

Ontario Workman

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

VOL. I.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1872.

NO. 37

Labor Notes.

Lately 400 engineers employed at the North British workshops at St. Margaret's went out on strike for the fifty-one hours, the company having refused to concede their demand.

Wm. J. Jessup, President of the New York State Workingmen's Assembly, has issued a call for the ninth annual session, which will meet at Albany, Jan. 28. All the Trade Unions in the State are cordially invited to send delegates.

At a numerously attended meeting of coal and other mine owners from the various districts of Scotland, held in the Bedford Hotel, Glasgow, it was unanimously agreed to intimate a reduction of one shilling per day on the miners' wages.

The members of the Edinburgh Harness Weavers' Association recently requested an advance of wages, from their employers. The request has only met with partial success, and in consequence the Association are making every endeavor to obtain a uniform rate of wages.

A meeting of carters employed in Aberdeen and the neighborhood was held to consider as to the propriety of forming a union in connection with that body. After discussion, it was resolved to join the laborers union, as the carters were too small a body to form a separate union.

A special meeting of the united tinplate workers of Edinburgh and Leith was held in the Tailors' Hall, Potterrow, when a member of the trade gave an able and exhaustive report on the confederation of the united trades of Scotland, showing the benefit to be derived from a confederation numbering, it is expected, over 50,000 men.

The operative bakers of Glasgow have unanimously adhered to their original request for an advance of 2s per week, and have refused to comply with the request made by the masters, namely, to work one hour longer on the Saturday. The consequence is, that the masters have in a large majority, yielded to the wishes of the workmen, and have granted the increase unconditionally.

The laborers employed by five of the Edinburgh master builders have struck work in consequence of an attempt made by the masters to reduce their wages 3d per hour. In September the laborers' wages were increased to 5½ per hour, but at a general meeting of the master builders in Edinburgh and Leith, held on the 21st ult., it was decided to reduce laborers' wages to 5d per hour.

A movement is on foot among the ship carpenters on the Clyde to obtain the reduction of their hours of labor to the fifty-one hours limit. As work is plentiful, and the limitation almost universally adopted by the other branches of tradesmen connected with ship-building, the carpenters confidently anticipate that their request will be acceded to without any difficulty arising.

A meeting of the friends of Labor Reform and of the principles promulgated by the National Labor Convention which assembled at Columbus, Ohio, Feb. 21st and 22nd, 1872, is called for conference at Talcott & Post's Hall, Main street, Hartford, on Tuesday, Jan. 7th, 1873, at 10 o'clock a.m., to consider the best course to be pursued in presenting those principles to the voters of the State in the spring campaign.

The master boot and shoe makers of Montrose and their journeymen, to the number of fifty, had supper together in one of the rooms in the Town House on Friday. A rise of wages had been demanded by the men, and the matter was so amicably settled between them that the happy notion was suggested that they should meet together in a social manner, and this was cordially responded to by both parties. Mr. William Smart (who occupied the chair) made a most admirable speech. He said that, as a master, he hoped the example of that night would be imitated in other places than Montrose, and that the

meeting of masters and men would result in both finding that they were better men than each party was inclined to believe of the other.

At an early hour on Tuesday morning the inspector on duty at the branch Post Office, Buckingham Palace Gate, called the letter-carriers and sorters for the southwestern district, numbering over 100, together, and informed them that he had a communication from the Postmaster-General to read to them respecting the "stripes" that had been awarded to about 25 of their number for meritorious conduct. The men, however, with one or two exceptions, vociferously called out, "We don't want to hear it; put it down, Sir." "We won't hear another word." "We want more wages, not stripes, or Mr. Monsell's buttons." "It will disgrace us to wear stripes, and we shall be laughed at and jeered through the streets. Buttons and stripes won't feed our children. It's all favoritism." The inspector begged the men to listen, and made another attempt to read the report, but the uproar now became greater still. Yells, hooting, groans, whistling, and other discordant noises were kept up until the inspector had to return without reading Mr. Monsell's report. This being reported to the head office, another document was brought forward on Wednesday morning acquainting the men that if they did not choose to accept the stripes they had better send in their resignations. The other branch offices are equally adverse to the stripes. A great meeting of the whole of the carriers is to be called immediately by the delegates from each branch office.

DUNDEE WORKING MEN'S CLUB.—Lately a meeting of the members of this club was held—Mr. Robert Mackenzie in the chair. The most important question brought under consideration was whether the club should open on Sundays. A motion was made that it should, and a negative was put against it and carried by an overwhelming majority. The chairman explained that when Mr. Armistead gifted £5,000 for the endowment of clubs, he did so as an experiment. It was not believed that the scheme would fail, but if it did the trustees were empowered to devote the money to such philanthropic objects as they might deem most deserving. Already a large number of workmen have intimated their intention of becoming members, and it is expected that the club will be speedily occupied.

In the Edinburgh printing trade some 850 compositors and machinemen are out on strike, no arrangement having come to on the points in dispute between the masters and men. At a meeting of the Masters' Association, held on Friday, a reply was drawn up in answer to the men's proposal for an adjustment of the dispute. On Friday night the committee of the Typographical Society held a meeting, at which it was reported that, with the exception of two offices, the whole of the men in the larger establishments had left work. It was further reported that four of the masters had granted the demands of the men, viz.:—Mr. Colston, Mr. Chapman, Mr. Hugh Paton, and Messrs. Mould & Todd. We believe that the Lords of Session have passed an Act of Sederunt dispensing with the necessity for printing during the continuance of the dispute.

We observed it advertised that the Messrs. Blackwood have made their office a non-union one, and that Messrs. Chambers have also resolved that their establishment shall be one in which no unionist shall be permitted to work.—*Reformer.*

GLASGOW—THE THREATENED LOCK-OUT OF ENGINEERS.—The principal, and in many respects the most important subject of comment in the city during the week has been the strike and threatened lock-out in the engineering trade. In their case the adage, "Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed," does not hold good. They had just grounds to expect the concession of the fifty-one hour week, as promised by the masters in

February, and are not a little disappointed now to find that it can only be had on certain conditions which were studiously avoided at that time. The present aspect of affairs is altogether in favor of the workmen, and as they seem thoroughly exasperated at the treatment which has occasioned the present disruption, the chances are that the continuance of resistance on the part of the masters will only tend to make "confusion worse confounded." There are in Glasgow alone thirty-four shops working in accordance with the required terms. At the conference held on Tuesday, the only apology offered in explanation for the non-fulfilment of the bargain was that "it was simply a difference of opinion." The same harem-scarem argument holds good every day with regard to the state of the weather. However, the apology comes too late, and for this reason principally the conference, after four hours' duration, proved a failure.

ART IN GERMANY.

From time immemorial the people of Southern Germany have exhibited rare talent for the higher branches of mechanical art. This is the result, partly of an innate love of the beautiful, and partly in their admirable system of art education. For long years the little kingdom of Wurtemberg has been famous among German principalities for its Sunday drawing-school, frequented by mechanics of all degrees, from the youthful apprentice to the hoary master. Here, during the hours not devoted to divine services, volunteer teachers, enthusiasts for their art, met their volunteer pupils, and taught them drawing in all its branches. The time was necessarily very limited, and hence, for many years, no real artistic skill could be obtained in these schools except by a few rare children of genius. The hard, coarse work of the week often destroyed the delicate touch required for holiday labors, and the eye alone could be permanently benefited. Yet the general interest in this kind of instruction increased so rapidly, that the final result was the extension of the facilities heretofore offered only at night and during a few Sunday hours. Every school in the land, above the humblest, arranged a large hall, which was kept open on one day of the week to all who chose to avail themselves of the opportunity. Then winter courses of six months' duration were added for the benefit of laborers whose work ceased with the fine season. Finally a class of special schools sprang up, under the name of Fortbildungsschulen—literally, schools for further advancement—to which all had free access who wished to profit by its instruction, and who were willing to pay the small fee required. Those really unable to pay have no difficulty in being admitted gratuitously, and thus education may be said to be virtually free throughout the land. It was soon found that the eagerness with which instruction was sought, and the endless varieties of subjects for which pupils called, required a subdivision in the general purposes of those schools. They divided, in the larger towns, into a mercantile department, where book-keeping, the laws of exchange, (very complicated on the Continent,) modern languages, telegraphy, etc., were taught, and an industrial department for geometry, physics, chemistry, mechanics, and the so-called fine arts. What deserves special praise is the fact that, with a view to the true interests of the other sex, special schools of this kind are established for married and unmarried women, and the benefits arising from the sources of lucrative employment thus opened to deserving and well-qualified women can hardly be overrated. The domestic wants are not neglected; cooking for the house, and brewing for the multitude, the making of inlaid floors for the parlor, and the building of palaces and great institutions, are all thoroughly taught, as well as the art of landscape gardening, the horticulturist, and the florist. Agriculture alone is excluded, as that is taught in special schools, such as the Hochschule, which have already obtained a world-wide reputation.

William, who is an undersized clerk in a dry goods store, objects to being referred to as "that little dry goods Bill."

The man who never told an editor how he could better his paper, has gone out west to marry the woman who never looked into a looking-glass.

NOBILITY OF LABOR.

REV. ORVILLE DEWEY.

I call upon those whom I address to stand up for the dignity of labor. It is Heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It is broken down; and it has been broken down for ages. Let it then be built up again; here, if anywhere, on these shores of a new world—of a new civilization. But how, I may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? it may be said. They do, indeed toil; but they too generally do it because they must. Many submit to it as, in some sort, a degrading necessity, and they desire nothing so much on earth as escape from it. They fulfill the great law of labor in the letter, but break it in the spirit; fulfill it with the muscle but break it with the mind. To some field of labor, mental or manual every idler should fasten, as a chosen and coveted theatre of improvement. But so is he not impelled to do under the teachings of our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands and blesses himself in his idleness. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system, under which serfs labored and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away. Ashamed to toil, art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dusty labor field; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which mother Nature has embroidered, midst sun and rain, midst fire and steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to Nature—it is impiety to Heaven, it is breaking Heaven's great ordinance. Toil, I repeat, toil, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood—the only true nobility.

USE OF METALS AS FUEL.

An inventor proposes to substitute metals for coal as fuel for ocean steamers, and has taken out a patent for a method of carrying out his views, his object being to obtain a larger amount of steam from a given quantity of fuel.

When coal is burnt the solid coal is turned into gas, a large portion of heat becomes latent, and is wasted by volatilizing the solid. The oxygen of the atmosphere is a gas by reason of the large amount of heat combined with it. When zinc, iron or manganese are burned, the resulting oxide is a dense solid; little or no heat is wasted, as it is not turned into vapor. In addition to this, the inventor obtains the cosmic heat latent in the oxygen of the atmosphere, and the result is that one pound of zinc will evaporate more than four times as much water as one pound of coal, the advantage of which on long sea voyages is obvious. The zinc or other metal thus becomes a vehicle of power, much larger than can be obtained from the same weight or bulk of coal, and the oxide of the metal may subsequently be economically reduced at any convenient place where coal is accessible. The following is the manner in which it is proposed to carry out the invention: The furnace of the boiler is divided into two or more parts; first, the hearth or grate on which the metal is burned, (in this description we will confine ourselves to the metal zinc,) secondly a chamber behind the hearth to collect the oxide. In the case of tubular boilers, the heated gas from this chamber is made to circulate through the tubes. The furnace has the bottom and sides, and sometimes the top also, of brick, fire-clay, or any other refractory substance. The air is admitted over the combustible metal, or by a blast through the same; in the latter case pipes or tweers are built in the bottom or sides of the furnace.

Whether this method proves practically successful or not, it is certainly based on sound principles. Every one knows what a small proportion of coal compared to the iron is used in the furnaces of iron foundries, and how the partial combustion of the iron itself increases the heat derived from the coal. If stoves could be built that would burn iron, it would doubtless be as cheap a fuel as coal, perhaps cheaper.

The *Sun* states that Mr. William Orton has offered the editorship of the *Tribune* to Hon. J. G. Blaine, Speaker of the House of Representatives. It is thought that Blaine will accept.

METAL PAPER-HANGINGS.

Paper-hangings for walls are known to everybody. It is now proposed to use hangings made of metal; and an account of this new invention, which comes to us from Paris, has been read before the Society of Arts.—The metal employed is tinfoil, in sheets about sixteen feet long, and from thirty to forty inches wide. The sheets are painted, and dried at a high temperature, and are then decorated with many different patterns, such as foliage, flowers, geometrical figures, imitations of wood, or landscapes. When decorated, the sheets are varnished, and again dried, and are then ready for sale. Tinfoil is itself tough; and the coats laid upon it in preparing it for the market increase the toughness. The hanging of these metallic sheets is similar to paper-hangings, except that the wall is varnished with a weak kind of varnish, and the sheet applied thereto.—Thus in this way a room or a house may be newly painted, without any smell of paint to annoy or harm the inmates. Moreover, the tinfoil keeps out the damp; and as the varnish is a damp-resister, the protection to the room is two-fold. Experience has shown, also, that cornices, mouldings, and irregular surfaces may be covered with the tinfoil as readily as a flat surface: hence there is no part of a dwelling house or public building which may not be decorated with these new sheets; and as regards style and finish, all who saw the specimens exhibited at the reading of the paper, were made aware that the highest artistic effects could be achieved at pleasure.—*Every Saturday.*

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

The existence of hot springs and volcanoes proves that there is great heat in the interior of our globe. It has been found by observation, that, as we descend in a deep mine, the temperature increases. It appears that below a certain point the heat of summer and the cold of winter do not penetrate, but one temperature prevails from year to year. Below this point, the temperature constantly rises, as we descend, as much as one degree of the thermometer in sixty feet; while at the depth of about ten thousand feet, it is calculated that the heat would be equal to that of boiling water. Many scientific reasons exist which clearly prove that the earth's interior is constantly at fire-heat, and the pressure thus brought to bear against the globe's surface keeps the earth's crust solid to a great depth. It has been calculated that the earth's surface must be several hundred miles thick. We can easily see that it must be so, from the existence of such masses as the Himalaya and the Andes, which were the solid crust of the earth of a comparatively trifling thickness, would sink through it, as one sinks through the moss that covers the mountain bog. Fortunately for the existence of the human race, heat is but slowly transmitted by some bodies. The outer crust of the earth, composed of various substances arranged very irregularly, allows the central heat to escape but gradually. Were the crust composed of iron, the escape of heat would be much more rapid. As it is, owing to the nature of the surface of our globe, the substitution of a mass of ice for the glowing interior would not sensibly lower the temperature on the surface. But it is not so with all bodies. The sun, the reservoir of enormous heat (enormous indeed, since we see that it so expands his vast bulk that its density is but a quarter of that of the earth,) by some internal constitution, and probably in part through his wonderful atmosphere, transmits his heat rapidly in all directions. Were the earth and the sun constituted alike, the smaller bulk of the earth would cool down long ere the sun had dissipated his heat. The central heat of the earth, however, is as important in its way for the existence of life upon it, as the sun's light and heat; so, by a wonderful arrangement of the surface, its escape is rendered as low as possible. It is thus probable that the heat of the sun will not outlast the cooling down of our globe. Between these two fires, the solar and the terrestrial, man's life, as it were, is balanced. The sun as the source of light we all regard, but the heat of the earth does not come so prominently in view.

M. de Lessops reports, as the result of an interview with the Sultan, that the Turkish Government and the Khedive of Egypt are resolved to stand by the Suez Canal Company in regard to its increase of tolls. If these are to be the company's only friend we fear it has not much chance of maintaining its ground.

Poetry.

LABOR.

BY ELIZA COOKE.

Let man toil to win his living,
Work is not a task to spurn;
Poor is gold of other's giving,
To the silver that we earn.

Let man proudly take his station
At the smithy, loom, or plough;
The richest crown-pearls in a nation
Hang from Labor's reeking brow.

Though her hand grows hard with duty,
Filling up the common Fate;
Let fair Woman's cheek of beauty
Never blush to own its state.

Let fond Woman's heart of feeling
Never be ashamed to spread
Industry and honest dealing,
As a barter for her bread.

Work on bravely, God's own daughters!
Work on staunchly, God's own sons!
But when Life has too rough waters,
Truth must fire her minute guns.

Shall ye be unceasing drudges!
Shall the cry upon your lips
Never make your selfish judges
Less severe with Despot-whips?

When we reckon hives of money,
Owned by Luxury and Ease,
Is it just to grasp the honey
While Oppression chokes the bees?

Is it just the poor and lowly
Should be held as soulless things?
Have they not a claim as holy
As rich men, to angel's wings!

Shall we burthen Boyhood's muscle!
Shall the young Girl move and lean,
Till we hear the dead leaves rustle
On a tree that should be green?

Shall we bar the brain from thinking
Of aught else than work and woe?
Shall we keep parched lips from drinking
Where refreshing waters flow?

Shall we strive to shut out Reason,
Knowledge, Liberty, and Health?
Shall all Spirit-light be treason
To the mighty King of Wealth!

Shall we stint with niggard measure,
Human joy, and human rest?
Leave no profit—give no pleasure,
To the toiler's human breast!

Shall our men, fatigued to loathing,
Plod on sickly, worn and bowed?
Shall our maidens sew fine clothing,
Dreaming of their own white shroud?

No! for Right is up and asking
Loudly for a juster lot?
And Commerce must not let her tasking
Form a nation's canker pot.

Work on bravely, God's own daughters!
Work on staunchly, God's own sons!
But till ye have smoother waters,
Let Truth fire her minute guns!

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES' UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

After the trial, he was allowed more freedom than before, and was frequently permitted exercise in the hall, or inner-court of the jail—his irons were also taken off. When it was decided that he should break jail, he secured a small piece of an old lead pencil, and, on the fly leaves of some books he was permitted to have, he made drawings of the keyholes in his cell door and in the great heavy door leading from the court into the jailer's house. He experienced no difficulty in making an exact drawing of the cell keyhole, but to obtain the correct dimensions of the other he had to rely solely on the accuracy of his judgment. Every day that he took exercise in the court he took minute observation of the door, and at last concluded he had the size and shape perfect. He now began casually to inspect the keys carried by the jailer, and when he had sufficiently impressed upon his mind the size and form of the two keys he needed, he began making drawings of them also; but this was a difficult undertaking, one that required a nicety of discrimination that it seemed impossible to acquire by mere sight alone; the size, number and shape of the wards, the depth of the grooves or slots had to be determined upon to the size of a hair's breadth. This was rendered the more difficult by not being able to obtain a good view of the keys, as he had to glance at them when the jailer was not looking, as he feared suspicion would be awakened should the jailer catch him staring at them. After many efforts, he concluded he had the drawings perfect, and the next time Paul called he managed to slip them into his hand, giving him specific directions how to get—the drawings were to be followed closely as possible, even the delicate pencil lines were

to be taken into consideration. It may be well to state here that the jailer was much interested in the prisoner, and allowed him many favors usually denied criminals. Among other things, he was permitted to have his meals cooked and brought in by his sister, who came every day, and always brought sufficient to last until she came again. At first, great care was taken to inspect, critically, everything that came in; but, notwithstanding this surveillance, Richard found the keys, one day, embedded in some bread that was sent him for his dinner.

That night the escape was made.

Richard went direct to Detroit, and there took passage to Cleveland, on the steamer Phosphor. When he purchased his ticket, he gave his name to the steward as Wm. Adair. The Phosphor was a peerless boat, a floating palace, grand and sumptuous in all its appointments. When Richard stood at the upper end of the cabin, he was struck with the beauty and magnificence of the apartment, the richest and most elegant by far that he had ever seen. The cabin was fully one hundred and seventy feet long, having an average width of fifteen feet, and from the floor to the centre of the arched roof the height was fourteen feet; the floor was covered with a rich, imported carpet, a number of oval walnut tables were placed at intervals along the floor, and along the sides were quite a number of elegant sofas, richly upholstered in crimson and dark green plush; at one end a great five by six feet mirror reflected everything transpiring in the cabin. The apartment was lighted by five or six beautiful chandeliers—by day it was lighted by cut glass windows and a splendid dome of stained glass. In the panel, at one end, hung a magnificent oil painting, representing a moonlight scene on the Lower St. Lawrence. In the other panel, two carved and gilded Cupids held a wreath, within which was a handsome and costly clock. Elegant and costly lace curtains, beautiful lambrequins of blue, green and gold, could be seen on all sides, especially when the doors opening into the staterooms were open. It was truly an enchanted scene to look upon, and not a little weird, as the boat steamed out into the river and headed toward the lake, making her way slowly through a thick fog that hung upon the water like a nimbus cloud on a mountain top. Later in the evening, the tables were removed, and shortly afterwards ladies and gentlemen, gaily dressed, emerged from the staterooms and began a promenade, to a marching air from the piano. The promenade changed to a round dance. The effect was indescribable—

"Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

Suddenly the dismal wail of a fog-bell was heard on the deck, and presently a dim light was seen moving in a line directly across the steamer's path. The pilot put the helm hard down and signalled the engineer to reverse, but it was too late, as, a moment later, a bark, heavily freighted with iron ore from Lake Superior, struck the noble steamer abaft the wheel, and in four minutes she sank like a rock, in eight fathoms of water, leaving one hundred and fifty human beings shrieking and struggling on the bosom of the fog-covered lake, a majority of whom soon followed the steamer.

CHAPTER XXIX.

One morning following the events detailed in the preceding chapter, a young man called upon Sergeant Soolfire and presented a letter of recommendation from a celebrated New York detective, a friend of the Sergeant. The letter read as follows:

NEW YORK, July 17th.

FRIEND SOOLFIRE.—It gives me pleasure to introduce to your notice the bearer, Mr. Magaw, a young man of promise and reliability. He is a detective, and has already attained considerable eminence in his profession. He will, I am satisfied, if given an opportunity, be able to throw some light on the mysterious escape of the prisoner you mentioned to me in your last note. Anything you do for Mr. Magaw will be esteemed a particular, personal favor, by

Your obedient servant,

Mr. Magaw was apparently a man of about twenty-eight or thirty years of age. He was a tall, wiry muscular man, with light, flowing hair, and long, wavy, light-colored beard. He had a restless eye, but a thoughtful look. He walked in a rapid, peculiarly strained manner, that was far from being natural or easy. The Sergeant received him cordially, and promised to use his influence in obtaining employment for him. Shortly afterward he was engaged by the city to work up the Arbyght case.

About this time, the Cleveland reading public were digesting this item of news, which appeared in the morning edition of a leading daily:

A MYSTERY—WHICH IS IT?

Yesterday a body was washed ashore two miles west of Black River. It is evidently one of the victims of the ill-fated Phosphor. The features and body are very much swollen, and somewhat disfigured and mutilated by the action of the water beating the body against the gravelly beach, and by being gnawed by pike or other voracious denizens of the lake. The features are utterly beyond identification. In the pants pocket was found a few keys, attached to a ring, to which is also attached a small silver shield, on which are engraved the words, "Richard Arbyght, Chicago, Ill." There was also found on the body a heavy double cased gold watch, and on the inside back case these words appear, also engraved: "Richard Arbyght, U. S. Army." This seems to indicate very strongly that it is none other than the body of the murderer who es-

aped from the Chicago jail a few days ago. But here comes the mystery, in a diary found on the remains, there appears the name of Wm. Adair, in two or three places; a boat ticket found between the leaves also bears the same name. The diary and ticket were, when found, almost a mass of pulp, but after being carefully dried it was found that the writing had not been wholly obliterated by the action of the water. There seems to be no solution to this name, except that the escaped prisoner was travelling under an assumed name. The body was brought to the city last night, by the tug Old Jack, and it is now at Howland's, where it will remain for a day or two. An inquest will be held to-morrow morning.

LATER.—We have learned, since writing the above, that the boat register has been picked up, and that William Adair appears among the list of passengers.

The leading facts of this item were telegraphed to the authorities at Chicago, and in the afternoon a telegram was received from the prosecuting attorney of Cook county, Illinois, asking that the inquest be delayed until his arrival in Cleveland, which city he reached next day, accompanied by Bertha Arbyght, who identified the clothing as being that worn by her brother when she last saw him. This, in connection with the evidences of identity already mentioned, seemed to leave no doubt in the public mind, or in the minds of the coroner's jury, that the body was that of Richard Arbyght.

Bertha had the remains decently interred, and then returned to Chicago, immured herself within the walls of Soolfire Cottage and was seen on the streets no more. Her sorrow was her own, and in silence and obscurity she endured it.

Mr. Magaw, being deprived of employment by this unlooked-for denouement, opened an office on Milwaukee avenue, and having good references, he soon began to do quite a thriving business as special detective.

For some time after the finding and burial of Arbyght's body, the press of the city found ample food for striking editorials on the manifest dispensation of an outraged God, as shown in the fearful punishment visited upon the criminal who sought by flight to escape the expiation of his crime.

But an unexpected event suddenly deprived the public of the benefit of these admonitory lay sermons. It happened in this wise. An evening paper, somewhat more liberal than its contemporaries, contained this startling piece of intelligence, about a week after Bertha's return to the city:

WAS THERE FOUL PLAY?

It seems as if the Arbyght muddle will never be made sufficiently clear to enable an unbiased mind to form a comprehensive estimate of the real merits of the case. We have always been disposed to halt between two opinions when we asked ourselves to condemn this man on the force of circumstances, which we admit had a decidedly ugly bearing touching his innocence. We had half a mind to condemn and half a mind to doubt heretofore; but hereafter, it will be a hard matter to convince us that he was not more sinned against than otherwise. We were forced to this conclusion by an extraordinary event—a link in the mystery has been found. One of the city dredges, a few hours ago, while dredging in the South Branch, brought up the end of a medium-sized cable chain. The men on the dredge boat seeing the chain took hold of it and drew it into the boat. It proved to be quite long, and at one end an iron pillar was found attached. This pillar has been identified as being the one that supported the old building which, it was claimed, fell accidentally last winter, and which proved so nearly fatal to Arbyght at that time, and from the effects of which fall poor Wood is now in the Jacksonville Asylum. At the other end of the chain was attached a coil of strong rope, which was evidently severed by a sharp instrument. All this points to one fact—one end of that chain was fastened to a pile on one side of the river, the other end being fastened to the pillar, the building was torn down by some passing vessel, which caught the cable on its prow and wrenched the pillar from its base. The rope which fastened the cable to the pile was then cut, and the perpetrators of this fiendish crime supposed all evidence of their guilt lay buried for ever; but,

"Gad moves in a mysterious way," and all doers of evil may rest assured their deeds will some day be unveiled to the gaze of the world. Every circumstance connected with this case points to the conclusion we have drawn, and we only add, that the plot which failed to destroy Arbyght last winter succeeded better last spring.

This article created profound sensation, which was heightened and intensified, two days later, by the appearance of the following, from the same source:

ANOTHER LINK.

Two days ago, we gave expression to what is now proven to have been a well founded belief—that Arbyght was innocent of the crime imputed to him. That "truth is stranger than fiction," there can be no longer any doubt. Mahoney and Miller have actually appeared in the city, ALIVE AND WELL. They claim or say some eastern land company's agent offered them free transportation to a distant point in Arizona, and that they availed themselves of the offer immediately, as a party of colonists were passing through the city that very evening, and they had then to go or lose the opportunity. Mahoney claims to have written to his wife, and thinks the letter must have been lost. This is the most unblushing piece of impudence it has ever been our fortune to hear. We believe these men have been in the city during all this time, and we call upon the authorities to have them arrested for conspiring against the life of a citizen. The man they sought to hang has been drowned, and lo! up turn the murdered victims. Had Arbyght been hanged they would turn up just the same. We further believe that other parties are implicated in this affair, and that Mahoney and Miller are the tools of some deeper-dyed villains. Our opinion in this direction is strengthened by the fact that Detective Magaw has discovered a similar, an identical, trade mark on the cable chain, and on the pistol, with which it was claimed the unfortunate

Arbyght committed the murder; he has further discovered that this trade mark belongs to a prominent hardware merchant of this city, who, it seems, entertained a deadly enmity for the man who found a premature grave through the machinations of these secret, midnight assassins.

The effect of this intelligence was fairly electrical; everybody now believed Arbyght to have been wrongly accused, and to have been the victim of a malevolent conspiracy, and many of those who were loudest in condemning, were equally anxious to do justice to his memory. When dark, repellant suspicion casts her black shadow o'er one of God's images, an uncharitable world, instead of dispelling the shade by throwing upon it the light of truth, which is ever emitted from impartial, dispassionate investigation, is only too willing to convert possible into positive guilt. The tendency of man to suspect and condemn his fellow man upon the appearance of the slightest breath of suspicion, which may have been wafted by malice, or may have sprung from the smoke of rumor, can only be accounted for by the proneness to evil that must necessarily exist in the hearts of men, born—as theologians tell us—in sin. But the fickle haste that men display in changing their opinions, when it is discovered they were erroneous, springs not so much from a desire to do justice, as from the vanity of riding on the return wave of popular opinion; and it is strangely queer, though far from being strangely lucid, how many persons there are who, having given expression to an opinion which proved to be fallacious, will tell you, with cool temerity, they thought quite differently at the time.

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—The Levites.

This avowal was made with a tone and gesture of such utter despair, that the eyes of Don Pedro filled with tears, and even the stern Levites seemed shaken; but Zedekiah, irritated at what to him appeared cowardice, said, disdainfully, "Thou wilt then sacrifice thy Maker to thy tenderness."

"I am not mad," answered Samuel, "but I will defend my poor Rachel. What should I do without my daughter! Will you not, in consideration for all the services I have rendered our people, grant me her pardon?"

"It is because thou hast thus served the people of God, that we have listened so patiently to all this folly," replied Zedekiah, harshly; "but we will not pardon the criminal because her father has done his duty. Remember, thou didst enter here as a judge."

"Say, rather as the executioner of my child," exclaimed the old man, who, in the maddening delirium of fever, thought himself surrounded by demons. "But hear me, I will not allow Rachel to be killed. If you must have a victim, take me, I am old, useless, and well-nigh exhausted. Death is not welcome to me, but to save Rachel I will bless the hand that strikes me."

"Thou art innocent. We cannot accept the exchange." Vain were the prayers, the entreaties, the poor father urged with all the pathos of despairing affection; in vain he offered his life, and what was far more valuable in his eyes, his wealth; the heart of Zedekiah was harder than brass, and he impatiently replied, "Enough of supplication, Samuel, God does not make a traffic of justice."

At seeing his last hope vanish, Ben Levi felt himself overcome by deep prostration; but the very violence of his despair suddenly restored to him that pride and dignity which formerly distinguished him when treasurer to Don Pedro. He advanced to Zedekiah, and said, in an imposing voice, "Since it is thus, I cease to entreat and implore men who are not my judges. It is I who have the right to command. I am the Gaon, the prince of the Jews of Castile. Hast thou forgotten that, Zedekiah? If any one here can interrupt the will of God, it is I alone. Bow down, therefore, Levites, instead of casting on me those irritating and menacing looks. I tell you, you have not the right to condemn the woman without giving her time to repent." And he extended his hands towards them with an imperious gesture, adding, "Dare you disobey me?"

The Levites retreated with astonishment, and an expression of uncertainty and hesitation was depicted on their stern countenances. But Zedekiah, with a burst of ferocious laughter, ironically answered, "The Gaon of the Jews of Castile is not the ruler of the Levites. Go, give thy orders to the Jews of Castile, Samuel; in the synagogue of Bordeaux thou art but one of the brethren. Children of the Sanctuary, humble the pride of that rebel; let each take up one of the stones of the shattered temple, and cast it at the image of the condemned."

The unhappy father sank on the floor, crying in a horse voice, "Oh, my Rachel! my child!" and tearing his linen robe with convulsive rage.

Meanwhile the Levites obeyed the order of their prophet, and each in turn struck the waxen image, saying, "Thus shall be stoned the daughter of Belial who has disowned her God."

"Daughter of Belial!" repeated Samuel, while bitter tears ran down his furrowed cheeks; "behold the name they give thee, thou sweetest, loveliest of the roses of Sharon. Oh, the dastard executioners! But fear nothing, my child; they shall kill me sooner than draw a sentence against thee. I know well that thou art not guilty and at seeing my grief thou wouldst have returned to thy God, and that He would have pardoned thee. Levites, you have no daughters, it is that which renders you inexorable; but, the Lord be praised, Zedekiah thou sayest true, I do not belong to you."

"Ben Levi, hast thou forgotten that I also had a child?" said the prophet, with a sinister smile.

"Yes," answered Samuel, "and because that child was condemned by Don Pedro, thou avengest thyself on that prince by persecuting all those whom he loves. It is cowardly revenge, for, in sending thy son to the gallows, the king only rendered justice."

"Be it so," replied Zedekiah, "thou wishest to save thy child, and I to avenge mine."

"You hear him, Levites!" exclaimed Samuel; "it is not to serve the Lord, but for his own revenge that this wretch has condemned poor Rachel. But thou hast not yet thy prey in thy hands, Zedekiah. I will serve her as a shield; I yet retain sufficient strength to defend her; I will apprise her of the snare; I will denounce your iniquity; I will prevent her becoming your victim."

"We shall know how to force thee to silence, old babbler," said Jacob, laying his heavy hand on the shoulder of Samuel.

The poor old man's knees tottered, but regarding his robust interlocutor with an air of defiance, "You will silence me only by killing me, assassins!" exclaimed he, exasperated; "old as I am, you will have to do with a man, and I know you are only brave enough to slay a woman."

Jacob smiled with an expression of ferocity, and pressing his hand harder on the shoulder of the wretched Ben Levi, the latter fell to the ground exhausted by his last effort, overpowered by weakness and grief.

"In uttering such threats," replied Zedekiah, in a solemn tone, "thou renderest thyself as guilty as thy daughter Rachel, but we forgive the wanderings of a father, and we yet respect in thee the dignity of the gaon of Castile. But we must deprive thee of the power to oppose us, or to injure our holy cause. Thou wilt remain shut up in this deserted synagogue, where thy cries will not be heard, until the work of blood be accomplished. Then thy liberty will be restored to thee."

"Woe unto me!" cried the father, in a voice that had nothing human in it, while his distorted countenance presented a terrible image of despair.

Zedekiah advanced the last to strike the image, and, to the appointed formula he added these words: "O Lord! prosper our avenging hands," and all the Levites repeated the same.

"O Lord!" cried Samuel, in his turn, "paralyze and wither their hands when they turn them against my child."

Then, with a desperate effort, he tried to reach the door of the synagogue, but Jacob interposed, and threw him down.

Don Pedro, who had witnessed the whole of the foregoing scene with violent emotion, now hesitated whether he, with his foster-brothers, should rush on these fanatics, and deliver his old servant, but was withheld by the reflection that, in such a deserted quarter, he might be overpowered by numbers, and that even if he were successful, the noise and scandal of such an adventure, in which the name of Rachel must necessarily appear, might neutralize the good intentions of the Prince of Wales in his favour. He therefore resolved, notwithstanding the agitation of his heart, to leave the Jews in their fancied security, and secretly to watch over the safety of his well-beloved.

The Levites, after having tied Samuel to a corner of the altar, extinguished the light, and carefully closing the door of the synagogue with heavy iron bars, left the place, thinking their secret from all human discovery.

A quarter of an hour after their departure, Don Pedro, certain of being heard only by him whom he addressed, softly called to his old treasurer, who was making violent efforts to loosen his bonds.

"Who calls me?" said the Jew, in an oppressed voice.

"A friend who pities thee, and wishes to save Rachel. Listen, then, to me; if thou lovest thy daughter, do not give the alarm to thy enemies; let them repose under a false confidence; seek not to escape."

"But my daughter will die," said Samuel.

"Is it thou, poor old man, who can defend her?" asked the king.

"With my gold, I shall be able to find defenders for her," answered Samuel.

"She will find abler and braver defenders among those who love her," said Don Pedro.

"Re-assure thyself, Samuel, the foster-brothers of thy former master will not quit Rachel; they will watch over her life until her return to Spain."

"But who art thou, friend, that I should place confidence in thee, when the safety of my child is at stake?" demanded the old man.

"It would be dangerous to pronounce my name here, my good Samuel," replied the king; "but I did not think thou hadst already had time to forget the voice of a man who has so

often threatened thee with the halter."

Ben Levi listened more attentively, and then exclaimed, tremblingly, "Don Pedro! merciful Heaven! thou hast had pity on me!"

With the help of Blas and Perez, Don Pedro then descended from the window, and returned with them through the labyrinth of dirty streets that formed the Jewry of Bordeaux. When he had traversed that quarter, he turned to his companions, and said to them, sorrowfully, "Brothers, you will not accompany me into Spain."

"What!" exclaimed Perez, "shall strangers, Englishmen and Gauls, Germans and Gascons, fight for you, while we remain at Bordeaux, with arms crossed like idle monks, beseeching Heaven to give you victory?"

"God will protect me," replied Don Pedro, "but I leave my heart at the Castle of Larnac with her whom no one protects, and whose death so many fanatics have sworn to compass? Will you abandon her when I confide her to you? If you do not guard her, I will throw myself at the first attack into the midst of the enemy's battalions, and will never leave them with life. While Rachel lives, I hope to conquer; Rachel dead, I seek but to die."

Six days afterwards, the army of the Black Prince was on the march to Spain, with the King of Castile at its head; the foster-brothers ad, but resigned, remained at the Castle of Larnac.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—The Skirmish.

Don Enrique, now no longer the humble Count of Trastamara, but the powerful King of Castile, had just pitched his camp in the neighbourhood of Navaretto, having under his banners upwards of sixty thousand men, without reckoning the French and Bretons. But it was not this multitude that inspired him with the confidence which he felt in the issue of the war; it was the arm and genius of Bertrand Duguesclin, the only knight whose fame could balance the renown of the Black Prince.

He had, besides, another auxiliary, more formidable than spy or traitor, more disastrous than the lance or the sword. That auxiliary was hunger, which had invaded the enemy's ranks.

The English, on their march, saw only towns abandoned, and villages stripped and deserted; the peasants driving their cattle before them, after burning whatever crops they were unable to carry away. It was no purpose that Tom Burdett gallantly led the marauders; they encountered little but empty habitations and burnt granaries.

Famine decimated the English army, and in the camp of Don Pedro the tents after sunset remained dark, and enveloped in profound silence.

Those of the Spaniards, on the contrary, as soon as day closed, were brilliantly lighted up; their jovial songs resounded in the night air; they drank, they jested, they made merry, for abundance reigned in the camp of Don Enrique.

The night was differently spent by the followers of Don Pedro; bands of rough determined fellows, eager for pillage and devastation, after covering their armour with linen cloaks, overspread the country, falling like vultures on castles and farms, which they sacked, carrying away without pity whatever provisions, forage, and cattle they could lay their hands on.

Towards the border of a small river near Navaretto, stood a farm which, although but a few bow-shots from the camp of Don Enrique, had been pillaged with daring boldness by the English and Gascon freebooters.

This audacious attack, and all the scenes of pillage and murder that were enacted almost beneath the eyes of the sentinels, were but the forerunners of the fearful drama that was preparing.

The pillaged farm did not remain long unoccupied. The jovial host, Master Bouchard, that ardent admirer of Duguesclin, unable to resist the desire of witnessing the feats of arms of his favourite hero, had closed his inn, turned his little property into money, and bravely joined the company of the Breton captain in the capacity of a sutler.

Arrived at Navaretto, and finding that the battle was to take place in the environs, his first care was to seek a place from which he might witness the combat without incurring any personal danger. The farm before mentioned offered peculiar attractions to Master Bouchard, for it was situated on an eminence, which commanded an uninterrupted view of the surrounding country, and, besides, as the innkeeper locally argued, having been so recently devastated, the enemy was not likely soon to visit it again.

Through the interest of Duguesclin he obtained permission to establish a canteen there.

In a few days spies announced the approach of the Black Prince with the main body.

A grand movement was made in the army of Don Enrique, and the trumpets sounded on all sides.

The Prince of Wales, no longer able to restrain the impatience of his soldiers, who felt that there was no safety for them but in victory, had promised to attack the enemy the following day, and commanded the army to be ready to march at the first sound of the trumpet, and at the third call to follow the banner of St. George. Then dismissing the troops to repose, he inspected every part of the camp. Having found everything in good order, he retired to his tent, less to sleep than to indulge in the deep and solemn thoughts

that agitate the soul on the eve of great events.

Don Pedro, who had accompanied the prince in his rounds, was as little inclined to repose, and spent the rest of the night in ruminating on the chances of the coming battle. He was still plunged in profound meditation when the trumpets sounded their three flourishes, and the English ranged themselves in battle array, and marched.

As soon as the advanced sentinels of Don Enrique perceived their approach, they fell back on the camp, shouting, "To arms! the English—the English!"

The Spaniards, notwithstanding the reports of their spies, had not believed that the English would dare to attack their formidable army, and now hastened, in disorder and confusion, to form their order of battle.

At length the Prince of Wales exclaimed, with an energy that roused the hearts of all who surrounded him, "In the name of God and St. George advance!"

At that cry, every one instinctively raised weapon, the order of the prince was repeated by the captains, the companies moved forward with loud acclamations, to which the Spaniards responded with equal enthusiasm.

Don Enrique, at the head of a corps of his most able slingers, saluted the English with a shower of stones, while the Welsh archers discharged their barbed arrows against the Spaniards.

The action had begun. Deafening clamours resounded from all sides, every knight shouted his war-cry to animate his men. "Castile for Don Enrique!" "St. George for Guyenne!"

In an instant the air was darkened with showers of stones and arrows; there was a moment of confusion, during which, it was impossible to know which of the two parties had suffered most in the first shock.

One man, however, could see pretty clearly the state of affairs; it was Master Bouchard, who, with his head thrust through one of the upper windows of his inn, followed with ardour the banner of Duguesclin, as he drove before him, at the point of his sword, a whole troop of the enemy's archers.

Presently he perceived a number of Spanish and Moorish horses, as if panic-struck, at full gallop, carrying away or overthrown their riders, and precipitating themselves, at the risk of drowning, into the river.

A litter, drawn by four mettlesome mules, splendidly harnessed in the Moorish fashion, had stopped on the muddy banks, and was surrounded by four Gallic archers, who endeavoured to make the restive mules retrace their road, without troubling themselves about the two Moorish conductors, who were saving themselves by swimming.

Suddenly one of the archers opened the door of the litter, and turning to his companions, cried aloud, "A woman, a woman! The prize is good—our day's work is done."

(To be Continued.)

A YANKEE TRICK.

Just before the Declaration of Independence a Yankee peddler started down to New York to sell a lot of bowls and dishes he made of maple. Jonathan travelled over the city asking everybody to buy his wares, but no one was disposed to purchase.

It happened that a British fleet was then lying in the harbor of New York, and Jonathan struck upon a plan of selling his ware. He got a suit, by hook or crook, for history doesn't tell where he got it, and strutting up town one morning, asked a merchant if he had any wooden ware as the commodore wanted a lot for the fleet.

The merchant replied that he had none on hand, but there was some in town, and if he would send in, in the afternoon, he would supply him with pleasure.

"Very good," said the naval officer, "I will call."

Jonathan now cut for home by the shortest route, and he'd scarcely doffed his borrowed plumage, before down came the merchant, who, seeing that Jonathan had sold none of his wares, offered to take the whole if he would deduct fifteen per cent. But Jonathan said that he would be glad if he wouldn't take 'em home before he'd take a cent less than his first price.

The merchant finally paid him down in gold his price for the wooden ware which lay on his shelves for many a long day thereafter, and Jonathan trotted home in high glee at the success of his manoeuvre, while the merchant cursed British officers ever after.

If a poor lone youth with waxed end to his moustache, should write a young lady in this city to meet him by moonlight alone, and the young lady's old mother should come in on a tangent and tan the gent until the plane of his coat-tail formed an angle with a vertical line, would the hypothenuse of the community be equal to the sum of the squares described by the young man in "gittin' away from dar'?" And if so—how?"

The day laborer who earns, with hard hand and the sweat of his face, coarse food for a wife and children whom he loves, is raised by his generous motive to true dignity; and though wanting the refinements of life, is a nobler being than those who think themselves absolved by wealth from serving others.

Potatoes are now so scarce in Ireland that rations of bread are supplied in their stead to the inmates of the various jails three times a week.

A WOMAN CHANGED INTO A MAN!

A WONDERFUL STORY FOR STRONG-MINDED WOMEN.

The *New York World* quotes the following from the *Missouri Democrat* saying its truth is vouchsafed, but the reader may believe it or not. Some 15 years ago, at one of the principal seminaries in Ohio were two beautiful and accomplished young ladies, whom circumstances threw unusually close together. They became like the friends in Shakespeare, "a double cherry growing on one stem." They studied together, being in the same class, roomed together, ate slates pencils together, and, in their nocturnal envelopes, sat at their room window to gaze upon the moonlight and the tom-cats, who gently slept on the adjoining roof. In course of time they graduated, and each went to her home. But their friendship was not impaired by distance, and the national revenue was considerably increased by the postage on daily letters from each to the other, full of affection and not crossed more than twice. In 1863 one of them became acquainted with a gallant soldier from Iowa, holding the rank of colonel, who had distinguished himself during the war. A brief acquaintance formed during the furlough soon ripened into love, and finally culminated in a happy marriage. For two years they lived together, and under their roof no guest save happiness seemed to have been admitted. One child, the idol of its parents, was born to them. Towards the end of 1865, however, people began to notice that Mrs. — had changed considerably in appearance. Her voice, once soft and silvery, had now a genuine masculine ring. Her hands seemed no longer small and fragile, under their weight of rings, but large and bony. An indescribable change in her walk was apparent, and at last a luxuriant beard forced its way upon her face. It was painfully evident that her sex was changing. Physicians and surgeons were called in, and all were astonished, but none could prevent nature from carrying out her strange freak. The unfortunate wife, almost broken-hearted, begged of her husband to apply for a divorce. He applied for it, and it was granted.

Mrs. —, throwing off the petticoat and panier, which were hardly compatible with the beard, gave up her feminine pursuits and accomplishments, forsook the sewing machine, treated talking as a lost art, and earned her way by giving music lessons on the piano. Of music she had always been very fond, and her rare accomplishments now stood her in good stead. Through all this time, even when parted from her husband, she had been in correspondence with her faithful friend and schoolmate of years before. The changes which caused husband and friends to forsake her had no effect upon the faithful heart of her girl friend. And now comes the strangest part of this truthful and wonderful story. The school girls of 10 years ago are now man and wife. When Mrs. — developed into Mr. —, she naturally turned for consolation and friendship to her old friend and talked love, not as the school girl, but as the man. In the new character she won again the heart which was already hers. They were betrothed and married, and now live together happily in the State of Iowa, prosperous in business, and highly respected by all who know them. As a matter of course the names of the parties are withheld, on account of the prominent positions they hold in society, and to shield them from the curious gazes of all who visit their city. A correspondent of the *Democrat*, while travelling there, heard this strange story, went into their store, and made a small purchase in order to obtain a view of this strange couple. He found them both in the store. The husband may be some 28 or 30 years of age, but does not look older than a man of 25. His figure is slight and well knit. His height is about five feet five inches, and his weight may be 130 or 140 pounds. His hair is a wavy brown, almost black, and he wears a neat little moustache, but no beard.

A WOMAN'S DEFENCE OF DRESS.

For myself, I should be thankful to return to the habits of our grandmothers—buy a bonnet which would do to wear ten years; have three dresses, two for every day, and one "nice," and wear them year after year till they wear out, without alteration; also twist up my hair in a plain wad at the back of my head. I should then have more time for reading and study, and more money to spend in books and travelling, to say nothing of the unlimited time and money for doing good. And I know of very many women who would be only too happy to throw aside the wearisome shackles of fashion. But what would be the result? With the maiden, no more beaux; with the wife, a cessation of devotion on the part of her husband—results too direful to be contemplated for a moment. I speak what I know, and testify what I have seen. I have myself been to parties, and economically clad, and I have been despised and rejected of men; again I have been more expensively attired, and I had more beaux than I knew what to do with.

By the way, why don't some of the wise and sensible bachelors court and marry among the vast army of working-girls? They are dressed simply, and are accustomed to habits of economy. They would be glad enough of good homes, and would make excellent wives. They are personally attractive, and, I doubt not, are quite as refined and intelligent as the average of fashionable women. Why is there not a greater demand for them as wives, and why

are not the Flora McFlimseys a drug in the market?

Let the facts speak for themselves. Be not deceived, O my brethren. With you lies the fault; from you must come the remedy—refuse to pay court to silk, panniers, frills, and chignons, and we should go to calico in battalions.

TABLETS OF MEMORY.

Who does not love at times to sit quietly down and commune with the past, with all its changes of joy and sorrow, of sunshine and shadow? True, there may be scenes in life's drama over which we would gladly throw the veil of oblivion, and forget that we have acted a prominent part therein. There may come up to us the echoes of a song, breathed out in notes of sadness long years ago, and which we had well nigh forgotten. We may find here and there by the wayside some crushed and faded flowers that will cause our heart-strings to vibrate, even now, with the most tender emotions, but only for a moment, and then to subside in painful throbbings, as the stern reality forces itself upon our minds. Perhaps we cherished some glittering hopes, and anxiously watched over the beautiful buds of promise, only to see them fade one by one away, leaving us to gather the withered fruits of disappointment. We may have drunk from the fountain of love its sweet waters, yet found at the bottom only the bitter dregs of deceit and faithlessness. It may be that when the sun of prosperity beamed the brightest, and the skies seemed the fairest, the dark clouds of adversity suddenly loomed up and enveloped us in their dreary folds, shutting out every cheering ray, and leaving us in the shadows of the night of despair.

And yet there are many green bowers in the past in which memory fondly lingers, plucking now and then a flower to add to the number already transplanted to her beautiful gardens, where the sweet buds of hope, faith, and love bloom in perpetual beauty. Ah! yes, how often she wanders away back through the dusky shadows of time, and with truthful pencil sketches each scene of life with masterly touch upon golden tablets, that anon are hid away within the utmost recesses of the heart, secure from every gaze but that of our inmost soul, when it retires to commune with itself.

There is a beautiful picture of life's morning hours, colored with the soft tints that played over the cloudless sky of infancy and childhood, when thought first took possession of her chambers, and the soul set out to reach its destination in the shoreless realms of eternity. As we view it there seems to fall upon our ears the loving tone of a mother's gentle voice, soft and low as when she used to calm our childish fears and hushed us to sleep. One by one the loved faces, so familiar in our early days, pass before us, and though long years have intervened and thrown their dusky shadows between us and our youthful hours, yet do we well remember our childhood's home, with all its dear old associations, and every nook and spot is revisited with an interest scarcely less than when our picture of fancy was a reality. The old brown cottage, with its broad, high gables, and low, moss-covered projecting eaves, stands out before us as once it did of yore. The old trees wave their branches before the door over which the clambering vines twine themselves into a beautiful archway. The little brooklet ripples along at the foot of the hill, with the same sweet song that charmed us when we wandered upon its flower-banks in childish glee. Our listening ears can almost hear the tinkling of the bell upon the hill-side pastures, and the orchard, the meadow, the wild woods, and the old familiar haunts and play-grounds seem to echo again with the voices which rang out in joyous innocence long years ago.

But a little farther on and the horizon of our existence becomes more widely extended, the mind increases in strength, and hope leads us through ambition's flowery fields. Step by step we move on in our career, new beauties presenting themselves at every turn in life's pathway, and new hopes springing up to encourage and cheer us in the performance of our duties. By-and-by the objects we have so diligently pursued and the prizes we have struggled for are gained, and then what pleasant emotions thrill through our souls as we realize that a victory has been won.

All along the course we have pursued there are sunny spots, for life is not all shadows and darkness. The seed we have planted in sorrow often springs up in a harvest of joy. The teardrops that fall so thickly at our feet turn to brilliant pearls of happiness; and the clouds that hang so drearily around us roll away before the cheering sunshine of love and sympathy. It is well for us that we sometimes pause in our journey of life, and review the tablets whereon are pictured the happy recollections of the past, for it gives us renewed strength and courage to meet the future, the unknown future, yet so full of hope and golden promise.

"Do be frank," said Mr. Smith to Miss Francis, who had been quizzing him for an hour. "But Edward, I have been Frank 25 years, and I should like to try some other name, just for a change," was the arch reply.

A gray eye is still and sly; a roughish is the brown; the eye of blue is ever true; but in the black eye's sparkling spoll, mystery and mischief dwell.

DIDN'T LIKE MUTTON.

A good story is told of the recent excellent performance of Handel's "Messiah" at the Broadway Baptist Church. A farmer took his wife to hear the grand music so splendidly rendered on that occasion, and after listening with apparent enjoyment, the pair became suddenly interested in one of the grand choruses, "We all like sheep." Next a deep base voice uttered in the most earnest tones, "We all like sheep." Then all the singers asserted, "We all like sheep." "I'm sure I don't," exclaimed old rusticus to his partner. "I like beef and bacon, but I can't bear sheep meat!" There was an audible titter in that vicinity, but the splendid music attracted attention from the pair and they quietly slipped out.

HIRING OUT.

A gentleman from Swampville was telling how many different occupations he had attempted. Among others he had tried school teaching.

"How long did you teach?" asked a bystander.

"Wa'll, I didn't teach long—that is, I only went to teach."

"Did you hire out?"

"Wa'll, I didn't hire out; I only went to hire out."

"Why did you give up?"

"Wa'll I give it up for some reason or nuther. You see, I traveled into a destrict and enquired for the trustees. Somebody said Mr. Snickles was the man I wanted to see. So I found Mr. Snickles, named my objection, introducing my self, and asked what he thought about lettin' me try my luck in the destrict. He wanted to know if I really considered myself capable; and I told him I wouldn't mind his asking me a few easy questions in 'rithmetic and jography, or showing my handwriting. He said, no, never mind, he could tell a good teacher by his gait. 'Let me see you walk off a little ways,' says he, 'and I can tell jist' well's I heard you examined,' says he. He sot in the door as he spoke, and I thought he looked a little skittish; but I was consid'able frustrated and didn't mind much; so I turned about and walked on as smart as I know'd how. He said he'd tell me when to stop, so I kep' on till I thought I'd gone far enough; then I s'pected suthing was to pay, and I looked round. Wa'll, the door was shet and Snickles was gone!"

THEORY OF RESPIRATION.

A man's chest contains nearly two hundred cubic inches of air; but, in ordinary breathing, he takes in at one time and sends out again only about twenty cubic inches, the bulk of a full-sized orange; and he makes about fifteen inspirations in a minute. He vitiate therefore in a minute the sixth part of a cubic foot—but which, mixing as it escapes with many times as much of the air around, renders unfit for respiration three or four cubic feet. The removal of this impure air, and the supply in its stead of fresh air, is accomplished thus—the air which issues from the chest, being heated to near the temperature of the living body, namely, ninety-eight degrees, and being thereby dilated, is lighter, bulk for bulk, than the surrounding air at the ordinary temperature; it therefore rises in the atmosphere to be diffused there, as oil set free under water rises. In both cases, a heavier fluid is, in fact, pushing up and taking the place of a lighter. This beautiful provision of nature, without trouble to the person, or even his being aware of it, is relieving him at every instant from the presence of a deadly though invisible poison—and replacing it with pure vital sustenance; and the process continues while he sleeps, as well as when he wakes, and is as perfect for the unconscious babe, and even the brute creature, as for the wisest philosopher. In aid of this process come the greater motions of the atmosphere, called winds, which mingle the whole, and favor agencies which maintain the general purity.

AUTOMATONS.

Some wonderful accounts are handed down of mechanism so constructed as to resemble in figure and imitate the actions of mankind. Archytas, of Tarentum, about four hundred years before our era, is said to have made a wooden pigeon that could fly. Albertus Magnus constructed an automaton to open the door when any one knocked. The celebrated Regiomontanus made a wooden eagle that flew forth from the city, saluted the emperor, and returned. He also constructed an iron fly, which flew out of his hand and returned, after flying about the room. In 1738, an automaton flute-player was exhibited at Paris, that could play on the flute in the same manner as a living performer. In 1741, Vaucanzen produced a flageolet player which played the flageolet with the left hand, and beat a tambourine with the right. He also made a duck, which dabbled in the water, swam, drank, and quacked like a real duck. A Frenchman exhibited a duck in this city, seven or eight years ago, which went through several of the same operations. Automatons have been constructed which wrote, played on the piano-forte, etc. During the present century, a Swiss named Mailardes, constructed a figure representing a female, which performed eighteen tunes on the piano, and continued in motion an hour. He also made another figure representing a boy that could write and draw.

EATON'S HOLIDAY OFFERINGS are very attractive, and our readers are invited to visit his store.

Alderman Hamilton has again been nominated to serve another term as Alderman for St. Lawrence Ward. His election is certain, for he has been a faithful and useful member of the City Council, and his numerous friends in the Ward are determined that he shall head the poll.

Mr. John Mallon, at the nomination on Monday, was proposed for the office of Alderman for St. Patrick's Ward by Professor Goldwin Smith, and seconded by Mr. N. F. Dickey. Mr. Mallon's friends feel sanguine that he will be one of the Aldermen for the ward of St. Patrick for 1873.

His Worship the Mayor, Joseph Sheard, Esq., Alderman Henderson, and John Morrison, Esq., have been nominated as candidates for Aldermanic honors for the Ward of St. James. Mr. Morrison is one of our successful wholesale Grocers, and will, if elected, make a useful member of the City Council.

Mr. H. K. Dunn has made extensive arrangements for doing a "big business" during these festival times. His stock of Christmas wines, groceries, etc., etc., should be inspected. His store has been adorned in the gayest of holiday dresses, and presents quite an attractive appearance. Step in and see for yourselves.

A STRANGE PHENOMENON.—On Saturday last, just as old Sol was preparing to retire to his western couch, a new born Sun beamed upon the highly favored citizens of Toronto. *The Sun*, published by Mr. E. K. Dodds, is a neat, lively, chatty sheet, and gives evidence of vigorous management. We wish our new contemporary every possible success.

W. J. Shaw, Esq., wholesale grocer, Adelaide street, has been nominated as a candidate for the office of Alderman for St. James' Ward. This gentleman will make a good representative in the City Council, and we hope to have more of his stamp in the Council for 1873. It is about time our citizens aroused themselves, and make the proper selection of candidates for "City Fathers."

AN INTERESTING VISIT.—For the good of Toronto it has become now next to impossible to move a step in any direction without having one's attention arrested by some signs of prosperity, some indication of growing greatness, some new evidence that as a city we are on the high road to wealth. It is also a pleasing fact that nearly all the business men we meet in marts of trade are full of vigor. These thoughts occurred to us yesterday after a visit to the active and enterprising firm of the Pekin Tea Company, corner of Yonge and Albert streets, wholesale and retail grocers. The store has gone through many improvements, and we do not hesitate to say is one of the finest furnished stores in the Dominion. It will repay any one to step into this establishment, and inspect their extensive assortment of groceries, etc.

OPERATIVE BUILDING TRADES COUNCIL OF ST. LOUIS, MO.

To the various Building Trades' Unions of the United States:

FELLOW WORKMEN.—I have been instructed, in my capacity as Corresponding Secretary of the above Council, to place ourselves in communication with you, in the form of a circular, to urge upon you the necessity of forming, through your Unions, a Council, to consist of the most intelligent and well informed representative men in your several Unions. Said Local Councils to be in direct communication with similar Councils in other cities, with a view to the formation of a Central or General Council in some one place, whose duty it shall be to act as the Congress of the Building Trades, for certain specific purposes, to be hereafter mentioned, provided that we mutually see the necessity of establishing Local Councils similar to the one now in operation in St. Louis, Missouri.

FELLOW WORKMEN.—When we consider the almost disastrous results of the strikes in New York, through the very imperfect organizations, the entire absence, we may say, of every essential, calculated to make the movement successful, it ought to teach us this lesson: that if we ever expect to accomplish anything of a useful and permanent character, we must be prepared to take every precaution beforehand to secure success; we must be willing to sacrifice time, comfort and money, for nothing good has ever been accomplished without the lavish expenditure of each of those essentials.

After a strike of about ten weeks duration, the great movement has practically ended. Four-fifths of the men, at least, have abandoned the struggle, and gone back to work on the old terms. Not to resume work in unmolested peace and quiet, but to be taunted and sneered at by every self-constituted respectable journal in the country, to be stigmatized as unreasonable fools, while the employers are treated to a corresponding amount of sympathy and congratulations. For what?

Because they have succeeded in delaying for a time the car of progress.

The fact of our defeat, (we say ours, because we regard the battle of labor against capital, that has been waged in New York, as the battle of the whole nation); being interpreted by a portion of the public, to mean that our demands were unreasonable and unjust, and our non-success the natural consequence of attempting to secure what we had no right to ask.

We think the opposite. The power that was brought to bear against us was stronger than the force we had to meet it with. But we consider that it is not quite the place in this circular to argue the justice of our demands; suffice it to say that we can furnish abundant proof, both as a matter of fact and philosophy, that a more just demand was never made.

The employers are encouraged by the experience of the past three months, that they can successfully suppress this labor movement; they are determined to resist it to the uttermost extremity. To that end they are perfecting their organizations, and are exercising towards the lesser employers a system of meaner tyranny than was ever charged to Trades' Unions. In the position that they have taken, they are sustained by the capitalists, and nearly the whole American Press.

We, on the other hand, are determined that, in spite of our past failures, we will have this reduction in the hours of our labor, if it takes a life time of agitation to secure it; but to do this we shall have to change the entire base of our operations, to expand our ideas and enlarge our sympathies, make common cause with each other, and sink local and personal aggrandisement. In short, let our motto be **ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR ONE.**

It is very evident that we cannot all enjoy this right at the same time. We think that the only safe course is to select some one city, or may be only some one trade, after the manner of the English Trades Unions, and then fight it out, determined to win. But no one city can support the movement for any length of time, hence the necessity of enlisting the pecuniary sympathy of all. But to do this we need a council of the most experienced and best educated men, who enjoy the confidence of the members of the trades, whose duty it shall be to determine, by the most favorable circumstances, which may be presented to their minds, the city that has the best show for success, and when will be the best time to commence the campaign. All others remaining entirely aloof till the question in said city is settled, only affording such pecuniary assistance as may be needed. Such a course as this, we think, cannot fail to secure the reduction of hours to every city in the Union.

We trust this rough outline of a plan will recommend itself to our fellow workmen. The reason for urging that this amalgamation of interests be confined to the building trade will be obvious to every man upon reflection.

We also wish it to be distinctly understood, that our proposition is, that we make the reduction of hours the issue upon which we mutually work, leaving the question of wages to be fought to suit particular cases, as we have good grounds for believing that the opposition would be mostly directed against the reduction of hours, rather than against the rate of wages. As, for instance, Steinway's, of New York, gave ten per cent. advance, but would not listen to a reduction of time. Why? Because the more hours we work limits the number of men required. In consequence, no matter what wages are paid, it gives them the control of the labor market. But reduce the hours, irrespective of wages, and it gives us the advantage. But the condition of the Building trade in England (a country whose institutions we affect to despise) ought to incite us to a greater determination than we have hitherto displayed. The question naturally arises—can we, the free citizens of a free republic, claiming to be the "foremost nation of the world," afford to let the mother country outstrip us in so much as concerns the real prosperity of the working man? It is a well-known fact, that for many years past the number of working hours in England has been from fifty-five to fifty-eight per week, while within the past six months the hours have been reduced to fifty-one, in many places, while the disparity in the rate of wages is rapidly diminishing, owing to the persistent efforts of Trades Unions. These facts, coming as they do from such a source, ought to largely influence us in our future action.

Does not the thought seem to us that, while we are clinging to a shadow of life's enjoyment, our cousins across the Atlantic are grasping the reality? We need soon to move, or we shall have to lower our rooster and play second fiddle to a class of working men who are making such rapid strides to get ahead of us. It is a fact, no matter what fortune may have in store for some of us, the greater number of us will live out our time as hired workmen. Then let us make a life of labor as pleasant and attractive as possible.

Fellow Workmen:—We pray you give this matter your best attention; let us unite and bend all our energy to this great work; it is a cause well worthy of all the care and labor we can bestow upon it. Copies of this circular have been, or will be sent, to every Building Trade organization in the country, as we are furnished with their address. We solicit your assistance in that respect, and also to give this movement publicity in every newspaper you know of favorable to the labor cause. Necessarily some two or three months will elapse before the entire circle of communication is complete. By that

time we shall be ready to submit for your approval the next step in this labor propaganda, or be prepared to consider propositions emanating from other cities.

Respectfully, &c., the
O. B. T. C. OF ST. LOUIS, MO.
WM. MAINER, Cor. Sec'y, to whom all communications must be addressed.



Post Office Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the Post Office will be open for delivery on

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

From 8 to 10 a. m.
Usual daily mails will close at 6 a. m. United States mails will close at 10 a. m.

JOSEPH LESLIE,
Postmaster.

Toronto P.O., December, 1872.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.

R. MACKENZIE'S.

364 1-2 Yonge Street,

Has the Cheapest Stock in the City of
Work Boxes, Desks, Albums,
PAPIER MACHIE GOODS,
GAMES, DOLLS,
TOYS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
AND

General Fancy Goods,

All of which will be found of superior quality.
Remember the Name and Number,
R. MACKENZIE,
32-r 364 1/2 YONGE STREET.

Christmas Presents!

Look out for Cheap Bargains in
Stationery, Toys, Fancy Goods,
BASKETS, &c.,
And you will be sure to get them at
G. HOWSON'S,
239 Yonge Street.

BOYS' SLEIGHS—The cheapest in the city. 32-20

F. A. VERNER,
Photographer,
Portrait Painter in Oil, Water Colors, Indian Ink,
Locket Pictures, &c.,
CORNER KING AND CHURCH STREETS.
30-hr

THE GREAT Dominion Clothing House!

G. BAWDEN & Co.
Beg leave to announce to the Workmen of Toronto and vicinity that they will on

FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 15,
Open out with one of the largest and best selected stocks of goods suitable for the Tailoring Department; also, a very extensive stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING!
AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

Having engaged the services of Mr. WM. HARWOOD who has been long and favorably known as a First-class Cutter, we have no hesitation in saying that we will get up our

ORDERED CLOTHING

Second to none in the Dominion
REMEMBER THE ADDRESS—
95 YONGE STREET,
31-k 2nd door north of Gurney's Foundry.

THE WOODBINE, 88 YONGE STREET.

WM. J. HOWELL, JR., PROPRIETOR.
Best Choice of Wines, Liquors, and Cigars constantly on hand. 1 oh

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

MACORQUODALE & CO.,
PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTISTS,
TORONTO.

HAVING REMOVED TO THEIR
LARGE, COMMODIOUS PREMISES,

Built expressly under their supervision, claim to have an atelier second to none in the Dominion for producing

PHOTOGRAPHS!

In all the varied and pleasing styles of the beautiful and elevating

Art of Photography,

And with a due sense of the importance of securing the
HAPPY SMILE AND SIMPLE GRACE OF OUR INFANTINE COMMUNITY,

One of their
Lights is Particularly Adapted.

Note the Address.

THE NEW IRON FRONT,

31 KING STREET WEST.

Between Jordan and Bay Sts. 37-r

Ward of St. David.

THE FAVOR OF YOUR
VOTE AND INTEREST

Is Respectfully Solicited for
JAMES BOOTH
AS
ALDERMAN FOR 1873.

The Election takes place on Monday, 6th
37-h of January, 1873.

Ward of St. Lawrence.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST.

ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR
JAMES BRITTON,
—AS—
ALDERMAN FOR 1873.

The Election takes place on the first
Monday in January, 1873.
37-h

TO THE ELECTORS

ST. JAMES' WARD.

Your Vote and Interest are respectfully solicited for

W. J. SHAW,

AS
Alderman for 1873.
27-h

TO THE ELECTORS

St. James' Ward.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

Are respectfully requested for

JOSEPH SHEARD,
ALEX. HENDERSON,
AND
JOHN MORRISON,
AS ALDERMEN

At the ensuing Municipal Elections.
37-h

PEKIN TEA COMPANY

CORNER OF YONGE & ALBERT STS.,
Having bought out the well-known

OLD GROCERY ESTABLISHMENT

RECENTLY CARRIED ON BY
ROBT. LAWSON & CO.,

AND FORMERLY BY
EDWARD LAWSON,

We would respectfully announce to the public that we have a new and choice stock of goods, which we will sell at the lowest prices.

T. D. WAKELEE & CO.,

PROPRIETORS.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

We beg to inform our friends and the public that we have sold out the business heretofore carried on by us at 218 Yonge street, to the

PEKIN TEA COMPANY,
And would solicit for them a continuance of the favors bestowed upon us.
ROBT. LAWSON & CO.
37-20

CAUTION TO SMOKERS.

Master's Celebrated Virginia Shag

(Registered), sold in packets, only at 10c, 20c, and 30c each.
THE IMPERIAL, 324 YONGE STREET.
36-1k

NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS

AT
J. SEGSWORTH'S,
113 YONGE STREET.

Just Received, a Largo Stock of
NEW GOODS,

Suitable for New Year's Presents, consisting of Gold and Silver Watches, Fine Jewellery, and Silver Plated Goods, Cheap.
37-oh



Christmas & New Years Presents,

AT
E. M. MORPHY'S

141 YONGE STREET,
Consisting of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, new style Gold Chains, Fine Gold Sets, Brooches, Bracelets, Rings, Pins, Studs, Lockets, Silver and Plated Ware, Clocks, Fancy Goods and Spectacles (public and Glass) for every sight.

LOW PRICES, GOOD VALUE, EVERY ARTICLE WARRANTED.
27 30 YEARS IN THE SAME SHOP
30-h



THE MOST SUITABLE PRESENT

FOR THE
HOLIDAYS

IS A
HANDSOME SET OF FURS,
AND
THE BEST PLACE

TO GET THEM IS AT
COLEMAN & Co.'S,

"HATS THAT ARE HATS,"
55 King Street East,
OPPOSITE TORONTO STREET.
First-Class Fur Sewers and Finishers wanted.
35-w



FURS! FURS!

Ladies' and Gents' Fine Furs

IN MINK SETS,
IN SABLE SETS,
IN GREBE SETS,
IN ERMINE SETS,
IN S.S. SEAL SETS,
IN GREY LAMB DO.

BUFFALO AND FANCY SLEIGH BOBES,

Ladies' S. S. Seal Jackets, trimmed and plain.
The Latest Styles of Silk Hats,

English, American and Canadian Felt Hats.
J. & J. LUGSDIN,
101 Yonge Street.
36-w

EATON & CO.

ARE OFFERING
Extraordinary Bargains,

BLANKETS.

ALL THIS WEEK,
\$2 25, \$2 75, \$3 90, \$4 50,
A SPECIAL LOT JUST RECEIVED,
7 lbs. for \$4 50.

CORNER YONGE & QUEEN STREETS.
20-20

ANTHONY GILLIS,

(SUCCESSOR TO T. ROBINSON),
FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSER,
12 QUEEN STREET WEST.

Shaving, Hair Cutting, Shampooing and Hair Dyeing done in first-class style.
Ladies and Children's Hair Cutting promptly and carefully attended to.
29-hr

CAUTION TO SMOKERS.

Masters' Golden Bird's Eye Tobacco, registered (superior to Miller's, England), is sold only in Packets, at 10c, 20c, and 50c each.

THE IMPERIAL, 324 YONGE STREET.
36-1k

The Home Circle.

"KING BABY."

His sceptre is a rattle,
His throne is mother's arms;
He reigns a tiny tyrant,
In all his dimpled charms.
Yet round his royal presence
Our loving hearts entwine—
Dictator of the cradle,
And king by right divine!

Whatever be his mandates,
No courtiers dare rebel;
His mother's chief of household,
Prime minister as well.
In yon perambulator,
His downy car of state,
Exactingly monarch,
What triumphs on him wait!

In purple ease and splendor,
Long, long he seeks to reign;
All hints of nose disjointed
He smiles at with disdain.
Alas, that royal greatness
Should ever be disowned—
Here comes a tiny stranger,
King Baby is dethroned!

A LOAF OF BREAD.

In a time of famine a rich man allowed twenty of the poorest children in the town to come to his house, and said to them: "In this basket there is a loaf of bread for each of you. Take it, and come at the same hour every day, till God sends better times."

The children pounced upon the basket, struggled and fought over the bread, because each wished to have the largest and best loaf; and then they went away without a word of thanks to their friend. But Francesca, a little girl, meekly, though neatly dressed, stood at a distance, and gratefully took the loaf that was left in the basket; then kissed the good man's hand, and went quietly home. The next day the children were just as naughty and ill-behaved; and this time there was left poor Francesca a loaf that was hardly half as large as the others. But when she reached home, and her mother cut the bread, there fell out a number of new pieces of silver. The mother was frightened and said: "Take back the money this moment, for it is certainly in the bread by mistake."

Francesca took it back. But the kind man said:—

"It is no mistake, my good child, I had the money baked in a small loaf in order to reward you. Be always contented and yielding as you now are. He who is contented with the smallest loaf, rather than quarrel for the largest, will receive abundant blessings."

WANT IN LIFE.

There is nothing more fortunate for moderate genius than to be born poor. The "silver spoon" class are a very comfortable people, no doubt, but the great trouble with them is, their education is mainly of this order, and if they don't become very great they are extremely likely to become the very opposite. Poverty has helped men to solve some of the greatest problems of life. Half its brave deeds have been a necessity, and the most of its noble sayings have been born of a determined opposition. It does a man good to put him at his wit's ends. Emergencies make men. Any man can be a general or a pilot in a calm; but storms show the metal. Reputation is made more by boldness and will than by ability and patience. Life is too short to wait for the tide whose ebb leads on to fortune. We must make the most of present opportunities, but we shall hardly do it, unless present opportunities are in the main present necessities. The man who works out these to the fullest extent is the most successful man.

THE TRUE VITALITY OF LIFE.

The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat and drink and sleep—to be exposed to the darkness and the light—to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities will slumber which will make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart; the tears that freshen the dry wastes within; the music that brings childhood back; the prayer that calls the future near; the doubt that makes us meditate; the death that startles us with mystery; the hardship that forces us to struggle; the anxiety that ends in trust—are the nourishment of our natural being.

IMPOSTORS.

The suicide of a young girl in London who threw herself from Waterloo bridge after writing a note, in which she said she was an American governess, who had been discharged without money in a strange country by an American lady, and the expressions of sympathy called out by the act, have given a hint to the begging impostors, and London is now overrun with despairing American governesses, who go from office to office seeking pecuniary assistance. One ingenious gentleman, to prevent being imposed upon, determined as a test

of nationality to demand of each applicant a repetition of the scriptural sentence, "It is I." In every instance the distressed young American woman plaintively said, "Hit his eye," which was quite enough for this prudent gentleman to form an opinion as to the merits of the applicant for his charity.

NO CHARITY.

It is not charity to give money to the street beggar, of whom nothing is known, while we haggle with poor men out of employment for a miserable dime. It is not charity to beat down a washerwoman or seamstress to starvation price; to let her scrub and sew all day; to deduct from her pitiful remuneration for some trifling cause. It is not charity to take relatives into your family and make them a slave to all your whims, and taunt them continually with their dependent situation. It is not charity to turn a man who is out of work into the street with his family when he can't pay his rent. It is not charity to exact the utmost farthing from the widow and orphan. It is not charity to give with a supercilious air and patronage, as if God had made you, the rich man, of different blood from the humble recipient, whose only crime is that he is poor. It is not charity to be an extortioner—not though you bestow alms by the thousands.

SELF RESPECT.

One of the strongest and most prevalent incentives to virtuous conduct is the desire of the world's esteem. We act right, rather than our actions may be applauded by others, than to have the approbation of our own conscience. We refrain from doing wrong, not so much from principle, as from the fear of incurring the censure of the world. A due regard ought, indeed, to be paid to public opinion; but there is a regard we owe to ourselves which is of far greater importance—a regard which should keep us from committing a wrong action when withdrawn from the observation of the world, as much as when exposed to its broad glare. If we are as good as others—and it is our own fault if we are not—why stand in more fear of others than of ourselves? What is there in other men that makes us desire their approbation, and fear their censure more than our own? In other respects we are apt to overrate ourselves; but, surely, when we pay such blind and servile respect to others, we forget our own dignity, and undervalue ourselves in our own esteem.

Sawdust and Chips.

A paper advertises for "girls for cooking." Carpets are bought by the yard, and worn by the foot.

What fruit is the most visionary? The apple of the eye.

A Hatforder advises a very slender friend to chalk his head and go to a masquerade ball as a billiard cue.

A negro who came near being drowned in being baptised, scrambled ashore, and indignantly exclaimed, "Some gentlemen 'll lose an eighteen hundred dollar nigger some time by dis foolishness."

"The first burd I shot in Ameriky," said an Irish sportsman, "was a forkupine. I tread him under a haystack, and shot him with a barn shovel. The first time I hit him I missed him, and the second time I hit him in the same place where I missed him the first time."

LOGICAL.—First Young Gent: "Oh, my dear fellow, dining out last night—accounts for your being 'seedy.' Took too much wine, of course?" Second Young Gent: "Oh no, it wasn't the wine. B'sides, I couldn't have drunk too much, 'cause I'm as thirsty as possible now."

Jones and Brown were talking lately of a young clergyman whose preaching they had heard that day. "What do you think of him?" asked Brown. "I think," said Jones, "he did much better two years ago." "Why, he didn't preach then?" said Brown. "True," said Jones, "that is what I mean."

An inebriated stranger precipitated himself down the depot stairs, this morning, and on striking the landing, reproachfully apostrophised himself with—"If you'd bin a wantin' to come down stairs why in thunder didn't you say so, you wooden-headed old fool, an' I'd a come with you an' showed you the way."

NEW USE FOR A DOG.—We often hear excuses of various kinds for the folly of keeping a dog about one, but that of the English collier is something new in that way. Said his comrade: "Ay, Geordie, thee has lost th'awd dog?" "Ay." "Thee hast gotten another?" "Ay, man; ye see a thocht a lukit sae stark neaked without a bit of a dog about my heels."

A fox observing some fowls at roost, wished to gain access to them by smooth speeches. "I have got," says he, charming news to tell you. All animals have entered into an agreement to preserve universal peace among one another. Come down and celebrate with me this decree." An old cock, who was on his guard, looked around him very cautiously. On the fox asking him his reasons, he answered, "I was observing those two dogs which are coming this way." Reynard set off. "What," says the cock, "is there no peace yet settled among us?" "Yes," says the fox, "but those dogs, perhaps, have not heard of it."

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

Are requested for

WILLIAM HAMILTON, JR.,

AS

ALDERMAN,

FOR THE WARD OF ST. LAWRENCE

FOR 1873.

32

St. Andrew's Ward!

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

IS RESPECTFULLY REQUESTED FOR

WILLIAM THOMAS,

As Alderman for 1873.

32-a

TO THE ELECTORS OF ST. PATRICK'S WARD.

GENTLEMEN:—

For several years past I have been solicited by many prominent electors of the Ward and other citizens, to become a candidate for civic honors. I was, under the requirements of my business, obliged in the past to decline the honor so kindly proffered me. The request having been this year again renewed and urged, I have yielded to the desire of my fellow-citizens, and now declare myself in obedience to their wishes a candidate for their suffrages for the office of Alderman at the approaching Municipal Elections for the city. I have a considerable stake in the Ward, and feel a deep interest in everything calculated to advance the prosperity of the city of Toronto, in which for the last twenty-five years, from boyhood, I have lived. Leaning professions, I make none. I will merely say, that if elected, I shall exert myself to discharge the duties of the office efficiently—at all events, honestly; and that I hope, at the end of my year of office, to be enabled to exhibit a stainless record, one on which to base my claims to a continuance of your support and confidence.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
31-td JOHN MALLON.

TO THE ELECTORS

OF

ST. PATRICK'S WARD

Your vote and interest are respectfully solicited for

JOHN BALL

AS ALDERMAN FOR ST. PATRICK'S WARD FOR 1873.

The Election will be held Jan. 6, 1873.

34-r

TO THE ELECTORS

OF THE

Ward of St. David.

GENTLEMEN,

Having been urgently requested by a large number of influential friends and ratepayers to allow myself to be put in nomination for the office of Alderman for your Ward, and having ample time at my disposal to devote to the duties, I have acceded to their request and now beg to announce myself a candidate for municipal honors. If elected, I will do my utmost to fill the office with credit to myself and benefit to the City, and more particularly to the Ward of St. David.

Yours obediently,

THOS. DAVIES.

34-r

St. Andrew's Ward.

Your vote and influence are respectfully solicited for

FRANK RIDDELL,

AS ALDERMAN FOR 1873.

The Election will take place on the first Monday in January, 1873.

34-r

TO THE ELECTORS

OF

St. David's Ward.

GENTLEMEN:—

I have felt for some time that after my long service as your representative, I might fairly think of retiring. But so general I find to be the desire that I should remain in the Council, and so kind have been the promises of renewed support, that to allow private considerations to prevail, would be ill-repaying the continued confidence of my friends. I therefore again announce myself a candidate, and rely on your indulgence to take the will for the deed, if I am not able to call on you all, before the day of election.

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM ADAMSON,

Toronto, Dec. 4th, 1872.

36-c

Ward of St. Lawrence.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS, 1873.

GENTLEMEN:—

Having received a requisition signed by a large number of the merchants and influential electors of the Ward of St. Lawrence to offer myself as a candidate for Alderman at the ensuing election, I do not feel justified in declining the support so kindly proffered. I therefore beg to announce myself as a candidate, and respectfully solicit your votes and support.

Your obedient servant,

P. G. CLOSE.

36-c

Ward of St. John.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS, 1873.

GENTLEMEN:—

At the request of many of the Electors, I beg to offer myself as a Candidate for the Ward, at the ensuing Election, which takes place on Monday, the 6th day of January, 1873, and I respectfully solicit your votes and support in my favor.

Your obedient servant,

F. W. COATE.

36-c

Ward of St. John.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS, 1873.

GENTLEMEN:—

At the request of many of the Electors, I have consented to offer myself as a Candidate as Alderman for the Ward, at the ensuing election, which takes place on Monday, the 6th day of January, 1873, and I respectfully solicit your votes and support in my favor.

Your obedient servant,

M. STAUNTON.

36-c

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

Are respectfully requested for

ROBERT BELL,

AS ALDERMAN.

For the Ward of St. Andrew,

For the year 1873.

36-c

TO THE ELECTORS

OF

St. Andrew's Ward.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

Are respectfully solicited for

JOHN GARR,

AS ONE OF YOUR

Alderman for the Coming Year, 1873.

36-c

1873.] ST. GEORGE'S WARD [1873.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

Are respectfully solicited for

JOHN CLEMENTS,

AS ALDERMAN FOR 1873.

The Election takes place on Monday, the 6th day of January, 1873

36-c

ST. JOHN'S WARD.

VOTE FOR

JAMES SPENCE

AS ALDERMAN FOR 1873.

The Workingman's Candidate.

TO THE ELECTORS

OF THE

WARD OF ST. JOHN.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST ARE RESPECTFULLY REQUESTED FOR

THOMAS DOWNEY,
JAMES FLEMING,
JOSEPH GEARING,

AS ALDERMEN,

FOR 1873.

36-w

TO THE ELECTORS

OF

ST. PATRICK'S WARD.

At the solicitation of many of the ratepayers of the Ward, I have determined again to offer myself as a candidate for aldermanic honors.

I do so fully impressed with a sense of the responsibility which I seek to assume, and well knowing that if you elect me you place a trust in my hands for which you will require a strict account.

The rapid growth of the city, the large public works it has undertaken, and the heavy indebtedness which it has now to liquidate, render an economical, wise, and business-like management of municipal affairs more than ever necessary.

I would gladly confine my attention to my private business and leave the management of municipal affairs to others, if I did not feel it to be the duty of every good citizen to do his share of the public work, and to endeavor to keep public offices from being used for mere private advantage.

Having resided in the Ward for about fifteen years, I am so well known to most of you that it is unnecessary to assure you that, if elected, I will to the best of my ability do my duty, regardless of nationality, creed, or politics.

Having (like most of yourselves) to give time to business every day, you will excuse me if I fail to call personally on every voter, although I will endeavor to do so.

To the Electors who advocate an honest and business-like management of city matters, I appeal for support, confident of the result.

H. L. HINE.

35-w

COAL!

COAL! COAL!

LEHIGH COAL,
FOR FOUNDRY PURPOSES.

BIG COAL HOUSE.

OFFICE: 45 YONGE STREET.

36-te

W. MYLES & SON.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE.

A LARGE TWO-STORY

Rough-Cast House,

On Caer Howell street. Price, \$1,700.

A two-story Rough Cast House on Dummer street, near St. Patrick's Church. Price, \$1,100.

A Lot on Kingston Road, west of the toll gate, with small house thereon. Price, \$340.

About 60 building lots North of the Kingston Road, at from \$100 to \$250 each, according to size and situation.

A Lot on Bathurst street, 83x125 feet. Price, \$320.

A Lot on corner of Baldwin street and John street, 30 x 120 feet to a lane. Price, \$600.

Several desirable Building Lots in Yorkville, in sizes to suit purchasers.

CLARK & FEILDE,

35-te

Jordan street.

Christmas and New Years' Gifts

CHEAP, AT THE

IMPERIAL,

324 YONGE STREET,

36-h

W. MASTERS & CO., Importers.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

DESKS,

WORK BOXES,

ELEGANT CARD BOXES,

TARTAN INK STANDS,

TARTAN CARD CASES,

PEARL JEWEL BOXES,

LADIES' COMPANIONS,

AT

J. EDWARDS,

136 YONGE STREET.

36-h

G. W. HALE,

DENTIST,

No. 6 TEMPERANCE ST., TORONTO,

34-br First house off Yonge St., North Side

BAY STREET

BOOK BINDERY.

No. 102, Late Telegraph Building.

WM. BLACKHALL.

Account Book Manufacturer, and Law, Plain and Ornamental Bookbinder and Paper Ruler, Toronto.

36-ho

HARRY E. CASTON,

Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery,

CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,

OFFICE—48 ADELAIDE STREET,

Opposite the Court House,

34-oh

TORONTO!



CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,

Ottawa, November, 1872.

AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON AMERICAN INVOICES until further notice, 12 per cent.

R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,

26-4f

Commissioner.

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

N. AGNEW, M. D., (Successor to his brother, the late Dr. Agnew.) CORNER OF BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS, TORONTO.

J. A. TROUTMAN, L. D. S., DENTIST, OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—127 Church Street, Toronto, opposite Metropolitan Church.

D. R. J. BRANSTON WILMOTT, DENTIST, GRADUATE OF THE PHILADELPHIA DENTAL COLLEGE OFFICE—Corner of King and Church streets, Toronto

F. G. CALLENDER, DENTIST, OFFICE—Corner of King and Jordan Streets TORONTO.

R. G. TROTTER, DENTIST, 53 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONT., Opposite Toronto Street.

R. MERRYFIELD, Boot and Shoe Maker, 190 YONGE STREET. A large and well-assorted Stock always on hand.

W. C. ADAMS, DENTIST, 35 King Street East, Toronto, Has given attention to his profession in all its parts.

WILLIAM BURKE, LUMBER MERCHANT, Manufacturer of Doors, Sash, Blinds, Flooring, Sheeting, Packing Boxes, &c., &c. CORNER SHEPHERD AND RICHMOND STREETS, TORONTO.

E. WESTMAN, 177 King Street East, DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF BUTCHERS' TOOLS, SAWS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

L. SIEVERT, IMPORTER AND DEALER IN CIGARS, TOBACCO AND SNUFF, And every description of Tobacconist's Goods, 70 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO.

BARGAINS FOR MECHANICS! 23—Queen Street West—23 NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE STORE, Next to Knox Church.

A. L. FRED BUTLER, BOOKSELLER, STATIONER, AND NEWS DEALER, 85 Queen Street West, TORONTO.

W. MILLICHAMP, Gold and Silver Plater in all its branches MANUFACTURER OF Nickel Silver and Wood Show Cases and Window Bars, 14 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

HENRY O'BRIEN, BARRISTER, Attorney and Solicitor, &c., NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. OFFICE—68 CHURCH STREET.

MADAME VON BEETHOVEN'S MUSIC ROOMS, No. 48 KING STREET EAST, 1ST FLOOR, (Over Bain's Book Store.)

MADAME VON BEETHOVEN begs to announce that she is now prepared to accept pupils for instruction on the pianoforte at her rooms between the hours of 9 to 1 and 3 to 6.

J. PRYKE, Workingmen's Boot and Shoe Store, KING WILLIAM STREET, HAMILTON.

Copies of the ONTARIO WORKMAN can be obtained a Five Cts. per copy.

BALLS AND SUPPERS ATTENDED TO, BY WILLIAM COULTER, On the shortest notice, and in a manner as to give entire satisfaction. Home-made bread always on hand.

LAUDER & PROCTOR, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, ETC. OFFICE:—Masonic Hall, 20 Toronto street.

DAVID'S COUGH BALSAM, An infallible remedy for COUGHS, COLD, and all affections of the Lungs and Throat. 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

PETER WEST, (Late West Brothers,) GOLD AND SILVER PLATER. Every description of worn out Electro-Plato, Steel Knives, &c., re-plated equal to new.

GEORGE ELLIS, Manufacturer and Importer of Hair and Jute Switches, Chignons, Curis, Wigs, Bands, Puffs and Perfumery.

JOHN KELZ, Merchant Tailor, 358 YONGE STREET, A LARGE AND GOOD ASSORTMENT OF FALL GOODS FOR ORDERED WORK.

J. W. BRIDGMAN, Portrait Painter, Life Size Portraits in Oil. Inspection invited. STUDIO—39 King Street West, over N.B.—Copies made from Photograph

YONGE STREET 133 G. M. LYNN & CO. Boots and Shoes. No Better Stock in the Market.

The Central Family Grocery, COR. QUEEN AND TERAULEY STS Offer great inducements to families and housekeepers in fresh Family Groceries and Provisions,

Also, a LARGE STOCK OF FIRST-CLASS BRANDS OF LIQUORS, Brandy from \$1.50 to \$4 Sealed Brand.

Holland Gin, J. D. Kuyper, a large stock of Bottled Liquors, Guinness and Blood's Stout, Ale and Porter. Cash traders would do well to give us a trial. R. member the place.

C. HUNTER, WEST END FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS. JAMES McQUILLAN, FURNITURE DEALER, 258 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

MECHANICS! Look Out for Christmas Groceries. JAMES A. SLOAN, Begs to inform the readers of the ONTARIO WORKMAN that he has received his Christmas Fruits, and a large assortment of Groceries, Wines and Liquors, suitable for the Holiday Season.

BEST COAL & WOOD! LOWEST PRICES IN THE CITY, AT THE VICTORIA WOOD YARD, Victoria Street, near Richmond St.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY BOTH FOR New & Second-Hand Furniture. A good assortment of SIDEBOARDS, LOUNGES AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

GOLDEN BOOT, 200 YONGE STREET, WM. WEST & CO. A SPLENDID STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES IN GREAT VARIETY, Suitable for Workingmen and their Families, CHEAP FOR CASH.

CARPETS, BRUSSELS, TAPESTRY, AND WOOL CARPETS, In Newest Designs. Also, a large stock of OIL CLOTHS, MATTINGS WOOL, and other MATS.

JOHN JACKSON, TINSMITH, PLUMBER, COPPERSMITH, Galvanized Iron Worker, 252 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

J. & T. IREDALE, MANUFACTURERS OF Tin, Sheet Iron, and Copperware, DEALERS IN LAMPS, STOVES, HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS, WATER COOLERS, REFRIGERATORS, &c., No. 57 Queen Street West.

MAT'S, MAT'S, MAT'S. FOR CHOICE DRINKS GO TO MAT'S. IF YOU WANT TO SPEND A PLEASANT EVENING, GO TO MAT'S.

THOS. H. TAYLOR, 271 YONGE STREET, Has a Splendid Stock of Woollens for Winter Clothing, HIS CLOTHING is noted to LOOK WELL! FIT WELL! WEAR WELL! HIS PRICES compare with any one's in the city. HIS TERMS ARE CASH ONLY.

THE IMPERIAL, 824 YONGE STREET. W. MASTERS, Importers. EASTERN NARROW GAUGE COAL AND WOOD YARD, CORNER ESPLANADE AND PRINCESS STREET. Superior Wood, nearly all Maple, extra length.

COAL AND WOOD. A large supply on hand, and receiving daily best quality HARD ND OFT COAL, FRESH MINED. ALSO Beech, Maple and Pine Wood. M. DWAN, Church Street Wharf.

COAL AND WOOD. ALL THE BEST VARIETIES OF Hard and Soft Coal, CONSTANTLY ON HAND. Also, the best of CORDWOOD, AS CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

COAL AND WOOD AT LOWEST PRICES, FOR SALE BY CAMERON & BOVELL FOOT OF GEORGE STREET. Cut Wood always on hand.

MUTTON, HUTCHINSON & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES, &c., IMPORTERS OF ALL KINDS OF STEAM AND DOMESTIC COAL, DEALERS IN CORDWOOD, CUT AND UNCUT.

TO MECHANICS AND OTHERS. A. S. IRVING 35 King Street West, Toronto, Keeps on hand a large stock of all kinds of Mechanical and Scientific Books AND ALSO ALL THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

STEAM DYE WORKS. 363 AND 363 1/2 YONGE ST., TORONTO, (Between Gould and Gerrard Sts.) THOMAS SQUIRE, Proprietor. Kid Gloves Cleaned with superiority and despatch.

CAUTION TO SMOKERS. The Imperial Smoking Mixture is manufactured solely by W. MASTERS & CO., and sold in registered packets, at 15c, 30c and 55c each.

VOL. W. CORIN, PRACTICAL SIGN AND CARD PAINTER, 13 AGNES STREET. All kinds of work done on time and guaranteed.

\$20,000 BANKRUPT STOCK OF DRY GOODS AND READY-MADE CLOTHING, AT 181 YONGE STREET, T. BROWNLOW Having purchased a Bankrupt Stock of Dry Goods and Ready-made Clothing at a great sacrifice, consisting of Fancy Dress Goods, French Merinos, Wool Plaids, Winceys, Shawls, Jackets, Flannels, Blankets, Cloths, Hosiery, &c. Also, Men's and Boys' Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Shirts, Drawers, Tweeds, &c., &c. The great portion of the above is Fall and Winter Goods, bought this season, and will be found superior-in quality and style to most bankrupt stocks.

NOTICE TO SMOKERS. THE IMPERIAL, 824 YONGE STREET. W. MASTERS, Importers. EASTERN NARROW GAUGE COAL AND WOOD YARD, CORNER ESPLANADE AND PRINCESS STREET. Superior Wood, nearly all Maple, extra length.

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CHEAPEST HAT, CAP AND FUR STORE IN THE CITY. SILK HATS FROM \$2 50 UP. FELT HATS FROM 50c UP. CAPS The following variety:— BROWN BEAVER, BLACK VELVETS, BROWN SEAL, BLACK CLOTH, SEAMLESS, GLENGARRY, AND GLAZE CAPS. FURS! FURS! FURS! Cheapest ever offered to the public.



Society Seal Presses, RIBBON AND DATE STAMPS. CRESTS, MONOGRAMS, &c., ENGRAVED ON HAND STAMPS. CHAS. A. SCADDING, 83 Bay Street, Toronto.

JOHN McCORMICK FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT, SPADINA AVENUE, Nearly opposite St. Patrick's Street, Toronto. FIRE DEPARTMENT. Agent for the Western Assurance Company of Canada. HEAD OFFICE—Western Assurance Buildings, corner of Church and Colborne Streets, Toronto.

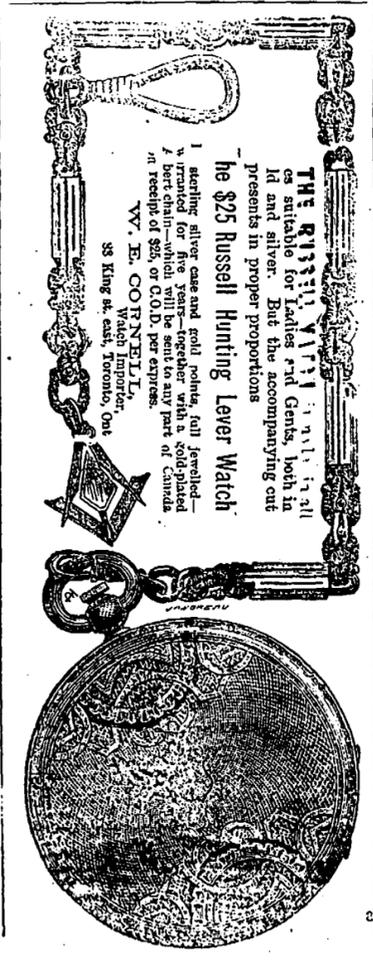
Agent for the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn.

TO MECHANICS AND OTHERS. A. S. IRVING 35 King Street West, Toronto, Keeps on hand a large stock of all kinds of Mechanical and Scientific Books AND ALSO ALL THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

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VOL. W. CORIN, PRACTICAL SIGN AND CARD PAINTER, 13 AGNES STREET. All kinds of work done on time and guaranteed.



CHARLES TOYE,
 MERCHANT TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,
 72 QUEEN STREET WEST.
 A large and extensive stock on hand. A good fit guaranteed.

F. PEIRCE,

DEALER IN

Provisions, Cured Meats, Butter,
 POULTRY, ETC.,

36 Yonge Street, Toronto,
 (Opposite Louisa Street.)

Hams, Bacon, Pork, Sausages, Boiled Ham, and Rolled Beef, Lard, Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Vegetables, &c., always on hand.

TO MECHANICS AND OTHERS.

ST. JOHN'S TEA WAREHOUSE.

D. MACDONALD

Wishes to inform his friends and the public that he has recently fitted up and re-arranged at considerable expense, the store

ON THE NORTH-WEST CORNER OF TERAULEY AND ALBERT STS.,

here he has opened out with an extensive and well-ordered stock of

Fresh Groceries and Provisions,

WINES AND LIQUORS, of the choicest Brands.

CHRISTMAS FRUITS,

Valencias, Seedless Sultanas, Layers, and other Fruits.

TEAS A SPECIALITY.

The Subscriber having had many years experience in the Tea Trade has, as a consequence, peculiar advantages in buying his Teas, and can therefore supply his customers with the

VERY BEST KIND OF TEAS

At Prices that will defy Competition. Parties wanting Teas would do well to call at the ST. JOHN'S TEA WAREHOUSE before purchasing elsewhere.

Remember the address: on the North-West Corner of Terauley and Albert Streets.

Goods delivered to all parts of the city. 33-10

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE WEST END AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY.

NOW IS YOUR TIME

TO BUY YOUR

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS' FRUITS AND LIQUORS,

At the following low prices:

New Valencia Raisins, 3lb. for 25c.

Currants, 5c. per lb.

Figs, Lemons, Orange and Citron Peels,

Marmalade, Jams and Jellies; also a large assortment of Canned Fruits.

Port and Sherry Wines, of the best brands, from \$1.50 to \$5 per gallon.

Butter, Eggs, and Ham always in stock.

WM. F. ROBERTSON,

320 QUEEN ST. WEST.

Goods sent to all parts of the city.

TO MECHANICS.

S. C. JORY, 'PHOTOGRAPHER,

75 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

This is the place for Mechanics to get cheap pictures. All work done in the best style of the art.

T. CLAXTON,

Importer and Dealer in

First-class Band Instruments,

Violins, English, German and Anglo-German Concertinas, Guitars, Flutes, Pipes, Bows, Strings, Instruction Books, etc.,

197 YONGE STREET.

Special attention given to repairing and tuning every description of Musical Instruments. 28-oh

M'CUCCLOCH & MORTON,

Begin to inform the public that they have purchased the business at one time carried on by the late

F. A. RATRAY,

AT

220 YONGE STREET.

Where they are receiving a fresh supply of Teas, Sugars, and all goods usually kept in a

First-Class Grocery Establishment.

A call solicited.

CITY TEA MART, Corner Yonge and Albert Streets. 32-r

WM. WRIGHT,

DEALER IN

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, WINES AND LIQUORS,

FRUIT, OYSTERS, &c., &c. 32-a

227 Yonge Street, Toronto. 32-10

TO MECHANICS.

S. M. PETERKIN,

Carver and Gilder, Picture Frame and Looking Glass Manufacturer,

AND DEALER IN

PLAIN AND CARVED BRACKETS,

No. 71 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO. 25-te

CHINA HALL,

71 KING ST EAST, TORONTO.

CHRISTMAS GOODS.

Fancy Toy Tea Sets,

Fancy Mugs, with names.

Fancy Cup and Saucers.

Fancy Jugs and Bottles.

Fancy Toilet Sets,

Plated Tea Sets.

Plated Forks and Spoons.

Plated Crust Stands.

Plated Sugar Baskets.

Fancy Table Lamps.

New Table Glassware.

GLOVER HARRISON,

PORTER. 25-te

PIDDINGTON,

As usual, has, not only the

Largest Collection of Books

in the city, but also the finest variety of

Toys, Fancy Goods, &c.,

For Xmas' Presents and New Years' Gifts, at his

MAMMOTH STORE.

248 & 250 Yonge Street. 20-to

PROCLAMATION!

To all whom it may concern, greeting.

MONTHLY DISCOUNT SALE.

The Public are hereby informed that

S. McCABE,

Proprietor of the Big Blue Boot Store,

No. 59 QUEEN STREET WEST,

is prepared henceforth to sell Boots and Shoes of all

shapes and sizes, of all qualities and prices, Fifteen Per

Cent, cheaper than any other store in the city. He can

afford to do so, as he buys for cash, and has come to the

conclusion that he serves his own, as well as the public

interest, by having large sales and light profits. He also

intends having a Discount Sale to favor the working

classes, on the first Monday of every month, when he

hopes for the increased patronage of his numerous

friends and customers.

We have a magnificent variety of goods not enumerated

here owing to the want of space. We would further say to

the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, that if they want

fashionable, well-made and easy fitting boots and

shoes, give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Respectfully, **S. McCABE,**

Sign of the Big Blue Boot, Fashionable Emporium, 59

Queen St. West, 3rd door West of Bay St. 27-4e

JAMES S. COOK,

392 Yonge Street,

NEWSDEALER, & CO.,

ENGLISH MAGAZINES,

AND

AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS,

FOR SALE. 30-to

COLEMAN & CO.'S

COAL OFFICE

REMOVED TO

65 YONGE ST. 65

NEXT TO

Henderson's Auction Rooms.

J. F. COLEMAN & CO.,

(Successors to Geo. Chaffey & Bro.) 28-te

CELEBRATED

Millinery & Mantles.

CELEBRATED

STAPLE AND FANCY

DRY GOODS.

CELEBRATED

Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

CELEBRATED

BOOTS & SHOES.

The only Family Furnishing House in the St. Lawrence Buildings.

LADIES,

Our Millinery, Mantles, Flowers, Feathers, Trimmings, &c., are the very latest Styles, and sold at the very lowest prices.

GENTLEMEN,

Our Ready-made and Ordered Clothing cannot be surpassed for Style, Material, and Workmanship!

Do not fail to examine our immense Stock of BOOTS AND SHOES.

Remember the Address,

SHAVER & BELL,

2 St. Lawrence Buildings,

KING STREET EAST.

Rear Entrance—East Side of the Market. 28-10

FARMERS AND MECHANICS

TRY THE LION

FOR YOUR

Ready-Made Clothing,

Heavy Tweed Suits,

Fine Tweed Suits,

Warm Overcoats,

Red River Coats,

Boys' Clothing,

THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK IN THE PROVINCE.

Millinery, Mantles, Shawls.

R. WALKER & SONS

TORONTO AND LONDON. 28-10

TO THE LABORING CLASSES.

All who wish to have Good, Neat, and Comfortable

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Call at the WORKINGMEN'S SHOE DEPOT,

131 York Street.

BOOTS SOLD CHEAP FOR CASH.

33-w **P. MCGINNES.**

D. HEWITT'S

West End Hardware Establishment,

365 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO.

CUTLERY, SHELF GOODS, CARPENTERS' TOOLS. 34-oh

MECHANICS, ATTENTION!

STOVES! STOVES!

J. R. ARMSTRONG & CO.,

COAL STOVES! WOOD STOVES!

The American Base Burner,

FOR HALLS.

Mechanics will find it to their advantage to call on us before purchasing elsewhere.

161 YONGE STREET. 26-4e

THE ROYAL TEA MART.

H. K. DUNN,

51 QUEEN STREET WEST,

OPPOSITE TERAULEY STREET,

is now showing his Christmas Stock of New Season

Fruits, comprised as follows:

NEW VALENTIAS, NEW FIGS,

"SULTANAS," "DATES,"

"LAYERS," "PRUNES,"

NEW CURRANTS,

NEW LEMON, ORANGE AND CITRON

PELL,

NEW MARMALADES, JAMS, AND

JELLIES.

Also, a Choice Stock of CANNED FRUITS.

Particular attention is called to our stock of Wines and

Liquors, which will be found to be unsurpassed.

All goods delivered to any part of the city.

Dresses for Christmas.

Special lots of Dress Fabrics, at 20 and 25 cents per

yard. original prices were from 30 to 60 cents, at

CRAWFORD & SMITH'S.

Al Marvel of Cheapness:

Heavy Wool Beaver Jackets, with cape, trimmed with

Dogsie, in black, blue, and brown, only \$6, at

CRAWFORD & SMITH'S.

Imitation Fur Jackets.

CRAWFORD & SMITH

91 KING STREET EAST,

Invite special attention to their stock of

JACKETS AND MANTLES,

made up especially for the Holiday Season. 25-te

CLOTHING.

COATS, VESTS, PANTS, OVERCOATS,

AND UNDERCOATS,

All kinds of Clothing.

READY-MADE OR MADE TO ORDER.

A First-Class Cutter kept on the premises.

A General Stock of Dry Goods.

JOB LOTS FOR PEDLARS VERY CHEAP.

MEAKIN & CO.

207 YONGE STREET,

Three doors below Green Bush Hotel, and directly

opposite Albert Street. 26-te

JUST RECEIVED, 50 PIECES OF

FANCY DRESS GOODS

In a variety of patterns, suitable for the present season,

at the unusually low price of

15 CENTS PER YARD.

Having bought this lot late in the season we are enabled to offer them at about sterling cost.

"STAR"

Dry Goods & Clothing House

Corner King and West Market Streets.

All Goods marked in plain figures. 25-te

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

To please both young and old, we have laid in an

Immense Stock of

HOLIDAY GOODS.

CONFECTIONERY,

FRUIT,

NUTS,

CANNED GOODS, &c.

H. M. ROWE & CO.'S

OYSTERS!

by the can or quart. Every can stamped. One hundred

barrels Choice Apples just to hand.

WRIGHT & WIDGERY,

CORNER YONGE AND RICHMOND STS.

Country orders promptly filled. 30-te

Asylum for the Insane, Toronto

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to

Noon of Monday, 30th Decem-

ber, instapt,

From parties willing to contract for the delivery of the

undermentioned supplies at the above named Insti-

tution, for the year 1873.

BUTCHER'S MEAT,

BUTTER,

FLOUR,

And 1,000 cords of the best quality of Maple and

Beech Cordwood, to be delivered on or before the 1st

July, 1873.