

Ontario Workman.

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

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REMINISCENCES.

(Written for the Ontario Workman by W. J.)

NO. II.

A RUN DOWN LAKE MICHIGAN IN NOVEMBER.

As the cry was raised, "Man overboard!" Dan, who was at the wheel, looked over the quarter, only to see poor Tim going astern with his hands raised, and whose imploring cry went to the hearts of all. But it was not within the scope of possible things that Tim could be saved by us. As it was, the vessel would neither come head to wind nor pay off before the sea, but lay in the trough rolling fearfully, appearing each time she went down as though she could not shake herself free of the overwhelming waters.

The safety of the vessel and our lives depended on getting the vessel before the wind once more, and poor Tim seemed to know that for him the glad, green world was gone, for Mac had with great presence of mind thrown overboard a dog-house that had stood against the forward part of the cabin, and Tim made one desperate effort to get hold of it, but the wind carried it away faster than he could swim towards it, and when about a hundred yards astern of us I saw him as I stood on top of the cabin, rise on the crest of a huge wave, take one last look at the fast receding barque, and turn his head resolutely away to windward. We saw him no more.

We were now in a bad plight. When the mainsail jibed the boom had unshipped, and now lay across the deck, and to get the barque before the wind again the mainsail must be got in. Luckily, the sheet had not unrove, and by using the appliances at our command, with superhuman exertion this was accomplished, and we were once more running our course, or as near it as possible, for she was steering wild.

We were now two men short, for Dan was completely unnerved after the loss of his old companion. The bullying spirit was gone, and in its place had come a craven fear of death. Death had come very close to him, and made him physically a puny child. But as the danger grew apace, so did the brave hearts of our crew. Dan was sent down below, though he craved and begged hard to remain on deck, but he was only in the way. I tried to raise his spirits once or twice, but his reply was, "No use: she will not live in this sea two hours longer!"

By two o'clock in the afternoon we were getting well down the lake, and hoped to reach South Manitou before dark.

But it seemed as if the gods were against us, for just as Mac and myself were relieved at the wheel and were stretching our cramped limbs, there came a tremendous roller, curling itself over the stern and threatening to break inboard. The barque felt it and her stern rose, but not quick enough. It broke, and striking the yawl, raised it bodily up, davits and all, nearly upright. If it had come inboard it would have been certain death to the men at the helm, who, perceiving their danger, let go the wheel and jumped forward, while the boat fell back heavily into the foaming waters. The mate and myself made a jump for the wheel, but the barque had got the start and came up into the trough of the sea before we could get the helm up. She rolled fearfully, the foreyard dipping half its length at each roll. As she began to swing off there came another "old he fellow," as the sailor would call a heavy roller, and down, down she went, till we thought she was not going to come up again. She steadied, and then slowly began to right herself. But we knew directly what had happened. We could see that she carried a heavy "list" to starboard. The cargo had shifted.

We were now in a deplorable condition. Looking upwards, there was naught to be seen but the hurrying, whirling clouds, and at intervals, the pelting snow squalls; look over the expanse of water, foaming, gurgling, roaring; a wave would roll on, ever increasing in magnitude, till it would curl over and break, when the wind would actually pick up the water and throw it ahead as spray; look inboard and it seemed a forlorn hope, indeed. The waves were making a clear breach of the disabled vessel, sailing as it were, on her side instead of keel. We had lost our boat; the main boom was unshipped; the mainsail torn to ribbons, the bulwark had completely disappeared, giving each wave as it tumbled aboard, full sweep of the decks. Of course every hatchway was fastened down, even to that leading to the cabin, and every now and then I could see the anxious face of the cook

looking through the cabin window, wishing as she afterwards told me, that she might be allowed to remain on deck. Twice I was carried off my feet by the seething waters, and but for a friendly rope or a hand stretched out to save, would have gone to keep poor Tim company at the bottom of blue Michigan. I will not weary the reader by details of our dangerous progress the rest of the way, further than to say that the good ship weathered it out, and just as the gloom of evening began to settle over the waters, we rounded to under the sheltering bluffs of Old Manitou, both anchors were let go, the hatches taken off, and we had a look at the hold.

It was seen at once that the shifting-boards had given way, and as the vessel took a tremendous lurch, the cargo had rolled to the low side. I was non-plused. Dan and Jim had been detailed especially to see the shifting boards properly secured, and now when we came to look at them there was not a sign of a nail in them. Dan was interrogated, and confessed that he had neglected that task till too late, and then to save a reprimand he had stuck them loosely in the grain and against the stanchions. They were now properly secured, and in the morning we began getting things to right.

The gale lasted nearly a week. Then came some fine weather, the anchors were hove up, and we got under weigh once more. On our way through the Straits of Mackinaw, I counted eight or ten wrecked vessels strewn along the various islands. We had a good run down Lake Huron, but the captain was not inclined to try Lake Erie, as it was now near the 1st of December, so the barque wintered at Windsor, to the satisfaction of all. Big Dan felt ill at ease until he had seen the last of the D—and her crew, and the moment he got his money he was over the side, and I have never come across him since.

PRESENTATION TO MR. C. J. APPLETON

Last week the employes of the Appleton Manufacturing Company to the number of 70 met at an appointed rendezvous and proceeded in a body, accompanied by the Artillery band, several members of which are connected with the works, to the residence of Mr. C. J. Appleton, the President of the Company, for the purpose of presenting him with an address and gold watch as a token of their respect for him, previous to his departure for Europe on the business of his company. After the employes had arrived at the house and been made welcome, one of their number stepped forward and read to Mr. Appleton the following

ADDRESS:

C. J. Appleton, Esq., President of the Appleton Manufacturing Co.:

DEAR SIR,—We, the contractors and employes of the Appleton Manufacturing Company having long been desirous of respectfully tendering you some mark of the esteem we entertain for you, gladly improve the opportunity presented by your early departure on business to Europe, to present you with this address.

Ever since the highly successful founding by yourself of the Appleton Manufacturing Company, of which you are the worthy President, and during the entire terms of our several connections therewith, we have noticed with pleasure the success attending your well-directed efforts, have enjoyed that excellent friendly relationship that always should exist between employer and employe, and here we hope to be allowed to express our high regard of yourself as manager and a skilled mechanic in all the departments of the work. We would also desire to express our sense of the confidence we repose in you, and of the kindness you have ever been solicitous to show to us and ours upon all occasions.

On this, the eve of your departure for several months' absence in another hemisphere, permit us to wish you a pleasant voyage, excellent success in your endeavors to enlarge the branches of an already flourishing business, and a safe and speedy return. We feel confident that your well-directed efforts will be crowned with the happiest results and be the means of introducing into European markets Canadian manufactures, which have already achieved the best of success here and abroad.

As a tangible evidence of our cordial and hearty regard for you, and our estimation of that excellent feeling which cements man and man in a brotherly regard that is to be desired and fostered in all the walks of life, and which you have endeavored to advance and perpetuate, allow us to present you as a small token of that regard with a gold watch, and earnestly hope and pray that your life may be long spared, and that the time-piece may occasionally call to your memory the many scenes in which we have been connected. Permit us also to tender our best respects and wishes to Mrs. Appleton and family.

Signed on behalf of the employes.

During the reading of the address a very

handsome English lever gold watch, purchased at the establishment of Mr. Osborne, was handed to Mr. Appleton by the committee. The watch had the following inscription:—

"Presented by the employes of the Appleton Manufacturing Company to C. J. Appleton, president, as a token of their respect. Hamilton, October, 1873."

Mr. Appleton appeared deeply moved during the reading of the address, and in

REPLY,

said: I can scarcely find words suitable to reply to the address which you have just presented, or to thank you for the elegant watch you have so kindly given me. I cannot but feel that if there is anything I have done, or any effort I have made, toward fostering the good feeling between us, I have been a thousand times repaid by the knowledge that you have thought kindly of them. As I am about leaving for Europe in a short time there can be no greater proof of my confidence in you than that I can leave you to do so. It is my pride, gentlemen, that all is harmony in our works; and under the present system of management it must continue so. I leave you all for a short time, with regret; but feel that duty calls me away. The increased production of machines in the factory makes it necessary for us to enter into larger fields of operation, I sincerely hope that the result may prove beneficial for all. I am proud, gentlemen, to take to Europe with me a machine that has in so short a time won for itself so much praise. I feel happy that I can at this moment say I defy competition, and am certain that success is within our reach. I beg to state further, gentlemen, that to my certain knowledge a deep interest has been taken by you all in the machine, which is destined to be one of the leading machines of the world. Now, gentlemen, permit me to heartily thank you for the splendid present you have made me, and for the kind sentiments expressed toward myself and family. In conclusion, I trust you will enjoy yourselves during the evening, and that at no distant date we may all meet together again.

The employes were then invited to partake of refreshments, and some time was spent in social intercourse, after which the visitors departed.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

MR. FORSTER ON THE LABOR QUESTION.

Mr. Forster, in delivering his address as President of the Economic Science and Statistics Section at the meeting of the British Association at Bradford, expressed his belief that there had been progress most hopeful for the future in the condition of the manual laborer in this country. The great body of manual laborers throughout the country had, he said, a greater share in the comforts and enjoyments of life than they had forty years ago, and they were more able to obtain the necessaries, the comforts, and even some of the luxuries of life, and their wages are higher. Then, again, he thought no one would deny that there had been progress in education, that there had been progress in general culture, and, generally speaking, progress in the way of a better and more kindly relationship between this important class and other classes of the community. He did not think, however, we had got to that point when we could rest and be thankful. He believed there was that in the condition of the manual laborer throughout the country to which the term "content" would be by no means applicable; that there was very much for others to do for them and still more for them to do for themselves. Speaking of an opinion expressed in a paper read by Mr. Morris on the previous day, that disputes between laborers and capitalists are more dangerous and more fierce now than they have been at former periods, Mr. Forster said he demurred to that opinion. He thought it might be true that disputes are sometimes carried on a somewhat larger scale, but these disputes are conducted with less fierceness and acrimony than they were in former times, and, generally speaking, they do not last as long. The right hon. gentleman also objected to a proposal made by Mr. Morris for a league of capital and capitalists throughout the country. He (Mr. Forster) should be most grieved to see anything of that kind attempted. He thought a league of labor against capital was impossible. It might be talked about in meetings and in newspapers, but he did not believe in its possibility. If anything could make it possible, however, it would be a league of capitalists

against the laborers. Two such opposing leagues would be one of the greatest calamities that could afflict the country. Mr. Forster then spoke of the experiments in co-operation made at Rochdale and other places, and said he welcomed all such experiments with great hopefulness. It was said that one of the great causes of stability in America, and even in France amidst its convulsions, was the large number of peasant proprietors. We should probably have somewhat of the same ground of stability and order in this country if we had a very large number of workingmen with their own share of the capital and stake in its prosperous and orderly government. With respect to the agricultural laborers, Mr. Forster said, "I confess I am not sorry that there is some movement among the agricultural bodies. I do not in the slightest degree, in making these remarks, blame their employers. I believe they have acted as some employers would have done—in some cases better—because they have been brought more into contact with their people. But I do think that while it was not supposed that an agricultural laborer could combine with his fellow-laborer yet it did do something to make their wages higher than in other parts of the country. But in watching this movement I think we ought not to be biased, but to have great sympathy with both sides. The condition of the agricultural laborer ought in many cases to excite our sympathy; but the position of the farmer is also a very difficult one, as his profit is not of that nature that he can make a large amount of money payments without a great deal of difficulty." Mr. Forster then referred to the abolition of slavery in the United States, and expressed a hope that England would do her duty, both in regard to what was a slave trade in the Pacific, and in regard to the coolie traffic in the Eastern seas. Mr. Forster closed his address with a eulogium upon Mr. Mill, in whose death, he said, economic science had suffered an irreparable loss. There are, the right hon. gentleman said, some among you who knew him well. I had not that privilege; but I knew him well enough to feel that the spirit with which, in attempting to apply his principles he dealt with social and political questions, was so pure and noble, so sincere and single-minded, that he spread, as it were, an ennobling atmosphere around him, and for a time shamed away all mean intrigue and personal prejudices or vanity. It would be well if those of us who in future try either to study or to apply economic science would keep before ourselves the example of the author of the "Principles of Political Economy."

CURRENT EVENTS.

Iron steamship building is still active in Great Britain. A correspondent who has visited Glasgow, writes that 300 iron steamers are building at that port and Greenock.

It is reported that silver mines, yielding 90 per cent. of pure silver, have been discovered near Copiapo, in Chili. The fortune hunters are flocking thither in large numbers.

The *Utica Herald* speaking of a new industry—silk weaving—about to be introduced into Paterson, New Jersey, U. S., says the industry will bring to that country a new class of skilled mechanics, and will give employment to many now there.

A Texas paper chronicles the coming of the Winter's stores in this manner: "Over 300 barrels of whiskey arrived by the steamer from Brashear this morning. This is our last connecting link with the outer civilized world, and its arrival, in our present sequestered condition, is very cheering."

The duke of Edinburgh has received his first honor at the hands of the Czar of Russia. His Royal Highness has been appointed commander of the Second Battalion of Marines of the Russian Black Sea fleet. The battalion will bear the name of the "His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh's Second Black Sea Marines."

It is astonishing what underhand villany some of your ostensibly respectable merchants, will be guilty of to get money. It has been ascertained beyond doubt that while the British War Department is shipping off materials

of war to be used against the Ashantees, certain Birmingham houses are engaged exporting arms to be used by the Ashantees against the British.

The Governor of Queensland, in a recent speech remarked "That every industry is thriving is shown by the high rate of wages earned by the laboring classes and the readiness with which all immigrants landed on our shores find employment, and I trust that state of prosperity may long be continued and that thousands of our countrymen from Europe may arrive to share in and increase our prosperity."

Trade is reported to be unusually brisk in London at this time. The *City Press* declares that no one can take a walk through the city without being struck by the unusually large number of notices that "hands" are wanted. The *Press* sees every city industry represented in this demand, a very cherishing sign, and an excellent answer to those carpers who are always warning London that her trade is going from her.

A despatch from Central Asia brings the intelligence of frightful scenes in Khiva upon the evacuation of the capital by the Russians, under General Kauffmann. The Groumets revolted and plundered the town, after which they destroyed it, in addition to their excesses, the Usbeaks slaughtered 1,600 emancipated Persi slaves. The Khan sent to General Kauffmann for assistance to enable him to restore order, but it is not known what answer was given.

The *Montreal Gazette* says, "It is seldom, indeed, that a Colonial Secretary has the history of complicated transactions told him in so admirable a manner as Lord Dufferin has told Lord Kimberley the history of the Pacific charges. Well might the Imperial Minister characterize the despatches as 'clear and able,' and express the interest with which they had been perused by himself and his colleagues. We trust that the English press will do Lord Dufferin the justice to publish these splendid state papers, in which His Excellency's course is so clearly shown to have been the best possible in the circumstances."

There is many a city and town that will appreciate the following:—One manufactory employing one hundred men will support an additional 500 people. Three hundred families will disburse annually, on the average, \$250, or \$75,000 in the aggregate. This money will be drawn into the town from the outside, where the manufactured goods are consumed, and the interest of this \$75,000 at ten per cent. would be \$7,500. These hundred families, too, would require a hundred houses, thousands of pounds of agricultural produce, and thousands of yards of cotton and woollen goods, thus giving health and impetus to every branch of industry.

The *Buenos Ayres Standard* says that the fate of Messrs. Robinson and Fleming's colonists in Paraguay is now no longer doubtful; unless the British community in Buenos Ayres put forward a helping hand, the whole of them must perish. The men reached Asuncion in a starving condition to beg food for their wives and families at Ita and Itape. General Mitre ordered them a week's supply from the house of Machain and Calvo, but it is necessary to take some steps to rescue the survivors. The manager says only 60 had died, including children, up to August. There must be therefore close on 600 remaining, although it is feared that every day reduces the number. Mr. St. John, her Majesty's Charge d'Affaires in Buenos Ayres, subscribed £100 towards raising a fund for the rescue and removal of the survivors.

At an emergency meeting of L. O. Lodge, No. 685, held at Oshawa, was unanimously resolved, that we regret to learn that Louis Riel has been elected as a representative to the House of Commons of the Dominion of Canada and that we as a body feel that his presence as a representative in your honorable House would be a scandal and disgrace to our country and utterly distasteful to the members of our Loyal Orange Association, as well to a large portion of the inhabitants of our country, and we humbly trust that such measures will be taken as will prevent him from taking a seat in the Parliament of the Dominion, and to bring him speedily to account for the murder of Thos. Scott, in Manitoba, and that a copy of this resolution be sent to the Secretary of State and the Governor General of the Dominion of Canada. Many other lodges are following the same course.

Poetry.

RALLY SONS OF LABOR, ROUND HER BANNER!

(AIR—"Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching.")

The following lines were sung on the occasion of the recent mass meeting in Edinburgh, to agitate for the repeal of the Criminal Law Amendment Act:—

Come sound the drum and fife, lads! awake the merry horn!

Let harmony in every breast abound. All hail with joy and gladness the dawning of the morn

That see us ranked on Labor's battle-ground.

Rally, Sons of Labor, round her banner! Never, by our manhood, will we yield. While we draw the breath of life, We will struggle in the strife, Till the Acts of vile Oppression are repealed.

What has raised to highest glory the country of our birth,

But the hardy working brain and horny hand?

Then why should honest Labor be trampled to the earth

By the proud and haughty rulers of the land?

Rally, Sons of Labor, round her banner! etc.

There's a gulf between each class that grows wider day by day,

And a tyranny that's hateful to endure;

There's a law to shield the rich, let the rich say what they may,

And a law to crush the working poor.

Rally, Sons of Labor, round her banner! etc.

By the spirits of our sires, we'll resist with all our might

The rigorous enactments made for slaves;

And our ground we will maintain, and we'll conquer in the fight,

Or our enemies shall triumph o'er our graves.

Rally, Sons of Labor, round her banner, etc.

Right onward we are marching, with justice in the van,

Demanding rights that freemen well may claim;

And the cause we will uphold of the British Workingman,—

All honor and bright glory to the name!

Rally, Sons of Labor, round her banner! etc.

Then sound the drum and fife, lads! awake the merry horn!

Let harmony in every breast abound.

All hail with joy and gladness the dawning of the morn

That see us ranked on Labor's battle-ground.

Rally, Sons of Labor, round her banner! etc.

Tales and Sketches.

THE ROYAL SISTERS-IN-LAW.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

CHAPTER IV.

Francis and Mary, together with the royal household, were awaiting the carriage which was to convey them to the Louvre, where the young king was to make his first appearance as sovereign. The timid Francis paced the gallery in nervous excitement, while his sympathizing queen walked at his side. His rapid strides soon separated them from their attendants, when Mary laid her hand on his arm, saying, "Be composed, Francis; you will meet no strangers."

"No," said the new king, perceiving he was alone with his consort—no, my Mary; I think I could face strangers bravely. It is in meeting my own people and my own nobles that I fear—my people, to whom I owe solemn duties which I feel incompetent to discharge; and my nobles, who know and note my incapacity. Think you it is a light thing, Mary, for an inexperienced youth, like your poor husband, to mount the throne, an essay to govern Navarre, or D'Aumale, or all the host of nobles whose stalwart frames surround the throne, whose restless, active minds outplot my own—will they not scorn their puerile king, even while they bend the knee? Will they long submit to a rule they despise?"

"Hush, Francis! I will not listen to such mournful questions. These men are graver than my young liege, and can boast the wisdom which experience brings; but where can be found more kingly qualities than your goodness of heart, your kindly benevolence, your love of justice, your sense of right, your—"

"Stop," my Mary, said the king, impressing a kiss on the lovely lips now so eloquent with his praises; "you are inventing as many virtues for Francis II. as adorned the character of his illustrious namesake. I shall soon hear those sweet lips pronounce an eulogy on my valor and powers in arms."

"Not so; I have done with praises," laughed Mary. "And now, I shall entertain your majesty with a catalogue of faults. First, you are too humble."

"Now look," cried he, "how my only virtue plays deserter, and swells the frightful array against me!"

"Then you are too submissive, which is childish; and too timid and shrinking, which is womanly; and too fond of solitude, which benefits a hermit rather than a king; and—"

Mary paused in her raillery, as she observed a tear glisten in the eye of her husband; and throwing her arms around him, she added, with playful fondness. "And all these faults resolve themselves into one, which is, non-appreciation of your own noble nature. In the breast of Francis beats the only traitorous heart in France! and I must detect and punish it now, lest it betray him hereafter. I say to you now, my beloved, have confidence in yourself."

While the young sovereigns conversed thus, Catharine de Medicis walked the adjoining gallery, with her wild passions writhing like a nest of vipers in her heart. She, proud, ambitious, and aspiring, had gloried in her position as queen during the reign of Henry; and at his death, she grieved less for the husband of her bosom than the pomp and power which he had conferred upon her, and which passed away with him. It was a galling reflection that her successor was one who had grown from childhood under her eye and authority; one who had sat at her feet and revered her behests up to the moment when the sceptre passed from her grasp, and the fair protegee assumed the seat of the dethroned queen. Could she, she asked herself, submit to the rule of one from whom she was accustomed to exact obedience, in the very Court where she had ruled supreme? Could she endure to shine a star of lesser magnitude in the galaxy which had gloried most in her beams? These bitter thoughts tormented the brain of the dethroned, engendering for her rival a deadly hate—a hate which, like a simoom, withered and shrivelled the kindlier feelings of her heart like summer flowers—a hate which called aloud for sacrifice, which overcame a mother's love for her first born, and bade her thirst for his immolation—a hate which was not destined to be for ever impotent.

The carriage was announced, and the royal party proceeded as far as the staircase before the absence of the queen dowager was observed. A gentleman in waiting returned in search of Catherine, whom he found so lost in her own reflections as to be unconscious of the departure of her party. Francis and Mary drew back as she approached, to accord to the queen mother the precedence which had hitherto been her right, and Catherine swept onward to the first stair. Suddenly she started, as though a serpent lay in her path, then raised her malignant eyes to Mary, saying, "Pass on, madam; it is your turn now."

The young queen felt the covert bitterness of her mother-in-law's words; but, bowing her acquiescence, she and her royal consort led the way to the carriage. At its steps she paused; and, turning to Catherine, who ill deserved such gentle amiability, said, "After you, dear madam, if you please."

Touched by the respectful tenderness of her manner, Catherine accepted her courtesy; the carriage rolled away to the Louvre, and in a short time Mary Stuart made her debut as Queen of France.

And now the destiny of Mary Stuart had reached its culminating glory. Queen of France and Scotland—the one the land of her birth and ancestry, the other of her love and adoption—her presumptive to the crown of England, then, as now, one of the most powerful kingdoms of Europe—fate seemed delighting to invest the fair young girl with the might and majesty of unexampled power. No less a favorite of Nature than of Fortune, the triumphs of the woman equalled those of the queen. Her varied intellectual gifts, her carefully cultivated accomplishments, commanded more than the respect or admiration of men; while her queenly grace and wondrous loveliness elicited from all the rapturous homage which valor was wont to pay to beauty in those chivalric days.

But the meridian once passed, the sun must descend, and the day that dawns with brightest promise too often ends in clouds and storm.

The virtues which Mary attributed to her husband, and which she fondly hoped a manlier confidence in himself might make apparent, were destined to be undeveloped. A short reign of a year and a half was all that was permitted the young sovereign; and Francis II. sank into the tomb, leaving no memento on the minds of men save having been the husband of the most remarkable woman of the age.

We do not injustice to the monstrous heart of Catherine de Medicis to say that she was elated by the death of her first-born. The only obstacle in the way of her ambition was removed; and the widowed Mary descended from the throne, while Catherine (as regent during the minority of her next son) regained the position of which she had been deprived for a season.

Mary mourned the loss of a husband to whom she was tenderly attached, with all the abandonment of a young heart to its first grief; but the sorrow of the wife provoked the malice of the mother. She who rejoiced in the death of her son could not endure the tears which were shed in his memory. They seemed not merely a tribute to the dead, but a reproach to the living. So many methods did the queen regent pursue to annoy the royal mourner, that many felt that France,

the beloved home of her childhood, could be no more an asylum for her. She turned her weeping eyes to the cold hills of Scotland, and resolved to seek the land which still acknowledged her as queen. But the rude spirits of her native land frowned uninvitingly upon her; her recent bereavement still filled her heart with woe; and the memories of pleasures for ever passed were lights which served more clearly to reveal her present desolation. Sadly, and with prophetic fearfulness, she bade adieu to France, and commenced that troubled pilgrimage which found no rest this side of heaven.

The history of Mary Stuart has become a fireside tale. Her joyless after-life, beset by vexations and misfortunes, without one point on which the mind can repose, saying, "Here she found peace"—the faults or follies which those trials engendered—are familiar to all. And we may well imagine that the block seemed to her a fitting as well as welcome permination of a career so sadly disastrous.

CHAPTER V.

And now our hopes, like morning stars, Have one by one died out.—ANON.

Thus the hopes which glimmered through the despair of Elizabeth banished. The ministry of France was too well aware of the advantages resulting from the projected union to permit it to be abandoned. Even had the marriage been as distasteful to her country as it was to herself, matters had proceeded too far for either party to retract with safety or honor, and the unwilling bride was borne to Toledo to meet her lord.

Philip, anxious to make a favorable impression on his bride, adorned himself with more than ordinary care. His short mantle, falling from the left shoulder, was gathered in folds under the right arm, and displayed to the best advantage his small but prepossessing person. The various orders which he wore were partially concealed by this becoming vesture; but the collar and upper part of his doublet blazed with their broidity of jewels. His long beard and curling moustache were combed and redolent with choicest perfumes and on his head he wore a hat peculiar to the times, from which drooped a single white plume. The haughty severity of his countenance filled the timid princess with terror; and she gazed on him with the shrinking aspect of a frightened child.

"Ha!" said Philip after a moment's pause, during which the young girl's aversion for her bridegroom was apparent, "so you already see my gray hairs!"

She did not hazard a reply; and Philip, with a vanity which belongs to age as well as youth, was piqued to find that a girl of sixteen would not at first sight fall in love with his yellow face.

The royal marriage was celebrated with the usual ceremonies; and Elizabeth performed her painful part with the air of one in a dream one whose spirit was leading another life in some far-off realms of fancy, away from the poor frame still endowed with consciousness.

But turning from the altar, the air grew rare around her—filled with an indescribable something fraught with sweet associations and happy memories; those mysterious sympathies which, quicker than the sluggish senses, announce to the spirit the presence of its beloved. Then the wandering mind of the lady returned; and the downcast eyes, glancing rapidly and eagerly around, rested for a moment on the form they sought.

Leaning against a column, with his mantle folded on his bosom, and his whole attitude eloquent of sorrow, stood the lover. His fine eyes were bent on hers with the melancholy of despairing passion, and as she encountered their thrilling gaze, her head reeled and her footsteps faltered.

"Tremble not, lady mine," said the royal bridegroom. "On, on—to the door; the queen needs air!"

Queen! Yes, her fate was sealed, and she was now a queen.

And thus they met who had parted in happiness and hope, believing that their next meeting would unite their loving hearts for ever—thus they met with an impassable gulf between them.

Impassable, Elizabeth well knew it to be, and she roused her broken spirit, endowing it with womanly fortitude to grapple with her fate. She felt that she was now the wife of Philip—the Queen of Spain. She felt, too, that she was the daughter of a kingly line; and animated by the heroic blood of her race, she resolved that neither her ancient lineage, her exalted station, nor her womanly pride should be dishonored.

Don Carlos still frequented his father's court, and, for a season, hung upon the footsteps of his father's queen; but lip, cheek, and eye had grown obedient to her purpose, and Carlos watched vainly for a token that he was still beloved. In all the trying positions in which the queen was placed, she bore herself with a gentle dignity that won the respect and love of all beholders.

When the sweet images of happiness and love which woman cherishes, are stricken from her heart, she mourns, indeed, in anguish over her broken idols, but bows in sad submission to the great Iococlast. But, when the projects which the plotting brain of man has nurtured, are overthrown by a mightier Disposer of events, his spirit rises in fierce though impotent rebellion against the hand which swept across his path in desolation. Thus was it

with Carlos. His restless mind was filled with projects to amend or avenge his lot. He would strive against obstacles, struggle with impossibilities, and baffle fate itself.

The Queen of Spain sat by her open window, gazing in vacant listlessness upon the gorgeous evening sky. Her bloom had waned in Spain; but her beauty was more witching than ever—as the soft beaming of the moon in meridian surpasses in loveliness the flush of her red rising. The pale, pure face, the ethereal figure, were such as might have graced a vision; and the gaze almost feared to see such fragile loveliness dissolve in air.

A rustling amid the arras, caused her to turn her head; but the apartment, with the exception of herself, seemed tenantless.

Again the hangings stirred, parted, and Carlos was at her feet.

"You forget yourself, Don Carlos," said the queen. "I pray you leave me!"

"Not until I have told you all my love—no, that I have told you long ago—but not until I teach you a portion of my suffering. Oh, Elizabeth, to see my bride torn from my arms and worn upon the bosom of another, and that other her and my oppressor! it is more than man can bear, and I will not bear it!"

"Hush! hush!" said the affrighted queen.

"To be thwarted in the love of my youth, the only pure and holy passion of my heart," continued Carlos; "to feel my wrongs closing around me, in a line of fire, until the elements of bitterness and hatred seethe within my bosom like the accursed lake; to bear all this in smiling silence, as though I cared not—is not for me. I will speak, though half the kingdom listen—ay, and I will strike, though half the kingdom bleed!"

"Don Carlos, listen to me."

She laid her hand upon his arm to command attention, and bent her gaze down into the depth of his fierce eyes. Like an enraged lion tamed by a fearless human glance, he arose and stood in silence.

"Listen," she repeated, "for a moment, and then this subject must be dismissed for ever. Whatever my sufferings may have been, I have striven to bear them. My duties are clear to me, and I am resolved to fulfil them. The wife I would have been to you; had Heaven so willed it, I shall endeavor to be to your father. In the meantime," here her voice faltered, "if you ever loved me, throw no obstacles in a path already somewhat rugged. Learn to endure; and remember that, whatever the Princess of France may have been to you, the Queen of Spain is nothing. Leave me now, and seek me not again."

The fierce Spaniard gazed upon her with surprise. She stood so calm, so mild, so passionless, he marvelled at the spell in the few words she had spoken. Whatever it might be, the strong man was powerless to resist it; and lifting his plumed hat from the floor, he turned away. When he reached the door, he turned again to look upon the treasure he had lost. Her soft eyes met his, full of peaceful light. He groaned aloud, "Oh! Elizabeth!" and was gone.

Then came her hour of pain and passion. The heart her strong will had curbed so well in his presence throbbed fearfully now. She clasped her small hands to her side, and breathed in short, quick gasps, as though body and soul were parting. But her hour had not yet come.

There are glorious records of holy men beset by dangers and temptation, who have held fast and firm their faith 'mid fiery tortures, and gone to their reward. The strong resolves of mind, unshaken by the weakness of the flesh to which it is allied, are, indeed, sublime. Less exalted, perhaps, but scarcely less heroic, are the more secret struggles of woman when she listens to the pleadings of the passion she had inspired, sees the strong agony of the man she loves, yet falters not in her path of duty, turns not aside to speak one dangerous word of love or soothing. She, too, has made a mighty sacrifice; she, too, will meet her reward.

Don Carlos retired from the presence of the queen with the fierceness of his passions allayed. Her resolute words had fallen like oil on troubled waters; but, in the solitude of his apartment, his reflections on all that had passed added fuel to the flame. He paced backwards and forwards like an enraged tiger, muttering vows of vengeance as he walked. "So good, so beautiful, so true! and lost to me! How has my heart been robbed! But I will yet recover my own; or, failing in that, I will have vengeance! Thank Heaven, he has not only played the tyrant to me, but to his people. Their wrongs are my strength; for they chafe as I do, and pant for revenge. The Netherlands are ripe for revolt, and only wait for a leader." He paused a moment, as though weighing the consequences of some important step; then striking his breast resolutely, said—"Their leader is here!"

Having examined the lock of curious construction attached to his door, he closed and secured it; then examining his pistols, he placed them, with a small dagger, beneath his pillow, and retired to rest.

The precautions of the prince were by no means unnecessary, for Philip was aware of Carlos's angry feelings towards himself. He also knew that Don Carlos had been intriguing with the most disaffected of his subjects for the purpose of dethroning him; and the king was not a man who would allow even his only son to escape unpunished.

About midnight, Don Carlos was awakened by feeling both arms grasped tightly. He opened his eyes; but all was dark. He essay-

ed to rise, but found himself held firmly down. Suddenly, a stream of light fell through the apartment, revealing to the unfortunate prince the nature and number of his assailants. Around his head, he recognised the officers of the Inquisition; behind them were the Prince D'Eboli and Ruy de Gomez, favorites of his father, and foes of himself; and in their midst stood the king himself. At the command of his father, Carlos arose, and, looking for his clothes, perceived they had been removed, and a suit of mourning substituted.

"What!" he cried, "am I condemned already?"

He was with difficulty arrayed in the obnoxious garments; but resistance to superior numbers was unavailing; and, in this sombre dress he was borne to the prison of the Inquisition.

To the tender mercies of this tribunal did King Philip abandon his only child; bidding "the fathers" forget "the dignity of his birth, the splendor of his rank the authority he bore in the monarchy," and deal with him as with the meanest of his subjects. The prince had been so unfortunate as to excite the wrath of "the fathers" by pronouncing an eulogium upon Calvin and Luther, of which they had complained to the king; it is, therefore, probable that this exhortation of Philip was not requisite to insure severity.

CHAPTER VI.

In the apartment which had witnessed the intrusion of Don Carlos, Elizabeth lay upon her couch; while near her sat a tall fine-looking woman, with her embroidery in her hand. The lady suspended her work, and leaned upon the frame, as though her mind was filled with other images, to the exclusion of fruits and flowers; and ever and anon her eyes grew moist and dim. She quietly wiped the tears away, and continued musing until her dark eyes filled again.

"Aunt," said Elizabeth—for it was the Duchess of Savoy she addressed—"what new grief is in store for me? I well know the old sorrows cannot move you thus."

"I was thinking of the King of Spain."

"What of him?" questioned the queen.

"He is childless."

"What?" gasped Elizabeth. "Don Carlos—have they murdered him?"

"I know not, dearest," said the duchess, kissing tenderly the brow of her niece; "but be calm, and I will tell you the rumors which are abroad. Some men say he was basely murdered by the emissaries of the king; others accused him boldly of conspiring against the crown, and legalise the deed under the name of 'execution.'"

"But Philip—what says he?"

"The king asserted that he was the victim of disease; and professes to be in the deepest affliction on account of the loss of his heir."

"False hypocrite!"

The duchess was silent for several minutes, that Elizabeth might regain her self-control. Finding her calm an silent, she besought her to rise.

"No, aunt," she answered faintly, covering her face as she spoke; "I cannot rise now."

"The king may expect to see you, under the circumstances," suggested the duchess; for she desired that the feelings of her niece, so sedulously mastered and concealed, should not be betrayed now.

"Excuse me to him. I cannot see him."

Her shuddering frame and pallid features convinced the duchess that the appearance of Elizabeth would betray rather than conceal her secret, and she urged her no further.

"Poor child," murmured the sympathizing Margaret; "she has struggled with a great grief and endured long; no marvel her strength fails her in this terrible catastrophe."

Thank Heaven, humanity cannot endure for ever! The heroic spirit of Elizabeth had wrestled bravely with its woes, but the fragile frame was exhausted by the contest. In two months more, another heir was born to Spain, and the grave closed kindly over the broken heart of Elizabeth.

THE END.

JANET'S FORTUNE.

"And when I die I shall leave my fortune to the one who will use it to the very best advantage," said Grandma Leeds, smiling from beneath her spectacles to the young girls around her.

"Your fortune, grandma? What will it be? That old basket, with its horrid yarn and needles, and the never-ending knitting work? If so, you need not leave it with me. Janet will use it to a far better advantage than I could."

"Yes, Lettie, you are right; and I'm sure I don't want it, either. H'm, what a fortune to be sure!"

"I'll accept it, grandma, and prize it, if you will only add your sweet, contented disposition. It would be a fortune which none of us need despise."

Janet Leeds was the youngest of the family, and the plainest. She had a sweet, fresh face, and tender eyes; but those paled into ugliness before Lettie's black orbs and shining curls, and the blonde loveliness of belle Margaret. So she settled back like a modest violet in the chimney-corner, and waited on grandmas, or assisted the maid in the house-work.

Once in a while she ventured out to a party

in the village, but so seldom that people never observed her. That made it unpleasant, and she staid at home still more closer.

But on that morning while they sat chatting with grandma, she felt a deal of real discontent for the first time in months.

Clara Bosworth, her bosom friend, was to give a party that evening, and she could not go. For weeks preparations had been going on in their quiet family. She had given up the money saved for a new winter cloak that Lettie's green silk might be retrimmed for the occasion, and the best dress she had in the world was a plain garnet-colored poplin with black velvet trimmings.

She had faintly suggested that she might wear that, but the cry of dismay from her sisters silenced her.

"Go and wear that old poplin!" cried Lettie, from the clouds of white billowy lace that were to adorn the green silk. "You must be crazy?"

"I should think so," chimed Margaret, who was fitting a lace bodice over the waist of the delicate lilac satin. "Do you want Austin Bosworth to think us a family of paupers? It is to be a grand affair, and Clara expects all who honor it with their presence to pay her respect enough to dress respectably. It is Austin's first appearance after his European tour, and surely you do not want him to think meanly of us?"

The tears came up, but Janet was brave, and no one saw them.

That night, when the two girls—the one in her dark beauty and wonderfully becoming array, the other all delicacy, her fair, pearl loveliness enhanced by the pale purple color of her dress—came laughing into grandma's room, a little shadow darkened her face, and she found it very hard to keep back the tears.

"Fine feathers make fine birds, but fine birds do not always sing the sweetest, Janie," said grandma, after they were gone. "I know who is the true one in this family. I know my little singing bird, Janie, and she is dearer than a dozen fine ladies. Austin and Clara will come to-morrow, and he will tell us about his travels in foreign lands, and you will be far happier than you would be up at the house to-night, with dancing and confusion."

"I suppose so, grandma," and Janet took her seat by the fire and went on knitting with a peaceful face.

The elder sisters came home with rumpled plumage, but in high spirits.

Austin Bosworth had returned, a handsome, polished gentleman, and had flirted desperately with Lettie.

"Why, grandma, he almost proposed to her!" laughed Margaret, who was engaged to Judge Leonard's hopeful son, and, therefore, had no place for jealousy. "More than one of the company predicted that it would be a match."

"Don't count your chickens before they are hatched," called grandma from her pillow. "Mr. Austin Bosworth is no fool, I can tell you!"

"What an old croaker!" They were entering their chamber across the hall, but grandmother's ears were not dulled by age, and she clearly heard them.

"Don't mind them, grandma," whispered Janet, who had waited to help them lay aside their finery.

"Mind them! Do you think I shall, Janet Leeds?"

Next day Austin Bosworth came. He was too familiar with the old house to stop for bell ringing, and he entered, crossing the hall directly past the parlor door, where Margaret and Lettie waited in their tasteful afternoon costumes, and walked straight on to Grandma Leeds's room.

She was there with her work, her placid face beaming beneath the white lace-bordered cap.

A graceful, girlish figure half knelt beside her, wreathing with deft fingers a bunch of evergreens into a frame for a mantel ornament, and her eyes were lifted smilingly into the old lady's face.

He entered and closed the door before either saw him.

"Grandma Leeds!" "Why, bless my heart, it is Austin! Come here, my boy!"

And the fine gentleman came and gave both hands to her in his delight.

"Janie, my little playmate, too! What a happy meeting! Clara came down, dressed for a call, and declared she would come, but I told her no! I knew the amount of gallantry I should feel obliged to use, and I preferred that my first visit should be like the old ones."

"You are right. We are better pleased to have it so, are we not, Janet?"

His call lengthened itself into two hours, and during the time he told pleasant stories and chatted like the boy of by-gone days, but not once did Margaret or Lettie's name pass his lips.

When he went away he met them coming with disappointed faces from the parlor, where they had been waiting for him; but he only lifted his hat and passed out. The grandma and Janie received a sound scolding, such as those two only knew how to give, and the shadow of discontent again fell on Janet's spirit.

Ah, that long, cheerless winter! What a story Janet could tell you of disappointments, of happy parties which she had no share, of moonlight rides, of joy and merri-

ment! She had only that one comforter, kind, patient grandma; for now that Austin Bosworth had come, the way was harder than before.

He came and escorted Lettie to parties, and sometimes chatted with grandma, but nothing more. She saw nothing more—she did not catch the good-natured smiles he gave her from the sleigh as he rode away—and Lettie never told her how often he asked for her.

Along with grandma, Janet wished for better things, and wondered why she was so harshly dealt with.

At last even the society of her aged companion was denied her, and in her bed the old lady gradually faded away. Day and night Janet sat beside her, with the knowledge that she was beyond earthly help—waiting upon her, yielding to the childish whims, and shutting out everything youthful and beautiful from her sight.

"Playing household angel," said Margaret scornfully.

"Working for grandma's fortune of old shoes and worsted stockings," Lettie cruelly added.

"Doing her duty by the faithful woman who had taken the three motherless children into her heart, and filled the lost one's place, so far as God permitted," her own heart said, and steadily she worked on.

The first of May brought invitations to the last ball at the Bosworth house, and while the two elder sisters laid out their finery, Janet folded her tiny misgiver, and hid it away next to her heart as a sacred bit of paper, bearing Austin's firm, broad chirography upon it.

That night grandma was very ill, and when Margaret and Lettie fluttered in with their gay dresses, Janet met them, and almost forcibly put them out of the room.

"I beg, you, girls, to have a little respect for poor grandma—she is very ill to-night."

"Nonsense! Don't be a fool, Janet—anybody would think she was dying."

"I believe she is."

Their reply came in a violent slam of the door, and Janet was left alone with her patient.

The hours dragged wearily, and overcome by her long, sleepless watches, Janet fell fast asleep.

Two hours later she awoke with a start, and in an instant she saw that a dread change was visible in grandma's face.

Like one in a dream, she walked to her father's door, and awakened him.

"Father, grandma is worse, I believe her dying. You must go to Dr. Berne. You will find him at the ball. Go quickly."

She went back and sat there wearily waiting for something, for a sound, a sign from the dying woman; but none came. Slowly but perceptibly the lines settled around the pleasant mouth, and the dark shadows crept over the pallid face, but no sound issued from the pale lips.

Janet bent her head. There was a faint flutter—no more, and she clasped her hands. Would grandma disappear before her eyes, and never speak a word?

She caught the cold hand in her own, and cried aloud:

"Grandma! speak to me! speak to your little Janet! Don't you hear me, grandma?"

But grandma heard nothing. The chillness of death had settled down, and even as she knelt there, the breath fled, and Janet was alone.

She understood it, all when she arose, and she sank back half fainting, in the arm chair near the bed.

"Janet, my poor darling!"

She lifted her head. Austin Bosworth was leaning over her.

"My little girl! Why did you not send word to me to-night, and let me share your sorrow?"

"You, Austin?"

"Yes, have I not—Ah, forgive me! This is no time or place. I missed you as I have always missed you, but thought it was your own pleasure to remain at home. When your father came in with a white, frightened face, and whispered to Dr. Berne, I knew you were in trouble. I came at once, and Janie, I shall not again leave you."

She knew his meaning, and did not put him away, when he held her to close in his arms and drew her into the parlor.

Margaret and Lettie coming in with their faces horror-stricken, saw him holding her in his arms, her tired head resting wearily upon his shoulder, and the proud Lettie said:

"Mr. Bosworth—I am surprised?"

"You need not be. This is my privilege, now and forever."

Three days after they were gathered in that same parlor to hear grandma's last will and testament read. After some little directions, it said:

"And to my beloved grand-daughter Janet Leeds, I bequeath the Holmes estate, together with my entire stock of furniture and money, amounting to ten thousand dollars."

Janet's father smiled upon his astonished and crest-fallen daughters.

"It was mother's whim! She never desired it to be known. Therefore you were ignorant of the fact that she had a dollar beyond the annuity I held for her."

When, six months later, Austin and Janet were married, her oldest sisters dared to say that he married her for her money. He knew better, and so did I.

THE MOURNING WIDOW.

BY JOHN G. HAKE.

I saw her last night at a party,
(The elegant party at Mead's),
And looking remarkably well
For a widow who was in her weeds;
Yet I knew she was suffering sorrow
Too deep for a tongue to express,
Or why she had chosen to borrow
So much from the language of dress.

Her shawl was as sable as night,
And her gloves were as her shawl,
And her jewels that flashed in the light—
Were as black as a funeral pall.
Her robe had the hue of the rest,
(How nicely it fitted her shape!)
And the grief that was heaving her breast,
Boiled over in billows of crepe.

What tears of vicarious woe,
That else might have sullied her face,
Were kindly permitted to flow
In ribbons of ebony lace.
While even her fan in its play
And seemed to be waving away
The ghost of the angel of Hope!

Yet as rich a robe of a queen,
Was the sombre apparel she wore,
I'm certain I never had seen
Such a sumptuous sorrow before;
And I couldn't help thinking the beauty,
In mourning the loved and the last
Was doing her conjugal duty
Although regardless of cost.

One surely should say such devotion
Performed at so vast an expense,
Betrayed an excess of emotion
That really was something immense;
And yet as I view at my leisure,
Those tokens of tender regard,
I thought it was scarce without measure;
The sorrow that goes by the yard.

Ah, grief is a curious passion;
And yours—I am sorely afraid.
That the very next phase of the fashion,
Will find it begin to fade;
Though dark are the shadows of grief,
The morning will follow the night
Half tints will betoken relief,
Till joy shall be symbolized in white!

Ah well!—it was idle to quarrel
With fashion or aught it may do;
And so I conclude with a moral
And a metaphor warranted new;
When measles come handsomely out,
The patient is safest they say,
And the sorrow is mildest no doubt.
That works in a similar way.

SCIENTIFIC.

A NEW PREVENTIVE FOR SLIPPING BELTS.

We doubt if any more prolific source of loss of power in its transmission from motor to work exists than through the medium of slipping belts; nor, as a moment's consideration will show, is there any ordinary mechanical defect more destructive to that system of careful economy which should be the rule in every well regulated workshop. It is of little use to maintain and run a powerful engine, if the very power which represents the cost of so much labor and so much fuel is to be wasted before it can be applied to useful purposes. Suppose, for example, a pulley makes 100 revolutions per minute. Experiments conducted in England in 1863 proved that, when the power is transmitted by belting, there are, out of this number of revolutions, two slipped. Clearly, then, but 98 per cent of the power is forwarded to the work; and if there be numerous intermediate gearings, a still proportionally less fraction of the original efficient labor of the engine becomes utilized. In a case of which we were recently informed, fully 8 per cent of the power was totally lost. For a 200 horse power engine, 8 per cent means 16 horse power thrown away, or, at a low estimate, 32 pounds of fuel per hour burned without producing any other result than wearing out the belt and heating the pulley.

There are, of course, means for obviating slip to a certain degree. Probably those most commonly employed are the reprehensible habit of covering the periphery of the wheel with oil, resin, or adhesive matter, or of tightening the band, thereby bringing heavy pressure to bear upon the journals, increasing the friction and expediting the wear of the belt. Better than either of these is a plau which has lately come under our notice which consists in covering the pulley with a flat band of elastic rubber and cloth made about one inch per foot shorter than the circumference, and with its inside face unvarnished. This is stretched around the wheel and cemented fast. It is plain at once that, by this means, friction between belt and pulley must be materially increased, but to what extent the following results of experiment will best show. The tests made in our presence were conducted on an special apparatus consisting of two 12 inch pulleys on a shaft in bearings so that it could freely revolve. Upon one wheel the inventor had placed his cover; the other had a plain smooth face. Over the plain wheel was passed a four inch belt, one end of which was secured to the floor; to the extremity (the slack side of the band) were hung adjustable weights. Upon the covered pulley a two inch belt was placed, which also carried a

weight at one end, but at the other was attached to a hand lever. On suspending 20 pounds to the small band, and some 60 pounds to the large one, it was found, on applying a pressure to the lever, that the smooth wheel was caused to slip with great readiness. Without augmenting the weight on the small band, that bearing upon the smooth wheel was increased to 108 pounds, in spite of which the latter was easily and by the same means made to slip. Above this limit, however, the power of the covered wheel did not extend, and on the addition of more weight it also began to yield. The result may, therefore, be summed up in the fact that the friction of 29 pounds opposing the pressure of a hand lever on a 2 inch belt, aided by the pulley cover, was sufficient to overcome the friction of 108 pounds acting on a four inch belt, opposing a solid support, but applied to a smooth though otherwise similar pulley.

A second test was made with a smaller apparatus, having an 8 inch pulley and a 1 inch belt. The result was gained by the aid of a lever and steel yard suitably arranged. With the pulley smooth the scale marked 3½ pounds, when the belt slipped freely. When, however, the cover was applied to the surface of the same wheel, the pointer indicated 19 pounds, or some 5 times the resistance. It would seem from the above that the claim of the inventor, that his device will transmit 100 per cent more power than the smooth pulley and consequently do twice the work before the belt will slip, is well founded, as such estimates are manifestly much below those obtained by actual trial.

So simple and effective an invention as this is worthy of the attention of machinists generally. It is readily and quickly applied, and in point of expense is inconsiderable in comparison with the economy which its employment must produce. We are informed that it is durable. The examples now in use for fourteen months exhibit no appreciable sign of wear.

ALCOHOL IN BREAD.

In the ordinary process of bread fermentation a portion of the sugar contained in the flour is decomposed and converted into alcohol. It has been hitherto supposed that by the heat of baking the whole of this alcohol was expelled, but recent experiments, made by Thomas Bolas, in London, indicate that a perceptible amount of alcohol still remains in yeast-raised bread after baking. The result of six experiments showed that one third of one per cent in weight of alcohol was obtainable from fresh baked bread; but the quantity of alcohol was much less in stale bread. From forty loaves of fresh bread, two pounds each, alcohol equal to one bottle of port wine may be extracted. From what is known as "aerated," or bread raised by mixture of carbonic acid gas with the dough, without fermentation, no alcohol can be extracted.

ENAMELED IRON.

M. Feligot has made a report to the Society for the Encouragement of Industry, on the enameled wrought and cast iron work introduced by M. Paris about twenty-five years ago, and for which the Society have awarded him two medals. According to the report in question, the enamel used is a true transparent glass which allows the color of the iron to show through, very tenacious, having the same power of dilatation as iron, and capable of resisting powerful acids. The ordinary white enameled ware of Paris generally contains lead, and often in large proportions, and is liable to be attacked by even very weak acids. M. Paris' ware has been employed for many purposes; cast iron vases for gardens decorated in imitation of old Rouen ware have been exposed to all weathers without suffering any injury; a chimney in enameled plate iron was set up at the Mazas prison in 1849; the doors of the gold assay furnace in the laboratory of the Paris mint are of the same, and have borne the effect of nitrous vapors since 1850; in 1866 this enameled iron was selected for street names and house number plates, in several districts of Paris, and the report states that, while other manufacturers make enameled ware of the same appearance as that of M. Paris, the latter has shown its superiority in resisting the effects of time.

Specimens of new applications, lately introduced by M. Paris, were presented to the Society, and included chairs, tables and stools for gardens, enameled on sheet iron and mounted on castings; and stands for dishes, decanters, etc., made in imitation of ancient earthenware, but presenting the superior advantage of bearing heat well.

A WONDER.

Brazil produces, among other products, the wonderful pottery tree of Para. This tree attains a height of one hundred feet before sending out branches. The stem is very slender, seldom much exceeding one foot in diameter at the base. The wood is very hard and contains a large amount of silica—not so much, however, as the bark, which is largely employed as a source of silica in the manufacture of pottery. In preparing the bark for the potter's use, it is first burned, and the residue is then pulverized and mixed with clay in varying proportions. With an equal quantity of the two ingredients a superior quality of ware is produced. It is very durable, and will bear almost any amount of heat. The

natives employ it for all manner of culinary purposes. When fresh the bark cuts like soft sandstone, and the presence of the siliceous may be readily ascertained by grinding a piece of the bark between the teeth.

DOES HE SLEEP WELL?

Great workers must be great resters. Nature collects taxes from all who overstrain her powers. Every man who has clerks in his employ ought to know what their sleeping habits are. The young man who is up till two, three and four o'clock, in the morning, and must put in his appearance at the bank or store at nine or ten o'clock, and work all day, cannot repeat this process many days without a certain shakiness coming into the system, which he will endeavor to steady by some delusive stimulus. It is in this way that many a young man begins his course to ruin. He need not necessarily have been in bad company. He has lost his sleep; and in losing sleep is losing health and grace. It is true that sleeplessness may sometimes be involuntary. There may have been some shock to a man's nerves which has made him insomniac; but sleeplessness is more frequently voluntary. Men choose to push their studies or their work into those hours when they should be asleep. It does not matter for what cause any man may do this; the mere fact of not sleeping spoils his case. He may spend his nights in the theatre, in the study, or in the "protracted meeting." It will make no difference; the result will be the same. The sleep was not had, and for that the man must pay. One man may do with less sleep than another; but, as a general rule, if you want a clerk, a lieutenant, a lawyer, a physician, a legislator, a judge, a president or a pastor, do not trust your interests to any man that does not take on the average eight good, solid hours of sleep out of every twenty-four. Whatever may be his reason for it, if he does not give himself that, he will snap something just when you want him to be strong.

THE DEVIL FISH.

In the Brighton aquarium, England, an experiment was lately tried to ascertain how this frightful monster secures his prey. A crab was so fastened that the string could be withdrawn, and was lowered near to the great male octopus. He was sleepy, and required a great deal of tempting, but the sight of his favorite food overcame his laziness, and he lunged out an arm to seize the precious morsel. It was withdrawn from his reach; and so, at last, he turned out of bed, rushed at it, and got it under him against the plate glass, just as was desired. In a second the crab was completely pinioned. Not a struggle was visible or possible; in each leg, each claw, was grasped all over by suckers—enfolded in them—stretched out to its full extent by them. The black tip of the hard, horny beak was seen for a single instant protruding from the circular orifice in the centre of the radiation of the arms, and next had crushed through the shell, and was buried deep in the flesh of the miserable victim. The action of an octopus when seizing its prey for its necessary food is very like that of a cat pouncing on a mouse, and holding it down beneath its paws. The movement is as sudden, the scuffle as brief, and the escape of the prisoner even less probable. The fate of the crab is not really more terrible than that of the mouse, or of a minnow swallowed by a perch; but there is a repulsiveness about the form, color, and attitudes of the octopus which invests it with a kind of tragic horror.

MEN OF ACTION.

Some men seem to be sent into the world for purposes of action only. Their faculties are all strung up to toil and enterprise; their spirit and their frame alike redolent of energy. They pause and slumber like other men; but it is only to recruit from actual fatigue. They occasionally want quiet, but only as a refreshment to prepare them for renewed exertion; not as a normal condition to be wished for or enjoyed for itself. They need rest, not repose. They investigate and reflect; but only to estimate the best means of attaining their ends, or to measure the value of their undertakings against the cost. They think; they never meditate. Their mission, their enjoyment, the object and condition of their existence, is work; they could not exist here without it. They cannot conceive another life as desirable without it; their amount of vitality is beyond that of ordinary men; they are never to be seen doing nothing. When doing nothing else, they are always sleeping. Happy souls! Happy men at last.

—A correspondent of a Richmond paper says—Just after we left Roundville Judge O., of Charlottesville, commenced his jokes, and soon had all the passengers in a roar. "I'll tell you what I can do," said the Judge to a correspondent of a New York paper; "you may think of any time you please, whether I have heard it or not, and by seeing you keep the time with your fingers I can tell what you are playing." The correspondent was skeptical. After thinking a moment he commenced piano playing on the back of the seat in front of him with all the grace of a professional. "What am I playing now?" he asked eagerly, and with an air of triumph. "You are playing—the fool," replied the Judge.

MASS MEETING.

A UNANIMOUS GATHERING.

On Monday evening a Mass Meeting of workmen was held under the auspices of the Operative Tailors' Society, to take into consideration matters connected with the tailors' strike, and of devising ways and means of sustaining the men through their difficulty. The trades were well represented, and the hall was packed to its utmost limits. Mr. J. W. Carter, President of the Canadian Labor Union occupied the chair, and in a few brief, concise and terse remarks, stated the object of the meeting, and then called upon Mr. Bondidier, of the Operative Society, to address the meeting.

Mr. Bondidier, upon rising to speak, received a cordial greeting. In his opening remarks he explained the causes of the present strike, stating that in consequence of the high rates of living the tailors had deemed it necessary to demand a higher rate of wages; and that the employers, though approached in a friendly manner, peremptorily refused to accede to the just demands of the workmen. There being no other alternative, the tailors' union resolved to strike work, which was accordingly done some five weeks ago. He felt satisfied that the course pursued would be justified by all classes of citizens who took the matter into consideration; and he trusted that the brethren of the other branches of labor would encourage the tailors by friendly assistance on the present occasion. He then proceeded to give an account of his recent visit as a delegate to the tailors of Montreal, at whose hands he received a very cordial welcome. An account of the Mass Meeting, held in that city by the operative tailors, was then read, as reported in the Montreal Star, from which it appeared that they were all fully committed to support the Toronto tailors in their present demands. He also desired to thank the editors of the Montreal Witness and Star, and also the editors of the two French journals for having sent reporters to their meeting. (Cheers.) Alluding to the present struggle, he stated that the agency opened in Montreal by the merchant tailors in this city were endeavoring to get their work done in the Reformatory in Montreal. This, he considered, was unjust to the gentlemen of the Province, who paid good prices for their wearing apparel, because the articles were merely slopped up in the Reformatory. (Hear, hear.) He had to confess that he was surprised at the course now pursued by employers who they had previously considered gentlemen; he would not say, however, that this was done with the knowledge of the merchant tailors here, he would fain hope it was not; but certainly it was done by the branch at Montreal on their behalf, and he wanted it to be known what means were being using to get the work done; this action was taken for the purpose of crushing out the operative Tailors' Society of this city. He hoped the effort would be defeated, and he called upon his friends to support him and his brethren in the present struggle. Mr. Bondidier was listened to with marked attention, and resumed his seat amid applause.

Mr. J. S. Williams, of the Typographical Union, was then introduced and delivered a vigorous speech in support of the following resolution, which he submitted to the meeting:—
 "Whereas—The operative tailors of this city, being now on strike, have used every means consistent with their honor and manhood to bring about a settlement of the matters between them and their employers; and
 "Whereas—The employers still persist on their part, in not recognizing the demands of the men, and still refuse to meet a committee from the Tailors' Society whereby these demands could be discussed and explained, therefore
 "Be it Resolved—That this meeting condemn the action of the employers in refusing to meet the grievances to arbitration, the operative tailors, practically ignoring the rights of their fellow workmen, as a society, to have a voice in the settlement of what wages they shall work."
 In supporting the resolution he said that he was glad to greet so many of his fellow workmen at that meeting to-night, inasmuch as he held that the adoption of the resolution would be an emphatic endorsement on the part of the entire working body of this city, of the principle of arbitration. He was glad to notice the gradual growth of the principle among the nations of the earth. (Hear.) He hoped that the day was not far distant when this principle would extend to all the differences that might disturb our national and social systems, and in support of this he referred to the successful application of the principle in the Alabama oil strike, and enlarged upon the manner in which the national honor

and integrity of both countries had been sustained, and the effusion of blood, and the horrors and desolation of war prevented by the peaceful means adopted of settling the dispute. Now, when we looked around into the world of labor and capital, we saw from time to time cause of dispute that powerfully agitated the relations existing between those two forces, and we found, that in the past, these disputes had led to commotions, and struggles, and strifes that had been carried on to the injury of both parties; but he was glad to find that in the present day, there was found to exist a more general desire, at least on the part of the operatives, for the substitution of the principles of arbitration in place of more hostile means; hence we find, especially in the old world, the existence of Boards of Arbitration in connection with well regulated societies, and he was glad to know that in many instances their working had been beneficial. We had been often told that the interests of the two great commodities he had mentioned were identical. He believed they were so as long as the interest of both were recognized on an equality; and to bring about such a relationship the capitalist must learn to meet the laborers and admit their right to have a voice in the settlement of the principles upon which they should labor. This he thought could be done, and done only, through the instrumentality of arbitration; and hence it has been his aim to endeavor to advance the principle here. He said the workmen of this city on previous occasions had made well-meaning efforts in this direction; but had never been met in a fair spirit by the employers. In illustration he referred to the late printers' strike, and the manner in which the employers met the printer's advance for arbitration, and also alluded to other attempts on the part of the operatives of the city to institute the principle of arbitration without success. Finally, that the last attempt on the part of the Tailors' Operative Society, and the Trades Assembly in connection with the present difficulty to institute the principle of arbitration was a complete failure, not on the part of the operative who was willing to arbitrate and concede, but through the stubborn opposition of capital. (Applause.) He had much pleasure in moving the resolution he had read.

Mr. D. Strachan, President of the Knights of St. Crispin, seconded the resolution in a few well-timed remarks.
 Mr. Jury, of the Operative Tailors, next spoke in support of the resolution. He said that he took great pride in having a free press, but his experience led him to view the freedom of the press both in this country and the old as too often a freedom to abuse the workingmen and misrepresent all their objects in union. He stated that it was a most desirable object to be attained by the laborer of this country to have the principle of arbitration established. He continued in some very able and forcible remarks to support the resolution, and resumed his seat amidst applause.

The resolution was unanimously carried.
 Mr. John Hewitt, of the Coopers' Union, moved the second resolution, as follows:

"Whereas—This meeting sees in the course taken by the employing tailors of this city another direct blow at the principle of co-operative action on the part of labor; be it
 "Resolved,—That this meeting, in order to sustain a principle that has become dear to the hearts of every true working man—union in every order of labor—do pledge ourselves to do everything consistent with honor and integrity to aid the operative tailors of this city, in this effort of organized capital to disorganize labor."

In support of the resolution, Mr. Hewitt said he was happy to meet his fellow-workmen on that occasion; and especially as he always felt that if anything could bring his feelings to the surface it was the simple fact that his fellow-workmen were in trouble. (Applause.) He fully endorsed the sentiments of the previous speakers respecting the principle of arbitration, while its employment was practical. So long as employers refused to recognize the rights of men to organize, such a principle would not be practicable. The success of the movement in England was no criterion for this country, as the employers of that country had been learning a lesson for the past century which the employers in Canada had only begun to learn, viz: The right of the operatives to organize and have a voice in the association in regulating the systems upon which they should work. (Hear, hear.) The objects to be gained by organization were to make employers recognize the rights of the men. In the old world it took fifty years to make the Trades' Unions what they now are—a power in the land; and their efforts, if not successful at first, were persisted in; and the fifty years have resulted in teaching employers that the men have a right to organize;

and the same thing will have to come here—even should the same means of accomplishment have to be resorted to. He was not surprised at the small actions of some of the employers, and he reminded the meeting that although the employers and the employes of Hamilton had arrived at a mutual understanding, he heard that the contract had been broken, through the interference of Mr. Saunders, of Toronto. By doing so he kept the bread out of the mouths of the wives and children of the employes of our sister city, for no other object than to carry out the small designs of the master tailors in Toronto. (Applause.) He made reference to the efforts that had been made by the agency in Montreal to utilize the labor of the penitentiary; but he was not even surprised at that, because his experience had told him that capitalists would make use of means, even the most despicable, if in so doing they can do anything to dismember and disorganize labor. He enlarged on the efforts that had been made to break up the organization with which he was connected, and though the men had had many a hard struggle, he was happy to state that they never were so well organized as they were at the present day. He hoped the tailors would keep united to a man, that no one will be so despicable as, after having held up his hand to enforce their demands, to go back to work without a fair understanding. After further remarks he resumed his seat.

Mr. McDuff, of the Operative Bricklayers Union, seconded the resolution in a neat speech. He said the resolution spoke of aid, and he was glad that he was sent to convey the sympathy of the operative bricklayers to the operative tailors in their present struggle; and he was also happy to be able to state that their sympathy had taken practical shape, and that his union had voted to the operative tailors \$100. (Loud applause.)

Mr. Ferguson, of the Operative Tailors' Society, supported the resolution. He felt that he would be recreant to his duty if he was silent upon this occasion. He took a retrospective view of the past twenty years, and said that capital, when improperly directed, tended to crush, not only the men individually, but it was directed as on this occasion to crush the union. (Hear, hear.) He felt the men were right in their requests, and he felt proud that they had furthered the work of organization by associating themselves with the Toronto Trades' Assembly. He heartily agreed with the terms of the resolution, which was then carried.

A cordial vote of thanks was then moved to the Chairman, for the able manner in which he discharged his duties, and the motion was carried amid applause.

Mr. Bondidier then made a short address, in which he expressed his pleasure at observing the representative of the Leader present, and said he regretted that other papers were not represented, although an application had been made for a reporter. This showed that the Leader was still the friend of the workingmen, and he trusted that the fact would not soon be forgotten. He had applied to Mr. Gordon Brown for a reporter, but that gentleman would not promise to send one, and he had not done so.

The representative of the Leader in acknowledging the recognition of his presence stated that the journal which he had the honor to represent was as firm an advocate of the rights of the workingmen as it ever had been; and at all times it would be only too glad to render any assistance in its power to the tailors who desire to have their case laid before the public. (Cheers.)
 A vote of thanks was given to the chairman, and Mr. Carter having returned thanks in a neat speech, cheers were given for the Queen, and the meeting adjourned.

THE CANADIAN ANTHEM BOOK.

We are indebted to the publishers, Mr. C. W. Coates and Brothers, for a copy of their recently issued anthem book, bearing the above title. A comprehensive anthem book has long been a desideratum, in connection with Canadian Choirs and Singing Societies. Anthem Books there were, and are, in plenty; but while each contained many pieces that could be generally used, there was also much that was not suitable to our choirs. In many respects the "Canadian Anthem book" fully and amply meets this long felt want. The compilers have not only selected the best pieces from English and American standard musical books and publications; but, in addition have embraced in their collection many favorite pieces of sheet music, together with several original compositions of considerable merit. The Messrs. Coates deserve thanks for thus supplying to Canadian choirs what may well be regarded as the long-needed anthem book; and that their efforts are appreciated is evident from the fact that already the book has reached its fourth thousand.

Don't fail to call and see Eaton's magnificent stock of shawls.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE CLASSES.

The fifteenth session of the evening classes of the Mechanics' Institute of this city commenced last Monday evening under very favorable auspices, considerably over 200 pupils having already joined. The subjects taught this session are English grammar and composition, essay writing, etc., bookkeeping by single and double entry, and penmanship, arithmetic, mathematics and algebra, ornamental landscape and figure drawing, architectural and mechanical drawing, French grammar and conversation, phonetic shorthand, and a special class for ladies on Saturday afternoons for wax flower making. The Directors anticipate the present session will be the largest and most successful since the establishment of their evening classes, fifteen years since.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Continues popular as ever. All the old favorites continue to add to their popularity, whilst the new star, Miss Blanche Stanley, by her admirable singing and accomplished abilities, speedily won her way to the good graces of the large audiences which nightly attend. The efficient manager, Mr. Trigano is sparing no efforts to cater to the mirth-loving public, and has engaged at large expense, new stars who will appear next week. None should fail to attend this "Temple of the Muses."

A SOCIAL PARTY.

On Thursday and Friday evening of last week a very pleasing and social reunion took place at the residence of Mr. Annis, 53 Trinity Square. The host and hostess, who are Americans, invited not only their American friends, but also a number of their Canadian friends, and it was pleasant to notice that whilst the flags of the two nations were entwined in graceful folds, the guests were united and harmonious in their socialities. Amongst the guests were Mr. Carle, who contributed not a little to the pleasure of the occasion, and he showed himself to be quite as much at home in the social circle as he nightly so popularly proves himself on the "boards." The Union Glee Club rendered many pieces in artistic style; whilst the various guests each contributed to the success of the entertainment. The supper provided was of the most *rechere* style, and reflected great credit upon the culinary abilities of the hostess. Tripping the "light fantastic toe" was also indulged in, and in the happiest manner the hours were spent.

The K. O. S. C., Will o' the Wisp, and Mechanics' Quadrille Classes are having lively times each week. Large numbers attend each evening they hold their "parties," and an enjoyable time is spent.

The Duke of York L. O. L. No. 396, intend holding a grand Social in the St. Lawrence Hall, on Hallow'een, Friday evening. Great arrangements have been made for a pleasant entertainment.

The New Haven Union says:—In Virginia south of the James river—a district which has given birth to such men as Patrick Henry, John Randolph, Winfield Scott, and others of almost equal note in the history of the United States—the country is relapsing almost into a state of barbarism. Lands tilled before and during the war are now growing up in forests; the beavers once more building their dams on the streams, and the deer are multiplying in the coverts. These counties contain a large majority of negroes, and under the instruction of the unprincipled carpet-baggers who have gained their confidence the freedmen have been encouraged in habits of indolence and instigated to place themselves in hostility to their white neighbors, who on their part, discouraged at finding themselves inferior in political power and influence to the blacks, are growing hopeless and despondent.

SELF-DEVOTION.—By the Australian mail it is stated that the lamentable disaster at the Heads to the pilot schooner Rip, has excited the sympathy of the community in a marked degree, and liberal contributions have been for the relief of the families of Pilot Mackenzie, and Wells, the steward. An inquiry which was held by the Pilot Board showed that the catastrophe had not happened from the carelessness or inefficiency of the pilots or crew, but that all on board had behaved with admirable coolness and intrepidity. The seaman, James Marr or Maber, who was the first washed over board, gave up his only chance of life with a devotion and self-sacrifice that did honor to his calling. He was clinging to the mainmast, which was carried away by the same sea which swept him out of the schooner; but when he saw that the wreck hampered the vessel he motioned to his mates to cut the mast adrift. His comrades bade him good-bye, he nodded his farewell, and the wreck having been cut away, he was seen no more. A memorial stone is to be placed in the Melbourne Sailors' Home in commemoration of the death of this gallant fellow.

The report of the Royal Commissioner is short. It merely submits the evidence taken, and states the bald fact with which the public is already familiar. No opinion is expressed, and the Commissioners say that while they had intended from the first not to give any opinion they were confirmed in that course by the advices of His Excellency, the Governor-General.

DEATH.

In this city, at 9 Power Street, on Tuesday, 28th inst., Eva, daughter of John E. Winnett, coachmaker, aged 2 months and 15 days.

New Advertisements.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST
 Are respectfully requested for
J. EDWARDS
 AS WATER COMMISSIONER
 FOR THE
 Western Division of the City.
 The Election takes place in January, 1874.

WE ARE SELLING
 NEW AND SECOND-HAND ORGANS
 AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES FOR CASH,
 OR ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS.
 Every working man, be he mechanic or laborer, can purchase one of our organs, without experiencing any inconvenience, as the payments are very low and within the reach of all.
 N.B.—Second-Hand Organs taken in exchange.
 Musical Hall, 177 Yonge Street.
 J. F. DAVIS.

JAMES BANKS,
 AUCTIONEER AND APPRAISER,
 45 Jarvis, Corner of King Street East.
 Mechanics can find useful Household Furniture of every description at the above Salerooms, cheaper than any other house. Cooking and Parlor Stoves in great variety.
 SALEROOMS:
 45 and 46 Jarvis, Corner of King St. East.
 Furniture Bought, Sold, or Exchanged.
 58-1c

EATON'S
 NEW
 SHAWLS.
 600 Shawls to choose from, pretty, new, cheap.
 COME AND SEE THEM TO-DAY.
 CORNER YONGE & QUEEN STREETS,
 55-1c

NOTICE TO TAILORS.
 NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Operative Tailors of the city of Toronto are now on Strike, and members of the trade are requested to govern themselves accordingly.
 All communications in reference to the above to be addressed to Mr. MAIR, Secretary, No. 8 Bond Street, Toronto, Sept. 29, 1873. 77-1c

RED RIVER ROUTE.
 NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Department of Public Works will cease to forward Passengers and Freight over this Route from and after the 16th October next.
 By order,
 F. BRAUN,
 Secretary
 Department Public Works,
 Ottawa, 14th September, 1873. 77-1c

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
 THE COMMISSIONERS APPOINTED to construct the Intercolonial Railway give Public Notice that they are prepared to receive Tenders for the construction of a "Deep Water Terminus" at Father Point.
 Plans and Specifications may be seen at the Engineer's Office in Ottawa and Rimouski, on and after the 20th day of November next.
 Tenders marked "Tenders Harbor and Branch line," will be received at the Commissioners' Office, Ottawa, up to six o'clock, p.m., of the 20th day of December next.
 A. WALSH,
 ED. B. CHANDLER,
 C. J. BRYDGES,
 A. W. McLELAN,
 Commissioners.
 Commissioners' Office,
 Ottawa, October 17, 1873. 80-w

MAT'S,
 MAT'S,
 MAT'S.
 FOR CHOICE DRINKS
 GO TO
 MAT'S.
 IF YOU
 SPEND A PLEASANT EVENING
 GO TO
 MAT'S.
 For all kinds of Plain and Fancy Printing, go to the WORKMAN Office. Call and see specimens of work.

The Home Circle.

OUTSIDE THE FOLD.

I am waiting, ever waiting, for the days that never come ;
 I am sitting, worn and weary, 'midst life's shadows drear and dun ;
 Memory o'er the past is mourning, and the future's all untold ;
 Earth has grown so strangely gloomy. Take me, Lord, within the fold.

Evening shadows gather round me, darker shadows shroud my soul ;
 There is but one rift of sunlight streaming from that far-off goal ;
 Shall I ever reach that portal? walk within those streets of gold ?
 For I'm weary—watching—waiting. Take me, Lord, within the fold.

Through the night I dream of Heaven and my loved ones waiting there ;
 But, alas ! it is but dreaming, for I wake to anxious care.

There I know there comes no sighing—only peace and bliss untold,
 Lead me in those sun-lit pastures. Take me, Lord, within the fold.

Is there room for one poor wanderer, who has, wanton, strayed away ?
 And forgiveness for a lost one, wandering farther every day ?
 Tender Shepherd, wilt thou hear me ? I am lonely ; I am cold,
 Will those sheltering arms support me. Take me, Lord within the fold.

Hark ! I hear the kindly welcome. Can I dare to enter in ?
 I who am so prone to evil—I who blindly grope in sin ?
 Now the peans of the blessed vibrate on the harp of gold ;
 I can hear the angels singing. Take me, Lord, within the fold.

DOMESTIC DIFFICULTIES.

The most prolific source of matrimonial misery is an agreement between married individuals to disagree. It is the solemn compact they make at heart from the time that they promise in the sight of God, and in the presence of men, to love, cherish, and obey each other until death divides them.

Human selfishness is the great root of all family evils, and the young shoots of discord spring from it in all directions. They are as rapid of growth, and as thorny to the touch, as young locusts ; they overshadow and destroy all the bright blossoms and tender buds that might have bloomed where they thrive, flourish and cumber the ground.

Husbands and wives can yield to each other's wishes, in most cases, without sacrificing either their dignity or self-respect. They can conform to each other's ways of thinking and doing without limiting their own extent of earthly enjoyment one atom. They can be happy as well as miserable. They can live in peace with themselves and with the world, as well as to be in constant domestic and social warfare. It requires no greater effort to smile than it does to frown, and pleasant words are easier spoken than harsh and angry ones.

People palliate their differences by such foolish excuses as incompatibility of temper, uncongeniality of disposition, difference of taste and habits, etc., while the simple truth is, that all of their domestic difficulties are caused by nothing more nor less than their own separate and individual selfishness.

Even, in rare cases, it is impossible for them to think and believe exactly alike, they can so far humor each other's wishes as to be comparatively happy. And there is on earth no more beautiful sight, than two persons trying to live in love and harmony together, as man and wife should live and love, respecting each other's opinions, and striving to make each other happy.

THE GIFT OF TACT.

What a wonderful oil upon the machinery of human affairs tact is. To know just what to say, and when to say it and to whom to say it ; to know when to be silent, and when deferentially to listen, is a great gift. No one can fully appreciate this quality, who has not had the misfortune of living with a blundering person, who never moves or speaks without unintentionally wounding or offending somebody. Contiguity with such a one is fearful to the nerves, and temper too. We doubt whether tact, in any considerable degree, can be acquired. It is born with some and is natural to them as the color of their eyes or hair. We have seen little children who were perfect in it, without the slightest idea, of course, of the diplomacy they were enacting.

POETRY.

Poetry is the interpreter of the soul, and translates all thought into one language. While we eat the fruits of autumn, it reminds us of the blossoms of spring ; and while we inhale the odoriferous breath of May, it foatells the frosts of December. It makes the marble of the sculptor breathe, the canvass of the painter speak, and the anvil of the artisan ring a chimino. It is the handmaid of religion ;

the rose in the wreath of the bride, and the chaplet of the dead ; the mirth and music of the marriage, and the awe and silence of the burial. It is the voice of peace, the song of love, and the sigh of sorrow. It sparkles in the smile of hope, and glitters in the tear of regret. It is seen in the downcast eyes of modesty, or in the ingenious expression of manhood. It is heard in the song of a robin, seen in the shape of a dove, or felt in the down of a swan. It is the truly beautiful, and the beautiful truth.

VALUE OF AMUSEMENTS.

The world must be amused. It is entirely false reasoning to suppose that any person can devote himself to labor without any adequate relief. He must be amused. He must enjoy himself. He must laugh, sing, dance, eat, drink, and be merry. He must chat with his friends, exercise his mind in excitingly gentle emotions, and the body in agreeable demonstrations of activity. The constitution of the human system demands this. It exacts variety of influence and motion. It will not remain in health if it cannot obtain that variety. Too much excitement affects it as injuriously as too much sadness ; too much relaxation is as pernicious as none at all. But to the industrious toiler the sunshine of the heart is just as indispensable as the material sunshine is to the flower ; both pine away and die if deprived of it.

SUNBEAMS.

Of course you have noticed what a different aspect everything wears in the sunshine from what it does in the shadow? And did you ever think what an analogy there was between the sunlight of the cloudless skies and the sunshine that beams into the darkened chamber of the human soul? How bright and beautiful are the golden beams that break at last through the riven clouds to lighten up the world again after a succession of dark and stormy days! How peaceful and happy are the blissful words of hope and cheer that touch the joy after a long period of sorrow and despondency, when uttered by some disinterested friend. There are none living that do not in a greater or less degree, have an influence over the earthly happiness of others. The sense of contributing to the pleasure of others augments our own happiness. Unselfishness, Christian charity and loving kindness, are the sunbeams of the soul.

THE WORLD WITHOUT SUNDAY.

Think how the abstraction of the Sabbath would hopelessly enslave the working-classes, with whom we are identified. Think of labor thus going on in one monotonous and eternal cycle, limbs forever on the rack, fingers forever straining, the brow forever throbbing, the shoulders forever drooping, and loins forever aching, the restless mind forever scheming.

Think of the beauty it would efface, the merry-heartedness it would extinguish, of the giant strength it would tame, of the resources of nature it would crush, of the sickness it would bring, of the projects it would wreck, of the groans it would extort, of the lives it would immolate, and of the cheerless graves it would prematurely dig! See the toiling and moiling, sweating and fretting, grinding and heaving, weaving and spinning, sewing and gathering, moving and repairing, raising and building, digging and planting, striving and struggling ; in the garden and in the field, in the granary and in the barn, in the factory and in the mill, in the warehouse and in the shop, on the mountain and in the ditch, on the roadside and in the wood, in the city and in the country, out at sea and on shore, in the day of brightness and of gloom. What a picture the world would present if we had no Sabbath!

JAPANESE FANS.

Many of these fan-pictures are illustrations of national classics, fairy tales, and historic legends. On this neutral-tinted reverse, for instance, a curved line dashed across the disk is a slack-rope ; on it is a nondescript dancing, and below a half-kneeling figure, represents the juggler or showman. He is gestulating wildly with his fan, his mouth is wide open with well-simulated astonishment at the antics of the creature on the slack-rope. The performer is like a badger, yet it resembles a tea-kettle. Its body is the kettle ; one cunningly curved paw is the spout ; another, which swings the inevitable umbrella, is the handle ; and the tail and hind legs form the tripod on which the kettle sits. The story of The Accomplished Teakettle is very old, and numberless versions of it form a staple dramatic, poetic or artistic diversion of the Japanese. Briefly, it is related that a company of priests, who dwelt by themselves in a temple, were affrighted by their tea-kettle suddenly becoming covered with fur and walking about the room. It bothered them very much with its pranks, being part of the time a useful and sober culinary utensil and partly a mischievous badger. Catching it and shutting it up in a box, they sold it to a travelling tinker for a trifle, thinking themselves well rid of it. But the tinker, though sorely affrighted when he found what a bargain he had gotten, shrewdly put his bewitched tea-kettle to good account. He travelled far and wide exhibiting his wonderful beast, which diligently per-

formed on the slack-rope. Princes and nobles came in throngs to see his show ; and so he made himself very rich by his unique entertainment. The lucky tinker and his accomplished tea-kettle furnish forth adventures for the Japanese play-goer as numerous and various as those of our own Humpty Dumpty, dear to the heart of every English-speaking child. On the reverse of another fan you discover an illustration of fairy lore. A hare and a badger, grotesquely dressed in waterman's garb, are each paddling about in boats on a small sheet of water. They glare at each other defiantly, but the hare, notwithstanding he keeps his simple expression, seems to have the advantage of the other. The hare and the badger, in the story of The Crackling Mountain, were old foes, and had many a tussle, in which the hare generally got the better of his adversary. Finally the hare, having built a wooden boat, set off on a voyage to the capital of the moon, inviting his enemy to accompany him. The wary badger refused, but building a boat of clay, he followed the hare. The waves washed the clay so that it began to dissolve ; then the hare, paddling his craft full upon the luckless badger, crushed his sinking boat, and the wicked animal perished miserably in the waters. In these fanciful pictorial conceits the Japanese greatly excel. Hokusai, a Japanese artist, says an intelligent writer on Asiatic art, has modestly protested that it is more easy to draw things one has never seen than to represent objects with which everybody is familiar. But these fantastic creations of the imagination are all so carefully and characteristically limned that they deceive by their realism. You think that these odd creatures must have been studied from life. You pay an unconscious tribute to the artist's wise interpretation of nature ; for his fundamental idea is natural.—Scribner's.

VENTRILOQUISM.

The art is easily learned, says a Chicago writer, and boys might find some amusement in trying to acquire it—though we fail to see any beneficial results arise from the knowledge. In the first place, speak any word or sentence in your own natural tone ; then open the mouth and fix your jaws fast, as though trying to hinder any one from opening them further or shutting them ; draw the tongue back in a ball ; speak the same words, and the sound instead of being formed in the mouth will be formed in the pharynx. Great attention must be paid to holding the jaws rigid. The sound will then be found to imitate a voice from the other side of the door when it is closed, or under a floor, or through a wall. To imitate a sound behind a door partly open, the voice must not be altered from the original tone or pitch, but be made in another part of the mouth. This is done by closing the lips tight and drawing one corner of the mouth downwards or toward the ear. Then let the lips open at that corner only, the other part to remain closed. Next, breathe, as it were, the words distinctly, but expel the breath in short puffs at each word, and as loud as possible. By so doing, you produce the illusion in the minds of your listeners that they hear the same voice which they heard when the door was closed, but more distinctly and nearer on account of the door being open. The lips must always be used when the ventriloquist wishes it to appear that the sound comes through an obstacle, but from some one close at hand.

THE LIFE OF MAN.

How graphically the varied aspects of the leaf picture the various seasons of man's life. The tenderness of its budding and blooming in spring, when that rich golden green glints on it that comes only once a year, represents the bright beauty and innocence of youth, when every sunrise brings its fresh, glad hopes, and every night its holy, trustful calm. The dark greenness and lush vigor of the summer season portray the strength and self-reliance of manhood ; while its fading hues on the trees, and its rustling heaps on the ground, typify the decay and feebleness of old age, and that strange, mysterious passing away which is the doom of every mortal. The autumn leaf is gorgeous in its color, but it lacks the balmy scent and dewy freshness of hopeful spring ; and life is rich and bright in its meridian splendor ; deep are the hues of maturity, and noble is the beauty of success ; but who would not give it all for the tender sweetness and promise of life's morning hours? Happy they who keeps the child's heart warm and soft over the sad experiences of old age, whose life declines as those last September days go out with the rich tints of autumn and the blue sunny skies of June!

A TRUTHFUL ROMANCE.

All readers of "East Lynne" will remember how, startlingly romantic it seemed to them that the hero of the book, and his two wives, should unconsciously dwell together under the same roof. Real life, however, produces a more practical situation with much the same materials. A married pair, after living together for nine years, and having three children, discovered there was nothing congenial between them, and were divorced, the children remaining with the father, the mother being permitted to see them at her convenience. The wife went home to her

father, who shortly afterwards died, hopelessly bankrupt. The woman who, previously, as the child of luxury and the wife of opulence, had never known what it was to want for a single thing, suddenly found herself thrown out upon the world, and forced to seek a livelihood as best she could. At first she undertook sewing for shops, then attending stores, and finally keeping a very plain boarding-house, in none of which did she succeed. One day when almost driven to despair, she mustered up courage and went to her former home, and asked the one who had succeeded her as mistress of the house, if she would not befriend her ever so little, as she was on the point of starving, as her wan and haggard condition too plainly showed. Women's ears and hearts are always open to the sufferings of their fellowbeings. The unfortunate was invited to remain until the husband returned, which she reluctantly did, and when he came the matter was thoroughly discussed. It was mutually agreed for wife No. 1 to remain and make her home in the house over which she once ruled as mistress. And there she is to be found to-day, seemingly satisfied with the change, and apparently not caring that the love that was once pledged solemnly before God to her alone, is now bestowed upon another.

A DUEL.

Every representative of animal life acknowledges the antagonistic principle. Fancy humming-birds fighting a duel! Yet a very serious affray took place between two of these little creatures lately. The battle lasted seventeen minutes. The tiny antagonists would dart at each other most viciously ; would soar twenty feet or more in the air, and then return to the flowers in the beds for a moment or two were the warfare raged most bitterly. Occasionally the larger would pin the smaller to the ground, when the latter would strike vigorously at the throat of his foe. Finally the larger bird apparently became very much enraged, and made an energetic spurt. The other fell to the ground, its wings fluttered, the body quivered, one quick gasp, and the ruby-throated little one was dead. The victor flew to a dead twig on a neighboring shrub, smoothed its ruffled plumage as a dove would, and twisted its neck from side to side, then for a moment hovering over the lifeless body of its enemy as if to be certain life was extinct, it flew swiftly away.

LITTLE ABE AND THE BIG LAWYER.

Little Abe, as he is familiarly called, is a practising lawyer of N——, very diminutive but distinguished for his deep research and great experience in criminal law cases.

On one occasion, after having apparently vanquished a colossal opponent in an important case by the delivery of a splendid argument to the jury, he thereby provoked the ire of his legal brother of vaster proportions, who rose to deliver his response with all the importance and observation of a person upon whom nature had been so prolific, with the intention of annihilating with one fell swoop his little antagonist by sarcastic allusion to Abe's size. In order to accomplish this design, he maliciously quoted these lines :

"And still they gazed, still the wonder grew,
 That one small head should carry all he knew."

But his plan did not have the result anticipated, for little Abe arose, and thus responded :

"Yet, of the two, it is the greatest riddle,
 That head so big should carry very little."

Not silenced by this rebuke, and nettled by the smiling visages in close proximity to him, the man of vast proportions again arose, and in his most pompous manner addressed himself to little Abe once more.

"Sir, what do you mean? Don't you know that I could put you in my pocket?"

"Undoubtedly you could," was Abe's response.

"And,"

"Thus become a melancholy dread,
 For having in pocket, what's wanting in head ;
 And people their wonder would scarcely restrain,
 At finding, at last, you really had brain."

The big lawyer wisely sat down.

"SPONGERS."

Unfortunately, a large class of people merit this name, and are not troubled with consciousness of deserving it, either. The social sponge is generally a pleasant, affable person, always ready to do you, his "most valued and esteemed friend," a good turn, provided he only can manage it at some one else's expense, and without pecuniary or other inconvenience to himself. He does this upon principle, argues he, "one good turn deserves another," and this good turn when rendered he carefully posts to your debt with interest compound and double compound, and fails not to remind you ever and anon that the balance of your account is on the wrong side. As we have said, our friend is not over particular in what way he obtains the needful ; and if you gave him the opportunity he would not scruple to use the engine of the law to pump it out of you. Beware, therefore, of supplying the handle to the pump for the law to work the golden stream full upon his absorbing self. Our condign friend views everything in an eminently practical manner. Number one is with him the first law of nature. Take all you can get, and give as little as possible. "Throw a sprat to catch a mackerel." "Hold fast that which is good, eschew that which is

evil"—that is to say, that which is no good. These are favorite axioms of his. You are generous ; well, doesn't he praise you for it, and laud you to the skies as a jolly good fellow? He robs you right and left—not in a legal sense to be sure, but he robs you none the less ; you abuse him proportionately and he cries "quits." Clearly nothing more than an ordinary business transaction ; who, then, can say that our friend is not an eminently practical man? As for him, he gives away nothing, and is serenely happy in his selfishness. Well, perhaps it is better to be like him than to give just for the sake of display that which you begrudged. But, oh! take care, you hard-hearted, selfish, despicable Sponge, lest the time should come when the press of circumstances will squeeze your ill-gotten gains out of you. You may then as lief expect the earth to split in twain as that any of your former well sucked friends will extend you a helping hand.

Sawdust and Chips.

A pocket bootjack has been invented. You put your foot into your pocket, give a spring into the air and off comes your boot.

A hotel in Grape street, Syracuse, before which there is a large watering trough, has a sign bearing the suggestive words, "Milkman's Retreat."

"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?" asked a teacher. "Because he never told a lie!" shouted a little boy.

An Irishman being told that the price of bread had lowered, exclaimed, "That is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."

The editor of an Illinois paper thinks fishing, as a general rule, doesn't pay. "We stood all day in the river last week," he says, "but caught nothing—until we got home."

Young man, when you have tew search Webster's Dicksionary tew find words big enuff tew convey yure meaning yu can make up yure mind you don't mean much.

Said a conscientious auctioneer: "Ladies and gentlemen, there is no sham about these carpets ; they are genuine tapestry carpets—I bought them off old Tapestry himself."

It is sad, but true, that the initials of Sons of Temperance spell "sot," and those of the Independent Order of Good Templars stand for "I once got tight!"

A piece of glass an inch long was taken from the head of a Rochester man recently, in whose skull it had been imbedded for twenty years. He had complained occasionally of a pain in his head.

There are experts on all manner of subjects in these days of litigation. A woman testified at Norwich, the other day, in a turkey case, and declared she knew these turkeys "by their walk, their countenance, and their manner of roosting."

A certain dentist in Hamilton one day presented his bill, for the tenth time to a rich skinflint. "It strikes me," said the latter, "that this is a pretty round bill." "Yes," replied the dentist, "I've sent it round often enough to make it appear so, and have now called to get it squared."

A professor, in explaining to a class of young ladies the theory according to which the body is entirely renewed every seven years, said:—"Thus, Miss B., in seven years you will in reality be no longer Miss B." "I really hope I shan't," demurely responded the girl, casting down her eyes.

Blanche (to her brother): "you wouldn't bet heavily—have you lost much?" Charlie: "Yaas! Bet half a dozen pairs of gloves with Mrs. Furlong." Blanche: "Nonsense, that's nothing." Charlie: "Why? beg yur pardon—I'm thinking how I'm going to and buy the gloves without a cent of my self-respect. Why the women wear 'em and a half!"

It is pleasant to see some things put strongly and pointedly. Some time ago Col. Howard of Georgia, lately, if I thought that a certain Radical in that State would steal. "Steal!" responded the Colonel ; "why, by Jove, if he were paralyzed and hamstring, I wouldn't trust him by himself in the middle of the desert of Sahara with the biggest anchor of the Great Eastern. Steal! I should think he would."

The following anecdote was outlined its early youth, but it is as good as well: John Phoenix tells the story of a man who was one day leaving San Francisco on a steamer. Everybody else was taking leave of their friends—but he did not know a soul in the crowd. Ashamed of his loneliness, as the steamer sheered off, he called out in a loud voice, "Good-bye, Colonel!" and to his great delight, every man on the wharf took off his hat and shouted, "Colonel, good-bye!"

There is a droll story of how a man lost a wager in Sparta. Stopping in a tavern he offered to bet ten to one that he could, blindfolded, tell the name of any liquor or wine in the house, or any mixture of liquors by the taste or smell. All went well with him at first. He named all the celebrated brands correctly. Then they handed him a glass of water. He tasted, he felt, he tasted and smelt again, and at last, completely nonplussed he gave it up so. "Well, boys," he said, "you have got me. It seems to me as if years ago, I struck something of that kind once before, but it was a long ago, I have entirely forgotten."

WISDOM OF BILLINGS.

Take all the pride out of this world, mankind would be like a bob-tailed peacock, anxious to hide under somebody's barn.

All fights, few produce any moral advantage, should end in victory to one side or the other. You will always see dogs renew a drawn battle when they meet.

If a man is full of himself don't top him, but rather plug him, and let him choke to death or bust.

I don't think that fortune has got onny favorites; she was born blind; and I always notice that those who win the oftenest go it blind too.

It is a grate deal safer thing onny time to follow a man's advice than to follow his example.

I consider a weak man more dangerous than a malishous one. Malishous men have some karacter, but weak ones don't have onny.

I have noticed one thing, that the most discrete and virtuous folks that we have among us are those who have either no pashuns at all, or they are very tame ones. I is a grate deal easier tew be a good duv than a decent serpent.

A pious old lady at New Bedford boasted in prayer meeting that she wasn't afraid of the devil. A young chap present, with a view to testing her faith and courage, followed her home, and in a lonely, secluded spot, crept up behind her and whispered, "I am the devil." But the good woman never heeded him, and again and again he introduced himself in the same style. Finally, finding the thing was getting monotonous, she turned to him with the ejaculation, "Well, nobody denies it." That young fellow don't follow the frightening business any more.

A drover, fresh from the land of heather, and whose knowledge of the sea and its ebb and flow was confined to the grand idea of its magnitude, arrived one day at the Craig Pier, with a flock of sheep, intending to cross over to Fife. It being low water, and the boat already well laden, the captain told him that he must wait for an hour, as he was afraid he would not have water enough to float from the pier. "Water enough!" quoth John Highlandman, with the utmost amazement. "Och, man! if ye dinna hae water enough in the muckle sea, where will you'll get it?"

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LAUDER & PROCTOR, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, Solicitors in Chancery, &c. OFFICE—Masonic Hall, 20 Toronto Street.

HARRY E. CASTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. OFFICE—48 Adelaide Street, opposite the Court House, Toronto.

HENRY O'BRIEN, BARRISTER, Attorney and Solicitor, &c., Notary Public, &c. OFFICE—68 Church Street.

Dentists.

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

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

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

F. G. CALLENDER, DENTIST, OFFICE—Corner of King and Jordan streets, Toronto.

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

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Miscellaneous.

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JOHN LOVELL, Publisher. Montreal, 9th August, 1873.

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LIST OF ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Toronto, Oct. 15, 1873.

Parties calling for any of the letters in the List below will please ask for Advertiser's Letters, and give the date of the List.

- Acton, John
Adair, Miss E K
Adams, John
Adams, Henry 3
Alkins, Robert
Aird, Miss Mary Jane
Alexander, Mrs
Allen, A 2
Allen, Miss Rebecca
Allen, Mr J 3
Allison, Thos
Ambler, Wm
Anderson, James
Anderson, Erasmus
Annos, J
Anderson, James
Anderson, Miss Emma L
Anderson, A W
Anderson, Agnes
Aderson & Co, Jas
Andrews, Miss H
Archer, Samuel
Armand, Wm
Armstrong, Miss Mary
Armstrong & Richardson
Arsham, Walter
Ashwood, D
Aytan, J
Blanchard, Wm
Black, Mrs M
Boivin, Wm
Boivin, John 2
Boag, Mr R
Boddes, Patrick
Bondieth, Geo A
Bovan, James
Bovald, James
Boyd, David
Boyle, Master John
Bradley, Joseph
Brady, John
Braine, T E 2
Bray, George
Brayley, Mrs John E
Bredke, Joseph
Bridgewater, Miss Emma
Breusly & Co, Miss
Brisker, W
Bristol, A
Brodie, Mrs R S
Brooks, Miss Emily
Brookstone, S
Brough, W
Broughton, Miss G
Brown, Miss Alice
Brown, C
Brown, George
Brown, J D
Broune, H
Brown, Henry
Brown, Miss Mary L
Brown, Wm 3
Bowen, Miss Amanda S
Buckland, Caleb
Budd, F 3
Budd, Mr
Bulls, Charles
Bullock, Wm
Burns & Co, Messrs J 30
Burns, Michael
Burns, Wm
Burns, Mary A
Buntin, Alfred
Butcher, Mrs Rhodia
Butler, Richard
Byrne, F
Byrns, Miss Bridget
Caldar, James
Callahan, C
Callaghan, Mr
Callander, Miss Jennie
Campbell, C
Campbell, James
Campbell, Donald
Cann, Mrs G
Carchol, Mrs
Carmand, George
Carpenter, Mat
Carroll, Robt
Carry, W L
Case, Miss A
Case, J H
Caster, Joseph
Chambers, Chas
Chambers, J R
Chambers, Miss Rachel
Chambers, Joseph
Chapman, J 2
Chapman, F P
Charlesworth, A
Charlton, Robert
Cherry, Thos
Chisholm Mrs L J
Christie, Arthur
Churchill, Thos H
Clark, Miss
Clark, Miss Essie
Clark, Miss Bertie
Clark, George
Clarke, Mr J
Clark, Miss Katie
Clarke, Mrs W
Clayton, Thos
Cleave, Messrs & Son
Clissald, Joseph
Clanton, Mr
Coulbes, Mrs Margaret
Coates, James E
Coll, Miss
Coleman & Bailly
Colby, Miss Emma
Collins, George
Collins, Mr
Conroy, F
Corcoran, J T
Coth, E
Cooche, Clarence
Cook, Geo Thos
Coole, T
Coombes, Jas
Coombes, Rev E K
Corrigan, R A
Cottam, W W
Coutier, Francis Wm
Couture, Alexander
Couture, Louis
Cowan, W 2
Cowles, A A
Cox, Esq
Cramer, J C
Crawford, W G
Crag, Wm
Crew, J F, Jr
Crews, G
Crombie, James C I
Cronin, Miss Mary
Crown, Henry
Cunningham, John
Cunee, Angelo
Curran, Mrs Jane
Curran, Samuel
Curley, Thos
Currie, Peter
Curtis, C
Cusack, James
Cussen, Miss Bridget
Daly, Richard B
Daly, W J
Daly, Mr
Dandy, Miss Annie
Dany, Mrs
Davis, D
Davis, Mrs Elizabeth
Davis, Mrs Allen
Davis, John
Davis, J H C 2
Davies, Miss Maggie
Dawson, L
Dawson, C
Dawson, Lizzie
Duggan, Miss Annie
Dunbar, Miss Lizzie L
Duncan, G
Duncombs, C
Dunbar, John E F
Dunbar, George
Dunn, Thos
Dunstan, Jewell
Dunville, Mr
Dutraise, Mon Ludger
Dishar, W W
Dixon, Miss Janie F
Dixon, George
Dixon, John
Dobbs, O
Donnelly, Mrs Ellen
Dooley, Wm
Douglass, Mrs
Doughty, Jno
Dougherty, James
Done, Miss Sarah
Dawd, G
Dawson, C
Daly, Mrs G
Dawson, Master F A
Dean, Miss Mary 2
Dealing, Mrs R
Doly, Alex
Dennison, Joseph H
Demitt, A
Dickson, Miss Maggie
Dickson, Miss Catharine
Dill, J
Dipaler, Miss Fannie
Edon, W
Eccles, Alfred
Edson, Wm
Edwards, Miss Emily
Edwards, Mr
Edwards, W
Eliam-deliver at 90 Niagara-street
Ellis, Samuel
Ellis, Wm
Ellis, Mrs Jas A
Elliot, Mrs J
Elliott, Rev J M
Elliott & Co, Messrs
Engle, J G
Enslie, J J
Erbs & Son, Messrs Isaac
Evans, Geo
Everett, J
Ewing, A H
Forsyth, R W
Foster, James
Foster, Miss
Foster & Sons, Thos
Fraser, G M
Fraser, A C J
Fraser, Donald
Freeman, Miss Maggie
Frier, W O
Frith, Thos
Fullerton & Co, A
Fuller, S U
Furman, Wm
Furman, Jonathan
Gaby, Joseph
Gallagher, Miss
Gardner, O
Gardner, J
Gardner & Co, John
Garrett, John S
Garrett & Co, John
Gaskin, Thos
Geldard, W
George, Robt
Gibbins, Robt
Gidone, J L
Gilbert, E
Gilbert, G
Gilroy, Geo 2
Giles, Mr
Gint, Jane
Gloss, Thos
Gloss, Rev Chas Gordon
Gleason, D
Gleghorn, Jas
Glen, Mrs
Gordon, Mrs Thos
Gotham, Mrs E H
Goodwin, H
Gould, Ann Jane
Grade, Wm
Grady, Mrs Catharine
Graham, Miss
Graham, Mrs M
Grant, Miss Mary
Grant, Miss
Graves, Miss Carrie
Gray, Miss Mabil
Grady, Miss Mabil
Gray, John
Grady, John D
Gray, Robt
Greenlee, Alex
Greenlee, Henry
Greenwood, Mrs
Gregg, Miss Dora
Grenel, Joseph
Godfrey, J
Goldbarp, S W
Goodfellow, H
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Gordon & Co
Gordon, Jas R
Griffith, T O
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Grinbution, H E
Gunn, R S
Gunn, C
Guy, Matthew
Haddon, H
Haddon, Samuel
Haig, Mrs Arthur
Halston, R S A
Halford, Walter
Hall, J
Hall, Mrs or Miss E
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Hall, Capt W
Hallahan, P
Halliday, Miss Maggy
Hamilton, Wm
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Hamilton, Wm
Hamilton, James
Hamilton, Robert
Hamilton & Plurcer
Hamilton, Robert
Hampton, Jas
Hancock, Alex Dr
Hanks, Richard
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Haney, James
Hanley, J L P O D
Harcourt, R M D
Harpor, R
Harrington, E
Harris, Miss Harriet
Harris, Miss
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Harrison, John 2
Hart, E F
Hart, Andrew
Hartley, Joseph
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Hawward, Miss Emma Clara
Hayward, Frederick
Henderson, Alex
Henderson, Miss May
Henderson, Mrs J E
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Heldale, Ishmael
Irish, W
Jackson, Wm
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Jones, W D B J
Janquar, F
Jay, Susan
Jenkins, Jas J
Jennings, G F
Johnson, Mr
Kinneer, O
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Kingsley, W H
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Kirkwood, Mrs Kate
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Knight, Jas
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Knott, Jas H
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Lake, B
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Lamb, W M
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Langton, Thos
Larkin, Patrick
Larkin, H J
Lauder, Miss Louisa
Lawrence, Jas
Lawrence, J W
Lawrie, Andrew
Lawson, Joseph
Laska, Mrs Wm
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Leaon, A N
Lee, Miss Lizzie
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Leigh, Robt
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Macklin, Southernland
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Malins, Leopold
Maloney, John
Malone, Wm
Manson, D G J
Markley, Mr J 2
Marsh, Mrs
Marshall, Miss
Marshall, Mrs L
Martin, Emily
Martin, T W
Martin, N F
Martin, T W
Martin, John
Mason, T
Masters, Miss Jane
Matheson, Silder
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Medcraft, Rev John
Melling, Mrs
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Merton, Mr
Metty, Geo
Mollish, Mrs
Mills, Miss Sarah
Miller, Alex S J
Miller, John L
Miller, C A D
Miller, T J
Miller, Mrs T
Milloy, Ellen J
McGlochen, Archy
McHenry, W J
MacIntosh, John
MacIntyre, Miss H J
MacIntyre, Arch
McLaren, Hugh
McLean, D A
McLean, Wm
McLennan, Johanne
McLeod, J W
McGlenham, Jno
McLaughlin, Thos
McKeck, Rev Wm
McKerrow, Jas
McKibbin, Samuel
McKinby, Jno J
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McNab, Mr
McDonald, Mrs W
McDonough, Duncan
McPherson, Mr
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McRae, Annie
McSchuch, Josie
McSpornow, Don
McSymon, Jas
McQuig, Miss J
Nicholson, Francis
Nicholson, H R 2
Nixon, T G
Nixon, Chas
Nixton, William
Northwood, Jas
Noxon, Miss F
Nugent, Miss J
Nyde, Mr
O'Krone, W R
O'Leary, Miss Kate
O'Leary, Hugh
O'Neil, Daniel
O'Neil, Daniel
Oran, Miss S
Orr, William
Orr, J
Nelly, J W
Nase, A S
Neslo, Geo
Neilson, Margaret
Netleton, William
Newhouse, Miss J
Newman, Miss M A
Nicol, Mrs
Nicholls, John
Oades, James
O'Brien, Miss D
O'Connor, D and O
O'Connor, Thos
O'Darling, Jas
O'Dea, Michael
Ogilvy, H
Ogilvy, William
O'Kop, Miss C
Pantlin, F F
Papham, H
Park, Hugh
Park, Master T J
Parker, V B
Parks, Wm
Parmenter, J J
Parmenter, Miss E
Paterson, David
Patrick, Chas
Patterson, James 2
Patterson, J B
Pattison, H G
Peach, Mr
Pearson, Miss V
Pearson, Mr
Pearson, T H
Pettit, Geo
Pettit, Frank
Pickett, James
Pierce, J B
Queen, Miss C
Quigley, Miss R
Quinn, Miss Jane
Raphael, Jas
Raker, George
Ralph, Wm
Ramsay, Miss A
Ramsay, R A
Ramsay and Son, A
Raymond, John
Raymond, Mr
Redditt, T H
Redman, Jas
Redmond, P
Reed, E G
Reeve, J B
Reid, Robt
Reid, James
Reid & Co, Geo
Reid, Mr
Reynolds, Miss
Reynolds, John
Richards, Craig
Richards Nicholas
Richards, John
Richards, A E
Richards, Thos
Richards, Miss Emma
Richmond, John 3
Ridgers, Frederick
Riley, J J
Rim, Miss Emily
Risley, Henry
Ritchie, Miss Anne
Roach, G
Roach, Edward
Roberts, J T
Salmon, Mrs R
Santerson, A
Santerson, Maria
Scarlet, Miss Maria S
Schadel, C 2
Schimmel, Rev C
Schuyler, O P
Scott, W
Searla, Mrs Jennie
Seignor, Robert
Seiver, Andrew
Sewell, Mrs Woodman
Sparkett, Miss E
Spencer and Whatnough
Spens, Miss D
Spears, Arch
Spencer, J
Springer, Moses
Stacey, A
Stacey, George
Stager, George
Staples, R
Steele, Robt
Steele, J B
Stephens, Joseph
Stephens, Mrs Maggie
Stevenson, Richard
Still, James
Stewart, Mrs George
Stewart, K T
Stewart, John Jas
Strong, Chas
Street, Mr
Stripp, T H
Struthers, Wm
Stuart, John
Sullivan, Michael
Sullivan, Mrs Mary
Sullivan, F P
Suter, Alex
Sutherland, Dr J H
Swales, Miss Matilda
Swan, Daniel James
Swain, J C
Swelten, W N
Swift and Co, J 2
Switzer, C R 2
Sykes, J W
Talbot, Monsieur Israel
Taylor, Miss Mary 2
Taylor, Wm 2
Taylor, Mrs W
Thorn, Mrs
Tidford, John
Tordans, Eliza Jane
Townley, George
Trevan, Mr
Troyfield, Mrs
Trotter, H
Troyman, Miss Diana
Turnbull, H
Turner, Mrs Hatton
Turner, Eliza
Turifer, Elsie A
Underwood, James E
Underwood, James 2
Vanderplank
Vandersteene, Louis
Van Dussen, F F
Wadsworth, Mrs C
Wage, J F
Wagner, Mrs Mary
Walker, Elizabeth
Walker, Geo
Walker, Geo
Walkes, Gill
Walker, Mast H
Walker, Joseph
Walker, Mrs
Walker, John 2
Walker, Betty and Co
Wallbridge, Mrs E
Wall, John
Walls, J H
Walters, S
Ware, C and Co
Watkins, T F
Watkins, Geo
Waters, Mrs
Waters, M G
Waters, Ben 1
Watson, Andrew 4
Watson, Wm
Watson, Daniel
Way, Ollie
Way, Mr L
Weir, Hugh
Weir, Jas
Weir, E F
Wells, Geo
West and Coffee
Westman
Weston, Mrs Jennie
Westwood, Bon
Young, Miss G
Young, Maggie
Malleable Iron Works
R M A R
Recording Scribe
Ontario Division S T
Russell Manufacturing Co
City of Toronto Lodge of
Gidfollovs
A A M
Toronto P.O., Oct. 14, 1873.

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Goldbarp, S W
Goodfellow, H
Gordon, W G
Gordon & Co
Gordon, Jas R
Griffith, T O
Grigby, Mr
Grinbution, H E
Gunn, R S
Gunn, C
Guy, Matthew
Haddon, H
Haddon, Samuel
Haig, Mrs Arthur
Halston, R S A
Halford, Walter
Hall, J
Hall, Mrs or Miss E
Hall, Mrs J
Hall, Capt W
Hallahan, P
Halliday, Miss Maggy
Hamilton, Wm
Hamilton, Mr
Hamilton, Wm
Hamilton, James
Hamilton, Robert
Hamilton & Plurcer
Hamilton, Robert
Hampton, Jas
Hancock, Alex Dr
Hanks, Richard
Hany, W J
Haney, James
Hanley, J L P O D
Harcourt, R M D
Harpor, R
Harrington, E
Harris, Miss Harriet
Harris, Miss
Harris, Adoniram
Harrison, John 2
Hart, E F
Hart, Andrew
Hartley, Joseph
Harwood, H H
Hastlan, J Greville
Hastings, Mrs Geo
Hawke, Miss L
Hawkins, Mr
Hawley, Fred E
Hawward, Miss Emma Clara
Hayward, Frederick
Henderson, Alex
Henderson, Miss May
Henderson, Mrs J E
Henderson, Charles M
Heldale, Ishmael
Irish, W
Jackson, Wm
Jackson, Geo E
Jaffray, John
James, C K
Jones, W D B J
Janquar, F
Jay, Susan
Jenkins, Jas J
Jennings, G F
Johnson, Mr
Kinneer, O
King, Louis
King, J S
Kingsley, W H
Kirk, Tom
Kirkwood, Mrs Kate
Kirkwood, Mrs C D
Knight, Jas
Knight, Mrs Edward Ellis
Knott, Jas H
Lally, Ed S
Lafferty, A
Lake, B
Lamb, M
Lamb, W M
Lundy, G J
Lanc & Co, Messrs
Langton, Thos
Larkin, Patrick
Larkin, H J
Lauder, Miss Louisa
Lawrence, Jas
Lawrence, J W
Lawrie, Andrew
Lawson, Joseph
Laska, Mrs Wm
Laurie, Geo
Lawrence, Mrs Saml
Leake, Benjamin
Leaon, A N
Lee, Miss Lizzie
Lee, John
Lee, Miss Maggie
Leigh, Robt
Mack, Miss Annie
Macklin, Southernland
Macdonald, Thos
Maddau, Mrs Ann
Maguire, Miss Lucy
Mahaffy, J C
Malins, Leopold
Maloney, John
Malone, Wm
Manson, D G J
Markley, Mr J 2
Marsh, Mrs
Marshall, Miss
Marshall, Mrs L
Martin, Emily
Martin, T W
Martin, N F
Martin, T W
Martin, John
Mason, T
Masters, Miss Jane
Matheson, Silder
Mathews, Jas L
Mauder, Mrs
Mcarns, Miss Annie
Medcraft, Rev John
Melling, Mrs
Mellor, H A
Menzies, Alex C
Merton, Mr
Metty, Geo
Mollish, Mrs
Mills, Miss Sarah
Miller, Alex S J
Miller, John L
Miller, C A D
Miller, T J
Miller, Mrs T
Milloy, Ellen J
McGlochen, Archy
McHenry, W J
MacIntosh, John
MacIntyre, Miss H J
MacIntyre, Arch
McLaren, Hugh
McLean, D A
McLean, Wm
McLennan, Johanne
McLeod, J W
McGlenham, Jno
McLaughlin, Thos
McKeck, Rev Wm
McKerrow, Jas
McKibbin, Samuel
McKinby, Jno J
McLellan, E
McMastor, Mrs Z J
McMullann, Miss Mary
McMillan, Peter
McNab, Mr
McDonald, Mrs W
McDonough, Duncan
McPherson, Mr
McPhillips, H J
McRae, Annie
McSchuch, Josie
McSpornow, Don
McSymon, Jas
McQuig, Miss J
Nicholson, Francis
Nicholson, H R 2
Nixon, T G
Nixon, Chas
Nixton, William
Northwood, Jas
Noxon, Miss F
Nugent, Miss J
Nyde, Mr
O'Krone, W R
O'Leary, Miss Kate
O'Leary, Hugh
O'Neil, Daniel
O'Neil, Daniel
Oran, Miss S
Orr, William
Orr, J
Nelly, J W
Nase, A S
Neslo, Geo
Neilson, Margaret
Netleton, William
Newhouse, Miss J
Newman, Miss M A
Nicol, Mrs
Nicholls, John
Oades, James
O'Brien, Miss D
O'Connor, D and O
O'Connor, Thos
O'Darling, Jas
O'Dea, Michael
Ogilvy, H
Ogilvy, William
O'Kop, Miss C
Pantlin, F F
Papham, H
Park, Hugh
Park, Master T J
Parker, V B
Parks, Wm
Parmenter, J J
Parmenter, Miss E
Paterson, David
Patrick, Chas
Patterson, James 2
Patterson, J B
Pattison, H G
Peach, Mr
Pearson, Miss V
Pearson, Mr
Pearson, T H
Pettit, Geo
Pettit, Frank
Pickett, James
Pierce, J B
Queen, Miss C
Quigley, Miss R
Quinn, Miss Jane
Raphael, Jas
Raker, George
Ralph, Wm
Ramsay, Miss A
Ramsay, R A
Ramsay and Son, A
Raymond, John
Raymond, Mr
Redditt, T H
Redman, Jas
Redmond, P
Reed, E G
Reeve, J B
Reid, Robt
Reid, James
Reid & Co, Geo
Reid, Mr
Reynolds, Miss
Reynolds, John
Richards, Craig
Richards Nicholas
Richards, John
Richards, A E
Richards, Thos
Richards, Miss Emma
Richmond, John 3
Ridgers, Frederick
Riley, J J
Rim, Miss Emily
Risley, Henry
Ritchie, Miss Anne
Roach, G
Roach, Edward
Roberts, J T
Salmon, Mrs R
Santerson, A
Santerson, Maria
Scarlet, Miss Maria S
Schadel, C 2
Schimmel, Rev C
Schuyler, O P
Scott, W
Searla, Mrs Jennie
Seignor, Robert
Seiver, Andrew
Sewell, Mrs Woodman
Sparkett, Miss E
Spencer and Whatnough
Spens, Miss D
Spears, Arch
Spencer, J
Springer, Moses
Stacey, A
Stacey, George
Stager, George
Staples, R
Steele, Robt
Steele, J B
Stephens, Joseph
Stephens, Mrs Maggie
Stevenson, Richard
Still, James
Stewart, Mrs George
Stewart, K T
Stewart, John Jas
Strong, Chas
Street, Mr
Stripp, T H
Struthers, Wm
Stuart, John
Sullivan, Michael
Sullivan, Mrs Mary
Sullivan, F P
Suter, Alex
Sutherland, Dr J H
Swales, Miss Matilda
Swan, Daniel James
Swain, J C
Swelten, W N
Swift and Co, J 2
Switzer, C R 2
Sykes, J W
Talbot, Monsieur Israel
Taylor, Miss Mary 2
Taylor, Wm 2
Taylor, Mrs W
Thorn, Mrs
Tidford, John
Tordans, Eliza Jane
Townley, George
Trevan, Mr
Troyfield, Mrs
Trotter, H
Troyman, Miss Diana
Turnbull, H
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Turner, Eliza
Turifer, Elsie A
Underwood, James E
Underwood, James 2
Vanderplank
Vandersteene, Louis
Van Dussen, F F
Wadsworth, Mrs C
Wage, J F
Wagner, Mrs Mary
Walker, Elizabeth
Walker, Geo
Walker, Geo
Walkes, Gill
Walker, Mast H
Walker, Joseph
Walker, Mrs
Walker, John 2
Walker, Betty and Co
Wallbridge, Mrs E
Wall, John
Walls, J H
Walters, S
Ware, C and Co
Watkins, T F
Watkins, Geo
Waters, Mrs
Waters, M G
Waters, Ben 1
Watson, Andrew 4
Watson, Wm
Watson, Daniel
Way, Ollie
Way, Mr L
Weir, Hugh
Weir, Jas
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Toronto P.O., Oct. 14, 1873.

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Goodfellow, H
Gordon, W G
Gordon & Co
Gordon, Jas R
Griffith, T O
Grigby, Mr
Grinbution, H E
Gunn, R S
Gunn, C
Guy, Matthew
Haddon, H
Haddon, Samuel
Haig, Mrs Arthur
Halston, R S A
Halford, Walter
Hall, J
Hall, Mrs or Miss E
Hall, Mrs J
Hall, Capt W
Hallahan, P
Halliday, Miss Maggy
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Hamilton, Mr
Hamilton, Wm
Hamilton, James
Hamilton, Robert
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Hamilton, Robert
Hampton, Jas
Hancock, Alex Dr
Hanks, Richard
Hany, W J
Haney, James
Hanley, J L P O D
Harcourt, R M D
Harpor, R
Harrington, E
Harris, Miss Harriet
Harris, Miss
Harris, Adoniram
Harrison, John 2
Hart, E F
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Hartley, Joseph
Harwood, H H
Hastlan, J Greville
Hastings, Mrs Geo
Hawke, Miss L
Hawkins, Mr
Hawley, Fred E
Hawward, Miss Emma Clara
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Henderson, Alex
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Henderson, Mrs J E
Henderson, Charles M
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Jackson, Wm
Jackson, Geo E
Jaffray, John
James, C K
Jones, W D B J
Janquar, F
Jay, Susan
Jenkins, Jas J
Jennings, G F
Johnson, Mr
Kinneer, O
King, Louis
King, J S
Kingsley, W H
Kirk, Tom
Kirkwood, Mrs Kate
Kirkwood, Mrs C D
Knight, Jas
Knight, Mrs Edward Ellis
Knott, Jas H
Lally, Ed S
Lafferty, A
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Lauder, Miss Louisa
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Laska, Mrs Wm
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Leaon, A N
Lee, Miss Lizzie
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Leigh, Robt
Mack, Miss Annie
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Macdonald, Thos
Maddau, Mrs Ann
Maguire, Miss Lucy
Mahaffy, J C
Malins, Leopold
Maloney, John
Malone, Wm
Manson, D G J
Markley, Mr J 2
Marsh, Mrs
Marshall, Miss
Marshall, Mrs L
Martin, Emily
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Martin, N F
Martin, T W
Martin, John
Mason, T
Masters, Miss Jane
Matheson, Silder
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Mauder, Mrs
Mcarns, Miss Annie
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Melling, Mrs
Mellor, H A
Menzies, Alex C
Merton, Mr
Metty, Geo
Mollish, Mrs
Mills, Miss Sarah
Miller, Alex S J
Miller, John L
Miller, C A D
Miller, T J
Miller, Mrs T
Milloy, Ellen J
McGlochen, Archy
McHenry, W J
MacIntosh, John
MacIntyre, Miss H J
MacIntyre, Arch
McLaren, Hugh
McLean, D A
McLean, Wm
McLennan, Johanne
McLeod, J W
McGlenham, Jno
McLaughlin, Thos
McKeck, Rev Wm
McKerrow, Jas
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