorama. "I never seen nothin' like that before,—

'cept in books. Say Mister where did you get them fellers to do the actin' for you?"

"They were not men my boy; they were only phantoms."

"Golly, were they though? I wish I was a phantom." And the boy departed, his eyes gleaming with youthful fire.

It was some time before the next visitor, an old lady stricken with grief, entered. She was evidently looking for some amusement to draw her mind away from the sorrow, whatever it was, which had almost crushed her. The old man spoke to her kindly, brought a chair in for her, and bade her sit down before the mirror and remain silent, that the images might come. In an instant, with scarcely a single wave of uncertainty, there appears a ship, ready to sail from its port. On the deck stands a lady bidding farewell to her son, who has chosen a sailor's life. Now she has ceased speaking and holds his hand in hers, silently gazing into his face. The scene vanishes and is quickly followed by another.

It is a small house; on the verandah is seated an old lady, in silent meditation; her knitting has fallen on her lap; how sad she looks; she buries her face in her hands. As she sits there, a man in sailor's dress comes in at the gate and going quietly up kneels down in front of her, and gently draws away her hands. For a moment she does not know him, then she recognizes her long-lost son, for whom she has hoped and prayed so many years, and embraces him, her heart filled with joy and gratitude at his return.

"Give me back my boy," exclaimed the lady, who had been breathlessly watching the vision. "Give me back my boy,"—and she fainted. She was quickly restored to consciousness, but her words were still the same, "Give me back my boy."

"Madam," said the old man kindly. "It was but a phantom and not your boy, or I would gladly give him back to you." She could not understand it, and as she went out she said sadly, "I thought I saw my boy, but I must have been dreaming."

A few minutes after a young man entered. His countenance was fierce; his dark eyes glared savagely and his untrimmed black beard added to his repelling look. In a gruff voice, intermingling frequent oaths, with his words, he exclaimed.

"I want to see that show of yours."

"Come this way please," said the old man, "look steadily at the mirror and keep still and quiet."

"What have I got to keep quiet for?"

"If you are not quiet you will see nothing in the glass."

They stood silent.

The ghosts in the mirror begin to move—but how slowly! and how unwillingly the witch forms them into the horrid scene that comes; a gambling saloon; the stakes are laid in the centre of the table; the cards are dealt. A man with a black beard sits down with the players, he looks at his cards and smiles with savage delight. The play commences and as it proceeds and he wins point after point the leer on his face grows more marked, till the game over, he sweeps the stakes into his pocket and walks off, without uttering a word. The vision disappears.

The next is a bar-room. The same young man enters with some companions; they lounge around, talking, laughing and drinking. Why does the scene remain? Now the drinkers are all gone but two, the

man with the black beard and one companion, evidently his younger brother. At length the two go and the scene fades away. Another change.

The two young men are crossing a bridge. It is a dark night; when about half-way over the elder looks cautiously around; no stranger is near. Silently he draws a revolver, puts it suddenly to his brother's head and fires. The man drops dead; the murderer lifts up the body and throws it into the stream beneath. Here the visitor, who, up to this point had been watching the scene with keen eyes, his face pale with suppressed emotion, exclaimed with an oath, "I didn't come here to see stuff like that. I never murdered my brother."

"No, but you wish to do so," replied the old man.

"How do you know that? How did you find that out? Tell me or I'll soon put you where you'll be no trouble. How did you find out that I wanted to kill my brother!"

"The mirror showed me," calmly replied the old man. "it but reflects the desires of your own heart, and the scenes, whether real or imaginary, that you most frequently call up in your mind. Though you may never have expressed your thoughts in words, that mirror reveals them with unerring accuracy."

JOTTINGS.

WORKMAN'S LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

An adjourned meeting of the Association was held in the Lecture room, Massey Buildings, on Thursday evening, Feb. 26th, to receive the report of the Committee appointed at a former meeting to draft a Constitution: to elect officers, and to transact other necessary business. The Constitution which, with some slight amendments, was adopted, is in brief as follows:

The Society shall be composed of all employes of The Massey Manufacturing Co. who may desire to become members, no fee of any kind being necessary. It shall have for its object the intellectual and moral improvement of its members by means of lectures, discussions, musical and literary entertainments, and by such other methods as its managers shall from time to time determine.

The Board of Management is composed as follows: President, J. B. Harris; 1st Vice-President, Robert See; 2nd Vice-President, R. Harmer; Secretary, Hugh Aird; Treasurer, W. E. H. Massey. Committee—Messrs. W. J. Clokey, W. Lambert, W. W. Jackson, J. A. Ferson, C. McCoy, A. McKee, W. W. Atkinson, and M. Garvin.

The Board met on Tuesday evening, March 5th, and decided to inaugurate the series of weekly meetings proposed to be held with a musical and literary entertainment, to take place on Friday evening, March 13th.

We trust the good work, so auspiciously begun, will be carried on with vigor, and that those who have been appointed managers will see that it is not suffered to lag through any want of attention or care on their part. The design of the Society is a highly commendable one, and should enlist the sympathies and support of those whom it is intended to benefit. But to ensure success will require continual effort and faithful oversight. Societies of a kindred nature are constantly being formed in city and country, beginning well, starting out full of promise, and going on for a time prosperously only to droop and die because of inactivity and loss of interest on the part of their promoters. We trust the Workman's Library Association will merit and achieve a happier destiny, and that through its means many young men—and old men, too, for that matter—may be benefitted both morally and intellectually. Every employé of the Company should extend to it his most hearty coöperation. We cannot understand why every man and boy in connection with the establishment should not subscribe his name to the membership roll, this, with of course, good behavior, being all that is necessary to full membership. When we think of the hard work, and in some cases deprivation which many young fellows of whom we have heard and read, have undergone in their endeavors to obtain a foothold on the ladder of knowledge, we confess ourselves surprised that there should be any not in accord with the objects of the Society.

Of course we do not mean to say that by connecting himself with this or any similar society a young man will forthwith commence an easy ascent up the hill of learning. By no means. That path has always led through rugged places, over obstructions which require the most determined efforts to surmount, and always will. And when there is no real desire for improvement even the first steps on that path will never be taken. The aim of this Society, if we understand it aright, is to implant this desire, to foster it with the dew and sunshine of good books and pleasant companionship; to wean its members away from gross thoughts and hurtful associations where such unhappily exist, and by surrounding them with refining and inspiring influences to draw forth the good in their natures and lead them to overcome and suppress the evil. Now, we are quite aware that many among us have all these advantages at home, and do not require to join any

society to obtain them. True, but think how many have not. Think of the members in whose lives these influences for good are almost entirely wanting, and resolve that you will do something to extend to others not so blest as you some of the brightness which God has cast about your own hearthstone, and upon your own life. You are the very ones the Society wants—your experience, your example. You are wanted once a week at least, to assist in making the Association rooms a pleasant resort, to create within them an atmosphere of home; to lure young men from the billiard hall, the bar-room, and worse places, and incite them to the pursuit of higher and better things.

Entertainment need not be wanting—will not be. We understand it is the intention of the Association to procure a good piano for use at their meetings, and that music will form a part of the exercises. This is a step in the right direction. Give us good music for gentlemen—cheerful, inspiriting, not too classical, for we fear that in the hands of amateurs classical music sometimes suffers wrong, and, not being understood, is not appreciated as it should be. Good songs, with something in them—not those of the variety “Wait till the clouds roll by,” “Bloody Jimmy Riddell” order, but songs that the people will think of long after they have left the concert hall; songs that you would like your children to sing. Comic, too, if you like, but with no spice of vulgarity. Readings and recitations, of course. Some nonsense, for nonsense once in a while, and restrained within proper bounds, is not at all a bad thing. A good jolly laugh is a potent magician for casting out evil spirits. Some funny readings, then, with laughs but no blushes in them. Something heavier, too, but sparingly. But really we find ourselves giving advice, and, as we have not been paid for our advice, and, now that we think of it, have not been asked for it, perhaps we had better allow the Society to get up its programme in their own way. We, therefore, close this very-much-longer-than-we-intended article by wishing its members every success in their laudable undertaking.

We desire to thank our big brothers of the press, for the many kindly notices received, and good wishes expressed for our welfare. Were it not for our limited space and the fear we have before our eyes that some of the younger members of our staff would become more puffed up with vanity than they are even now, (which

would be quite intolerable) we should print them all. Want of space, therefore, and a regard for the feelings of our fellow creatures must be our excuse in this matter.

WORKMAN'S LIBRARY ASS'N.

THE LITERATURE UPON OUR TABLES.

At present our Library is stocked with periodical literature only; but such an abundance has been provided, that almost every desirable subject is well represented.

Much of the best literature of to-day, comes to us in the very acceptable form of magazines and journals, published periodically, and to these the greatest living authors are constant contributors.

The scope, too, of this class of publication is now so large that every line of science has its series of journals.

So it is quite obvious that any reading-room, well supplied with select periodical literature, will always have on hand a choice variety of the latest, freshest and best current writings.

Of the monthly visitors coming regularly to our library, perhaps those worthy of first mention would be “Century,” “Harpers’ Magazine,” “Outing,” (all three most beautifully illustrated), while from across the ocean we are favored with visits from “Cornhill Magazine,” “Chamber’s Journal,” “Cassell’s Magazine,” “English Illustrated Magazine,” and “Good Words”—the two last being splendidly illustrated. The space allotted this article will not permit of comments upon the merits of each of these magazines, nor indeed do comments seem necessary, since they are nearly all so well known to us. Some take broader fields than others, but their pages are always filled with the choicest reading, whether the theme be fiction—the finest of fiction is to be found in any of them—politics, science or the liberal arts.

For the younger members of the W. L. A. “St. Nicholas” (illustrated), and the “Youths’ Companion” (weekly), afford a variety of most enjoyable reading.

Our members who are fond of scientific reading will rejoice in “Science News,” “Knowledge” (weekly from London, Eng.) and the “Scientific American Supplement.” All interested in engineering and the mechanical arts will find on file “The Engineer” (London Eng.), “Scientific American,” “American Ma

chinist," "Iron Age," and "Scientific Canadian," (all weeklies except the last named, and all profusely illustrated.

Our religious journals are the "Christian Advocate" (New York), "Independent" (this also publishes excellent reviews and summaries of news on all topics for the week), "Christian Guardian," and "Methodist Magazine," (monthly).

For current news we refer members to the Toronto dailies and the "New York Tribune" (daily). General foreign news and discussions in foreign politics will be found in the "Pall Mall Budget" (weekly, London, Eng.). Admirable criticisms and reviews appear in "The Week" (Toronto). The "Illustrated London News," "Harper's Weekly" and "Leslies' Illustrated" with their fine cuts, give to our library a constant freshness.

Those of us who like wit and humor will of course enjoy its three worthy representatives, London "Punch," New York "Puck," and Toronto "Grip."

A few specialists will find their requirements met in the "Country Gentleman" (weekly), "Rural Canadian," "Stock Raiser's Journal," "Musical Herald" (Boston), and the "Money Times."

Members who do not often visit our reading room, and scarcely know what a wealth of literature is there to be found, will perceive from the above that it presents an array of reading matter—attractive to say the least. It cannot fail to impart enjoyment to intelligent men, and to those who are seeking knowledge—self-improvement, it will certainly prove a most valuable help.

Our library is not now all we hope it may become. The present stock of literature is merely a "trial trip." The proprietors of The M. M. Co. have determined to meet the demand. If there is sufficient patronage they are prepared to add cases of choice volumes. Gentlemen! the futherance of the library interests devolves upon you.

MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.

The Directors held their Monthly Meeting on February 18th. Thirteen new members were added to the roll. Paid out to sick members in January \$9.00, February \$6.00; leaving a balance of \$114.00 in the treasury. The name of Mr. J. Clark was inadvertently omitted from the list of Directors in our report in February number.

MUSICAL.

We understand that a piano is to be placed in the W. L. A. rooms for use at meetings of the Society. The Band has been so constantly engaged in actual work of late that it has had little time for practice, but expects soon to resume its regular habits. Talk of a Grand Concert is heard, sometime soon. The Orchestra and Glee Club are in *statu quo*.

LETTERS AND QUESTIONS.

The new editor of *Massey's Illustrated*, in the course of his professional career, has had occasion to note some delinquencies on the part of the printer, and, with characteristic energy, undertakes to show them up. To make out a case, he gathers facts from various sources, and then gives his own experience. The array of charges appears long (perhaps he did not read our closing remarks in last issue); and, as the proof is undoubtedly on hand, the knight of the composing stick may as well plead "*guilty*" at the outset. But, in so doing, there certainly are grounds for a strong recommendation to mercy; for, had the proof-reader done his work thoroughly, no typographical errors would have been presented to the public eye; and, should "Prof. Scrub" happen to be his own proof-reader, it would look like a case of throwing stones from a glass house. However, he presents his case in such a breezy style that we are pleased to repeat what he has to say about

THE ERRING PRINTER.

Imagine the chargin of the temperance orator when he takes up the morning paper and discovers, that in the report of his speech of the previous evening he is made to say: "Drunkness is jolly," instead of the earnest declaration: "Drunkness is *folly*."

Again, a rather speedy trip from the sublime to the ridiculous is effected as we read: "The people rent the air with their ten thousand *snouts*."

As you will observe, the simple transposing of a single letter has brought about these astonishing changes; and, in like manner, we find *oats* turned into *cats*, songs have become *zongs*, and poets transformed to *posts*.

Thus it is, that the majority of printer's errors are made.

The dropping out of a letter, however, will occasion results almost as serious. In a circular, not long since issued to the agents of the M. M. Co., one of the paragraphs read something after this fashion: "To insure the successful working of the Binder, the best quality of *wine* must be used." A little "tea" added to the "*wine*" would have straightened matters—"twine."

Misplaced punctuation marks, in some cases, give to a

sentence a meaning almost directly opposite to that intended.

"Woman, without her man, would be savage," was the version recently given in one of the leading journals of, "Woman, without her, man would be savage." It has been supposed the guilty printer, in this case, was a bachelor.

Sometimes, too, type-setters proceed with their work without specially observing the sense of the clause they are constructing, and naturally enough a word or more of some phrase may be so completely changed as to entirely destroy the author's idea. An English newspaper reports one of Her Majesty's chaplains to have said that, "personally he violated the Lord's day as much as any member of the court;" whereas, the statement had been "personally he venerated," etc.

So it was, also, that the editor of Massey's Illustrations was grieved beyond measure when its columns revealed to him the fact that, the Massey Harvester was fitted with a "steel wrought-iron bail." His consciousness of having written "stout wrought-iron bail" was the only consolation.

We will not think our friend, the printer, was under the influence of "stout" when he framed this sentence, but that, more probably, he allowed his thoughts to "steel" into one of those "dreamy moods," (?) presuming that perchance he may be passing through that human experience when such "moods" are not infrequent. Indeed, it is quite fair to assume that printers are as mortal as other men. Under these circumstances we must patiently bear with their infirmities.

PROF. SCRUB.

Many of our subscribers are practical men. Their thoughts dwell on practical subjects—they discuss practical ideas and ask practical questions. Here is a sample:

"If it were found necessary to increase or decrease the speed of the pitman stroke of any machine driven by the new mechanical gear (similar to that used on the Toronto mower), how could it be done without changing the size of the driving wheel?"

There are probably some of our readers who are *sure* they know—some others who *think* they know—and yet a third class who are sure they do *not* know how to do it. We consider the problem a good one—too good, in fact, to be disposed of just here—hence we give it out to our mechanical friends to solve and invite them to send in their solutions. Who will be first to sustain the reputation of the shop?

While T. H. is not supposed to be in the category of religious magazines it will try and accommodate communications, even though not strictly secular, which do not contain in themselves the elements of religious controversy, and, therefore, makes room for the following:

"There is a 'hammer,' mightier than our grandest ideal, for breaking down evil and shaping good material. It is the Word of God. There must first be the breaking down (Jer. 23, 29), then the building up

(Acts 20, 32). Let us each place ourselves within the range of this great transformer and realize in our lives the grand results which follow."

HISTORICAL DIARY.

FEBRUARY.

1st....Dynamite explosion in a New York retail dry-goods store, considerable damage done; Clerks' Association suspected.

2nd....The Vienna newspapers refuse to report the proceedings of the Reichsrath—O'Donovan Rossa shot by an English woman in New York city; the wound not fatal.

3rd....The French make an attack on the coal mines at Ke Lung.

4th....A big fire in New York city; heavy losses.

5th....Intelligence of the fall of Khartoum received; Gordon's fate unknown—French troops occupy Deouvan.

6th....General Gordon's fate still in doubt; great anxiety in England.

7th....Critical condition of affairs in the Soudan. —Hanlan defeats Clifford in Australia.

8th....Serious conflicts in Texas between the rauchmen and Mexicans.

9th....No news of Gordon; active preparations in London for sending reinforcements to the Soudan.

10th....The death of General Gordon announced and a general massacre in Khartoum; Colonel Wilson rescued by Lord Charles Beresford.

11th....The news of General Earle's death received; killed while storming the rebels near Dulka; three other British officers shot; the enemy routed with great slaughter; a message received confirming General Gordon's death.

12th....Fire in a Philadelphia almshouse, caused the death of 16 persons.

13th....Earthquake shock felt at Torre del Campo, in Spain.

14th....General Graham appointed to command at Suakim.

15th....Revolt of the Somali natives against the Egyptian Government—Reported capture of Langson by the French.

16th....The German Socialists at the funeral of M. Vollis attacked by Frenchmen—Riotous demonstration of workmen in London.

17th....An escaped servant from Khartoum confirmed the death of General Gordon—Langson evacuated and burned by the Chinese—Dynamite plot in Switzerland to blow up the Federal palace.

18th....Two Chinese warships sunk by French fleet. —Canadian voyageurs in the Soudan arrive at Queens-town.

19th....Opening of Imperial parliament; policy of the Liberal Government in the Soudan attacked.

20th....General Stewart's death announced; General Buller's force reported to be surrounded by the Mehdi's forces at Abu Klea wells—Many pieces of artillery captured by the French in Dousong.

21st....National monument to George Washington was dedicated at the U. S. capital.

22nd....The Arabs were compelled to retreat toward Metemneh by General Buller's men.

23rd....The vote of censure on Mr. Gladstone's policy in the Soudan discussed in the British parliament—Gen. Gordon's letters made public.

24th. . . . Loud discussion in English parliament on the motion of censure ; Mr. O'Brien, home ruler, suspended.

25th. . . . General Brackenbury with his troops and baggage safely crossed the Nile ; reports of a defeat of the rebels near Suakim were confirmed.

26th. . . . Lord Salisbury moved in the English House of Lords a vote of censure on the Egyptian policy of the Government.

27th. . . . The vote to censure the English Government was rejected in the House of Commons, vote 302 to 288, and adopted in the House of Lords, vote 189 to 68. =General Buller and his command reached Gakdul Wells=A large number of Anarchists arrested in Switzerland.

28th. . . . A complete list of President-elect Cleveland's cabinet published=General Grant's illness reported to be a hopeless case of cancer of the tongue.

SELECTED.

THRIFT LESSONS.

LEARNED FROM THE EUROPEAN PEASANTRY.

The homes of the German peasantry are not built upon the small patches of land which the men and women cultivate. They are huddled together in villages. The church spires form the centre around which are grouped the cottages, built with walls of heavy wooden frame-work, filled in with mortar and surmounted by thatched or red-tiled roofs.

The slovenly condition of these German peasant villages has led to much misconception of the character of their inhabitants. The peasants have not yet awakened to the necessity of making their outside surroundings beautiful, or even tidy. I have waded through accumulations of rubbish to reach the door of a cottage, in which not a particle of dirt was tolerated by the neat housewife.

The floors were scoured until they shone ; the wooden chairs and tables, simple and substantial, were clean as hands could make them, and the beds were decked with snowy linen fit for a palace.

In many of the rustic districts in Germany and France the spinning-wheel plays as important a part in household industry as it did in New England a hundred years ago. I was on familiar terms of acquaintance with a peasant family in a village not far from Heidelberg. The family belonged to the better class of peasants. By a systematic course of careful economy they had amassed what to them was wealth. They owned their cottage and a productive patch of land in the valley, besides which there was a goodly sum of money well invested.

But because their needs were no longer pressing, it never occurred to them to change their simple life, or indulge in greater expenditure. On summer afternoons this family formed a pretty picture of domestic thrift and industry.

The mother in her simple peasant costume, with the inevitable white handkerchief crossed over her breast, was busily engaged in knitting stockings for her family. The daughters, picturesque in short petticoats and red bodices, sang as the spinning-wheel flew round, and the thread twisted between their deft fingers. Dreams were no doubt dancing through their heads of other cottages where sometime they would reign as

mistresses, and the wheel flew fast as they thought of the great chest which must be packed to overflowing with homespun linen for their marriage dowry.

There is no idling among these people. Every moment as well as every penny is made to do its mission: All domestic duties, in-door and out-door alike, are attended to in their proper time, and for the leisure hours the spinning-wheel, or knitting, or sewing for the household, is always ready, and is never neglected. Thrift of time is very marked among the Germans.

In this country we are too much inclined to consider work as drudgery, and wait for pleasure until the work is finished ; but the common people of Europe whistle and sing as they go along, and take delight in a thousand simple things, which we either overlook or fail to appreciate.

One morning last summer, I was riding on a horse-car in one of our Northern cities. A small band of music was passing up the street, followed by a German target company in holiday attire. The conductor of the car an overworked and weary-looking American, gazed at the merry party with sorrowful eyes.

"Just look at those fellows," he said to a gentleman standing with him on the platform of the car. "They are marching off to some grove where they will meet their wives and children and sweethearts ; and they'll have more innocent fun for twenty-five cents than I could get for two dollars."

This ability to find amusement in little things, and at small expense, we in this country should do well to study. Give a German or a Frenchman, be he peasant or tradesman, a leisure afternoon, sunshine, a small band of music and a crowd of friends and neighbors, and his happiness is complete.

There is no pleasanter sight than a simple German family taking supper in the summer-garden of the small town in which they live. The day's work has been hurried a little, for perhaps the village band will give a "Mozart night," and not a note of the sweet harmony must be lost. The supper, consisting of thin slices of sausage, and bread and butter and cheese, with sweet crackers for the little ones, is carefully packed in a basket, and coffee, milk and beer can be obtained at the garden for a very small sum.

The whole family start together, the father, mother, children down to the baby in arms and the grandparents. The women carry their knitting in their pockets, and as they sit around the little table in the garden, chatting quietly, or listening to the music, which is sure to be good, the needles click merrily in the busy fingers, whose owners comprehend no such word as idleness.

The same simplicity prevails in all indoor life. Economy in dress is rigidly practised. A good quality of material is always purchased, and it is made to do service in one form or another as long as there is a thread of it left. Among the peasantry the peculiar costume of their district is their pride, and scorn falls heavily on the maiden who forsakes the quaint dress of her grandmothers to adopt new fashions of the neighboring town.

Some of these peasant holiday costumes are very costly, but the quilted silk petticoat, the embroidered bodice and gold comb, are carefully laid away when not in use, and often pass down in unsoiled splendor through several generations. Among the middle classes of the towns where modern fashions rule to a certain extent, the mother takes special pride in the dress of her daughters and herself.

In furnishing their homes, the peasantry and middle classes of Europe preserve the same frugality. Everything necessary for comfort is there, and the tables and chairs and sofas are solid and substantial.

The uncarpeted floors, with only rugs here and there to relieve the bareness, are not pleasing to American eyes; but a German or French housewife looks upon a carpet as something always full of dirt, and prefers her scoured or waxed floors, from which every morning, every particle of dust can be removed.

These homes are not by any means unadorned. There are always, especially in the houses of the well-to-do tradesmen, some well-chosen engravings on the wall, around which fresh, growing ivy is twined in graceful wreaths, as well as a few pretty vases and other inexpensive ornaments.

It is rare to find a house in town without a few good books and a musical instrument of some kind, a piano if the family funds will allow it, or at least a zither, or concertina, or flute.

Without music these people could not live. They must have some element of poetry to brighten the toilsome routine of their lives, and it is without doubt this passion for something better than mere materialism that keeps their labor from becoming drudgery, and their frugality from changing into meanness and a sordid desire for gain.—HELEN S. CONANT, *Youth's Companion*.

THE MECHANIC'S OPPORTUNITIES.

The average working American machinist does not expect to spend his whole life at the vise-bench or at the lathe. Working at the trade gives him, and, perhaps, his family, a respectable livelihood, but he expects that the skill and knowledge gained by steady application will be the means eventually of raising his condition above that of the ordinary artisan. The ambitious dreams of various men take different flights. One anticipates rising through the grades of foreman and superintendent to the pinnacle of contentment; another means sometime in the undefined future to go working for himself, when by energy and ability he will build up a business and make his mark in the mechanical world. As sentiments akin to these are cherished by a large proportion of the younger men in our workshops, it is not necessary to write words stimulating their ambition or urging them to strive and work upwards; but it may, perhaps, prove seasonable to mention some of the ways and means that can best be used to accomplish the desired ends.

The first aim of a mechanic ought to be to learn his trade properly, to become thoroughly master of his business in the shop. That is the foundation on which his first claim to preferment should rest, but if it continues to be the only claim the chances are that he will fall behind; for in these days knowledge that must be gained out of the shop is, in nearly all cases, requisite to adapt a mechanic to successfully direct other men's work. There is no tendency around our shops to undervalue manual skill. The man who can take a bold cut and push it through with decision, then with a second cut finish with prompt accuracy, will always have admirers among shopmates and employers; but the capability of making a lathe do its best work on a crankshaft is, in certain cases, really of less value than being able to calculate what strain the shaft will safely bear in actual service. A machinist may fit up the valve motion of an engine with unexcelled accuracy,

but his insight into the business is superficial if he knows nothing about the principles on which the motion is designed, yet these one-sided mechanics are legion. A good pattern-maker is one of the most useful and helpful workmen connected with a machine shop, but the training of this pattern-maker seems unfinished when he cannot tell how fast the fly-wheel can safely be run for which he has just turned out an excellent pattern. Boiler-makers perform very important mechanical work, on the character of which life and property are often dependent, but a boiler-maker has certainly a very contracted acquaintance with this trade if it is confined entirely to riveting, caulking and other work of fastening sheets together so that they will not leak under ordinary pressure. Ability to calculate the pressure that a boiler can safely stand, how much safety valve capacity is necessary for a boiler of certain dimensions, and some acquaintance with the strength of sheets appear to belong to the trade.

The lathesman, the vise hand, the pattern-maker and the boiler-maker are just as capable of doing their routine work without having the theoretical knowledge referred to, but if an employer wishes to raise either of these men to a higher position in the shop the want of this knowledge must be a serious obstacle in their way of promotion. Should either of these men start out to work for himself, he will have to obtain an insight into the principles that underlie the mechanical operations of his work, or it will be carried on at great disadvantage.

Of late years much has been done in giving young men excellent scientific training in technical schools, and the expectation has been raised that graduates from these schools would, to a great extent, fill the places of trust and responsibility within our engineering establishments; but if men with this training push mechanics aside, the mechanics themselves are to blame for not opposing the innovation by keeping themselves the more valuable of the two classes. If a machinist possesses a fair acquaintance with drawing, is proficient enough at figures to perform ordinary mechanical calculations, and has studied the elements of mechanical science, he is in a far better position to advance in his business than a technical school graduate who has not received the advantage of a proper shop training. Without passing through the experience of doing all kinds of shop work, a man is seldom competent to supervise the operations of a shop; and few employers care to employ as a foreman a man who is not able to tell exactly how long each workman ought to be in doing any job he may be called upon to perform. An experienced mechanic also has a great advantage in scheming out arrangements about tools, and in devising methods of facilitating work that greatly enhance his value when directing the work of others. For this reason, when other recommendations are equal, the mechanic will continue to be selected as foreman, and the foreman is in the direct line of promotion for superintendent or master mechanic.

When we survey the great industrial army that has passed before the world's eyes during the last century achieving such glorious victories in peaceful art, we find that the leaders were not born amidst rulers, but were men raised from lowly degree by their own perseverance, energy, and industry. The opportunities that past leaders of industry embraced, will again come around to the men of this generation who are ready and worthy.—*American Machinist*.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The publishers of TRIP HAMMER have received many letters of kindly encouragement and congratulation, and have thought that extracts from some of them would not be uninteresting to our readers, we herewith print a few occasional sentences:—

J. H. Vincent, D.D., Chancellor of the Chautauqua University, writes that he is heartily in sympathy with whatever will tend to unite "labor" and "knowledge" and bids our enterprise God-speed.

.... We wish you much success in your new enterprise,
MUNN & Co.,
(Publishers of the Scientific American.)

.... Thanks for the February number of your very interesting monthly. I must congratulate you on the appearance and get-up of the paper. Wishing you every success, and hoping my old friends at the Massey Works may take a lively interest in their TRIP HAMMER

I subscribe myself,

Yours Respectfully.

R. W. BARRETT.

RICHMOND HILL, Feb. 18th, '85.

.... I am pleased to see so much enterprise and talent among my fellow workers, and am glad to have the opportunity of becoming a subscriber.

W. F. IRWIN,

BRANDON, Man., Feb. 23rd, 1885.

.... Your whole "make-up" is refreshing indeed. Keep your TRIP HAMMER well oiled and mail three copies monthly to my address

A. T. MACDONALD.

STRATFORD, Ont., Feb. 13th, '85.

PERSONAL MENTION.

The International Exhibition at Antwerp, Belgium, commences May 1st, next. The Massey Mfg Co., will be fully represented there.

The friends of Mr. Robt. Wadsworth will be glad to hear that he will resume work in a few days, after his long sickness of fever.

Mr. J. G. Turton, late with the firm of Hatton & Willmott, Lisle, Ont., is now engaged as assistant book-keeper with The Massey Mfg Co.

We are pleased to state that Miss Winnie, eldest daughter of the late Chas. A. Massey, has fully recovered from her attack of intermittent fever.

Our sympathy, coupled with that of their fellow-employés, is sincerely tendered to Mr. West Crawford, of the Moulding Shop, in the death of his daughter, Mamie M. at the early age of 16 years, and to the two young men in the Paint Shop, who have so recently lost their mother, Mrs. Maguire, by death.

Mr. Lester M. Fisk, of the Walter A. Wood Works, Hoosick Falls, New York State, now takes a foremanship in the wood department of The Massey Mfg Co. Mr. Fisk has had a life-long experience in the manufacture of Agricultural Implements besides a large amount of field experience in many parts of the world.

Mr. O. C. Wilson, of Seaforth, who has been Agent for The Massey Mfg Co. for the past twenty years, was in town last week, looking much better than we have seen him for years; he having fully recovered from his great affliction, which for a long time threatened him with total blindness.

Mr. Hugh Aird, formerly stenographer to the late Toronto Reaper & Mower Co. and late of the Canada Permanent Loan Society; has entered an engagement with the Massey Mfg Co. in like capacity. Mr. Aird is a very rapid short hand writer and is an excellent operator on the Caligraph.

Mr. W. F. Burditt, of the Massey Mfg Co's Branch House, St. John, N. B., was in town last week on his annual visit to this Province. He reports dull times in the East; he says that owing to the backwardness of the season last year, much grain was not cut till November. Potatoes selling there at ten cents per bushel.

NOTICES.

NOTE.—Notices of Marriages, Births and Deaths are earnestly solicited from subscribers, and will be inserted free of any charge.

BIRTH.

At Toronto, on Saturday, February 21st, 1885, the wife of John Joyce of a son

DIED.

CRAWFORD.—On Wednesday, February 11th, Maimie M., eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. West Crawford, aged 16 years and 2 months.

MAGUIRE.—On Thursday, February 19th, the wife of Henry Maguire.

BUSINESS CORNER.

NOTE.—Advertisements under the head of For Sale or Exchange, To Let, Lost, Found, Wanted, etc., will be inserted (for employés only) at the rate of Five Cents per line (seven words).

ATTENTION!!

Wanted.—Twenty men and boys, or any persons who want to make a little money in an easy manner; to canvas the West End of the City for subscriptions to TRIP HAMMER.

We offer the liberal profit of nearly 20% on all thirty cent. subscriptions.

Boys! now is your chance Let those desirous of availing themselves of this offer apply to the business manager, W. E. H. Massey, at once.