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# THE TRIP HAMMER.

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## The Trip Hammer.

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### THE STRIKE.

THE Massey Manufacturing Company have been accustomed to congratulate themselves that while the men of other establishments might "strike" their men never would. For forty years, we understand, the business has been carried on, and until the other day they have never known what it was to have their workmen lay aside their tools and march out, because certain things were done, or not done as the case might be. They may lay that flattering unction to their souls no longer. Now they "know how it is themselves"; they "have been there." After so long a period of mutual good will and friendly consideration between employers and employed it must of course have been a very serious matter which caused some four hundred men to throw aside their means of subsistence, and the means of subsistence of their wives and families, and go out on the street on "strike" until the matter in dispute was arranged satisfactorily to both parties.

Was it so serious? The TRIP HAMMER is not in the confidence of either party. We have not tried to reach the bottom of the trouble, because we have found a sort of reticence on both sides which did not invite inquiry, but entrenched itself behind the old proverb that it were best to "let sleeping dogs lie." We have gathered however, whether truly or not we do not know, that the whole thing arose out of a misunderstanding and that if the explanations which were made *after* the strike had been made *before* there would have been no strike at all. This being the case, of what use is it to waste words, so with respect to this particular strike we stop, as the *News* would say, "right here."

And yet the TRIP HAMMER has opinions on the subject of strikes. Crude opinions very likely; not formed by experience in the workshop nor through having been participants in the, doubtless, many grievances and ills to which the workshop is subject. But crude and theoretical though they may be we think the present an appropriate time to advance them. The motto of the TRIP HAMMER is "Labor and Knowledge," and it would be unpardonably false to its professed object if its sympathies did not strongly run with those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. We believe that labor, honestly united, organized labor, is every day advancing to the position it ought to occupy as a power in the world. We believe that it is not only the right but the duty of working-men, as of all men, to unite together for mutual protection and mutual assistance on the path of progress; and so long as such union restricts itself within its proper boundary, so long as it keeps itself honestly and faithfully within its own right and does not attempt to infringe the rights of others, so long is it entitled to the respect and good will of the community. But the moment the Divine command "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" is forgotten or overridden in the pursuit of an object, no matter how seemingly worthy that object may be, that moment the all powerful lever of Right is deprived of its virtue and its strength and has to be cast aside. And with it

must assuredly fall away the sympathy and support of all good men.

In the history of labor we think it may be found recorded that it has not always been content to use this lever of Right, but has sometimes discarded it for that of *Might*, and we believe that is one reason why the progress of labor has been and is so slow. The world is on the whole governed by principles of justice and fair play and is quick to recognize any infraction of these principles and to punish the wrongdoer, either positively, by active aid to his opponent or negatively by the withdrawal of its sympathy from himself. Whenever the promoters of the cause of labor have incited their followers to the committal of wrongful acts they have lost the sympathy of the people and to that extent have retarded their cause. It has been so retarded many times, and will be until it has come to recognize freely and fully the immutable truth, that to be permanently successful its advances must be made along the straight line of Right and Justice.

We have said that men have a right to combine for protection—to unite themselves together for the purpose of selling their labor in the highest market, and for other purposes having for their object the advancement and prosperity of their order. But they have *not* the right to combine for the purpose of preventing other men from selling *their* labor at what they think it is worth. But herein lies the whole trouble. If men may only unite, in a strike, for instance, themselves and are not to interfere with other men who will be only too glad to take their vacant places at the anvil, the vice, the bench, of what use is the strike? How are they benefitted by organization? This, it would seem to us is a most powerful argument against striking at all if there is any other means of removing the trouble. For it must be conceded by every honest mind that to prevent a man by force from offering his services where they are required and where he wishes to give them is tyranny of the very worst description. Suppose I go to a grocer for a pound of tea and say to him—

“A pound of 75c. tea, please.”

“We are now selling 75c. tea for \$1.” You must buy at that price.”

“But I can get as good tea as I want, as good as yours, for 75 cents.”

“Don't make any difference you must have dollar tea, or none.”

“Then I shall go some place else.”

“Oh, no, you won't though, I shall place these men beside you to prevent your buying any tea but mine. You will not be allowed to enter any other store—so you may as well 'come down' with your dollar at once.”

We presume this would be sauce for the gander, would't it? How long would such a grocer be permitted to carry on this sort of thing? Not a day.

Now when a workingman says “I am going to have such a price for my labor; I am going to have such and such things done or I will quit work,” so far he is quite within his right. But when he says, “I am not only going to quit work, but I am going to make everybody else in the shop quit work until my demands are satisfied, and further, I am going to prevent, by force if necessary, any other man from coming in to do that work,” then he is wrong, absolutely, undeniably wrong, and no amount of reasoning can make him right. If he had no resource; if he were compelled to submit to the decree of a tyrant employer with no other alternative but to strike then we might deem him to some extent justified in using extreme means to obtain his right. But he is not. The law provides a means whereby the difficulties that will arise between employer and employed may be adjusted. Why not use these means? Surely there are men in both ranks, masters and workmen, to whom such differences might be submitted, with confidence, and through whose intervention they might be amicably arranged, with the assistance, if necessary, of a third and disinterested party. Pending their decision work might go on, the wheels of business kept in motion, and not clogged and impeded as they sometimes now are by the action of bodies of men who have made certain demands, and who determine to do no work, nor allow it to be done until these demands are satisfied.

We are far from saying that the men are always to blame. There are doubtless employers who are tyrannical and proud, having no interest in those who work for them save to extort their last drop of sweat for the money they earn. If it were an understood thing that their tyranny and pride must run the gauntlet of an impartial tribunal which should sift all complaints and demands through the sieve of justice and fair play between man and man, and that such examination could be made *at once*, and without inordinate expense, there seems to be no good reason why such a course

should not be pursued instead of resorting to the strike with all its attendant evils. We find the subject growing in our hands, but we are obliged to stop at this point. We have given our opinions on the matter, this one phase of the question—namely, as to the Right and the Wrong—the many other phases we leave untouched. These opinions are our own; not inspired from any interested source—not submitted to any censorship. They may be wrong but they are at least honest and sincere.

## GOOD NIGHT.

“THIS night is my departing night,  
For here nae langer must I stay;  
There's neither friend nor foe o' mine  
But wishes me away.”

“What I have done thro' lack o' wit  
I never, never can recall;  
I hope ye're a' my friends as yet—  
Good night! and joy be wi' ye all!”

So sang the poet long ago, so have sung thousands since. So sings the TRIP HAMMER as this our “departing night” has come round. It is scarcely correct, perhaps, to allow the bard to stigmatize our friends as all unfaithful, because we know there are one or two who do *not* wish us away. But when one invokes the spirits of the dead and gone it is not polite to cut and carve them to suit our fancies.

With this issue the TRIP HAMMER ceases to be. Its life has been a short, but on the whole not an unpleasant one. We have no regrets except perhaps that our career has closed so soon. When we first sent out our little journal we did so with the intention of keeping it alive for a year as an experiment. We have done so and have gained knowledge thereby. We have found, for instance, that when one has his hands full of business already, the management and editorship of even a miniature magazine are not pastimes so brimful of enjoyment and recreation as several other recreations we might name. This is our principal reason for discontinuing the publication of the TRIP HAMMER. We have been remonstrated with by some of our friends on account of our determination, and have received at least one kindly message from a brother of the press, (if we are not presumptuous in claiming such relationship), asking us to keep on and speaking words of encouragement. But

we feel that in present circumstances we cannot do justice to the enterprise, and rather than pursue it in a halting or uncertain manner we prefer to stop it altogether, and at once. We hope we have been able to do some good, even though so small that it is not now apparent, and we may perhaps be pardoned if we indulge the hope that some of our patrons and friends will miss us when our day comes round and we do not come. And so without further standing on the doorstep we say

FAREWELL.

## CONTRIBUTED.

## LETTERS FROM AN ESCAPED LUNATIC.

IT cannot be true—it can *not* be true—that you are about to retire, dear TRIP HAMMER, into “dumb forgetfulness”! I met a person—and I refer to him as a person with the utmost deliberation, and with a full knowledge of what the term implies—who stopped me on the street and with a manner saturated in coarseness and redolent of grossest indelicacy addressed me thus:

“I understand you're the lunatic that's been writing—he made use of a most abominable word which I refuse to repeat, and of the meaning of which I have not the most remote conception—“to that”—here he burst forth into a volley imprecations calculated to head off the current of the electric light and involve the city in a sulphurous haze—“impersonation of imbecility the TRIP HAMMER. Am I right?”

I endeavoured to pass him by with an expression of countenance indicative of such a lofty scorn that if he had been possessed of the slightest atom of refinement he must have withered where he stood. But instead of quailing before my glance of unutterable contempt, as he ought to have done, he proceeded to make use of language with respect to myself and my letters, and you, dear TRIP HAMMER, which would have caused your few remaining hairs ‘to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine.’ And he ended by informing me that he was ‘mighty glad’—another coarse phrase—to hear that the ‘thing was going up the spout.’”

“I asked him what he meant by ‘going up the spout.’ He gazed upon me with astonishment depicted in his face and raising both hands in a gesture of involuntary hopelessness he remarked ‘Great Scott,’ and plunging down a side street in the most furious manner was soon lost to view.

I was just returning from a visit to some friends, no matter who, in the country, no matter where, and had not yet seen your January number. I rushed for my ho—boarding house and found too soon that the news he told me was true. What do you mean by it? Why here am I only commenced to write! I have more than a year's experience to give you gained among all sorts and conditions of men, and am I to be choked off in this manner just at the moment when the fire of genius, yet only a spark was about to illumine the pages of the TRIP HAMMER, and through them the

world? Tell me not so—say to me that it is a dream in which I have read your threatened withdrawal and that by-and-by I shall awaken and find it so. My friend, since leaving the farm which formed the subject of my last letter I have been again the inmate of a mad house; have languished in prison, have occupied a “casual ward”; have been on “strike” several times, have ‘tended bar’; have taught school, have attended the receptions of vice-royalty—in short, I have been every where and have seen every thing, and now you are going to prevent me from giving my experience to an anxiously waiting world! It is too—too much! ‘Scores of periodicals remain,’ you say. You forget my friend, that to me there was—there is but one! Where shall I find one so calculated by nature to sympathize with me as you were. You understood my every motive and feeling as no other man outside a lunatic asylum has ever done—could ever possibly do. Although our objects have been dissimilar we have both been actuated by desires wholly unselfish—mine to bring to the people the blessings of good and honest government—yours to elevate and expand their minds and improve their condition through knowledge. We are kindred souls, harmonious minds. We must not stop. We must go on. Say therefore, that you recall your decision and that you will continue to come to me as of yore.

[We are profoundly sensible of the compliments heaped upon us by this lunatic, but must refuse to recall a determination which, having been come to in one of our occasional lucid moments, is irrevocable.—Ed].

#### TEN DAYS ON THE GREAT EASTERN.

“TELL us about it,” said the unsophisticated youth. “I shall be most happy,” said Bolster; “if the company is agreeable.”

We had not anticipated anything like this. We felt we were running some risk when we admitted the unsophisticated, now on his trial trip, into the travellers room. We had broken one of our rules to favor him at his earnest solicitation, and we were prepared to be punished in some way because we had done so. But for a punishment so swift and so comprehensive we may as well own at once we were *not* prepared. We were a party of Commercial travellers sitting round the fire in one of the cosiest rooms on the road, and we were ready for almost anything in the line of story-telling; but that Bolster should be deliberately requested to repeat his Great Eastern yarn was something so preposterous that the majority of us looked upon each other for a space in stony silence. For that same majority knew Bolster and his story well. Few of us but had heard it at least once, some of us several times, while three or four had endured the infliction so often that they had come to regard Bolster as a sort of nightmare into whose clutches they were liable to fall at any moment if said Bolster happened to be one of the company. Bolster’s yarn was one of the things against which the fraternity were warned to be on their guard. Commercial travellers you know, have a code of signals by which the brethren are kept posted in matters affecting their health and comfort at hotels etc., while on the road. Every traveller for instance, who has arrived at anything like professional respectability knows that it will

be better for him to drive ten miles in the teeth of the storm to B rather than endure the terrors of No. 26 at A—, that he must not leave loose coin or valuables on his dressing table at W—; that he must carefully scrutinize the linen of his couch at X—, that he must be particular to fee the hostler at Y.— if he has any notion of catching the early train, and that he must on no account order meat pie or hash at S.— And so with regard to the peculiarities of his brethren of the road. H.—is a good fellow, but bibulous: P.—is afflicted with chronic forgetfulness as to small loans: C.—is never satisfied with less than two right bowers, and pegs double when he can; and if the alternative of sleeping on the table of the commercial room with one’s valise for a pillow or rooming with V. has to be faced, the table is to be regarded as a couch of oriental luxuriance. Now Bolster’s peculiarity was his story—the warning went forth that the name of the Great Eastern was not to be mentioned in Bolster’s presence, or if mentioned any reference by Bolster to his voyage in that monster of the deep was to be simply and quietly ignored. On this particular evening the recent sale of the vessel had been spoken of in the dining room of the hotel by some one outside the mystic circle, and had again been dragged into the conversation by the fledgling before referred to who now rounded up the sum of his imbecility by a request for the story! “I shall be most happy,” said Bolster, if the company is agreeable.”

“What else could the company” do but feign itself agreeable? Politeness is esteemed by all commercial travellers worthy of the name as one of the cardinal virtues, and so they had to express themselves as delighted, although they knew that for most of them the enjoyment of the evening was at an end, for when Bolster got on board the Great Eastern no one else had any chance that night.

“I was about twenty-one years of age,” began Bolster, “and had never yet been within sight or sound of the sea. My parents lived in a country village from whose quiet precincts I had wandered seldom and never far. We were comfortable and had saved some little money in a business which we had recently sold, and were now on the look out for something in the shape of an investment. I had the good fortune to be possessed of a relative whose mania for speculation had led him into schemes of the most extensive character, the profits of which he was extremely anxious should be retained in the bosom of the family if possible. So he told me, and drew such gorgeous pictures of wealth and independence in the near future that I could scarcely allow him to get to the end of his statement, but sprang at the bait like a young trout at his first fly. The scheme was this. It was a well known fact that the people of England were simply hungering and thirsting for information about Canada. Whole communities of well-to-do men and women were standing on the verge of the Atlantic Ocean calling and straining their eyes to the West in the hope that some well disposed and trustworthy person would come over and enlighten them on the subject of my native country. The effete despotisms of Europe were crumbling to decay—the people were being trampled upon—the rich were growing richer, the poor poorer: thousands were looking to Canada and longing for some one to tell them about it. Now here was the theatre for enterprise. And here were the means for its accomplishment. Here was a

history by the celebrated W. Bancroft Smythe, containing forty-eight steel engravings of the most remarkable occurrences in the history of Canada, with seventy-nine wood cuts illustrating her many natural beauties of forest, mountain, field and stream; the vast expanses of her lakes and the unpolluted transparency of her crystal rivers. Here for instance is a picture of a Canadian farm house with the blue mountains in the far distance. Here at the right is the farmer himself engaged in superintending his workmen. Notice the refined look on his countenance and the fashionable style of his clothing. You see the carriage and pair on the road—this is the farmer's carriage waiting to convey him to a remote portion of his estate where other workmen are to be superintended. The footman, you observe, has got down to open the gate for his master." This history is printed from a new font of type—cast specially for the occasion, the impression from which is so clear and distinct that the work may be studied by starlight with delight and satisfaction. The subject itself is handled in the most masterly style. No information of any importance is omitted. The locations of all the gold mines are so clearly defined that no one who intends engaging in that branch of business need be under a moment's doubt as to the precise spot in which to choose his claim. In short the work is perfect; and when I inform you that it is to be had for the ridiculous price of \$2, or about 8s. sterling you will at once perceive that the publishers are not actuated by any base desire for the accumulation of money, but simply by a philanthropic ardour for the advancement of their country by making her resources and her beauties known to the oppressed millions of the old world."

This was the grandest thing I had yet heard of and I made up my mind to go into it at once. And so one fine morning in September brother Sam hitched up the old black mare, and my brand new trunk was strapped on behind the buggy, and the time came to say good bye. I may here mention that my father, who had no faith in speculations of any kind, was the only one of the family who had kept up a continuous stream of cold water on this one. He allowed that cousin Jeremiah was a confounded idiot to suppose that he could sell Canadian histories to the people of England at any price, much less at two dollars a-piece. "Why, said he, the people you talk about don't earn more'n eight or ten shillings a week, and do you suppose you're going to persuade people to give you a whole week's wages for one of your infernal lying books"? I always restrained myself when he spoke in this fashion, remembering that he was growing old and behind the time, and used to tell him that he would change his mind when I returned loaded with wealth and fame.

When I was on board the cars bound for New York, where my partner was to meet me, I felt my spirits, which had become somewhat depressed at parting from home for the first time, rise again to their natural buoyancy, and I looked forward through the bright morning with anticipations of the most glowing nature. I had plenty of money in my pocket. I had a through ticket by the Great Eastern (which of itself seemed to be prophetic of the magnitude of my success) and was entering into that pleasant realm of travel and change of scene to which I had hitherto been a stranger. We remained in New York a week, and on a cold rainy dismal morning in October were driven down to one of

the slips from which the steamer was to start for the Leviathan lying down below Hell Gate. What a monster she seemed as we approached her on our little steamer! "Black, grim and large" as Robbie Burns describes the arch enemy she lay—

"Prone on the flood, extending long and large."

with her steam up ready to sail. I forget how many flights of stairs, speaking as a land lubber, we had to ascend before we at length found ourselves on the upper deck looking down at the cockle shell in which we had come, now rocking on the tide like a small canoe lashed to a Hudson River steamer. Now the baggage begins to come up, and you have to fight and expostulate with numbers of seafaring men who have no notion of clean shirts and collars, or toilet requisites, and cling stubbornly to the opinion that the hold is the only place for anything wearing the appearance of a trunk. We at length secured our "waited" and had them conveyed to our state room, a double one which we were to occupy together; the person included in "we" being of course my relative with whom I was to return from "Yurru" in our own ship. What a din and clamour. Tramp, tramp, go the sailors up and down the stairs, carrying valises, hat boxes, etc., suspended from every portion of their persons, and overshadowing themselves with mountains of trunks in the coolest possible manner. Now the pile on deck accumulates, and what a motley collection it seems to be. Big trunks, middling sized trunks, little trunks. Canvas covered, big black lettered; "don't rub up against me," please, trunks whose owners had probably come into society when their trunks were addressed, and the varnish on both of them was scarcely dry. Solid leather, rough and tumble trunks which stood among their fellows sturdily and said plainly, "Don't be afraid to touch me, you won't hurt me, don't fear, and if you want any reasonable service from me that a trunk of my proportions can render, be so kind as to give it a name and I'll do it if I can. But there's one thing I should like to mention, no offence intended and none taken I hope. Don't sit on me." Lackadaisical trunks, newly married trunks—hair trunks, with family histories written in every hair—every remaining hair. Trunks! why I could fill pages with a description of them as they were now passing below in bundles to be seen no more for many days. And what a crowd of people. Surely all these are not going.

"My dear fellow don't let anybody hear you. All these! Why the Great Eastern could take all these and a thousand more and never wink. Perhaps you had better go down into your state room and see after the things, and if you wouldn't mind maybe it would be as well for you to stay there until we get under weigh. You will thus escape all probability of being taken back to New York as a lunatic."

"Wha—what in thunder do you mean?"

"Why you're staring and gawking round here with such an idiotic expression on your whole body that I'm really afraid you'll be ordered ashore if you don't keep out of sight. I can see the Captain, on the bridge there, looking at you now, and if he isn't at this moment about to place his speaking trumpet to his lips and speaking-trumpet the mate about you, I shall regard the thing as a special interposition of Providence."

I was averse to adding anything to the general disturbance or I should most certainly have crimsoned

the decks of the vessel with gore from my relative's countenance without a moment's hesitation, I was so indignant at being thus insulted. A certain dangerous gleam in my eye, perhaps, warned him that it would not be wise to pursue the subject, and so he walked away, and after a few minutes inward chafing I returned to my observations of persons and things about me. Order was gradually taking the place of chaos. The afternoon sun was slowly declining; the sea was now calm as a summer lake and the pennons of the little vessels along side hung trailing from mast and flagstaff in the quiet air. Who can describe the sea? Not I. I stood at the vessel's prow, some sixty feet, if I mistake not, above the wave, and looking away to the East found myself wondering, like little Paul Dombey, about the countries "farther away," and speculating as to the ability of this ponderous mass of iron and wood and steel and brass beneath my feet to bear me over the unfathomable depths between. Dark, mystic, solemn, despite the toying of the sunbeams with its waves, the ocean stretched away to the seemingly illimitable, and as I looked I could fancy stern-faced forms stalking like phantoms on the horizon's verge, their white locks blown about by the breeze far out at sea, menacing us with clenched hands and daring us to "come on." The challenge was soon accepted. The warders of the deep vanished in a moment as the hoarse note of the steamer's whistle sounded "all ashore." Hurried feet began to descend ladders—there were moments of close contact between bearded lips, whose owners had to stoop a long way, and rose-red lips held up to meet them—moments of intense dissatisfaction for those whose lips were unemployed—there were hand-clasps loth to sunder—tears, good-byes, farewells; and at last they stood divided, these along the leviathan's rail with waving handkerchiefs, looking down on the friends they were leaving—those on the decks of their small vessels, now grown smaller than ever, also with waving handkerchiefs and eyes upturned, shouting good-byes with their lips, while from their hearts arose silent prayers for the safety of the outward bound. "Let go all"! The hawsers are overboard, the steamers fall off—again a hoarse note from the whistle—the steamer's gun—a mighty sound, as if we had suddenly come within hearing of Niagara—a gigantic quiver from stem to stern as paddle-wheels revolve, and what had been a moment ago an inert mass tossed by the waves at their will, now starts suddenly into life and motion and beats them down "with fierce o'ermastering force," dividing them, buffetting them, tossing them behind her and leaving them there foaming with anger at the affront which has been put upon them. A parting cheer—a hurricane of waving handkerchiefs, and our good steamer seizes the bit in her teeth like a racer who at last has heard the bell. Our voyage has commenced. The shores recede, the small steamers grow smaller to tearful eyes yet turned shoreward until at last they are gone. The waters are growing darker, the sun has hid behind his clouds and refuses to emerge. Away on the sea-line the phantoms re-appear, dimly now, darkness falls; the steamer's lights shine out over the water, and the bell of the grand saloon sounds for dinner. And now I find myself really at sea in more senses than one. When I sat down to write I fancied that I should be able to take up the trail and follow it without the slightest trouble. But in a quarter of a century the scent grows cold and hard

to recover. I find that I cannot even remember our captain's name "stop" was it not Paton—Captain Paton? certainly it was, and if that bluff old navigator is still above water I herewith tender him my most abject apologies for having been in doubt about it a single moment. For everybody said he was the prince of good fellows, and I have no doubt he was—the ladies particularly seemed to regard him in a most affectionate light, and she who took her place at his right at dinner was supremely happy for the remainder of the evening. It was "Captain Paton" this, and "Captain Paton" that; "Captain Paton" here, and "Captain Paton" there; "Captain Paton thinks that from the appearance of the sky the weather *may* be a bit dirty soon"; "Captain Paton says we made 340 knots yesterday," and so on, and so on. Bless these women; all they want is to find some one in absolute authority, whose word is law, who brooks not contradiction; one who is in short in a position to play the tyrant, and does so, and every single woman of them will be at his feet right away. Here is a grand opportunity for a disquisition on the weaknesses of the sex, but perhaps on the whole I had better sail on some other tack. The first meal at sea is all very well. The salt air has sharpened your appetite, your surroundings are novel and elegant, the stewards are polite and attentive, the food is of the best, the company jovial and not at all stuck up as the same company would be on land, and you sit down to the repast with anticipations of the most agreeable character. Beware! Look well upon your associates if you would remember them again in Paradise. For until that happy time there are many of them you shall see no more. And look well to yourself, for the probabilities are you will be "down among the dead men" in your state room before another tea bell sounds. Not stiff and stark and all that, you know, but wishing yourself so—calling to the waves to come and engulf you, to the boilers to explode and rend you in infinitesimal fragments—to all the powers of earth and air and sea to crush you by some speedy method into utter unconsciousness so that you may be rid of this fearful malady at once and forever. Of all our four hundred passengers I remember only a few. They were the usual collection. I presume, which is always found on an ocean steamer. Men and women from all parts of creation whose lines of life converge for a few days to branch out again when the voyage is over into the wide, wide world. There were Americans of course, and there were Englishmen, also of course—there were Greeks, Italians, Irish, Scotch, Spanish, and I don't know how many of other nationalities, all represented. Intimacies are formed quickly at sea. Request the loan of a match and the donor becomes at once your bosom friend. I became particularly interested in one gentleman who was always doing something that made people laugh at him. If there was anything like a respectable sea on it might happen that one wave in a thousand would send its spray flying over the lofty bulwarks of the vessel, and to a dead certainty Mr. Lemon would be there to receive it. His name was Lemon, and I remember on one of these occasions when he came flying down drenched to the skin that somebody christened him lemon-and-water on the spot. He was a cockney, and never saw any place like "London y' kneow." New York, for a new place was not bad, but "bless your soul wait till you get to London." Of course it is a matter of principle to keep a diary at sea

and no proper minded person ever omits it, particularly if the voyage happens to be his first one. I wish I had mine here now, for no anchorite ever more faithfully performed his vows than I my daily duty in this respect. I found myself imperceptibly taking on nautical airs, and using sea-going expressions as if I had been rocked in the cradle of the deep from my earliest infancy. My companion was accustomed to regard my daily acquisitions in ocean phraseology with unmitigated contempt, and to sever himself from my society with jerks whenever I indulged in their use. "Shiver my timbers," I would perhaps remark in a pleasant manner, looking at my watch, if it isn't eight bells—that was enough for *him*. The conversation snapped short off right there, and he went away muttering to himself in language which I have no doubt, could it have been overheard, would have been extremely offensive to a refined mind. I used to take it out of him in the state room, though, when we had crawled into our berths and the lights were out. During the day I studied up questions to ask him, all of them couched in the briniest terms I could get together, and the results were in the highest degree interesting.

"How's her head mess-mate"? I would call across the vacant space between us as soon as I heard those faint gurglings with which my friend was wont to begin his journey to the land of dreams. The only reply would be a snort and a wrathful plunge among the bed-clothes, but it spoke volumes. I can't recall the sea phrases I used to fire at him through the darkness, but I know that at the time they were very effective and contributed not a little to my enjoyment of the voyage. There were other enjoyments besides; there was "shovel-board," a most delightful pastime, peculiar to the sea, and which has carefully been kept there lest it should supersede billiards and other shore games in which quickness of eye and precision of hand are essential qualities. Then there was "bait the bear," in which one lunatic was attached to the mast by a line several feet long with his eyes bandaged, while other lunatics belaboured him with knotted handkerchiefs until one of them was caught when he became "bear" himself. But perhaps the most intellectual exercise ever invented by a nautical mind was one the name of which I have now forgotten. It is indulged in something like this: A spar some ten or twelve feet long is placed with one end resting on the deck while the other end is raised two or three feet by a rope depending from a support above, in which position the spar of course sways in unison with the motion of the vessel. The game is to seat yourself tailor-fashion on this round spar and with a cane or other short stick remove a shilling which has been placed on the outer and swinging end. Of course you are not allowed to touch the spar with either hand. It looks easy enough until you get on and attempt to raise your cane from the deck—then the fun comes in and you find yourself standing on your head on deck to the intense satisfaction of the whole ship's company and passengers, who of course have assembled to witness this most exciting sport. Then there is the smoking-room, in which euchre, vignt-un and poker are perpetually running, and where some of the fledglings are clipped in the most approved gentlemanly fashion. We don't mention dollars and cents any more. We have got into the region of the £. s. d. and regard the familiar coinage of our native land with disrespect

and derision. We count in shillings and 'alf crowns and sovereigns as if we had been used to them all our lives, and look upon a lean faced Yankee who accidentally mentions "fifty cents" as low, you know.

We had "dirty" weather for a day or so after leaving Montauk point and we began to find out about the "steadiness" of the *Great Eastern*. Did you ever roll off a log? If not I can assure you it's quite easy—anybody can do it. When I think of the *Great Eastern* I always associate her with "rolling" of some sort, for she was the most inveterate "roller" I have ever clung to; and "cling" was all you had to do. In a heavy storm there was no use in trying to walk the deck—you might almost as well have tried to walk up the gable end of a house.

Standing away aft at the wheel and looking forward over the bows, some 630 feet, was, particularly to a greenhorn, productive of a strange sensation. The waves are rolling and tumbling away out to the sea line ahead, and they come rolling and tumbling after you as if in chase. Now you go up, up until you begin to fancy yourself almost among the clouds, while the vessel's port bow goes down, down until your heart stands still with fear that she is about to make her last plunge into the depths of the mountain coming on, and go down "to be lost evermore in the main." But at the last moment she rises gracefully as a duck and the sea line vanishes, the bows swing upward, still up, up into the clouds, while you and the men at the wheel go down until the chasing monsters behind seem to be sure of their prey, and come leaping onward to spring on board, only to be again baffled as the huge stern soars cloudward. If you owe anything to Father Neptune you may expect, if you remain here, to be called on soon to settle the account. Better compromise at once and seek the centre of the ship where, although the roll is felt the most, the pitch is scarcely perceived. Now I find that the night is wearing on and I must bring this voyage to a close. We were nearing the Irish Coast, the time was two o'clock in the morning, the night thick, stormy, and as black as a wolf's throat, when all at once I found myself sitting up in my berth with a terrible sense of something wrong all over me. What was the matter? Why the engines are stopped! We have struck! Hark the tramping overhead; the howling of the wind among the rigging, sounding like weird voices not of earth, now breaking forth into shouts of demoniac glee, and now chanting in hollow tones a solemn dirge over a doomed vessel and her freight of living souls. The trampling grows louder—quick commands ring out. Heavens! how the ship rolls I leave my berth and clinging to anything and everything in the darkness find my way to the port-hole and look out. Nothing but the black and heaving sea. Stay, a light on our port-bow. What is this? Crash! All the crockery in the vessel must have perished then. Crash! not all, for there goes some more. Hark—swish, swish, swish, a more fearful sound than all the rest. Is it—can it be—the sound of water in the hold!

A tap on the state room door, a light—

"Why, steward, what on earth is the matter?"

"All right now sir, no occasion for alarm, sir, we've run down a vessel, that's all."

"Run down a vessel!—and that was *all*!"

I had read of such mishaps at sea and had thought of them lightly as I skimmed the morning paper by the fire at home. But to read about running down vessels



thousands of miles away is one thing, and to run down vessels yourself or assist in running them down as I had just now done, quite unconsciously, was another and a very different thing. I was on deck in a minute almost in a state of nature, if Nature ever *does* go about with one boot on and one boot off, and her suspenders dangling, and found myself among crowds of people all more or less in the same interesting condition. Finding, however, that there was no further cause for alarm I sought the obscurity of my state room, clothed myself, and again went on deck to learn particulars.

"I might a know'd it," I heard a sailor say to his mate as they stood together talking over the accident. "I might a know'd this 'ere blessed old tub 'ud never come into port without killing three or four people. She allus does, and I might a know'd it."

"Has there been anyone killed?" I said.

"Killed!" returned he, "killed ain't no name for it. Why he was crushed flatter than my hand."

"How did it happen?"

"D'ye see that there green light over there—well that's the binnacle light of the vessel as we've just smashed into matchwood. There was fifteen men aboard on her. There's twelve on 'em over there now in the fo'castle, two on 'em is either on board the ship yet or gone to Davy Jones, and one—my soul, I think I see him now! was smashed to pieces as he tried to get aboard our vessel. They must have been keepin' a careless watch or else this here old tub took the wind away from her so that she couldn't steer—anyhow we were down on them before we know'd it. We struck her kind o' slantwise on her quarter and somehow she got fast to us so that we were able to pass ropes to her men and hoist 'em up one by one. We got 'em all safe except one and he was the last we could see. He passed the rope under his arms and told us to haul away. Just as he said the word the vessels parted for a moment in the swell of the sea and he hung dangling betwixt 'em. We pulled with all our might but we was too late. Crash, they came together again and he—well he was between 'em.

"Great Heaven!" I said, "and he was crushed between the ships. What did you do then?"

"Do! what was there to do. The line was taut over the ship's side, and we could see he was crushed to a jelly. There was nothing else to do but cut away, and so we did, and that was the last of 'im, poor fellow."

During all this time we were standing by the ship, which yet floated, hoping that the sea would go down and that a boat might be sent to find out if possible the fate of the two missing sailors. The morning broke gray and dull and now we could see the wrecked vessel which like a poor wounded bird with pinions mangled and plumage torn was slowly settling down to die. The sea still continued to run so high that Captain Paton decided it would be impossible to launch a boat and that she must be left to her fate. So we sailed away and left her alone on the cruel sea which seemed to leap about her in fiendish mirth that she was so soon to be its prey. The remainder of the voyage was saddened by this dreadful occurrence, and we were not sorry one fine morning to find ourselves in the Mersey with our journey done.

It is good for us to think no grace or blessing is truly ours, till we are aware that God has blessed some one else with it through us.—*Rev. Phillips Brooks.*

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### A SEAL HUNT.

HOW THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERMEN SPEND THEIR WINTERS.

#### *Experiences of a Sealing Voyage.*

IN the latter part of February the roads leading from the outports to St. John's, Newfoundland, says the *New York Sun*, are enlivened by the appearance of the sealers, or, as they are called in the vernacular, "oilers," on their way to engage in "sivile hunting." Each of them carries a bundle of clothing over his shoulder, swinging at the end of a gaff, which is to serve him as an ice pole, or club to kill the seals, and a means of dragging the skins over the ice. Occasionally one is seen carrying a long sealing gun, to be used in killing old seals and others that cannot be reached by the gaff. The outfit of these sealers is of the simplest description. Seal skin boots, reaching to the knee, having a thick leather sole, well nailed, to enable them to walk over the ice, protect the feet; coarse canvas jackets, often showing the industry of a wife or a mother in the number of patches that adorn them, are worn over warm woollen shirts and other inner clothing; seal skin caps and tweed or moleskin trousers and thick woollen mits complete the costume, which is more picturesque than handsome. They all converge at the quays, and there is an anxious, swaying crowd of these quaintly dressed "oilers" each trying to get booked for the hunt. Those who come first, if they are young and healthy, get booked for the steam sealers. The rest must be content with a berth on the sailing vessels, and some, especially the older men, are left behind.

In the fore-castle or other parts of the ship rough berths are constructed. The sealers have to furnish themselves with a straw mattress and blanketing. The men are packed like herrings in a barrel. As a rule they never undress during a voyage. In the rare event of putting on a clean shirt, it goes on over its predecessor, without removing the latter, a method which saves time and trouble, and is, besides, conducive to warmth. The food of the men is none of the daintiest. A person who is the least bit squeamish about what he eats, drinks, and avoids, had better not attempt a "sivile hunt." The diet consists of biscuit, pork, butter, and tea, sweetened with molasses of the blackest kind, for the owners supply the provisions. On three days every week dinner consists of pork and duff, a delightful cannon-ball like mixture of flour and water, boiled, with a little fatty substance to lighten it. On other occasions biscuit and tea form the bulk of the diet. When, however, they fall in with seals they are feasted upon heart, liver, and flippers, served in dozens of ways. When out on the ice it is a common practice to string on their belts a dozen or two of seals' hearts and livers. These they eat raw whenever appetite prompts. This free use of fresh meats keeps them healthy and prevents the dread scurvy. They are often eight or ten weeks from land. After leading such a rough life it is marvellous to see them leap ashore hearty and healthy. Their outer garments are polished with fat and blood, and until they have

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BY THE LATE RICHARD DOYLE.—See Sept. No., Page 111.

XI.

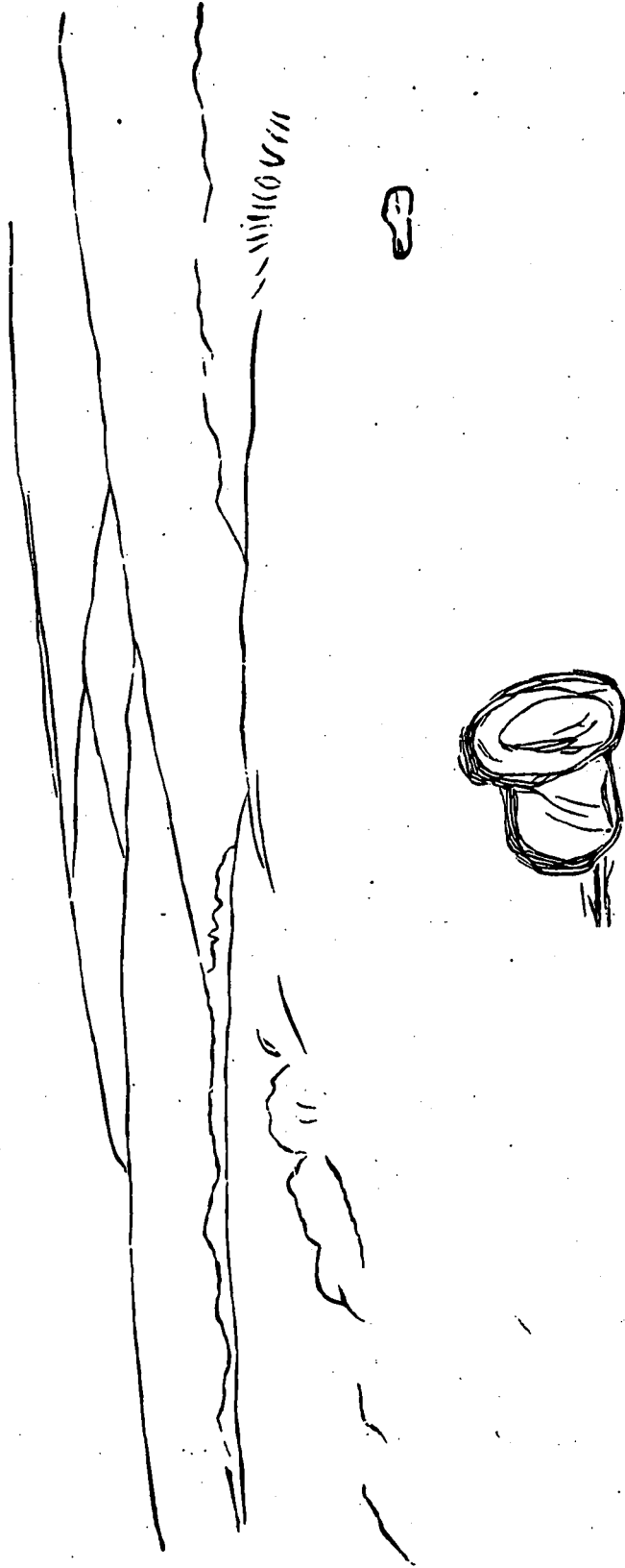


The Lion pleased with his repast walks away  
stouter than he was

EVENTFUL HISTORY OF TOMMY AND THE LION.

BY THE LATE RICHARD DOYLE.—See Sept. No., Page 111.

XII.



All that remains of Tommy.

TRIP HAMMER SUPPLEMENT, FEBRUARY, 1886.

changed their clothing it is advisable to keep to windward of them.

The experiences of a sealing voyage are influenced by the ever-shifting condition of the ice and the direction of the winds. The aim of the sealers is to reach the whelping grounds of the seals while the young are in their plump, oleaginous babyhood. The position of the icy cradle is absolutely uncertain, being dependent upon the movements of the ice and the force of winds and waves. It must be sought amid ice fields. At times, in attempting to push her way through a narrow lead, the vessel is caught and held there at the mercy of the ice and drifted with it. If a storm comes up almost certain destruction threatens the vessel. The unbroken swell of the Atlantic, rolling in huge continuous ridges, heaves the vast ice pavement first up on its high crest, then sinks in its deep hollows. By this heaving and swelling the ice field is broken into countless floes. The whole mass opens and expands, and then the broken fragments are dashed together with resistless violence and piled on each other in huge hummocks. Woe to the unfortunate vessel that comes within reach of these fearful missiles? In this terrible war of the elements, the thundering crashes as the ice giants meet and dash one another to pieces, the floes and bergs grappling with each other in the fray, and the roaring overhead of the blinding snowstorm all combine to make up a scene of terrible confusion.

Nothing can be more terrible than to see through the mist of sleet and snow a huge berg of ice floating by rotating as it moves, and, striking the edge of a floe, crack it with a noise like thunder into a hundred pieces. To describe these vast moving masses of ice is impossible. To see them even is to have but a small conception of their magnitude, so much is hidden from view. Scoresby estimates one at ten thousand millions of tons.

When the storm clears away a scene of strange and dazzling beauty surrounds you on all sides. The ice fields cover the surface of the ocean in a glittering expanse, dotted with towering bergs of every size and shape, having gleaming turrets, domes and spires. For the most part the sea is quiet. Its strange beauty is wonderfully fascinating. When the sun is shining brightly it is too dazzling, and its monotony is wearisome. The moon, the stars and the flickering aurora are needed to reveal all its beauty. The dry, bracing air sends the blood dancing through the veins. The clouds have cleared, leaving a lovely sky, studded with stars, through which the moon sails calmly. The ice has been opened by the pinions of the storm in all directions, and the seal-hunter finds himself sailing in a calm sea amid numerous fairy islets of glittering ice, with shining pinnacles and fantastic forms floating calmly around. Frequently in such nights the auroral display is magnificent. An immense curtain of light overspreads the heavens like the canopy of an immense tent, having borders of the richest and most vivid colors, waving its folds to and fro as if agitated by the wind. Now a flush of crimson spreads over the sky, reflecting a blood-red hue from the pure white snow; then vast flame curtains seem to open and close with inconceivable rapidity, showing now pink, now purple, orange, and green. Long converging pencils of light flash to the zenith, then suddenly vanish.

Amid such scenes as this the sealer steamer sails around, always on the look-out for the whelping

grounds. When the word is given all is excitement. The vessel is laid to and the men eagerly bound upon the ice to begin their work of destruction. Young men who are now for the first time plying the gaffs are almost overcome with the baby lamentations of the young "white-coats," which sound wonderfully like the sobbings of a child in pain. Compassion is soon laid aside and the work of destruction begins. A blow on the nose from the gaff stuns or kills the young seal. Instantly the scalping-knife is at work. The skin, with the fat adhering, is removed with amazing rapidity from the carcass, which is left on the ice still quivering with life, while the fat and skin alone are carried off. With five or six pelts the hunter goes back to the vessel, leaping from pan to pan if the ice is broken, and many a cold bath awaits the jumper who is too eager to be careful.

Fancy 200 or 300 men on a float of ice, carrying on their murderous work, with persons smeared with blood, evidence of the wholesale slaughter; the ice stained with gore and covered with the skinless carcasses of the slain; the shivering seals' low moans filling the air like the sobbings of infants in distress; the murderers every moment smiting fresh victims or dragging the greasy prizes to the vessel's side. Then what a picture the vessel presents as the pelts are being piled on deck to cool before being placed below. One after another the hunters arrive with their loads and snatch a hasty moment to drink a bowl of tea and eat a bit of biscuit. The poor mother seals, now cubless, are seen popping their heads up in the small lakes and holes among the ice, anxiously but vainly looking for their young.

The fortunes of the sealers are various. Sometimes they are caught in the ice and borne up and down on the ocean for weeks, and finally return to port without a seal. At other times a vessel falls into a perfect El Dorado. She fills as fast as the seals can be killed, and returns in two or three weeks laden to the gunwale, and the successful "oilers" are the heroes of the hour. When seals are taken in large quantities, the hold of the vessel is first filled. Then the men willingly surrender their berths, which are packed full of the pelts. Every nook and corner is crammed with the precious fat, and the sealers sleep where they can, in barrels on the deck, on a layer of seals, or in the coal bunkers. They can do this the more readily, since their pay is in proportion to the catch.

The fat is tried down into oil, which is used in making soap, for lubricating machines, and in lighthouses and mines. The skins sell for about \$1 apiece, and are converted into boots, shoes and harness. This industry gives employment every spring to 25 steamers from Newfoundland, built expressly for the purpose, besides about 200 sailing vessels, the crews of this fleet making a navy of over 10,000 men. Each steamer carries from 150 to 300 men in its crew. As soon as they return they begin their summer's work of cod-fishing.

This work has been going on for nearly a hundred years, each year yielding from 50,000 to over 500,000 seals, and yet with all their destruction there seems to be no signs of diminution in numbers, though I fear if the steamers persist in making two and three voyages it will end in sudden extermination, for it seems like "killing the goose that lays the golden egg," since on the second and third voyages it is not the young they take, but the full-grown males and females.

## DON'T:

*In Speech.*

**D**ON'T speak ungrammatically. Study books of grammar, and the writings of the best authors.

Don't pronounce incorrectly. Listen carefully to the conversation of cultivated people, and consult the dictionaries.

Don't mangle your words, nor smother them, nor swallow them. Speak with a distinct enunciation.

Don't talk in a high, shrill voice, and avoid nasal tones. Cultivate a chest-voice; learn to moderate your tones. Talk always in a low register, but not too low.

Don't use slang. There is some slang that, according to Thackeray, is gentlemanly slang, and other slang that is vulgar. If one does not know the difference, let him avoid slang altogether, and then he will be safe.

Don't use profane language. Don't multiply epithets and adjectives; don't be too fond of superlatives, moderate your transports.

Don't use meaningless exclamations, such as "Oh, my!" "Oh, crackey!" etc.

Don't interject *sir* or *madam* freely into your conversation. Never say *ma'am* at all. Young people should be taught to say "Yes, papa," "No, mamma" (with accent on the second syllable of *mamma* and *papa*), "Yes, uncle," "No, aunt," and so on, instead of always "Yes, sir," "No, ma'am," etc. *Sir* is right toward superiors, but it must even in this case be sparingly used.

Don't address a young lady as *miss*. Don't say "Miss Mary," "Miss Susan." This strictly is permissible with servants only. Address young ladies by their surname, with prefix of *miss*, except when in a family of sisters a distinction must be made, and then give the name in full.

Don't clip final consonants. Don't say *comin' goin', singin'*, for *coming, going, singing*. Don't say *an'* for *and*.

Don't mispronounce vowel-sounds in unaccented syllables. Don't say *persition* for *position*, *perstater* for *potato*, *sentunce* for *sentence*. On the other hand, don't lay too much stress on these sounds—touch them lightly but correctly.

Don't say *ketch* for *catch*, nor *ken* for *can*. Don't say *feller* for *fellow*, nor *winder* for *window*, nor *meller* for *mellow*, nor *to-morrer* for *to-morrow*. Don't imagine that ignoramus only make these mistakes. They are often through carelessness made by people of some education. Don't, therefore, be careless in these little points.

Don't use *quantity* for *number*. "A quantity of wheat" is right enough, but what are we to think of the phrase, "a quantity of people"?

Don't use adjectives when adverbs are required. Don't say, for instance, "This pear is *uncommon* good," but "This pear is *uncommonly* good." For rules on the use of adverbs consult books on grammar.

Don't say "awfully nice," "awfully pretty," etc.; and don't accumulate bad grammar upon bad taste by saying "awful nice." Use the word *awful* with a sense of its correct meaning.

Don't say "loads of time" or "oceans of time." There is no meaning to these phrases. Say "ample time" or "time enough."

Don't say "lots of things," meaning an "abundance

of things." A lot of anything means a separate portion, a part allotted. *Lot* for *quantity* is an Americanism.

Don't say that "the health of the President was *drank*," or that "the race was *ran*." For *drank* say *drunk*; for *ran* say *run*.

Don't habitually use the word *folks*—"his folks," "our folks," "their folks," etc. Strictly, the word should be *folk*, the plural form being a corruption; but, while usage sanctions *folks* for *folk*, it is in better taste not to use the word at all.

Don't speak of this or that kind of food being *healthy* or *unhealthy*; say always *wholesome* or *unwholesome*.

Don't say *learn* for *teach*. It is not right to say "will *learn* them what to do," but "will *teach* them what to do." The teacher can only *teach*; the pupil must *learn*.

Don't notice in others a slip of grammar or a mispronunciation in a way to cause a blush or offend. If you refer to anything of the kind, do it courteously, and not in the hearing of other persons.

Don't say *secatary* for *secretary*, nor *sal'ry* for *salary*. Don't say *hist'ry* for *history*.

Don't drop the sound of *r* where it belongs, as *ahm* for *arm*, *wahm* for *warm*, *hoss* for *horse*, *govahment* for *government*. The omission of *r* in these and similar words—usually when it falls after a vowel—is very common.

Don't pronounce *route* as if it were written *rowt*; it should be like *root*. Don't, also, pronounce *tour* as if you were speaking of a tower. Let it be pronounced as if it were *toor*.

Don't pronounce *calm* and *palm* as if they rhymed with *ham*. Give the *a* the broad sound, as in *father*.

Don't say *gents* for *gentlemen*, nor *pants* for *pantaloons*. These are inexcusable vulgarisms.

Don't say *party* for *person*. This is abominable, and yet very common.

Don't say *lady* when you mean wife.

Don't say "right away," if you wish to avoid Americanisms. Say *immediately* or *directly*.

Don't say *female* for *woman*. A sow is a female; a mare is a female. The female sex of the human kind is entitled to some distinctive term.

Don't say *sick* except when nausea is meant. Say *ill*, *unwell*, *indisposed*.

Don't say *posted* for *well informed*. Don't say *balance* for *remainder*. Don't use trade terms except for trade purposes.

Don't use extravagant adjectives. Don't say *magnificent* when a thing is merely pretty, or *splendid* when *excellent* or some other word will do. Extravagance of this kind is never in good taste.

Don't use the words *hate* and *despise* to express mere dislikes. The young lady who declares that she "hates yellow ribbons" and "despises turnips," may have sound principles, but she evinces a great want of discrimination in the selection of epithets.

Don't say *hung* when *hanged* is meant. Men, unfortunately, are sometimes hanged; pictures are hung.

Don't say that anybody or anything is *genteel*. Don't use the word at all. Say a person is "well bred," or a thing is "tasteful."

Don't say *yeh* for *yes*; and don't imitate the English *ya-as*. Don't respond to a remark with a prolonged exclamatory and interrogative *ye-es*. This is a rank Yankeeism.

Don't say *don't* for *does not*. *Don't* is a contraction

of *do not*, not of *does not*. Hence, "he don't" is not permissible. Say "He doesn't."

Don't say *ain't* for *isn't*, and, above all, don't say *ain't*. Say *aren't* for *are not*, *isn't* for *is not*; and, although *ain't* may by a stretch be considered an abbreviation of "am not," it is in better taste to speak the words in full.

Don't say "I *done* it," "he *done* it," "they *done* it." This is a very gross error, yet it is often made by people who ought to know better. "I did it," "he did it," "they did it," is, it ought to be unnecessary to say, the correct form.

Don't say "I *seen*," say "I *saw*." This error is commonly made by the same people who say "I *done* it." A similar error is, "If he had *went*," instead of "If he had gone."

Don't say "It is *him*," say "It is *he*." So, also, "It is *I*," not "It is *me*"; "It is *they*," not "It is *them*."

Don't say "He is older than *me*," say "He is older than *I*." "I am taller than *he*," not "I am taller than *him*."

Don't say "Charles and me are going to church." The proper form is, "Charles and *I* are going," etc.

Don't say "Between you and *I*." By an ingenious perversity, the same people who insist, in the instances we have cited, upon using the objective case where the nominative is called for, in this phrase reverse the proceeding. They should say, "Between you and *me*."

Don't, in referring to a person, say *he* or *she* or *him*, but always mention the name. "Mrs. Smith thinks it will rain," not "*she* thinks it will rain." There are men who continually refer to their wives as *she*, and wives who have commonly no other name than *he* for their husbands. This is abominable.

Don't say *lay* for *lie*. It is true, Byron committed this blunder—"There let him *lay*"—but poets are not always safe guides. *Lay* expresses transitive action; *lie* expresses rest. "I will *lie* down; "I will *lay* it down."

Don't use *them* for *those*. "*Them* boots," "*them* bonnets," etc., is so gross an error that we commonly hear it only from the uneducated.

Don't say, "I am *through*," when you are announcing that you have finished dinner or breakfast. "Are you *through*?" asked an American of an Englishman when seated at table. "Through!" exclaimed the Englishman, looking in an alarmed way down to the floor and up to the ceiling—"through what?"

Don't misuse the words *lady* and *gentleman*. Don't say "A nice *lady*." If you must use the word *nice*, say "A nice woman." Don't say "A pleasant *gentleman*," say "An agreeable person." Say "What kind of man is he?" not "What kind of gentleman is he?" Say "She is a good woman," not "a good *lady*." The indiscriminate use of *lady* and *gentleman* indicates want of culture. These terms should never be used when sex pure and simple is meant.

Don't say "I *guess*" for "I *think*," or "I *expect*" for "I *suppose*."

Don't use *plenty* as an adjective, but say *plentiful*. So say the purists, although old writers frequently violated this rule. "If reasons were as *plenty* as blackberries," says Falstaff. If we obey the rule, we must say "money is *plentiful*," not "money is *plenty*."

Don't use *fix* in the sense of putting in order, setting to rights, etc. This is a condemned Americanism. *Fix* means to make fast, to permanently set in place,

and hence the common American usage is peculiarly wrong.

Don't adopt the common habit of calling everything *funny* that chances to be a little odd or strange. *Funny* can only be rightly used when the comical is meant.

Don't use a plural pronoun when a singular is called for. "Every passenger must show *their* ticket." illustrates a prevalent error. "Everybody put on *their* hats" is another instance; It should be, "Everybody put on *his* hat."

Don't say "blame it on him," but simply, "blame him." The first form is common among the uneducated.

Don't use *got* where it is unnecessary. "I have *got* an umbrella," is a common form of speech, but *got* here is needless, and it is far from being a pleasing word. "I have a book," not "I have *got* a book," and so in all similar cases.

Don't use *less* for *fewer* in referring to things of numbers. *Less* should be applied to bulk only; "*less* than a bushel, *fewer* than a hundred," indicates the proper distinction to be made in the use of the two words.

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## WORKMANS' LIBRARY ASS'N.

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On account of the small attendance, the City school authorities decided that the school in connection with the Association must be closed, which was accordingly done in the beginning of February. We are much disappointed that a project which at first gave promise of such excellent success, should collapse so soon. We think it is a great pity that young men particularly should neglect to take advantage of the means provided for them to improve themselves, and we do not profess to understand why it should be so. Yet so it seems to be, and we suppose that is an end of the matter.

The concert on Feb. 15th, for the benefit of the widow of the late Robert Davey, was a success. Space will not allow of our particularizing as to the various numbers, but it is only just to the ladies and gentlemen who took part in the programme to say that their efforts to please the very large audience present were more than successful, and resulted in an evening brimful of enjoyment to all who could appreciate the excellent things provided. The boys were there as usual, and as usual made their presence known. Of course, we couldn't do without the boys as a whole; but there are, perhaps, two or three from whom letters of apology would not be regarded by the audience as a public calamity. If these young gentlemen should be so deeply immersed in engagements at the time of next concert that their presence is impossible, we will put forth every effort to get on without them.—In another column we give statement of proceeds of the concert.

If there are any of our readers who have preserved their TRIP-HAMMERS, and would care to have them bound, they may send them to us, care of The Massey Mfg. Co., and we will have them done. The price for binding will be very moderate, from 50c. upwards, according to style, and the cash must be remitted when magazines are sent.

The proceeds of the Davey concert were as follows:

Tickets sold,	\$78 80
Expenses,	9 55
Balance paid Mrs. Davey,	\$69 25

## HISTORICAL DIARY.

### JANUARY.

1st... Large fire in Detroit. = 3,175 deaths from small-pox in Montreal during 1885.

2nd... Anchor Line Str. *Sidonian* lost off the coast of Sicily. = A Toronto barber fatally stabbed with a pair of scissors.

4th... Sir John A. Macdonald entertained at a banquet by the St. George's Society in London, Eng.

5th... Great floods in the Susquehanna Valley, Penn.

6th... Heavy snow storm in Britain impedes railway traffic.

7th... M. de Freycinct forms a new French cabinet. = Princess of Wales seriously ill. = A French Missionary and 500 native Christians killed by rebels in Annam. = Fire at Oshawa, Ont.

8th... Cold wave passes over the North-American continent. = New York daily *Telegraph* suspends publication.

9th... Diphtheria prevalent in Toronto.

11th... The Samoan Islands in the Pacific seized by Germany.

11th... Opening of the Imperial Parliament. = The Powers summon Greece, Servia and Bulgaria to disarm, promising that Turkey will follow their example.

13th... Mr. Bradlaugh takes the oath as member of the Imperial Parliament. = Cyclone passes over the midland counties of England.

14th... Volcanic eruptions at Ecuador.

15th... Certificates of the captain and chief officer of the ill-fated Str. *Algoma* suspended.

18th... Mr. Stead, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, released from prison. = The Singer Sewing Machine Works at Elizabeth, N.J., and the Elizabethport Cordage Works, resume operations giving employment to 3,500 hands.

20th... The Union Pacific Railway discharge 300 men at Omaha to cut down expenses.

23rd... Editor Stead severs his connection with the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

25th... Fatal accident on the Northern Railway.

26th... Conservatives defeated in the Imperial Parliament.

27th... Lord Salisbury resigns.

28th... First through train passes over the Callander Extension Railway.

## PERSONAL MENTION.

Archy Farley's little boy is, we are glad to say, recovering after a long illness.

We regret being so much behind time with February No., but the delay has been, to some extent, unavoidable.

Mr. T. J. McBride, manager of the M. M. Co's Winnipeg branch, has just made one of his flying trips east. He looks as hale and hearty as ever.

Mr. Joseph Maw, one of the M. M. Co's most suc-

cessful Manitoba agents, has been visiting friends in Bolton for the past few weeks. He and his bride return on Tuesday March 9th.

We are sorry to announce the death of Mr. John McNeill, formerly an employé of the M. M. Co. He died quite unexpectedly, and his many friends regret deeply that he should have been called from among them so suddenly. We extend to his relatives our sincere sympathy.

The shipment of machines by the M. M. Co. to the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, to be opened in London, England, in May next, is now well on its way to the "old sod," and we have no doubt will be looked upon by our plodding progenitors in Britannia with emotions at once of pride and sorrow; pride that their descendants are capable of such displays of workmanship and ingenuity in the field of invention, and sorrow that their own slow-going, rut-bound implement manufacturers should lag so far behind the times. We predict a much enlarged field in the future for the productions of the Company. We understand that Mr. Edward Bradley is to accompany the exhibit, and what Edward does not know about the Massey machines is not worth mentioning. He is at present engaged in studying the history of India, and acquiring a familiarity with Oriental languages and literature which will turn Hindoo machine agents green with envy. He goes prepared at every point to beard the British lion in his den, and to reduce Australian and other Colonial uppishness to a proper state of mind. He will have a most beautiful exhibit, and we have no doubt will do it justice. The report that he will be accompanied by a drum we are authorized to contradict.

## NOTICES.

### DEATH.

MCNEILL.—At the residence of Mr. W. Shelton, Stafford St., on Feb. 23rd, 1886, John McNeill, late of the Machine Shop.

### BIRTHS.

CARTER.—At Clinton St., Feb. 20th, the wife of Fred Carter of a son.

SAUNDERS.—At No. 5 Mechanics' Terrace, Feb. 20th, the wife of E. Saunders of a daughter.

## BUSINESS CORNER.

### THE TRIP HAMMER.

#### Statement of Assets and Liabilities.

CASH RECEIPTS—		Assets.	Liabilities.
Advertisements	\$568 17		
Subscriptions	110 40		
Wood Cuts sold	21 87		
		\$790 43	
CASH DISBURSEMENTS—			
Publishers' acct. to Jan. 1st.	\$689 24		
Engraver's acct. in full	74 60		
Expense—Postage, Rubber Stamps, Paper, Wrappers, Stationery, etc	25 22		
		689 06	
On hand			\$11 37
Accounts yet to be collected (if good, worth)			53 53
Cuts on hand (probably worth)			3 00
Accounts yet to be paid (Publishers' acct. for January and February)			\$81 23
Net loss		3 23	
		\$81 23	\$81 23