

Ontario Workman.

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

VOL. I.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1872.

NO. 21

CANADIAN.

In the late storm the schooner Meeker sunk in Lake Michigan and five men were drowned.

London is at the present time suffering from the outrages of a professional band of sharpers.

The first of the series of monthly cattle fairs established by by-law of county council, will be held at Meaford on Tuesday, the 10th inst.

A New Brunswick paper says, that the postage between Newfoundland and the Dominion is to be reduced from 12½c to 6c for letters of half an ounce.

On Saturday, the little daughter of Mr. Currie, of Everton, was burned to death, having set herself on fire while lighting a fire. She was only five years of age.

The body of Frederick Morris, a seaman belonging to the ship Electric Flash, was found floating in Halifax Harbour a few days since.

A cabin passenger on board the steamship St. David was found to be missing at sea on the 25th inst. It is supposed he accidentally fell overboard.

Capt. John Carter has been arrested at St. John's for forcing a seaman named Edward Ryan into an open boat and leaving him at the mercy of the waves thirty or forty miles from the nearest land. He was remanded.

Another of those sad shooting accidents, which have recently been so numerous, occurred at Southampton recently. A Mr. Scovelle was drawing his gun from under the seat of a waggon in which he was driving when it exploded and he was shot in the shoulder. He died in about four hours.

A seaman of the steamer Manitoban was drowned at Montreal on Thursday by falling from a plank he was standing on while painting the side of the ship. A jury subsequently returned a verdict of "accidental death."

A staff of forty of the Royal Regiment of Engineers arrived in the Scandinavian and will proceed, with Captain Cameron, next week to their work, which is to survey the boundary line between Canada and the United States from the head of Lake Superior.

On Friday a boy named Charles Perker picked up in the street at Montreal what he took to be a piece of sulphur and put it into his pocket. It proved to be sulphorous and it ignited, and the boy was so seriously injured that he lies in a precarious condition.

MARMORA. Sept. 3.—The by-law granting \$10,000 bonus to the Ontario and Quebec Railway was passed here to-day. Not one vote was given against it.

The police at Montreal captured a number of men on Friday in the act of stealing a portion of the cargo of a vessel lying at the wharf. It appears that they had previously removed a great quantity to Longueuil. The goods are a portion of the damaged cargo of the steamer Vicksburgh, wrecked in the Lower St. Lawrence recently.

About three o'clock on the morning of the 3rd inst., the tug Isabella, owned by Loub, Boulbee & Burk, lying at Athery wharf, Orillia, was discovered to be in flames, and was totally destroyed. Owing to the timely assistance of some men who arrived shortly after the alarm was given, she was pushed out into the lake, thus saving the greater portion of the village, which otherwise must have been consumed, owing to the connection between the steamer and the mills. The total loss is about \$8,000. She was insured for \$4,000.

On the 3rd inst., an inquest was held by Dr. Spohn on the body of Peter Desjardis, who was waylaid and killed at Tiny. It seems that there had been a bee of some kind, and after indulging in liquor both parties had a slight quarrel during the forenoon, and at night one of the parties waylaid and struck him on the side of the head, causing death. A post mortem examination being made, the skull was found fractured, and the brains badly injured. The jury found a verdict of wilful murder against Alexander Tedoucier. This is the first murder committed in Tiny.

A number of young Canadians who left Canada a few years ago to seek their fortunes in the big cities of the United States, are about to return home. Quite a large party of them will leave New York this fall. They find Gotham a place where young unmarried men of sober, industrious habits can make money, but a bad place to live in. They are coming home to settle in their native cities, satisfied that there is no place like Canada after all.

A most dastardly outrage was perpetrated

on the Chalk River some days since upon the property of a man named Keene, who came from England no great time ago and settled upon a farm in the neighborhood. He has since been subject to various persecutions in various forms. More than once his cattle have been mutilated and his property injured. The last outrage was a most abominable attempt to set his house on fire from the outside. Fortunately the crackling was heard by those within, and the fire extinguished, but a similar attempt was made on the two succeeding days. It is to be hoped that the miscreants will be brought to justice.

AMERICAN.

Sir John Grant, Governor of Jamaica, is visiting New York.

The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, of England, is expected to visit Brooklyn this fall.

The public debt has been reduced \$10,700,000 during the past month.

An Illinois girl has drowned herself because of warts on her hands.

It is said that there are 5,000 confirmed opium eaters in New York city.

A boiler exploded yesterday in the rolling mills of Brown, Bonnel & Co., at Cleveland. The fireman was instantly killed.

Burglars infest the Cunard docks at New York. On Friday a great quantity of silk was stolen to the tune of \$3,000.

There is a woman in Williamsburg who is so pious that she won't use any but a religious newspaper for her bustle.

Quackenbush, of Hackensack, put a bullet through his head because a lady named Campbell refused his offer of marriage.

The whaling barque Millwood has been lost. She was valued at \$26,000; insured for \$21,000. The crew and cargo were saved.

One of the New York papers speaking of the Abyssinian expedition, informs its readers that "that war made Sir Robert Napier Duke of Magdala."

It is estimated that four cabin passengers and eleven steerage passengers on the Brienville are missing, together with a number of the crew.

A girl named Catherine Griffith was burnt to death on Thursday in consequence of having committed the common and fatal error of pouring alcohol on to a fire in order to make it burn.

A negro named Saunders has been arrested by William Mills, a detective of the Hackensack, N. J., Protective Association, upon suspicion of having been engaged in the Baltimore bank robbery, which occurred last June.

In New York, on Wednesday the 28th ult., John Borsch, a German, 67 years of age, committed suicide by shooting himself. Antoine Herming, a German butcher, committed a similar act on the same day in another portion of the city.

Mr. Howard, whose wife was drowned by the disaster to the Metis, arrived at Sharon Springs, N. Y., on Monday night at ten o'clock, and discovered that he had the wrong body. It has not yet been ascertained how the mistake occurred. Howard returned to Watch Hill.

Mr. Cox, Secretary, and the clerks of the British and American mixed claims commission, are engaged in picking up papers in a case before that Commission, and will leave here on Wednesday morning for Newport, R. I., where the Commission will hold its sessions for some weeks.

Fresh trouble is threatened in Utah by the descent by the police on a disorderly house at Salt Lake City. Furniture was destroyed to the value of \$10,000, and a considerable amount of money and jewellery taken. Much hard feeling prevails. Threats are made to institute committees and destroy Young's and other polygamists' houses.

The Germans of New York celebrated the anniversary of the battle of Sedan on Monday with various festivities. The following was sent by cable to the Emperor William:—"The German Landwehr Verein of New York celebrates the glorious day of Sedan, and hails William, the victorious. (Signed), Beho Spryler, President."

A large party of New York and Brooklyn roughs left Jersey City on the 7.20 p.m. train on the Erie railroad yesterday, and it is supposed their object was to witness the prize fight between Edwards and Chambers, which

takes place on Wednesday the 4th inst., at a locality at present unknown, but is supposed to be somewhere in Canada.

In Louisville, on Monday afternoon, in the Rotunda of the Galt House, Colonel Blanton Duncan interrupted a conversation between Gen. Geo. A. Custor and Dr. J. M. Kellar, a prominent physician of this city. A sharp conversation ensued, in the course of which Duncan declared he had been offered \$500,000 by the Greeley party to break up this convention. Custor responded that the other party must have offered more; that he could prove that Duncan had said that the whole thing was a bargain and sale, and that if he was to be sold, he would sell to the party that would pay the highest price. Duncan responded that Custor's informant was a liar. Dr. Kellar said, "I am responsible for the statement," and he demanded a retraction. Duncan refused, when Kellar struck him violently in the face. Duncan reeled, but did not fall, catching by a chair, with which he attempted to strike Dr. Kellar. Several blows passed, when parties separated them.

Delegates from New York arrived to-day, and took up their quarters at the Galt House. A band of music from Philadelphia also arrived to-day.

The Capitol, of Washington, on Sunday, contained articles based on one from the New York Sun, reflecting on Judge Louis Dent and General Dent in the matter of the appointment by the President of Wm. J. Farrard as Consul to Callad, and of J. H. Writly as Commissioner to settle the claims of citizens of the United States against Peru, and charging that certain monies were paid to the Dents for their influence. This morning Judge Dent visited the Capitol office, and on enquiring for Mr. Reed, one of the editors, was directed to his room up stairs. Calling Mr. Reed's attention to the article to which reference is above made, he asked who the author was. Mr. Reed replied that he was responsible for it, whereupon Judge Dent pronounced it false, and called upon Reed to defend himself. Then raising his walking stick Judge Dent struck Mr. Reed several times over the head, breaking the cane. Reed by this time was on his feet, and seizing the Judge, a scuffle ensued for possession of the cane or a remnant in the hands of the latter. At this juncture some of the staff of the paper who were down stairs, hearing the noise of the scuffle, came up and separated the combatants. Officer Roundick being near at hand was called and took the assailant into custody, and filed an information in the police court, charging Dent with assault and battery on Henry Reed. A hearing was postponed until to-morrow, Dent entering into personal recognizance in the sum of \$200 for his appearance to answer. Reed received two scalp wounds and a cut near the left eye. The above is the history of the case.

FOREIGN.

A further advance of two shillings a ton has been made on Forest of Dean coals.

A despatch from Bombay reports that cholera is raging at many places in India, and that numerous deaths occur daily.

A crisis has occurred in the Bavarian Ministry and the members have tendered their resignation to the King.

The payment of the instalment of five hundred million francs of the war indemnity has already been effected by France.

Lydia Venables, who, as already described in these columns, wilfully murdered her daughter, was sentenced to death on the same day and in the same court as the above.

It is thought that in consequence of the high price of agricultural labor in England, farmers will lay out more land in grass, and that the number of cattle will increase and that meat will be cheaper.

The coming of age of Lord Clifton, son of the Earl of Darnley, was celebrated at the family seat, Cobham Hall, with great magnificence on the 21st ult. and succeeding days.

The festival of the three choirs will be held this year in Worcester Cathedral. Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Handel's *Samson* and *Alceste*, Hummell's *Mass*, and other well known compositions will be given.

The court-martial sitting at Versailles for the trial of Communists has passed sentence of death upon Lefradevis and Cluseret by reason of their contumacy in refusing to appear and answer the grave charges against them.

Col. John A. Contun, of Bellevue, Viscount of the island of Jersey, has just received the honor of knighthood. He has served many years with distinction in the British army and fought in the American war of 1813.

A Manx fisherman lately incurred a penalty of £1,000,000 by bringing 60,000 herrings into port and letting them go bad before selling them. The magistrates, however, contented themselves with a fine of £10.

The dead body of a French Communist named Arthur Bernard, was taken out of the Millwall Docks, on the 21st, with his head so badly battered in that the surgeons have no doubt whatever that he was murdered.

The body of a young girl named Elizabeth Clipp, aged 13 years, was found in the Regent's canal, London, on the 18th inst. There was no evidence to throw any light on the subject, and the jury returned an open verdict.

A number of Mosquitoes made their appearance in a corn-field at Brasted in Kent, where some harvesters were at work. A number of women and children soon found to their cost the nature of the insect. They had probably as not unfrequently happens, come off some ship passing up the Thames.

A Mr. Johnson of Leeds, was to swim from Dover to Calais on the 23rd ult weather permitting, a distance of twenty-one miles. He was not to leave the water, but might take refreshments on the way if he wished. He was to be closely followed by steamers in case of accidents.

It would seem that in heavy storms at sea iron ships are inferior to those built of wood. Of forty-two Atlantic steamers lost at sea between the years 1841 and 1872 thirty-eight were of iron and four of wood. Of the line of iron ships running into the St. Lawrence and Portland, nine were lost between 1857 and 1864; and five iron sailing vessels, all built in Great Britain, and sent to sea in 1865 and 1868, have never been heard from.

An inquest has been held at the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum respecting the death of James Macdonald, a man who was killed on the 15th of August in a combat with another patient named Charles Wormond. Evidence went to show that the deceased died from concussion of the brain in consequence of being thrown violently upon the ground by his antagonist in the scuffle. The jury returned a verdict of "death from misadventure."

A man named James Daniel Rogers, aged 37, a barber, was put upon his trial at the Central Criminal Court, on the 29th ult., for the murder of his wife at Bermondsey on the 17th June. The chief evidence against him was his own little girl, who saw him standing over her mother's body with a razor in his hand. He was acquitted on the ground of insanity, but ordered to be detained during her Majesty's pleasure.

A series of experiments have been tried at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, with the Gatling gun, at present the only mitrailleuse in the English service, to ascertain the value of the arm as an auxiliary to that of artillery, or infantry, or both. It seems that their use is likely to be restricted to boats and fortresses where the length and breadth of the space to be swept lies within narrow limits and heavy fire has to be concentrated on one spot. They do not appear to be able to compete with artillery on open ground as shell and shrapnel are more efficient.

The Pacific Mail Company received a cable despatch to-day from Yokohama, via Hong Kong, announcing that their steamship America, from San Francisco August 1st, arrived at Yokohama on August 24. The same night she was burned to the water's edge. The passengers and crew were saved. Hon Kong treasure, amounting to \$400,000 is still on board. The vessel is the newest of the Company's steamships. She was built in 1869, and is valued at \$1,000,000. The Company are their own underwriters.

A special despatch to the *Daily Telegraph* states the King of Abyssinia has sent an ultimatum ordering the Egyptians, who threaten to invade the country, to retire for Bangor. The Egyptians refused, and continued their advance. Several Abyssinian chieftains had already submitted to the invaders. A despatch from Massowah, Abyssinia, says if Munzinger Bey, commander of the Egyptian army, gains the first battle in Abyssinia, he will advance as far as Adowa easily. The frantic Mussulmen are expected to rise against the Christians in case of the success of the Egyptians. The Abyssinian army is at Houtogen, two thousand strong, awaiting orders, Munzinger Bey is at Forfield and his camp is behind Keron.

PHILADELPHIA FIREMEN.

The latest bloody event in a notorious Philadelphia vendetta is thus described by the papers of that city:

"Another chapter has become added to the recent bloody affairs which have occurred in connection with the old town volunteer fire companies Moyamensing Hose and Hope Engine Companies, and also another sequel to the celebrated Brooks Association case. James Dougherty, who figured so prominently in that terrible transaction, in connection with Hugh Hara, has paid a terrible penalty for his misdeeds. About 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening, Dougherty, who was a member of the old Moyamensing Hose Company, in company with James Kane and a party of four or five others whose names are not yet known to the police, were drinking in a beer saloon on Sixth street, below Catherine, when a discussion arose regarding some old questions about the celebrated Hope and Moyamensing Fire Companies, and high words ensued. About half-past nine o'clock Dougherty left the saloon and started for his home, corner of Godey and Catherine streets. When he reached the corner of Godey and Catherine street, and was almost at his own door, he was attacked by a gang, who, with oaths, knocked him down, swearing they would murder him, and one of them, with a knife, cut a terrible gash in his abdomen, severing the entrails, and almost cutting the stomach out. With an endurance remarkable in the highest degree, he staggered up the street to the house of a Mrs. West, No. 806 Godey street, and rapping hurriedly at the door, demanded admittance. An immediate response was made. As the door opened, he rushed in, crying, "Save me, save me. They have murdered me." He then staggered through the sitting-room and into the yard, where he fell helpless. The ruffians who had stabbed him, not content with their bloody work, followed close at his heels, and, with oaths, demanded admittance, one swearing that he would murder that man. Alexander West, son of the old lady, hurriedly closed the door to bar the entrance of the murderers, and in so doing forced his mother out on the pavement. The ruffians, with oaths, brandished a knife and told the old lady that if she squealed a word they would murder her, at the same time giving her a violent kick, which sent her reeling against the side of the house. Baffled in pursuit of their prey, the assassins turned their attention to the question of escape, as the entire neighborhood was becoming rapidly aroused by the tumult. Young West went into the yard where Dougherty lay, procured some blankets and a cot, upon which he placed the dying man. He then opened the door, and a large number rushed in.

A messenger was immediately despatched for Dr. Gilbert, who arrived in a short time after, and upon an examination of the wound, said that there was no hope. He (Dougherty) replied that he was aware of it, and expressed a desire for a priest. Revs. O'Sullivan, of St. Paul, and Isalier, of the Italian Church, were at once summoned. Ald. McCrosky was also sent for, and Dougherty was asked to make an *ante-mortem* statement. To the surprise of every one he refused to say a word in response. The physician and alderman asked him if he was aware he was going to die, and he replied that he was, but that he had no statement to make. The police were soon on a hunt for the murderers, and searched all the neighboring streets and alleys, but the assassins had made their escape, and no trace of them was to be found. The beer saloon where the trouble originated was visited, but Haddon, the proprietor was very reticent. However, the police succeeded in obtaining the name of James Kane as having been the man who inflicted the fatal blow. Kane lives at 921 Washington avenue, and is a well-known downtown desperado. Officers at twelve o'clock visited his residence, and arrested him. They found him in bed, much under the influence of liquor, and very excited. He denied stoutly any complicity in the terrible transaction, but was taken into custody. Mrs. Ella Ollie, who lives on the corner of Godney and Catherine streets, and who was an eye-witness of the murder, identified the murderer, saying, "That is the man." Kane is about twenty-two years of age and married. Dougherty died in a few hours.

Poetry.

AN AIM.

Give me a man with an aim,
Whatever that aim may be,
Whether it's wealth, or whether it's fame,
It matters not to me.
Let him walk in the path of right,
And keep his aim in sight,
And work and pray in faith always
With his eye on the glittering height.

Give me a man who says,
"I will do 'something' well,
And make the fleeting days
A story of labour tell."
Though the aim he has be small;
It is better than none at all;
With something to do the whole year through
He will not stumble or fall.

But Satan weaves a snare
For the feet of those who stray,
With never a thought or care
Where the path may lead away.
The man who has no aim,
Not only leaves no name,
When this life is done, but ten to one,
He leaves a record of shame.

Give me a man whose heart
Is filled with ambition's fire;
Who sets his mark in the start,
And keeps moving it higher and higher.
Better to die in the strife,
The hands with labor rife,
Than to glide with the stream in an idle dream,
And lead a purposeless life.

Better to strive and climb
And never reach the goal,
Than to drift along with time,
An aimless, worthless soul.
Ay, better to climb and fall,
Or sow, though the yield be small,
Than to throw away day after day,
And never strive at all.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XVII.

Thus were two long separated souls united at last, thus in a single moment was spanned a gulf of eighteen years. Again the child of sorrow wept and clung, as she wept and clung that bright autumn morning eighteen years ago—clung and wept on the same breast from which she was so cruelly torn, but now in joy and happiness, not as then in grief and sorrow. The ways of Providence are inscrutable, but they are the ways of omnipotent wisdom. The arrows of Fate are unerringly shot—their flight may be slow, but they never miss. Had not Richard's sister been abducted as she was, this tale had never been written, as out of that abduction or forced separation grew the main incidents of the history we have attempted to narrate, and not only that, but it will be found that the mere accidental visit of Edna Relvason to the little village of Silverville was one of those inscrutable ordinations of Providence which even Richard often thought ill-starred, but which proved a circumstance, not only of chance, but the causation of Deity, and though the budding effect of that causation brought trouble and sorrow, the ripened fruit was justice, mercy and happiness. As the lance and nauseous febrifuge first cause pain and uneasiness to the sufferer, so in like manner many acts of our lives, though born in and accompanied by gloom and sorrow, reach their full fruition and expire in sunshine and gladness.

Grace—Bertha now—was the first to speak; she drew her hand across her forehead, gazed at Richard with misty eyes, then in a faint, soft voice, said:

"It is so like a dream."

"And yet not a dream," he answered reassuringly.

"A most delightful elysian dream; and yet should I wake and find it to be but a dream, 'twould kill me," she musingly soliloquized. Suddenly she assumed a sterner air and looked fixedly at her brother. Again her soul told her it must be so.

"It would be cruel to deceive me; you are sure there is no mistake?" She spoke deliberately but pathetically.

He answered by handing her these letters: "SILVERVILLE, Nov. 3rd, 186--.

"Your note of October 29th I received this morning, and hasten to reply:

"Your sister did not die. The story was a pure fabrication; I saw her myself on two occasions, one in Cleveland, later in Chicago. Ever since you went to the army, I have been trying to find some clue to your whereabouts. As you will see by the enclosed letter, I had a duty to perform.

"Your sister is stopping with my brother, Alvan Relvason, No. ——. You can easily see her by calling; she goes by the name of Relvason, and is supposed to be one of the family.

"Yours, respectfully,
"ETHELIND MORRIS.
"RICHARD ARBYGHT, Chicago."

The letter to which Mrs. Morris referred was in Edna Relvason's handwriting, and as it will enter somewhat into the sequence of our story, we deem it necessary to produce it here:

"CLEVELAND, April 17th, 186--.

"Dear Sister—I wrote you a long letter yesterday. There is no change in my condition to day, but I cannot die happily until I

have begun at least, an act of justice, which I command you to see consummated. I want you to see or write to young Arbyght concerning his sister; she may not now care to acknowledge the relationship, but I want to make reparation to HIM. I have willed to Grace \$10,000 in cash.

"Will write you again to-morrow, if I am not worse. There is no possible chance of recovery—that fell destroyer, consumption, is incurable. I am resigned to my fate.

"Your affectionate sister,
"EDNA.

"P.S.—Tell Arbyght that his sister is alive, and tell him where he may find her; also, pray of him to forgive the deception I practiced on him."
"E."

This last letter affected Bertha inexpressibly. When she had finished reading it and looked up, Richard saw in her face no lingering trace of doubt; she was convinced. She handed the letters back, but the brother requested her to keep them. He also gave her back her mother's locket, remarking as he did so,

"Dear sister, for eighteen years I have carefully preserved this souvenir, but I never thought I would part with it as willingly as I do now."

"What an odd, but precious thing it is," she said seriously. "I won't open it for two whole days, for I know I should cry if I did, and I so happy, so selfishly happy—poor mamma, you must tell me all about her."

"There! there, you are crying now. I will tell you all about her, but not to-day, I have an engagement, and must go."

"An engagement?"

"Oh! it is not with a lady, it is with a young gentleman, and by the way I think you know him, at least you know his sister."

Bertha turned crimson at once, and began examining the locket very attentively; presently a shado passed across her face, there was a little spasmodic noise in her throat, after which she was quite pale. Richard was too close an observer of human nature not to divine the cause of the strangeness that came over her, but was also too honorable to say anything further on the matter, so he at once took his leave, promising to return on the following day, but before he reached the gate her silvery voice rang in his ear, "Don't forget to-morrow," she laughingly called from the window.

When Richard reached home, he found Paul Geldamo waiting for him on the sidewalk.

"They told me you were not in, so I thought I would wait for you outside, as by so doing I could keep an eye on Jespra;" as he spoke the last word a beautiful dark bay mare, attached to a light covered buggy, and fastened to a post close by, arched her neck and gave a little neigh as if in answer to her name.

Richard excused his absence by going into ecstasies over Jespra. "But what a queer name," he remarked.

"You see, Paul replied, patting the mare fondly on the neck, "she is ever ready to do whatever you require of her, so I called her this name. It is a horrid vulgar contraction of *Je Suis Pret*," he added by way of explanation.

Nothing would satisfy Paul, but that Richard should take a drive around the city, and though he complied, it was with evident reluctance. But Richard did not enjoy his ride. His companion was moody, gloomy and abstracted, except when he passed a lady, and then he was all eyes. He acted as if he was looking for somebody, and Richard thought he knew whom, but said nothing.

They finally reached the Geldamo mansion, Paul asked his companion in, and the latter felt he could not refuse without giving offence; so, much against his feelings, he followed him into the house, his blood tingling in his veins, and strange, peculiar sensations in the region of his heart.

Vida received him with a cheerful smile, but paused irresolutely before she spoke. The change produced in the appearance of the man by his change of dress was quite marked, and something in his appearance riveted her attention. She however, welcomed him, asked how his arm was, and if he was going to have her dress it again; laughing cheerily, and looked wickedly captivating in her evening dress of gray silk, trimmed with white lace and narrow black velvet, the overskirt draped with neat bows of black velvet ribbon of wide pattern. A velvet bow entwined with a spray of roses, gracefully fastened in her hair, completed the toilet.

Richard remained about half an hour, and could not say whether he was glad or sorry, when he took his leave. Before he reached the gate Vida joined him and took him to task quite seriously.

Did I not see you on the street with Grace Relvason a few evenings since? You must not think me impertinent," she added after a pause "she is the only friend I ever cared for, and her disappearance from home and inexplicable conduct worries me very much."

"You are correct, Miss Geldamo. I remember the evening to which you refer."

"Where is poor Grace, and how is she? We know why she left, as Miss Relvason has gossiped considerably about it, but we can't understand why she should remain aloof from her friends. I will never forgive her, she ought to know it would make no difference with me if it did with others."

Her reasons are peculiar ones, which I may sometime explain to you, but here is Paul

with Jespra, and our delightful tote-a-tote must, I am sorry to say, have an end."

"Remember," she warningly said, as he descended the steps of the glacia "that I must hear all about poor Grace."

That night Richard deeply, solemnly resolved to never see Miss Geldamo again. He understood the direction his feelings were taking, and appreciated their respective social positions sufficiently to know that to continue the acquaintance would be worse than madness, supremely worse than folly; but feeling under an obligation to her he wrote her the next morning a respectful but formal note, saying that circumstances he did not feel at liberty to mention, would prevent him from again calling upon her, but to fulfill an implied promise he would inform her that Grace was his long lost sister; but that in view of the unapproachable barrier erected between them by caste or wealth, it would be better they should never meet again.

After mailing this note he proceeded to the shop. Mr. Fargood met him with a troubled look, and to a question from the workman as to the cause, returned an evasive answer. But Richard half suspected the truth, and bluntly asked Mr. Fargood if his presence in the shop was proving injurious to his interests.

"Well, to tell the truth," answered the employer, "they are giving me much trouble, but I think I shall overcome it."

"You shall have no trouble on my account, Mr. Fargood, you have acted too generously and too nobly by me, for me to act otherwise than generously by you."

"I don't want you to leave, I think I shall circumvent them yet."

"What have they been doing," asked Richard.

"That I am at a loss to understand myself. All I know is that I cannot sell a package in the city. A discrimination is made against my work by all consumers which it is hinted will only cease when you are discharged."

"I am sorry indeed to leave, but under the circumstances I could not remain."

"You can't feel any worse about the matter than I do," replied Fargood sorrowfully, "and" he resumed, "if I can ever be of any service to you, you have only to command me."

The Leviathan had not plotted in vain. A few hours later Richard might be seen standing on the corner of the junction of Washington and La Salle street, in thoughtful reverie. He had resolved upon seeing his sister and leaving the city that afternoon. His soul was torn with conflicting and changing emotions, his brows were knit, his face was protean, being sad, joyous and fierce alternately, and although he neither observed nor noticed any of the numerous passers that composed the ever changing, bustling, driving, boisterous crowd that surged and swayed, jammed and scrouged, pushed and hustled each other, he was himself particularly observed. In fact, he had been, unnoticed by himself, dogged and hounded all the morning.

A block or two from where he stood, and commanding a good view of the position was a fashionable photograph gallery. On this particular morning Miss Vida Geldamo, and some lady friend had called at this particular gallery to have a talk with the celebrated artist about some pictures which they had wished to have made. In the midst of an elaborate dissertation by the artist on the relative merits of different positions, Mr. Relvason rushed into the room, breathing quickly and perspiring freely. The ladies and the artist were somewhat startled at his sudden and perturbed appearance, but so great was his pre-occupation of mind that he did not notice Miss Geldamo or her friend. He called the great positionist to the window.

"Do you see that man with the grey clothes and high felt hat?"

"I do" said the great positionist.

"Take his negative and I will give you one hundred dollars."

The eyes of the greatest positionist sparkled as he replied "I will do so in two minutes." And he set to work at once to prepare a plate.

This strange conversation was overheard by Vida Geldamo, and she marvelled much, that any one should be so dishonorable as to take such an unwarranted liberty with the person of another. She advanced to the window and looked in the direction indicated and saw to her surprise and amazement, Richard Arbyght. She understood it all in an instant, as she had been informed by Miss Relvason of the hatred her father had for the young reformer, and she determined if possible to prevent the consummation of the outrage. The day being warm the windows were raised, and leaning out of the nearest one, she tried to attract Richard's attention by various feminine devices. Happening to raise his head he saw a person making strange motions with her hands and handkerchief, but did not for a moment suppose they were meant for him. Looking again he recognized the fair signaler. Immediately his face brightened and he raised his hat respectfully, and by the act aided the photography, who just then brought his profile to a proper focus on the lense of the camera.

Vida felt that instead of aiding she had injured her friend, and the reflection grieved her.

A moment afterwards the artist returned, and was in raptures over the perfection of the negative, which he submitted to Relvason's inspection.

"Small but good" was the laconic com-

ment, as the lips parted and the teeth glistened savagely. "We can remedy that" replied the artist confidently.

"Oh! Miss Geldamo is that you?" Relvason said, seeing her for the first time. He would not have seen her then had she not approached him.

"May I see it, she asked" timidly, but there was a strange light in her eye.

"Certainly, Miss Geldamo, certainly."

She took it to the open window to obtain a better view of it—"Why it is perfect, it is splendid," she exclaimed, "do see it," she said to the other lady, but in passing it to that person, it by some means, perhaps best known to herself, slipped from her fingers, and in endeavoring to catch it—reached the floor, it glanced from her hand obliquely, striking the outer edge of the window sill—a pause, and a faint crash of glass came up from the paved walk below.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Oh! exclaimed Vida in evident alarm, "what have I done?" She looked scared and timid as a frightened antelope; turning quickly to her friend she did what the superficial observer would least expect—threw her arms around her neck, gave her a vigorous hug—emotion that involuntarily springs from the performance of a noble deed.

The artist stood aghast; stared wildly, uttered a strong Saxon expletive, that was neither ornamental or refined—an abrupt, emphatic, ejaculatory oath, very unbecoming in a gentlemanly artist, especially in the presence of ladies; but then there was a hundred dollars at stake, and even for so small a consideration both men and women, who claim to be the essence of our sociality, will throw open refinement's cage and let forth the animals of their grosser natures. "Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis true," but so long as money will continue to be the key to social position, just so long will the acquisition of money be sought, even at the expense of making men brutes and savages.

Relvason, when the negative first dropped from Vida's hands, sprang forward, a nervous twitching in his fingers, a ravenous look in his eye, his whole face eager with greedy avidity; but, like a chameleon, his features assumed a different hue as he saw the little square of glass glance from the window sill. The shaggy eyebrows dropped spasmodically, the lips parted mechanically, the teeth glowered ferociously, while an ugly livid color settled upon the now repulsive hideous face. There he stood glaring at Vida full ten seconds, like a recently caged tiger fresh from an Indian jungle. Vida's face was hid in the bosom of her friend. Happy circumstance.

"Hell's Furies!" cried the enraged tiger in a hollow, unnatural voice that seemed to issue from a volume of hot hissing air. The words were prolonged in the utterance and literally lacerated by the set teeth; the whole frame of the animalized man became rigid as a stone and the fingers of the clinched hands sank deep into the palms. Intoxicated with "eyeless rage" and "fire-eyed fury," there he stood. Had Vida been at that instant gifted with the nature of a man, retaining only her sex's softness, tenderness and timidity, she had doubtless fainted or cried for mercy. But she was a true woman, with all a woman's spiritualized nature, and in a manner peculiar to her sex she soothed and modified the angry man—not by soft, kind words, but by looking superlatively, enchantingly beautiful and lovely. She smiled upon him so transcendently sweet that his anger and rage gave way, but left a sullen, dissatisfied look behind, which could not be dissipated very easily.

"I assure you, Mr. Relvason, I—I—" she began in a soft-beseeching but sacred voice, but her pure soul rebelled at the idea of prevarication, or by evasion or equivocation, to excuse a permeditated act, hence she hesitated and would have been much confused had not another woman's wit rushed to the rescue.

"Of course, Mr. Relvason, it is quite annoying; but then you know it was an accident, and poor Vida should not be blamed for it," and the other lady looked her best, smiled her sweetest and spoke as women only can speak.

Relvason was disarmed. He submitted to the prowess of his fair captors as gracefully as he could under the circumstances.

Woman is a being that has never yet being thoroughly comprehended and understood by man, and it is extremely doubtful if she ever will be. In brain power she is man's inferior, but in instinct she is infinitely his superior. Man argues and arrives at conclusion by exercise of his reasoning faculties; woman generally reaches the same conclusions at a bound, but may be unable to explain or analyze the process by which her opinion was formed. There is more spiritual essence in woman than in man and less animality. Let the rudest and humblest of lovers quarrel, and the man will appeal to reason or passion; the woman will array herself in her best apparel, arrange her toilet with more than ordinary care, and by her very looks and appearance soften the heart of her lover, chase away his ire and fan into a hotter flame his smouldering affections.

After his first surprise, the artist rushed down stairs, and now again appeared upon the scene, bearing in his hand a small jagged piece of glass.

"Well, how is it?" said Relvason inquiringly.

"If you want a picture by which the original of this negative can be recognized at a glance,

I believe we will still be able to manage it."

"Do you really think so?" he asked with vehement eagerness, and he devoured the jagged fragment with a look that resembled the gaze of a famished hound at a piece of meat beyond its reach.

"If there is any defect in it, art and skill will be pitted against the defect, and I have no doubts of the success of the latter," answered the artist slowly, as he held the little piece of glass up to the light, and gazed through it with the air of a man that knew his business, and it might be added, with the thoughts of a man that saw in perspective the shadowy form of a hundred dollars looming up beyond it.

"There will be nothing but the head and a small portion of the right shoulder, as you can see that the glass broke off sharply at the intersection of the neck and left shoulder, traversely towards the right arm and right below the cap of the shoulder."

"Yes, I see," replied Relvason, good-humoredly. "But men are generally recognized by their faces, not by their bodies, so I guess it will do," he added with a fiendish chuckle.

Relvason was now in an approaching mood. As changes the mocking bird his song, so changed this monster of guilt inexplicable his bearing, temper and manner. His character, or what might be called character in the man—more properly his emotional attributes—had as many phases as there are variations in the notes of that wonderfully imitative winged songster. Seeing that passion's thunder had been hushed, and anger's lowering clouds dissipated by the appearance of a tiny piece of sensitized glass on which reversed shades of light and shadow could be indistinctly traced on the film of iodized collodion with which it was covered, Vida became brave enough to address the man whose wrath a moment before mocked and laughed at the impotency of description's power or mind's conception.

"But, Mr. Relvason, what does it all mean?" she asked, a little timidly.

"To what have you reference, Miss Geldamo?" he rejoined, with the most provoking affected indifference; but the tone was cold and hard, and it was easily observable that the question was considered objectionable and irrelevant by the Court of Relvason's Intentions. This Court—not a Court of Equity or Moral Sense, rather that of unsurpassable and inconceivable Wrong—did not relish the idea of having its acts or designs questioned or scrutinized. It feared a point of interrogation; it abhorred light; it preferred to have its deeds veiled in obumbrated impenetrability, in the dead gloom of night—more dark and deep than the fog in which Moses enveloped the hardened Egyptians.

Vida recoiled slightly when she saw the effect her question had produced; but her sense of right was sorely hurt. She was, psychologically, a spirited, brave, high-minded girl. She was conscious that the rights of a man who had periled his life at her request, and for her brother's sake, were being basely stolen, and, like the captured guns of an enemy, were to be used against the party from whom they were taken. These thoughts sank into her soul, spurred her resolution and firmness, incited her combativeness sufficiently to overcome her feminine timidity and natural irresolution and hesitancy to concern herself with the affairs of men.

"I have reference to the unusual proceeding of taking a man's picture without his knowledge or consent," Vida responded, a trifle pertly. She smiled saucily and laughed chidingly—moods intended to gild the accusatory reply and prevent a return of Relvason's ire. It had the desired effect, observing which she continued:

"Is he a murderer, a thief, or is he an esteemed friend or relative, with a prejudice against a camera amounting to a conscript's fear of a shotted cannon, that you should thus depute invisible activism to accomplish a result otherwise unattainable?"

"Miss Geldamo, you are a natural actress; Mark Antony's reference to Caesar's murderers is scarcely more ironical than your question, but your divination is not so good. This man is simply a trade unionist."

"A 'trade unionist'?" Tone questioning, eyes quite open, face very eager.

"Nothing more—enough that."

"Is it a very bad crime?" Tone slightly undulatory; look anxious, expectant.

"Well, yes; it is a social crime, an attempt to overturn society and inaugurate a reign of anarchy."

"Why! I never heard of such a thing before. Is it so dreadful?" Voice regretful, look dissatisfied.

"I will tell you all about it. Trade Unionists are people, working people, who are foolish enough to think that they are as good as well, as we are, for instance. They want to have wealth and production more evenly distributed, and enjoy all the privileges that you and I do; and to accomplish these wild, revolutionary schemes, they have formed combinations, or unions as they call them."

"Is that ALL?" exclaimed Vida, with evident delight.

"Is it not sufficient?" retorted the other, with a frown. "Why," he resumed, in a condemnatory tone, "this rascal has had the unparalleled impudence to broach his devious doctrines in my shops, and broached them so broadly that my men have become infected—why they have actually organized one of these unions; but I'll crush them." The eyes disap-

peared, the teeth glared. "My power is already felt; this man cannot obtain an hour's work in the city; I will drive him out of it, and follow him beyond it."

"If you have about driven him from the city you should be satisfied," said Vida, in a pleading voice.

"I'll drive him out of the trade, out of the country, off the earth, unless he renounces his convictions," he answered bluntly, savagely; but, being conscious of his increasing ire, he had the good grace to leave hurriedly.

Vida and her friend left shortly afterwards, and on their way home the morning's episode was the subject of conversation, in the course of which Vida said:

"You know there are two sides to every subject in the realm of discussion, and we should always look on the other side before venturing a conclusive and final opinion. I am convinced, if all persons prone to argue and discuss questions of this or any nature, would only examine the merits of both sides, calmly and without the bias of preconceived prejudices, much of the violence of discussion and the rudeness of language resulting therefrom would be avoided, and all parties would entertain a higher appreciation of the purity of motive actuating those on the other side. I conceive it to be hardly fair to condemn, or even harshly judge the designs of these men from the stand-point of our gilded convictions or theories of social life. We should examine their side of the picture, with all its attendant misery, poverty, unending toil, and over-present wretchedness, before we condemn acts that we would ourselves, under like circumstances, consider anything but criminal."

It is fair to presume that up to this moment Vida Geldamo had no very serious thoughts of love in connection with Richard Arbyght; but, if like him, she had resolved not to fall in love, she acted very indiscreetly, not to say foolishly. She could not help thinking of him, nor did she try. Her soul told her that he was brave, noble, generous and good; still he was being relentlessly persecuted, and with remorseless, unnatural cruelty, his struggle for existence was being made more fierce and desperate. She could not prevent this injustice, and conscious impotency to right what she knew to be wrong gave birth to a purely womanly feeling—pity; and it was in permitting this holy sympathy to enter her heart that she acted indiscreetly, for when pity for a man enters the breast of a woman it becomes rooted there, until dislodged by an infinitely holier feeling, love. Pity is love's skirmisher, and as the main body is never far behind the skirmish line, neither is love far behind pity, and where the latter effects a lodgement, the former is pretty sure to complete the investment and capture the stronghold.

Richard Arbyght although not what might be termed a connoisseur or expert in eye or sign language, was still conscious of one thing, and that was that Vida Geldamo, by her look and acts, wished to express or communicate to him her knowledge of the proximity of his presence. The mute language seemed to further indicate that she had not forgotten him. While she remained in the window, Arbyght was in heaven, but when she disappeared and not come back—he waited quite a while—it grew dark again, a cold, earthly gloom fell upon him, and with a leaden heart he sadly turned and slowly walked away. He had seen her, had gazed upon her; but to see and gaze upon her, in a sort of unapproachably far-off—oh! so far off—admiration, was all he dared think of doing. This, and nothing more.

As he moodily, toward Soolfire Cottage, traced his steps, his soul seemed to leave his body—all desire of life slowly died within him; despair, grim and gaunt, like a greedy cormorant voraciously preyed upon his mind. Arbyght was in love. First it was a dream, now a reality. He knew it was not love perfected, because without mutuality or reciprocity love dies or becomes infatuation. In dualism alone lies the sweet continuity of genuine, durable love. This Richard knew was not in the scope of probable possibilities, under the then existing relations between him and Miss Geldamo. He also appreciated the mocking delusion of hugging a unitary love; but then, could he shake off the feeling? Forty-eight hours experience convinced him that he could not. It came upon him independent of rational control; it seemed a fatalism that laughed at and annihilated free will—the inevitable result of a concatenation of predestined causes, and if there is anything in this world capable of drawing or separating the soul from a body that lives and breathes without the celestial spark, it is an unfathomable, immeasurable love for a woman, coupled with the consciousness that it can not be reciprocated, nor enjoyed if it were. In this state, Arbyght reached the cottage, but before he met Bertha he made a powerful effort to regain a portion, at least, of his buoyancy of spirit, which, at best, could not be termed sprightly.

He failed, miserably.

(To be continued.)

"How can you make venison pie without flour?" "Put deer meat inside, and make the crust of doe."

A cross-grained wife is for her husband what a heavy burden is for an aged man. A good and gentle wife, on the contrary, is a crown of gold for her husband. Every time he looks at her, his heart and his eyes rejoice.

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

The crowd regarded those biers with dread and awe; following them marched the new bishop of Segovia, Augustin Gomez Gudiel, and his former colleagues, the canons of Seville, chanting the service for the dead.

Don Pedro moved, raised his cap at the moment the biers passed before him, and said in a loud voice, "Unhappy people, to what a martyrdom have you been condemned!" The bishop stopped immediately, and the dirges ceased.

"Why do you pity them, Sir King?" he said. "Yet some days, yet some hours, and we shall all be similar to those corpses; for after all the famine, the pestilence will come, and then probably Heaven will not spare those who escaped the famine."

The silence was so profound that these audacious words were heard by the whole mob. Don Pedro cast a contemptuous glance on the bishop.

"If that depended on you, Augustin Gudiel, the famine would soon cease, would it not; for you would hasten to open the gates of the city to Don Enrique, and deliver up your king to him?"

"No, sire," replied the bishop, "I am neither a coward nor a traitor. A coward would not speak to you so plainly nor so firmly; a traitor would not have remained so long in a starving city. But I am the pastor of the poor, and I cannot see them suffer thus without anguish."

"What would you do then in my place—you, who refused to come to my assistance?" demanded the king, suppressing his anger.

"Hear me, sire," said Augustin Gudiel boldly. "For the king who submits to the humiliating yoke of a Jewess, and sacrifices his people to her, we refused to melt the sacred vessels and the church bells, purely on account of the temporal and political interest of a war between two brothers. But what we refused to do for the king, we are willing to do for the people; what you demanded of us as courtiers, we will do as priests, in charity to so many unfortunates whom we wish to preserve. With the money produced from the holy vessels and bells we will go ourselves and buy wheat in the country, and I am sure Don Enrique will respect our sacred character."

"That is to say," exclaimed Don Pedro, in a thundering voice, "you will carry to the usurper the product of your melting." "Do not be courageous by halves, Don Augustin."

"Blasphemy not, O king," returned the bishop; "do not insult the servants of the Almighty. That Jewess is a sorceress who has bewitched thee and conspired thy ruin."

"Yes," said Don Pedro, "she has thrown a charm over me; but that charm is her love and devotion. She does not irritate me, she soothes my anger; she does not threaten me like you, she would lay down her life for me—that is her only crime."

"Good people," then exclaimed Augustin Gudiel, raising his voice, and turning towards the mob, "we must save Don Pedro in spite of himself. Enter the Alcazar and seize the Jewess."

The mob at this order closed up, and some of the groups went towards the Alcazar, while the king replied, "My faithful almogavars will prevent that."

The most determined of the rioters sprang towards the gate of the palace which had remained open. Don Pedro endeavored to follow this human wave, to order his soldiers to repulse them, but the mob which surrounded him kept uniting more and more compactly, refusing to open to afford him a passage, and receiving without complaint or menace, the blows which he kept distributing with his mace of justice, the only weapon with which he was armed.

When he tried to shout so that he might be heard by his men at arms, his voice was immediately stifled by the bishops, the canons, and the people, who all began to chant the funeral dirge. He raged in the living circle like a lion in his den.

The almogavars, ranged in battle array before the gate of judgment, at first presented the points of their lances to the rioters, but when the Bishop of Segovia advanced towards them, they respectfully opened their ranks. Just as he was going to enter the palace, a young girl, closely veiled, advanced, and sobbing, threw herself at his feet.

It was Rachel, who, seeing the danger Don Pedro was in, incurred for love of her, came to share it, or save her lover by delivering herself to the popular fury. She endeavored to seize the bishop's hand to kiss it.

"Touch me not, daughter of sin!" exclaimed Augustin Gudiel, with fanatic indignation. "Humble yourself; prostrate yourself before the widows and orphans you have made, and acknowledge your offences."

As she did not immediately obey, the tanner took her by the arm, bent her to the ground, and tore off her veil; but, as soon as he saw the countenance of Rachel, resplendent with astonishing beauty, notwithstanding her fright, he drew back, saying, "She is really as lovely as an angel from Paradise."

"Yes," resumed the bishop, "beautiful as the demon of temptation."

"Where is Don Pedro?" demanded she, mildly.

"Her voice is as sweet as that of a child," said the tanner, quite surprised at the emotion that had come over his soul.

"You forget that her heart is but ashes, and her mind mischief," replied Augustin Gudiel, severely.

Ashamed of his momentary tenderness, the tanner was silent, while the mob jumped with joy at having found its victim, and pressing round the poor girl with fierce looks that seemed to devour her.

"Don Pedro awaits you yonder," said the bishop, "march towards him. Rachel, you never before had so numerous an escort. Do not disdain the cross of Christ, child of Satan," he added, applying a silver crucifix to the lips of the young girl, who, startled by the sudden and rude attack, threw her head back and screamed. "See," he added, with triumphant air, "how the demon struggles in the heart of this sacrilegious girl; she cries with pain when the crucifix touches her lips as if it were red hot iron." And the mob clapped their hands at this convincing proof.

Bewildered, panting, dragged by unworthy hands, surrounded by an ocean of threatening faces, the poor Jewess had but one wish in her heart, one thought in her mind—again to meet the beloved look, to hear again the voice of protection and tenderness, to escape those hateful clamours; in short, she wished to save her lover or die with him. Under this intense suffering she approached Don Pedro.

During the foregoing scene, her veil had been torn, her bodice drawn aside, and only her long hair covered her bare shoulders; but the poor child knew it not. She had felt rude hands brutally touch her, and each time the contact had chilled her like the blow of a poignard. Yet even during this scene her calm and happy life in her father's house fitted before her eyes; she thought of the bright sun, shining in the deep azure sky; of her birds that came to sing on her fingers and in her hair, and kiss her lips; of old Deborah, who each night told her curious stories of by-gone times: all passed before her, but vaguely as in a dream. And this child, so beloved, so cherished, so fondled, was to-day crouching on her knees under the imprecations of a whole people.

She raised her eyes to heaven, which seemed to her covered with black and stormy clouds. At that moment her torture terminated, the tanner threw her almost under Don Pedro's horse, while he cried, "Here is she whom you prefer to a whole people."

"Sir King," said the Jewess, without rising, "do not defend me. Let their anger turn against me, and not against you."

"Oh, the cowards!" exclaimed Don Pedro; "they then desire to perform the office of executioners. The Bishop Gudiel is going to assassinate a woman; and you believe, do you," he added with a burst of bitter laughter, "that Heaven will give you bread in reward for such a crime? He will send you his thunder instead."

"Unworthy favorite," said Augustin Gudiel, without being moved, "acknowledge thy witchcraft and evil deeds. Confess before the king that thou hast pretended to love him, like another Esther; that he might not withdraw his protection from thy race; the alliance with the Moors of Granada, and, in short, the famine in Seville is thy work; for we know that the wheat throughout Andalusia has been sold to be privately introduced into Seville, but it has not come in."

A furious cry of indignation arose in the crowd. "If that be true," exclaimed a baker, foaming with rage, "here is a hammer, a rope, and four large nails that my neighbours have brought, with which I undertake to crucify the Jewess on the gate of judgment."

"And if it be false," exclaimed the king in his turn, "I swear, by the salvation of my old nurse, that that rope, hammer, and nails, shall serve to crucify you, wicked baker!"

"This is what I accuse you of, Rachel!" resumed the Bishop of Segovia; "answer."

"This is what you must instantly deny, Rachel," said Don Pedro, "and thus answer this infamous calumny."

The Jewess shuddered, her voice died on her lips, the heart of the king closed, while the mob were silent.

"She dares not answer; her silence condemns her," cried the crowd.

But Rachel neither saw nor regarded anything but Don Pedro; she had not even heard the question the Bishop of Segovia had put to her.

"Hold your tongues, ye hyenas thirsting for blood!" said the king, pushing away the rioters with his mace, just as they were about seizing on the Jewess. "Ask the bodies that repose on those biers to answer you. Let me interrogate this poor girl, who is deafened and bewildered by your clamorous shouting. Are you yet afraid that she will escape you?"

He dismounted, and advanced towards his beloved; she looked at him with fixed and haggard eyes. "Is it you, Pedro?" said she, trembling with joy, and feeling the warmth once more animating her benumbed limbs. "Oh, then, I shall no more fear."

"We are not alone, Rachel," whispered Don Pedro, softly; "you are before your accusers, the virtuous Augustin Gudiel, Bishop of Segovia, and the canons of Seville; you are before your judges, these brave rioters, who, to divert the pangs of hunger, are impatient to find a criminal that they might crucify."

"Avow, then, daughter of Samuel, that

your love for the king was false, and that you have caused the wheat, monopolised by your agents, to be burnt or swamped," said the bishop, harshly.

"What must I answer?" demanded the poor girl; "now that the voice of Don Pedro has resounded in my ears, I will avow anything you wish. You shall obtain all from me except the admission that I feigned to love. Oh, no! that love has cost me too many tears, too much agony to be a pretence. It is my sin, my crime, but it is not a falsity. You say I have loved Don Pedro to serve the interest of my father and his race. Alas! I betrayed them for him. My father has disowned and cursed me."

"But the corn; what has become of the wheat secretly purchased?" continued Augustin Gudiel; "some French prisoners have confirmed to us the reality of those purchases."

"I know nothing of it, my lord," replied Rachel, the colour flying to her face.

"She lies!" exclaimed the bishop, and the crowd repeated his words.

"Oh, doubt me not, Pedro," she said, seeing the king fix a reproachful look on her. "Let me die, and then ask Diego Lopez and his brothers if I have deceived you."

"Arise, poor child," said Don Pedro. "This man of lies shall not prevail against thee. All his oaths are not worth one of thy tears."

"Good people, listen not to this wicked king," exclaimed Augustin Gudiel. "Thou endangerst thy soul, Don Pedro, in struggling against Heaven."

"I will not sacrifice the innocent to your threats, although you believe yourself the representative of Heaven on earth," replied the king.

"This girl shall be judged by the true church," said the bishop, seizing her all trembling by the hand, and raising her before his episcopal cross.

Don Pedro, his eyes bloodshot, his light hair in disorder, rushed forward. "Loose the hand of Rachel, Augustin!" he exclaimed. The bishop shrugged his shoulders.

"I am thy lord and master, obey!" continued the king.

Rachel turned towards the tanner, who had approached her. "Lead me away, for pity's sake," said she to him. "Don Pedro cannot suppress his anger; something terrible will happen. Lead me away; when he no longer sees me, he will probably be calm; he will want to rejoin me, and no longer think of the bishop. Lead me away; oh, I fear not death; my only regret is, that by death I shall be separated from the unfortunate king."

During this time the struggle between Don Pedro and the bishop had increased.

"It is a sin that thou wouldst commit in protecting this sorceress," said the proud bishop.

"And you, Gudiel, accuse and condemn her because you have sold yourself to Don Enrique, who pays you for this service."

"Rachel, follow me," said Augustin, dragging the young girl, and preparing to go away without noticing this last attack. But at this provocation, the natural impetuosity of Don Pedro overcame him; he tore the episcopal cross from the hand of the bishop, and brandished it over his head.

"If the Pope can make bishops, I can unmake them," exclaimed he.

A cry of horror arose in the multitude; the canons veiled their faces, crying, "Blasphemy! sacrilege!" while Augustin himself braved the king by his looks and said to him, "Strike me—push your pride even to that point; but Heaven will perform a miracle as witness against you. These very corpses will bear testimony of your wickedness at his tribunal;" affecting an assurance that his trembling lips and changing voice belied.

"If Heaven be just," replied Don Pedro, who began to fear his passion had carried him too far, "he will come to the aid of this poor creature, and loudly proclaim her innocence."

At this moment, a loud cry was heard in the market-place. "What have I said!" cried the bishop. "Do you hear that noise, which resembles a hurricane? It is the assault of the city! God has condemned Don Pedro!"

The compact mass of human beings, divided between the fright caused by these words, and the pity which the daring act of the king had inspired them, staggered in doubt and indecision. The cries continued to approach, and a fresh crowd soon advanced towards the Alcazar.

But the now comers in no respect resembled those they joined; they did not appear like fugitives, stricken and unhappy—on the contrary, they bounded along, uttering cries of joy and congratulation. They preceded and surrounded the pretended miller who conducted ten mules laden with heavy sacks of flour, and who stopped before the biers, around which the canons were ranged.

One cry then simultaneously arose from every mouth. "It is wheat—it is provisions that arrive for us!"

The people, with their usual instability, forgot their meditated revolt and anger. These men, who had already drawn their knives, and torn the clothes of the Jewess, left their victim, to press around the fortunate miller. The bishop alone still preserved a dark countenance, and hearing those cries of gladness, let these words escape from his lips:—"Childish people! cursed be this unlucky miller, who appears at the moment our plans were on the point of succeeding!"

"Well, which of us is right, faithful Augustin?" said Don Pedro to him, seizing the arm of Rachel, whom he had at length been able

to approach, and giving her to the care of the almogavars. Then addressing the bishop, he said, "Heaven has judged between us, and condemned you."

In the meantime, Bertrand, who was surrounded, pressed on, though nearly stifled by this famished crowd, the boldest already proceeding to lay hold of the mules. "Gently, gently—justice for all—advance not!" exclaimed the Breton, keeping back the crowd by flourishing his club, "for I will knock down without mercy whoever lays hands on my sacks without my consent."

"Flour! flour!" cried the mob on all sides.

"All this is for you," answered the pretended miller, "but no pillage; it is not 'luck to the strong and defeat to the weak;' for feeble or strong, young or old, each of you is hungry; every one must have his share. So let the willing man assist in the division."

The most robust of those who surrounded him sprang forward to assist him in unloading his mules, and untying the sacks. All those persons who were not afraid of besieging the royal residence of Don Pedro, overcome by the bold countenance of a simple miller, awed by the look of resolution and audacity of an unknown man, waited with extraordinary patience, and without a murmur, for the distribution to begin.

All eyes were eagerly fixed on him. "Thy name! thy name!" cried the starving people.

Bertrand cursed the foolish idea that had prompted them to seek his name. "My name is an obscure one, and does not signify a bit," resumed he, "for I am only the agent of those who pay me. To every one according to his works. This corn and flour was bought for you."

"By whom?" asked Augustin Gudiel, hastily, seized with eager curiosity.

"By the Jewess, Rachel, daughter of the treasurer, Ben Levi," answered the pretended miller.

A loud murmur of astonishment ran through the crowded ranks of the mob.

"Yes, by the Jewess, Rachel, whose name you were cursing at the moment I arrived," answered the Breton.

"But they accuse her, nevertheless, of having caused the famine," said one.

"Her accusers are probably the real culprits," replied the miller. "As to her—bless her—for I tell you it is she who has sent me to you; she is the good angel who watches over Seville."

The bishop was tempted to treat the newcomer as an impostor, but when he saw the same mob who had just before been so exasperated against the Jewess, suddenly testify a unanimous enthusiasm and admiration for her, he saw plainly that he could not rekindle the extinguished fire without exposing himself to great risks; he therefore ordered the bearers of the biers to proceed on their march, and the canons began to chant the prayers for the dead, and continued the route as if nothing had happened. The crowd that had been on the point of taking part with him against the king did not seem to notice his departure.

Don Pedro, however, hastened to profit by the change thus effected on their minds, to mount his horse, and follow the men-at-arms, who had carried Rachel into the Alcazar. For he had not been less surprised than Augustin Gudiel at hearing the answer of the pretended miller; so, wishing to fathom the mystery, as soon as he returned to his palace, he ordered Gil Pierce Nieve to go to the distributor of flour, and invite him to dine with the king.

Gil obeyed, and on intimating the will of the king, Bertrand at first knitted his thick eyebrows, for his disguise did not more than half satisfy him; but after a moment's reflection, he perceived in it a result that far surpassed his hopes. Indeed, his real purpose for introducing himself with so much temerity into the city, had been to examine the means of its defence, to reconnoitre its weak points, its walls and citadels, and above all to sound the spirit of the besieged; but he had never entertained the hope of penetrating into the Alcazar, which enclosed the real forces of Seville, nor of having a private interview with Don Pedro.

He resolved then to follow the adventure, and to enter the lion's den, and he answered Gil with a sort of rustic awkwardness, that as soon as the distribution was finished, he would most willingly repair to the Alcazar.

Gil told him he would wait his pleasure, the king having charged him to accompany the brave miller, and not to leave him for an instant.

(To be continued.)

He alone is independent who can maintain himself by his own exertion, unaided and alone.

Leave nothing that is necessary in any matter undone—we rate ability in men by what they finish, not by what they attempt.

Kindness is the music of good will to men; and on the harp the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

The sunshine of good temper penetrates the gloomiest shades; beneath its cheering rays the miserable may hark and forget all their misery.

Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all for him to bear; but they are the very ones he needs.

Preserve your conscience always soft and sensitive. If but one sin forces its way into that tender part of the soul and dwell there, he road is paved for a thousand iniquities.

NOTICE.

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

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

(INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.)

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| Per Annum | \$2 00 |
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All communications should be addressed to the office, 124 Bay Street, or to Post Office Box 1025.

Trades' Assembly Hall.

- Meetings are held in the following order:—
- Machinists and Blacksmiths, every Monday.
 - Coachmakers, 2nd and 4th Monday.
 - Carpenters, (159), 1st and 3rd Tuesday.
 - K.O.S.C. Lodge 356, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.
 - Tinsmiths, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.
 - Cigar Makers, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.
 - Varnishers and Polishers, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.
 - Iron Moulders, every Thursday.
 - Plasterers, 1st and 3rd Thursday.
 - Trades' Assembly, 1st and 3rd Friday.
 - Bricklayers, 1st and 3rd Friday.
 - Coppers, 2nd and 4th Friday.
 - Printers, 1st Saturday.
 - Bakers, every 2nd Saturday.

Application for renting the halls for special meetings and other purposes to be made to Mr. Andrew Scott, 211 King Street East.

The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPT. 5, 1872

TO OUR READERS.

With this issue of the WORKMAN we announce a change in its management. Up to the present the paper has been published by a company known as the "Toronto Co-Operative Printing Association." At the last meeting of the shareholders, the company placed the office in the hands of a co-partnership consisting of Messrs. WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MACMILLAN, and the WORKMAN in the future will be published by them.

Being practical printers, we have assumed the responsibility of continuing its publication, and have reason to hope that, by a strict and diligent attendance to business, the paper will continue to receive a fair and liberal support at the hands of our fellow-workmen. No efforts will be spared on our part to make the WORKMAN all it should be—a journal as welcome in the family circle as in the workshop.

Under existing arrangements we have been enabled to make considerable additions to our stock of material, and are now prepared to execute, with neatness and despatch, all orders for printing with which we may be favored.

With the hope that our future course will merit the approbation of our readers, we launch our enterprise on the tide of public opinion; and believe that our efforts to occupy the position in the field of journalism we have assumed will be appreciated by the class in whose interest the WORKMAN is published.

OUR PRESENT POSITION AND FUTURE DUTY.

Now that the summer is over and the harvest is ended, might we not appropriately ask ourselves the question that has often been put before in a variety of interesting ways, and upon a number of not less interesting occasions: What have we done for the improvement of our class? May such a question, thus put, not excite the curiosity of even the most casual reader, however much his indifference, or however callous his interest in the passing events of the day may be. Nothing can, we venture to

think, be more impracticable than the attempt of any one individual entirely to exclude himself from the ranks of some class or other of society; and should this reach the eye of some one who has discovered how futile such an effort is, and finds himself linked to that class in whose welfare we feel more than ordinarily interested, and whose intellectual advancement and social elevation forms the chief responsibility of our mission, in the Canadian field of literature, we would gladly, yet courteously, claim his attention while indulging in incidental reflections that ought to find a first consideration in our meditative moments.

With the heat of the summer's sun has terminated one of the hottest election campaigns that was ever witnessed during the existence of our constitution, and terminated, so far as we are concerned, to our satisfaction. Among the numerous important features of this fierce political struggle there is one which is to us of paramount importance, as strongly indicating our future route to the attainment of that freedom which our class has long desired, and for centuries striven for; that liberty and equal justice to the possession of which we are justly entitled, and cannot, we are convinced, be better obtained than through the judicious wielding of our political influence. That feature, the intrinsic significance of which we fully realize in the return to the Dominion Parliament of a representative from the ranks of labour, we are inclined to hail as the beginning of a new era in the annals of the political world, at any rate it is an introduction of an important element into the Dominion House which we earnestly hope will be attended with beneficial results to all classes.

The leaders in the labour cause have in this campaign, more perhaps than in any other, come prominently to the front, and we fail to see any good reason why their doing so should be regarded with such grave apprehensions by a few of their brethren, who are loud in their complaints against such an attitude being assumed, for no other tangible reason than that the promoters happen to support a different faction from that which, in ordinary cases, has received the working class sympathy. We must confess our unwillingness to become in any way identified with those who are looked upon as the wire-pullers for the time being of any political party. We claim to stand upon an independent platform, guided in our every action by a true sense of justice and duty; and should the part we have played in this political warfare call for expressions of unmerited discontent, we feel satisfied that when our motives and convictions are rightly understood, that no feelings of disapproval will exist in the minds of our fellow-laborers.

It strikes us forcibly that if our independence as a class is to be accomplished at an early day, the sooner the necessity of throwing ourselves clear of that prejudice and dangerous bigotry that has too frequently influenced our conduct is realized the better. We have been too long disposed to prize those who assumed the name of Reformers as our unerring friends; but late experience has surely effectually taught us the folly of placing implicit confidence in such hollow and transient neighbours. It is patent that their reform is limited to the sphere in which their personal interests are directly concerned—a fact too manifest to meet with successful contradiction, and for the further confirmation of which we need only refer to the feeling of bitter hatred towards workingmen, as exhibited in the unhappy career of the notorious editor of that party organ. And although many of the candidates feigned to disown the authority of the "Globe," so that they might succeed in gaining the sympathy and support of those honest toilers who have been so persistently maligned by that disreputable sheet, the majority of the artizans threw, for the first time in their life, their influence into the Conservative scales, and felt that they were doing their duty, not only to themselves, but to their class.

It is not for a moment to be supposed that because Sir John Macdonald's Gov-

ernment has received our support during the late contest that we view his administration as being in every way perfect. Nay, we are prepared to agitate for reforms that the Prime Minister himself has publicly admitted the necessity for, and expressed his willingness to devote future attention to, and receive with an impartial disposition any considerations that may from time to time emanate from the industrial classes. From the Reform party we received no such promises; and even if inducements had been presented, we could not but feel timid in placing faith in a party over which our friend George Brown wields such an influence.

Our duty will now be, during the coming months, to work as indefatigably in organizing and consolidating our forces as we have done in the past, prepared to go forward in the grand social reform that has been so well inaugurated, and watch with a keen eye the deliberations of both Houses of Parliament; and by pursuing a wise and moderate course of action we shall enlist the sympathy of all, both at home and abroad.

Work, then, is our only resort; there is no time to rest on our oars. We have a great end in view, and let us sacrifice some portion of our limited leisure time, of which we have of late enjoyed so little, and keep pressing onward, unmindful of the jeers of all who are not prompted by noble and elevating aspirations. We would even crave a continuance of that forbearance which has been hitherto grudgingly granted by the loving wives of our industrious tradesmen, while their husbands are compelled to absent themselves from the warm family circle during the winter nights. Yea, we would even solicit their valuable aid and tender sympathy; and if there be any of our young co-workers who have not yet entered into that state of domestic felicity, we appeal to the anticipated sharer of all their joys to help on in the noble mission, by overlooking any apparent negligence that might arise from less frequent rambling in love's rapturous and delightful pasture, while their tardy workers are devoting their talent and their energy to the furtherance of the well-being of our class, by attending to the urgent duties of the club room.

MEMOIR OF H. B. WITTON.

THE FIRST WORKINGMAN RETURNED TO THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

Henry Buckingham Witton, M. P. for Hamilton, was born at the small village of South Lopham, Norfolk, England, October 21st, 1831, and is now forty-one years of age. His birthplace is in the beautiful valley of the Waveny, the delightful scenery of which has been so described by the poet Bloomfield in his "Farmer's Boy." Near South Lopham is the town of Diss, famed of old as the residence of Skelton, whom Erasmus named "the glory and the light of British literature." At Diss Mr. Witton received such education, very imperfect and rudimentary, as his parents, who were very poor, could with much difficulty and many sacrifices of their own comfort afford to give him. Here also he was apprenticed to the trade of coach-making, but in consequence of the discontinuance of his business by his employer, he was thrown on his own resources at the early age of seventeen. His subsequent employments were in Thetford, London and Manchester. In the latter city there has always existed an active public spirit, which is never without its effect on young ingenious minds with a capacity for work in the service of the race. There Mr. Witton was attracted into fields of usefulness, and became a worker in the cause of education and other much-needed reforms, many of which have now happily been accomplished. In 1863 he emigrated to the United States, and for three years remained a resident of Troy, N. Y. In 1856 he removed to this city, and for nearly the whole period has been in the employ of the Great Western Railway. For some time past he has been foreman in the paintshop of that company, and has performed his work faithfully and well. On his first

appointment the Company profited largely by economies introduced by him—not the pitiable economies from which workmen suffer, but the wise ones of paying for the best article and the best man all that they are worth and making the most out of them. During all the years of his working life he has been gradually improving his original scanty education. After coming to Hamilton he acquired French and Latin, and applied himself with diligence to the study of practical geology, astronomy, and microscopy, to the latter of which especially he has devoted most of his leisure time. In January of this year he read an able paper before the Hamilton Association, on the "Lower Formations of Life found in Burlington Bay," which was printed in one of the local newspapers. Mr. Witton has the happy faculty of divesting science of dryness and investing it with interest for the most unscientific of his friends. His style is easy and pleasing. He is the possessor of a telescope, an expensive microscope, and one of the most extensive and valuable scientific libraries. His reading, however, has not been exclusively scientific, but varied and catholic, and his knowledge of general literature, history, politics and political economy makes him an agreeable companion for those who care neither for the mystery of the stars nor the marvels of the ponds. His life has been essentially a quiet one, spent in work and study. He has in a larger degree than most men commanded the respect and confidence of his fellow workmen, and many votes were cast for him and his ticket during the late election on grounds purely personal to himself. He is moderate and courageous in speech, and has passed through a severe election contest with more of good-will towards him on both sides than perhaps ever before fell to the lot of any candidate under similar circumstances. His residence in the States led him to revise many of his earlier opinions on general politics and political economy, which in a greater or less degree is not an unusual result with English residents there; the most notable instance, perhaps, being that of Professor Goldwin Smith. Since Mr. Witton's residence in Hamilton, he has always voted with the party now known as the party of "Union and Progress." His mother still survives in a hale old age, and will read with pride in the Old World of his triumph in the New, and will have the pleasure and gratification of feeling that not in vain were all the efforts and sacrifices she made to give him that education and training which has led to such results.

THE BALLOT IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Childers was elected for Pontefract, which is regarded as a decided gain for the Liberal Party, in view of the fact that the election was by ballot under the new Act.

The Telegraph says: No difficulty was experienced in respect to the voting papers, and few, if any, mistakes occurred in regard to those electors who could read and write, while even the illiterate voters (who were somewhat numerous) were easily made to comprehend what they had to do. The ballot boxes were conveyed from the polling places to the Town Hall, without being observed, and the process of counting the votes went so well that the tale was complete and the result of the election ascertained in less than three hours. It is said confidently by those who ought to know that complete secrecy as to how any one voted was maintained within the polling places. Outside the electors made no secret of their predilections, many of them wearing demonstratively the colors of the different candidates, many stating openly how they were going to vote, and others publicly avowing which way they had exercised their suffrage. In fact most of the votes were the subject of street gossip, originated by the electors themselves. As regards the influence of the ballot on popular demonstrations, it may be said that, except between the Town Hall and Lord Pollington's hotel, there was no crowd, no stir in the streets, and work and business went on as usual, the only interruption being

the shouts and yells and horseplay of the crowd, which consisted mainly of noisy boys, with the ordinary admixture of "loafing roughs." The approaches to the polling places were clear, and entrance was as readily attainable as into an ordinary shop; and, on the whole, there can be no doubt that while there was some spice of the "humors of an election," it was greatly curtailed and modified; and it is especially to be noted that the absence of an oral declaration of the poll, and the speeches of candidates which used to follow that ceremony, has operated to cut off one whole day from the saturnalia. It has been ascertained that 1,248 ballots were delivered out of 1,941 voters; twelve only were rejected for votes given for both candidates; seven for writing by which the votes could not be identified; and four were void on account of uncertainty, two of them being blanks. In one, the cross had been made on the line of separation, and in another the voter had put his mark against the word Pontefract, at the back of the ballot paper.

PLUMBERS, BRASSFINISHERS, AND STEAMFITTERS' PIC-NIC.

The Plumbers, Brassfinishers, and Steamfitters of this city, held their fourth annual picnic and games at the West Lodge Gardens, on Saturday afternoon. There was a large attendance, and everything passed off successfully. All kinds of amusements were provided, including croquet, base ball, archery, swings, etc. Dancing was kept up with spirit on the large platform during the afternoon and evening, to music supplied by Lubar's quadrille band.

During the afternoon a large number of games took place, including two velocipede races, which attracted much attention from those present. Several of the employers were present and took part in the various amusements provided. The following is a list of games, with winners of prizes.

Quoits, 18 yards, open to all—1st prize, silver quoit, Peacock; 2nd do., checker board, G. Murray.

Flat Race, 100 yards—1st prize, silver cake basket, value \$5, presented by West Brothers, John Coulson; 2nd do., ink stand, J. Henry.

Standing High Jump—1st prize, silver butter cooler, R. McKenzie; 2nd do., stereoscopic view case, J. Coulson.

Sack Race, 100 yards—1st prize, silk hat, presented by Mr. J. Perry, John Fogg; 2nd do., gentleman's satchel, G. Murray.

Throwing Hammer, open to all—1st prize, watch stand, R. Harrison; 2nd do., carved walnut bracket, G. Brady.

Three Legged Race, 150 yards—1st prize, \$2, J. Coulson and J. Henry; 2nd do., \$1, G. Johnston and J. Fogg.

Velocipede Fast Race, open to all—1st prize, set vases, N. Richards; 2nd do., meerschaum pipe, R. Bredon.

Auger Shoot, open to all—1st prize, bronze tobacco box, Mr. Blackmore; 2nd do., writing desk, Morne.

Flat Race, 400 yards, open to all—1st prize, silver tobacco box, C. Burns; 2nd do., album, R. Harrison.

Apprentices' Race, 100 yards—1st prize, set cutlery, Warwick; 2nd do., looking glass, J. Campbell.

Standing Long Leap—1st prize, silver cruet stand, R. McKenzie; 2nd do., \$1, G. Johnson.

Velocipede Slow Race, open to all—1st prize, pair bronze statuettes, value \$6, Hawkes; 2nd do., \$1, with entrance money added, R. Bradon.

Three Quick Jumps, open to all—1st prize, soft felt hat, presented by Mr. Jerry Dineen, R. Harrison, 34 feet; 2nd do., \$1, J. Hanrahan.

Consolation Race, open to unsuccessful competitors—1st prize, ink stand, S. Lindsay; 2nd do., silver card basket, J. Burns.

Prize Waltz, open to all—1st prize, ladies' work box, J. Kennedy and lady; 2nd do., fan, C. Burns and lady.

MAR has recently opened a first-class house on Yonge Street, near the Avenue, and is always happy to see his friends. An obliging host, attentive waiters and pleasant surroundings, make the house attractive.

THE TORONTO, GREY AND BRUCE.

EMPLOYE'S ANNUAL PIC-NIC AND GAMES.

On Saturday last, the first annual pic-nic and games of the employes of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway were held in a grove near the Village of Woodbridge. At eight o'clock in the morning a special train left the Queen's Wharf Station having on board a very large number of the employes and their friends. After a little over an hour's run, the train arrived at Woodbridge, and shortly after, the train from Mount Forest arrived, heavily laden with passengers of a similar description. The grove selected was a very pretty one and was well arranged for the occasion. During the afternoon the President of the road and a number of the officials came out by a special train. About half-past six the party separated, the trains conveying the excursionists to their homes. The following is the list of the winners of the prizes, the competition for which took place in the afternoon:—

THE GAMES.

Quits, 18 yards—1st prize, bronze clock, John Gilet; 2nd, meerschau pipe, John Dixon; 3rd, copy of *Daily Mail* for one year, F. Study.

Putting the Stone—Three trials allowed each competitor—1st prize, silver watch, E. Verral; 2nd, table lamp, M. Morrison; 3rd, ink stand, R. Osborne.

High Jump with Pole—Three trials allowed each competitor—1st prize, gold scarf-pin, J. Shuttleworth; 2nd, silver cruet, H. Davidson; 3rd, photograph album, M. Redmond.

Men's Flat Race—300 yards—1st prize, China dinner service, complete, E. Verral; 2nd, copy of *Daily Leader* for one year, M. Redmond; 3rd, box of cigars, H. Davidson.

Egg and Spoon Race—1st prize, China tea set, complete, H. Watts; 2nd, Meerschau pipe, J. Taylor; 3rd, butter cooler, W. Coneyworth.

Running High Jump—Three trials allowed each competitor—1st prize, centre table, E. Wragge; 2nd, Life of Chambers and History of Franco-Prussian War, J. J. Clark.

Running Hop, Step and Jump—Three trials allowed each competitor—1st prize, one ton of coal, J. Clark; 2nd, silver cup, H. McMann; 3rd, ham, H. Hyde.

Flat Race; 150 yards; for boys under 16 years of age—1st prize, Longfellow's and Tennyson's Poems and Adventures of Don Quixote, J. Murphy; 2nd, Life of Stephenson and Self Help, W. Verral; 3rd, vest, value \$2.50, W. Nowman.

Girls' Race; for girls under 12 years of age—1st prize, pair of gold earrings, Hessie Watson; 2nd, fancy shawl, Annie Pilgrim; 3rd, pair of slippers, Alice Brown.

Sack Race; 100 yards—1st prize, china tea set, complete, W. Coneyworth; 2nd, one cord of wood, R. Osborne; 3rd, two legs of mutton, J. Logan.

Flat Race; 150 yards; for men 40 years of age and over—1st prize, silver cruet and salts, G. McDonald; 2nd, case of table knives and forks, F. Spry; 3rd, box of cigars and cigar-holder, T. Rae.

Flat Race; 100 yards; for boys 12 years and under—1st prize, box drawing instruments, S. Davidson; 2nd, silver mug, C. Moody; 3rd, child's rocking chair, F. Spry.

Womans' Race, 100 yards—1st prize, work box, complete, Miss Kirk; 2nd, writing case, complete, Miss Spry; 3rd, pair of vases, Miss Flint.

Married Womans' Race, 150 yards—1st prize, gold brooch, Mrs. Evans; 2nd, pair gold earrings, Mrs. Barber; 3rd, pair of boots, value \$2.50, Mrs. Dunn.

Special Flat Race, 100 yards, open to employes of John Abell, Woodbridge—1st prize, \$10, George Bentley; 2nd, hat, Robert Williams; 3rd, box of cigars, C. Bell.

Consolation Race, 200 yards—1st prize, pair of decanters, James Hunter; 2nd, rocking chair, James Ellis; 3rd, walking stick, Geo. Edwards.

Ladies' Consolation Race—1st prize, \$10, Miss Spry; 2nd, gold locket, Miss McNerty; 3rd, cruet, Miss Campld.

LABOR AND WAGES.

At a mass meeting of miners held throughout Fifeshire on Monday, it was unanimously resolved to make a demand for an advance of wages to the extent of 1s. 6d. per day. Simultaneously with the movement on the part of the miners a further increase is reported in the price of coals.

Upwards of 2,000 men employed in the bituminous collieries of the Rhondda, Ely, and Ogmore valleys are now on strike for an advance of wages. The Steam Coal Colliery Owners' Association resolutely supports the masters, and have just passed a resolution prohibiting its members from "taking on" any of the colliers who have left work at the bituminous pits.

We learn from Oxford that there is at present no chance of the difference between

the farmers and laborers in Oxfordshire being amicably settled, as many of the farmers show the most unrelenting disposition, and decline to employ any union man. The laborers exhibit a bold front, and marched into Oxford in procession, numbering three hundred strong. They afterwards assembled at the Martyrs' Memorial where their grievances were detailed, and boxes were passed round for the subscriptions of the sympathising public.

The laborers in the Warwickshire Union have given the farmers notice that unless their wages are raised from sixteen to thirty shillings a week during harvest-time, they will leave their service. Harvest in the Midlands will be general in a few days, and this last step is viewed with much alarm by the farmers.

A great deal of agitation prevails just now throughout the whole of the mining district of South Yorkshire, the very high price of coal having induced the colliers to demand an increase of wages, in some instances to the extent of from 30 to 40 per cent. The men state that the profits of the masters have increased at least 400 per cent. during the present year, while the 10 per cent. conceded to the coal getter did not amount to more than from 1½d. to 2d. per ton.—*English Paper.*

GRAND DEMONSTRATION AT OTTAWA.

PRESENTATION TO RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

On Tuesday evening Sir John Macdonald received an ovation of a most enthusiastic character, from the workingmen of this section of Canada.

Between seven and eight o'clock, the various Trades' Unions, with a large concourse of citizens, assembled at the City Hall and formed a procession in the following order:—

- Union Jack.
- Marshal Mounted.
- Band of the Brigade of Garrison Artillery.
- Stone Cutters' Union.
- Typographical Union.
- Marshal Mounted.
- Bricklayers' and Masons' Union.
- Plasterers' Union.
- Carpenters' Union.

Firemen in uniform, with Gowan's Band. The procession marched down Rideau street to Sir John's residence, whence he was conveyed to the City Hall, where he received the following address, amidst demonstrations which must have conclusively shown him the respect felt for him in this section:

To the Right Hon. Sir John Alexander Macdonald, K. C. B., Minister of Justice, Premier of the Dominion of Canada, &c.

RIGHT HON. SIR:

We, the members of the Trades' Unions of Ottawa, desire at this time to offer you our sincere congratulations upon the success which has attended your administration during the past five years, and to express our admiration for the statesmanship which has been displayed by you and your colleagues; and it is our sincere trust that you may for many years be spared to serve the country as faithfully and as well as you have done in the past. We can understand the difficulties against which you have had to contend in setting in motion the machinery of Government under Confederation, and we believe that you have performed the work in a patriotic and satisfactory manner. As the representatives of the labouring classes in Ottawa and its vicinity, we feel especially called upon to express our gratitude for what you have done to remove those restrictions which forbade us to combine for the maintenance of trade privileges and the rights of labour. We do not approve of class legislation of any kind, nor do we seek to obtain any exceptional or extraordinary privileges. We only desire the same freedom which is possessed by every British subject at home, and we have to thank you, sir, for the possession of that freedom, and of having placed it beyond the power of any overbearing master to deprive us of rights which are justly ours. We trust that we shall prove that we are worthy of the freedom thus conferred upon us, and that you in the future, as in the past, will continue to protect the interests of the labouring classes. In welcoming you back to Ottawa, after your visit to the West, we desire also to congratulate you upon the additional mark of Her Royal favour and approval which our beloved Sovereign has been graciously pleased to bestow upon you. We hope that you will gratify us by accepting the accompanying slight testimonial of our gratitude and esteem, and at the same time allow us to express every good wish for Lady Macdonald and yourself.

Sir John replied:—To the members of the Trades' Unions of Ottawa, Gentlemen,—Let me assure you of my grateful sense of your great kindness in presenting me with this address. The approbation that you are pleased to express of the course of the Government, coming as it does from such an intelligent body as the workingmen of Ottawa, will tend to strengthen the hands of the Administration; and is a great encouragement to my colleagues and myself to pursue in the future the policy which has met your commendation. You

have not misunderstood the difficulties against which we have had to contend in setting in motion the machinery of Government under the Confederation Act. Those difficulties, great in themselves from the nature of the task, have been much increased by a factious and unpatriotic opposition. Thanks, however, to the sound feeling of the country, as exhibited at the elections, I am happy to believe that the Government will be sustained in completing the great work of the union of the British North American Provinces, which has been so successfully begun. I can claim but little credit on account of the legislation of the last session with reference to Trades' Unions. The unwise and oppressive action pursued towards some of the workingmen of Toronto in causing men to be arrested as criminals, forced upon my attention the necessity of repealing laws altogether unsuited and unworthy of this age, and opposed to the first principles of freedom. It was my pleasing task in my place in Parliament to sweep those barbarous laws from the statute book. I would have been unworthy of my position if, under the circumstances, I had delayed or neglected to do so. By the legislation of last session the Trades' Unions in Canada, and the workingmen of the Dominion enjoy the same status and possess the same rights as they do in England. It is, I believe, understood, and experience has already shown, that the laws passed in England on the subject are imperfect and require amendment. If I am spared and have the power, I shall watch closely the action taken in the Imperial Parliament at the instance of the Trades' Associations, for the amendment and extension of the acts of 1871, and shall press upon our Parliament the propriety of adopting similar legislation here. So far as in me lies, it shall be my endeavour to secure for the workingmen of Canada and their peculiar institutions the same position, freedom of action and powers as are enjoyed by, or as may hereafter be conferred on their fellow-artisans in England. I need not assure you that I greatly prize the handsome gift which you have presented to me. It will remind me of a most pleasing incident in my life. Let me thank you very much for your kind wishes with respect to Lady Macdonald. Had she been in the city it would have afforded her great gratification to have been present on this interesting occasion. I shall not fail to convey to her your expressions of good will, and I am assured that she will highly appreciate your recognition of her in her absence.

The testimonial accompanying the address was a very handsome and costly ornamented cane suitably inscribed.

The night was clear and bracing, and the citizens turned out in large numbers to witness this tribute to Canada's most patriotic and devoted statesman.

On the completion of Sir John's reply, brief and forcible speeches were made by Hon. Mr. Tully, Mr. Currier, M.P., McKay Wright, M.P., Mayor Martineau, and Mr. Williams, Toronto, all of whom were enthusiastically received.

Cheers were then called for the Queen, Sir John, the Administration, and the Workingmen of Hamilton, and most heartily responded to by the immense assemblage that filled Union Square and the adjacent avenues. The procession was then re-formed and escorted the Premier back to his residence. The procession was the most imposing and the largest ever seen in Ottawa. All the members of the Cabinet who were in the capital, the members representing Ottawa constituencies and leading citizens of all classes were present at this splendid tribute to the head of the Government of Canada.

A GREAT CITY.

In London, every eight minutes, night and day, somebody dies; every five minutes a child is born. This great city contains as many people as the whole of Scotland, twice as many as Denmark, three times as many as Greece, and 400 times as many as Georgetown, D. C. In its vast population of nearly 4,000,000, it has 140,000 habitual gin-drinkers, 100,000 abandoned women, 10,000 professional gamblers, 50,000 criminals, known to the police as thieves and receivers of stolen goods, 500,000 habitual frequenters of public houses, and 60,000 street Arabs. To keep this vast multitude of disorderly characters in something like obedience to law, 6,000 policemen are necessary. Of the population of the city, only about 500,000 attend public worship, there being a million of adult absentees from church every Sunday.

The WHITE HART, corner of Yonge and Elm Street, is conducted on the good old English system, which gives the greatest satisfaction to its patrons. The bar is most tastefully decorated, and the surroundings are all that could be desired. A spacious billiard parlor, and attentive waiters, render the WHITE HART a popular place of resort. adv.

THE QUEEN AND THE COOKS.

During the Queen's recent visit to Edinburgh she asked if she might inspect the guard-room of the 93rd Highlanders. The *Scotsman* says:—"The ranger at once conducted the Queen into the room in which, of course, was at that time unoccupied, except by the two men whose turn it was to cook their comrade's dinner, and by another Highlander. The visit of her Majesty took these three soldiers by surprise; indeed, one of the cooks hearing that her Majesty had left the Palace, and wishing to catch a sight of her, was in the act of rushing out of the door when her Majesty entered. Both cooks had divested themselves of their jackets, and with their shirt-sleeves tucked up, they felt rather taken aback. Her Majesty first took notice of the stalwart Highlander in full dress; and graciously addressed him, enquiring his name and birth place, as also the length of time he had been in the army. The man answered the Queen's queries, and modestly stated that he had been twenty years in her Gracious Majesty's service. Her Majesty took note of and examined the four medals which decorated the stalwart fellow's breast—these being the Crimean medal with the clasps for Alma, Sebastopol, and Balacava; the Indian medal, the Lucknow medal, and the Turkish medal. Her Majesty then turned round and examined the appointments of the guard-room. She then asked if the benches were the sleeping-places of the men, and on being answered in affirmative, the Queen was pleased to say that the whole place was very clean and tidy. Her Majesty then advanced and spoke to the cooks—Grant and Wilson by name. She watched their operations a few moments. Wilson, who on the entrance of her Majesty had been making a practical experiment as to whether the potatoes he was cooking were sufficiently boiled, was rather put about; and he could only lay down his "dish-clout," touch his forage cap, and in reply to her Majesty's question, stammer out with difficulty, "Potatoes, your Majesty." The Queen seemed much pleased and amused; and all the soldiers were warm in praise of their Sovereign's condescension and warm interest in their concerns. The Queen next visited the officers' guard-room, which being untenanted, she inspected leisurely. By this time the guard had learned that the Queen had stolen a march upon them, and had turned their flank; so that they were drawn off to the right, in order to allow her Majesty, on leaving the guard-room, to walk straight across the esplanade to the Palace. When her Majesty stepped out she went in front of the guard, and graciously acknowledged the general salute which they gave, after which she inspected the men. Re-entering the Palace grounds about half-past twelve, her Majesty walked therein, notwithstanding the fact that it rained heavily for some time.

HOW THE WORKING PEOPLE ARE ROBBED.

The *New York Herald*, in a late article showing how the present administration is squandering the people's money to pay for its campaign documents, in the shape of "Confederate archives" says:

"These papers, if honestly purchased for the Government (the editor shows) cannot properly be in the custody of the Republican Central Committee. If they were bought for the use of that party, let its committee honestly pay the nation for them. If it is proper for the Government to pay Pickett for partisan documents, it would be just as proper to pay the party printing bills from the Federal Treasury.

"This confederate archives job is a gross outrage upon the people, a burning disgrace to the Administration which permits it. Their authenticity is seriously denied. In spite of all this, Mr. Boutwell pays Pickett seventy-five thousand dollars for storing them, and after their purchase they seem to be only used for party purposes, and valueless at that. Common honesty demands that the Republican party pay for those trunks of rubbish, and the good name of President Grant demands that the Federal Government and that party should have separate organizations, and each carry on its own business.

THE BALLOT BILL.

ITS EFFECTS IN IRELAND.

The passage of the Ballot Bill in England has called forth the most varied comments from the press. While many of the English papers condemn it, and contend that it is beneath an honest man either to support a friend or stab a foe in the dark, the *Belfast Northern Whig* shows some benefits which will result to the Irish peasant:—

The next election, even the next isolated election, after the Ballot Act takes effect, will be watched with much interest. We shall be trying quite a new experiment. It

may be some time before the people generally get accustomed to the Ballot. In Ulster, and other parts of Ireland, where the tenant farmer have so long scarcely been able to call their souls their own, the difficulty at first will be to convince the electors that the Ballot affords them absolute security for secrecy. It ought to be the business of the Ulster Liberal Society and all other similar associations, to set about instructing the tenant farmers and other electors with regard to the operation of the Ballot. Though we may not have a general election for two years, not a moment ought to be lost in setting this new machinery in motion. The times are now completely changed. With the Irish Land Act and the Ballot Act, the old system of territorial ascendancy ought to be broken up. Old stubborn Conservatives may well say "that this is not reform; it is revolution." The next contest will certainly make a great revolution in their ideas of elections; the change is greater than they have as yet any notion of. Means ought to be found for profiting by this great opportunity. The people want knowledge; they want encouragement; they want confidence. We trust to see earnest and energetic men setting to work to enlighten those who have so much need of instruction. It proper means were taken to prepare for the next general election—now that we have the Land Act and the Ballot—the inroad which was made in the Ulster Tory monopoly of the representation three years and a half ago will be nothing in comparison to what may be done at the next opportunity in the counties. Let our friends begin to organize themselves. Blow should follow blow. As the Rev. Sidney Smith said during the great Reform contest in 1831: "Up with the arm and down with the hammer; and up again with the arm, and down again with the hammer."

WOMAN IN SICKNESS.

In no situation, and under no circumstances, does the female character appear to such advantage as when watching beside the bed of sickness. The chamber of disease may indeed be said to be woman's home. We there behold her in her loveliest, most attractive point of view—firm, without being harsh; tender, yet not weak; active, yet quiet; gentle, patient, uncomplaining, vigilant. Every sympathetic feeling that so peculiarly graces the feminine character, is there called forth; while the native strength of mind which has hitherto slumbered in inactivity, is roused to its fullest energy. With noiseless step she moves about the chamber of the invalid; her listening ear ever ready to catch the slightest murmur; her quick, kind glance to interpret the unuttered wish, and supply the half-formed want. She smooths with careful hand the uneasy pillow which supports the aching head, or with cool hand soothes the fevered brow, or proffers to the glazed and parching lip the grateful draught, happy if she meets one kind glance in payment for her labor of love.

Hers, too, is the low-whispered voice, which breathes of life and hope—of health in store for happy days to come; or tells of better and of heavenly rest, where neither sorrow nor disease can come—where the dark power of death no more shall have dominion over the frail, suffering, perishing clay. Through the dim, silent watches of the night, when all around are hushed in sleep, it is hers to keep lone vigils, and to hold communion with her God, and silently lift up her heart in fervent prayer, for the prolongment of a life for which she would cheerfully sacrifice her own. And even when exhausted nature sinks to brief repose, forgetfulness is denied. Even in sleep she seems awake to this one great object of her care. She starts and rises from her slumbers, raises her drooping head, and watches with dreamy eyes the face she loves, then sinks again to rest, to start with every chime of clock or distant sound, which formerly had passed unheard, or only served as a lullaby to her sweet sleep.

AGE.

But few men die of age. Almost all die of disappointment, passionate, mental, or bodily toil, or accident. The passions kill men sometimes, even suddenly. The common expression, choked with passion, has little exaggeration in it; for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young—weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength, and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves; the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or like the candle, to run; the weak burn out. The inferior animals, which live, in general, regular and temperate lives, have generally their prescribed term of years. The horse lives twenty-five years; the ox fifteen or twenty; the lion about twenty; the dog ten or twelve; the rabbit eight; the guinea-pig six or seven years. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow to its full size. But man, of all the animals, is the one that seldom comes to his average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to this physiological law, for five times twenty are one hundred; instead of that, he scarcely reaches, on the average, four times his growing period; the cat six times; the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and the most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard worked of all animals. He is also the most irritable of all animals; and there is reason to believe, though he can not tell what an animal scarcely feels, that, more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflections.

A NEW ADULTERATION.

An English journal says:

We have become so much accustomed to stories, unhappily too often well-founded of the "scientific" modes of adulteration in our daily food, that we get almost tired of inquiring in the matter any further. A horrible whisper was afloat some time ago that a company had been formed for making the best fresh butter from Thames mud. The sensation was, however, too strong even for the greatest of alarmists, and people settled down in the comfortable conviction that the matutinal toast was "battered" after all, with nothing more deleterious than an elegant preparation of Russian tallow, or lard at the best. But what shall we say when we learn that even lard—the base, as chemists would call it, of our best Devonshire fresh—is adulterated also? A writer in one of the pharmaceutical journals says that he lately obtained a quantity of lard from a respectable dealer. It was beautifully white. Indeed he had never seen an article that looked better. His first trial of it was in preparing ointment of nitrate of mercury. The color, when the mercurial solution was added, was the reverse of citrine—indeed, decidedly saturnine, developing in a short time to a full slate color. Surprised at this unprecedented result, the usual precautions having been taken as to temperature, etc., the lard was inspected, and on examination was found to contain a large quantity of lime. Some time after, in a conversation with a lard dealer, the secret oozed out confidentially that it was a common practice in the trade to mix from two to five per cent. of milk of lime with the genuine article, which is not only pearly white, but will allow of stirring in during cooling of twenty per cent. of water. So much for the last chemical triumph in the art of adulteration.

THE VENTRILOQUIST ON THE DOCK.

Quite an exciting time, says a recent number of the *Cleveland Herald*, occurred at one of our wharves recently.

The hands on one of our steamers were engaged in rolling off a cask, when, to the consternation and surprise of the persons engaged in performing that operation, a voice was heard within the cask.

"Roll it easy; these plaugny nails hurt. I'd rather pay my passage than stand all this." Holding up their hands, their visuals expanding to the size of two saucers, the two laborers exclaimed:

"That man beats the Dickens!" The mate coming up at this moment, and unaware of the cause of delay, commenced cursing them for their dilatoriness, when from within the cask the voice came forth:

"You're nobody; let me out of this cask."

"What's that?" said the mate.

"Why, it's me," said the voice; "I want to get out; I won't stand this any longer."

"Up end the cask," said the mate.

"Oh, don't! you'll kill me," said the voice.

"Oh, how these nails prick! Look out—don't!" again said the casked up individual, as the men were turning it over.

"Cooper," said the mate, "unhead that cask and take out that man."

As the adze sundered the hoops, and the head was coming out, the voice again broke forth:

"Be easy, now; is there anyone about; I don't want to be caught."

Quite a crowd had gathered round the scene of action, when a loud guttural laugh broke forth, which made our hair stand on end, and the cask was found filled with bacon.

"What does it mean?" says one.

"It beats my time," said the mate.

We enjoyed the joke too well to "blow," as we walked off arm and arm with the ventriloquist and magician.

CURIOSITIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.

There can be no doubt that dogs feel shame as distinct from fear, and something very like modesty when begging too often for food. A great dog scorns the snarling of a little dog, and this may be called magnanimity. All animals feel wonder, and many exhibit curiosity, the latter quality affording opportunity for hunters, in many parts of the world, to decoy the game into their power. The faculty of intuition, so strongly developed in man, especially in a barbarous state, is present in monkeys. A certain bull-terrier of our acquaintance, when he wishes to go out of the room, jumps at the handle of the door, and grasps it with his paws, although he cannot himself turn the handle. Parrots also reproduce with wonderful fidelity the tones of voices of different speakers, and puppies reared by cats have been known to lick their feet and wash their faces after the same manner as their foster mothers. Attention and memory also are present in the lower animals, and it is impossible to deny that the dreams of dogs and horses show the presence of imagination, or that a certain sort of reason is also present. Animals also profit by experience as any man realizes who sets traps. The young are much more easily caught than the old, and the adults gain caution by seeing the fate of others which are caught. Tools always are used by some of the higher apes. The chimpanzee uses a stone to crack a nut resembling a walnut, and the Abyssinian baboons fight troops of other species, and roll down stones in the attack before they finally close in a hand to hand en-

counter. The idea of property is common to every dog with a bone, to all birds with their nests, and notably in the case of rooks. Nor can a certain kind of language be denied to the brutes. The dog communicates his feelings by barks of different tones, which undoubtedly raise in his fellow dogs ideas similar to those passing in his own mind.

WELLINGTON'S STRATEGY.

On a certain occasion during Wellington's campaign on the Pyrenees, that "Great Captain" being displeased with the dispositions that General Picton had made for receiving the assault of Marshal Soult, who menaced him in front, ordered the plan to be entirely changed. But the difficulty was to delay the attack of the French until the change could be effected. This the "Iron Duke" accomplished in person, in the following manner:

Donning his cocked hat, and waving it in the air, he rode furiously to the head of a regiment, as if about to order a charge. Thereupon arose a tremendous cheer from the men, which was taken up by corps after corps until it reverberated along the whole extent of Picton's line. As the roar died away, Wellington was heard to remark musingly, as if addressing himself, "Soult is a skillful but cautious commander, and will not attack in force until he has ascertained the meaning of these cheers. This will give time for the sixth division to come up, and we shall beat him." It turned out as he anticipated, Soult, naturally enough supposed those tremendous shouts announced the arrival of large reinforcements, and did not attack until too late. Had he struck at the right moment he would have won an easy victory; as it was he met a bloody repulse.

This was strategy. Not the strategy of books, but the strategy of genius, engendered and executed in the same moment. There is no such thing laid down in Jomini. The idea was born of the occasion and carried out on the instant.

A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

Travellers' tales are not always to be depended upon, and so therefore this travellers' tale, as related in a paper in Upper Alsace, must be taken for what it is worth. He says:

In journeying from Pflitz to Basle I saw at a distance of about two hundred paces from me a large dog leave the road, and enter the brushwood. The dog belonging to my companion, a native of Alsace, was about to follow the strange dog, but was recalled by his master.

"No, no, you must leave him alone, he is on duty; it does not do to interrupt business."

I looked to him for an explanation of the mystery conveyed in his words. He then told me that dogs were trained to bring smuggled goods, such as watches, &c., from Switzerland into Alsace by means of a kind of saddle fastened to the back. The manner of training the dog was this:

The dog is well fed at home, and then after a while led across the border to the village where he is to receive his load. He is shut up some days without food, and moreover beaten by a man dressed in the uniform of a custom-house official. As soon as the dog is set at liberty he naturally starts for home at a double-quick pace. On the way, that is on the high-road, which he is pretty sure to take, people are stationed with whips, or guns loaded with peas, which are fired at him, until he learns to take refuge from all strange men in the brushwood. Two or three such lessons are sufficient to make the sagacious animal comprehend what is required of him, and he then becomes the best contrabandist going. Six dogs can thus support their master.

A NATION OF PIGMIES.

To the south of Kaffa and Susa, there is a very sultry and humid country, with many bamboo woods, inhabited by the race called Dakos, who are no bigger than boys ten years old; that is, only four feet high. They have dark olive-colored complexion, and live in a completely savage state, like the beasts, having neither houses, temples, nor holy trees, like the Gallas, yet possessing something like an idea of a higher Being called Yer, to whom, in moments of wretchedness and anxiety, they pray—not in an erect position, but reversed, with the head on the ground, and the feet supported upright against a tree or a stone. In prayer, they say:—"Yer, if thou really dost exist, why dost thou allow us thus to be slain? We do not ask thee for food and clothing, for we live on serpents, ants, and mice. Thou hast made us; why dost thou permit us to be trodden under foot?" The Dakos have no chief, or laws, or weapons; they do not hunt, nor till the ground, but live solely on fruits, roots, mice, serpents, ants, honey, and the like; climbing trees and gathering the fruit like monkeys; and both sexes go completely naked.

They do not marry, but live indiscriminate lives of animals, multiplying very rapidly; and with very little parental instinct. The mother nurses her child for only a short time, accustoming it to eat ants and serpents as soon as possible; and when it can help itself, it wanders away where it will; and the mother thinks no more about it.

They have thick, protruding lips, flat noses,

and small eyes; the hair is not woolly, and is worn by the women over the shoulders. The nails on the hands and feet are allowed to grow long, like the talons of vultures, and are used in digging for ants and in tearing to pieces the serpents, which they devour raw, for they are unacquainted with fire. The spine of the snake is the only ornament worn around the neck, but they pierce the ears with a sharp-pointed piece of wood.—*Dr. Krapf's Travels in Eastern Africa.*

DON'T BE TOO SENSITIVE.

Here is a short article we find floating around on the unknown sea of journalism that many men should paste in their hats and ladies on their bonnets, if room can be found on "the little duck of a thing." These people, liable to quick emotions with sense but no reason, showing their nature in their countenance, and often marring repose and friendship by unwarranted suspicion, are found in all our cities. Let them read and profit by this:

"There are some people, yes, many people, always looking out for slights.—They cannot carry on the daily intercourse of the family without some offence is designated. They are as touchy as hair triggers. If they meet an acquaintance on the street who happens to be preoccupied by business; they attribute his abstraction in some mode personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fact of their irritability. A fit of indigestion makes them see impudence in every one they come in contact with.

"Innocent persons, who never dreamed of giving offence, are astonished to find some unfortunate word of momentary taciturnity mistaken for an insult. To say the least, the habit is unfortunate.—It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow-beings, and not suppose a slight is intended, unless the neglect is open and direct. After all, too, life takes its hues in a great degree from the color of our mind. If we are frank and generous, the world treats us kindly. If, on the contrary, we are suspicious, men learn to be cold and cautious to us. Let a person get the reputation of being touchy, and everybody is under more or less constraint, and in this way the chance of an imaginary offence is vastly increased."

SMALL WAGES.

The Guelph authorities advertise for a female teacher to take charge of a Department in one of their first-class Public Schools, at the munificent salary of \$175 a year. Let us calculate a little, and see what this offer really amounts to. Board may possibly be had in that town for \$2 a week, it can scarcely be less; this will take \$104. The balance \$71, nearly \$1.37 per week, or less than the wages of a nurse girl or a chamber maid, or less than the remuneration of a seamstress is what a young woman whose youth is supposed to have been spent in acquiring a liberal and expensive education, whose moral power is said to be irreproachable, and whose example and deportment are expected to be elevating and ladylike, is to consider an ample pecuniary reward for arduous and exhaustive labor of the most delicate and responsible kind which one human being can expect another to perform. For very shame's sake the Guelph Board should double their figure. But no doubt there will be plenty of applicants, such as they are, at the rate above mentioned, and the numbers would not be diminished if it were still further reduced in the scale of *pauperism*, for the present offer has not yet reached the dignity of wages.—*Waterloo Chronicle.*

HELP YOURSELF.

Fight your own battles. Hoe your own row. Ask no favors of any one, and you'll succeed five thousand times better than one who is always beseeching some one's influence or patronage. No one will ever help you as you can help yourself, because no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will not be such a long one perhaps, but carving your own way up the mountain you make one lead to another, and stand firm on that while you chop still another out.

Men who have made fortunes are not those who had five thousand dollars given them to start with, but boys who have started with a well earned dollar or two. Men who have acquired fame have never been thrust into popularity by pulls begged or paid for, or given in friendly spirit; they have outstretched their own hands, and touched the public heart.

Men who win love do their own wooing, and I never knew a man fail so signally as one who induced his grandmamma to speak a word or two for him. Whether you work for fame, love or money, or for anything else, work with your own hands, and heart and brain. Say "I will," and some day you will conquer. Never let any man have to say, "I have dragged you up." Too many friends sometimes hurt a man more than none at all.—*Grace Greenwood.*

HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.

Children hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem it drudgery to study in books; and if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages they will grow up intelligent, if they enjoy

in childhood the privileges of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. We sometimes see parents who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activity and mental stores sufficient for both, let them first use what they have for their own households. A silent house is a dull place for young people, a place from which they escape if they can. How much useful information, on the other hand, is often in family conversation, and what unconscious but excellent mental training in lively social argument. Cultivate to the utmost all the grace of home conversation.

HOW TO BE SOMEBODY.

Don't stand sighing, wishing and waiting, but go to work with an energy and perseverance that will set every obstacle in the way of your success, flying like leaves before a whirlwind. A milk and water way of doing business leaves a man in the lurch every time. He may have ambition enough to wish himself on the topmost round of the ladder of success, but if he has not the go-ahead-iveness to pull himself up there, he will inevitably remain at the bottom, or, at the best, on one of the very low rounds.

Never say I can't—never admit there is such a word;—it has dragged its tens of thousands to poverty and degradation, and it is high time it was stricken from our language; but carry a whole lexicon of I cans and I wills with you, and thus armed, every obstacle in the way of your success will vanish.

Never envy your neighbor his success, but try and become like him, and as much better as you can. If at first you don't succeed, don't wilt down with despondency and I can't, but gird on the armour of I can, and my word for it you will.

Always bear in mind that whatever is worth having is worth toiling long, earnestly and manfully for. So sure as a constant dropping wears away the hardest stone, so do constant efforts insure success. If you work manfully, persistently and with energy, you may smile, be hopeful and happy when life's clouds hang the darkest, for as bright as sunshine succeeds the storms, so sure a bright future awaits you.

Whatever you undertake try and excel in it. That is what makes any occupation in life honorable and profitable. A first-class quack is better than a second-rate doctor.

Great obstacles in the way of success are fear of being laughed at, and what somebody may say. Never fear sneers and remarks when right leads the van, but push right straight ahead, with your eyes and thoughts on the brilliant future.

Don't always be saying to yourself, I am going to do so-and-so to-morrow; but act to-day. If you are invited to make a prayer, get up and make one if it be as simple as "Grant, O Lord, that we may not think contemptuously of our rulers; and furthermore grant, we beseech Thee, that they may not act so we cannot help it?" If you are invited to speak in a lyceum, get up if you cannot say more than "Thank you, sir, I don't speak." Next time you can get a little further, and so on until you can handle the English language, or any thing else, as a Yankee does a jack-knife.

A FAMILY PAPER.

The "Steelville Mirror," of Crawford Co., Mo., is a curious specimen of Western pluck and enterprise. The editor says:

We have, beyond all question, one of the most delightfully situated printing establishments in the world. That's strong, but we think the facts will sustain it. We are, literally, in the woods, being four miles northeast of Steelville, our nearest mail point, eight miles southwest of the great Scotia Iron Works, eight miles south of Leansburg, and ten miles southeast of Cuba. We print the "Mirror" in the woods, but publish it in Steelville, the county seat. We have fitted up a story-and-a-half frame building 20x22 feet inside, with eight windows and two doors, standing so high on the ridge that we can see the trains all along the route as they pass between Cuba and Leansburg, from eight to ten miles distant. The situation is a most beautiful one, surrounded, as it is, by Nature in all her pristine loveliness—woods, wild flowers, myriads of birds singing around us all day, and at night the call of the whip-poor-will, the hoot of the owl, and the howl of the wolf.

We located our working house out here, for several private reasons, among which are comfort, pleasure and economy. We own the office, and mean to do what we please with it; we own the house, which we have fitted up to suit ourselves; and we own the farm of two hundred and thirty acres on which the printing-house stands. We have six children, the youngest ten years old, all of whom can, and do, set type. Our eldest daughters, Nellie and Dollie, can each set one thousand ems of type per hour all day; they also write stories for the paper, editorials, locals, &c., and can use the scissors judiciously; while the eyes of our youngest daughter begins to exhibit a poetically frenzied appearance.

We intend to increase our paper to sixteen pages within a few weeks.

Can any other county show as bright prospects for a successful "country" paper, or so happy a combination of business and pleasure? We pause for a reply.

AN ETHIOPIAN CORONATION.

The *Levant Times* gives a long account of the coronation of Prince Cassa, the new King of Ethiopia, which took place at Axum on the 14th of January. The solemnities lasted a fortnight, and the first step in them was Prince Cassa's departure from Adoa, on the 4th of January, en route for Axum, which was reached on the 12th. On the 13th a grand review took place, at which three thousand Abyssinian priests were present as spectators. On the 14th, Cassa made his solemn entry into the Cathedral of Axum, where the coronation ceremony was gone through. At the termination of this, he repaired to a palace which he had built especially for the occasion, and mounted the throne, leading up to which were twelve steps, wearing the crown upon his head. At this moment the company were so overjoyed as to be unable to restrain themselves, and began discharging firearms in the throne room, much to the delight apparently of the new monarch, but to the detriment of the ceiling, if not of the nerves of any delicately organized Ethiopians. The close of the rejoicing will, however, in the eyes of Englishmen, atone for the somewhat barbaric nature of the previous proceedings. The eating and drinking lasted for three consecutive days, and during the whole of this time the king remained in the room. The people entered by relays of four hundred at a time, and the carnival did not end until four thousand head of cattle and five hundred hives of honey, used in the preparation of hydromel, had been consumed.

LABORING MEN.

Laborers are divided into two distinct classes—men who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, and men who gain subsistence by mental toil. As a general thing, their chances of becoming wealthy are about equal, for mechanical toil, in the majority of cases, pays as well as brain labor, and is no more exhausting to the system. An industrious mechanic can easily earn the means of obtaining a fair education, and so improve his mind and develop his thinking faculties that he may eventually become master instead of man—one of the class which he envies. Considering the matter in this light, the question as to why many members of the first-named working class should so resolutely disprove of the last-named, becomes a problem which common sense cannot solve; but it certainly is a fact that professional men, clerks, and all others whose work is mainly of the mental kind, or is at all events clean work which may be done without disfigurement of any kind, become in their eyes nearly as obnoxious as regular loungers. In short, the ideal society of the labor reformers, everywhere, though more vaguely held in some places than in others, is one in which all shall be, in a greater or less degree, manual laborers, so that the social distinction now created by a man's not laboring with his hands shall disappear. The effect of such a revolution as this on civilization—that is, of the disappearance from society of everybody who did not settle down every morning to some distasteful physical task, and work at it as long as his nervous energy enabled him—would form a curious subject of speculation. For it may be truly said that the first step in civilization is not made until some portion of the community is released from the necessity of toiling with its hands, and allowed to occupy itself with thinking, speculating, or, in other words, following the train of abstract reasoning and playing with the imagination; and the rapidity of the rise of every people into civilization has been in the ratio of the number of those whom it was able to release in this way from the common drudgery of life. A great majority of these have always, will always, to all outward appearance, think and imagine in vain, as if it were an essential feature in the moral order of the universe that there should be this serious waste of effort in every department of human activity; but the number of those who have thought to some purpose, and benefitted the world thereby, have been countless. The safety and progress of humanity depends upon each man's filling his appointed place—no matter how humble it seems—well. We are all workers—each class is dependent upon the other. The rude fisherman of the Northern Sea, as a great English writer has finely said, collects the oil which fills the scholar's lamp in the luxurious capital three thousand miles away. Should the day ever come when the fisherman will insist on the scholar's collecting his oil, the day when there will be neither scholars, fishermen nor oil will not be far distant. So long as earth stands, there must be class distinctions. The world must have men to do its rough work. Instead of rebelling against this inevitable state, and railing against that portion of society which is exempt from hard labor, let the laborer prove worthy of his hire, and work his way into that prosperity which he envies. It can be done. For in America, labor is the key which unlocks wealth's great storehouse, and opens the road to honor.

In the reign of Edward the First the price of a fair written Bible was thirty-seven pounds! and the hire of a laborer was three-half-pence a day. Hence the purchase of a copy of the Scriptures would have taken a poor man the earnings of four thousand, eight hundred days, or thirteen years and fifty five days. Excluding Sundays, something more than fifteen years and three months of constant labor would have been required to compass the price. How are times altered!

MIND YOUR OWN CONCERNS.

Mind your own concerns, my friend,
For they are yours alone.
Don't talk about your neighbour's faults,
But strive to mend your own.
Suppose he does not always lead
A truly perfect life,
What matters if he sometimes frets,
Or quarrels with his wife?
Don't meddle—let him know, my friend,
Your better nature spurns
To act the spy on him or his—
Just mind your own concerns.

Yes, mind your own concerns, my friend,
And presently you'll find
That all your time is occupied
And you're quite enough to mind;
Why need you care if Snooks or Spooks
Should wed with Gallo Jones?
What matter if your neighbour C
A half a million owns?
The money is not yours, my friend,
Though golden stores he earns;
So do not envy him his wealth,
But mind your own concerns.

Yes, mind your own concerns, my friend;
It is a better plan,
Than always to be spying out
The deeds of brother man.
Remember that all persons have,
Though hidden from their view,
Thoughts that to them of right belong,
And not at all to you.
And also bear in mind, my friend,
A generous nature worms
No secret from a brother's breast—
So mind your own concerns.

BREAD UPON THE WATER.

A lad was toiling up a hill near the city under the weight of a heavy basket, on the afternoon of a sultry day in August. He had been sent home with some goods to a customer, who lived a short distance in the country. The boy was slightly built, and his burden almost beyond his strength. Many times he sat down to rest himself on his hard journey up the hill, but it seemed as if he would never reach the summit. Each time he lifted the basket it felt heavier than before.

The boy was about half way up the hill with his basket, when a gentleman overtook and passed him. He had not gone on many paces when he stopped, and turning round to the boy looked at him for a moment or two and then said kindly:

"That's a heavy load you have, my boy; come, let me help you."

And the gentleman took the basket, and carried it to the top of the hill.

"There, do you think you can get along now?" said he with a smile, as he set down the basket. "or shall I carry it a little further?"

"Oh, no, thank you sir," returned the boy, and there was a glow of gratitude on his fine young face; "I can carry it now very well, and am very much obliged to you."

"You are right welcome, my little man," said the gentleman and passed on.

Twenty years from that time a careworn man, well advanced in life, sat motionless in an old arm chair, with his eyes intently fixed on the glowing grate. He was alone and appeared to be in a state of deep abstraction. In a little while, however, the door of the room opened, and the light form of a young and lovely girl glided in.

"Papa," said a low sweet voice, and a hand was laid gently upon the old man's arm.

"Is it you my dear?" he returned, with a low sigh.

"Yes, papa," and the young girl leaned against him, and parted with her delicate fingers the thin gray locks that lay in disorder about his forehead.

"I would like to be alone for this evening, Florence," said the old man. "I have a good deal to think about, and expect a person on business."

And he kissed her tenderly and sighed as he pressed his lips to hers.

The girl passed from the room as noiselessly as she had entered. The old man had been calm before her coming in, but the moment she retired he became agitated, and arose and walked the floor uneasily. He continued to pace to and fro for nearly half an hour, when he stopped suddenly and listened. The shut door bell had rung. In a little while a man entered the room.

"Pardon the intrusion, sir," he said, "but facts that I have learned this morning prompted me to call upon you without a moment's delay. My name is Green, of Green, Muller & Co."

Mr. Mason bowed and said:
"I know your house very well; and now remember to have met you oftener than once in business transactions."

"Yes; you have bought one or two bills of goods from us," replied the visitor.

Then in a changed voice he said after a moment's pause:

"Mr. Mason, I have learned to-night from a source which leaves no room to doubt the truth of the statement, that your affairs have become embarrassed—that you are in fact on the very eve of bankruptcy. Tell me frankly whether this is indeed so. I ask from no idle curiosity, nor from a concealed and sinister motive, but to the end that I may prevent the threatened disaster, if it is in my power to do so."

Mr. Mason was dumb with surprise at so unexpected a declaration. He made two or three efforts to speak, but his lips uttered no sound.

"Confide in me, sir," urged the visitor. "Trust me as you would trust your own brother, and lean upon me if your strength be

indeed failing. Tell me then is it as I have said."

"It is," was all the old merchant could utter.
"How much will save you? Mention the sum, and if within the compass of my ability to raise, you shall have it in hand to-morrow. Will four thousand pounds relieve you from your present embarrassment? Then let your anxiety subside, Mr. Mason. That sum you shall have to-morrow morning. I will see you again. Good evening."

And the visitor arose and was gone before his bewildered auditor had sufficiently recovered his senses, to know what to think or say.

In the morning, true to his promise, Mr. Green called upon Mr. Mason, and tendered a cheque for two thousand pounds with his note of hand at thirty days for two thousand more, which was almost the same as money.

While the cheque and note lay before him, upon the desk, and ere he had offered to touch them, Mr. Mason looked earnestly at the man who had so suddenly taken the character of a disinterested, self-sacrificing friend, and said:
"My dear, sir, I cannot understand this. Are you not laboring under some mistake?"

"Oh, no. You once did me a service that I am now seeking to repay. It is my first opportunity, and I embrace it eagerly."

"Did you a service! When?"

"Twenty years ago," replied the man. "I was a poor boy, and you a man of wealth. One hot day I was sent a long distance with a heavy basket. While toiling up a hill, with the hot sun upon me, and almost overcome with heat and fatigue, you came along, and not only spoke to me kindly, but took my basket and carried it to the top of the hill. Ah, sir, you do not know how deeply that act of kindness sank into my heart, and I longed for an opportunity to show you by some act how grateful I felt. But none came. Often afterward did I meet you in the street, and look into your face with pleasure; but you did not remember me. Ever since I have regarded you with different feelings from those I entertained for others; and there has been no time that I would not have put myself out to serve you. Last night I heard of your embarrassment, and immediately called upon you. The rest you know."

Mr. Mason was astonished at such a strange declaration.

"Do you remember the circumstance to which I allude?" asked Mr. Greer.

"It had faded from my external memory entirely, but your words have brought back a dim recollection of the fact; but it was a little matter, and not entitled to the importance you have given it."

"To me it was not a little matter, sir," returned he. "I was a weak boy just sinking under a burden that was too heavy, when you put forth your hand and carried it for me. I could not forget it. And now let me return the favor at the first opportunity by carrying your burden for you, which has become too heavy, until the hill is ascended, and you are able to bear it onward again by your own strength."

Mr. Mason was deeply moved. Words failed him in his efforts to express his true feeling.

The bread cast upon the water had returned to him after many days, and he gathered it with wonder and thankfulness. The merchant was saved from bankruptcy.

A kind act is never lost, even though done to a child.

A man who pretended to have seen a ghost was asked what the ghost said to him. "How should I understand," replied the narrator, "what he said? I am not skilled in any of the dead languages."

"I wish you to make for our church," said an Episcopal vestryman, one morning to a neighboring carpenter "two new commandment boards. We want them of free, sound timber, with no knots in them." "You'd better take some of the 'notes' out of the commandments then," replied the carpenter; "I never saw a commandment board yet that wasn't full of them!"

An Irishman took a contract to dig a public well. When he had dug about twenty-five feet down he came one morning and found it had fallen in—filled nearly to the top. Pat looked cautiously around and saw that no person was near, then took off his hat, hung them on a windlass, crawled into some bushes and waited events. In a short time the neighbors discovered that the well had fallen in, and seeing Pat's hat and coat on the windlass, they supposed that he was at the bottom of the excavation. A few hours of brisk digging cleared the loose earth from the well. Just as the excavators had reached the bottom, and were wondering where the body was, Pat came walking out of the bushes and good-naturedly thanked the workers for relieving him of a sorry job. Some of the tired diggers were disgusted, but the joke was too good to allow of anything more than a laugh which soon followed.

A Brooklynite was walking along Atlantic Avenue when he was jostled and passed by a stranger. Soon after, discovering that his watch was gone, he hurried after the stranger, presented a revolver at his head, and grimly said, "Give me that watch." The stranger "forked over" at once. On reaching home the gentleman began telling the story of his adventure to his wife, when she interrupted him by saying, "Why John, you left your watch on the bureau this morning, and I have been wearing it all day."

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