

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

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LABOR PORTRAITS.

"Men who, in advance of law and in opposition to prevailing opinion, have forced into national recognition the hitherto disregarded rights of labor."

JOHN NORMANSELL,
SECRETARY SOUTH YORKSHIRE MINERS.

John Normansell was introduced to the world without leave being asked or consent given, at Torkington, near Stockport, Cheshire, in December, 1830. He was not born into the lap of luxury, and therefore, as a matter of course, had no silver spoon in his mouth. He was the oldest of four children, two boys and two girls; and, as his father was a banksman at the pit at half-a-crown a day, no doubt all of them fared hardly enough, even without that wasteful indulgence usually charged against colliers.

Things, however, in this world are never so bad but they may become worse; and such turned out to be the case with the Normansell family. Their mother died in her 25th year. Two years after this, their father followed her, and the young brood was left, even without the daily half-crown, to fight their way as best they could in a world too busy to be minutely careful about the fate of those that hunger in its forsaken nests. The inheritance of labor was not at that time rich in comfort of any kind. The elder Normansell, for his daily 2s. 6d., had to leave home at four in the morning, and did not return till between six and seven in the evening; so that young Normansell had no bad example in laziness, or indulgence of any kind, set him by his father, so long as he was permitted to work for his children and to suffer with them. It is fortunate that the poor are frequently very kind to the poor, and this family found it so. An aunt and grandfathers and grandmothers took upon themselves the burden under which Normansell's father sunk. Where they now are beyond the grave, we can at least hope that such acts will not be forgotten!

At the age of seven, John Normansell was called on to enter what political economists call "the labor market;" and the estimated value of his commodity, so much of it as his child's limbs contained, was set down at 6d. per day. To earn this, he had to rise at three in the morning and go to the pit; his hour for getting home being from six to seven in the evening. During the day, his employment was to push corves or tubs along the roadway in the mine by pressing them forward with his head, another little fellow making up the team. He can remember still the unpleasantness of this childish occupation on the part of himself; and he sometimes wonders what sort of figures some of the members of the Houses of Lords and Commons, and certain of our newspaper critics, would cut had their start in life been of a like kind. However, for colliers' children there was then no help; and therefore he and his juvenile workmates had to go on in the best way they could. Sometimes, however, Normansell worked on the bank; and then he had the pleasure of seeing the grass, and catching a glimpse of the clouds as they passed idly over his head along the sky.

At fourteen, he gave up this privilege and descended the pit to work there constantly. His schooling during this time was what his aunt caused him to receive at a Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School, where he got through the alphabet, and where a little reading of rather a puzzling and difficult kind was the highest scholastic accomplishment he managed to acquire. His wages when he was at this age rose to 8s. a week; and, by the time he was eighteen or twenty, he was in receipt of 2s. a day,—a mine of wealth when contrasted with the sixpence with which he started. It must not be supposed, however, that he had a large balance of this to spend in luxuries, or in enjoyment of any kind. There are many things to be done in the poor man's houses that cost money, and of which slight account is taken by those statistical people who jot down, for the benefit of a curious public, the items of

working-men's incomes and expenditure. And a succession of those kept his exchequer below the point where luxuries may be indulged in. Death found a good deal to do with those belonging to him. The baby, happily for itself, went first. At seventeen his brother went, and his sister at nineteen. And to make as nearly as possible a clean sweep, Normansell lost about the same time his two grandfathers and grandmothers. It may look foolish to count such deaths losses; but when nearly all kith and kin go, and we are left standing alone in the world, one feels queer at the moment, and is likely enough to feel the unhappiness of the situation for a long time.

However, the world has its own ways and men must conform to them; and, as a matter of course, having three shillings a day, Normansell decided to take a wife. This important event made one fact very painfully plain to him. He could not sign his name to the marriage register, and his wife signed it with what appeared to him a wonderful degree of skill; but he had to content himself with the simple contrivance the cross—X—which so many of the working men and women of England has to confine themselves to, even a long time after the schoolmaster was said to be abroad. To put this right, he made it part of the duty of his married life to go to a night school; and there, in due course, he picked up the art and mystery of writing, and from that time ceased to be troubled with crosses when called on to sign his name. This new acquirement may have put the spirit of adventure into Normansell's head, as soon after, he started for Derbyshire and worked for two years and a half, when, the spirit of unrest again troubling him, he set off for Yorkshire, where he worked for three years at Wharfedale Silkestone Colliery.

The many grievances felt daily by colliers at this time were forcing on them a sense of the necessity for union; and what Normansell had seen and suffered, as well as what he saw others suffering, caused him to become active in promoting it. The history of these efforts we shall not attempt to sketch here, though not lacking interest or instruction. When the colliers thought they had discipline enough to enter the field, they started an agitation for check weighmen. The custom then was for weighmen employed by the mineowners to set down whatever weight he thought proper, and quantity sent up for which the workmen were to be paid. In this way, any number of hundreds became a ton, up to thirty; and this the men determined to put a stop to by appointing a weighman of their own, and paying him themselves, as a check on the employers' man. The men gained this important advantage, and John Normansell was appointed to the position of cheque weighman in 1857. In 1863, the employers discharged him; but, as the practice, in the meantime, had got the sanction of law, a suit at law on his case was raised by the men and gained with costs. Still the employers refused justice being a difficult thing to enforce if interest opposes it. The men, however, were determined not to submit, and therefore removed it to the Queen's Bench, where it went over two terms, the lawyers not being as industrious as colliers, notwithstanding how precious a thing justice is, and how active men should be in digging for it. They did, however, get through the matter; and, after an arrangement with the employers, John Normansell went back to his weighing after being out seven months. This most important point was thus gained, and is now part and parcel of the law of the land, and likely to continue so until that indefinite time arrives when our coal fields shall be exhausted.

The men now saw, without possibility of mistake, the benefit of union. Another lesson, however, came soon after. In 1864, a lock-out was resorted to by the employers. Two collieries were on strike; and, to cripple and defeat the men, a general lock-out was resorted to. The South Yorkshire colliers fought the battle nineteen weeks;

and, though they had only 2,000 men in union, whilst 3,000 were locked out, by the discipline and firmness of their union men they won the fight. The pits were reopened, except the two original offenders; and these, after struggling for 43 weeks, had to strike their flags and submit to a defeat they never could have suffered had the men not stood together as an organized body, animated by the same thought, and directed by leaders who understood and performed their duty.

After this John Normansell was appointed agent for the Barnsley district, and that position he continues to hold. And now, out of the experience he has gained in this position, and the knowledge he has of the progress of their association, we will say a few words which perhaps may have a tendency to give encouragement to those who, as working men, have not yet sufficient faith in union to do as they have done. When he commenced his labor, they had under 2000 financial members, or members who, by the regular and full payment of their subscriptions, were entitled to the benefits of their association. Now they have 20,000 men in this position. They were then £500 in debt; they have now large funds, more than sufficient to meet all the claims of sickness, death, widowhood, orphanage, superannuation in age, and trades purposes generally.

John Normansell has been examined before the Parliamentary Committee; namely, the Mine Committee of 1867, Master and Servants Committee, Trades Union Commission, and Coal Committee; and he makes bold to say that, with great intelligence and good intention must, as a rule, be conceded to such gentlemen as compose these committees, and whilst full acknowledgment is made of the good done by such inquiries, and the legislation they have led to, the conviction has grown in him, and is strengthened day by day, that the working men must place their chief reliance on themselves, must shape and mature their own thoughts, must fashion their own plans, and must, by their own strength, wisely directed, bring about such changes as their industrial, social, and political circumstances require. Mr. Normansell is one of the men spoken of by the Earl of Stamford the other day as evil-disposed, and as disturbers of society. We think, nevertheless, that our duty to our fellow-workers, and our right to perform it, are far clearer than any right of any kind possessed by his lordship. What Mr. Normansell said in his evidence the other day before the Coal Committee, we give in substance here from his own pen. "I recognise no right in any class of men which the colliers are not entitled to. I admit no exclusive class claims on the good things of this life. My own children are as dear, if not dearer, to me than those of any other man; and I should regard myself as a deserter from duty if I passively allowed them to be excluded by law or custom from any good life can give. Whatever nobleman at a distance may think, my fellow-townsman, who know me, have elected me as a member of their Town Council, whilst my colleague, Mr. Philip Casey, another demagogue, has been elected a member of the School Board; and I may add, that to qualify me for the office I hold my fellow-workers placed £1,000 in the bank, a mark of respect which gives full compensation for the sneers and slanders of noble lords and very ignoble newspaper critics. Of one thing I am certain, and in this I rest content; they cannot rail the love of union out of the hearts of our people. They cannot prevent them from feeling and understanding the good it has done. And, above all, though they may hate it in their ignorance, they cannot ignore the immense and continually increasing power it has given to working-men. When they become wiser as to the objects and intentions of working-men and their agents, it is to be hoped that our dignified and even our undignified censurers will gratefully acknowledge the beneficent results of the great work in which we, as trades unionists and trades union agents, are engaged."—*The Bee-Hive.*

THE POST OFFICE EMPLOYEES.

The oracle has spoken, and, so far as the Government can prevent it, the postal employees of the minor establishment will never receive an increase to their pay. Mr. Monsell has been very kind to the rural messengers. For weeks and months past, according to his own account, he has been continually considering and raising their pay, and now—name it not in Gath—some dozen or so of these ingrates actually receive 16s. to 18s. per week for seven days per week. These are the Aristos of ruraldom. Happy are they who ever reach such an apex of worldly ambition, from the summit of their cone of vantage they are able to look down upon their less fortunate brethren who are receiving only 9s. to 15s. per week. Happy Aristos, even Mr. Lowe might envy you. It cannot be possible that with such a field of promotion open, you can possibly require more. The agitation for an increase of pay for the minor employees of the Post Office has at length become a fierce fight. The Government are determined not to grant justice. They will not hear the voice of reason. The deference shown by the employees to them seems to have no weight with them, cogitation is useless. Nothing can be done but continue the warfare a *outrance*. No quarter will be given by the postal authorities to the employees known to be leaders in the movement. None must be given to them, or to the Government. The honourable members themselves remarked the curt manner in which Mr. Monsell answered the just complaints of the postmen's friends when this subject was before the House on Monday night. They also took cognizance of his contemptuous manner when he turned his heel on them and sat down. They must have thought he was fast becoming an adept under Ayrton's tuition. The postal employees know by his actions that nothing would be gained "without his hand was forced."

The hand of the Government will now be forced with a vengeance. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies. Not only should open-air meetings and demonstrations be at once held, so that the country and the Government may see that the men are in earnest in this matter, but organizations should be perfected so that the men can be called away from work after giving the due notice. The public, the press, and many M. P.'s acknowledge the justice of the cause of the postal employees. The Government is the principal antagonist, and if the men are true to themselves and to each other, if they remain firm and do not show the least sign of the white feather, the Government being led (as in the case of the compulsory registration) by public opinion will be compelled to give in.

In the annual report of the Postmaster-General for 1873, Mr. Monsell, quoting Mr. Boucher's words, states; "Attempts have been made by persons not connected with the department to excite dissatisfaction among the sorters and letter carriers; but I am happy to say that the men generally have acted in a very proper and praiseworthy manner, and have not given any encouragement to the agitation." Mr. Boucher tries to ignore the action of the society, but he well knows that it is the society that is the focus of the present agitation. He also well knows that the society is hard at work doing its best to ameliorate the condition of all postal employees, whether society or non-society men, and that although he tries his hardest he cannot get to the bottom of its resources.

"These persons," as Mr. Boucher calls them, "not connected with the department," could not excite dissatisfaction among postal employees if no real grievance existed, but when the prairie is dry a match will burn down acres. These "persons" have been postal employees, they know all the workings of its bad system towards the men; these "persons" have been discharged by the authorities for acting as men, for fighting for their rights, for endeavoring to act as free men, and not as slaves. That the postal employees have acted, in "a proper

and praiseworthy manner" it will be admitted; but in an entirely different "manner" to what Mr. Boucher means. Many of the employees have joined the society; they have collected amongst themselves large sums of money to support the movement, and they marched through the streets of London some 2,000 strong, they filled the great hall of Cannon street hotel under the auspices of their society, thereby proving they gave "encouragement to the agitation" and supported their leading "agitators," in spite of all Mr. Boucher can say to the contrary.

It is a good thing to see these serf-like postal employees ally themselves to the trades unionists of England, the blessings of unionism are fast being perceived by all classes of workers. Postal employees do not budge one inch; the authorities have thrown down the gauntlet, we must pick it up and cast it back in their teeth; act as men and you will have the satisfaction of being successful at last, even at some risk of inconveniencing our friends—the public.—*Bee Hive.*

Labor Notes.

The coachmakers of Leeds presented to their employers, on July 1, a circular asking for an advance of two shillings per week on the then existing rate of wages, which has been granted throughout the trade without any hesitation on the part of the employers.

The cause of the Leeds cloth dressers' lock-out is that as a trade the men are paid less than any other trade in Leeds, and some of the men having struck work in consequence, the other employers decided to lock all the others out, which they have carried out, except about 12 firms out of 62. There is, therefore, about 1,000 men out.

The strike of riveters and finishers, of the Leeds boot and shoe trade, which has continued for about seven weeks, has just been brought to a close, the men resuming work upon the same terms that prevailed before they left it.

At Blackburn, on Monday, the 28th July, the operative joiners came out on strike, having failed to obtain an advance of wages to the extent of 2s 2d per week.

The trade dispute of the engineers of Lincoln is settled, the men having resumed work upon their old terms; in fact, it was no strike on their part, but simply a lock-out.

There is considerable commotion among the Knights of the thimble and needle of Hamilton at present, and it is said that a strike for higher wages is imminent. It is not long since a demand for an advance of wages was made, which was conceded by the employers. Another demand for an increase is now to be made, and if the demand is not complied with a strike will be the result. It is to be hoped, however, that the affair will be settled amicably between the parties interested.

The Ottawa *Free Press* seeks to surmount the difficulties of the "strike" by the introduction of female types, and brother Mitchell, writing to a friend recently, says he has a calico "foreman," two dainty "compositors," and the sweetest little "devil" in pink muslin to be found on the continent. Of course Mitchell don't want this to be told to everybody. He had better look after them closely while Nicolls is round there.

HINTS.

Don't complain of the selfishness of the world. Deserve friends, and you will have them. The world is teeming with kind-hearted people, and you have only to carry a kind, sympathetic heart in your own bosom to call out goodness and friendliness from others. It is a mistake to expect to receive welcome, hospitality, words of cheer, and help over rugged and difficult passages in life, in return for cold selfishness, which cares for nothing in the world but self. Cultivate consideration for the feelings of other people, if you would never have your own injured. Those who complain most of ill-usage are the ones who abuse themselves and others the ofttest.

Poetry.

A GOOD UNION MAN.

You may travel land, no matter how far,
Machinist or Blacksmith, which ever you are,
And no matter where, you will find what I say,
If not now, and believe it at no distant day,
We must be "united," and help all we can,
And each in the ranks be "a good Union man."

Though many we meet who are selfish and cold,
Whose manhood, as well as their labor, is sold,
Who willingly toll on from morning till night,
Can they in their "sordidom" think Union not right?
Between "labor" and "wealth" it can shorten
the span
And better the lot of "each good Union man."

Then swell the broad ranks, and no longer
delay,
Let the Union soon herald its army array,
From the mountains and plain, from the valleys
and height,
Till its armies shall be like the stars of the
night;
And the bravest of them that shall be in the
van,
To the last in the march is "a good Union
man."

For the day will be dawning when "labor"
shall reign
With "wealth," hand in hand, o'er this world's
vast domain;
And these monarchs, divided in peace, shall
have met
Ere the last rosy morn, or its sun shall have
set;
And the brave sons of toil, of a once darkened
clan,
Shall praise loud the name of "a good Union
man."

Thus brothers "united" the oppressed to de-
fend,
The crown waits for those who endure to the
end;
So let us press onward, and that with our
might,
Uprooting the wrong and upholding the right;
With a "card" that is clear 'tis the very best
plan
To show the world you're "a good Union
Man."

—Machinist and Blacksmiths' Journal.

Tales and Sketches.

BLANCHE DE NOUVILLE.

Beautiful Blanche's sorrow came early to
pale so fair a cheek, and make such a bright
lip quiver. Scarce had her attendant with-
drawn when the lady, as though it were an
infinite relief to be once more alone, threw
herself upon her couch, and burst into a pas-
sionate fit of sobbing.

Meantime the marquis sat in a little cabinet
below, with a smooth-faced, soft-spoken man,
in priestly robes, beside him, telling in velvet
words, each of which had a dagger in it, some
tale which roused all the governor's ire.

"So, Lamberville," interrupted the marquis
at length, striking his clenched hand forcibly
upon the table, "so thy busy brain has con-
jured up a new fiction, eh? Prove to me the
truth of thy tale, or, by Heaven! that prating
tongue of thine shall never wag more."

"I have but done my duty, monsieur," re-
turned the priest deprecatingly.

"Duty! My daughter is not a copper-
faced Iroquois, that thou shouldst be a spy
upon her doings. These villainous charges

"Peace, my son," interrupted the priest,
with an air of combined meekness and au-
thority, "Peace! thy passion dulls thine ear.
I but spoke of some adventurer, with good
reasons doubtless for his extreme caution,
who seems endeavoring to practise upon the
unsuspecting simplicity of a gentle and gener-
ous woman. Far be it from me to impute im-
proper motives or acts to the Lady Blanche."

"Stolen interviews! Daily and continued
falseness! Out upon the motives that can
lead to such conduct."

"Nay, calm thee, my son, and listen. The
Lady Blanche is young, unacquainted with
the arts of the world, and women are ever
credulous. Doubtless she has been reached
through her better nature, and her very errors
have their foundation in her virtues."

"You are not wont to be so charitable,
Lamberville," observed the marquis, casting
upon his companion a penetrating glance.

"Because I am too often called upon to
deal with dark natures—I speak now of one I
have known from infancy."

"You may be right," observed the marquis
thoughtfully; "and yet, if I believed she
could do it—I marvelled greatly at her emo-
tion to-night when I spoke of De Croye—I
have noted, too, something singular in her
manner for several weeks past, sometimes a
restlessness, and, at others, a quite passiv-
ness, so unlike her ever-wakeful-gaiety. If it
should be true!"

"If you would but give me your leave,
monsieur—"

"I give you leave to take any measure
that will not compromise her. But, for to-
morrow's expedition. But no, if you do not
secure your prisoner to-night, I must make a
prisoner of her till my return. Go, this com-
munication has created my brain, and I must
have time for thought."

Well might the Marquis de Novuille be
alarmed at the information received from the

monk; for he regarded his daughter with
feelings little short of idolatry. For her no
offering was too rich, no sacrifice too great.
And in her his overweening ambition was
confined, made deeper and more absorbing by
his love.

Bred at the dissolute court of Louis XIV.,
and familiar with its standard of morals, as
well as its polish and apparent refinements, it
is not strange that, while carrying out the
plans (in many instances highly dishonorable)
of his sovereign, he should have other plans
more particularly connected with his own in-
terests. Hence his zeal in the administration
of government, his duplicity towards the Ed-
lish, and his combined craftiness and cruelty
to the Indians. Out elegant courtier and sub-
tle diplomatist as the marquis was, he yet had
few of those rougher qualities necessary to
the government of a province like New France.

He had complained to his royal master that
while the Indians who intermarried with the
French remained savages still, the French lost
their national characteristics and their civil-
ization together, and became, with their child-
ren, wild untameable savages. Over this ex-
tensive class the governor had but little in-
fluence. Then there were the hardy settlers
who had first reared their log huts in the
midst of a "howling wilderness," and endured
hardships and privations, and encountered
danger in every form; and these felt but little
short of contempt for the luxurious habits and
polished manners of the finished courtier who
attempted to sway them by his sophistries.

But this was not all. The watchful zeal and
honest common sense of Col. Cougan, the
English governor of New York, was more
than a match for the wily Frenchman, backed
by his whole troop of Jesuit spies; and every
movement that the marquis had yet made,
only served to plunge him into deeper and
still deeper troubles with the Indian tribes,
whom both nations claimed as subjects.

Diminish the number of the Iroquois by
every means possible; visit them with the
sword, fire, and famine, sparing only those
who may be useful as galley slaves." Such
was the purport of the orders of Louis, and
faithfully had the governor-general attempted
to execute them. He had already commenced
by surprising peaceful Indian villages, and
burning the inhabitants at the stake; he had
decoyed several chiefs to Fort Frontignac, and
there seized upon them and shipped them
from Quebec to serve in the king's galleys;

and having, by this last act of treachery, made
the Five Nations his bitter and implacable
enemies, a well-digested plan for eventually
annihilating the mighty tribes which he de-
spised of subjecting, was now ripe for execu-
tion. Confident of success, the noble gover-
nor indulged freely in wild dreams of power
and greatness; but if he should succeed in
accomplishing all his vast designs, what sur-
ety had he that he should still even retain the
governorship of New France? At any mo-
ment a favorite might take it from him; for
none better than De Novuille knew how in-
secure a cornerstone for any fabric is the breath
of royalty.

There was now at the court of France a
young chevalier who had made himself very
useful to Louis by private negotiation with
James II. He was reputed to be handsome,
magnanimous, brave, adventurous, well versed
in every courtly grace and accomplishment of
chivalry, and just now in very high favor with
the king. De Novuille knew nothing of him
beyond these rumors! but, notwithstanding,
he did not hesitate to shape his plans with
reference to this distinguished stranger.

(To be continued.)

A TALE OF THE BLACK FOREST.

TOLD ROUND A NEW ZEALAND CAMP FIRE.

It is nearly twenty years ago since what I
am about to relate took place—to me seems
like so many hours—and the memory of it is
now as fresh and vivid to my mind as if it
had happened but yesterday. Often during
my lonely rides through the dark gloomy
forest, or when lying by the camp fire, watch-
ing the bright sparks flying upwards towards
heaven, and listening to the melancholy howl
of the native dog, in fancy see the sweet,
gentle face of Alice Griffiths, so soft and
womanly in its every expression, with nothing
to indicate her courage and resolution except-
ing a certain fire in her eyes, only seen then in
her rare moments of deep and intense excite-
ment. Then those lustrous eyes, so loving
and winning in their fathomless depth, would
blaze with a light almost fierce in its grandeur,
as sudden in its coming as in its going, betray-
ing an unexpected strength of character, more
akin to the daring determination of a bold
man, quick in action and ready in emergency,
then to the yielding nature of a young girl,
trusting to and dependant on others in mo-
ments of extreme danger. Rather tall, slightly
and elegantly formed, very girlish in both
manner and disposition, with what is so seldom
seen together—dark blue eyes and fair golden
hair, a clear, bright complexion, and a mouth
perfectly bewitching in its loveliness—she had
the beauty and grace of a Madonna, combined,
as you will hear, with courage and presence of
mind to an extent I never met with in any
other woman, and of which any man might
have been justly proud. She and her brother
Arthur lived together on a station not very
far from Kilmore, but in rather an unfrequ-
ented part of the country at that time. Their
home, station was beautifully, almost romanti-
cally situated. In front, a wide creek twisted

and turned through a clear space of about
half a mile, its course marked by the
foliage of many a stately gum tree and here
and there dumber of wattle trees, dark in their
winter beauty, but gay and bright when clad
in their summer blossoms. At the back,
within a few yards of the house, a black,
dense forest of stringy bark trees frowned on
the lovely scene in front, like some evil genii
scowling on the lovely Peri. Alice had a great
love for flowers, and with much care and a
considerable display of taste, had formed a
beautiful little garden, taking advantage of
every natural beauty the place possessed.
Little beds of flowers were prettily laid out,
and a large charred and withered gum tree
was made to do duty and contribute to the
pictures, by spreading out its long limbs to be
covered with green-leaved and gay, bright
blossomed creepers.

A large paddock for horses adjoined the
garden. In a corner of it was the stock yard,
having slip rails opening into the paddock;
and into this the horses were driven when any
were wanted. There was no stable—they
were not so common twenty years ago as they
are now.

At that time a gang of bushrangers was
roving about Victoria, robbing every one they
met, and often murdering their victims when
they did not get any money from them. It
was this gang of which the following tale is
told: A settler, called J. H. P., was stopped
several times; but being rather a cute fellow,
the bushrangers never got more than a few
shillings from him. This constant disappoint-
ment so enraged them, that they told him that
if ever they caught him without money again
—and plenty of it too—they would tie him to
a tree and burn him alive. I suppose, either
he carried a well filled purse or he had the
good fortune never to meet his friends again,
for he has escaped such a very hot reception
so far.

This gang was very daring, often commit-
ting the most impudent robberies in broad day-
light, and on one or two occasions even robbed
the police themselves, when this intelligent
force was supposed to be hunting for them in
order to obtain the reward offered for their
capture. It was surprising how well informed
the gang was. "If persons sold stock or by any
other means had money in their houses, they
were pretty certain to receive a visit and
lucky were they if they only lost their
money."

Having some business to do with a neighbor
of Griffiths', I thought I would take their
place on the way. Accordingly I went there,
intending to stay an hour, and then proceed;
but we had so much to talk about, and Arthur
had so many completed improvements to show
me, and so many proposed ones to consult me
about, that the time slipped away unobserved,
until it was so late in the evening that I con-
sented very willingly, to remain all night—
the more so as Alice added her persuasion to
her brother's saying.

"You know Mr. Flaxman, you might meet
the Black Forest gang, and surely you would
not prefer their society to ours."

Little she thought the meeting was so near,
or what an important part she was to take in it.

Before dark, Arthur and I went to look at
some young horses he had bred, which he had
got in from the run for the purpose of breaking
in; and as they were rather wild, we drove
them into the stock yard to examine them at
our leisure. After duly admiring and criticis-
ing them, I noticed a very handsome horse
—a dark, nutty chestnut, low, but very com-
pact, with fine sloping shoulders, round barrel,
powerful quarters, and great thighs, well let
down, and one of the neatest heads, or a good
but rather thick neck, I ever saw. This
grand looking horse stood on four of the
shortest, flattest legs, with great big joints,
you could imagine. He looked liked carrying
a man for his life; and, with his well-bred
look and evident good condition, could no
doubt both go and stay. Of course I asked
Arthur what he was, and where he got him.

"He is a good horse," he replied, walking
up to him, and rubbing his ears, as the horse
leaned his head on Arthur's shoulder. "I
bought him last spring from Ryan, on the
Goulburn, for my own riding; but he is such
a first rate hack, with gentle manners, and a
mouth far too good for my rough heavy hands,
that I gave him to my sister. She never rides
any other now, and has made such a pet of
him, that when she calls him he will leave the
mob of horses and trot straight up to her. I
really believe he likes being ridden by her."

"He is too good for such work," said I—
"that is I mean," correcting myself, "he is,
or ought to be, from his looks, good enough
to win any steplechase in the colony."
"So he is," returned Griffiths. "I had a
go in one with Boomerang, and beat him,
over two miles of fair country, too. But
nothing will induce Alice to allow me to train
him for the Melbourne races. And I think she
is right, for he is perfection as a lady's horse,
and racing would soon spoil him."

After we returned to the house, I remarked
to Miss Griffiths what a splendid horse she
had.

"Yes, he is a beauty, and as nice as he
looks," she said. "We have many long
rambles all over the bush together, and have
got quite to like each other's company. I can
leave him anywhere when I dismount, and he
will always come when I call him." Ah,
Chestu is a dear old fellow! But come, let us
have a game of whist. Arthur can play

dummy, if Mr. Flaxman will take me as a
partner."

We must have been playing some time when
our attention was attracted by the loud angry
barking of the dog, warning us that some one
was approaching; but, thinking it might be
one of the men from one of the out stations,
we took no notice of it. Directly almost, we
heard footsteps on the verandah; and as we
both jumped up to see what it was, the door
which entered from the verandah was violently
burst open, and two men rushed in, each hold-
ing a pistol leveled in his hand.

"Hold up your hands, or I'll blow your
brains out!" cried one.

And you may be certain we did not require
a second bidding. For one instant I looked
at Alice. Cool and collected she stood, her
eyes flashing and glittering as I had never seen
them do before. Then I thought of dashing
at the nearest of the ruffians; but the sight of
his pistol at once decided me that it was use-
less—nay, worse than useless, as it could but
end in one way. A pair of the worse looking
rascals I ever saw. One was a short, thickset,
bullet-headed, prize-fighting looking fellow,
with a flat, coarse face, covered with a stiff,
bristly sort of beard. His eyes, red and wead,
were deeply sunken in his head. His mouth
nothing but a mere slit across his face, was
ornamented by long yellow tusks, and the
corners were deeply stained with tobacco
juice. A more repulsive villain could not be
imagined. The other, though not quite so
hideous, was far from being a pretty boy.
Taller than his companion, and equally strong
built, he looked the more dangerous of the
two. Both were dressed in red serge shirts,
cabbage-tree hats, and loose neckties like the
generality of stockmen or shepherds.

I suppose I looked the most dangerous of
our party, for one of them the short black-
guard, took a piece of rope and tied my hands
behind me, whilst the other stood sentinel
over us. Then they tied Arthur also, and be-
gan disputing about Alice, cursing and using
the most dreadful oaths when they spoke.
One was for tying her up also, but the other
said—I omit the oaths with which he garnished
his speech.

"What's the good of tying up a wench?
One of us must stay here and watch them here
swells, and the other can hunt for the swag.
You go, Jack, and if this young woman gives
me any trouble, I'll find means to quiet her
fast enough."

Jack laid his pistol on the table, beside his
mate, and went in search of money. How I
wish I could get free and seize the pistol on
the table! I quietly tried my hands, and soon
found it would be impossible to slip them from
the clumsily tied knot, but I did not see how
I was to get free quickly enough to do any
good. I saw Alice watching me as I tried to
get my hands loose; and fearing the bush-
ranger would also notice what I was about,
desisted. I had no wish for giving him the
least temptation to make a target of me.

Presently the tall fellow who was hunting for
booty came back, and throwing a lot of trinkets
belonging to Alice on the table, went up to
Arthur and demanded where he kept his
money, warning him, in a manner more forcible
than polite, that it would be as well to tell
him, "for if I don't get the cash—the whole of
it, mind you—that you got for them 'jump-
bucks' you sold, I'll take it out of your hide."
I told Arthur to tell him at once, as it was no
use trying to save the money. So he told him
it was in his room, and again he went off in
search of it. I could hear him tossing every-
thing about in the room in his eagerness to
find the money; and in a few minutes he called
out:

"Here it is, Jack! We'll have a good burst
over this lot next time we go to Melbourne for
a spree."

Jack stepped towards the room; and, in his
hurry to know the result of the end, quite for-
getting Alice, or not thinking a woman was
likely to give him much trouble, and no doubt
trusting to our being tied securely, foolishly
laid his pistol on the table beside his mate's.

Quick as thought Alice sprang forward, and
catching them both up, held one out straight
at the ruffian's head.

"Move but one finger," she said, in a firm
voice—looking, although pale with excitement,
determined and fully able to carry out her
threat—"and I fire."

For a moment I thought the man meant
mischief, but something in Alice's face warned
him not to tempt his fate, and he cowered like
a cur before the fair, delicate girl. How
beautiful she looked! Like a statue cut out
of marble she stood; not a tremor showed the
violent struggle within. Only in her eyes was
there any sign of excitement. Their soft ex-
pression was gone and its place blazed courage
and determination, mixed with triumph and
scorn. Little wonder that the miserable
wretch sunk beneath such a gaze, speechless
with terror and amazement. Had he moved
in the slightest degree it would have been
death; the pistol covered him with deadly
aim, and was held there without wavering by
a hand as cool and steady as if this game of
life and death were childish play.

With a struggle I tore my hands free, and
hastened to loose Arthur. Then, but not till
then, Alice gave the pistol up to us, and say-
ing, "Watch them—I am off to Kilmore for
the police," hurried out of the room. Out
into the dark, lonely night she went. Did she
not fear that more of the gang might be hid-
den outside, guarding against surprise? Where
were the men-servants? All gone as soon as
they knew that the house was "stuck up"—

gone to keep out of the way, not for assist-
ance; leaving to a young girl the work which
ought to have belonged to men.

Through the darkness out in the paddock
"Chestu! Chestu! good horse! Chestu!"
Quickly he answers to his name; and, with
hands now trembling with excitement, she
hurriedly places her saddle on his back, and
mounting, gallops off. Onward the two brave
spirits go—away through the black, gloomy
forest. Little thought she of how much now
depends on her reaching the police station,
and returning with help quickly. Still the
brave girl galloped onward, urging her horse
at a pace through the wild forest which would
have shaken the nerves of many a bold, reck-
less stock-rider. Her horse's flying feet start-
led the dingo prowling round the sheepfold,
and frightened the "more-pork," which, sit-
ting lonely on the limb of some tree, uttering
its monotonous cry of "More pork! more
pork!" flew far away into the neighboring
scrub, seeking to hide itself from its natural
enemy.

An hour's riding at this reckless speed
brought her to Kilmore; and she quickly told
her errand, and, refusing to remain in spite of
all persuasion, returned with the police to-
wards the station, but at a slower and steadier
pace than that at which she came.

Meantime, Arthur and I had firmly tied the
two rascals to a chair each, and placed them
far enough apart to prevent their being able
to render one another any assistance, and had
seated ourselves by the fire, each with a glass
of grog and a pipe, to await the arrival of
the police, and to watch over our prisoners. We
had been sitting there more than two hours,
when we heard the sound of horses' feet at
the back of the house, and of course concluded
that the police had come, although rather sur-
prised at their being so soon.

"Wait here with these two guests of ours,"
said Arthur to me, "and I will go out and
bring them in. I'm not sorry they have come
so soon, for I half expected to see some more
of the gang turn up, and if they had our lives
would not have been worth much."

Arthur turned and went out as he spoke
and, looking at the two men tied beside me, I
saw a villainous look of savage delight on
their ill-favored countenances, which made
my heart stand still for an instant. It flashed
at once, suddenly but certainly, across my
brain, that the rest of the gang had returned,
and I rushed to the door, calling after Arthur
to come back as he valued his life. As I passed
through the door, I met Arthur, who was
hurrying back and nearly knocked me down
by coming full tilt against me in his con-
fusion.

"Back! back!" he cried—"the whole gang
are here. Into my room—quick! Never
mind the lights."

Not a moment was to spare, for as we gain-
ed Arthur's room, which opened off the sit-
ting-room, the bushrangers entered the house.
It was probably well for us that we had not
time to take the lights into the small room
with us, for we had thus the great advantage
of seeing our enemies without their seeing us.
In they came—six dirty, low, desperate-look-
ing fellows they were, each armed with re-
volvers and bowie-knives, and evidently half
drunk, and ready for the commission of any
crime.

"Now, Arthur," I whispered, "don't fire,"
(he was raising his pistol); "reserve your
powder until they attempt to enter this room,
and then fire coolly and steadily at the left-
hand man—I'll take care of the right. We
must not miss our aim, or we are lost. Our
only safety lies in prompt, energetic action.
Remember they cannot see us, and therefore
cannot fire with any degree of precision; and
if we can keep them off for a little time longer,
we will yet be saved."

The blackguards were evidently greatly
taken aback by seeing their two companions
tied fast and prisoners; but the two worthies
soon explained the matter, with many hideous
oaths and deep vows of vengeance against
Arthur and me. As soon as they were let
loose, the one who was called Jack said to his
companions:

"Now then, mates, the sooner we finish
this here job the better, for that there wench
won't be long before she brings the whole
'camp' down on us, like a swarm of ants.
Now I votes, mates, that we just get a hold
of the two downy coves wets been and hidden
away in that room," pointing to where we
were.

Without more words they came towards us,
each with a pistol ready. I do not know what
Arthur felt, but my pulses throbbed, and my
ears seemed to be full to bursting; but my
hand was as steady as ever, and my nerves
like steel.

"Now, then," I muttered in a hoarse low
tone, "remember—fire at the man on the left,
and aim low; and don't hurry."

Raising our pistols, we both fired together.
The man that I fired at gave a sudden shudder
and fell forward on his face, shot dead; and
Arthur's man shot through the breast, but
not killed, staggered and nearly fell. The
others drew back, taken by surprise; but only
for a moment, for, firing their pistols to-
wards us, they again rushed to storm our little
stronghold.

"Fire again—quick, Arthur!" I cried, as I
leveled my pistol, and pulled the trigger.
There was but one report, and another of
the ruffians fell, either killed or badly hurt.
This time the gang drew back, evidently
thinking it was not safe to trifle with us.

Then I found Arthur was wounded in the

arm, not dangerously, but sufficiently to prevent his being of much use should the fellows again make a charge on us. This, however, they seemed not inclined to do; and we could hear them discussing what was best to be done. One suggested firing at us in volleys on the chance of maiming or killing us; but one, with greater ingenuity, proposed setting fire to the house, and either burning us alive, or, as he said, "smoking the things out like a pair of 'Bandicoots in a hollow log.'" This idea was received with general satisfaction, and preparations were at once commenced to carry it out. Logs and scrub were piled against the walls of the wooden house, and lighted in many places at once. The dry wood caught, and in a few minutes was blazing bright and clear, but, fortunately for us, with little or no smoke. Still, the heat was intense and suffocating, and in a very few moments more would have either become unbearable and driven us out to meet certain death at the hands of the cruel ruffians who stood round the house, laughing and jesting at our sufferings, or have consumed us where we were, with no chance of escaping from torture the most agonizing and horrible imaginable.

After a brief consultation, we agreed to rush out and face death at once, rather than bear the dreadful fate waiting for us. Hastily I tied Arthur's shattered arm to his side, and then, shaking one another by the hand, we were on the point of rushing through the flames, when we heard shots fired, and soon voices.

The police had come! How they captured the bushrangers I know not, except from hearsay; for as we ran through the fire, blinded by smoke and nearly smothered with heat, I felt a sharp twitch in my side, like a red-hot iron running through my flesh, and then a ringing, singing sound in my ears, a confused sound of voices, and a blank. When I recovered consciousness, I found myself lying in bed, weak, and with a strange feeling of lassitude which was new to me. I had been badly wounded, and the loss of blood had nearly killed me. It was many weeks before I was well enough to hear the particulars of that night, and many more ere I was strong enough to go down to Melbourne, where I was wanted to identify the bushrangers taken by the police. Arthur soon got well, as his wound was not of a very serious nature, although one of the bones in his arm was broken.

The brave girl who saved her brother's life and mine married about two years afterwards, and, with her husband, went back to dear old England, where they are now living near a quiet, pretty country village, and where she leads a peaceful, happy life, without fear of such interruptions to her happiness as she met in this hot bed of crime, wickedness, and sin, where the stern arm of the law is the only check on the evil passions of ruffians, who, in their cowardice, fear man, but who, worse than devils, neither acknowledge nor honor their God.

AXIOMS.

- One—A cup of tea is better than a gallon of ice water.
- Two—The way to keep perpetually hot is to fan furiously.
- Three—The coolest place in the house is the part that has not been baked, under the mistaken idea that every cranny should be wide open "to let in the fresh air."
- Fourth—The man who has't anything in particular to live for ought to jump under a shower bath while in profuse perspiration.
- Fifth—The man with the limpest clothes on are the most uncomfortable.
- Sixth—A light flannel next the skin acts as a cooling sponge to the whole person.
- Seventh—Ice cream and cucumbers at midnight will require the doctor before morning.
- Eighth—A capital way of not keeping well is to eat sour and half rotten fruit because they are cheap.
- Ninth—The person who eats no meat and he who eats nothing else is a fool for the time being.
- Tenth—The hardest persons to keep cool are those who have nothing to do, and who attend to it with all their might.
- Eleventh—Going to bed at midnight, getting to at five o'clock and taking a long walk "in the cool of the morning," are exercises indulged in by people who keep undertakers out of bankruptcy.
- Twelfth—If a person conscientiously diets himself exclusively on fruits and vegetables all summer, he ought to keep a standing prescription for dysentery tacked on the inside of his hat.
- Thirteenth—Those who find themselves getting sick, and flatter themselves that they will get over it, without any medical attention, generally find out that the doctor of physic, when he calls, advises the patient to call in his attorney and dominie.
- Fourteenth—A well filled garbage barrel, if maintained in ordinary condition in front of a house during the heat of the day, will be pretty sure to provoke long obituary resolutions, and will come to be called "A mysterious dispensation of Providence."
- Fifteenth—Folks with too many children should feed them on apple dumplings three times a day.
- Sixteenth—If one's mother-in-law beres one, insist upon it that rhubarb pie and pineapples at midnight won't hurt her digestion.
- Seventeenth—The cemetery owes two-thirds of its success to people who knew that the physicians were all a set of quacks, and that every man ought to be his own doctor.

THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

TRUTH ABOUT THE FAMOUS CHARGE—AN HISTORICAL BLUNDER CORRECTED.

At last we have an historical blunder gracefully corrected, and a handsome defense of a brave soldier whose name has been under a cloud. It has been popularly decided that Captain Louis Nolan of Lord Raglan's staff, being an impetuous soldier, purposely misconstrued the actual meaning of an order which he carried into an authorisation of the senseless sacrifice of the Light brigade, and that his only excuse was that he was the first man killed in the charge. Launce Poyntz, in the *Galaxy*, after reviewing the topography of the battle-field and the position of the forces, says:

As it was, matters stood thus when Nolan left Raglan, bearing the "fourth order." The Russians were clustered on two hills, the English and French cavalry stood looking on, Lucan was in his usual nervous, irritable state, when the gallop of a horse was heard. A tall, slender young officer, with a trim figure and black moustache, was coming down a steep descent at full speed, with a white envelope stuck in his belt; and every eye was on him in a moment.

It was Captain Nolan in his scarlet shell jacket, a little forage cap set on one side of his dark curls, his face full of joy and eagerness.

An audible murmur went through the ranks.

"Orders come? Nolan's the boy that'll show us the way to move," For Nolan was well known and universally beloved.

In a moment he had dashed up and saluted; then handed his letter to Lord Lucan. The cavalry general tore it open with the nervous haste characteristic of every movement of his lordship. When he read it over his countenance changed. Then his lordship broke out something in this style.

"Why, good heavens, sir, what can he mean? With the little force at our command we can hardly hold our own, much less advance. It is perfectly suicidal. How can we advance?"

Nolan's eyes began to blaze. He had just come from the high ground whence the whole Russian position could be seen at a glance. Knowing that his orders contemplated the doubling back of the Russian columns and saving the guns in the reboots, he was impatient of the pragmatical objection of this cautious old man.

In a stern distinct tone he spoke to Lord Lucan: "Lord Raglan's orders are that the cavalry attack immediately."

"Attack, sir?" cried Lucan, angrily. "Attack what? What guns, sir?"

Nolan threw his head back indignantly, and pointed to the Causeway ridge, where the Russians were busily at work trying to haul away the captured guns. The group was standing at the right of the entrance of the north valley.

"There, my lord, is your enemy," he said "and there are your guns."

The captain forgot that he was talking to an excited and impracticable man. Wrong-headed Lucan chose to fancy that he pointed to the end of the valley, and with all the obstinacy of his nature kept to the error.

"Very well, sir; very well," he said, angrily. "The order shall be obeyed. I wash my hands of it."

He wheeled his horse and trotted off to where Cardigan sat in front of his brilliant lines gnawing his gray moustache and chafing over his inaction.

Then said wrong-headed Lucan: "Lord Cardigan, you will attack the Russians in the valley?"

The earl dropped his sword in salute.

"Certainly my lord, but allow me to point out to you that there is a battery in front, a battery on each flank, and the ground is covered with Russian riflemen."

"I can't help it," said Lucan, snappishly; "it is Lord Raglan's positive order that the Light-brigade is to attack the enemy. We have no choice but to obey."

Then Cardigan bowed his head.

"Very well, my lord," was all he said. Then turning to his staff, "The brigade will advance," he said, quietly.

Meantime Nolan, after his sharp passage with the division commander, had ridden over to the right brigade himself, where he was cheerfully talking to his sworn comrade and friend, Captain Morris of the seventeenth lancers. Now that he had maintained his position as mouth-piece of the commander-in-chief against the impudent fault-finding of Lucan, he felt happy. His beloved cavalry was to be launched at last on this glorious mission against the Causeway ridge, and already D'Altonville was preparing to assault the other flank of the Russians.

Who can wonder that enthusiastic Nolan told Morris that he was going to see the brigade through the charge? It was his privilege to do so, and his heart beat high with hope. Little did he know of the extent of pig-headed stupidity natural to the two members of the English aristocracy who respectively commanded and led that charge.

A clear, sharp voice was soon heard in front of the brigade now formed in three lines. Lord Lucan rode away to the "Heavies," and Nolan galloped round to the rear to the left of the brigade, as the sharp voice cried:

"Light-brigade forward—trot—march!"

In a moment the front line was away, as steady as if on parade, at a rapid trot, follow-

ing an erect gentleman, mounted on a chestnut thoroughbred, and wearing tight scarlet trousers and a blue fur-trimmed jacket, the front a perfect blaze of gold.

The erect gentleman was as slender in figure, as alert in gesture, as a boy of twenty, and yet that man was fifty-seven years old and the earl of Cardigan himself.

But hardly had they started when Nolan uttered a cry of astonishment and rage.

"Good God! are the fools going to charge down the valley?" he shouted.

Then, setting spurs to his horse, he dashed madly across the front, waving his sword.

"Where are you going my lord?" he shouted. "That is not Lord Raglan's order! Change front to the right! This way! This way! The batteries on the ridge!"

Lord Cardigan was as hot-tempered in his way as Lord Lucan. The audacity of an officer presuming to cross his front was enough. For that officer to address his brigade was an additional insult. He spoke not a word, but pointed grimly forward with his sword. Nolan's words were lost in the thunder of hoofs, and all that was seen was his figure crossing the front and wildly gesticulating, pointing Causeway ridge.

Then the Russian batteries opened. There was a flash, a boom and a second flash in the air, a little cloud of white smoke and a loud spang! as the first shell burst in the face of the trotting line. Poor Nolan threw up his arm with a fearful shriek and fell back in his saddle, stone dead, struck through the heart. With a low groan of rage the rushing horse-men quickened their pace and dashed on, at a wild gallop, into the valley of death.

The secret of Balaklava perished with Nolan.

SPEAK GENTLY.

"Please to help me a minute, sister."

"Oh, don't disturb me; I'm reading," was the answer.

"But just hold this stick, won't you, while I drive this pin through."

"I can't now, I want to finish this story," said I, emphatically, and my little brother turned away with a disappointed look in search of somebody else to assist him.

I thought of this in the fifteen minutes after he had left, and the book gave me no pleasure. It was not intentional unkindness, only thoughtlessness for I loved my brother and was generally kind to him, still I had refused to help him. I would have gone after him and afforded him the assistance he needed, but I knew he had found some one else. Yet I had neglected an opportunity of gladdening a childish heart.

He was a bright boy of ten years, and my only brother. He had been visiting a young friend, and had seen a wind mill, and as soon as he came home his energies we all employed in making a small one, for he was always trying tops, whelbarrows, kites, and all sorts of things such as boys delight in. He had worked patiently all the morning with saw and jack-knife and now it needed only putting together to complete it, and his only sister had refused to assist him, and he had gone away with his young heart saddened.

In half an hour he came bounding into the house exclaiming, "Come, Mary, I've got it up; just see how it goes!"

His tones were joyous, and I saw that he had forgotten my petulance, so I determined to atone by unusual kindness. I went with him, and sure enough on the roof of the wood house was fastened a miniature wind-mill, and the arms were whirling around fast enough to suit any boy. I praised the windmill and my brother's ingenuity, and he seemed happy and entirely forgetful of any unkind word, and I resolved, as I had many times before, to be always loving and gentle. A few days passed by, and the shadow of a great sorrow darkened our dwelling. The joyous laugh and noisy glee were hushed, and our merry boy lay in a darkened room with anxious faces around him, his cheeks flushed and his eyes unnaturally bright. Sometimes his temples would moisten and muscles relax, and then hope would come into our hearts and our eyes would fill with thankful tears. It was in one of these deceitful calms in his disease that he heard the noise of his little wheel and said, "I hear my windmill."

"Does it make your head ache?" I asked.

"Shall we take it down?"

"Oh, no," replied he. "It seems as if I were out of doors, and it makes me feel better."

"Don't you remember, Mary, that I wanted you to help me fix it, and you were reading, and told me you could not? But it did not make any difference, for mamma helped me."

"Oh, how sadly these words fell upon my ears, and what bitter memories they awakened!"

How I repented as I kissed little Frank's forehead, that I had ever spoken unkindly to him. Hours of sorrow went by, and we watched his couch, hope growing fainter and anguish deeper, until, one week from the morning on which we spoke of his childish sports, we closed his eyes, once so sparkling and folded his hands over his pulseless heart.

He sleeps now in the grave, and home is desolate; but his little windmill, the work of his busy hands, is still swinging in the breeze just where he placed it upon the roof of the old woodhouse; and every time I see the tiny spurs revolving I remember the lost little Frank, and I remember also the thoughtless and unkind words.—*The Little Sower.*

HE "DIDN'T LIKE BEANS."

Probably no branch of business affords such a field of the ludicrous side of nature, as that of the theatrical profession, and a short anecdote related to us a day or two since by a friend who is connected with the above profession, is too good to be lost, and the fact of its being an actual occurrence, will give it a keener relish:

About year ago a troupe was started from Boston to make a short season through the principal towns in the East. In the company was the leader of the orchestra, (James Tannerbaum), a gentleman of fine musical abilities, of decidedly Teutonic extraction, who liked his beer and cheese, but had a mortal horror of our Yankee dish, pork and beans. Among the places they visited was the famous "brick and herring" town of Taunton, where our favorite dish is to be found on Sunday. The boys in the troupe, aware of Jake's peculiar aversion, resolved to have a little fun at his expense, and accordingly "put up a job" on him. The landlord was let into the secret, the waiter feed, and the fun commenced on Jake's appearance at the breakfast table, where he was politely asked by the waiter:

"Will you have a few beans for breakfast?"

"No!" was the emphatic reply; "I don't want no beans."

"O," said the waiter. "You must eat beans; everybody eats beans here on Sunday."

With a look of extreme disgust, Jake replied, "I told you I won't eat beans; vat's the matter mit you, are you crazy? Gif me some sleak mit fried perdaters."

"Very well," said the waiter, "but you will have to wait till it is cooked;" and wait he did for about fifteen minutes, when his temper getting the best of him, he left the table to see the landlord and state his grievances. No sooner was he out of the dining-room than the door was locked and Jake not finding the landlord, was compelled to go without his breakfast. Resolved not to be cheated out of his meal, he put on his hat and went in search of a lager beer saloon, where he could get his favorite bologna and beer, but alas for poor Jake, the Sunday law was in force, and nothing was to be had, so he had to wait till noon to satisfy his appetite, which was never poor.

Well, the dinner bell sounded, and up went our hero, who, as before, was met by our faithful waiter, who again approached him, and smilingly said—

"Well, Mr. T., will you have a few beans to commence with?"

This was too much, and the answer, not couched in the most amiable tones came forth:

"No, by cheesus, I told you two dimes, I won't eat beans."

"But you must have a few beans," persisted the waiter.

"Mime Got in himmel, who der—! I is going to eat dis dinner, you or me, dat's vat I'm drying to find out."

"Oh, very well," responded the waiter, "if you can't speak civilly, I shall not wait upon you."

Up jumped the irate Teuton to again find the landlord which he did, and related his grievances, but was partially pacified on being told that the waiter should be promptly discharged, and told him to go up stairs and get his dinner, while he in the meantime was going to take a short ride. Back went Jake, only to find that the boys had again locked the door, and he was wild; seizing his hat, he again rushed out to make a more thorough search for something to eat, but with no better result than before. Ashamed to come back too soon, poor Jake waited until near supper time, when he again returned to the hotel, and seating himself in a corner, not a civil word could any one get out of him. Shortly, supper was announced, and Jake was one of the first at the table.

Prompt to his cue, the waiter again went for him, but before he could ask him his order, Jake broke out:

"Yaas, you may bring me some beans; you vas right this morning, ven you say I moost eat beans; you may bring me some beans!" and for the first and probably the last time in his life Jake did eat beans; but how the lager and bologna did suffer when the company struck the next town.—*Westfield News Letter.*

THE BRAIN WORRY.

Many of us pray to be delivered from sudden death, and do we worry ourselves into it? If we do, can we help it? To most of us is not given to choose our lives, to avoid the rough places, to gently shoulder to one side disagreeable facts. We must climb over the rocks though they hurt us sore, and the difficulties, however they may annoy us, must be met with brain fret and wear until they are conquered, or we have passed them. They are as real, living, annoying as any tangible ache or pain could be; as bruising and irritating as the pens in the shoes of the pilgrims of old. Nervous health is one thing, and moral health and purely physical health is quite another and different thing. Calm and steady mental work is conducive to long life; but nervous emotion, mental work that is a constant urging, and, at the same time, is an unbinging of the even tenor of the mind, eats away the brain faster than any mental labor, no matter how hard, that is systematic. As men do not really die of heart disease as often as supposed, but of apoplexy, or congestion of the lungs, so they do not die of brain work, but of brain worry. Scott died of it; Southey, Swift, Horace Greeley, and probably Thackeray.

A STORY OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

When the cry from India in 1857 obliged our authorities to raise and send out large forces for the relief of our suffering fellow-countrymen and women there, it reached a small town in the West of Ireland, and three young men came forward to join the list of recruits. In a short time they sailed for India, and on their arrival were ordered up the country. On their march two of them, Matthew and James, were left sick in the hospital, and there became acquainted with a Christian lady. She says: "James very readily told their history, asking for news of the beleaguered garrisons of Cawnpore and Lucknow. After conversation on the subject of his enquiry, I proposed reading a few verses from my Bible. He said I might read if I liked, he didn't care. I repeated some suitable verses to him, and then referred to death and eternity; I tried to make him feel the awful consequences of scorning the Saviour here who will be our Judge hereafter. He would hear no more, so I turned to his companion, who agreed in the reasonableness of my advice, and quietly allowed me to read and speak to him. James was soon well, and in a few days left the hospital. I saw him in the verandah just before he left, when he said, 'You see I was right; I told you I was young and hearty; that I had nothing to do with these things, (death and eternity). Yes, there's time enough. I'll be up and have a hand in wiping off some of them black niggers.' I was much grieved, and tried to win him even then to Jesus. 'You know,' I said, 'that health cannot always last. No medicine can always baulk the tomb.' He turned away. Reader, when next I heard of James he was a corpse. Only a few hours had intervened. He had gone to the bazaar, and indulged in drink with some comrades; he was suddenly arrested by the hand of death. He fell down senseless, and was borne back to that bed which he had so lately left. On reaching it he lived only just to open his eyes, and, calling Matthew to him, said, 'I find her words true. Too late! I am lost.' What an awful end for an unprepared sinner! Reader, it may be you are careless about your soul's best interests; but this day you too may be a corpse. O look to Jesus; trust in His blood, and you shall be saved.—*Rev. J. W. Carter.*

THE FIRST THOUSAND DOLLARS.

The first thousand dollars that a young man earns and saves, over and above his expenses in earning it, will ordinarily stamp upon his mind and character two of the most important conditions of success—industry and economy. It is far better for him that he should earn the first thousand dollars than that they should be given him. If he earns it he knows what it is worth, since it represents to him a very considerable amount of effort. If he saves it while earning a much larger sum, he acquires thereby the habit of economy. Neither of these lessons could be taught by a mere gift. On the whole, it is no disadvantage for a young man to begin life poor. Most persons who have become rich in this country were once poor; in their poverty they gained habits from the stern necessities of their condition, which in the end resulted in riches. Those who were born with silver spoons in their mouths, and spend their early years in idleness and prodigality, seldom amount to much as men in the practical business of life.

POETRY.

Poetry is the interpreter of the soul, and translates all thought into one language. While we eat the fruits of autumn, it reminds us of the blossoms of spring; and while we inhale the odorous breath of May, it foretells the frosts of December. It makes the marble of the sculptor breathe, the canvas of the painter speak, and the anvil of the artisan ring a chime. It is the handmaid of religion; the rose in the wreath of the bride, and the chaplet of the dead; the mirth and music of the marriage, and the awe and silence of the burial. It is the voice of peace, the song of love, and the sigh of sorrow. It sparkles in the smile of hope, and glitters in the tear of regret. It is seen in the downcast eyes of modesty, or in the ingenuous expression of manhood. It is heard in the song of a robin, seen in the shape of a dove, or felt in the down of a swan. It is the truly beautiful, and the beautiful truth.

DO EVERYTHING WELL.

It is the result of practical, everyday experience that steady attention to matters of detail lies at the root of human progress, and that diligence, above all, is the mother of good luck. Accuracy, also, is of much importance, and an invariable mark of good training in a man—accuracy in observation, accuracy in the transaction of affairs. What is done in business must be well done, for it is better to accomplish perfectly a small amount of work than to half do ten times as much. Yet in business affairs, it is the manner in which even small matters are transacted that often decides men for or against you. With virtue, capacity and good conduct in other respects, the person who is habitually inaccurate cannot be trusted; his work has to be gone over again, and he thus causes endless annoyance, vexation, and trouble.

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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.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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We wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

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.

WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MACMILLAN, 124 BAY STREET.

Meetings of Unions.

TORONTO.

Meetings are held in the Trades' Assembly Hall, King street west, in the following order:—

- List of meetings for Toronto: Machinists and Blacksmiths, Painters, Amalgamated Carpenters, Coachmakers, Crispins, Tinsmiths, Laborers, Iron Moulders, Trades' Assembly, Bricklayers, Coopers, Printers, Bakers.

OTTAWA.

Meetings are held in the Mechanics' Hall, (Rowe's Block,) Rideau street, in the following order:—

- List of meetings for Ottawa: Free-stone Cutters, Lime-stone Cutters, Masons and Bricklayers, Trades' Council, Printers, Tailors, Harnessmakers.

Messrs. LANCEFIELD BROTHERS, Newsdealers, No. 6 Market square, Hamilton, are agents for the WORKMAN in that vicinity, who will deliver papers to all parts of the city.

Mr. D. TERNANT, St. Catharines, will receive subscriptions, give receipts, and take new subscribers for the WORKMAN.

TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

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The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, AUG. 21, 1873.

ORGANIZATION.

Despite all opposing forces, the good work of Union among the producers of wealth goes on. Who so blind as to look back over the progress of the present century, and say that there is not any progressive vitality in the principle of union, as relates to the laborers of the world, and yet in the face of the giant strides made and being made in bringing workingmen into intelligent council for the bettering of their own condition as a class, we find blockheads would be despots in a nominally free land, trenching themselves against the progress of a principle that is in itself the very embodiment of free labor, liberty and growing intelligence amongst the masses.

wealthy classes can veto union out of existence among the poor masses, and we will say further, that the time has come when the efficiency and power for good of labor organizations depend altogether upon the truthfulness and devotion of those who labor to their principles and duty. We say this feeling that the battle for legal existence has been fought and won by those noble pioneers in intelligence and progress of our class who have preceded us, and the work left us to do is to carry on the principle to perfection had in view by the founders of co-operate action on the part of labor—the amelioration of the condition of the producer. The question then arises, is this principle safe in our hands, and likely to progress in the hands of our children. We have no hesitation in answering in the affirmative, unionism being the handmaid of liberty and progress, the offspring of education, and having struggled and gained strength with every principle that has brought the mass of mankind to higher and nobler plains of contemplation, we can only feel assured that the final triumph of right and justice, so dear to the feelings of every advanced thinker in the ranks of labor reform, but awaits the more general elevation of the masses by education, which is, beyond a doubt, fast reaching all classes.

A word to the workingmen upon the rise and progress of the labor movement and we have done. The commencement of this century saw no such thing as a tolerated labor organization in existence, and down to 1829 and later, the workman who connected himself with such bodies staked his all, even his hopes for the future were blasted by his devotion to the cause of his class. The powers that be, not the representatives of the people but the representatives of the classes, began to find that they were getting an elephant on their hands in the shape of trades unions, and in 1829 they received the first favorable legislation in Britain. In America, throughout the same period, we are not aware of any struggle for the existence of trades' unions, simply because society existed in its normal condition to a very great extent—none very rich and none very poor—but since then monopoly and usury have done their work in this country, building up an aristocracy, though of less than a century's growth, as oppressive and despotic as the descendants of the feudal chieftains of older lands, calling into existence the consequent extreme of centralized wealth, poverty and the poor house, and rendering it necessary for labor, whose production is being constantly absorbed, to further inflate the wealth of the classes to organize in defence of their natural rights, life, liberty and the enjoyment of the fruits of their own labor, and to-day America has built up some of the best labor organizations in existence, despite the combined opposition of the classes and the continual onslaught of the press, nearly always in the interest of capital. In Europe the work of Labor Reform has been constantly gaining ground and winning concessions from the powers that be for their class, so that to-day we see, as the result of less than a century's labor by the intelligent workers of the civilized world against odds of centuries of usurpation in the older lands, and the imported usages of those lands in the new, Labor Reform securely united, the champions of many victories for their class, still marching forward with renewed vigor, bound together by the invincible bonds of union and brotherhood, gathering to her ranks some of the mightiest thinkers on earth, and defended by scores of publications in their interests. When we see this, and remember that but a few short years ago, Labor Reform was without weight or influence in the community, how can we doubt the ultimate success of every aim and object held by labor reformers, founded upon the everlasting principles of truth and justice.

Fellow workman what are you doing to add weight and influence to the aims and objects held in view by the best wishers of your class. Are you connected with your respective organization? You ought to be. Do you in your intercourse with your fellow-man try to

spread the knowledge and need of Labor Reform? You fought to. Do you contribute to sustain a journal in your interest, by subscribing for it? If not you ought to. Let us all be workers to the best of our ability. We all have a duty to perform in connection with Labor Reform and the rights of man, and we ought to do it.

INDUSTRIAL CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

We are in receipt of the proceedings of the above-named body, which convened in the city of Cleveland on the 15th of July last, with upwards of 70 delegates from all parts of the United States, and we are happy to know that harmony and good-will, with devoted earnestness in the cause of labor reform, characterized their four days proceedings. The officers elected for the ensuing year are the following—all earnest men in the cause of labor reform:—President, Robert Schilling, of Ohio; First Vice-President, Warwick J. Reed, of Va.; 2nd do., Hugh McLaughlin, of Ill.; 3rd do., Edward Sniggs, of New York; Secretary, Soluna Keefe, of Pa.; Treasurer, James A. Atkinson, of Ohio.

Throughout, questions of the greatest importance to the workingmen of the United States engaged the attention of the Congress. We copy from the platform of principles adopted by the Industrial Congress of the United States certain planks that have a universal bearing, we shall first refer you to the plank on organization, the very foundation upon which our success, as a class, must be built: "To bring within the folds of the organization every department of productive industry, making knowledge a standpoint for action, and industrial, moral and social worth—not wealth—the true standard of individual greatness."

Next come three planks in the platform that have engaged our attention, and has never been lost sight of by us since we came before the public as a labor journal:—

"To advance the standard of American mechanics by the enactment and enforcement of equitable apprentice laws.

"To abolish the system of contracting the labor of convicts in our prisons and reformatory institutions."

"The reduction of the hours of labor to eight per day, so that laborers may have more time for social employment and intellectual improvement, and be enabled to reap the advantages conferred by labor-saving machinery, which their brains have created."

Also, the following planks in the platform are worthy the thoughtful consideration of every Canadian:—

"The establishment of co-operative institutions, productive and distributive.

"The reserving of the public lands, the heritage of the people, for the actual settler, not another acre for railroads or speculators.

"The prohibition of the importation of all servile races, the discontinuance of all subsidies granted to national vessels bringing them to our shores, and the abrogation, or at least, the modification of the Burlingame Treaty."

Distributive co-operation can easily be applied with profit by any ten or a dozen families in the land. Our country has been a sufferer in the past by the Upper Canada Co. land monopoly and the Pacific Scandal Company are at present the holders of fifty million acres of the public domain. We are not yet sufferers from the importation of the "Heathen Chinee," but the people's money is being abstracted from the public treasury to import labor from other lands, which is wrong. As we said last week, we are willing to extend the hand of friendship, and welcome the independent emigrant to our shores, who comes as a matter of choice; but must enter our solemn protest against using the people's money for the purpose of taking the bread out of the mouths of those who are called upon to supply the funds, as in the case of the Ottawa printers. Talk about servile labor, but it would be hard to beat the servile wretches who allowed themselves to be imported from England to take the places of the Ottawa printers. We

shall refer to some special action taken by the Congress again.

The next Congress will be held in Rochester, N.Y., on the second Wednesday in April next.

"BLESS YE MY CHILDREN."

The increased grant to the Duke of Edinburgh on the occasion of his intended marriage, leads to a consideration or two of no slight importance. Of course we take it for granted that we are living in a real world in which strong and very distinct lines are drawn between right and wrong, between folly and sound sense, and in which humbug has a strongly marked character of its own which ought to prevent it from passing by the consent of honest people into the most serious concerns of life.

There is no difficulty in understanding the fine phrases of Mr. Gladstone in making his proposals for an increase of the Royal Duke's annuity. It is our system to make such grants, and it is our habit to use, whilst doing so, a set of glittering well arranged words that the superstition may not suffer through the clumsiness of the priest. But when Mr. Gladstone tried to point out how adroitly had hit the happy mean between generosity and parsimony, offending in neither direction, he used arguments which suggest thoughts of rather an uncomfortable kind.

We see that the enormous incomes of our rich people make large grants to Royal personages a matter of growing necessity. The thousands extracted from the industry of the country by the fortunate possessors of money and land on the one hand, call for counterbalancing thousands on the other hand, that an equipoise of grandeur and extravagance may be maintained, which is declared to be necessary for the support of the dignity of royalty. It is not pleasant, perhaps to think of this; and those who do trouble their heads about it, may want to ask questions—if the impatient indignation of very loyal and very respectable persons in Parliament and out of it will permit them.

Mr. Gladstone was very anxious that the vote should be passed without a word of comment or inquiry. As the thing had to be given, the readiness of the gift would add to its graciousness. No doubt; but this money is not like the well stuffed purses so liberally and so graciously flung about on the stage. It has to be earned first, and scraped up from many an ill-provided home by the tax-collector. It may occur to many people that if these annuities have to be oppressively swelled in consequence of the great growth of riches on the part of the upper classes, that these inordinate riches might be specially taxed to meet the demands of royalty, which in itself, as an institution, is of more importance to the upper classes than to more humble people.

In the old days this was the case. The landowners had to find donations when the children of the monarch were married, and not the people; and these monies had to come directly from the land, and not from the workers of the nation. Mr. P. A. Taylor, when he rose in his place in the House, did not do so to make a proposal of this kind. He spoke with becoming modesty, but was met with cries of "Oh! Oh!" The fustians were angry. The dear sons and cousins of our titled grandees were shocked. They would have given twice as much. So far as they are concerned, it is only to ask and to have. They delight to be generous at other peoples expense. We think, however, that such persons had far better smother their indignation. Questions on such matters will have to be put and answered in the House, or they will be put and answered in the country, and should these gentlemen be present and cry "Oh! Oh!" they may find their position an uncomfortable one.

Besides, why not Mr. Holt's question on the religious side of the subject? We know that with Royal persons this is a matter easily accommodated. Young ladies bred with a view to the occupation of thrones are not expected to throw away their chances through silly scruples about dogmas which they do not care to

understand, and which whether they believe or not, is a matter of perfect indifference to them. The whole matter, in fact, as gone through in the House of Commons, looks like a huge pompous folly, the only serious thing about it being the picking up of the coin. It is a pity the Emperor of Russia and the Queen of England cannot between them provide for the young people; but as their is no necessity why they should, and as it is a part of our "system" to do so, and to cry "Oh! Oh!" at any person who attempts to ask a question about it, we must contrive to make the best of a bargain, cry "Oh! Oh!" ourselves as a relief to our feelings, and then piously ejaculate "Bless ye my children, may ye be appy;" and so, drying our eyes, sit down quietly and enjoy an innocent game of pushpin.—The Bee-Hive.

RAILWAY CONDUCTORS' SOCIETY.

At the annual meeting of the Railway Conductors' Society, held in Montreal on the 13th inst., the following officers were elected:—President, F. H. Johnson; Vice-President, Mr. Wells; Secretary-Treasurer, W. G. McClare; Executive Committee: T. Among, Northern Railway; A. Gormaly, G W R; C. Mitchell, Toronto and Nipissing Railway; — Sproule, Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway, and W. Gormaly, G T R.

BRICKLAYERS' AND MASONS' UNION.

The Bricklayers, and Mason' Union, No. 1 of Ontario, will hold their first annual pic-nic on the 13th of September, in the West Lodge Gardens. Further particulars will be given hereafter.

PRE-ADAMITE EARTH.

[No. 1.]

BY R. R. Y.

There are at the present time numbers of persons who continue to entertain the belief, which not very long ago was almost universal, that this world of ours is of comparatively recent creation—that is to say, it has only been in existence some 6,000 years, and so strong is the conviction of the correctness of this view that any expression of doubt in respect to it is not unfrequently regarded as throwing discredit on the genuineness of the Divine Record. This is a representative case. In every department of knowledge we have become so familiarised with certain views or opinions, which have been handed down to us from previous generations, that we come almost insensible to look upon them as the only true ones, and although in most cases we have been content to remain in complete ignorance of the grounds upon which such opinions were founded, will if the occasion arise, attempt to defend such views, against the attack of those who promulgate others of an opposite kind. Hence it is that such an outcry has been so often raised, by the holders of hereditary notions, as to dangerous and infidel tendencies of modern science, and the endeavor to brand scientific men, to whose labors the world is so largely indebted, as deliberately seeking to subvert the authority of scripture.

Happily feelings such as these—so largely the consequence of prejudice and ignorance, are gradually giving way before the rapid diffusion of sound knowledge, and the probability is that much that is now or has recently been the mistaken standard of truth, will in time be regarded in the same light as many of the absurd beliefs of ancient times; and truth triumphantly enthroned on their ruins.

To the furtherance of this desirable result we propose to devote two or three short articles, which may possibly tend in some measure to vindicate the honesty and reliability of the teachings of science, and especially in a direction in which they have had to sustain the most bitter and unjust attacks, at the hands too often of those whose high intellectual endowments and culture should have led to the adoption of a different course.

The popular idea is, that the supposed fact of a recent creation of the world is distinctly founded on the plain teaching of the Bible. Now, if this were shown to be unquestionably the case, it would be our duty to bow to such an authority however, much evidence in other directions might seem at present to clash with it. But this is just the point. Do the Scriptures thus teach? We contend that they do not, and that at least a reasonable doubt exists as to the correctness of the interpretation of the passages in question. Let us

see. In the first verse of Genesis we are informed that "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth," and the question is, what is to be understood by the expression "In the beginning." The general supposition, or rather dogmatic assertion, is by the believers in the chronology of Archbishop Ussher, that it refers to a time somewhat less than 6,000 years ago, and at various other dates by the believers in other chronologists, whose calculations differ materially from the Archbishop's and from each other. But it will be observed that for such assertions there are absolutely no reasonable grounds. The chronologies are all founded upon the supposed date of Adam's appearance on the earth, and the conclusion seems to have been at once arrived at, that the world must naturally have been suddenly called into existence immediately before Adam; but between these two events there is not necessarily any such connection. There is the simple statement standing as it were, by itself, that "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth," and the expression is so obviously indefinite, that the continued holding and defence of the construction so long put upon it is only to be explained by the blindness of a deeply rooted prejudice. Thus in no sense can any statement of the earth's greater antiquity than the popular view be said to come into collision with Holy writ, for the simple reason, that Holy writ makes no statement of a definite nature on the subject.

The opinion as to the recent introduction of animal life upon the Globe seems at first sight more plausible, and if we disregard the revelations of science, has in its favor much apparent reason, but when we study the teachings of the Book of Nature, which has the same Divine Author as the Book of Revelation, and which must, therefore, necessarily be in perfect harmony with it, and find that such teachings throw a doubt upon—not the Divine Record—but upon the popular interpretation of it, we are not justified in condemning the facts of science as opposed to Scripture, and consequently incredible, before we have carefully enquired whether our reading of Scripture be in reality the true sense of it. If an opposite course is taken, it involves falling into an error equally culpable to that charged against the men of science, i. e. throwing discredit upon the works of God, just as they have been supposed, unjustly, to throw discredit upon the word of God.

Now, if the statement in the first chapter of Genesis is unquestionably that the whole living Creation was the work of six natural days, there can be little hesitation in saying that Geology and Scripture, or the handwriting in the two books of the same infallible author, are directly at variance, and any one holding to the one must reject the other as false. But such an antagonism is impossible, and we must conclude that it is our interpretation of either one or both of the records which is at fault, consequently our most becoming attitude should be that of patient waiting and investigation till the explanation which must exist, has been found.

There is, however, one view which has been taken, which although presenting some difficulties, meets to a great extent the requirements of the case, and will probably be found to be the correct one. It is true, that each act of Creation, is stated to have been performed in one day, and it is thought that this is decisive, but this is a hasty conclusion. It is not necessary to take this word day, as certainly meaning twenty-four hours, for this reason, that it does not always bear that construction in other parts of Scripture, and more important still, it will be found on reference to the best authorities as to the Hebrew language, that the original word, which is translated "day," in the first chapter of Genesis and elsewhere, is incorrectly, so rendered, there being nothing to lead to the idea of twenty-four hours, or of any definite time, but that it is, in fact, nearly synonymous with our word "period" a word which is quite indefinite in respect to duration. Hence we do no violence to the text in substituting the term "period" for "day" in the account of Creation, and this simple verbal attention being made, it will be observed, changes the whole aspect of the question, a formidable obstacle is removed, and a fair way is opened up for a rational and satisfactory reconciliation between the facts of Science and the Bible.

Having thus cleared the ground a little, with a view to prevent any misunderstanding, we may now proceed briefly to review the history of the earth, as recorded in the Book of Nature. And first it may be said that the careful calculations made by Geologists, have placed beyond doubt the fact of the utter impossibility of the world, and of the greater part of the animal and vegetable creations having been brought into existence so recently as 6,000 years ago, and not only so, but the conclusion is irresistible, that

if we would go back to the time of the actual Creation, we must go back a distance, in comparison with which a few thousand years sink into insignificance—a distance of which tens of millions of years would be of inadequate expression.

The manner in which the earth was created is unknown, but judging from the mode in which the operations of the Creator have been and are carried on, the probability is that the idea of the earth instantly starting into existence at the Divine command, is incorrect. There is one theory on this subject, which although it may seem open to the charge, by those who have not fairly considered it, is by no means visionary or unlikely.

The idea is that in the distant past before any world existed space was pre-occupied by an infinity of atoms of matter. At the Divine command these atoms became aggregated by virtue of the law of gravitation, around various nuclei till masses of enormous size was formed. One of these was our own Sun, but then of immensely greater bulk than at present. The next step was in giving the mass its motions, viz., on its axis and through space, in a circle, as supposed round some still larger. The result of the first of these motions would be that the outer portions of the mass being insufficiently held by the centripetal or gravitating force, the centrifugal force would obtain the mastery, and large portions of the gaseous or igneous mass would be thrown out into the space, where by the same laws of the centripetal and centrifugal forces, they would naturally assume a nearly globular form, and commence and continue a revolution around the central body from which they had been detached. This is a very brief and imperfect account of the theory; but perhaps sufficiently clear to give an idea of its character. Naturally there is little evidence which can be brought forward in support of it, but at least the idea is a magnificent one, and it is undoubtedly in harmony with what was clearly the original condition of the world as a globe, that is to say an igneous or molten mass. The most striking proof of this is to be found in the character of the lowest and most ancient rocks, which make up the crust of the earth. These rocks all over the world, form the base or foundation on which all other rocks repose, and are all granitic or crystalline in character, without the least sign of stratification, and so being, could only have been formed after existing in a state of fusion. In both these respects, viz., unstratified and crystalline character, the granitic system differs from all subsequent formations, which were as evidently deposited by the action of water. As soon as the globe had cooled down to a certain point, the gases floating around would naturally combine to form air and water on the surface, thereby introducing two agents of essential importance, which at once commenced, and have continued to exert an all important influence in the modification and adaptation of the earth's surface. By their action, but at first particularly by that of water, with which the earth was probably for a considerable time almost entirely covered and which would be agitated by terrific storms, the warm matter was subjected to a disintegrating process, and the particles of matter again deposited at the bottom of the ocean, thus forming a series of strata, known as the transition series. This name indicates the nature of the deposits. The still considerable heat of the granitic base on which they lay, and the frequent eruptions through the thin crust yet existing, breaking and overspreading the early transition rock, to some extent metamorphosed them, that is destroyed in part by their sedimentary character, and by partly crystallizing, approached them in appearance to the granitic base. The period corresponding to this formation must have been of considerable duration, and the question very naturally arises, are there any indications within our reach to lead us to think that there were then any organized forms in existence? If we except a doubtful case brought forward by Sir Wm. Logan, the principal of the Canadian Geological Survey, we must answer that no traces of life have been found in the earlier strata. Some have, therefore, supposed from this, that life had not yet been introduced, but this conclusion does not by any means necessarily follow from such mere negative evidence, that no remains have been discovered. We must consider, in the first place, that if minute living forms were in existence at the time referred to, the heat and great disturbance to which the strata were unquestionably subjected, would have gone far to obliterate any traces that would otherwise be left, and 2ndly, we have no warrant for concluding that because no remains have been brought to light, so far, that therefore none exist, and that none will be found; for it must be remembered, that these transition rocks are in almost every part of the world, and only a small portion of those thrown to the sur-

face has been closely examined. The propriety of this caution is more evident when we come to examine the character of the first known fossils, which are those found in the clay state and Grauwacke rocks. These are of a lowly organization, but are not of the simplest forms of life, and as we shall see in a little, we are justified in expecting that as the first living creatures created would be of this description, we may suppose they actually existed, although positive evidence to this effect is not yet in our possession. This supposition is again strengthened by the fact that even in the clay state stratum no traces have been found of any description of vegetation, and yet we cannot escape the conviction that some such existed, unless it can be believed that animals of this early period, unlike those of succeeding ages, lived and thrived on air and water, a description of diet which must be admitted would be somewhat unsubstantial.

ST. CATHARINES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The monthly meeting of the journeymen tailors protective society of this town, was held on Monday last, there was a good attendance, and several new members were added to the society's roll. The circular relative to the proposed Labor Convention in Toronto next month, was to have been taken up, but owing to the absence of the Corresponding Secretary, this mighty important matter was delayed till next monthly meeting. The matter of having a tailor's picnic was then taken up, when on motion, duly seconded, it was resolved to set apart the last Monday in August for this purpose; a committee was appointed to make all necessary arrangements; we understand McLaren's string band has been engaged for the occasion. The society is in a very prosperous condition; this state of things is greatly due to the excellent management of its office bearers; we believe we are safe in saying that each of the organized trades will send a delegate to the Labor Convention.

I omitted to mention in connection with Mr. Smith's saw factory, which is approaching completion, that the men, owing to the kindness of Mr. Smith, are allowed to quit work on Saturdays at four o'clock, which is considered a great boon. We trust employers generally, will soon see their way to make similar conditions, as in our opinion it would tend greatly to a better feeling between masters and men. Trade has slightly improved since my last letter, though not as much as is desirable. We have much pleasure in stating, that a lecture will be delivered next month by Calvin Brown, Esq., Subject—Co-operative Building Societies. The subject is one of great interest to the working classes everywhere, and we know of no one more entitled to speak on the subject than Mr. Brown; he has done as much for the Town of St. Catharines as any man we are aware of; he has secured the rules and various reports from the following places: Chicago, Montreal and Edinburgh. We have no doubt the lecture will be highly interesting, and replete with every possible information; we trust the result will be the formation of a Working Men's Co-operative Building Society, which is certainly much required in this growing Town.

Your readers have been startled by the news in the WORKMAN for last week, and also in one of the daily issues of the Mail of last week, anent the premium allowed to emigrants on being three months in Canada. Well sir, without at all flattering ourselves, allow us to say that we have been instrumental in inducing many hundreds to emigrate to Canada. Many of whom are getting on well, many of these men expect to get their six dollars premium, and it is really too bad to be told that no one can get it without passing through the agents hands, a matter of such importance demands immediate investigation. It will do more harm to the cause of emigration than any thing that has yet taken place.

St. Catharines, August 16th, 1873.

FOREIGN LABOR NOTES.

A large number of French workmen left Paris lately, to visit the Vienna exhibition. They had been elected as delegates by their different trades, and the interest felt in this matter was so great that in some instances between eight and nine hundred votes were recorded for the successful candidates. At the meeting of the bookbinders, M. Chabert made a speech on the subject of the election of delegates which has been extensively reproduced by the French press as indicating the spirit which animates the trade corporations on this question. He stated that though they had been the victims of many attacks, false accusations and insinuations, they should remain indifferent to the libels of their enemies. These latter pretend that the delegates, when once they reach Vienna, will not

merely attend to the trade questions inscribed in their mandate, but will form some political cabal. This, however, M. Chabert emphatically denies and maintains that experience will prove that the delegates will only busy themselves with trade questions. To try and improve the trade of France by visiting exhibitions and studying the perfection of foreign arts, is a patriotic duty which the French workmen will know how to accomplish successfully, though deprived of the pecuniary assistance they had hoped to receive from the State.

While alluding to the action of the State in matters relating to the working classes of France, we are obliged to chronicle three cases of interference on the part of the authorities, on which we leave the public to form its own opinion. At Rouen a certain number of workmen intended starting a co-operative bake-house. A public meeting was to be convoked, so as to gather together all persons likely to support the scheme, and the initiators therefore proceeded in accordance with the text of the law to ask the Central Commissioner of Police for leave to hold a public meeting. It would be difficult to depict the astonishment of these would-be co-operators unless the Commissioner of Police emphatically refused to give his sanction on the ground that in making bread on co-operative principles, they were carrying in to practice the abhorred doctrines of the "International!" The second case we have to mention occurred at Bordeaux, where in reply to a demand of some workmen who wanted to hold a trade meeting, the Commissioner of Police said:—"I will authorize the meeting as you wish it, but on condition that you do not use the word corporation in your speeches!" We are curious to know what constitutes a menace to the well-being of society, or the security of a State in the simple word corporation—particularly as trade corporations exist in the most peaceful states of Europe. The third instance of this extraordinary excess of zeal on the part of the authorities occurred at Montbard. We mentioned two weeks ago that a mutual benefit society had been started in this town, of the department du Mont d'Or. It appears that on being asked for the necessary authorization to start this society, the Commissioner of Police replied that they must first obtain the approval of the parish priest.

MR. MONSELL AND THE POSTAL EMPLOYEES.

Mr. Monsell has yielded with a very bad grace to the pressure of public opinion, and has withdrawn the absurd regulation, which would have rendered it impossible to send a few stamps by post without paying an exorbitant fee for the accommodation. He, however, intends to bring it forward again next year, as he is still of opinion that it is a salutary and necessary rule. The ostensible motive is the protection of the postal employes from temptation; but it seems never to have occurred to the Postmaster-General, that though a shilling's worth of stamps may excite the cupidity of a man whose income is so low that a shilling is to him a large sum, yet that if that man's wages be raised to a reasonable extent, it would be extremely improbable that the sight of such a petty prize would excite any irrepressible longing in his mind. Mr. Monsell cannot pretend that the postal employes are adequately remunerated for the important and responsible duties they perform. His allusion to the "additional advantages" enjoyed by the postmen is quite beside the mark. His consciousness that at some remote period in the future he will (if he lives) enjoy a pension may be very consoling to the mind of the employe, but it will hardly help him to buy bread and butter for his children now. We wonder, too, that Mr. Monsell, a member of a "Liberal Government, is not ashamed of the meanness of reckoning the postman's Christmas-box as part of his wages. What would the right hon. gentlemen say if some one were to propose to make certain deductions from his salary because his official position has now and then obtained for him an invitation to dinner? However the authorities may juggle with figures, they cannot get rid of the fact that during the last ten years the cost of living has enormously increased, and while the wages of workmen in almost every trade and occupation have been proportionately raised, those of the postal employes have remained stationary. The men have repeatedly petitioned and patiently waited, behaving throughout with the most exemplary decorum, and it is now high time that their grievances were redressed. Mr. Monsell says that he is willing to consider any "real grievance," but that Parliamentary pressure will not tend to facilitate matters. Does he mean that men who are now paid at the same rate that they were ten years ago, when the necessities of life were so much cheaper, have no "real" grievances?

If he does not like "pressure" he should render it unnecessary by doing justice to his subordinates. If there be no "real grievances," how is it that the men are forbidden, under threat of dismissal, to state their case to the public either by letters to the Press or by meeting outside the Post Office walls? The authorities need not fear exposure if there is nothing to expose. They should rather court publicity, in order that the purity, justice, and liberality of their system may be made more manifest.

JOSEPH ARCH.

Mr. Joseph Arch, the leader of the farm laborers' movement in England, has announced that he will visit the United States, not as intimated in our telegraphic despatches—to raise funds for the union—but in order to see for himself the prospects of comfort offered to emigrating agricultural laborers from the United Kingdom. When announcing his intention to leave England in August, he said: "If he found that country, the United States, the home of the workingman, where the laborer was free to make his own terms, if his boy could sit down on the same form with the boy whose father had got wealth, read out of the same book, and write on the same slate, where the poor man had political power the same as the class above him; then if the farmers would not treat their laborers like men, if they would follow him he would lead workmen across the broad Atlantic to the fruitful fields of America, with its 90 million of acres yet untilled—he would stand upon the shores of America until he had drained the resources of England, and had made the farmers bite the dust." Now all these advantages are offered to every settler in this Dominion; and nowhere can the workingmen find a better home than in Canada. In view of the want of farm laborers here and the probability—even certainty—that Mr. Arch's visit to America will stimulate emigration among the agricultural population of England, would it not be desirable to invite Mr. Arch and some of his colleagues, as representing English laborers, to visit Canada and make a trip to Manitoba, as was done with the Menonite delegation? If the magnificent lands of our "Prairie Province" sufficed to induce the Menonite representatives to take up lands in Manitoba for their fellow-countrymen in preference to the Western States of the neighboring Republic, surely the chances are greater that British peasants would make a like choice of their representatives, were afforded the opportunity to visit the great west of the Dominion. A large immigration of farm laborers would doubtless be followed by an incoming of farmers possessed of capital, of little use in England but of great value here, and thus while our farmers would be supplied with a sufficient supply of labor, and additional impetus would be given to the settlement of the rich prairie lands of Manitoba and the North-West. A colony of British small farmers and laborers would be a satisfactory addition to the Menonite Norwegian colonies, which will, ere long, come within our borders. At all events, it would be adopting a wise policy to make a vigorous effort to induce Mr. Arch to call over his thousands of followers to settle in Canada in preference to the United States. —Montreal Gazette.

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TO MOTHER.

Mother, why so sad?
 Thy spirit why o'ert down?
 God has but called his own
 To wear an immortal crown.

From earth, and sin, and pain,
 Forever he is free;
 Exalt then in his joy,
 Forget thy misery.

His trials now are o'er;
 He fought the blessed fight
 Of faith, and now on Cannan's shore
 He's robed in raiments white.

Then mother, why so sad?
 Why droops thy spirit down?
 O? think of heaven's shining hosts,
 And less of church-yard mound.

If faithful unto death,
 We shall in glory stand;
 See father there, and with him sing
 Hosannas to the Lamb.

We should abide our time,
 And wait till victory's won;
 Not murmur at God's chast'ning rod,
 But say, "Thy will be done."

This world is not our home;
 A few more years at most,
 Through death, we'll enter paradise,
 And join the heavenly hosts.

Then praise the Lord, our God,
 Though friends from us are riven,
 His precious word assurance gives,
 We'll meet again in Heaven.

ANGELS IN THE FLOWERS.

I've been in the beautiful garden, and see!
 Some dear little angels came talking to me!
 They tenderly smiled,
 And they said, "Little child,
 The angels will whisper a lesson for thee."

Deep down in the lily, as white as the snow,
 I heard a sweet angel sing gently and low;
 She lovingly smiled,
 And she said "Little child,
 As pure as the lily I hope you will grow."

Then out of the heart of a beautiful rose,
 An angel as bright as a sunbeam arose,
 So gayly she smiled,
 As she said "Little child,
 Grow lovely each day as the sweet rosebud grows."

Then up from the moss of a dewy bank near,
 An angel's voice whispered, so low and so clear,
 So gently she smiled,
 As she said, "Little child,
 Be lowly and meek as the violet, dear."

Now come to the garden, oh! will you, ma?
 I'll show you just where the angels are;
 Where they saw me and smiled,
 As they said "Little child,
 They cannot so quickly have flown away far."

I said "Little one, it may possibly be
 The bright things of fancy are real to thee,"
 But sadly I smiled,
 As I said, "Little child,
 The pure in heart, only, the angels can see."

ORDER.

The beauty of order has been descanted upon so much and so often, that we relate the following without comment: In a private party, one evening, at which the late Andrew Fuller was present, the conversation turned upon the subject of preaching, when one of the party said, preaching without notes was the hardest thing in the world. Mr Fuller said it was easy enough if they went to work in the right way. "Now," he said, "if I was told to tell my hired girl to go to the store and get some sugar and blue, some coffee and starch, some cakes, some soap and almonds, some candles and spice, some nuts and some tea, some potash and butter, she would say, 'Oh, dear sir, I can never think of all that.' 'Well, look here, Botty, you know to-morrow your mistress is going to have a large wash, and she will want some blue and soap, some candles and potash; the next day she will have company, and will want some tea and coffee, sugar, spice, nuts, cakes, butter and almonds.' 'Thank you, sir; now I can think of them all.' So it is in preaching with good arrangement."

MEN OF ACTION.

Some men seem to be sent into the world for purposes of action only. Their faculties are all strung up to toil and enterprise; their spirit and their frame alike redolent of energy. They pause and slumber like other men; but it is only to recruit from actual fatigue. They occasionally want quiet, but only as a refreshment to prepare them for renewed exertion, not as a normal condition to be wished for or enjoyed for itself. They need rest, not repose. They investigate and reflect; but only to estimate the best means of attaining their ends, or to measure the value of their undertakings against the cost. They think; they never meditate. Their mission, their enjoyment, the object and condition of their existence, is work; they could not exist here without it. They cannot conceive another life as desirable without it; their amount of vitality is beyond that of ordinary men; they are never to be seen doing nothing. When doing nothing else, they are always sleeping. Happy souls! Happy men at last.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BOYS.

It is as impossible to make a chemist, or an engineer, or a naturalist, of a boy, if he has no special taste or aptness for these studies, as to make a poet out of a Digger Indian. It is no unusual circumstance for parents who have boys just entering upon manhood to come to us desiring counsel in regard to placing them in a chemical laboratory, that they "may learn the trade," as, to their eyes, the business appears remunerative. They have no special genius, no training in preparatory studies, no decided leaning towards chemical manipulation or research, but the desire is to have them "made" into chemists. There is a mistaken idea, common to many parents, that their children is as well adapted to one employment as another, and that they only need opportunities to learn regarding this pursuit or that, to become proficient and rise to eminence. More than half the sad failures so commonly observed are due to being forced into the wrong road in early life. Young men are forced into pulpits, when they should be following the plough; forced into courts of law, when they should be driving the plane in a carpenter's shop; forced into sick rooms, as physicians, when they should be guiding a locomotive, or heading an exploring party into the Rocky Mountains; forced into industrial laboratories, when they should be in the counting room or shop.

It is a wise provision of Providence that nearly every boy born into the world has some peculiar distinctive capability, some aptness for a particular calling or pursuit; and if he is driven into channels contrary to his instincts and tastes, he is in antagonism with Nature, and the odds are against him. One of the earliest and most anxious of enquiries of parents should be directed to the discovery of the leanings of their children, and if they find that their boy, who they earnestly desire should adorn the bar, or the pulpit, is persistently engaged in constructing toy ships, and wading in every puddle of water to test their sailing qualities; if he reads books of voyages, and when in a seaport steals away to the wharves, to visit ships and talk with sailors, it is certain he is born for the sea. Fit him out with a sailor's rig, put him in the best possible position for rising to the honorable post of ship-master, and you have discharged your duty. If, on the other hand, he is logical, discriminating, keen, fond of argument, let him enter the law; if he is fond of whittling, planing, sawing, constructing, and neglects his duties, turn him over to a good carpenter, to learn the trade. If he begins early to spend his pennies for sulphur, niter, oil of vitriol, aqua fortis, etc.; if he is such a persistent experimenter that you fear he will kill himself, or set your buildings on fire; if his pockets are full of abominable drugs, and his clothing so charged with the odor of stale eggs that you refuse to admit him to table at meal times, why, the chances are that he is "born" chemist, and it will be safe to start him off to some technical school for instruction.

The question is, not what we will make of our boys, but what position are they manifestly designed to fill; in what direction does Nature point, as respects avocations or pursuits in life which will be in harmony with their capabilities and instincts? It is no use for us to repine and find fault with the supposed vulgar tastes of our boys. We must remember that no industrial calling is vulgar; every kind of labor is honorable; and it is far better to be distinguished as a first class cobbler or peddler than to live the contemptible life of a fifth rate lawyer or clergyman.

There are thousands of boys born into the world possessing scarcely a trace of ambition. Such do not care for distinction, or even for wealth; if they can procure the humblest fare, by constant toil, the aspirations of their boyhood, and subsequently of their manhood, are fully met. They are negative characters, happy with nothing, and suffer no elation or depression, whether in sunshine or under a cloud. These boys, who often afford much mortification to ambitious, fill a most important niche in the world; in fact, the world could not do without them. They constitute the great army of men who build our railroads, tunnel our mountains, load and unload our ships, cut down our forests, and manipulate the red hot iron masses which come from our blast furnaces. We cannot alter the temperament of such boys. Nature is stronger than we are, and well it is that this is so. We may hold them by the power of wealth or controlling influences; but when these fail they fall at once to their place, in obedience to a law as irresistible as that which Newton discovered in the fall of the apple. Study to learn what they are capable of doing for themselves; encourage them to do well whatever work is suited to their natures. Regard every calling as honorable, the labor of which is honorably performed, and thus insure happiness and prosperity to our offspring.—Boston Journal of Chemistry.

THE STORY OF RODGERS.

One of our family papers preaches a strong temperance sermon, by simply telling the story of a woman who, after struggling with the preternatural strength of a loving wife and mother for years against the demon of drink that possessed her husband, conquered it, and made him once again a free man. In his last illness, brandy was prescribed, which he was strong enough to use only as a medicine; but after his death she turned to it in grief and did, not many months later, a hopeless,

helpless drunkard." Let us tell a companion story as true as this but of a different complexion as daylight to night. A few years ago any sunny morning a heap of filthy rags might be seen stretched on some of the bales of a paper warehouse in a neighboring city, with a strong smell of stale tobacco and whiskey hanging about it. Turning it over (which you could do as though it were a log any time after ten o'clock in the morning), you would find the swollen purple face of what had once been a handsome young man, but there was little hope that the bleared eyes or thick tongue would give an intelligent answer. The porters passing by would push him aside, but not roughly. The time had been when he had been a jolly, generous young fellow, and a favorite in the office. "Young Rodgers," some one would give you his history in five minutes. "Taken to rum—no chance—poor devil. Stokes, the proprietor, could not turn him out to starve, so still gave him a nominal salary, and suffered him to hang about the house least he should take to worse courses than drinking." There were hints, too, of a widowed mother away off in the country, who had been dependant on him, and a sweetheart, a pretty, clinging little girl, both of whom long ago he had abandoned. But there was nothing to be done. The end, through the usual horrors of delirium tremens, was apparently not far off.

One day, as Rodgers was creeping to the nearest bar for his morning bitters, a man, whom he barely knew by sight, took him by the elbow and walked with him into a quieter street. "They tell me you are Richard Rodgers' son," he said. "Dick Rodgers was the only friend I had for years, and for his sake I'd like to save his boy. Are you willing for me to try?" "Oh, you can try," muttered the lad with an imbecile laugh. This nameless friend, nothing daunted, took him to a chamber in his own house and put him to bed. There he had his sons kept watch and guarded this poor wretch for months, like a prisoner, keeping liquor from him, and trying to supply it by medical treatment. A physician he employed, but he was not able to pay for a nurse. Any one who has been to deal with a victim of mania-a-potu can guess how difficult and loathsome a task he had set himself. Ungrateful enough it was at first for Rodgers struggled against his tormentors with the ferocity of—just what he was—a starving animal. As reason began to return, and his unnatural strength to vanish, he would beg them in his intervals of reason not to fail him, but to work out the experiment either to success or death. "It is my last chance," he would cry, "for God's sake be patient." This friend, with his son, did work it through all the foul, unmentionable details, and the end was not death, but success. "How soon," asked a friend of Rodgers afterwards, "were you trusted alone?" "Not for two years," he answered, laughing. "I was out of jail but in jail bounds. Do you remember that lank, muscular young fellow who had a desk beside me in the office? He took it with the condition that he could leave it to dog me night and day, to my meals and to my bed. That was the son of the man who saved me. He was taken from a lucrative situation in order that he might become my jailer. God bless him! How I used to curse him! 'Can't you trust my honor?' I would cry. 'I'm not convinced that your honor has not the consumption,' the Scotch-Irishman would say. 'We'll put no burdens on it until it has regained its health.'"

"Your friend was a wealthy man, no doubt, and so able to give both time and money to your case?" "On the contrary, he is but the owner of a small hat-store, and supports his family out of that. He is rich and noble only in the dead and spirit of friendship." All this was years ago. Rodgers is now an industrious, honorable man, married to his old love, with his gray-haired mother by his hearth, bringing to it the perpetual benediction of benignant old age. His friend sells hats—makes no speeches nor bruits of any sort in the world. Nobody has recognized in him a hero. Yet, who for the sake of a dead and living friend would go and do likewise?—Tribune.

THE LAUGH OF CHILDHOOD.

I love laughing children—the boy or girl who can appreciate a merry jest. Give me the boy or girl who smiles as soon as the first rays of the morning sun glance in through the window, gay, happy and kind. Such a boy will be fit to "make up" into a man—at least when contrasted with a sullen, morose, crabbed fellow, who snaps and snarls like a surly cur, or growls and grunts like an untamed hyena, from the moment he opens his angry eyes till he is "confronted" by his breakfast. Such a girl, other things being favorable, will be material to aid in gladdening some comfortable home, or to refine, civilize, tame and humanize a rude brother, making him gentle, affectionate, and lovable. It is a feast to even look at such a joy-inspiring girl, such a woman-girl, and see the smiles flowing, so to speak, from the parted lips, displaying a set of clean, well-brushed teeth, looking almost the personification of beauty and goodness, singing and as merry as the birds, the wide-awake birds that commenced their morning concert long before the lazy boys dreamed that the sun was approaching and about to pour a whole flood of light and warmth upon the earth. Such a girl is like a gentle shower to the parched earth, bestowing kind words, sweet smiles and acts of mercy to all around her—the joy and light of the household.

A MOTHER'S HOME.

The most perfect home I ever saw was in a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served for a year's living of father, mother and three children. But the mother was a creator of home, and her relations with her children were the most beautiful I have ever seen. Even a dull and commonplace man was lifted up and enabled to do work for souls, by the atmosphere which this woman created; every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the key-note of the day; and it always rang clear. From the rosebud or clover leaf which, in spite of her hard housework, she always found time to put by our plates at breakfast, down to the essay or story she had on hand to be read or discussed in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife, homemaker. If to her quick brain, loving heart, and exquisite tact had been added the appliance of wealth and the enlargements of wider culture, hers would have been absolutely the ideal home. As it was, it is the best I have ever seen.

It is more than twenty years since I crossed its threshold. I do not know whether she is living or not. But as I see house after house in which fathers and mothers and children are dragging out their lives in a hap-hazard alternation of listless routine and unpleasant collision, I always think with a sigh of that poor little cottage by the sea shore, and the woman who was the "light thereof;" and I find in the faces of many men and children, as plainly written and as sad to see, as in the newspaper columns of "Personals," "Wanted—a home."

WHAT MEN NEED WIVES FOR.

It is not to sweep the house, and make the bed, and darn the socks, and cook the meals, chiefly that a man wants a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cakes she has made; send him to inspect the needlework and bed making; or put a broom into her hands and send him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young man will quietly look after them.

But what the true man most wants of a wife is her companionship, sympathy, courage and love. The way of love, has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken with misfortunes; he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him; and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies and with sin; and he needs a woman that, while he puts his arms around her and feels that he has something to fight for, will help him to fight; that will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of council, and her hand to his heart and impart new inspirations. All through life—through storm and through sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and favoring winds, man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's or a mother's love will hardly supply the need.

Yet many seek for nothing further than success in housework. Justly enough, half of these get nothing more; the other half, surprised above measure, have gotten more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by bringing a nobler idea of marriage, and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy and love.

"IT WILL COME RIGHT AT LAST."

For nearly a week had the storm prevailed, when, one night, just at sunset, the sky became clear and bright, and the setting sun shone forth in all his glory. Only for a short time, however, for the black clouds soon hovered over us again; but it was long enough to show us that the pleasant sky and bright clouds were there—although they were hidden by dark and stormy clouds.

Just so it is in our lives, and just so it will continue to be. Dark and weary may be the path we tread. Sorrows may assail us when least expected, and we can see no reason for them; but if we can only see that they are for our good—that we need their chastening influence; if we can see the light behind the cloud, and put our faith in the God who worketh all things for our good, "it will all come out right at last."

If we could see all this, could we all put faith in our Heavenly Father; could we all look misfortune in the face, and see only the good behind it, would there be so much of misery and woe in this bright and beautiful world of ours? "Every cloud has its silver lining," yet how often we cannot see it, but give it up in despair. And even this is for our good—that we cannot see it!

The sky clearing up for a few moments indicated very clearly to my mind God's watchful care over us. Let us remember, then, when trials and difficulties beset us, and the world looks dark, and cheerless to us—let us remember that it is, all for our good, and let us look ahead of our misfortunes and see the light. Let each keep the path he has chosen, and when he feels like giving up, when he feels discouraged because his best efforts seem to have failed on account of some unforeseen obstacles, look at the bright side of it all, and keep right on. Let nothing put him down; try, at least, to believe "that behind a frowning Providence God hides a smiling face," with this thought uppermost in his mind, a man can go through most anything, and even look back with gratitude at his late troubles.

TO MOTHER.

Not quite as elaborately finished as the modern style, your little old red cradle—God bless it! Could that old cradle talk, I imagine its utterances to us would be something like these: "Away back in the good old days, when comfort and durability were sought after more than style, I was born. My existence was brought about rapidly. Not made by the hands of the highest artistic order, I was plain in my attire, and not in the least vain. But in me was a principle; it was born with me. Being blessed with an intuitive mind, and seeing at once the duty devolving upon me, I resolved to be faithful under all circumstances. And now, as I am old, and my days are fast closing, I invite you, with a proper degree of self-satisfaction and pride, to look back upon my past record, and see how I have carried out my early resolutions.

"Through how many long days have I done my work with a joyous heart; with a soul swelling with pride within me for the sweet little innocent that lay upon my breast; how very close I hugged it to my bosom and rocked it to sleep; how silently I went on, day after day, in the same monotonous work, and yet, how few were my complaints, and how glad my heart.

"But my toil was not all my daylight. Many a long, wearisome night, when the whole world seemed hushed in quiet slumber, have I rocked the little sick ones; and oh, how gentle was I then, and how very patient! Amid the smiles of joy or tears of sorrow, I was faithful to the last; and when, after many years of unceasing labor, I had finished my whole duty and was needed no more, I was carefully put aside to rest, with God's blessing breathed upon me. Many days have passed by since then, and my rest has been peaceful. I thought my work was all done; but just here, as I am in declining old age, and so old that I am in second childhood, so to speak, I am sought after again, and brought into active service. But how can I complain, when I see how closely the little rosebud nestles to me, and what sweet, innocent confidence it has in me? Dear, darling soul! I love it even more ardently than I ever loved before. Though decrepit and old, I am strong yet, and who shall say 'no' to my resumption of labor.

"As I lie bearing upon my bosom this little creature, I find myself busy with these thoughts: When, in after years, this waif shall bloom into womanhood, and it is launched out into the rough, wicked sea of life, shall it sail along to the end of its existence in spotless purity, or shall it be dashed against the deceptive and enticing rocks that lie hidden beneath the garments of dissembling virtue all over the dark and troubled seas of the world? Shall she go along to the end in immaculate constity, or will she fall? Paralyze, O God, the tongue that shall try to poison her purity; bless her; and save her forever from the vortex of sin which whirls so many innocent souls down to degradation and ruin, is the fervent prayer of mother's old red cradle."

HEROISM BEGINS AT HOME.

We often hear people speak of a heroic action with a certain surprise at its performance not altogether complimentary to the performer. "He forgot himself," they say; "he surpassed himself;" "he was carried away by a noble impulse." This is not true. A man never forgets himself in an emergency; he asserts himself rather; that which is deepest and strongest in him breaks suddenly through the exterior of calm conventionalities, and for a moment you know his real value; you get a measure of his capacity. But this capacity is not created, as some say, by the emergency. No man can be carried farther by the demands of the moment than his common aspirations and sober purposes have prepared him to go. A brave man does not rise to the occasion; the occasion rises to him. His bravery was in him before—dormant, but alive; unknown perhaps to himself; for we are not apt to appreciate the slow, sure gains of convictions of duty steadily followed; of patient continuance in well-doing; of daily victories over self, until a sudden draft upon us shows what they have amounted to. We are like water-springs, whose pent-up streams rise with opportunity to the level of the fountain-head, and no higher. A selfish man at heart and in ordinary behavior, cannot be unselfish when unselfishness would be rewarded openly. If he will not be unselfish when he ought, he cannot be so when he would. Is it not a question practical for every home? What sort of characters are we, parents and children, forming by every day habits of thought and action? Emergencies are but experimental tests of our strength or weakness; and we will bear them, not according to the sudden resolve but according to the quality of our daily living. The oak does not encounter more than two or three whirlwinds during its long life; but it lays up its solid strength through years of peace and sunshine, and when its hour of trial comes it is ready. The children of to-day, protected, cared for now, must soon begin to fight their own battles with the world; nay, more—must make the world in which they live. They are.

"Brought forth and reared in hours
 Of change, alarm, surprise."
 What shall we do to make them sufficient for
 the times upon which they have fallen?

LEAD POISONING AND ITS TREATMENT.

Bases of lead poisoning are becoming more frequent now than formerly because there are more persons engaged in manufacturing this metal...

Whatever may be the cause of lead poisoning, it is certain that it is generally observed in summer when the heat favors the colic.

Lead colic is usually preceded by indigestion. The size of the liver diminishes; and after the use of powerful cathartics, it becomes normal...

While lead has so many ways of entering the system, there are very few ways for it to pass off. Little or no lead is secreted in the urine...

When lead produces indigestion, it is due to the lead's stopping the action of the digestive fluid. When digestion ceases, colic begins...

In the treatment of lead patients, the pain must be relieved by the use of chloroform or chrisal; opiates are to be avoided, as they produce constipation.

In France, Labarraque's solution (hypochlorite of potash) is used for this purpose; and to this should be added an excess of carbonate of soda.

Musical Instruments.

CABINET ORGANS!

FROM 40 DOLS. At the MUSICAL HALL, 177 YONGE ST. Any Mechanic can buy one.

Organettes and Organs.

W. BELL & CO'S CELEBRATED PRIZE MEDAL Cabinet Organs, Melodeons & Organettes

THOMAS CLAXTON,

197 YONGE STREET. N.B.—Second-hand Melodeons and Organs taken in exchange.

JOHN JACKSON & CO.

ORGAN & MELODEON

MANUFACTURERS. Our trade mark, "Cresmona and Celeste Organ," is placed upon the name-board or key-stip of all Organs...

We claim especial attention to our Vox Celeste Organs, No. 27 and No. 34. The Vox Celeste Reeds were first introduced in Canada by us in 1869...

Mr. John Jackson has been an active member and equal manager in the late firm since its commencement, and all the employees remain with him.

We manufacture all the most popular styles. Examine our new styles with all the latest improvements.

JOHN JACKSON & CO. GUELPH, ONT. 57-oh

1873] AS USUAL, COMPLETE SUCCESS!

Ten First Prizes at Two Exhibitions

W. BELL & COMPANY, GUELPH, ONT.

ORGANS AND MELODEONS

At the Provincial Exhibition, Hamilton and Central Exhibition, Guelph.

This grand success, in addition to last year's record of a Silver Medal, 3 Diplomas, and 12 First Prizes, prove that our Instruments in the opinion of competent judges are incomparably superior to all others.

Sole Proprietors of the ORGANETTE, containing Scribner's Patent Qualifying Tubes, acknowledged by all to be the greatest improvement yet introduced.

Every instrument fully warranted for five years. Send for catalogue containing fifty different styles of instruments.

SOLE AGENT FOR TORONTO: THOMAS CLAXTON, 197 YONGE ST. 57-oh

Miscellaneous

TO MECHANICS

S. C. JURY PHOTOGRAPHER. 76 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO. This is the place for mechanics to get cheap pictures.

WILLIAM BURKE, LUMBER MERCHANT, Manufacturer of Doors, Sash, Blinds, Flooring, Sheeting, Packing Boxes, Etc., &c.

CORNER SHEPHERD AND RICHMOND STREETS, TORONTO. Planing, Sawing, &c., done to order.

Dry Goods.

THE "RIGHT HOUSE!"

A LARGE LOT OF Ladies' Magnificent Costumes

FROM \$2 UP, JUST ARRIVED, AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

Horrockses' 36-inch White Cotton at a York Shilling; very nice SCARLET FLANNEL, 25c; an immense number of Ladies' and Misses' CANTON HATS...

20 Yards of Grey Cotton for \$1.00.

Millinery and Mantles,

for the most Fashionable Styles, and at the Cheapest Rates. SILKS by the Dress, and CARPETS at Wholesale Prices.

As WATKINS buys his Goods for Cash direct from the Manufacturers in Europe, he is enabled to sell much below usual prices.

Remember the RIGHT HOUSE, No. 10 James St., near King St., HAMILTON.

THOS. C. WATKINS.

WORKINGMEN! SUPPORT YOUR OWN PAPER.

THE ONTARIO WORKMAN

A WEEKLY PAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

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Single Copies, Five Cents

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OFFICE:

124 Bay Street,

One door South of Grand's Horse Bazaar.

Jewellery.

J. SEGSWORTH, Importer of Watches, Clocks, and Fancy Goods, and Manufacturer of Gold and Silver Jewellery.

118 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

37-oh

THE RUSSELL WATCH

Is made in all sizes suitable for Ladies and Gents, both in gold and silver. But the accompanying cut represents in proper proportions THE \$25 RUSSELL HUNTING LEVER WATCH.

In sterling silver case and gold points, fully warranted for five years, together with gold-plated Albert chain, which will be sent to any part of Canada on receipt of \$25, or C. O. D., per express.

W. E. CORNELL, Watch Importer, 62 King Street East, TORONTO, ONT.

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Miscellaneous

JOHN RAYMOND

Bege to inform the inhabitants of Toronto and its vicinity that he has purchased the business lately carried on by

Mr. JAMES WEEKES, AT 247 and 249 Yonge Street

And trusts by strict attention, combined with the lowest possible charges, to merit a share of the patronage that has been so liberally bestowed upon his predecessor.

DR. WOOD,

PROPRIETOR OF THE OTTAWA CANCER CURE,

SPARGES ST. AND MARIA ST., OTTAWA, ONT.

Cancers Cured by a New, but Certain, Speedy, and nearly Painless Process, and without the Use of the Knife.

The Cure will be guaranteed, and, as a proof of this, no pay is required until the Cure is complete.

62-oh

HATS THAT ARE HATS

FIRE! FIRE!

We beg to inform our patrons and the public generally that we have RESUMED BUSINESS, after the late fire, and we will now clear out

AT A VERY GREAT SACRIFICE!

The Entire Stock of Damaged Silk, Felt, Straw Hats, Silk and Cloth Caps, &c.

HATS THAT ARE HATS

55 KING STREET EAST, COLEMAN & CO.

For first-class Book and Job-Printing go to the office of the ONTARIO WORKMAN, 124 Bay street.

Miscellaneous

To the Mechanics of Toronto AND VICINITY.

W. J. GRAHAM & CO., 157 KING STREET WEST,

Having opened the NEW FURNITURE WAREHOUSES, as above, beg to invite the attention of the Mechanics of Toronto and vicinity to their well-assorted stock of

BLACK WALNUT BED ROOM SUITS, DRAWING ROOM SUITS, DINING ROOM FURNITURE, OFFICE FURNITURE

65-oh

ICE CREAM! ICE CREAM! THE BEST IN THE CITY.

A. RAFFIGNON

Bege leave to inform the public, and his customers generally, that he has refitted his place, No. 107 King Street West, with an elegant new Soda Water Fountain, with the latest improvements, made by Oliver Parker, Toronto, and which will be kept constantly running during the summer season.

R. MACKENZIE,

864-1-2 Yonge Street, NEWSDEALER, STATIONER, AND DEALER IN TOYS AND GENERAL FANCY GOODS.

Special attention given to the delivery of the Evening Papers throughout the Wards of St. John and St. James.

BAIRD'S INDUSTRIAL, PRACTICAL, & SCIENTIFIC PUBLICATIONS.

A further supply just received at Piddington's "Mammoth Book Store," 248 & 250 YONGE ST.

Artizans call for a copy of Catalogue 45-46

NOTICE!

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

OTTAWA, 4th June, 1873.

Notice is hereby given, that His Excellency the Governor-General, by an Order in Council, bearing the date 30th May last, has been pleased to order and direct that White Felt, for the manufacture of Hats and Boots, should be admitted free of duty under the Tariff, duty must be charged on all Felted Cloth of every description.

By command, J. JOHNSTON, Asst. Commissioner of Customs 63-c

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS.

Addressed to the undersigned, will be received at this office until

Thursday, the 21st day of August,

Instant, at noon, for the construction of a BREAKWATER AND LIGHTHOUSE AT THE COLLINGWOOD HARBOR.

Plans and specifications can be seen at this office, Collingwood, on and after THURSDAY, the 14th INST., where all necessary information can be obtained.

The signatures of two solvent and responsible persons willing to become sureties for the due fulfillment of the contract, must be attached to each tender.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. By order, WILLIAM MURDOCH, Engineer in charge.

Department of Public Works, (Ottawa), Collingwood Harbor, Aug. 3th, 1873. 70-c

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, will be received at this Office, until Monday, the 11th day of August instant, at noon, for the Sinking, Galvanizing, and Lead-work, &c., required for roof of the Parliament Library, Ottawa.

Plans and Specifications can be seen at this Office, on and after Monday, the 4th INST., where all necessary information can be obtained.

The signatures of two solvent and responsible persons, willing to become sureties for the due fulfillment of the contract, must be attached to each Tender. The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any Tender. By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 1st August, 1873. 64-c

THE LITTLE LABORERS OF NEW YORK CITY.

It is estimated on trustworthy grounds that over 100,000 children are at work in factories of New York and the neighboring districts, while from 15,000 to 20,000 are "floaters," drifting from one factory to another.

Paper-collar factories are a very important branch of children's labor. Fully 8,000 girls from twelve to sixteen years of age are employed in it.

Paper-box factories embracing all sorts and sizes, from a match to a work box, employ at least 10,000 children. These become very expert and often invent new patterns.

In regard to factories for making artificial flowers it is extremely difficult to obtain trustworthy information, as access to the shops is rigidly refused. After considerable investigation, it seems to us that from 10,000 to 12,000 children are engaged in them.

Another important industry employing children in the city is the manufacture of tobacco. The tobacco factories contain fully 10,000 children, of whom 5,000 at least are under fifteen years.

Still another branch, absorbs a great number of children—the twine factories. No accurate estimate can be obtained of the number of little laborers in these, but it is known to be very large.

Still another branch, absorbs a great number of children—the twine factories. No accurate estimate can be obtained of the number of little laborers in these, but it is known to be very large.

We know in one instance, in a single night school in New York, five factory girls who had each lost a finger or thumb. It is evident that strict legislation is needed here, as it has been in England, to protect these young workers from dangerous machinery.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

Monday, 7th day of July, 1878.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

On the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Customs, and under the provisions of the Act 31 Vic., Chap. 9, intituled "An Act respecting Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that Fort Williams, in the County of Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, and the same is hereby constituted and erected into an Out Port of Customs with warehousing privileges, and placed under the survey of the Collector of Customs of the Port of Cornwallis.

W. A. HIMS WORTH, Clerk Privy Council.

July 26, 1878.

City Directory.

Our readers will find it to their advantage to patronize the following firms.

Auctioneer.

JAMES BANKS, AUCTIONEER, AND APPRAISER. Sale-rooms, 45 Jarvis Street, corner of King Street East. Second-hand Furniture bought and sold.

Barristers, &c.

REEVE & PLATT, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, Solicitors, &c. Office—18 King St. East, Toronto. J. McPHERSON RENTY, SAMUEL PLATT.

LAUDER & PROCTOR, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, Solicitors in Chancery, &c. Office—Masonic Hall, 20 Toronto Street.

HARRY E. CASTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. Office—48 Adelaide Street, opposite the Court House, Toronto.

HENRY O'BRIEN, BARRISTER, Attorney and Solicitor, &c., Notary Public, &c. Office—48 Church Street.

Dentists.

M. EDWARD SNIDER, SURGEON DENTIST, Office and Residence—84 Bay Street, a few doors below King Street, Toronto.

DR. J. BRANSTON WILMOTT, DENTIST, Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College. Office—Corner of King and Church streets, Toronto.

F. G. CALLENDER, DENTIST, Office—Corner of King and Jordan streets, Toronto.

G. W. HALE, DENTIST, No. 6 TEMPERANCE STREET, first house off Yonge Street, north side.

W. C. ADAMS, DENTIST, 95 KING Street East, Toronto, has given attention to his profession in all its parts.

J. A. TROUTMAN, L.D.S., DENTIST. Office and Residence—127 Church Street, Toronto, opposite Metropolitan Church. Makes the preservation of the natural teeth a speciality.

R. G. TROTTER, DENTIST 53 King Street East, Toronto, opposite Toronto Street. Residence—172 Jarvis Street.

Groceries.

CHARLES HUNTER, DEALER IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, WINES AND LIQUORS, 63 Queen Street West, corner Terauley Street, Toronto, Ont.

Physicians.

N. AGNEW, M.D., (SUCCESSOR to his brother, the late Dr. Agnew), corner of Bay and Richmond Streets, Toronto.

Shoe Dealer.

S. McCABE, FASHIONABLE AND Cheap Boot and Shoe Emporium, 59 Queen Street West, sign of "THE BIG BLUE BOOT."

Jewelry, &c.

J. & T. IREDALE, MANUFACTURERS of Tin, Sheet Iron and Copperware, dealers in Baths, Water Coolers, Refrigerators, &c., No. 47 Queen Street West, first door West of Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

STEAM DYE WORKS

363 AND 363 1/2 YONGE ST., TORONTO, (Between Gould and Gerrard Sts.) THOMAS SQUIRE, Proprietor.

Kid Gloves Cleaned with superiority and despatch. Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned, Dyed and Repaired on the shortest possible notice.

Miscellaneous.

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

WEST END FURNITURE WAREHOUSES. JAMES McQUILLAN, FURNITURE DEALER 258 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

Strict attention paid to repairing in all its branches. City Express delivery promptly executed. Household Furniture removed with great care. First-class Furniture Varnish always on hand.

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

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

BAY STREET BOOK BINDERY No. 102, Late Telegraph Building WM. BLACKHALL, Account Book Manufacturer, and Law, Plain and Ornamental Bookbinder and Paper Ruler, Toronto.

Society Seal Presses, RIBBON AND DATE STAMPS. GRESTS, MONOGRAMS, &C. ENGRAVED ON HAND STAMPS.

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

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

J. YOUNG, UNDERTAKER, 361 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. Funerals furnished with every Requisite.

H. STONE, UNDERTAKER, 337 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. Funerals furnished to order. Flak's Metallic Burial Cases always on hand.

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

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

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Coal and Wood.

GREY & BRUCE, WOOD YARD, BAY STREET, (Opposite Fire Hall.)

Beech, Maple, Mixed, and Pine Wood constantly on hand ALL KINDS OF CUT AND SPLIT WOOD IN STOCK

HARD AND SOFT COAL Of every description, promptly delivered, at lowest prices.

Best Beech and Maple..... 25 50 per Cord. Cut and Split..... 7 50 " Mixed Wood..... 5 00 " Best Pine..... 5 00 " Cut and Split..... 5 00 " Slabs..... 4 00 " " Cut and Split..... 5 00 "

WM. BULMAN, PROPRIETOR. EASTERN COAL HOUSE, On Wharf, foot of Sherbourne street. Order Office, Corner Sherbourne and Queen Streets. On hand all kinds of

HARD & SOFT COAL, FOR STEAM AND DOMESTIC USE, Which we will sell at the lowest remunerative prices, and guarantee 2,000 lbs to the ton. Also, BLOSSBURG AND LEHIGH COAL, The very best imported. Retail and by the car load. WOOD, Cut and Split by Steam, always on hand. PINE WOOD, \$4 per cord for summer use.

MUTTON, HUTCHINSON & CO. Dry Goods and Clothing. CHOICE STOCK OF Ready-Made Clothing, FOR SPRING WEAR.

THE QUEEN CITY CLOTHING STORE, 332 Queen Street West (OPPOSITE W. M. CHURCH.) H. J. SAUNDERS, Practical Tailor and Cutter,

John Kelz, MERCHANT TAILOR, 358 YONGE STREET, Has just received a large and good assortment of SPRING GOODS for Ordered Work.

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

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