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THE TRIP HAMMER.

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The Trip Hammer.

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SMALL POX.

THE people of Montreal are undergoing a severe ordeal through the ravages of this deadly and most loathsome disease. The ignorance or superstition which refuses to employ the simple process of vaccination in order to secure immunity from so dread a scourge is now suffering the results of its folly. Toronto is not by any means so situated as to be safe from the approach of the malady. There are lanes and alleys here as filthy as any to be found in our sister city, and no doubt we have also in our midst much of ignorance and unreasoning aversion to the safeguard of vaccination. We trust

the terrible experience our neighbors are passing through may not be thrown away either upon our city authorities in the matters of cleanliness and due precaution, or upon those of our citizens who have hitherto neglected, through carelessness or otherwise, to protect themselves against the danger of infection. Vaccination has proved itself time and again to be the surest preventive, and medical opinion the world over, with scarcely a dissenting voice, has pronounced in its favor. Do not allow foolish prejudice to prevent you from securing your own safety and that of your children by its means.

PRACTICAL SCHOOLS.

HOW would it be if we were to drop a few of the less practical studies from the list which our daughters are expected to master, and substitute others of a more practical character? Would the engagement, for instance, of a teacher of dressmaking by the trustees of one of our public schools be regarded as a startling innovation? Perhaps it might be, and yet we venture to say that it would be an innovation of positive value, one that would be hailed by many parents with intense satisfaction. Why should not growing girls, who attend our public schools, be taught to make their own and their younger sisters' clothes, and why should not such teaching, on scientific principles, form a part of the school curriculum? A school girl can buy the material for a decent dress for about one dollar, and it will cost her from \$1.50 to \$3.00 to have it made up. Why should she not make it herself so neatly and so well that she would not be ashamed to wear it when it was made? Of course many young girls are taught by their mothers to be helpful to themselves in this respect, but we think we are safe in asserting that the great majority tax the willing fingers of these same mothers or the, in many cases, scanty incomes of their fathers to a greater extent than is at all right or proper for the clothes they wear. Many a man in moderate circumstances, or with a limited income, who is endeavoring to keep his family about him, and

give his girls a fair English education, would be greatly helped if he could save the money his daughters spend in having their dresses and other garments made by professional people, instead of by themselves in their own homes. We commend the suggestion to those interested, and should be glad to hear from some of our contributors on the subject.

THE CHINESE.

IF the description of Chinatown in San Francisco be true, as given by the *Chronicle* of that city, the advent of the Mongol in any considerable numbers in Canada is an event not by any means to be desired.

It seems that a gentleman named Denby, wishing personally to inspect the Chinese quarter, secured the guidance and protection of the police, and, in company with some friends and the reporter of the *Chronicle*, made the tour after the shades of night had fallen on the city. We have all heard and read of the economical manner in which the Chinese live, and how they are thus enabled to subsist on wages which would be starvation to a white laborer, but the disclosures of filthiness and brutality which met the astonished explorers were such as could scarcely be believed without the actual evidence of their own senses.

The lodging places were inspected first, and were so much alike that a description of one suffices for all. Some of the rooms were under ground, some above, and were of the size originally intended for one sleeper. In these as many as twenty coolies lodged, so that in a house of five sleeping-rooms, where five white laborers might lodge comfortably, the reeking air was breathed over and over again by one hundred persons until it became so foul that no one but a Chinese could live amid its almost visible impurity. Added to this were the conglomeration of smells from filthy cellars, where in some cases the cooking ranges were situated, the fumes of charcoal from the open fires in the passage ways where midnight meals were prepared, and the other thousand and one odors which, mingling, produced an atmosphere so overpoweringly vile that some of the party were obliged to succumb. These lodgings cost 25c. a week, and the meals, cooked by the men themselves, cost 5c. each. Other parts of Chinatown were visited; the theatre, the opium dens, the houses of prostitution, and the scenes witnessed were something fearful to contemplate. We

have not space, even had we the will, to pursue the unsavory subject. The question is do we want such scenes in our midst in Toronto? We have heard over and over again the cry that it is unchristian—that it is sinful to wish to exclude the Chinaman from our shores if he wants to come—that the Chinese make good servants, are inoffensive, peaceful, and well-behaved, and that we ought to hail the opportunity their coming would afford to Christianize them and bring them under the influence of civilization.

This sounds well. But is it possible to civilize and Christianize the man who has so strong an aversion to the realms of Christianity and civilization that he will not allow even his bones to rest within their bounds? And if the story of the 35,000 Chinese laborers of San Francisco be true, should we not pay a fearful price for the privilege of converting and civilizing, say, one in a thousand? It is a question that must be answered, and the Government of Canada will do well to take the matter into immediate consideration. The swarms of Chinese now employed on the Canadian Pacific Railway will, on its completion, be compelled to seek other fields. Are we ready to welcome them in the East? Are we willing that the, even now in many cases, poorly paid labor employed in our cities shall be subjected to the competition which the advent of the coolie would render certain? If so, by all means let him come. But if we as a people have any sympathy with poor men, who even under present conditions find it hard enough to live and bring up their families in decency, and something approaching to comfort, we are bound, aside from considerations of morality, to raise our voices against the inroads of barbarians whose presence would increase these difficulties tenfold.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

WE may as well say at once that we have a strong prejudice against the tawdry clothing, the drums, banners, tambourines, etc., without which the considerable number of people who style themselves the "Salvation Army" and who parade our streets nightly, seem to consider it impossible to conduct their marches and public services. We also object to many of the methods employed by that organization to win over, as they profess, the ungodly from the error of their ways. It will be seen at once, therefore, that whatever views we may feel compelled to hold with regard to this subject cannot be fairly

stated as unbiased, and that they are on that account only entitled to such measure of consideration as may be accorded to unfriendly evidence. We do not conceal from ourselves the fact that many seeming good and earnest men are heartily in accord with the methods and practices to which we take exception, and remembering this we feel bound to advance our opinions with due humility. We are far from desiring to place the smallest obstacle in the way of any man who is earnestly working and with a true heart for the spread of the gospel of Christ, as no doubt many members of the Salvation Army are. We are in full sympathy with their avowed object, namely, the preaching of that gospel to all poor men. But if in our experience, exceedingly limited we confess, we have detected glaring inconsistencies—if at the very outset of our endeavours to harmonize the conduct of this movement with the teachings of our Lord we are confronted by difficulties which appear insurmountable, we are bound, if we speak at all, to speak with them in full view.

“Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature,” was the command given by our Saviour to His disciples as He was about to part with them for the last time, and is presumedly the authority under which the soldiers of the Salvation Army attack the fortresses of the Evil One. But in that command is there any mention of the various devices in vogue among our latter day disciples? Was Peter, or John, or James advised to don a red or blue flannel vestment with the intimation prominent on his breast that he was “Happy Peter,” or “Hallelujah Jack,” or “Salvation Jim”? Were Philip and Bartholomew instructed to procure drums and tambourines, and the remainder of the eleven banners and flags and mottoes and go forth in noisy procession through the public streets to convert the world? We feel that we border on irreverence in even suggesting such absurdities in connection with these sacred names, but if so, how can we, how can any one who professes to regard the religion of Jesus as a sacred thing, not to be lightly spoken of, much less rendered ridiculous (if such a thing could be) by unseemly and absurd associations—how can such an one, we ask, fail to look with sorrow and disfavor on the marchings and the flags and the drums and the uniforms and noisy demonstrations of the Salvation Army? And if we follow the procession to its place of worship do we

find that matters are more decorous when it has passed into the house which is claimed to be the house of the Lord? Are we not met at the threshold by solicitations in which the ungodly dollar is prominent? The sale of the *War Cry* is deemed of so much importance that its vendors have no scruples whatever in marching up and down the aisles in newsboy fashion, during the service, thrusting their paper under the noses of the congregation with a request for “five cents.” This of itself should be sufficient, we might imagine, to discredit the whole movement. Then we come to the hand clapping and the body swaying and the dancing and the shouting, and at last to the exhortation. Criticism of course is disarmed at this point, for the exhortations of the Army are usually outside its pale. If the speaker be truly in earnest we should not like to assert that his words may not have a good influence on some of his hearers, but we are sorry to say that at least one of the two or three to whom we have listened so prejudiced us against him almost by his first words that all the rest were to us “as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.” In order more prominently to place himself before his audience as a “brand,” he not only made himself out to have been a drunkard, a liar, and, we think, a thief, but he aspersed the memory of his father and his mother, sleeping in their graves for years. We need not enter into particulars; suffice it to say that it was horrible and brutal to any one who possessed a spark of right feeling, which can assuredly never forgive an uncalled for reference to the frailties of those who are dead and gone. As to the results accomplished, if we are to judge by numbers they are grand and triumphant; but if we are to judge by actions, perhaps there might be cause for hesitation before rendering a verdict. If we take, for instance, the latest action of the “General” himself, who as a particularly burning and shining light ought to be considered as favorable a sample as could possibly be obtained, what do we find? That this truly good man, this head and front of the grand organization which is to disseminate the seeds of Christian love and charity throughout all the world; who professes to be bound in all his actions by the blessed words, “Do ye unto others even as ye would that they should do unto you;” who “loves his neighbour as himself;” this bright example of brotherly love, is using his talents and his energies to-day in raising a fund to pour out upon the unoffending people of this country

a deluge of vice and crime in the shape of several thousand abandoned women, who are in this manner "to have opportunities to reform and live respectably!" How false to all the teachings by which he professes to be guided, and yet how consistent with all we have asserted of the organization of which he is the chief!

CONTRIBUTED.

MIND YOUR EYE!

BY DR. N. A. POWELL, OF EDGAR, ONT.

For the TRIP HAMMER.

WHEN a foreign body, a cinder for instance, or a bit of steel becomes lodged in an eye, just where should we search for it, and what are the most painless, safe and rapid ways by which it may be removed? These questions are of particular interest to certain classes of workmen—to those who dress mill-stones, for example—but they may suddenly become important to any of us. To find the tiny particle is the first thing, and to do this separate gently the lids with a forefinger and thumb, and look closely at every part of the eye, taking one part at a time. Experts with a revolver do not aim at a *man*, they pick out a button, or a feature, and try to hit it. Just so the general survey of an eye may fail to show what an examination in detail would detect. There are four places in which such bodies as we are considering are apt to be found: 1st. On the cornea, or transparent watch-glass-like structure in the front of the eye; 2nd. Just within and above the edge of the upper lid; 3rd. Deep in the groove between the lower lid and the eyeball, and 4th. High up between the upper lid and the eyeball. Following the course of the tears they tend to move toward the inner corner of the eye. If the particle be seated on the cornea of a blue eye, it is easily seen; but if the eye be dark in color it will be quite as easy to miss the intruder. It is a good plan to watch the picture of a window reflected from the cornea, as the eye follows a moving finger. Should the picture become broken or irregular in any part, this part should be most closely scanned for the body of which we are in search. Any hard particle in the eye may be washed away in the flow of tears, which its presence causes. If embedded it may become loosened by ulceration and be cast off, but on the other hand it may produce destructive inflammation of the eyeball

or its coverings. In the removal of such substances it is now no longer necessary to inflict even the slightest pain, nor is the taking of ether or chloroform required. A brilliant discovery made by a young German Surgeon, named Koller, and announced in September of last year, has revolutionized this department of Surgery. Had anyone told us last summer that within a year the anæsthetics, which we have long regarded as among the Almighty's best gifts to his suffering children, would be practically discarded in eye surgery, we should have counted him a worse crank than Riel. Yet this most improbable thing is just what has happened. While in law no great advance has taken place in the last hundred years, and the clergy have not got beyond exemplifying the Sermon on the Mount (and that not always trustworthily), the splendid progress of machinists and medical men can fairly claim the world's admiration! And it is just as well for us not to be too modest in letting these facts be known either. It may make the other professions wake up. Dr. Koller proved that a solution of the Muriate of Cocaine, of 4 per cent. strength, dropped into the eye twice or thrice, at short intervals, will benumb its nerves so that they are not sensitive to the pain of even severe operations. When we add that the solution is harmless as water, and that its effects pass completely away within an hour, its value can be guessed at. As an illustration of its influence, let me mention the case of a young man who presented himself last week with a chip of steel deeply implanted in the cornea. For two days fruitless and hurtful efforts had been made by his friends to remove it, and the eye was in consequence much inflamed. The writer placed two drops of cocaine solution in the eye, and repeated it three times. After the third application he was able, with a fine steel instrument called a "spud," to work under and tilt out of its bed the rankling particle, and while doing so the lids of the patient were not once closed, the eyeball was not moved, and not an atom of discomfort even was experienced. Two days later the little depression had filled up and the eye was well. Just such results are now the every day experiences of all physicians abreast of the times. Commonly, in large workshops, someone gets a reputation amongst his comrades for his skill in removing chips, bits of emery, and such like, from the eye. In future, with pain abolished, how much easier will it be for him to succeed, and for the offending matter to

be got rid of before it has had time to do harm. It is hoped that nothing here said will give countenance to the rough handling of so delicate an organ as the eye, simply because pain, in it, can be suspended at will. It is hoped also that, when a chemical irritant like mortar enters an eye, nothing here said of cocaine will lead to delay in the obtaining of professional advice. In picking off particles from the eye, one of the safest things to use is the point of a lead pencil sharpened flat-wise, like the small blade of a pen-knife. Cotton wool twisted on a match, or a small roll of blotting paper, may also be recommended. The tip of a tongue swept under the eyelids has often sufficed, but probably there are other uses for which this organ can be with advantage reserved. Finally, since this note is already too long, for want of time to make it shorter, a simple mode of getting rid of dust in the eye will be described. This is simply to seize the lashes of the upper lid in the fingers, to draw the lid downwards and over the lower lid, and then, holding it there, to blow the nose *con vigore*. The eye is thus flushed with tears, and in a large proportion of cases left clean.

LETTERS FROM AN ESCAPED LUNATIC.

MY name is George the Fifth. When George the Fourth died I was but an infant, and advantage was taken of my youth and inexperience to cheat me out of the throne of England, where I ought to be sitting now. I have been trying for the past fifty-five years to obtain my rights in this matter, but owing to the incredulity of the people and the machinations of the Royal Family and their myrmidons I have hitherto failed. I am an Englishman, and as you are aware, "When Britain first, at Heaven's command, arose from out the azure main, this was the Charter," etc. Has this proved so in my case? Have I not rather, for all these weary years, been one of the veriest slaves that ever set his foot on earth's round ball—if it is a round ball, of which I am doubtful? I have used every effort that man could use to obtain possession of my birthright. I have appealed to the people—who are themselves slaves, only they don't know it,—with what result? I have addressed public audiences in the streets of London, only to be hustled by impertinent persons in blue uniforms and glazed helmets who objected to my proceedings, and while being rudely ejected from some point of vantage and "moved on," I have been galled to the soul, if I have a soul, to overhear a mere costermonger, driving a disreputable donkey attached to a platter on wheels, remark to one of his miserable contemporaries that I was "only one of them there bloomin' coves as was a little haff 'is nut." Indignities of this character, often repeated, at length determined me to remove from the neighborhood of Windsor Castle and the Tower of London. I immediately proceeded to shake the dust of this most dialoyal

city from my shoes, and indignantly turned my face towards the country, in the hope that the noxious influences emanating from the throne might be less potent amid rural scenes; that I might be enabled to enlist the sympathies of the people in my most righteous cause. I took my way, on foot, remember—on *foot*,—not with a gorgeous retinue of obsequious followers, who crowded round my chariot, anxious to obtain even the smallest mark of royal regard—not amid the blare of trumpets, the swaying of banners, the champ of bits, the clang of armour and the acclamations of the multitude. No, there were none of these things. The descendant of a long line of kings, whose veins were filled with the bluest kind of blue blood, took his way—ha! ha!—took his way ON FOOT and alone, on one of his own highways, in search of that justice which was denied him in his own city, under the shadow of his ancestral halls. To say that I failed dismally would convey only a poor impression of the extent of my failure. My enemies were too powerful. I soon found that the network of their subtlety involved me at every step—extended over the whole kingdom. Did I announce to some considerable public gathering, say at a fair, race meeting, or other place of public resort, that I was their rightful sovereign, and demand their homage, I was at once greeted on all sides with ironical cries. My reputation had preceded me. My enemies had taken pains to poison the minds of the people and to prejudice them in advance against me and my just cause. "Hello! here's George the Fifth," some beer-soaked, tobacco-smelling creature would shout. "I hope yer majesty is well. Might I be so bold as to inquire w'ere yer majesty 'as left yer cortidge?"

"Now then, Stiggins, you drop it," exclaimed another wretched individual, clad in shining corduroys and a napless hat, with a short black pipe in his mouth, "don't you see 'is majesty is a goin' to give us a speech. Now, then, guv'nor—I beg yer pardon—yer majesty, show 'em up."

"Opin' we don't hintrude, yer majesty, but is the Royal Family a comin'? We're just a hachin' to pay our respects to 'em," etc., etc. Surrounded thus by the jeering multitude, who, when I endeavored to speak to them on the subject of my rights, would close my mouth with ribald shouts, which they were doubtless hired to do, what could I do but fly, glad to escape without personal maltreatment! Madly I rushed through the unsympathizing and brutal circle, away, away to the fields and the forest; through leafy lanes, between hedges bespangled with flowers which seemed to mock me as I passed, until beneath the shade of some wide-spreading tree, far from the haunts of men, I cast me down in utter hopelessness and despair.

But even here there was unrest, for the leaves were there, and the leaves would *not* be still. Softly at first they would whisper, but growing ever louder until their voices filled the woods, and the air, and the sky; clamoring forever at my bursting brain not to give up, not yet to despair because of one or many failures; telling of a day to come—to come soon—when my enemies should shrink beneath my hand, should cower before my gaze like whipped curs who had found their master. Of the coming time when the "king should have his own again," his subjects should bow before him and his enemies be scattered to the winds. Thus the leaves, which seemed to transform themselves into myriad shapes, bending down to me; swinging from the branches head downward, dropping

to the ground noiselessly, leaping over one another, forming circles round me, dancing, playing at leap frog, but *always* talking and always at me. With their voices sounding in my ears like the clanging of bells; like the thunder of many waters, like the roar of the cataract as it plunges over some rocky precipice into the immeasurable depths beneath, I would rush forth again to be again made the victim of another horde of enemies. Thus always defeated but always buoyed up by the delusive voices about me, I journeyed all over England until at last my persecutors, not satisfied with the wrongs they had already heaped upon me, completed their fiendish work by confining me within the walls of a madhouse. In vain I reasoned with my captors; in vain I held out to them promises of honors and rewards when I should come into my own. Cruel and relentless, they immured me for long, long days, how many I cannot tell, from the sight of men until my spirit was at last broken and I was willing to do whatsoever they commanded. So at least I simulated. With a cunning which could never be the companion of madness I seemed to become tractable and obedient. I but awaited my opportunity. Gulled by my seeming resignation they allowed me greater liberty, and one day chance favored my escape. I was not slow to take advantage of it. Again I rushed into the embraces of my familiar friends the fields and the woods. Again I began to hear the voices, but feeble now and with no sound of hope. I resolved to seek the sea. I had heard of a country beyond, far away, where persecution could not live—where freedom reigned and where the people perhaps would be kinder than in my native land. A country withal, where the flag of England waved; and which was consequently a part of my dominion—a country which might one day become a kingdom, and I its king—a “greater Britain” with measureless possibilities yet in the future. The prospect rekindled all the waning fire of my spirit, and as my eyes at length caught the first blue of the ocean the voices again began to sound in my ear, promising success; exhorting patience, courage, for the time should surely come. I found a vessel ready to sail and, mingling with the people, I went on board and managed in the hurry and confusion to secrete myself in the hold among some bales and boxes, where I lay concealed for days, until I knew by the ship’s motion we were at sea. Then I made my appearance and announced myself to the passengers and crew as King of Great Britain and Ireland.

I had long been accustomed to notice the sensation this announcement usually created, and was therefore not surprised to find myself regarded with looks of wonder and in some cases of fear by the passengers assembled on the deck, among whom were many of the gentler sex. But there was no jeering now, and I had almost begun to fancy I had at last made a favorable impression when without a moment’s warning I felt my arms seized from behind, and in less time than it takes to tell, I was a prisoner, pinioned and helpless. Then the captain of the vessel strode forward and in stern tones began to question me as to who I was and how I had dared to stow myself away on board his vessel. I assured him he was in the presence of royalty, and commanded him to order my release at once under pain of my severe displeasure. He was not moved in the least; he evidently did not believe me. Beckoning to a rough looking person in exceedingly wide trousers, and wearing a shiny glazed hat, tilted to one

side in the most preposterous fashion, he gave him some directions in a subdued tone of voice to which the seamen responded “aye, aye, sir,” as if he were talking through a trumpet. The result of this conference was that I was hustled below and locked up, and not again allowed on deck during the voyage. I was treated kindly, however, and there was always a compassionate look in the eyes of the sailors who brought me my food. They would listen to me patiently as I detailed to them the story of my wrongs, and made me many promises of fealty and true allegiance when my right should be established. In the meantime I was to be kept, they said, in safety in the small room where I was confined lest any harm should come to my royal person. They told me the captain was an inveterate king hater, “that he would’n’t have nothin’ to do with potentates on no terms, and the sight of a monarch so riled him that he was fit to scuttle the ship and sink the whole blessed boilin of ’em to Davy Jones, blowed if he was’n’t.” In view of this distressing idiosyncrasy on the part of the commander of the vessel I consented to remain secluded until the voyage was over, when I was to be immediately provided with a retinue and everything done that could be done to ensure my speedy restoration. One of my attendants seemed to be particularly sanguine as to my future. So much so was he indeed that I ignored a certain amount of familiarity almost approaching to irreverence at times, in his manner of addressing me, pretending not to notice it lest I should wound his sensibilities. “Talk about gettin’ your rights in Hingland,” said he one day as we neared New York (which I found was the vessel’s destination) “no one can’t get no rights in Hingland, ’cept he’s got money an’ hindfluence an’ friends. You wait till you get to New York. You just tell some of them chaps there as how you wants to ’ave the Queen of Hingland looked after and bless ye they’ll attend to it. They don’t want no better fun than blowin’ the whole Royal Family into splinters if you want ’em to, *they* don’t. Why, just as soon as we get ashore I’ll introduce you to a gentleman as ’ll do yer business for you in no time. He’ll come down with his own carriage—you go with him, and if he don’t put you where you ought to be you can just come right down to this ’ere vessel and knock me overboard with an ’andspike.”

I have since that period discovered that sailors are the most colossal liars under the sun, and this person was no exception. True, we went ashore. True, the gentleman came with his carriage and I went away with him, hope filling my heart, only to find that I had been grossly, outrageously deceived, and that the whole thing was a cunning device to entrap me into the hands of the keepers of the mad-house in which I shortly found myself.

In my next letter, if you care to hear from me again, I shall continue my eventful history.

In my wanderings I have learnt many things. I have mixed with all sorts of people and have had experience under almost all circumstances. I have been at times the companion of the rich and the great, and I have drunk the bitterest dregs of poverty in hospitals, in almshouses and in jails. I am cognizant of a thousand abuses and ills which, were I king, I should root out without mercy. In order to begin this good work and so prepare the way, I determined to have recourse to the press in which I propose to make known some of my discoveries and at the same time

make an appeal once more to the sympathies of my subjects. Should you decide to assist me in publishing a series of letters, to which this may be considered the introduction, I shall immediately proceed to inundate your columns with the productions of my teeming intellect.

G. R., V.

SELECTED.

"THE EVENTFUL HISTORY OF TOMMY AND THE LION."

WITH this issue of the TRIP HAMMER is published an Illustrated Supplement, containing the first two of a series of facsimile reproductions of twelve cartoons by the late distinguished and humorous Artist, Mr. Richard Doyle, entitled "The Eventful History of Tommy and the Lion." The drawings, hitherto unpublished in Canada, were among the last that Mr. Doyle executed, and evidence a moral so clearly that any explanation would appear quite unnecessary. This series was recently published by the *London Pall Mall Budget*, and we have reproduced them from their engravings for the benefit of our readers, and will issue two of the sketches in an illustrated supplement each month till the completion of the twelve. The original pencil drawings were exhibited at the recent exhibition of Mr. Richard Doyle's Works at the Grosvenor Gallery, where they met with considerable attention from the Artist's many admirers. The *Pall Mall Budget* thus comments upon them :

"The quaint conceit and humor displayed in illustrating the story are remarkable characteristics of the Artist's work, while the sketches possess a popular interest extending far beyond art circles."

In a leading article dealing with the sketches the *London Daily News* remarks that Mr. Doyle "shows us in some slight sketches how Tommy came to grief among the lions, which seems a heroic prehistoric way of going to the dogs. Observe the absolute recklessness of Tommy, his heedlessness of natural laws, of parental remonstrance, of all things human and divine. The ancient Greeks would have recognized, as his nurse probably did, in Tommy that insolence which is a tempting of Nemesis. He reminds one of Aias, who insulted the gods, and was promptly wrecked in the sea. But Aias swam to a rock, and climbed thereon and boasted, and said he didn't care, so it became necessary for Zeus to pick him off with a thunderbolt. Tommy was like that. Observe, then, how in peaceful English plains a lion was suddenly evolved by the general indignation of nature. The lion pursues Tommy, catches Tommy, lays its paw (awful moment!) on Tommy, and finally you have a very foreshortened view of portions of Tommy as he vanishes into the maw leonine. This series shows us Mr. Doyle as an ethical artist denouncing moral judgments; something like Michael Angelo adapted to the nursery."

AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

WE were twenty days out from Boston, and had made throughout an average run of a hundred miles a day. The schooner had proved herself an excellent sea-boat. The coast of Greenland was about ten leagues away, obscured by a cloud. We had not yet, however, sighted the land, but we had made our first iceberg, we had seen the "midnight sun," and we had come into the endless day.

The first iceberg was made the day before we passed the Arctic Circle. The dead white mass broke upon us out of a dense fog, and was mistaken by the lookout for land when he first caught the sound of breakers beating upon it. It was floating directly in our course, but we had time enough to clear it. Its form was that of an irregular pyramid, about three hundred feet at its base, and perhaps half as high.

Its summit was at first obscured; but at length the mist broke away, disclosing the peak of a glittering spire, around which the white clouds were curling and dancing in the sunlight. There was something very impressive in the stern indifference with which it received the lashings of the sea. The waves threw their liquid arms about it carelessly, but it deigned not even a nod of recognition, and sent them reeling backward, moaning and lamenting.

As the fog lifted and rolled itself up like a scroll over the sea to the westward, iceberg after iceberg burst into view, like castles in a fairy tale. It seemed, indeed, as if we had been drawn by some unseen hand into a land of enchantment, rather than that we had come of our own free will into a region of stern realities, in pursuit of stern purposes;—as if the elves of the North had, in sportive playfulness, thrown a veil about our eyes, and enticed us to the very "seat eternal of the gods."

It would be difficult to imagine a scene more solemnly impressive than that which was disclosed by the sudden change in the clouded atmosphere. From my diary I copy the following brief description of it:

"MIDNIGHT.—I have just come below, lost in the wondrous beauty of the night. The sea is smooth as glass; not a ripple breaks its dead surface, not a breath of air stirring. The sun hangs close upon the northern horizon; the fog has broken up into light clouds; the icebergs lie thick about us; the dark headlands stand boldly out against the sky; and the clouds and sea and bergs and mountains are bathed in an atmosphere of crimson and gold and purple most singularly beautiful."

In all my former experience in this region of startling novelties, I had never seen anything to equal what I witnessed that night. The air was warm almost as a summer's night at home, and yet there were the icebergs and the bleak mountains, with which the fancy, in this land of green hills and waving forests, can associate nothing but cold repulsiveness. The sky was bright and soft and strangely inspiring as the skies of Italy. The bergs had wholly lost their chilly aspect, and, glittering in the blaze of the brilliant heavens, seemed, in the distance, like masses of burnished metal or solid flame. Nearer at hand they were huge blocks of Parian marble, inlaid with mammoth gems of pearl and opal.

One in particular exhibited the perfection of the grand. Its form was not unlike that of the Coliseum, and it lay so far away that half its height was buried beneath the line of blood-red waters. The sun, slowly

rolling along the horizon, passed behind it, and it seemed as if the old Roman ruin had suddenly taken fire. Nothing, indeed, but the pencil of the artist could depict the wonderful richness of this fragment of Nature.

In the shadows of the bergs the water was a rich green and nothing could be more soft and tender than the gradations of color made by the sea shoaling on the sloping tongue of a berg close beside us. The tint increased in intensity where the ice overhung the water, and a deep cavern near by exhibited the solid color of the malachite mingled with the transparency of the emerald; while, in strange contrast, a broad streak of cobalt blue ran diagonally through its body.

The bewitching character of the scene was heightened by a thousand little cascades which leaped into the sea from these floating masses,—the water being discharged from lakes of melted snow and ice which reposed in the quietude far up in the valleys separating the high icy hills of their upper surface. From other bergs large pieces were now and then detached,—plunging down into the water with deafening noise, while the slow moving swell of the ocean resounded through their broken archways.

I had been watching this scene for hours, lost in reverie and forgetfulness, when I was brought suddenly to my senses by the master's mate, who came to report, "Ice close aboard, sir." We were drifting slowly upon a berg about the height of our topmasts. The boats were quickly lowered to pull us off, and, the schooner once more in safety, I went to bed.

ISAAC I. HAYES.

BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES.

ALL Bank of England notes are printed in the Bank itself. Six printing presses are in constant operation, the same machine printing first the particulars of value, signature, etc., and then the number of the note in consecutive order. The paper used is of very peculiar texture, being at once thin, tough and crisp; and the combination of these qualities, together with the peculiarities of the watermark, which is distributed over the whole surface of the paper, forms one of the principal guarantees against imitation. The paper, which is manufactured exclusively at one particular mill, is made in oblong slips, allowing just enough space for the printing of two notes side by side. The edges of the paper are left untrimmed; but after printing, the two notes are divided by a straight cut between them. This accounts for the fact, which many of our readers will doubtless have noticed, that only one edge of a Bank-note is smooth, the other three being comparatively ragged. The printing presses are so constructed as to register each note printed, so that the machine itself indicates automatically how many notes have passed through it. The average production of notes is 50,000 a day, and about the same number are presented in the same time for payment.

No note is ever issued a second time. When once it finds its way back to the Bank to be exchanged for coin, it is immediately cancelled, and the reader will probably be surprised to hear that the average life of a Bank-note, or the time during which it is in actual circulation, is not more than five or six days. The

returned notes, averaging, as we have stated, about 50,000 a day, and representing, one day with another, about £1,000,000 in value, are brought into what is known as the Accountant's Sorting Office. Here they are examined by the inspectors, who may reject any which may be found to be counterfeit. In such a case, the paying-in bank is debited with the amount. The notes come in from various banks in parcels, each parcel accompanied by a memorandum stating the number and amount of the notes contained in it. This memorandum is marked with a certain number, and then each note in the parcel is stamped to correspond, the stamping machine automatically registering how many are stamped, and consequently drawing immediate attention to any deficiency in the number of notes as compared with that stated in the memorandum. This done, the notes are sorted according to number and date, and after being defaced by punching out the letters indicating value, and tearing off the corner bearing the signature, are passed on to the "Bank-Note Library," where they are packed in boxes, and preserved for possible future reference during a period of five years. There are 120 clerks employed in this one department; and so perfect is the system of registration, that if the number of a returned note be known, the head of this department, by referring to his books, can ascertain in a few minutes the date when, and the bankers through whom it was presented; and if within the period of five years, can produce the note itself for inspection. As to the number of the bank-note, by the way, there is sometimes a little misconception; many people imagining that by quoting the bare figures on the face of a note, they have done all that was requisite for its identification. This is not the case. Bank-notes are not numbered consecutively *ad infinitum*, but in series of 1 to 100,000, the different series being distinguished as between themselves by the date, which appears in full in the body of the note, and is further indicated to the initiated by the letter and numerals prefixed to the actual number. Thus $\frac{25}{0}$ 90758 on the face of a note indicates that the note in question is No. 90758 of the series printed on May 21, 1883, which date appears in full in the body of the note. $\frac{69}{N}$ in like manner indicates that the note forms part of a series printed on February 19, 1883. In "taking the number" of a note, therefore, either this prefix, or the full date as stated in the body of the note, should always be included.

The "Library" of cancelled notes—not to be confounded with the Bank Library proper—is situated in the Bank vaults, and we are indebted to the courtesy of the Bank-Note Librarian for the following curious and interesting statistics respecting his stock. The stock of paid notes for five years—the period during which, as before stated, the notes are preserved for reference—is about 77,745,000 in number. They fill 13,400 boxes, about eighteen inches long, ten wide, and nine deep. If the notes could be placed in a pile one upon another, they would reach to a height of 5½ miles. Joined end to end they would form a ribbon 12,455 miles long, or half-way round the globe; if laid so as to form a carpet, they would nearly cover Hyde Park. Their original value is somewhat over £1,750,000,000, and their weight is about ninety-one tons. The immense extent of space necessary to accommodate such a mass in the Bank vaults may be imagined.

The place, with its piles on piles of boxes reaching far away into dim distance, looks like some gigantic wine cellar or bonded warehouse.

As each day adds, as we have seen, about 50,000 notes to the number, it is necessary to find some means of destroying those which have passed their allotted term of preservation. This is done by fire, about 400,000 notes being burnt at one time in a furnace specially constructed for that purpose. Formerly, from some peculiarity in the ink with which the notes were printed, the cremated notes burnt into a solid blue clinker; but the composition of the ink has been altered, and the paper now burns to a fine gray ash. The fumes of the burning paper are extremely dense and pungent; and to prevent any nuisance arising from this cause, the process of cremation is carried out at dead of night, when the city is comparatively deserted. Further, in order to mitigate the density of the fumes, they are made to ascend through a shower of falling water, the chimney shaft being fitted with a special shower-bath arrangement for this purpose.

Passing away from the necropolis of dead and buried notes, we visit the Treasury, whence they were originally issued. This is a quiet-looking room, scarcely more imposing in appearance than the butler's pantry in a West End mansion, but the modest looking cupboards with which its walls are lined are gorged with hidden treasure. The possible value of the contents of this room may be imagined from the fact that a million of money, in notes of £1,000, forms a packet only three inches thick. The writer has had the privilege of holding such a parcel in his hand, and for a quarter of a minute imagining himself a millionaire, with an income of over thirty thousand per annum for life! The same amount might occupy even less space than the above, for Mr. Francis tells a story of a lost note for £30,000 which, turning up after a lapse of many years, was paid by the bank *twice over!* We are informed that notes of even higher value than this have on occasion been printed, but the highest denomination now issued is £1,000.—*Chambers's Journal.*

DON'T.

In the Drawing-Room.

DON'T, however brief your call, wear overcoat or overshoes into the drawing-room. If you are making a short call, carry your hat and cane in your hand, but never an umbrella.

Don't attempt to shake hands with everybody present. If hostess or host offers a hand, take it; a bow is sufficient for the rest.

Don't, in any case, offer to shake hands with a lady. The initiative must always come from her. By the same principle, don't offer your hand to a person older than yourself, or to any one whose rank may be supposed to be higher than your own, until he has extended his.

Don't be in a precipitate hurry to get into a chair. It is just as graceful, as easy, and as proper, to stand; and it is easier to converse when in that attitude.

Don't be cold and distant, don't, on the other hand, be gushing and effusive. A cordial yet quiet manner is the best.

Don't stare at the furniture, at pictures, or at other objects, and, of course, don't stare at people present.

Don't fail to rise, if you are seated, whenever a lady enters the room.

Don't stretch yourself on the sofa, or in the easy-chair. Don't lounge anywhere except in your own apartment.

Don't sit cross-legged. Pretty nearly everybody of the male sex does—but, nevertheless, don't.

Don't sit with your chair resting on its hind legs. Keep quiet and at ease in your chair.

Don't keep shifting your feet about. Don't twirl your thumbs, or play with tassels or knobs, or other articles at hand. Cultivate repose.

Don't be self-conscious. "True politeness," says a writer, "is always so busy in thinking of others that it has no time to think of itself."

Don't, in introducing, present ladies to gentlemen; gentlemen, whatever their rank, should be presented to ladies. Young men should be presented to elderly men, and not the reverse; young women to elderly women.

Don't, if you are asked to play or sing, refuse, unless you really intend not to perform. To refuse, simply to lead your hostess on to repeated importunities, is an intolerable exhibition of vanity and caprice. To every hostess, therefore, we say:

Don't ask anyone more than once, after a first refusal to sing or play. A first refusal may arise from modesty or hesitation, but a second should be considered final.

Don't touch people when you have occasion to address them. Catching people by the arms or shoulders, or nudging them to attract their attention, is a violation of good breeding.

Don't talk over-loud, or try to monopolize the conversation.

Don't talk to one person across another.

Don't whisper in company. If what you wish to say cannot be spoken aloud, reserve it for a suitable occasion.

Don't talk about yourself or your affairs. If you wish to be popular, talk to people about what interests them, not about what interests you.

Don't talk in a social circle to one person of the company about matters that solely concern him and yourself, or which you and he alone understand.

Don't talk about your maladies, or about your afflictions of any kind. Complaining people are pronounced on all hands great bores. Don't talk about people that are unknown to those present.

Don't discuss equivocal people, nor broach topics of questionable propriety.

Don't dwell on the beauty of women not present; on the splendor of other people's houses; on the success of other people's entertainments; on the superiority of anybody. Excessive praise of people or things elsewhere implies discontent with people or things present.

Don't fail to exercise tact. If you have not tact, you at least can think first about others and next about yourself, and this will go a good way toward it.

Don't give a false coloring to your statements. Truthfulness is largely a matter of habit. Where very few people would deceive or lie maliciously, many become wholly untrustworthy on account of their habit of exaggeration and false coloring.

Don't interrupt. To cut one short in the middle of his story is unpardonable.

Don't contradict. Difference of opinion is no cause

of offence, but downright contradiction is a violation of one of the canons of good society.

Don't be disputatious. An argument which goes rapidly from one to another may be tolerated: but when two people in company fall into a heated dispute, to the exclusion of all other topics, the hostess should arbitrarily interfere and banish the theme.

Don't be long-winded. When you have a story to tell, do not go into every detail and branch off at every word—be direct, compact, clear, and get to the point as soon as you can.

Don't cling to one subject; don't talk about matters that people generally are not interested in; don't, in short, be a bore.

Don't repeat old jokes nor tell time-worn stories. Don't make obvious puns. An occasional pun, if a good one, is a good thing; but a ceaseless flow of puns is simply maddening.

Don't repeat anecdotes, good or bad. A very good thing becomes foolishness to the ears of the listener after hearing it several times.

Don't respond to remarks made to you with mere monosyllables. This is chilling, if not fairly insulting. Have something to say, and say it.

Don't appear listless and indifferent, or exhibit impatience when others are talking. Listening politely to every one is a cardinal necessity of good breeding.

Don't be conceited. Don't dilate on your own acquirements or achievements; don't expatiate on what you have done or are going to do, or on your superior talents in anything.

Don't always make yourself the hero of your own stories.

Don't show a disposition to find fault or depreciate. Indiscriminate praise is nauseating; but, on the other hand, indiscriminate condemnation is irritating.

Don't be sulky because you imagine yourself neglected. Think only of pleasing; and try to please. You will end by being pleased.

Don't show repugnance ever to a bore. A supreme test of politeness is submission to various social inflictions without a wince.

Don't fail in proper attention to elderly people. Young persons are often scandalously neglectful of the aged, especially if they are deaf or otherwise afflicted. Nothing shews a better heart, or a nicer sense of true politeness, than kindly attention to those advanced in years.

Don't in company open a book and begin reading to yourself. If you are tired of the company, withdraw; if not, honor it with your attention.

Don't, in entering or leaving a room with ladies, go before them. They should have precedence always.

Don't keep looking at your watch, as if you were impatient for the time to pass.

Don't wear out your welcome by too long a stay; on the other hand, don't break up the company by a premature departure. A little observation and good sense will enable you to detect the right time to say "Good-night."

A vain man's motto is, "Win gold and wear it;" a generous man's, "Win gold and share it;" a miser's, "Win gold and spare it;" a profligate's, "Win gold and spend it;" a broker's, "Win gold and lend it;" a gambler's or a fool's, "Win gold and lose it;" but a wise man's, "Win gold and use it."

I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing, or climb to the main-top, of a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; or to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own; or to watch the gentle undulating billows rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores.

A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue; some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work; his friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed, "You have been idle since I saw you last." "By no means," replied the sculptor; "I have retouched this part and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "but all these are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

WORKMAN'S LIBRARY ASS'N.

✪CTOBER will be with us very soon, and in October it is proposed that the W. L. A. shall begin its work for the season. We trust the necessary steps are about to be taken to place the Society in proper working order. Committees should make their arrangements at once for the programmes of next month, and every member of the Society should feel it to be his duty to give all the assistance in his power. We believe it is intended that more time shall be devoted this season to the practical and instructive than formerly, and that, while not neglecting the very necessary adjuncts of recreation and amusement, the Society shall keep more closely in view the object for which it was formed, namely, the advancement of its members in useful knowledge. We trust that sufficient interest may be shown at the commencement of the season to warrant the directors in making provision for effective work in this direction. Of course improvement cannot be forced upon people, and if there is no desire for advancement there will be none. But surely among so large a number of persons, most of them still young, and with expanding faculties, there must be strength and determination and ambition enough to make such an association a powerful factor for good. Cheerful coöperation and faithful work, with a worthy object in view, can scarcely fail in effecting a beneficial result, mentally and morally, and we are quite sure if the members of the W. L. A. will only take hold of the matter as they ought, such a result will be forthcoming. The details of the

proposed work during the coming season will, we presume, be shortly made known, or at least such portions of them as have been decided on. Get to business, gentlemen. You have facilities and advantages such as few communities possess, and if you fail to use them as you ought, or to make them profitable to their full capacity, you have only yourselves to blame.

HISTORICAL DIARY.

AUGUST.

1st.... Trial of Louis Riel concluded; sentenced to be hanged September 18th.

2nd.... Fire on Toronto Esplanade=54 persons killed by an earthquake in Asiatic Russia=Tornado along the Atlantic coast.

4th.... Services held in Westminster Abbey in honor of the late General Grant=Russian prince, Alexander Gagarine, commits suicide.

5th.... Mr. Thomas White sworn in Canadian Minister of the Interior=Cholera on the increase in Spain; nearly 5000 new cases.

6th.... The Emperor William, of Germany, and Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, meet at Gastien.

8th.... Funeral of General Grant, in New York.

9th.... Ontario Press Association visits New York.

10th.... Blackflages, in China, massacre five missionaries and a large number of Christians=A G. T. R. passenger train plunges into the Welland canal, at Merriton, Ont; two lives lost.

11th.... Lord Houghton, the veteran philanthropist, dies=12 men suffocated by gas in a Pennsylvania coal mine.

12th.... Cholera still raging in Spain; thousands of new cases daily.

14th.... British parliament prorogued until Oct. 31st.

16.... Germany annexes the Caroline Islands, which are claimed by Spain.

18th.... Death of Sir Francis Hincks from small-pox, at Montreal=Poundmaker, sentenced to three years imprisonment in the penitentiary, asks that he may be hanged instead=A congress for the codification of international law meets at Hamburg.

19th.... Mr. Gladstone visits Norway.

21st.... Riot in Londonderry.

25th.... The Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Austria meet at Kremsier=One hundred pilgrims perish in a shipwreck in the Gulf of Aden=Terrible cyclone in the Southern states.

26th.... Steamer Francis Smith sticks fast on a rock near Port Arthur=General Middleton and Hon. A. P. Caron, Canadian Minister of Militia, knighted.

27th.... Mr. Thomas White elected M.P. for Cardwell, Ont.

28th.... Admiral Courbet buried at Paris = A \$250,000 fire in London, Eng.

29th.... Snow falls on Mt. Washington=Mr. Gladstone leaves Norway, in the yacht Sunbeam, for the Shetland Islands=The decoration of the Order of Saint Michael and Saint George conferred on Colonel Denison for his services in Egypt.

31st.... Cholera obtains a foothold in Italy.

LETTERS AND QUESTIONS.

Editor TRIP HAMMER—

Will you please explain the term "Hydrostatic Paradox," and oblige
INQUIRER.

Hydrostatics is that department of Natural Science which treats of the motions and pressure of fluids. The perfect mobility with which particles of a fluid slide upon each other without the slightest apparent friction gives them the peculiar mechanical properties considered in hydrostatics. The fundamental property of fluids is thus stated: "When pressure is exerted on any part of the surface of a liquid, that pressure is transmitted undiminished to all parts of the mass and in all directions." For instance, take a strong metal box, have two strong tubes of equal diameters securely fastened in the top of it, so that both communicate with the inside of box. Pour water through one tube until the box is full and it rises some distance in the tubes. Fit a piston into each tube so that it will work up and down, but not sufficiently loose to allow the water to pass. Have a plate secured to the upper end of each piston rod, and you have a hydrostatic balance. If the fittings are perfect and the weight of the pistons equal, they will balance each other if placed in position, and a pound weight on one will be balanced by a pound weight on the other, and so on the same as an ordinary counter scale. But supposing we similarly fix a third tube of equal size near one of the others and put a pound weight on each of the two pistons near together, how many pounds must we put on the other piston to balance them? Two? No. Only one. That is where the *paradox* comes in, and the peculiar principle mentioned above states why. If the area of each tube be one inch then a pound weight placed on one of the pistons exerts a pressure of one pound on every square inch of surface with which the water comes in contact, and consequently there would be an upward pressure of one pound on the piston of each of the other two tubes. Now it can readily be seen that if instead of two tubes having a sectional area of one inch each, we have one tube whose area is two square inches fitted with a piston the same as the others, the result will be the same; and whether the area of the larger piston be two, or two hundred, inches, one pound pressure downward on the small piston, will produce a pressure upward of one pound upon every square inch of surface on the larger one. Hence if the area of the small piston be one inch and that of the larger be a thousand inches, one pound pressure on the smaller piston will raise half a ton on the larger one.

LETTER EDITOR, TRIP HAMMER :

We have heard a great deal during the last two years, about the ravages of earthquakes in various sections of the globe, also about the eruptions and threatened eruptions of volcanoes. If the letter editor would give us one or two articles on the theories of earthquakes and volcanoes, they would no doubt be of general interest to all the readers of TRIP HAMMER.

M. H. E. RETLAW.

EDITOR TRIP HAMMER :

Suppose I receive a letter, the stamp of which has by chance not been defaced by the postmaster, would it be wrong for me to use the stamp a second time?
S. M. D.

PERSONAL MENTION.

No-Exhibition in Montreal this year.

Mr. J. H. Stanton and family have returned, after spending two weeks' vacation with their friends at Millbrook.

All the Binder operators have returned from the harvest field with the exception of the following: Wm. Spencer, F. Yott, L. Bredennaz, and Ed. Bradley.

The workshops of The M. M. Co. were closed down on 1st inst. for repairs and annual stock-taking, and will be ready to start again full blast by October first.

The harvest now being completed, Messrs. Robson, Horsman, Fullerton, Henning and Kistruck, in the Western Section of Ontario, are on the war path, making settlements with agents.

Mr. Jas. Spencer, who has been in the field with Binders all the season, was unexpectedly called home through the severe sickness of his wife. Her case was critical, but we learn that she is slowly recovering.

We sympathise greatly with Mr. Jones (carpenter), on account of the great amount of sickness at present existing in his family, and in his bereavement by the death of his little child. We learn that the other members of his family are slowly recovering.

The Machines sent out by The Massey Manufacturing Company to the Great International Exhibition at Antwerp, have been introduced on the farm of Baron de Grueberg, Belgium, and have met with great praise from all European Agriculturists who have seen them in operation.

Harry Watson, who has had charge of the Montreal office for the present season, will return home this week. Harry's shoulders were young to be loaded with such a responsibility, but he has been faithful in the performance of his duties, and has done them well, and deserves the commendation of the Management.

Superintendent Johnston has purchased a fine three-year-old Hambletonian colt bred in the township of Whitby. Not having seen the animal yet, we cannot speak as to its merits, but we understand it promises to be one of the finest that has been driven in Toronto for some time.

In the Time Book of The M. M. Co.'s establishment for 1863 may be found the names of the following gentlemen now in the employ of the Company, viz.: Matthew Garvin, Myron Johnson, L. M. Fisk, Richard Davy and Edward Bradley. It speaks well for the employed and the employers when such relations can be so long sustained.

Had it not been for the urgent necessity of publishing this issue of the TRIP HAMMER before the opening of the Toronto Fair, the Editor-in-chief, Mr. J. B. Harris, would have been rusticated around the rugged yet picturesque shores of the Hudson Bay. We are afraid, though, if the weather remains so inclement we shall find him spending his vacation in more southern latitudes, probably among the orange groves of Florida. Whichever way we wish him a pleasant time.

As Canon Farrar is about to pay us a visit we feel that the Editor, or the proof reader or some other party connected with the TRIP HAMMER owes him a humble apology for our reference to him in our August number. We hasten to say that we had positively no intention of confounding him with the "Gatlings" "Armstrongs," or other "cannon" in use at the present day. We fully recognize his right to be classed as a "big gun," of course, but are quite satisfied that he still prefers to be spelled with one "n."—ED.

Mr. M. Johnson, foreman of the Wood Department, has just returned from an extended trip among the lakes and rivers in the vicinity of Nepigon. We have been daily expecting several crates of trout, but have been disappointed. We had the mournful satisfaction of gazing on the counterfeit presentment of two monsters which Mr. Johnson has the temerity to assert were caught by him. One measured 19, the other 18½ inches in length, with corresponding proportions! The pictures were obtained by laying the speckled beauties on a sheet of paper, and drawing a line around them with a pencil. It was a sight to make the enthusiastic fisherman dream of dark nooks, silvery cascades and cool depths, where the fly disappears like a flash and the reel revolves almost in smoke. It is our painful duty to observe, however, that it is an easy thing to draw the outlines of a fish.

NOTICES.

DIED.

JONES. — At 776 Queen St. West, on Wednesday, August 26th, of whooping cough, Florence Anne, infant daughter of John A. Jones, aged 10 months and 3 days.

Our tender bud, at early dawn
Plucked by her Saviour's hand
To bloom in Paradise has gone;
In Heaven's flowery land.

We say farewell to thee 'mid blinding tears,
Dear little one;
But we shall meet thee when the weary years
Of life are done.

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2 months, 10%; 3 months, 15%; and 6 months, 20%.

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