

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

VOL. I.

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NO. 9

Labor Notes.

The strike of bricklayers at Sheffield has terminated, the masters having granted the demands of the men.

The dispute in the Sheffield razor trade has been referred to a conference of masters and men.

A general meeting of the coopers of Leith and Edinburgh was held in Cockburn street Hall on Friday week, when it was unanimously agreed to petition their employers for a reduction of the hours of labour from 57 to 51 hours per week.

The master masons in Cupar-Fife and neighborhood have declined to comply with the demands of the operatives for an advance of pay from 5d to 5½d per hour. Consequently, a number of the men gave up work on Saturday.

On Monday, the builders' labourers at Leamington struck for an advance of 2s 4d per week. The masters afterwards met and granted the advance. The labourers formerly received 18s 10d, and will now get £1 1s 2d per week.

WASHERWOMEN ON THE STRIKE.—A good deal of amusement was caused at Teignmouth on Monday by the town crier announcing a strike of the washerwomen and laundresses, and declaring their resolution not to work henceforth for less than 1s 6d a day.—*Western Morning News.*

The strike of floorecloth workers at Kirkcaldy was brought to a close by a compromise stipulating that the 54 hours come into operation forthwith, and that an advance of wages also take place.

The farm labourers in the county of Surrey, stimulated by strikes of agricultural labourers in other districts, are holding out for an increase of remuneration, and good mowers and field labourers have obtained an advance of wages.

During last week several large and enthusiastic open-air meetings were held in North Warwickshire, and in and near Banbury, in Oxfordshire, and about a dozen branches of the union formed. The Warwickshire Union has now 50 branches, and nearly 6,000 members. A party of labourers (about 30) left Banbury for Brazil last week, and next week a farmer at Napton, Warwickshire, takes out 60 men to the same country.

The employes of the steamboat companies plying on the River Thames have submitted a memorial requesting that their wages may remain the same in the winter as in the summer, and that they may have one day's holiday every fortnight. The Citizen Steamboat Company have refused the request, and a strike is threatened. The average wages of the men are said to be 25s for seven days labour of 14 hours per day.

A public meeting of the Forfar factory workers has resolved to petition in favour of the bill introduced by Mr. Mundella for shortening the hours of labour, and also to raise a penny subscription from all factory workers in Forfar—male and female—for the purpose of defraying the necessary expenses of promoting the objects of the meeting in question.

On Tuesday, a large meeting of joiners and carpenters of London was held in St. James' Hall. All the speakers were artisans, and advocated the nine hours limit and an increase of pay from 8d to 9d an hour. Remarks made on a code of rules just drawn up against piece-work were loudly cheered. A resolution was passed expressing regret at the refusal of the masters to receive a deputation of men, and deciding that on 1st June the men should cease work in such shops as delegates think fit.

The horse-shoers of Boston and vicinity have agreed to demand the following increased wages: First-class firemen, \$21 a week; second-class firemen, \$19; first-class drivers, \$19; second-class drivers, \$17. Members of the Horse-shoers' Association out of employment in consequence of the strike are to receive \$6 a week for three

weeks, at the end of which period they may seek situations in the country.

HORSEWHIPPING A LABOURER.—The attention of the Home Secretary has been called to the assault committed upon a labourer, named Bodfish, at Tedmarton. Mr. Charles Garrett, a farmer, had accused Bodfish of making the men dissatisfied with their condition, and of having attended a union meeting. According to his own statement, Bodfish was at work in a field, when Garrett went up to him, told him he had come to give him a good thrashing, and then began belabouring him with his riding whip, continuing to do so until the man was quite exhausted. The matter was brought under the notice of Mr. Norris, one of the magistrates for the county, who, at first, said he could not grant a summons without seeing Garrett, and afterwards suggested that the case should be settled for £4. A large meeting of labourers was held at Bloxham, near Banbury, when a demand was made that Mr. Norris should be disqualified from acting any longer as magistrate. Subscription lists have since been opened for the prosecution of Garrett.

ARBITRATION IN THE BUILDING TRADE.—Some time ago the three branches of the building trade of Birmingham, represented by the carpenters and joiners, the plasterers, and the labourers, gave notice in accordance with the rules agreed on between masters and men four years ago, that they claimed a reduction of the working time from 56½ hours per week to 50½ hours per week. The masters declined to accede to the claim, and the matter was accordingly referred to a board of arbitration. The arbitrator has just given his award. In it he says that he had to consider not only the desires of the parties before him, but the combined interest of both, so as not to disturb their trade and check the demand for building. He had come to the conclusion that though customers might be disposed to accept the results of the nine hours' movement, they would not at present willingly enter into bargains based upon still shorter hours. He, therefore, as much in the interest of the workmen as the employer, decided that an average of nine hours per day, that was 54 hours, be the working week. This does not apply to the three winter months.

A meeting of the male factory workers of Coupar-Angus was held in the Masons' Hall on Saturday evening to consider Mr. Mundella's Bill. A working man presided. The meeting was addressed by the chairman and several members of a deputation from Blairgowrie, who spoke in praise of the bill, and read a letter from Mr. Parkre, M.P., received that afternoon, which said: "I like not to pledge myself till I hear both sides of the question; but I think Mr. Mundella knows what he is about, and it looks to me like a good bill. Even if wages were to fall a little in consequence of the hours being shortened, and the work turned out less, still there would be a gain in health and happiness. It would be sad if the increased power of doing work by machinery is not in the end to give more leisure, as well as more comforts to the working classes." The letter was received with applause, and a committee was appointed to obtain signatures to a petition in support of the bill. The meeting was very enthusiastic and unanimous.

A NEW STYLE OF CIGAR.—The most inveterate and copious inventor of the nineteenth century has just received a patent for a new-fangled cigar. The "improvement consists in a chemically prepared wrapper and a corn stalk mouthpiece attachment—absorbing the nicotine developed by smoking, and permitting the entire consumption of the cigar, thus saving to the smoker that portion of the cigar usually wasted by reason of being placed in the mouth. A saving of thirty-three per cent. is claimed for this cigar over the one now in use. The other is that the smoker has a fresh, new and agreeable 'holder' with each cigar."

That the spirit of toleration is making favorable progress in Japan is proved by an Imperial decree having just been issued abolishing all edicts against Christianity.

CABLE NEWS.

MADRID, June 7.—The Senate has adopted a resolution approving the conduct of Marshal Serrano in Navarre, which is declared as wise as it was merciful. Senor Castellar made a speech in the Cortes yesterday, in the course of which he defended the Commune and International Society.

LONDON, June 8.—The *Daily Telegraph* this morning says, it has reason to believe the negotiations with the United States Government relative to a definite settlement of the consequential damages controversy, are progressing satisfactorily.

BOMBAY, June 8.—The steamer has arrived from Zanzibar with news which puts the safety of Dr. Livingstone beyond a doubt. Couriers had reached Zanzibar from the interior with positive intelligence that Dr. Livingstone had arrived at Unyamwebe. Stanley the *Herald* explorer had left that place with letters from the great explorer, and was near the coast.

FLORENCE, June 9.—The inundation on the shores of the Po has rendered 22,000 persons homeless in the Province of Ferrara alone. The destruction and suffering in the neighboring river Provinces are not so general, but are extensive and severe.

THE CARLIST RISING.—In spite of the rumours to the contrary, the insurrection is still alarming, bad news having been received from Taragona.

LONDON, June 10.—Earl Granville will make a statement to-morrow in the House of Lords with regard to negotiations for the amendment of the Treaty of Washington.

THE BALLOT BILL.—The Ballot Bill passed the second reading in the House of Lords, by a vote of 56 against 36.

LONDON, June 11.—Captain Cameron is gazetted as surveyor of the boundary line between the United States and the Dominion of Canada, through the lakes, forests and Rocky Mountains.

PARIS, June 10.—The National Assembly this evening, there was an animated discussion over an amendment to the Army Bill, reducing the term of military service from five to four years. President Thiers emphatically declined further responsibility for the army if the amendment was adopted, and it was finally rejected by a vote of 59 to 945.

BERLIN, June 11.—The Prussian *Cross Gazette* announces that the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria will visit Berlin next September.

FOREIGN.

It is said by those who have the means of forming a good judgment, that the profits of the coal-masters was never before, in memory of man, so large as they are at present.

A gentleman recently married in Chicago presented his bride at the wedding with the original transcript of one of the first despatches ever sent over the first telegraph line, from Baltimore to Washington. It was the announcement to the lady's grandmother of her birth, and read, "Only a girl."

The iron shipbuilding yard of Messrs. Davison and Stokoe, of Sunderland, has been burnt down, the whole of the buildings, with the valuable machinery, which were only erected a few months ago, being totally destroyed, and the damage is estimated at several thousand pounds, which is covered by insurance.

A wife with some "dash" about her has just been "brought to the hammer" at Exeter. According to a Western paper, the lady was formerly the spouse of an Exeter man, but she was of too "showy" a nature, it appears for his liking. A Plymouth gentleman, of more exalted taste, saw the fair creature, and was charmed. Negotiations were opened, and the woman was "knocked down" to the Plymouth gentleman for £50.

The steamer *Boyne*, which arrived at Southampton the other night with the Brazil mail, when off Cape Finisterre, found her speed suddenly diminish, although her steam power was kept up. After some time the diminished speed was discovered to be owing to a huge whale which the cutter of the ship had struck and penetrated in the centre, and was driving along. The

whale must have been floating on the surface dead or asleep when the ship struck it. The passengers wanted the monster to be hauled on board, but the captain could not afford the time to do so. He, therefore, backed the ship for some distance, and the leviathan became disengaged and sunk.

THE UPRISING OF LABOR IN N. Y.

On Thursday last the movement assumed a serious aspect, in consequence of one of the men who remained in work being shot in the mouth by a carpenter during a scuffle. The wound was not fatal. The wounded man was attended to, and the other immediately arrested.

The outrage on Thursday was the subject of much unfavourable comment on Friday, the men feeling that through the mistake of one hot-headed striker much has been done to turn public opinion from them, and to retrieve their good name seems to be the purpose of each and every one.

A meeting of the employes of the gas-works, to the number of 2,000, was held and a demand for the eight hours made. The Company have acceded.

The operatives in Singer's sewing machine factory were "locked out."

The wood-working machinists held a meeting, and passed resolutions joining in with the eight-hour reformers.

The wood-turners resolved to strike on Monday.

The iron-workers held a meeting, at which over 5,000 were present, and it was decided to demand eight hours on Thursday. Eight firms in Brooklyn and twelve in New York have promised to accede to the demand.

The demonstration on Monday in favor of the Eight Hour Movement was a grand success. An imposing procession, numbering in its ranks over 20,000 of the workmen of New York paraded the streets with bands playing, banners flying, marshals arrayed in their best, galloping to and fro, the spectators shouting and cheering, the whole army of workmen marching through the streets amid the waving of handkerchiefs and deafening shouts of "Vivat" and "Hurrah"—making the spectacle well worth witnessing. The workmen, realizing the power of their numbers, were cheerful and buoyant as they marched on under the cheering of the multitude. Amongst the numerous mottoes displayed were the following: "No compromise: Eight Hours is our Motto," "Those who would be free themselves must strike the blow," "Long live the Republic." During the course of the procession Mr. Myer Firm handed the grand marshal \$100, "for the purpose of improving the condition of the mechanic and the workmen."

The Aldermen have granted the petition of the Eight Hour League, and ordered that the fire bells be sounded at 8 a.m. and 5 p.m., the hours for beginning and discontinuing labor under the eight hour law.

ENGLISH CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

Some very interesting statistics were brought out at the recent Co-operative Convention at Bolton, England. The number of co-operative stores in the counties of England, Ireland, and Scotland at present is 1,500, possessing over 400,000 members. The largest and most prosperous of these number from 1,000 to more than 4,000 members. There are thirty societies which have from 2,000 to 3,000 members. Four hundred societies have a total of 177,263 members. The productive societies are mainly situated in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Glasgow, Nottinghamshire, Paisley, Newcastle, Durham, and Stafford. The distributive stores embrace almost every varieties of articles in use by the working classes. There is a wholesale society in the north of England, in the co-operative district, which supplies 398 societies with goods, and has no less than 235 societies in federation. Its net profit last year was nearly \$40,000, and its total sales during twelve months up to April 1, 1872, amounted to more than \$3,793,820. This society has agents in all the great markets, and proposes to send agents here to buy bacon, cheese and other American

products. One Scottish wholesale society has ninety-seven retail stores in federation, and an annual trade of \$1,000,000. All its surplus capital is invested exclusively in co-operation. Of the retail co-operative societies in England, those at Oldham, Rochdale and Halifax are the most prosperous. That at Oldham has 8,000 members, a capital of \$2,550,000, and its receipts during the past year were \$1,500,000. The Congress which sat at Bolton declared itself in favor of the establishment of co-operative banks. It wound up with a grand banquet given to all the delegates by the Hon. Auber-ton Herbert.

THE LABORER'S HOPE.

All our sympathies are with the laborer. His toils, cares, trials, wants, hopes, and hardships, we thoroughly understand. Anything and everything that can be done to lighten his burden and improve his lot should receive instant attention and advocacy. We have not a particle of patience with the rich and comfortable classes who look down with indifference upon the great mass of workers, and when asked to lighten their burdens or increase their pay, or improve their conditions, repeat worn-out platitudes about self-help and conquering a success. Such a temper is tyrannical, and such talk is impertinence. What the laborer needs is simply justice. All that he can reasonably ask is a fair field and pay for the work he does. All that he insists upon is the common right to his manhood, and the respect and privileges due him as an American citizen. To withhold these is not only to increase his difficulties and embitter his spirit, but to put the severest possible check upon material progress and social welfare, and dry up the springs of enterprise out of which a great prosperity is to come. The more capital identifies itself with labor, the better for both. The more employers blend their interests with those of their employes, the more harmonious and profitable their relations will be.

Indeed, the popular distinction between labor and capital is generally arbitrary and superficial. The hardest working men in America to-day are capitalists and merchants, and manufacturers. Every man who drives a plane or swings an axe, or uses a trowel is a capitalist to the extent of his industrial ability and skill. To all practical purposes in this country the two classes are one.

We all stand together on common ground. And the interest and hope of the laborer consist very largely in his recognition of the fact that work is not war but concord. All the great avenues of life are open to him. All the common privileges of society are his rights. The schools are for his children. The newspaper is his library. The debating club is his college. The polls are his Congress. And it only needs for him to see that by the largest and wisest possible use of his opportunities he will rise in dignity, and win respect, and become a more important factor in the sphere to which he belongs. His hope consists in the increase of his usefulness. Multiply his productive ability or improve the quality of his work, and he enriches and grows rich. The more he identifies his interest with that of his employer, and the more brain and heart he puts into what he does, the handsomer will be his returns and the happier his lot.

The standing complaint of American workmanship is its inferior quality. It wants more skill and patience, and a finer and more careful habit, to bring it up to the highest standard. It takes something more than fingers to do anything well. The hope of the laborer is in putting more thought and more love into his doing. His work wears because it wants the lubricating oil of a nobler mood to prevent the friction of his faculties. It is the fact that he is not a machine, but a soul that vindicates itself continually when a man consents to be a mere drudge for pay. It is the heart that gives dignity and cunning to the hand and what it does, and heart-work never tires, and is always fine. It is not fewer hours of work, but more of this recognition of the identity of classes and interest, and more thought and thrift and love, that are the laborer's hope. And eight hours of honest, hearty, whole-souled work will be better and more profitable for the employer than ten or twelve hours of heartless droning.—*Golden Age.*

Poetry.

GUESTS OF THE HEART.

Soft falls through the gathering twilight,
The rain from the dripping eaves,
And stirs, with a tremulous rustle,
The dead and the dying leaves:
Whilo afar, in the midst of the shadows,
I hear the sweet voices of birds
Come borne on the wind of the autumn,
That fitfully rises and swirls.

They call and they answer each other,
And answer and mingle again,
As the deep and the shrill in an anthem
Make harmony still in their strain;
As the voices of southlands mingle
In mountainous regions of snow,
Till from hill-top to hill-top a chorus
Flows down to the valleys below.

The shadows, the firelight of even,
The sound of the rain's distant chime,
Come bringing, with rain softly dropping,
Sweet thoughts of a shadowy time,
The slumberous sons of Aeschylus,
From storm and intruders aloof,
We feel when we hear in the midnight
The patter of rain on the roof.

When the spirit goes forth, in its yearnings,
To take all its wanderers home,
Or afar in the regions of fancy
Delights on swift pinions to roam,
I quietly sit by the firelight,
The firelight so bright and so warm;
For I know that those only who love me
Will seek me through shadow and storm.

But should they be absent this evening,
Should even the household depart,
Deserted, I should not be lonely:
There still would be guests in my heart,
The faces of friends that I cherish,
The smile and the glance and the tone,
Will haunt me wherever I wander,
And thus I am never alone.

With those who have left far behind them
The joys and the sorrows of time;
Who sing the sweet songs of the angels
In a purer and holier clime;
Then darkly, O evening of autumn!
Your rain and your shadow may fall:
My loved and my lost ones you bring me—
My heart holds a feast with them all.

Tales and Sketches.

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER VII.—Don Pedro's Foster-Brothers.

Squire Robert, who overheard the words of little Pierce Neige, answered jeeringly, "Let them try; they will find that there is but one way to save thy witch of a mother and thyself, which is, to extinguish the fire that begins to consume our insides."

"I!" exclaimed Poloma, with a ferocious aspect—"I save the accursed dogs, who thirst for the blood of my foster-son, their lord and master, whom they track like a wild beast! I save those ferocious robbers who devastate our country like clouds of locusts? Oh, that I could annihilate them all!"

Then she was silent, and neither threats, entreaties, nor promises could draw more from her than these words: "What should I do with your gold and treasures; those spoils stained with the blood of my son and his faithful servants?"

Squire Robert then put a cupful of the poisoned water to the lips of the inflexible woman, saying to her, "Let thy sons now come and save thee."

"My brother Lopez," said Pierce Neige, coolly, "is the first archer in the kingdoms of Castile and Leon." At the same time, he observed with anxiety a slight movement in a cluster of fir-trees that grew in the hollow of a rock that overhung the pile. At the same instant an arrow broke the bow in the hand of the squire, and a second struck him on the shoulder.

"Murder and fury!" exclaimed the Englishman, as he carried his bleeding hand to the handle of his sword; but immediately a thin, supple young man, wearing a cap with a heron's feather, like the royal foresters, came bounding from among the rocks with the swiftness of a wild goat, and two enormous dogs that ran before him flew at the throat of the squire, scarcely giving him time to call for help.

The archer cut the bonds of old Poloma, and those of Pierce Neige, and fled, carrying away the former to a place of safety. Some of the adventurers came to the assistance of Robert, and would have attempted to overtake the Castilian, had not their weakness, owing to the poison, obliged them to stop.

"That is a bold fellow," observed the Breton knight. "If Don Pedro had a thousand of his stamp in his service, he need not fear anything from Don Enrique." Then turning to the light-haired page, he said, "As to thee, Pero, thou hast shown thyself brave and generous; I owe thee some recompense. Thou shalt be my equire. Here, carry my battle-axe and helmet to begin thy apprenticeship. We must immediately put ourselves on the march, and endeavour to reach Toledo, there to find out some Jewish or Moorish physician. Probably there may be time to save some of these poor fellows. But we must procure horses."

Pero smiled at this address, and taking the battle-axe and helmet from the hands of the Breton knight, he replied, "The swiftest

horses of the vanquished king are here strolling around their ruined stables. They are palfreys that, with a good guide, would take us in a few hours to the gates of Toledo; but they are so fierce, that none but their keepers can bestride them."

"But," said the knight, "it seems to me as difficult to get hold of the keepers as of the horses."

"Who knows?" replied the pretended page. "Their chief is one of Poloma's sons, and, as the little fellow, Pierce Neige, announced, the whole troop is roving around us. If you will allow me to go a little way into the forest, I have no doubt I shall presently rejoin you with two of Don Pedro's best palfreys."

"Go then," answered the knight; "if thou art faithful to us, thou shalt be royally rewarded."

The light-haired page went rapidly off, and the Breton patiently awaited his return, blaming himself all the while for his excess of confidence.

Ten minutes had not elapsed when the servant of Samuel re-appeared, holding by the bridle two magnificent Arabian horses, which neighed, and fiercely pawed the earth.

"Come," said the Breton knight, "I see, friend Pero, that thou art among acquaintances who refuse thee nothing."

"Not even horses that may break my neck," answered Pero, "for they are not yet broken in. I will therefore make a trial of one of these savage beasts before you mount." Saying which, he sprang on the back of one of the horses, which at first reared bolt upright and had nearly thrown him, but soon finding that it had found its master, ceased kicking, and stood stock still.

"Oh, see now, the monster tamed, and as docile as the nag of a bishop or princess," said Pero. "Come judge of it yourself, mistress," he added, addressing the Jewess, and at the same time making a significant sign to Samuel Ben Levi, who immediately assisted his daughter to mount behind his courageous servant.

As soon as Pero felt the arms of Rachel clasping him tremblingly round the waist, wheeling his courser round, he turned to the Breton knight, and smiling, said to him, "But, sir, we have not yet talked of my ransom."

"Thou hast gained it by thy fidelity," answered the knight. "I owe my life to thee, honest Pero."

"Oh," answered Pero, "I could not pay you better for my liberty when I was on foot, but, mounted on this magnificent palfrey, and armed with this good lance, I venture to set myself at a higher price. First, I give you that golden table, around which we had all so nearly met death."

"Thou art a fine banterer," interrupted the Breton, with a shout of laughter. "Thou ransomest thyself like a king."

"And as to the Jewess, Rachel, the daughter of the treasurer, here is her ransom," said the light-haired page, at the same time throwing on the table with an air of indescribable air of majesty a diamond ring, bearing the arms of the King of Castile.

"What means this?" exclaimed the Breton, regarding the ring with the utmost astonishment. "By St. Ives, it is the king's ring! How fell it into thy hands?" and he fixed a look of mistrust and suspicion on the pretended page.

"That signifies," answered the latter imperiously, "that I will not take a treacherous advantage—that I will not owe alms to one of my enemies—to an obscure adventurer. I, the poor Pero—"

At these words, Tom Burdett, suddenly enlightened, tried to rise, notwithstanding the intolerable fire that the poison had kindled within him, and said to the stupefied Breton, "Dost thou not recognize in that look, in that voice the pride of the tyrant, and besides, that lip, cut by the dagger of Don Enrique, has it not told his name? Ah! here is a prize worth more than the golden table."

"The king, Don Pedro!" exclaimed the beautiful Jewess, seized with a sort of dread and admiration, which approached a more tender sentiment for her preserver.

"Yes," he cried, taking of his cap, "under page's bonnet is not hidden the shaven head of a serf or a monk; behold instead the light hair of a descendant of the Gothic kings! Dost thou now accept my ransom, knight of adventurers? As for that English freebooter and his companions, who twist themselves on the grass like snakes as they are, I owe them nothing."

The Breton roared with rage. "Fool and blind that I was!" said he; "but you have spoken too soon, Sir King. I have sworn to take thee alive or dead, and thou shalt not escape me. Dismount then, I will fight thee with this quarter-staff, a varlet's weapon, since a varlet thou wert; and I wish to make thee retreat at sight of my face."

"Thou art certainly ugly enough," answered Don Pedro, laughing.

"If you have as much courage against men as against women, crafty king, I challenge you in the name of Blanche of Bourbon."

A cloud passed over the brow of the fugitive king at this invocation, but he answered with dignity, "Thou forgettest that I am the King of Castile, and it is not meet for me to fight a rude knight of adventurers like thee. I can easily comprehend that it would be glorious for thy name, and lucrative for thy purse, to secure so rich a prize as I should prove. It would, doubtless, be a fine opportunity to gain theiefs, armorial bearings, and doubloons of gold that the usurper has promised to him who

takes me prisoner. Thou wouldst acquire the title of duke at the court of Enrique, and the renown of a great captain in history, for such a feat; but you must understand I am in no hurry to procure thee so much honour all at once."

Under the fire of this cutting railery the Breton had approached Don Pedro, who curbed his impatient steed with the bridle. Burdett, who had again fallen to the ground, overcome with pain, made a last effort, and cried out, "Help, help, comrades, seize the tyrant Don Pedro!"

A few of the men, endeavouring to overcome the pain that prostrated them, rose and approached the two champions.

"Let us flee, sire, or you are lost," whispered Rachel to the king.

"Fear nothing," he replied; "the sons of Poloma watch over me. Ruy, the tower, is lying in the ravine that borders the bye-road to the copper-mine; and Perez, the miner, awaits me at the entrance of the subterranean galleries."

He was about turning round and desiring the Breton, who nearly touched his horse's head, when the bold knight called to him—"It is plain that you are a coward, Don Pedro, since you shield yourself under the title of king, to refuse fighting against a single adversary."

"Coward!" repeated the king in a fury, "coward!"

"Oh, sire!" murmured Rachel, softly, in the ear of the King of Castile, "let us flee far from that brutal adventurer, who, in risking his life against yours, has everything to gain and nothing to lose."

"Flee!" answered Don Pedro, disdainfully, "not before he has called all these livid-faced robbers to his assistance." Saying which he urged his palfrey against the Breton, instead of fleeing before him. The latter immediately jumped at the bridle of the fiery animal, and dragged him forward with surprising strength, notwithstanding its struggles, while with his staff, which he handled with great dexterity, he parried the blows that Don Pedro aimed at him with the battle-axe.

"Who art thou, then, demon?" demanded the king, in his turn; astonished at the energy and physical power displayed by the courageous knight.

"Be not afraid of surrendering to a knight of too slight renown," replied the latter; "I am called Bertrand Duguesclin."

"Bertrand Duguesclin!" exclaimed Don Pedro, startled, and letting his battle-axe fall in the moment of surprise.

"Do you remember the horoscope, O king!" said Samuel Ben Levi, alluding to the predictions of the Jewess and Moorish astrologers, which menaced him with the eagle with two heads; thus succeeding in subjugating by superstition that haughty spirit, which was not to be curbed by any other fear.

Don Pedro was stupefied; astonishment had completely paralysed him, when the Jewess, who, notwithstanding her fright, had retained the one fixed idea of saving the king, touched with her poignard the neck of the noble Arabian steed, which, by a furious bound, shook Duguesclin on his enormous legs, and forced him to let go his hold; then, after two or three turns of rage and fury, it darted away like an arrow, in the direction of the copper-mine.

The terrible Breton captain, seeing his prey thus escape him, sprang towards the other horse that Don Pedro had brought, which began to retreat with uneasy and ferocious looks, but was secured by means of a long twisted cord and hook thrown around its neck. Bertrand having thus caught the horse in the manner which oxen are chased by the country people of his province, seized it by the mane, jumped on its back, pressed its flanks with his sinewy knees, and started on the track of the fugitive king.

In vain Don Pedro fled before this hot pursuit. He soon heard his enemy in his rear, and owing to the double weight that loaded his horse, he found, every time he turned his head, that the distance between Bertrand and himself had sensibly diminished. He could even see the threatening eyes of the latter, and, notwithstanding his rage and temerity, he turned pale, crying, "Forward, my good horse, forward!"

Suddenly he felt the arms of the Jewess, which had clasped him tightly, gently relax, and, turning his head, he saw her on the point of slipping from the horse to the ground.

"What are you doing, Rachel!" said he, panting.

"I leave you, sire," she answered, "for it is I who retard your flight, and who will be the means of giving you up to the enemy. I have nothing to fear for myself a knight will not hurt a woman. And, besides, what am I? A poor Jewess, scorned and despised for her fidelity to the worship and religion of her ancestors—ahamed and degraded as if she had committed a crime or lost her honour."

"And because thou art good and generous, am I to be vile and cowardly! because thou wishest to save me, ought I to allow thee to sacrifice thyself?" said Don Pedro.

"You are a great king, sire," replied the Jewess. "On your life depends the fate of many people, of many lands."

The sound of Bertrand's horse came plainer; he rapidly approached.

"But I will save myself only with thee, Rachel," replied the impulsive king in a firm voice. "Thy looks alone give me strength and courage; for from thee I shall want the energy, nay, the will, to recover my late

defeats. Yes, I avow it; I should yet like to reign once more, in order to divide my throne with her who has shared my adversity and my dangers."

"Why banter me thus, sire?" said Rachel. "I repeat it, I am but a humble maiden, in whose life no one is interested, except my old father. And should I become a captive, Samuel is rich enough to redeem me. But to you, Don Pedro, captivity is the loss of a throne—the humiliation, the shame of defeat—a conquered brother before a victorious usurper. It is death. It is the ruin and proscription of those who love and defend you—of faithful subjects who fight and die for you." "But," she added, hurriedly, "it seems to me that I feel the hated breath of Duguesclin's horse—let me quit you."

She then endeavoured to disengage herself from the hold of Don Pedro, who said, in a hollow and faltering voice, "You are free, Rachel; but I swear to you that, if you leave me, I will instantly stop my horse, and suffer myself to be taken by that bulldog of Brittany who pursues me."

Rachel no longer persisted, and who shall say whether, notwithstanding the imminent danger, her heart did not beat with unbounded joy at this passionate avowal of the king's love.

The two horses arrived nearly at the same time at the ravine, where, in the grass, stood Ruy, the mower. He was a thin, tall youth, supple as a serpent. As soon as Don Pedro had passed, he stood suddenly upright across the road, as if he had neither seen nor heard the other horseman.

"Make way, make way, fellow!" cried the Breton; but Ruy did not move.

"Hollo! art thou deaf?" roared Bertrand, who arrived at full speed like a thunderbolt.

The king's foster-brother drew on one side, and, stooping to the ground as if seized with fright, he picked up his long scythe that was hid in the grass. It was his favorite weapon, and he used it with rare dexterity. At the moment Bertrand passed him at full gallop, the son of Poloma stood upright, and with a blow of his scythe, cut the hinder hams of the horse, which instantly fell to the ground with its rider.

"Ah, wretch!" exclaimed Duguesclin, getting up, "it was thou who in the battle killed my squire, Ivon: I will pay the double debt at a single blow."

But Ruy had already disappeared, by letting himself roll to the bottom of the ravine, covered with long grass and brushwood.

The discomfited captain saw the king and the Jewess jump from the horse at four or five hundred steps' distance, and enter a place which opened like the mouth of a well. It was the entrance to the copper mines; and the two fugitives exchanged a few words with a dwarf, whose broad shoulders, bony legs, and black face, iron pick-axe, and torch, gave him some slight resemblance to a gnome or subterranean god, though he was simply Perez, the miner, another of the king's foster-brothers.

The bold Bertrand did not lose his courage, but some minutes afterwards penetrated into the mine. Here the indefatigable warrior regained his advantage over the fugitive, obliged to stop to guide the weary young girl, to make her avoid the pools of water, and to disengage her dress, which caught on the points of the rocks.

In vain Rachel supplicated Don Pedro to abandon her, in vain the miner joined his prayers to those of the poor girl, the king would listen to neither of them. The heavy steps of Duguesclin soon resounded through the vaulted gallery, which was supported at each end by a stone pillar, and his stentorian voice was heard shouting, "For the last time, Don Pedro, I summon you to surrender, or I will kill you like a dog."

"There is no longer time to hesitate, then," said the miner. "Pass on, my brother and king, and take the torch, I undertake to arrest his progress."

"What art thou going to do?" demanded Don Pedro; "he will kill thee."

"My life is in the hand of God, but not in that of the adventurer," replied Perez. "Go, go; I will soon rejoin you." Then he placed himself behind the pillar, and raised his iron pick-axe. "Go back," cried he to Bertrand, who came forward brandishing his staff—"go back, or thy last hour has come."

"Retreat!" repeated the Breton; "it is for thee to teach me how a person retreats, for that has never yet happened to me."

"Then may the Lord protect and assist us," said Perez, and he struck the pillar with his pick-axe which shook with the blow.

The light of the torch no longer illumined the gallery, but, in spite of the obscurity, Duguesclin made some steps forward. A second blow of the pick-axe threw down the pillar; the vault it supported shook, and a shower of earth, sand, and stones descended. Duguesclin stopped on finding himself impeded by this rubbish, and while Perez ran forward to rejoin the king, he resolved, notwithstanding his hardihood, to retreat. He acted wisely, for the pillar crumbling, the roof suddenly gave way and fell, placing an insurmountable barrier between him and the fugitives.

"Heaven is against me this day," said the valiant Breton. "He has not willed that we should push our victory too far. It is he who permitted a child to destroy the sacrilegious company of freebooters of Tom Burdett. That is retribution. As to thee, Don Pedro, pray thy guardian angel to preserve thee from again seeing my face so closely. Thy foster-brothers will not always prevail against the bulldog of Brittany, as thou callest me."

He then quitted the mine, and without difficulty regained the sheepfold, where he found only the corpses of the English freebooters. The golden table had disappeared, as well as Tom Burdett, and the treasurer, Samuel Ben Levi.

CHAPTER VIII.—Aixa, the Moorish Maiden.

In the evening of the following day, as the rays of the setting sun wore yet gilding the battlements of the Alcazar of Seville, a horseman rode at full speed in the direction of the Jaen-gate. His reeking horse stopped and stumbled at every step; as to the rider, his dusty gait-shin cap, his rope sandals shaking on the large stirrups of gilt wood, his torn linen trowsers, his features lengthened and worn by fatigue, all tended to prove that he had, notwithstanding all his strength, a long and perilous journey.

When he perceived the top of Golden Tower, a massive octagon embattled building of three receding storeys, washed by the Guadalquivir, a sigh of joy escaped him, and he murmured, "Oh, I shall arrive in time!"

In the meanwhile, the nearer he approached the city, the more was he astonished at seeing the country people follow the same direction as himself, exhibiting no signs of uneasiness or alarm, but, on the contrary, wearing an expression of curiosity and gaiety. Then he heard the sound of trumpets and cymbals, and saw an enormous line of tents stretching beneath the walls of Seville, while the guards, Moorish horsemen in light coats of mail, and cloaks of quilted linen, amused themselves by hurling their *djerrids*, or javelins, in the ground, and then picking them up, leaning on the necks of their horses at full gallop.

The gate of the city was guarded by Almo-gaveros, so termed from the iron hood they wore, which covered their heads as well as their shoulders, according to Arabian costume, and these soldiers gravely contemplated the exercises and warlike games of the guards, which seemed to indicate perfect security, and formed part of the diversions of a holiday.

While the stranger was gazing with astonished looks on this scene, the richly comparisoned and harnessed horse he rode stumbled against the roots of a tree; he snorted, neighed plaintively, and made a desperate effort to start towards the horses of the guards, but his strength was exhausted, his legs trembled, and he fell to the ground.

The horseman, cursing his ill-luck, rose, and was proceeding to continue his journey on foot, but unfortunately this accident had drawn the attention of the guards and Moors towards him, and all expressed surprise that such a high-mettled steed, comparisoned magnificently with velvet, should carry a man of so mean and pitiful an appearance.

"Allah is great!" exclaimed one of the guards, advancing towards the poor animal stretched on the ground. "Is not that the horse of our Lord Mohamed, King of Granada, that so miraculously escaped from the stables this morning?"

"It is he," replied one of his comrades, "I recognize him by that white star on his forehead. Help me, brothers; do not allow this ragged gentleman to escape; he is probably the magician that performed the miracle."

An expression of acute despair appeared to pass over the countenance of the stranger at hearing these ill-omened words, and, notwithstanding his exhaustion and weariness, he made an effort to flee. This only excited the suspicions of the guard the more, who immediately pursued him, and he was overtaken by two of the Moors. He did not attempt to resist, but assuming a calm and composed air, he asked them why they intercepted his passage.

"Art thou going to play the innocent?" asked one, "dost thou pretend to deny that this poor beast is one of the twenty steeds that our master, King Mohamed, has just presented to the noble Don Pedro, King of Castile?"

"That is very possible," answered the stranger, coolly, "but I positively know nothing about it."

"Come, come, play not the buffoon, but acknowledge that thou hast stolen this horse," said the guard.

"No, I have not stolen it," answered the stranger, "I met it wandering in the fields on the Jaen road, and as I was exhausted with fatigue I mounted it, but only with the intention of returning it to the owner as soon as I should meet with him."

"Ah, ah! that was an excellent and honest intention; but I think his master will not be much obliged to thee for returning it in so pitiful a condition."

"Since the king of Granada is here, I demand to be taken before him as quickly as possible," said the stranger, in great agitation.

"You are rather hot-blooded, friend," observed the guard, tranquilly; "but I think you will appear too soon before our Lord King Mohamed. If thou hadst carefully brought back this valuable horse to the stables of the Alcazar, thou wouldst have been richly rewarded; but, for having so brutally destroyed it, thou mayest expect nothing less than to make acquaintance with the sticks of the black slaves that guard the door of the apartments belonging to the beautiful Aixa."

"Aixa, the favorite of the King of Castile!" exclaimed the stranger.

"The daughter of Mohamed, King of Granada, and Queen of the Alcazar of Seville," answered the Moor, significantly.

"Oh," said the stranger, "I bring a piece

of news that will quickly make Mohamed and his daughter forget the loss of a horse."

"News," cried the guard, with an air of curiosity.

"Bah!" said the other Moor, "an idle story like that he told us about the horse."

"This news," continued the man, "I must communicate to your prince without delay. I must see him immediately. Lead me to the Alcazar."

"Impossible," said the guard. "All Seville is out to celebrate the entry of the body of auxiliary troops that the King of Granada leads to the assistance of his ally, Don Pedro."

"It is rather late," muttered the stranger, with an ironical smile. "But take care," he added, in a stern tone, "if you do not listen to me, you will answer with your heads for your blind obstinacy."

The Moors consulted each other by looks.

"I beg of you," resumed he, trying to suppress his anger, "bind me like a thief, tie me like a criminal to the tails of your horses, only conduct me to Mohamed! It was to speak to the lady Aixa, that I hastened to Seville. It is a matter that concerns the safety of all."

This declaration was received with a burst of incredulous laughter.

"Idiot!" he exclaimed, "if I were, as you suspect, a horse-stealer, a vile highway-man—if I had intended to steal this horse—should I have foolishly come prancing up even to the very gates of Seville, and thus throw myself into your hands?"

This observation seemed to strike Abul Hagig, the commander of the guards, and at the same instant a flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of the King of Granada, who passed through the ranks of his soldiers. The Moor confided the supposed horse-stealer to the custody of his companion, and went to acquaint Mohamed with his arrest.

Mohamed gave serious attention to the recital of the guard, and ordered the prisoner to be brought to the Alcazar in the rear of the brilliant procession that accompanied him. He speedily reviewed his troops, and returned into the city, with difficulty concealing a vague uneasiness. The procession proceeded to the Alcazar.

On approaching that Moorish palace, the prisoner must have congratulated himself on the chance that had led to his arrest, for, without that, the entrance to the Alcazar would have been sealed to him. He could not have penetrated to the interior without the pass-word, or without a message to the beautiful Aixa.

A double line of Spanish cross-bowmen and musketeer infantry extended along the embattled walls that formed the enclosure of the palace.

The procession stopped in front of a high square tower, where the principal entrance opened, known by the name of the Gate of Judgment, because the ancient Moorish kings were accustomed, according to Oriental usage, to dispense justice under this gigantic gate, formed by an arch, in shape of a horse-shoe, which rose to nearly half the height of the tower. On the keystone of the outward vault the prisoner observed a gigantic hand. Engraven in bas-relief on the corresponding stone inside figured an enormous key, the emblem of the Mahomedan faith, which had been displayed on all their standards when they conquered Andalusia.

By a sign of the hand, the King of Granada dismissed all his escort except his vizier Tarfe, and a few Almogaveros guards of the Alcazar gate, who were armed with axes. Then dismounting, while a black slave respectfully held the bridle and reins enriched with precious stones, he prepared with a calm and solemn air to listen to the complaint of the guard who had arrested the stranger, and to the justification of the latter.

"Puisant sire," said Abul Hagig, as he brought the prisoner before the monarch, "I laid hands on this man because he was mounted on a horse that disappeared this morning from the royal stables, and after having almost killed the animal under him, he tried, on our approach, to escape."

"It is well," said Mohamed, "I have heard the accusation, I am now ready to hear the defence of the accused. Speak, stranger, without fear; but make no attempt to deceive me. I am just to all, like my faithful ally, Don Pedro, King of Castile." Smoothing with his right hand the silken tresses of his beard, he fixed his large, black, and brilliant eyes on the prisoner.

"Sir King," answered the latter, with an air of rough frankness, "I am not a stranger. I am called Esau Manasses, and I was born in the Jewry of Seville."

"What matters that?" observed Mohamed. "The Prophet says that justice is equal to all. I listen to thee. Canst thou give me a proof that thou hast not stolen that horse?"

"How could I have stolen it from the stables of the Alcazar this morning, since I have but just arrived from Toledo?" said Esau.

"From Toledo?" repeated Mohamed with a gesture of surprise.

"And if," continued Esau—"if I have killed that beast, the value of which I can easily pay, notwithstanding the rags that cover me, it is because I bring important news from the army of Don Pedro, and I hastened to be the first to communicate them to the noble Aixa."

"Thou wishest to see my daughter! Thou a Jew!" said the King of Granada, disdainfully.

"I must see her," persisted Esau, "for in her presence only can I speak."

"Come, then," replied Mohamed, "my hand shall sustain the faithful messenger; but if thou hidest treason beneath that loyal semblance of devotion, the night watchman, on retiring at dawn of day, shall see the head of Esau Manasses nailed on the gate of judgment." Then loosening his alboroughs of dazzling whiteness, threw it on the shoulders of the Jew, and ordered him to follow.

(To be continued.)

The Home Circle.

A PERILOUS POSITION.

In the winter of 1868 I was mining, or rather sojourning, and waiting for a chance to mine in the spring, in the town of Omega, Nevada county, California. Snow fell in the town that winter to the depth of eight feet. Three of us were living in a cabin about half a mile out of town, near the head of Sour Krout Ravine. We were in the habit of spending our evenings in town or at the cabins of our brother miners, generally remaining from home till ten, eleven, or even as late as twelve o'clock.

I happened to be in town the very evening that the first big fall of snow began. I saw that the snow was coming down very fast, and knew before starting home that the trail would be hidden; but this gave me no uneasiness, as I knew the course well, and could keep within a few rods of the trail the whole distance, if not in it. When I finally started home it was about ten o'clock, and there were six or eight inches of snow on the ground, and flakes coming down as big as saucers. Knowing my course, I rushed along, paying but little attention to the trail, and was within two hundred yards of the cabin, when there was a sudden crash of breaking twigs and brush under my feet, and I felt myself sinking into an open space. Instinctively I stretched out both arms to their fullest extent, and clutched the snow with both hands.

Instantly, in fact before I had fully settled into this position, I knew where I was, and fully comprehended the danger of my situation. I knew that I was hanging over the old Brookshire shaft—a shaft dug some years ago to prospect the hill, and at least one hundred feet in depth. It was but two or three rods below the trail, and was covered by a fine pine and spruce boughs that were thrown across its mouth when abandoned. I knew that there were huge boulders and sharp, jagged rocks projecting everywhere along the sides of the shaft, and in the bottom was at least twenty feet of water, for, in passing I had once or twice pushed the brush covering aside and dropped into it pebbles and pieces of lighted paper. I felt my body and legs dangling into space, and without thinking of the consequences, made an effort to reach out with one of my feet to see if I could touch the well of the shaft. I had extended my leg some distance without touching the wall, when, to my horror, the dry and rotten covering of the shaft began cracking under my arm on the side upon which my weight was thrown in the attempt I had made to learn something of my situation.

Carefully I swung back till I hung perpendicularly over the fearful chasm, the brush still cracking as I did so. As each little twig snapped I felt there was that much less between myself and death—each little rotten stick that held was worth millions to me, and for a stout beam under my feet I would have given tens of millions. The snow beat down incessantly upon my head in immense damp flakes, and I could feel it gradually piling about my neck. Occasionally there were wild blasts of wind that roared among the tall pines and swept the light snow into my eyes. One of these blasts took away my light felt hat, and left my head exposed to the beating storm. As I felt my hat going I made an involuntary movement to raise my arm to catch it, but instantly the crackling twigs warned me to desist. This movement, the slightest in the world, cost me half a dozen twigs, and, as it seemed to me, greatly weakened my support. The snow melting on my head and face trickled into my eyes, and almost blinded me. My hands and arms seemed partially numbened, and I began to fear that I would lose my hold upon the brush covering of the shaft. Whenever this notion took possession of my mind I would extend my arms and even my fingers till the joints of my shoulders seemed starting from their sockets.

By straining my eyes I could see the dim outlines of our cabins on a little rise of ground above me. I could see no light, however, and concluded that my partners had either gone to bed or had not yet returned from a neighbor's cabin a quarter of a mile further down the ravine, whither I knew they had gone to spend the evening. Once or twice I shouted, but the effects caused a crackling of the twigs supporting me, and I desisted, determined to wait till I could hear the voices of my cabin companions returning, or see a light in the little window of four small panes, which, fortunately, was on the side of the house next to me; so, too, was the door by which they must enter the cabin. I thought of all this, and it gave me some hope. Several times, as the roaring wind lulled for a moment, I thought I heard the sound of voices and laughter, and my heart beat quick with hope and joy; but the sounds were not repeated, and doubtless were but the creaking of some storm-swayed boughs, or the chattering of some distant coyote.

I now began seriously to fear being completely covered in the fast falling and drifting snow. It seemed coming down at the rate of an inch a minute, and already covered my

shoulders and was piling close up about my mouth. I dared not make the slightest move to rid myself of the drift which was about to bury me. Should the snow get over my eyes I could not see the light in the cabin, and could only call out by guess. As so slight an exertion as calling out in a loud tone set my rotten platform to cracking, I did not wish to call for aid till I was certain it was near. As the snow began rising about my mouth I discovered that I could keep it away with my breath. I saw that I still had a chance of keeping my eyes free, and I kept constantly at work blowing away the accumulating flakes. This gave me something to do, and was a relief to my mind. So jealously did I keep guard that I would hardly allow two flakes to lie before my lips.

Thoughts of home, my friends, of the little I had ever done in the world, and of the jagged rocks lining the side of the shaft, with the great pool in its bottom, passed and repassed in my mind. In this circle my mind seemed swiftly revolving, dwelling but for a moment upon any one thing. I would strain my eyes to see the light in the window till they were ready to start from their sockets. Sometimes I would see a sudden red flash, and with a joyous throb of my heart I would say, "It is there!" but in a moment after I would groan in spirit at discovering the flash was only within my strained and weary eyeballs. From straining my eyes and ears for some sign of the arrival of my partners, I would fall into my old circle of thought, and round and round in it as in a whirlpool my brain would whirl till some moan of the wind or creaking of trees would arouse me to thoughts of escape from my fearful position.

After the first few efforts I made towards extricating myself, my whole care was to remain as motionless as possible, and keep my arms stretched out to their fullest extent in order to grasp for my support every twig within their reach, were it no larger or stronger than a rye-stalk. Time seemed to move on leaden wings, and it appeared to me that I must have been suspended over the shaft for many hours. I began to fear that on account of the storm my partners had concluded to "turn in" at the cabin of our neighbor. The moment I thought of this it seemed to me almost certain that such was the case.

My escape, I now began to think, rested with myself. I thought there might be before me a pole across the shaft strong enough to bear my weight. Slowly I began raising my right arm, in order to feel for some such support, but a startling snapping of twigs, when this extra weight was thrown upon my left arm, caused me very quickly to desist.

"Great God!" I groaned, as I settled back into my former position, "how long is this to last?"

Just at this moment I heard the sound of voices. This time there was no mistake about it. I heard the loud, ringing laugh of my jovial partner Tom, and heard bean-poker loving Bob say something about a game they had been playing at "the other cabin." As they came nearer I heard Tom say,—

"I wonder if Dan has got back from town?"

They spoke in their ordinary tone of voice, and this gave me great joy, as I knew I could make them hear without shouting too loudly. I heard them at the door, scraping the snow away from their feet, and knew that now was the time to call—for once they had entered they might not hear me.

"Tom!" I cried, "Tom!"

There was no answer, and my heart felt cold within me.

"Tom!" I again cried, and this time to my great joy both of the boys in a breath sang out,—

"Hello!"

"Tom!" I cried again, in as loud a tone of voice as I dared to use, "Tom, come here!"

"D—d if that ain't Dan!" cried Bob; "what the d—l can be the matter?" and both came as fast as their legs could carry them down near to where I was hanging.

"Don't come too near!" I cried, "for God's sake, don't come too near? I have fallen through the brush over this shaft, and it's just ready to break and let me down; get a rope, quick—the windlass rope, you know?"

Tom ran to the cabin, and in less than a minute—though it seemed an hour to me—was back with the rope. Both were rushing to the shaft with the rope, when I stopped them.

"Stop right where you are boys! Now listen, or you will kill me. Don't come near the brush about the shaft, or you will break it and let me down. Take hold of the rope about twenty feet apart and walk so as to bring it across the shaft, so that I can reach it."

They did as I directed, and the rope was soon against my face. I began slowly to lift my right hand to clutch it, but a crackling of the bush on which I hung suspended startled me so much that I had not the courage to try and grasp the rope. I thought of making a sudden plunge for it, but feared I might fail to catch it, when I would most certainly break through and fall to the bottom of the shaft.

"What is the matter?" asked Bob. "Can't you get hold of the rope?"

"No," I replied; "I will break through if I even lift one finger."

"Take hold of the rope with your teeth!" cried Tom.

This was the very idea.

"Hold the rope a little lower," said I, "and I will try—lower yet—there, hold on!"

"Have you got it?" asked Tom.

As well as I could, I answered,—

"Yes."

"Now try for it with your hands," cried Bob.

As quickly as I could use my stiffened right arm I made a clutch at the rope, and most luckily for myself got hold of it. Had I missed it I would have been precipitated to the bottom of the shaft, for as I clutched the rope the whole rotten pile of boughs broke loose and dropped into the dark pit below. After being dragged some distance from the black and yawning mouth of the shaft, I still held the rope with both teeth and hands, and could hardly be persuaded that I was yet out of danger. I was so completely exhausted that I was unable to walk to the cabin without the assistance of both of my partners, and it was some weeks before my strained shoulders were free from pain.

There may be more trying and perilous positions than that above described, but if there are I beg to be excused from "buying in."

SHOW THYSELF A MAN.

Now there are two courses, either of which you can take. One is to say,—

"I am not living or dressing as well as my companions, and I must have fine clothes and better fare."

The other is to say, with stern manliness,— "I have come here to make my way; and honesty and simplicity require that I should not live any higher than I myself can earn the means of living. I will be no man's pauper or beneficiary; I will make what I take; and what I make and take shall support me."

This discipline which you get from this latter course of self-denial is better than going to college. Many a man cradled in learning gets no discipline; but a young man who, having been reared and trained in self-indulgence, leaves his father's aid and comes to the city and says—

"I will be beholden to no man; I can afford to live as plain as any man, both in regard to diet and clothes, if it is necessary to manhood; I will not have anything which I cannot fairly earn; I will be independent and establish myself."

Such a young man gets a discipline which is worth a university education. By forming that purpose and adhering to it, he is educating himself in the very elements of manhood. He is making a man of himself.

Do you suppose men think less of you because you dress plainly? Do you think your chances in life are less because you feel ashamed to show a man where your room is, and where you sleep? Why, many a man has slept in a barn, who was better than many who slept in mansions and palaces. A man ought not to be ashamed to say, "I am poor and cannot do so and so." It is the curse of America, since there are no orders of nobility here men are ashamed to admit they are poor. The young man defends himself and says "I am not so poor as you take me to be." Even sensible people yield to the temptation of the devil, and are ashamed to acknowledge that they work.

TRACING A GENEALOGY.

It is of the elder Dumas, whose death has just occurred, that the following story is told. A stranger having heard with surprise that Dumas was a quack, called upon him to verify the fact.

"I am told," began the visitor, "that you are a quack, Monsieur Dumas."

"Yes," answered Dumas.

"And your father?"

"Was a mulatto! the distinguished Gen. Dumas, of the army of Italy—and a mulatto!" roared the author, in tones that left no doubt of the quality of his lungs.

"And his mother?" continued the intruder, interrogatively.

"Was a negro!" shouted Dumas, rising to his feet.

"And, who may I ask, was her mother?" continued the enterprising and indefatigable bore.

"An ape, sir, an ape!" thundered the indignant author. "My family begins exactly where yours ends—waiter, show the monkey the door."

A FABLE.

A certain rabbi had two sons, whom he and his wife tenderly loved. Duty obliged the rabbi to take a journey to a distant country. During his absence his two promising sons sickened and died. The grief-stricken mother laid them out on their bed, drew the curtain, and waited anxiously for her husband, who came at night. "How are my boys?" was his first question. "Let me see them."

"Stay a while," said his wife. "I am in great trouble. Some years ago a friend lent me some jewels. I took great care of them, and at last began to prize them as my own. Since your departure, my friend has called for them, but I did not like to part with them. Shall I give them up?"

"Wife! what a strange request is this; give them up, and that instantly, this very night. Show me the jewels." She took the rabbi to their bed, drew aside the curtain, and said,—

"Husband, there are the jewels."

The rabbi bowed his head, and wept.

A venison and turtle-fed Alderman of London, on being importuned for some by a starving woman, exclaimed, "Go away, my good woman; you don't know how you distress me. I'd give ten pounds to have your appetite."

SUSPENSION BRIDGES AND THE CHINESE.

The most remarkable evidence of the mechanical science and skill of the Chinese, so far back as 1600 years ago, is to be found in their suspended bridges, the invention of which is assigned to the Hans dynasty. According to the concurrent testimony of all their historical and geographical writers, Sangleang, the commander of the army under Kaontsoo, the first of the Hans, undertook and completed the formation of roads through the mountainous province of Shense, to the west of the capital.

Hitherto its lofty hills and deep valleys had rendered a communication difficult and circuitous. With a body of one hundred thousand laborers he cut passages over the mountains, throwing the removed soil into valleys, and where this was not sufficient to raise the road to the required height, he constructed bridges, which rested on pillars or abutments. In another place he conceived and accomplished the daring project of suspending a bridge from one mountain to another, across a deep chasm. These bridges, which are called by the Chinese writers, very appropriately, flying bridges, and represented to be numerous at the present day, are sometimes so high that they cannot be traversed without alarm.

One still existing in Shense stretches four hundred feet from mountain to mountain, over a chasm of five hundred feet. Most of these flying bridges are so wide that four horsemen can ride on them abreast, and balustrades are placed on each side to protect travellers.

It is by no means impossible (as M. Panthier suggests) that, as the missionaries to China made known the fact more than a century and a half ago, that the Chinese had suspended bridges, and that many of them were made of iron, the hint may have been taken from thence for similar constructions by European engineers.

THE IMITATION OF GEMS.

Nowhere has chemistry—the science most essential for this purpose—been brought to greater perfection than in France. Accordingly, none have attained more skill in the art of imitating gems than the French. If the revenue that Paris has derived from this source alone for the last quarter of a century, were stated in plain figures, it would seem more fabulous than any story in the "Arabian Nights." But it would seem worse than fabulous to say that three-fourths of these gems which were worn daily, or at least nightly, in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, including those that sparkle on the bosoms of some of our great men, have contributed to that revenue in proportion to their size and characteristics, yet it would really be no exaggeration of the fact. Let those who think we want to trespass on their credulity turn to the works of Kunkel, Neir, and Fontainien. That of M. Fontainien alone would be sufficient. That learned member of the Royal Academy of Sciences has been enabled, by a long series of experiments, to produce a perfectly colorless crystal.

This he calls *frudent*, or base; he has formed one by each of the five different processes; he has also shown how the various colors are produced, according as a given piece of crystal is intended to be a diamond, an amethyst, an emerald, a ruby, &c. Several German chemists have given the world the benefit of their researches on the same subject, and some have enriched themselves and others by them. This is true, for example, of Professor Lippert, of Dresden, who prepared 3,000 casts; of these, one jeweller bought 1,000, and rapidly made his fortune; the remainder were purchased by different jewellers, each of whom obtained the prices of real gems. Since the celebrated experiments of Lavoisier, every person of ordinary intelligence is aware that the diamond is simply pure carbon crystallized, and that it can be burned in oxygen, the sole result of the combustion being carbonic acid. M. Despretz, another French chemist, has actually made real diamonds, having melted and crystallized carbon by means of a galvanic battery; but Nature has so carefully kept the secret to herself thus far, that the learned Frenchman's diamonds are so small as to be visible only with a microscope.

From recent accounts in the *Panama Star* and *Herald*, it appears the Panama pearl-fisheries are now carried on by negroes, whose villages remind the traveller of Western Africa. The value of the fishery is about \$250,000 a year, but signs of exhaustion are now showing themselves. This is greatly attributable to the use of diving-machines. A gentleman who owns one of the islands, having regulated his fisheries in the Ceylon manner, found that after two years' repose he got a large crop. It is, therefore, suggested to regulate the Panama fisheries by law.

NOTICE.

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

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

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SUPERINTENDENT.

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The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1872.

WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

Truly the times we live in are portentous. The condition of the serf gave place to that of the boor, and the boor was followed by the menial of former times, so called by those who fared sumptuously and were clothed in purple and fine linen every day, from the fruits of his labor; but the menial has felt, and is feeling, the injustice of his situation, and by unity of action and persistent agitation, have been gradually raising themselves from their servile condition, until they occupy the position we are proud to call that of the free workingman of the nineteenth century. But has the man of toil reached the climax of his ambition here? Certainly not. If the signs of the times be any criterion, there still remains to be settled questions of grave moment. Never in any age of the world have the producers of all wealth been so thoroughly alive to what they consider their just rights and privileges, as at the present day; and if there ever was a time that the agitation now known as the labor question, required calm, deliberate, intelligent, dispassionate and thoughtful consideration above another it is the present time, when, from all quarters of the civilized world is wafted on every breeze the one momentous subject, that is at present shaking our social system to its very centre under the name—if you please—of the uprising of labor. Now, let us ask the question, and perhaps venture an answer: What is the reason of all this commotion in the social system, and especially that portion of society known as the working classes? Is it the result of ignorance? Surely not, for never since creation has knowledge been so generally diffused than at present. Then, is it from a wide-spread repugnance to labor on the part of the workingmen? We think not, and believe we are warranted in thinking so by the fact that never before in the history of man has wealth been increased so rapidly as it has in what has come of the present century—and by whom? Solely by the *bona fide* workingman. And further, the workingman of to-day is beginning to fully understand the divine and natural law, that he who does not labor should not eat, and cannot eat save of the fruits of the labor of others. Therefore, the workman understands perfectly well the principle of labor, and feels the duty incumbent upon him to perpetuate the existence of mankind, and contribute to the prosperity of our common heritage by his labor.

Well; a reason must exist somewhere. We never see an effect without a cause, and discontent, when it becomes general and wide-spread, is always the result of some good sound logical reason. The workman of to-day occupies the same position as his serf and menial predecessor did so far as production to sustain life goes; the result of their energies then and now are the same, but disaffection among our toiling forefathers never became so general and wide-spread, and never at all so influential as at present, simply because their ignorance and want of perception led them to believe that they were dependant upon the lords of the soil, and felt generally satisfied with the dregs that fell from the richness of their own productions, while the usurper of their liberties and energies revelled in the ignorance, poverty and degradation of his species. But times have changed, and the masses of the people with them; and distinctions, titles and usurpations have paled before the advance of knowledge, truth and justice. The simple fact is, that the people have been to school, and have been learning the lesson of God through nature, and are beginning to recognize the true meaning of that divine supplication, Our Father who art in Heaven,—the supreme ruler of the universe, our Father, our common Father. And are the so-called unwashed multitude but his step-children? We recognize His justice in nature, and emphatically say, No! Then we do not hesitate to say that knowledge, a growing understanding of what is right and just, is at the bottom of this most important and wide-spread movement; nor will the agitation cease until there is raised on the ruins of ignorance, fraud and wrong, the glorious temple of wisdom, justice and truth, from which shall be proclaimed "peace on earth and good will towards men."

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

In the *Globe* of Friday last was published a leading article that certainly caused some little astonishment, if not amusement, amongst such of the workingmen who might have seen the article in question. Under the caption of "Strikes and their Lessons," the *Globe* takes a wonderfully mild and conciliatory view of the aspirations of the working classes; and, indeed, with one or two exceptions, the article might almost be regarded, from its general tone, as a counterpart of those which appeared in that journal when the short-time movement was confined to distant climes. The *Globe* admits that on a calm and deliberate consideration of the labor movement, there are some things suggested particularly worthy of notice; and remarks that "it is a novelty that the struggle should have been chiefly for the reduction of the hours of labour rather than for increase of wages," and intimates that "any fair and reasonable increase of remuneration would not have been objected to," and considers that, in electing for shorter hours rather than increased pay, the workmen have made a "great mistake." As far as the employers being willing to pay increased wages is concerned, it may be very true; but had not the question of shorter hours of labour taken so firm a hold upon the operative classes, and, instead, had they made a demand for increased pay, we opine that the *willingness* of the employers to accede would have been about equal to that manifested by them in considering the short-time movement. If by a temporary raise of wages, however, they could stave off the agitation for short hours, they would be very willing to grant that increase; but as to the "great mistake" made, those who are most interested in the movement—the workingmen—have taken an opposite view, and, we believe, time will yet prove them to have been wiser in their generation than their would-be mentors.

Then comes a gentle patting on the back, for the *Globe* tells the workingmen that "their bearing throughout these strikes have also been a noticeable feature, that there has been a degree of reasonableness in the bearing even of those who struck, and an abstinence from attempts at coercing their fellow-

workmen who did not see things as they saw them, which have been in marked contrast to what has too frequently taken place at such times and in connection with such movements." Of course, in order to preserve the *well-known consistency* of the journal, and sustain the charge of "conspiracy" which Mr. Brown has brought against the members of Typographical Union, exception is taken to the unfortunate printers, who of all the classes of "intelligent comprehension" were alone guilty of "outrageous conduct" in committing "overt acts of intimidation and coercion." The recent trial of the "conspiracy case" was very closely watched by the working classes generally, and they know—just as well as the editor and manager of the *Globe* knows—that beyond the mere fact of those men having connection with a Trade Union being established, no charge of "intimidation" was proved, or even sought to be proved. The whole and sole result of the trial, so far as it went, was, to prove the men members of a Typographical Union—only this, and nothing more.

The *Globe* then tells us, that "wise moderation has also been exhibited in the readiness of employers and employed to meet each other in a calm and reasonable way." We are glad to know that in some instances this "wise moderation" prevailed, and in consequence threatened difficulties were avoided; but in the case of the most important of the strikes in this city—the printers—so far as the "Master Printers' Association" were concerned, their action was the very opposite of this statement. It is well known that on no less than three occasions, the Union, wishing to avoid difficulties as far as possible, asked for a conference with the employers, but were on each occasion peremptorily refused. We have reason to believe that some of that association were quite willing—and even suggested its propriety—that a committee from the printers should be received, but the domineering action of the "big chief" prevented any such approaches to a "wise policy," and only when their eyes were fully opened to the cajolery of Mr. Brown, did those gentlemen withdraw from an association with which they had few feelings in common.

The old argument of a "cast iron rule as to the length of a days' labor" is rehashed, and while it would be very unwise to make nine hours the limit of a day's work, the standard can, with propriety, be fixed at ten. Of course there is nothing "cast-iron" about the ten hours; it is only when you take one hour off that it becomes of that consistency. But we are told that "while the nine hour limit has been mentioned, it has not been insisted on, but less work on Saturday has been willingly agreed to." We have understood throughout the whole of the movement the regulation as to the hours was to be left to suit the convenience of the various branches of industry, but what has been insisted on is, that the weeks' work should consist of *fifty-four* hours instead of *sixty*. We are glad to know that, in general, arrangements have been made mutually agreeable, all the more likely to be lasting from the manner in which they have been brought around.

The article concludes with a little more "soft sawder" in the shape of complimenting the men upon their "good sense" and "reasonableness." Of course no fault can possibly be found with the mildness of the tone now used by the *Globe*, and the article is chiefly remarkable in contrast with some which have preceded it in the same journal; but the enquiry has been frequently made as to the cause of the change of tone. Some have been so *uncharitable* as to attribute it to the fact that the elections are approaching! but, of course, that consideration could have no weight with the immaculate George. Oh no! perish the thought—and yet, after all, the elections are coming off.

FOR THE FRONT.—The Volunteers of this city left in full force for Niagara yesterday. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed.

We have prepared an article on Early Closing, but it has been crowded out this week.

THE DUTY OF WORKINGMEN.

The duty of the workingmen at all times, but in the present crisis above all others, is to be true to themselves, to look at every question from their own stand point, to see how it affects their pockets, their condition, their morals; and, having found out to their satisfaction what their duty is, to do it.

Employers are harping to "continue long hours of labor, because they prefer immediate personal wealth to the future prosperity of the country. Journalists, to a very great extent, side with them, because capitalists can enrich them with bribes given in the shape of advertisements; and politicians remain neutral, because they desire to side with the winning party, and are yet dubious who that party is. Upon the shoulders of the workingmen themselves, therefore, rests the burden of the struggle, and if they are but true to themselves, upon them will also rest the *prestige* of success. That which costs nothing is worth no more. The very fierceness of the fight is in itself the best indication of its worth. If, as employers say, they would rather give an advance in wages than a reduction in time, it is self-evident that the diminution of the hours of labor is of more importance to the workingman than an increase in his pay. Workingmen can seldom err if, when they see their employers very desirous for them in their trade capacity to adopt a certain line of policy to just do what is its complete opposite. If employers declaim against trades' unionism, it is proof positive that unionism is the best policy workingmen can adopt. If employers oppose the nine hours in contradistinction to a rise of pay, it is equally positive that the hours are of more advantage to the men than the money. Employers seldom, if ever, look at trade questions from their workmens' stand point, consequently their view of trades questions are generally inimical to the true interests of the men, and, therefore, their's is the last position working men should adopt.

Employers generally strive to get as much labor and as many hours as possible from the workingmen for the lowest possible remuneration. The price of clothing, fuel, rent, are seldom or ever taken seriously into their consideration—the state of the labor market regulates their course of action, not the requirements or necessities of their men.

Workingmen who trust to the generosity of employers depend upon a reed, that will fail them when they most need its support. For example, the employees of the Northern Railway some time since asked Mr. Cumberland for a reduction in their hours of labor, and gave valid reasons why the concession should be granted. In reply, he told them because they had been long and faithful servants, if they compelled him to accede to their request, he would be under the *painful necessity* of finding younger men to fill their places. If by long and faithful service these men had, as Mr. Cumberland acknowledged, earned the right to retain their situation—the right being earned—the place was theirs, and the request for a reduction in their hours of labor the more necessary and imperative because they were old. Age might need repose, enfeebled energies consideration, fidelity reward; but if the performance of duty involved a supposed loss of cash, why, "throw duty to the dogs, they'll have none of it."

Therefore, workingmen we must look after our own interests as workingmen, be loyal to each other, accepting no bribes from the employers either in the shape of a better position or higher pay, they are given for temporary purposes, and with the achievement of the object for which they were given both place and power will be lost. Employers keep their men in dependant positions by creating suspicion and distrust, and if they would gain possession of their rights and privileges, it must be by union and confidence among and between the men themselves. The employer's policy is to divide and conquer; our weakness is *their* strength, our own contentions the source of their pride. We must look at questions affecting

our social condition—not only as they may affect ourselves, but also as they may affect our children. We ask if, for the sake of a temporary rise in wages, it is worth our while to rivet the chains of toil longer and firmer upon our children's hands than they are upon our own? Is it worth while weakening our own prospects and increasing the employers' power, because a few are offered an increase of pay? Is it worth while working ten hours here while in the States eight hours is rapidly gaining power and breath.

If the workingmen are true to themselves they must win; the falsehoods promulgated by employers and their special pleaders are refuted by the very condition by which they are surrounded. Nearly all the employers in Canada, a few years ago, were certainly not rich men; now they are the reputed owners of hundreds of thousands of dollars and magnificent dwellings. Could they be so—could they have such—if their margin of profit be so small as they would have us believe? The employers are not more ingenious than the majority of the men they employ; some must direct whilst others manipulate, hence the necessity for a division in labor makes them bosses. Let the workingmen be true to themselves, and unite each with the other to secure the success of the present movement; let no political or religious questions affect the strength of their union; let them act together as one man, following the example of their brethren in Newcastle-on-Tyne and in New York, and success is theirs. Right, justice, and the *prestige* of success is upon their side; union and confidence alone is wanted to ensure victory; and since employers, knowing this, are doing their best to sow dissensions among them, we hope they will, with their own good sense, baffle the endeavors of the employers, and gain for the higher purposes of their being another respite from the toils of mammon.

THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT RACE.

The International boat race, which has so long been the subject of conversation in this and the Old World, came off, on the Thames, on Monday afternoon. The morning broke cloudy and stormy, and fears were entertained that the match would have to be postponed. In the afternoon, however, the sun shone brightly, though the atmosphere continued chilly. Vast crowds continued to gather along the river, and the excitement became more and more intense. Shortly after six the boats shot out from the shore amidst the most deafening cheers, and the shouts of joy and relief were taken up and rolled along on both sides of the river from Mortlake to Putney. The Atlanta crew won the toss, and elected to row on the Surrey side. The gun for the start was fired at 6.23, and both boats started brilliantly. In the first 200 yards the English crew were a length ahead, and bending to the Surrey side, took the Atlanta's water. At Barne's Bridge the Englishers had increased the gap to a length and a half. At this point, the Americans made a series of desperate "sprints," and slightly improved their position, but the tremendous efforts told on the men, and they showed signs of exhaustion. On reaching the water works, opposite Choswick Wall, the distress of the Americans was evident, and it was clear that, even at that point, the race was practically won. The Englishmen gained rapidly, and continuing to row on steadily with ease, increasing the distance at every stroke, and finally came in no less than twenty lengths ahead—nearly 800 feet. Though the Atlanta's have been badly beaten in the contest, yet they deserve praise for their pluck in going across the Atlantic to test the prowess of the Londoners.

The steamer *Kingston*, which was to have carried the Queen's Own to Niagara yesterday afternoon, was burned to the water's edge on Tuesday night when off Grenadier Island. The vessel and cargo are a total loss. Two lives were lost,—a Mrs. Dr. Jones, and a boy belonging to the vessel.

THE TRADES' UNION BILL.

For some few days past the impression had got abroad that it was not the intention of Sir John A. Macdonald to bring forward the bill he had introduced into the House of Commons, some weeks since—a bill in which so many workmen feel a deep interest—and it was freely rumored that Sir John had yielded to the solicitations of those opposed to the bill, and withdrew it for the present session; but the proceedings in the House on Tuesday night proved the groundlessness of those rumors, and though urged to withdraw the bill, Sir John refused, and pressed for its passage, stating that the sole object of the bill was to relieve mechanics from the penalty of being indicted for every association they might form. Recently, employers in Toronto had taken advantage of the old law to arrest members of trades unions, and this bill was designed to modify this harsh law, in the same way that the English law on the same subject had recently been amended. The modification had been adopted there, because the law was felt to be too harsh for freemen to endure.

After discussion the motion for its second reading was carried, and the bill passed its final stage.

The act to amend the criminal law relating to violence, threats and molestation, was also read a second and third time.

The latter act, as we have already stated in our columns, has proved very obnoxious to the members of trade unions, and in our issue to-day we publish an amendment to that act, as drafted by the Parliamentary Committee appointed at a Trades' Union Congress, and we think it would be advisable for workmen to agitate its substitution in the place of the bill passed on Tuesday.

DEATH OF MR. JOHN HENRY JONES.

The members of the printing profession generally will learn with regret of the death of Mr. J. H. Jones, which occurred at his residence, Ann Street, on Wednesday, 12th inst., in the 64th year of his age. Mr. Jones was one of the Charter members of the Toronto Typographical Union, and had greatly endeared himself to his brother craftsmen by his urbanity and geniality of disposition.

The funeral will take place from his late residence, 97 Ann Street, this (Thursday) afternoon, at three o'clock. All members of Typographical Union will attend and pay the last tribute of respect to one whose memory will ever remain green.

THE BRICKLAYERS' AND MASONS' STRIKE.

On Thursday last the Bricklayers and Masons of this city struck work for nine hours per day. Some 160 men came out, leaving about fifty or sixty working under the new system. Yesterday afternoon a conference of the employers and employees was held, but no compromise was effected.

We understand a requisition is being largely signed, urging Mr. Ald. Robt. Bell to put himself forward as a candidate for the position of Water Works Commissioner for the West Division.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—On Saturday afternoon a destructive fire occurred in this city, the Soho Foundry, on Beverley Street, the property of Messrs. Dickey, Neil & Co., being partially destroyed. The loss was about \$30,000, which is covered by insurance to the amount of \$16,000. Two cottages, on the opposite side of the street, occupied by Mr. A. McCormick and Mr. J. Venebels, also took fire, and were considerably damaged.

Communications.

BRANTFORD CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.

[The following communication was received too late for insertion last week:]—

I have been wondering this last week or two whether or not you could find a corner in your valuable journal for a Brantford correspondence, and I have come to the conclusion that the only way to find out is to try. As a general rule Brantford is a quiet place, and its denizens are remarkably so, especially its workmen. At present, however, there is a considerable shaking among the dry bones.

The policy inaugurated by the Honorable George Brown towards the employees of Canada is bearing its fruit here as well as in other places. What a pity the honorable gentleman is a Scotchman. Surely he has forfeited his claim to be called a Scot. Scotchmen are generally considered "canny chieftains," but there is something canny about Geordie. He is only Scotch in stubbornness and fearlessness. His has been a stormy life. 'Tis a pity that the storm is not abating

as the evening shades of life are gathering thick and fast around him; me thinks, as the poet says, age might have taught him policy if not generosity. But nature gave him a turbulent disposition, and I suppose he is never at peace but when at war with some class of the people. Candidly, it affords me no pleasure to see a man of his venerable years and reputed intelligence become (by his own folly) the by-word of the Canadian mechanic. But as he is not a very interesting subject at best, we will drop him for the present, and let those who admire his beautiful proportions sing his praises, and point out the remedy that will bring back at least ten degrees the lengthening shadow of his departing glory.

I suppose you are aware of the lock-out in this town. The result has been anything but satisfactory to employers or employees. Neither one or other made anything out of it. If the balance is either one way or the other, employees have it, for they get off work at four o'clock on Saturday evening. Before the lock-out they worked till six P.M., but they had to sign the circular before they returned to work. The circumstances connected with the return to work is really amusing, although degrading. I think I had better relate the story for the edification of future generation, that the name of the mechanic who so skilfully led the retreat, may receive his meed of praise for his unparalleled manly act. His name will yet, doubtless, become the jest of future ages, and his act will call forth the jeers of all posterity, that is, the few that will know such a man lived to shame his countrymen and co-laborers. On the seventh or eighth day after Waterous and Wilkes paid off the men that would not sign this circular, a report appeared in the Brantford Daily News (a sheet that has the presumption to call itself a newspaper), that the circular was removed and the men could resume work. By this time the best mechanics, with few exceptions, had left town, that is, the members of the League. What was left of them held a meeting on Victoria square, and appointed a delegation to go to see the firm, and enquire into the truth of the report that appeared in the Daily News. Mr. Cowhord (a gentleman worthy of the name, and fit for the occupation that his name suggests) was leader of the delegation. (I have not learned the names of the rest.) They left their fellow-laborers at 3 P.M. and did not return till after 6 P.M., and all our countrymen, what a report they had to give:—"The circular is not removed, and will not be. We signed it; you do as you think proper." What a delegation; sold their birthright for a mess of pottage. This of course opened the way for others; the leaders were gone, and rank and file were scattered to the four winds of heaven.

The men—with some twelve exceptions that left town, and six or seven noble exceptions that remained firm till they got work elsewhere—returned to work, but are dissatisfied, and cannot hold up their heads as of old. The pressing circumstances of some, and the want of firmness of Cowhord and his colleagues broke the spirits of those that would otherwise remain firm.

The League is still alive. We had a meeting lately; the roll was called; several were reported captured in the power of their masters, others missing or gone off in a passion. But what remains reviewed past events and came to the conclusion to keep the ball rolling. Employers will hear from us soon, and our brethren throughout the fair Province of Ontario will yet be convinced that there are some friends in Brantford.

VERA PRO GRATIS.

FUTILITY OF STRIKES—AN EQUITABLE DIVISION OF PROFITS.

To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.

"My vineyard flourished by my toil and care, I thought as a reward the fruits to share, Says Jezebel they shall be mine; Naboth was slain—another drank his wine."

The convulsions which are taking place in the labor market both in Europe and America, the rapid increase of wealth through the introduction and improvement of machinery, capitalists becoming millionaires in a few years, building themselves palaces, and living in luxury, while the workmen who make the wealth, cannot raise themselves homes of their own, prove that there is something "rotten in the state." The workmen think, and justly, that they are under remunerated, and they ask for higher wages, and if they don't get them they strike. Suppose the employer concedes a raise, does this remedy the evil? Not at all, it leaves them in the same condition as they were before. Unless there is a radical change in the relationship between labor and capital, the evil will still remain in all its magnitude. Now, sir, I am a member of the Trades' Assembly of this city, the object of which is for mutual help among the different trades if there should be a struggle between capital and labor, and to avoid strikes, unless they are absolutely necessary. But, sir, our in-

terests under the present existing state of things are antagonistic. If the tailor helps the shoemaker to get a raise in wages, he reduces his own, or what is the same thing, reduces their purchasing powers—the increased cost of production is charged by the manufacturer to the customer. "It is our interest to buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest market."

Strikes are contagious, and they never stop until they have gone the round of all the trades, and although a raise may have been conceded in every instance, capitalists are not disposed to abate their profits one jot, and the increase in the cost of production has to come out of the strikers' pockets indirectly. Wages are only nominally higher, and strikes leave us where we were before. What is the remedy for this state of things? There is only one, and that is for the Legislature to pass a law to give to workmen an equitable division in the profits of his own productions. The idea is not original. A few capitalists are doing it voluntarily in England and France, and it works satisfactorily. It would do away with strikes forever, as the workman's labor would be his capital invested in the concern, and instead of being an employee, he would be a partner. It would extinguish forever the odious word master. A law ought also to be passed to give the people a share in the profits of merchants. There is nothing new in this, as it is done voluntarily by the various co-operative establishments in England. In order to do this, it would require the workmen to obtain political power, which they can if they only will to do so. In all free countries a majority has the right to rule, and if they can get a majority in the Legislature, they have a right to make laws to secure themselves justice. If the Trades Unions, and the laboring men generally, would commence an agitation for an equitable division of profits, use some of their funds to employ men of ability to lecture on labor and capital, it would be going on the direct road to "the equalization of all elements of society in the social scale."

Are the sons who have to toil,
In the shop or on the soil,
Ever to be in the coil,
Of the profit monger.

I am, yours respectfully,
B. MERCER.
Hamilton, June 11th, 1872.

A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.

DEAR SIR,—If the employers of the city of Toronto would come forward and meet their men in a friendly spirit, instead of standing aloof, good results would necessarily follow. Mr. Coghill, Coach Maker, King Street West, came to his men voluntarily last Saturday morning, and told them that for the future he would allow them to quit work at half-past four on Saturdays, without a reduction of pay. Such concession on their part would tend to do away with those hard feelings at present existing between employer and employee. All honor to Mr. Coghill for his noble example.

JUSTITIA.

Toronto, June 12, 1872.

CONSISTENCY!

To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.

DEAR SIR,—I feel it my duty to communicate to you the following, which I can vouch to be true:

Messrs. R. Hay and Co.'s chairmakers petitioned their employers for an advance of wages, whereupon they dismissed the whole of them. At the same period Hay & Co. are enlarging their workshops, and the builder who is doing the alterations comes down and states that he cannot proceed with the work, as his bricklayers have struck work. The astounded manufacturer scratches his head, and enquires what they have struck for. "The Nine Hours," says the builder. "Oh, give it to them, and let the work be got along with." What more passed I cannot exactly say, but you will at once see that *se'y* has a long arm yet.—I am your respectfully,

F. B.

Toronto, June 12, 1872.

A German paper offers statistics to show that all the attempts of France to raise an army of equal strength and efficiency to that of United Germany must be fruitless.

The Duke of Edinburgh was converted into a Fishmonger on Saturday, when His Royal Highness accepted the invitation of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Fishmongers to a banquet, and received the freedom of the Company.

According to the *Danske Tilender* of Thorshavn (Feroe Islands), a monstrous association of pirates has been discovered at Riek-iavik, and immense stores of plunder found concealed in caves. It is understood that the disappearance of many ships may be traced to their doings.

MASS MEETING OF THE NINE HOURS LEAGUE.

(From the Hamilton Standard.)

Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, pursuant to announcement, a meeting was held in the Market Square, when speeches were delivered by several of the representatives of the league. The attendance, perhaps, was not so large as might have been expected, scarcely 300 being present to listen to the various arguments of this oft-mooted and at present all momentous theme; but the speakers did justice to their cause.

The chairman, T. C. Watkins, opened the proceedings in a formal manner, remarking that he believed the employers thought the men would return to their various employments as soon as they had not individually the means to withstand longer for want of money. But they were mistaken. They (the workmen) intended to hold their stand until the masters should yield to their proposals, which, he thought, they were right in trying to obtain, for if the young men especially had more time and relaxation they would certainly have time to improve their talents, and enjoy more intercourse with their wives and children, and, above all, be able to improve their inventive faculty; without which they cannot advance and make that progress which the present period demands.

Mr. Ryan, Secretary of the League, next addressed the meeting.—Friends and fellow workmen, I have great pleasure in meeting you here this evening, and wish to pass a few remarks for the benefit of our world-wide unions, and to express my feelings. I strongly desire you to hold out; to remember that the eyes of the world are on you, men of Hamilton, the ambitious city; that you will scorn and pass him by without a greeting that dares to return to his employment until the victory is gained, or on the old terms; that you will ever hold a friendly hand and help to support them who are still on strike. I have great pleasure in announcing the fact that out of the large number of men who were locked out for refusing to sign a document that was detrimental to their interests, only ten have returned and turned traitors to our designs. If the capitalists and manufacturers in the United States can grant their men their moderate request what is to hinder our employers in Canada from doing the same? What is the reason of our large manufacturers realizing immense fortunes in a few years as they do? Is it any personal gift of theirs; by their superior skill, energy, education or attainment of theirs? Certainly not, it is by your labor and perseverance; by your superior skill and energy; by you workmen of Canada; by the skill of the men employed in the various departments of handicraft, which a skilled workman alone can accomplish. We are more than machines, we are immortal beings with the same feelings, the same aspiration as our employers, and we require relaxation and enjoyment as well as those who can afford three months holiday in the year, while we are degenerating and sometimes spoiling our health by overwork at the anvil or vice to support them in luxurious ease. The cause I now plead is not as some would have us suppose, detrimental to the interests of Canada, it is not so; for as the Dominion depends on the labour we supply, without us would fail for want of support. One of the peculiar arguments they use is that they say let every man work as long as he chooses, and pay him accordingly. But look at the absurdity of this for instance in a manufactory. The men wish to work nine hours and the engine driver fourteen; but what is the use of the engine driver to work that time if the other men leave, or vice versa. You men must work in union. He then proposed a resolution in favor of nine hours.

Mr. John McKeown said he was not going to argue the right or the wrong of the nine hours movement, but if they really believe their cause is just and equitable then see it through, and stand true to their opinion, and I say that if men have a grievance they have a right by law to combine, and if possible remove that grievance. I do not say that they are acting judiciously. If I say I choose to work fourteen hours no man has a right to interfere. It is pleasing to notice the peaceful demeanor of the men that have been on strike in Hamilton, and I sincerely hope whatever is right will prevail.

Mr. Hewitt, Toronto, made a most lengthy speech, which was full of sound reasoning. He said workmen have a sense of eternity, for as we look on the work of man throughout the universe the sentiment of labor is imprinted thereon. There was a time when labor was done on the serf system, and some would advocate it again now; but what reasonable man would desire to see that time come again? Now let that be forever banished; for it never raised but lowered the workingman below his fellow

creatures. There are several men such as H. W. Beecher who write about political economy, and pull about the logic of social economy and the such like, and who know no more about it than a cherry tree does a Court of Chancery. But you must look to it from the standpoint of justice, and in this school get to the bottom of this movement. For instance, a capitalist knows a certain article is in great demand he intends to manufacture it, and for this purpose wants a hundred men; but not he, but society sees the demand must be supplied, and if he cannot obtain the men, society suffers. He concluded his remarks by a reference to the political duties of workingmen.

Mr. Parker then spoke first on the goodness and mercy of God who held the waters in the hollow of his hand and made the earth his footstool, and spoke good reasons in favor of the movement.

Cheers were then given for the chairman, Mr. Ryan and the others, also "progress to the nine hours movement."

The meeting, which was very orderly and well conducted, then broke up at about a quarter to ten.

THE TRADES BILLS.

"The Parliamentary Committee," appointed by the Trades Union Congress in January last, have been very busy in getting into shape the several bills which they are anxious to have passed into law, but they have met with many obstacles. The Truck Act has become so manipulated in the Committee of the House which has in charge, that it has now assumed a shape very distasteful to the workmen, and "the Parliamentary Committee" will probably oppose its passage altogether. They have succeeded, however, in getting the amendment to the Criminal Law Amendment Act into a shape which satisfies them; and the following is a copy of this amendment as finally agreed upon:—

1. Amendment of the principal Act.—The first section of the Act of the 34th and 35th of Her Majesty, chapter thirty-two, entitled "An Act to Amend the Criminal Law relating to Violence, Threats; and Molestation," shall be repealed, and instead thereof it shall be enacted as follows, viz.: Every person who does any of the following acts, with the view as hereinafter mentioned, that is to say, who

- (1.) Uses violence to any other person, or to the property of any other person; or
- (2.) Threatens or intimidates any other person in such manner as would justify a Justice of the Peace (on complaint made to such Justice) in binding over to keep the peace the person so threatening or intimidating; or
- (3.) Molests or obstructs any other person
 - (a.) By persistently following him about from place to place; or
 - (b.) By following him in or through any street or road with two or more persons in a disorderly manner; or
 - (c.) By hiding or depriving him of, or hindering him in the use of, any tools, clothes, or property, owned or used by him; or
 - (d.) By threats or acts calculated to intimidate him with a view in the case of any of such acts as aforesaid, thereby to coerce such other person.
- (1.) Being a master, to dismiss or to cease to employ any workman, or being a workman, to quit any employment, or to return work before it is finished;
- (2.) Being a master, not to offer, or being a workman, not to accept, any employment or work;
- (3.) Being a master or workman, to belong or not to belong to any temporary or permanent association or combination;
- (4.) Being a master or workman to pay any fine or penalty imposed by any temporary or permanent association or combination;
- (5.) Being a master, to alter the mode of carrying on, his business, or the number or description of any persons employed by him,

shall be liable to imprisonment, with or without hard labour, for a term not exceeding three months.

Nothing in this section shall prevent any person from being liable under any other Act, or otherwise, to any other or higher punishment than is provided for any offence by this section, so that no person be punished twice for the same offence.

Provided that no person shall be liable to any punishment for doing or conspiring to do any act on the ground that such act restrains or tends to restrain the free course of trade, unless such act is one of the acts hereinbefore specified in this section, and is done with the object of coercing as hereinbefore mentioned.

HOURS OF LABOR.

Speaking about the hours of labor, apropos of the eight hour furor, a writer in the June number of *Old and New* says that the various classes of thinkers would be glad enough if they could limit their long-continued work to some shorter period; editors of newspapers, newsgatherers, book-makers, lawyers; ministers, with sermons to write, schools to examine, people to visit, funerals to attend; physicians, with the anxieties of endangered families upon their hearts, and the lives of patients in their hands, called up at any hour of the night—called to attend the day-laborer and his family at any hour, and to stay with them any length of time—kept up all day long, catching hasty and uncomfortable sleep; school-teachers, who, after six hours' hard brain-work, and heart-work, and severest trials of temper, study many hours more to learn what others have thought or have learned in regard to the best way of instruction. Can these, he asks accomplish their work if their time is limited to eight hours a day? But his greatest point is when he speaks of the eight-hour plan as fitted to household labor, saying that "it would be a shame for Michael, the hod-carrier, to demand that his wife should work sixteen hours a day, and be only half the time. How shall it be? Shall she get up in the morning, winter's morning, at six o'clock, make the fire, put on the tea-kettle, get breakfast, beginning a couple of hours before his day's work begins, give the children their breakfast, get their faces washed, their clothes made tidy, and send them off to school, and keep at washing dishes, cleaning house, getting meals, mending the holes in her husband's pockets, in Norah's frock, and Dennis's trousers, and so on all day; and at evening when Michael slips off for a stroll, with his pipe in his mouth, keep on at the same work as long as her strength will allow, till eight o'clock, nine, ten at night, or later? And is all this right, with only eight hours for the man? Or shall we limit woman's work to eight hours also? Tea-kettle on at eight in the morning, breakfast at nine or ten, novel-reading or the *Norosis* from twelve to two, dinner ready at about four, tea at six, and the dishes left for washing till next morning; the evening spent at the opera, and Michael's, Dennis's, and Norah's mending left till next week. "Woman's work is never done;" but the Labor Reformers surely will not limit themselves to the thought of Michael alone; they'll think of Maggie as much. If they limit woman's labor in the printing-office, book-binding, wallet-shop, shirt and collar establishments, and dry goods and fancy stores to eight hours, they will not let the dear mother of these poor girls slave all day, and half of the night too, will they? No. Eight hours is enough for house-work, if enough for street-work, shop-work, manufactories. Eight hours for women as well as eight hours for men."—*Waverley Magazine*.

THE PICTURESQUENESS OF LABOR.

T. W. Higginson, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in a eulogy on labor, says that "man himself is graceful in his unconscious and direct employments; the poise of a fisherman, for instance, the play of his arm, the cast of his line or net—these take the eye as do the stealthy movements of the hunter, the fine attitudes of the wood-chopper, the grasp of the sailor on the helm. A hay-stack and a boat are always picturesque objects, and so are the men who are at work to build or use them. Noisier under stake-net, glistening in the morning light—the innumerable meshes drooping in soft arches from the high stakes, and the line of floats stretching shoreward, like tiny stepping-stones; two or three row-boats are gathered around it, with fishermen in red or blue shirts, while one white sail boat hovers near. And I have looked down on our beach in spring, at sunset, and watched them drawing nets for the young herring, when the rough men looked as graceful as the nets they drew, and the horsemen who directed might have been Redgauntlet on the Solway Sands."

NECESSITY.

We call necessity the mother of invention, but wonder why this particular mother does not show some clear way for every member to get to the place of duty when they are especially demanded. "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, conscience," was one of the many maxims which Washington framed or copied for his own use when a boy. "His rigid adherence to principle, his steadfast discharge of duty, his utter abandonment of self, his unreserved devotion to whatever interests were committed to his care, attest the vigilance with which he obeyed that maxim." That spark was kept alive by him, and he made it shine forth as a star to be followed by all men and all nations. He kindled it into a flame which made glorious his whole life. No occasion was so momentous, no circumstance so minute, as to make him for a moment depart from the path lighted by its rays.

It is a popular saying, that every young American is working with the aim that he may some day be the President of the United States. Why not adopt that same motto that led our Washington to be called the "Father of his Country" as well as its President. We never heard of a wise, good and useful man who did not have some determination of purpose—some high aim towards which he ever strove, and which he reached when he shone forth

as one of the world's stars. Every degree of eminence is reached by effort after effort being made, and none was ever known to shine forth from the depths of ignorance and inaction. The human intellect is so constituted that it can only grow by its own action and free will, and by them it will certainly grow. Every man must educate himself; he may have helpers, but the work is his. An educated man has the ability to summon, in an emergency, all his mental powers in vigorous exercise to effect his proposed object; and it is only he who depends upon self-discipline that can do this.

"No man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them." We do not so often fail in the pursuits of life for lack of ability, as for want of study of the power of our minds. A moderate gift of intellect, well directed, will accomplish more than an indiscreet application of the most brilliant qualifications. We should, therefore, study ourselves, and aim to find out the average talent we possess, and by trying to make the best use of them, we can hardly fail to make a good figure in the world, and besides this we shall have the consciousness of being among those who live not in vain. "Spare moments are the gold-dust of time." Then let us fill up the little spaces of life with something that will make its record glitter. Time is a priceless gift of God to humanity, and we should weigh well not only its minutes but its seconds. If we copy after Nature's great plan, we shall learn that not a moment need be unemployed. Our duty to our Creator, the employment of our talents, and the giving of charity to those less favored than ourselves, will call for our whole life. We cannot estimate the true value of hours and minutes, but we can compare it to the gathering of particles of gold, which, when collected, become valuable. So if we expect to be the happy reapers of the fruits of well-spent time, we must faithfully garner and cluster time's golden fragments. As the minute particles of gold-dust glitter in the sun, so shall our little acts shine forth at the scrutiny of a still Greater Power.

THE VICTORY OF LABOR.

How will the workmen vindicate their positions and maintain themselves? They have claimed that the reduction of their hours of daily labor from ten to eight, would result in the use of the two hours gained from their employers for intellectual and social improvement. They have argued that their wages should not be lessened with the lessening of their hours of work, since they would do as much in eight hours as they had wearily plodded through in the exhausting ten. Well; they have skillfully taken advantage of the employers' necessities, and by sagacious combined action seem to have won. There are few masters in any branch of manufacture who resist the movement; and there is little positive, energetic combination among manufacturers to oppose the reduction demanded by the journeymen. The initial strike of the carpenters was short and completely successful; and of the score of unions of other trades which followed the example, nine tenths have obtained what they asked. Do they realize what obligations their success imposes?

We do not enter upon the theories. A surplus of labor is considered in many of the trades, by manufacturer as well as journeyman, not wholly an unmixed good. It happens often that an excess of production is greatly to the disadvantage of the manufacturer, whose prices are thereby affected injuriously, as well as to the journeyman, who is sometimes discharged for the purpose of reducing the production and to sustain prices. The supply of labor has been greatly augmented of late years by improvement in machinery, and a reduction of labor hours practically helps, in some measure, to relieve the trades and the journeymen from the evil results of the tendency to over production. A journeyman cannot do as much in eight hours as in ten, and any one who accepts this declaration, which is just now frequently heard and read in its literal sense, believes an absurdity. But it is plausibly urged that a good journeyman of average intelligence can produce, to-day, with the advantages of the improved machinery and additional knowledge he has acquired, as much in eight hours as he did five years ago in ten.

Whatever difference, however there may be as to the result of the strike, all must rejoice over the manner in which it has been conducted. There was no violence of act, and little of language; non-society men have not been driven from the work they choose individually to continue at, indifferent to the general interest; there has been no bitter denunciation of the employers as the natural enemies of the employed; and, happily, there has been heard nothing of the old cant or drivell about the antagonism of Labor and Capital. These facts, and more particularly this latter one, give us the greatest hope of the movement, and fullest assurance that the hours gained by the workmen will be well and wisely improved. They have demanded this reduction as a right of labor, and have had it conceded them by the employers in the general belief that mutual benefit would arise. It is incumbent upon the journeymen, therefore, to demonstrate, as we trust they can and will, their higher right, socially and mentally, to these conceded hours of relaxation. Let them show that to "nineteenths—we trust to ninety-nine hundredths of journeymen—these hours will be in every sense blessed relief, giving renewed strength and higher culture, from both of which must

come larger production and superior workmanship. And last, but chiefest of all considerations, let these two hours gained serve to enlarge and improve their home-life. So may they vindicate the arguments on which they have preferred and won their claim; so only may they make their triumph permanent."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

MONARCHISM.

The late speech of Mr. Disraeli at Manchester sets effectually at rest, for many years at least, the question of the relative cost of the monarchy of England and the Democracy of the United States. Over and over again has it been stated by the advocates of Republicanism, that the cost of the English monarchy was intolerably oppressive; and that the working of their system was light and insignificant. These statements have been believed by the masses. The knowing, thinking and investigating portion of mankind, have been, however, convinced long since that the very reverse was the case. Mr. Disraeli has taken the pains to go into figures, and a synopsis of his results we give below respecting the relative cost of the working of the two governments. That statesman remarked in his speech at Manchester:—

"There are independent States in the United States, each with a Sovereign Legislature. Besides these, there is a Confederation of States to conduct their external affairs, which consists of a House of Representatives and a Senate. There are 285 members in the former and 74 in the latter, making altogether 359 members of Congress. Now, each member of Congress receives £1,000 sterling per annum. In addition to this, he receives an allowance called "mileage," the aggregate of which is about £30,000 per annum. That makes £389,000—almost the exact amount of the Civil List. Every member of every Legislature in the 37 States is also paid. There are some 5,010 members of State Legislatures, who receive about \$360 per annum each, making \$1,753,000 or £350,700 sterling a year. The immediate expenditure for the Sovereignty of the United States is, therefore, between £700,000 and £800,000 a year."

Thus the cost of working "the model government" is shown to be about double what the charges to the people of England are for the entire expense of maintaining the Royal family, and managing all their State affairs. In a monetary point of view, then, Republicanism is, and must be condemned in England. Nor has the model Republic anything to recommend it in reference to its ability to present and perpetuate peace, virtue and good order among its inhabitants. Some of the American writers themselves are becoming disgusted with this everlasting Yankee swagger. In reference to the great effort that is to be made to celebrate the hundredth year of their "Independence," the *New York Tribune* asks:—

"What part of the exposition is to be set apart for the exhibition of the working of republican freedom in South Carolina? Where will the Ku-Klux find a place? Or the Oneida, Free Lovers? Will they stand as specimens of pure domestic life? Or the Emancipated Women? Or Brigham Young and his eighty wives? All these items need a very careful sifting before the eyes of the world are drawn by self-satisfied clamor towards a national system which in truth had better sit silent and abashed until it be radically reformed."

Then, again, it is to be remembered that in England, at half the cost, there is perpetuity in reference to the chief ruler. The quinquennial election for President in the United States entails upon the nation incalculable additional expense—besides the turmoil, agitation, corruption and change; change almost from the highest officials in the land to the lowest, on the commencement of every new Presidency. Every Post Master and Tide Waiter shakes in his shoes, when a new President is appointed, if he is not of the same school of politics with himself. What England seems not now to have discovered we in Canada have always believed. United States Republicanism has no charms for Canadians.

AMERICAN WONDERS.

Silver Spring, Florida, says an exchange, is one of the greatest curiosities in the South. It bursts forth in the midst of the most fertile county in the State; it bubbles up in a basin nearly one hundred feet deep, and about an acre in extent, and sends from it a deep stream sixty to one hundred feet wide, and extending six to eight miles to the Acklawawaha River.

In the spring itself fifty boats may lie at anchor—quite a fleet. The spring thus forms a natural inland port, to which three steamers now run regularly from the St. John's, making close connections with the ocean steamers at Palatka.

The clearness of the water is truly wonderful. It seems to be more transparent than air; you see the bottom eighty feet below the bottom of your boat—the exact form of the smallest pebble, the outline and color of the leaf that has sunk, and all the prismatic colors of the rainbow are reflected.

Large fish swim in it, every scale visible, and every movement distinctly seen. If you go over the spring in a boat you will see the fissure in the rocks, from which the river pours up like an inverted cataract.

STOP THE INTEREST.

Daniel Webster once dined with an old Boston merchant, and when they came to the wine, a dusty old bottle was carefully decanted by Peter and passed to the host. Taking the bottle he poured out Mr. Webster's glass and handed it to him. Then pouring another for himself he held it up to the light, and said, "How do you like it Mr. Webster?" "I think it a fine specimen of old Port." "Now you can't guess what that cost me," said the host. "Surely not," said Mr. Webster, "I only know that it is excellent." "Well now I can tell you, for I made a careful estimate the other day. When I add the interest to the first price, I find that it cost me the sum of just one dollar and twenty-five cents per glass!" "Good gracious! you don't say so," said Mr. Webster; and then draining his glass he hastily presented it again with the remark, "Fill up as quick as you can, for I want to stop that miserable interest."

LOWEST TYPE OF HUMANITY.

On the island of Borneo has been found a certain race of wild creatures, of which kindred varieties have been discovered in the Phillipine Islands, in Terra del Fuego and in South America. They walk usually, almost erect on two legs, and in that attitude measure about four feet in height. They are dark, wrinkled and hairy. They construct no habitation, form no families, scarcely associate together, sleep in caves and trees, feed on snakes and vermin, on ants' eggs, and on each other. They cannot be tamed or forced to any labor, and are hunted and shot among the trees like the great gorilla, of which they are a stunted copy. When they are captured alive, one finds with surprise that their uncouth jabbering sounds like articulate language. They turn up a human face to gaze at their captors, and the females show instincts of modesty; and, in fine, these wretched beings are men.

Sawdust and Chips.

Dolly Varden neckties for gentlemen have appeared. Well, a Dolly Varden around one's neck isn't bad to take.

"What are you doing there?" said a grocer to a fellow who was stealing his lard. "I am getting fat," was the reply.

They are growing a new variety of grape in Waterbury, Conn., and the editor of the *American* says that the skins are useful for umbrella covers.

A widow being cautioned by her minister about flirting, said that she knew it was wrong for unmarried ladies to flirt, but the Bible said "widow's mite."

A drummer went mad at Indianapolis lately, and puzzled his employer in New York by telegraphing to send on immediately one barrel condensed beef, thirteen steamboats, one medium white elephant, and ten gross of June bugs (assorted).

"Boys," said a school teacher the other day, "what is the meaning of all this noise in school?" "It's Bill Smith, sir, who is imitating a locomotive." "Come up here, William," said the teacher, "if you are turned into a locomotive, it is high time you were switched off."

A KIND HUSBAND.—An Arkansas husband pursued his runaway wife nearly two hundred miles, and when he overtook the terrified fugitive, it was found that he wanted to hand her a set of false teeth, which, in the excitement of her flight, she had forgotten to take with her.

"Tatoes!" cried a darkey peeler in Richmond. "Hush dat racket—you distract de whole neighborhood," came from a colored woman in a doorway. "You kin hear me, kin you?" "Hear you! I kin hear you a mile." "Thank God for dat—I's hollowin' to be heard. Tatoes!"

A New York editor thinks from the manner in which shirts are made in that city there ought to be an inspection of sewing. He says he went to the expense of a new shirt the other day, and found himself, when he awoke in the morning, crawling out from between two of the shortest stitches.

"Now, my boy," said a committee-man. "If I had a mince pie, and should give two-twelfths to Isaac, two-twelfths to Harry, and two-twelfths to John, and should take half the pie myself, what would there be left? Speak up loud—loud, so that the people can hear." "The plate!" shouted the boy.

An outside passenger by a coach had his hat blown over a bridge, and carried away by the stream. "Is it not very singular," said he to a gentleman who was seated beside him, "that my hat has taken that direction?" "Not at all," replied the latter; "it is natural that a beaver should take to the water."

A youth who had been courting for a long time, but was too bashful to pop, at length, fearing that he should be supplanted, got his courage up to the popping point, and put it in this way:—"I say, Jerusha, ain't it 'bout time to talk over matters and things?" Jerusha took the affirmative view of the question.

A Paris correspondent tells of one lady in the city, during the siege of the Prussians, who was so overcome by her appetite as to eat her beloved lap dog. After a hearty meal she looked down at the little heap of bones; tears fell from her eyes. "Poor Bijou!" she exclaimed. "How he would have enjoyed them!"

ASTONISHING A CREDITOR.—"Well," said an old gentleman, the other day, "I have been forty-seven years in the business, and can say with very few can after such experience: In all that time, my friend, I never disappointed but one single creditor." "Bless me, what an example for our young mercantile community!" replied the person addressed. "What a pity that one time occurred! How was it?" "Why," responded the old gentleman, "I paid the debt when it became due, and I never in all my life saw a man so astonished."

A party of gentlemen in a saloon, disputing over the question whether the American system of treating or the European system of not treating was preferable, couldn't settle the matter by talking, so they went to work testing it by practice. First, each man took a drink by himself. Then each man invited a single friend to drink. After that, each single friend returned the compliment. And finally, each man in the party—there were six of them—asked all the rest to drink. When all that was accomplished, not a soul in the room could tell where the discussion originated, or what it was about.

A Danbury, Conn., gentleman came home late one night. His wife, who was in bed, heard an unusual noise below, and going down, found her lord on his knees to her best set of furs. He had a gun in his hand, and a look of intense anxiety upon his face, the instant the door opened he hastily exclaimed: "Sh-Sh ole woman, don't scare 'em." "Scare what, you old fool?" murmured his wife. "Moths," he hysterically whispered; "I'm goin' for 'em, old woman; the first moth what shows his head out of them furs will get his limbs shattered, or I'm—" Sick at heart and humiliated beyond description, the miserable woman dragged herself back to bed.

Grains of Gold.

A knowledge of our weakness creates in us charity for others.

Wisdom and virtue make the poor rich, and the rich honorable.

Scatter diligently into susceptible minds the germs of the true and beautiful.

Never take a crooked path while you can see a straight one.

Mr. Alcott says he calls a man practical who can make another see his own ignorance.

Liberality is the best way to gain affection; for we are assured of their friendship to whom we are obliged.

The great man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptation from without and within, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menaces, and whose reliance on truth, virtue, and Heaven is unflinching.

To have a clear and possible Ideal Self, as our mental mirror, is a great gain to poor souls, and a precious aid to self-respect and a right line of life.

"Dont shiver for last year's snow," a saying of Archbishop Whately's, is peculiarly applicable to those who make themselves miserable over troubles that are past.

As the bosom of earth blooms again and again, having buried out of sight the dead leaves of Autumn, and loosed the frosty bands of Winter, so does the heart, in spite of all that melancholy poets write, feel many renewed Springs and Summers.

BIRTH.

On the morning of the 7th inst., the wife of Mr. Henry Dudley, printer, of a daughter.

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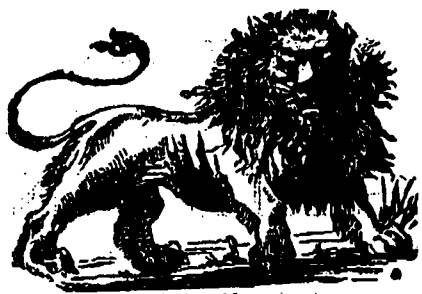
Late President of the "National Labor Union" and Iron Moulders International Union, by his brother J. C. SYLVIS, of Sanbury, Pa. A text book on Labor Reform. A book which should be in the hands of every working man in the United States. The book contains four hundred and fifty-six pages, with a fine steel engraving of the deceased; is neatly and serviceably bound, and the price reduced to the lowest possible figure. A portion of the proceeds derived from the sale of the work is to be devoted to the young Orphan Family of the deceased, leaving but a trifling margin to cover probable losses. The late Wm. H. SYLVIS was identified with the labor movement in this country, from its earliest conception, and his writings and speeches, it is universally conceded, exercised a marked influence abroad, while to them, more than any, is due the surprising progress which that movement has made here. His Biography is therefore in a great measure a history of the Labor movement, and no man who desires to keep pace with the times should be without a copy.

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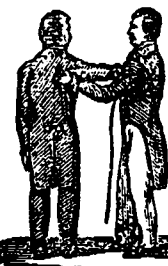
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