

On our Workman.

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

VOL. I.

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Labor Notes.

The Ninth Annual Session of the Workmen's Association of the State of New York was held at Albany on the 28th ult. Matters of great importance were brought before the Association.

A meeting of the Associated Joiners of Glasgow was lately held in the Trades Hall, Glassford street, at which it was resolved to request the sanction and support of the Association to obtain an advance on the present rate of wages in the ensuing spring to the extent of one half-penny per hour.

The tanners of Chicago are still exerting themselves in behalf of a Union. Each member of the Union is working might and main to get another member of the craft to join the organization, and from the appearance of their numbers on Thursday night they appear to have met with success. —*Workingman's Advocate.*

The Iron Moulders' Union of Chicago met at their hall, corner Clark and Lake streets, on Saturday evening. They report business flat, with many members leaving the city to find work in smaller towns. The election of officers was the most important business transacted during the evening. —*Ibid.*

A special meeting of the members of the Glasgow United Trades Council was held in the Tontino Hotel—Mr. Box, the president of the Council in the chair. The object of the meeting was to consider the sentence recently passed upon the London gas stokers. The members were unanimous in expressing the opinion that the sentence recently passed upon the gas stokers was a most severe and vindictive one, and that it appeared to unsettle all recent legislation respecting the laws affecting capital and labor, and rendered the same of no value whatever.

At a meeting of the Amalgamated Association of Veterinary Surgeons and Master Horse-shoers of Edinburgh, held on Friday in the Craigie Hall, it was reported that all the forges, with the exception of two, have now the full complement of men for the winter, the men being employed at the old rate of wages.

The strikes in the coal mining districts of South Wales still continue. All attempts at compromising the disputes have been unsuccessful. No disturbances have yet occurred.

The Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, whose general offices are at 53 Grosvenor street, Chorlton on Medlock, was lately registered under the Trade Union Act, 1871. The number of members is 11,265, as against 9,845 this time last year. The rules, as registered, will be issued to the members forthwith.

The high rate of wages in the labor market continues to affect very seriously the recruiting for the army. The *Times* states that at Chatham recruiting goes on very slowly, much difficulty being experienced in getting the men required. "Additional recruiting parties have been therefore sent out for the Royal Engineers, while recruiting sergeants for this corps, the Royal Artillery, various infantry regiments, and the West Kent Light Infantry Militia were also patrolling the streets of Chatham and the contiguous towns daily in search of men. At the present time, the whole of the corps at Chatham garrison are said to be much below their proper strength.

A meeting of the master builders was recently held, at the Acorn Hotel, Temple street, Birmingham. To take into consideration the notices received from the men, asking for an alteration in the working rules. The men, in these notices, demand an extensive rise of wages, and the carpenters and joiners require a reduction of hours as well. These are the principal points, but there are details as to walking hours, &c. At the meeting on Tuesday night the master builders agreed upon a new set of rules, which they will issue as a counter notice. The representatives of both parties will meet to discuss the points at issue, and in the event of their being unable to agree, the dispute will be referred to arbitration.

A correspondent of the Dundee *Advertiser* describes the manner in which a strike is dealt with in Russia. About two miles from Narva, in Esthonia are the Krahnholm Cotton Works, in which some 5,000 work people are employed. When the cholera visited Narva this summer, ten per cent. of the over-worked, under-fed, and sadly-lodged cotton operatives died, and, ignorant though they were, it did occur to their minds that this remarkable mortality was owing to their wretched condition. They got up an agitation for shorter hours, and other improvements in their lot, and a meeting of shareholders, at which the Governor of Esthonia was present, agreed to make a few concessions. Some of the shareholders, however, got up a petition to the Governor to dismiss the workmen that had taken an active part in the movement. The workpeople hearing this, sent a deputation to the Governor to represent to him their view of the case. The deputation was met at the Narva railway station by a body of secret police, and conducted to prison. When the arrest became known at the factory a general strike ensued, and some indignation was expressed by the operatives. Upon this the military were called out, reinforcements ordered up from St. Petersburg, and the place kept in a state of siege for ten days. The leaders of the strike were handed over to a judicial court, and out of the thirty-five arrested, eight have been condemned to banishment to Siberia for life, and the others to various periods of imprisonment. Something more than an Imperial Decree is needed to make the late serf a free man.

CHEAP HUMAN LABOR.

BY ROBERT SCHILLING.

Cheap Human Labor! I despise the word. It signifies crime and a shame. It signifies squalor, degradation, ignorance, vice. Are not laborers men—our fellow-men? They have bodies to clothe and stomachs to feed, and minds to educate, and spirits to elevate, and old age to provide for. They have homes which they love, and wives whom they cherish, and children whom they hope to make worthy citizens—the honest fathers and virtuous mothers of a succeeding generation. And can you remember these duties and see these aspirations, can you contemplate the patient hopefulness of the cheerful and contented (because fairly compensated) industry, and talk about cheap labor? —*Geo. H. Peckleton.*

It is not often that a politician hits the nail on the head as aptly as has been done in the above quotation. It may have been said to catch votes, but it is nevertheless too true. "Cheap human labor signifies squalor, degradation, ignorance, vice."

They tell us words are cheap, and it is easy to make an assertion, but let us refer to any country where cheap human labor is the rule. Can those who are favoring the introduction of Chinamen, close their eyes to the state of society in China? Can they not see that it is cheap human labor which makes the majority of Chinamen thieves, which makes human life so cheap in that country that it can be bought for a small sum of money; in short, which makes that country one of "squalor, degradation, ignorance, vice?"

And how is it in other countries in which cheap human labor is the rule? Look at Turkey, Egypt, or any other absolute despotism. Human labor is rewarded but insignificantly, if at all, and life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are valued comparatively low, while countries in which labor is properly rewarded are enlightened in proportion. In fact, if a table of all countries were made, in which the most enlightened country was placed at the head, while all other countries were placed upon it in proportion to their enlightenment, so that the lowest, most degraded country was placed at the foot, it would be found to be a true scale of the wages paid to the workmen of each country. Is any further argument necessary against the introduction of "cheap human labor?" If there is, look around you, and if you are not entirely blind, you will see that of workmen, who

receive high, or even fair wages, but few are addicted to bad habits, while those but poorly remunerated are suffering from "squalor, degradation, ignorance, vice." It is not only the laborer who will be benefited by dear labor. The merchant, the journalist, in fact every branch of trade and industry will be bettered in the end. If all our laborers were Chinamen, and receiving wages as low as they work for, they would live on the coarsest food, wear the cheapest clothes and consume but very little of any thing. And where there is no consumption there is no chance for production, and without a market for the productions of a country, the capitalist as well as the laborer must suffer; the country will be flooded with surplus production, labor will be more and more oppressed, and it will become so cheap as to be used in the manufacture of fire crackers, fans, kites, and other insignificant and intrinsically worthless articles, while the country itself will go to ruin from "squalor, degradation, ignorance, vice." —*Coopers' Journal.*

CO-OPERATIVE STORES IN ENGLAND.

A correspondent sends us an account of a meeting of the North of England Co-operative Wholesale Society, which took place at Manchester on Nov. 23rd, containing many facts which are at once interesting and suggestive. This society represents a federation of co-operative societies, and has a central board and stores in Manchester, from which the retail stores of the various societies are supplied. The wholesale society was started in 1869 in the federation of fifty-four societies with an aggregate capital of less than one thousand pounds. On the first of October of the present year the societies in the federation numbered four hundred and sixty-six, with a paid up share capital of £28,300. The business done during the last quarter averaged £28,000 a week, and the net profit of the quarter, after the payment of interest on shares and loans, amounted to £3,274, or over sixteen thousand dollars.

At this meeting of the wholesale society it was announced that arrangements were making for largely extending the business of the association. Hereafter stores required from America, Holland and Ireland would be imported by the society direct from those countries. It was determined to increase the amount of subscription required from the federate societies participating in the benefits of the association as a guarantee for loans. The capital used in the business of the society is supplied by subscriptions of the shareholders and by loans, to which are added, of course, the profits of its traffic as they accrue. The loans consist in surplus cash belonging to co-operative societies deposited with the wholesale society, which pays five per cent interest on such deposits. At the close of the last quarter the money so deposited amounted to £65,000. By making these deposits transferable, the society propose to introduce what is practically a system of co-operative banking into their business. In future the retail stores dealing with the wholesale society may deposit the whole of their receipts and transfer the amounts as bills become due, receiving interests so long as their money remains on deposit.

The society has also resolved to still further enlarge the field of its operations by engaging in the manufacture, on the co-operative principle, of course, of several descriptions of goods which are the most in demand by their customers. In answer to inquiries addressed to the retail associations supplied by the society, statements had been received from one hundred and forty-six, showing that the aggregate requirements of these societies during the past year were: Cloths, £147,000; boots and shoes, £46,000; tailoring, £20,000; and blankets, £4,000. The central board was therefore authorized to open a wholesale cloth warehouse separate from the general stores; to go into the manufacture of boots and shoes; to establish a blanket and flannel factory; and to purchase a bakery then

for sale in the neighborhood of Manchester. It will be seen that in this case at least, the principle of co-operation has accomplished all that its most ardent advocates have ever claimed for it. —*N. Y. Sun.*

AMERICAN VS. ENGLISH TRADES UNIONS.

The Twelfth Annual Report of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, from December 1870, to December 1871, is replete with instruction and valuable information, from which the skilled mechanics of America should take a lesson. A cursory glance at the statistics furnished convinces us that the strength of these foreign trades organizations lies more in the *morale* and *discipline* than in the number of their members—a fact that we seem persistently, to our own injury, to ignore. Strange as it may seem, this powerful organization, in Gt. Britain, Ireland, the United States and Canada, numbers but 9,764 members, despite the immense influence exerted. For example, London with its 4,000,000 population has only 1632 members in good standing, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, with a population of 150,000, presents a list of 95; Liverpool, the rival of New York, furnishes to it five branches 253; Glasgow, Scotland's commercial metropolis 67; and Dublin 80 members. Now when we consider that Chicago, almost the growth of a decade, with its 350,000 residents, claims on its union records in this branch alone, 3,000 members, more than the aggregate presented by this entire list, and yet exercises less influence than the least among them, we are certainly justified in ascertaining the causes which lead to such results.

Lack of discipline is the great drawback to the successful development of American trades unions. In Great Britain the members seem to recognize the value of their obligation; that the pledge taken is no lip service, no temporary expedient. A glance at the financial standing of this organization, with its surplus fund of \$90,000, furnishes such evidences. That "the law is for the lawless and disobedient," is practically illustrated in its enforcement of its rules, and the punishment meted to the laggards and non-attendants. A penalty means punishment in case of non-observance, while the man who lives up to the requirements is sure to reap the full meed of the advantages it offers. It prefers a live trunk with a couple of branches to a dead one with a score of them; a union with a membership of a dozen true and tried men, alive to its requirements, who are always on hand in time of danger, to one with a thousand, who are union men just so long as the tide carries them along; a good substantial foundation to an imposing superstructure built on sand, and this is the great lesson we desire our workmen to learn.

The *beneficial feature* forms also a conspicuous position in English trades organizations. For example, by again referring to the report, we find that there was paid out last year \$34,000 to unemployed members; \$1,800 in replacing stolen and burnt tools; \$20,000 to sick members; four members who have become permanently disabled from following their employment as carpenters and joiners, received each the sum of \$500; \$5,525 for the funerals of deceased members and their wives; to the aged and infirm, \$650; and in benevolent grants to distressed members, of which \$250 was sent to Chicago after the great fire, \$2,125, making the enormous aggregate of \$84,000.

As a matter of course, where such advantages are confessed, taxation will be heavier than in a purely protective organization. The receipts for the past year amounted to \$110,000, and this, too, be it remembered, was drawn from less than ten thousand members. How many of our home associations would submit to such a drain? Not one in a hundred; and this accounts for the empty treasuries, in the hour of need; the repeated failures of the strikes in which too many of our unionists indulge. The union which enters into a conflict, without due preparation, and the sinews of war, generally leaves it in a bankrupt condition. The organization which engages in a struggle with capital, without having first counted the cost, without preparation for an emergency, is like one brigade firing blank cartridge against another, which pours its loaded messengers from the most improved weapons.

But what others have done, we can do. We have good faith in the foresight, the administrative ability, and the integrity of the presidents of our representative national trades organizations, and the immense strides which have recently been made in the right direction, prove our belief to be well founded, and in their hands for the time being at least, we can safely trust the issue. —*Exchange.*

GRAVITATION, LIGHT AND HEAT.

The law of gravitation enunciated by Newton is that every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle with a force which diminishes as the square of the distance increases. Thus the sun and the earth mutually pull each other; thus the earth and the moon are kept in company; the force which holds every respective pair of masses together being the integrated force of their component parts. Under the operation of this force, a stone falls to the ground and is warmed by the shock; under its operation, meteors plunge into our atmosphere and rise to incandescence. Showers of such doubtless fall incessantly upon the sun. Acted on by this force, were it stopped in its orbit to-morrow, the earth would rush towards and finally combine with the sun. Heat would also be developed by this collision, and Mayer, Hemholtz, and Thomson would have calculated its amount. It would equal that produced by the combustion of more than 5,000 worlds of solid coal, all this heat being generated at the instant of collision. In the attraction of gravity, therefore, acting upon the non-luminous matter, we have a source of heat more powerful than could be derived from any terrestrial combustion. And were the matter of the universe cast in cold, detached fragments into space, and there abandoned to the mutual gravitation of its own parts, the collision of the fragments would in the end produce the burning of the stars.

The action of gravity upon matter originally cold may in fact be the origin of all light and heat, and the proximate source of such other powers as are generated by light and heat. But we have now to inquire what is the light and what is the heat thus produced? This question has already been answered in a general way. Both light and heat are modes of motion. Two planets clash and come to rest; their motion, considered as masses, is destroyed, but it is really continued as a motion of their ultimate particles. It is this motion, taken up by the ether, and propagated through it with a velocity of 185,000 miles a second, that comes to us as the light and heat of suns and stars. The atoms of a body swing with inconceivable rapidity, but this power of vibration necessarily implies the operation of forces between the atoms themselves. It reveals to us that while they are held together by one force, they are kept asunder by another, their position at any moment depending on the equilibrium of attraction and repulsion. The atoms are virtually connected by elastic springs which oppose at the same time their reproach and their retreat, but which tolerate the vibration called heat. When two bodies drawn together by the force of gravity strike each other, the intensity of the ultimate vibration, or, in other words, the amount of heat generated, is proportionable to the *vis viva* destroyed by the collision. The molecular motion once set up is instantly charred with the ether and diffused by it throughout space.

We on the earth's surface live night and day in the midst of ethereal commotion. The medium is never still; the cloudy canopy above us may be thick enough to shut out the light of stars, but this canopy is itself a warm body, which radiates motion through ether. The earth also is warm, and sends its heat pulses incessantly forth. It is the waste of its molecular motion in space that chills the earth upon a clear night; it is the return of its motion from the clouds which prevents the earth's temperature on a cloudy night from falling so low. To the conception of space being filled, we must, therefore, add the conception of its being in a state of incessant tremor. The sources of vibration are the ponderable masses of the universe. Let us take a sample of these and examine it in detail. When we look at our planet we find it to be an aggregate of solids, liquids and gases. When we look at any of these, we generally find it composed of still more elementary parts. We learn for example, that the water of our rivers is formed by the union, in definite proportions, of two gases, oxygen and hydrogen. We know how to bring these constituents together, and to cause them to form water; we also know how to analyze the water; and recover from it its two constituents. So, likewise, as regards the solid portions of the earth. Our chalk hills, for example, are formed by a combination of carbon, oxygen and calcium. These are elements, the union of which, in definite proportions, has resulted in the formation of chalk. The flints within the chalk we know to be a compound of oxygen and silicon, called silica; and our ordinary clay is, for the most part, formed by the silicon, oxygen, and the well known light metal, aluminum. By far the greater portion of the earth's crust is compounded of the elementary substances mentioned in those few lines.

Poetry.

CHARACTER, NOT APPEARANCE.

Who shall judge a man from manners!
Who shall know him by his dress?
Princes may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May belie the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings.
Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar,
Ever welling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden
Hidden, crushed and overgrown;
God, who counts by soul, not dresses,
Love and prospers you and me;
While he values thrones the highest,
But as the pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellows then:
Masters, rulers, lords, remember
That your meanest hind are men;
Men by labor, men by fame,
Men by thought, and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine,
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little weed-clad rills,
There are feeble larch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills;
God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Love and prospers you and me,
For to him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Tolling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth or fame;
Titled business is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same,
By the sweat of others' foreheads,
Living only to rejoice;
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifted up its voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Both with loveliness and light,
Secret wrongs shall never prosper,
While there is a sunny right!
God, whose world-hood voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression with its titles
As the pebbles in the sea.

—Commonwealth.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XXXI.

In the next instant two sorely tried mortals were united in a long, silent, fearful, but a pre-eminently happy and heavenly embrace. After the first burst of rapture, the mutual interjections and exclamations of love, we find them seated together, hand in hand, each looking lovingly into eyes that reflected naught save love and affection.

"How were you saved? how did it all happen?" were Vida's first coherent words.

"I owe it all to Bertha," she insisted that I should escape from prison and turn up dead; to use her own words, she said; "To live, you must die." She believed from the first that Mahoney and Miller were not dead, and she rightly divined that should I escape and my death be afterwards, to all appearances, successfully established, Mahoney and Miller would come to life. I instinctively abhorred the idea of flight, and fought against it for a long time, and but for Bertha and you, my own dear Vida, I would not have consented, and in all probability would have been hanged, as money was more than a match for even-handed justice in my case. When the Phosphor went down I secured some loose lumber, which, with a life-preserver, kept me afloat until the wind drove me ashore near the spot my supposed body was found. When I reached the beach I saw a body with hardly a shred of clothing upon it and no evidences of identification—the body itself being mutilated beyond recognition, and, as I knew it could not be identified, I had no scruples in using it to save my own life. You already know the rest."

During this recital the tears had gushed into Vida's eyes, and she wept freely.

"We have suffered much, very much. What do we not owe to dear good Bertha," she said, after she had partly restrained her sobs.

"I indeed owe her much, but perhaps it were better for you I had died—"

"Richard, what can you mean?" she gasped, bursting into another torrent of tears.

"Oh! Vida, you know not all I suffer and now suffer. I tried so hard to make a start in the world, to lay the foundation of a competence, to do something to secure your father's esteem, and at the very outset my plans were thwarted, and myself disgraced. I will never forget the awful anguish of soul I endured when that sea of faces turned upon me in the crowded court-room—to be gazed and gaped at like a common felon, to be questioned by brutal, coarse, heartless lawyers, was a degradation, a laceration of soul I thought I could not survive."

"But Richard, it is passed now. Never refer to it again."

"Yes, but all this has widened the gulf between us," replied the lover, in a very choky voice.

She looked at him keenly and the beautiful color began to fade from her cheeks. The truth of the matter was, Richard was not aware of the change of fortune that had fallen

upon the Geldamo family. Paul had a little of the old family pride and was loth to acknowledge the depth of their fall.

"I cannot comprehend your meaning, Richard," she finally said; her voice was low, soft and trembling.

"As Heaven is my judge, Vida, I have never thought of you in a selfish sense, never thought of you but as the peerless being you are—far, oh, so far above me, I would sooner die than harbor, for an instant, the idea of transplanting you to a station in life not commensurate with your birth, education and present position. To lose your love will be death; it has been my life for the last year—the bright, pure, disinterested ambition of a strong man's stronger will. But I feel the fates are against me. I tried hard, heaven knows, and failed. I can try again, it is true, but it would be selfish to ask you to wait, and moreover, it would be a sin to have you fritter and waste away the best and brightest period of your life, waiting for a man unworthy of you, even with a fortune. Oh no, do not think of it. I am prepared to suffer myself, but I cannot, will not see you suffer."

"Richard, you talk of poverty—are you so very poor? Could you not support a wife?" she asked, through her fast falling tears, but there was a bright, calm smile upon her face.

"I am indeed poor; I have scarcely a dollar in the world; what money I did have was swallowed up in lawyers' fees, and fees we paid detectives for procuring evidence. I am a homeless wanderer, and the sooner I leave the city the better."

A silence ensued. Vida looked at him curiously, then laid her cheek on his shoulder, and gazed into his eyes—oh, so lovingly.

"We are very poor, too," she began, "But dear Richard, it would make no difference if I was the heiress I am not. All papa's fortune is gone; he may save a portion of it, but it would not change me a particle if he recovered the whole of it. Richard, if you" (voice very timid and faltering) "will make me your little wife, I will love you through life as I do now; as dearly, as true and as tenderly as ever I can, and I am sure while you have two strong arms and a good little wife to love you and care for you, and help you all she possibly can, you need not fear the battles of life. And if we are happy in the fullness of our love, ever devoted and attached to each other, sharing mutually our joys and sorrows, what need we care for wealth, or the doubtful pleasures it brings."

He took both her little hands in his own, clasped her in his arms, imprinted a passionate kiss upon her lips, then knelt before her, and in tremulous accents said:

"Vida, you are more than mortal; you are the best, the loveliest, the purest of your sex; and if the labor of a whole life can repay you for the sacrifice you propose to make, it will be cheerfully given. Love you, Vida! Though poor, I am the happiest man in this great city to-night. Am I not rich beyond measure in unpurchasable love, and inconceivable happiness? With your love, Vida, to cheer and guide me, I feel no object insurmountable, no vicissitude of fortune implacable."

A moving shadow was seen at this junction by Vida, and she blushed like a rose, as she thought of Paul. It was the first time he entered her mind since Richard came upon the scene.

When Paul joined them, they were walking toward him arm in arm.

"Well, Vida," he said, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, "This is not such a ghostly place, after all."

"It is a dear, delightful place," she said boldly, and tried to look imperturbable. She failed, however, but succeeded in looking beautifully confused.

Next morning, when Vida came down to breakfast, her father was struck at the wonderful change in her manner and appearance. The wrinkle had nearly disappeared from her forehead, and the little lines of grief and marks of agony, could be seen on her face no more. And she was all life—blooming life and animation.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SCENE—Magaw's office. Time—Evening. A knock, the detective opens the door, a man closely muffled enters.

"Mr. Magaw, I believe?"

"I am so called; you are Mr. Relvason I presume?"

"I am sir."

"Pray be seated," said the detective, presenting a chair. Mr. Relvason sat down, quite close to a plain hard wood table on which a few books, some papers and a quantity of writing materials were neatly and orderly arranged. Mr. Relvason sat quite close to the table because the chair had been placed there by the detective, who, taking another chair, sat down on the opposite side of the table—facing his visitor. The room was very scantily furnished, a few chairs, an ordinary lounge and the table comprising all that could be seen. From this room a door opened into an inner or back room, which served the detective as a sleeping apartment. The door leading into this lonely and forbidding looking dormitory, was open, and Mr. Relvason sat opposite to it—his face towards it. The place was lighted by a small metallic kerosene lamp, having a paper shade on the chimney. The light was not over brilliant, but was, for all, sufficiently bright to readily distinguish everything in the room or anything likely to occur therein.

"You doubtless know why I am here?" spoke Relvason in a pointed business like way, as if

he wished to come directly to the object of his visit.

"I might possibly surmise, but I have no reason to believe that I could positively name the cause or motive, to which I might attribute the honor of your presence," replied Magaw in a voice tinged with considerable latent sarcasm.

"Have you the missing arm of that cross with you?" asked the visitor in a constrained tone, evidently desiring to avoid the beating about the bush method of reaching the end in view.

"I have," answered the detective in an abrupt but firm voice. Relvason's teeth glistered in the pale lamp light, but it would be difficult to say whether the answer pleased or angered him.

"Would you like to see it?"

"Certainly, otherwise I had not come." Magaw drew a small parcel from his pocket and began to unfold it. Relvason's lips parted wider, and the teeth shone more fiercely and the shaggy eyebrows fell and rose nervously during the operation.

"There it is, sir," said Magaw, placing the "arm" under the shade where the rays of light fell full and strong upon it. Relvason started as a man would were a gun fired unexpectedly and close to his ear. He ejaculated a vehement exclamation, seemingly of mingled surprise and alarm.

"By heaven it is the missing arm!" he at length exclaimed, but the detective noticed that his voice was slightly undulatory; it did not have the clear, uninterrupted flow or intonation peculiar to the speech of the man whose mind is at peace and ease.

"How—where did you obtain it?"

"It was given to me by a man who had no use for it and who, perhaps, was not aware of its value."

"Well, I will not be particular as to how you came by it; how much do you want for it?"

Mr. Magaw leant across the table, a fierce smile on his face, a direful fire in his eye; looking with mocking, scornful triumph at the would be buyer, he hissed in his very face:

"Sixty thousand dollars, sir."

"Sixty thousand dollars—"

"Beg your pardon, sir," interrupted Magaw,

"dollars, sir, dollars; I have no desire to discuss the numerical strength of Zaniel's legions, for just now the subject is dollars. Sixty thousand dollars is my price." The detective spoke with cool soberness and with an imperturbable nonchalance, unbearably provoking.

Mr. Relvason had sprung to his feet and his face presented a physiognomical appearance, frightful to look upon—fearful to contemplate. "You must be either a madman or a fool," he finally managed to say.

"Pray, be seated," replied Magaw with mock gravity; "let us talk the matter over." The fearful emotions depicted upon the great employer's face gave place to a contemptuous sneer, and presently he broke out in a loud derisive laugh. The detective stood up, eyed the man with fixed intensity for a moment or two: "Mr. Relvason, sit down." There was something in the detective's look, something in his voice which cowed the strong, haughty millionaire and enforced compliance.

"Well, what is your pleasure?" he ironically, sneeringly demanded, as he again sat down.

"You want this bauble," answered the other, speaking very deliberately, "but its value—to me—your under-estimate. Perhaps my figures are high—"

"I should think so," interposed Relvason, and he grunted a hollow mocking laugh.

"That may be a matter of opinion. Our knowledge of this missing—"

"Arm," suggested Relvason.

"Pardon me, sir—link—is the word. Oh! you need not stare so. Why should you start or seem disturbed; the difference between a link and an arm should occasion you no uneasiness. I was saying our knowledge of this missing link may not coincide; we may have different views regarding it, and this diversity of information respecting it may occasion our clashing opinions touching its value. But if I should give you all the knowledge I possess in connection with it, your views might doubtless be in a measure modified."

"Man or idiot—I care not what you be—I want no more of your insinuations or innuendoes. If you have anything to say, out with it. I am ready to hear any revelation you have to make." The tyrannical employer was now as collected and as soberly cool as the detective; apparently or externally so at least.

"It has a history, would you hear it?"

"I will be gratified; is it romantic?"

"Yes, very," replied Magaw, taking no notice of the other's tomerrarious bravado; then eying Relvason as a panther eyes its victim, he continued: "Yes, singularly—I might say bloodily romantic—I fear the air is chilly, Mr. Relvason."

"Never mind the air; I am subject to chills. Let us hear this wonderful and doubtless enchantingly delightful story."

"Fifty years ago," began the detective, "you were born near the little village of Silverville, Pa.; your father, William Relvason, had married Mary Morris a year or so previously, and two years subsequently she died, after having given birth to your sister Edna, who died in Cleveland a few years since."

"Your knowledge of my family history is singularly accurate," said Relvason with mock commendation.

"You will be better able to judge when I have finished," retorted the other. "Your

mother," he continued, "when dying, left you the cross flory of which this arm was a part."

"Man or devil, who are you," cried Relvason, losing for a moment his self-control. "Your father," continued the detective, not noticing the interruption, "married again, and the result of the last marriage was Ethalind Relvason, who, in the course of time, married the youngest brother of your father's first wife. So it seems you have an uncle and brother-in-law in the same person, and that man (Mr. Morris) now lives near the same old village in the sight of which you were born."

"But what has all this nonsensical verbiage to do with the manner in which you came into the possession of this 'arm'? You can spare yourself the trouble of reciting my family history, it is already familiar to me."

"You grew to be a man," pursued the detective as calmly and indifferently as if Relvason had not spoken; "your father died—of broken heart. A financial panic—one of those safety-valves to a rotten financial policy, ruined him. You know our monetary laws were then, as now, so arranged that the few grew rich at the expense of the many. But the desire to steal and plunder is so strong in the few—it being both factitious and inherent, that they became indiscreetly wild—stopping at nothing, they ignore the gauge of prudence attached to the social steam chest, and but for the agency of these periodic panics, acting as a social safety-valve, an explosion would in all probability plunge us into a condition, from which would result an inextricable confusion bordering on anarchy and chaos. You will, I hope, overlook this digression. After your father's death you were a penniless young man, with no aim in life except it was a desire to marry the beautiful Irene Adair—"

"Stop, I will hear no more, your impudence is insufferable. Permit me to bid you good night." The detective again fastened his eyes upon his visitor:—

"Mr. Relvason, you will hear more, you will hear all I have to say ere you leave this room. If you will not hear me, my story will be told to thousands who will be only too glad to listen."

"Go on," Relvason wrapped himself in his armor of dignity and assumed bravado, and sat down again.

Irene Adair spurned your suit; she preferred another—the son of a Chicago merchant, whom she married. She lived happily with her husband; their wedded life being in reality a continued, unending honeymoon. Their married life was a perpetual love-feast, not marred or clouded by a single regret or sorrow except the decease of the wife's parents, and thus they lived until one terrible night the husband was—sit down, sir—was—be calm sir, be calm—was MURDERED!! most shockingly, foully, brutally, murdered."

"What is this to me—?"

"Nothing, sir, I assure you. 'Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung'; not only was he murdered, he was also robbed of twenty thousand dollars—his wife's and children's inheritance, and now I come to the spot where this story is connected with this trinket. Covered with blood, this piece of your cross was found upon the very spot where that man was murdered. And now, Alvan Relvason, I, the son of that man, yes, I—flinging off his detective's disguise—"I, Richard Arbyght, brand you, Alvan Relvason, as the murderer of my father—yes, and mother also, and the robber of our property—villain, thief, murderer!!"

Both Relvason and Arbyght had arisen, and were now facing each other—the workman a personified, maddening fury—the employer the embodied quintessence of rage indescribable. Arbyght's face glowed as if in burning fever, and his eyes shone with unwonted and unnatural brilliancy—seemed like incandescent carbon. Relvason's face was blanched and fearfully contorted, his eyes glared revenge, mischief, death.

"Liar, scoundrel, dog, die!" the employer fairly shrieked as he with flashing rapidity drew a revolver and fired at Arbyght, but the latter anticipated such a movement, as the light went out before the revolver was fairly out of Relvason's pocket, and though the ball passed directly over the spot on which he stood, it hit him not, because he was not there.

The echoes of the report had not more than begun to reverberate through the room ere Relvason uttered an appalling, prolonged shriek which terminated in a succession of choking gasps, as he fell forward on the table from which he rolled like an inert mass upon the floor. He had seen a sight which had frozen his blood, frozen his heart into stillness. From the open door, leading to the sleeping apartment, a bright shadow or illuminated image of the murdered man seemed to advance towards the table. The features of the shade were vivid, plain and clearly distinct. So awful, thrilling and apparently real was the scene that Richard, though he knew that it was an illusion, could hardly disabuse his mind of an impression of genuineness. And yet it was the production of a phantasmagoria lantern in the hands of Sergeant Soulfire, who was in the back room and had listened to all the conversation.

Richard had that day received a note from Relvason to the effect that he would call upon him (Magaw), that evening. Arbyght had previously made Soulfire a confidant of the secret discovery he made the evening he first saw the cross flory on Estolla Relvason, and the Sergeant had undertaken to aid in bringing the culprit to justice.

The lamp was again lighted, Relvason's col-

lar was torn off, stimulants administered and other restoratives applied, and in a few minutes he was so far restored to animated life, as to be removed to his carriage and driven home, a more wretched, if not a wiser man.

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;
OR,
The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAP. XXXVIII.—The Fowler caught in her own Snare.

The barons now began to exchange ironical glances, which Aixa observed, and suddenly comprehending the danger to which their suspicions exposed her. "Speak, speak, Ruy," she said to the mower; "dost thou not perceive that thy words may save me—that thy silence ruins me! Acknowledge the truth; confess that just now Don Pedro held the wife of another in his arms, and that when I would have stopped them in their flight, thou, by violence, didst prevent me."

Ruy put on a bewildered look, as if confounded at the enormity of the falsehood proposed to him, and a glance of pity at the same time at the madness or terror that must have dictated it.

That look irretrievably ruined Aixa. "Dost thou not hear me?" she continued; "have I invented a fable? In the name of Paloma, thy mother, speak, I entreat thee."

"I will say as you say, Aixa," answered he, mildly; "I will have seen, I will have heard whatever you wish, though my head were the forfeit."

She looked at him steadfastly, as if to discover his meaning; she was before judges prejudiced against her, and he alone who could give evidence in her behalf accused her.

"This man is her lover," said Burdett, with a smile; "it is in vain that she disowns him."

"My daughter the mistress of that wretch!" exclaimed the King of Granada.

"Do not believe him, my father," said Aixa, dismayed. "Ruy, thou art a Christian, art thou not? Dare to swear then, that we were here alone when the hangman came knocking at the gate; dare to swear that thou art my lover, as this piling adventurer asserts—"

"Poor woman!" sighed Ruy, interrupting her, and raising his eyes to heaven, "alarm renders her mad. But take courage, Aixa; you may deny me, you may repulse me, but I will not abandon you. I will defend you against your enemies, for you are a noble dame, and I count it an honor to be allowed to die for you."

This did the king's foster-brother continue to play the audacious part he had undertaken, though grieved and ashamed; but there was no other way to save Don Pedro from the snare the Morisca had spread for him. Thus was she the victim of her own wiles.

She remained crushed at that perfidious answer.

"Shame and malediction on thee, Aixa," said Mohamed, raising his hand indignantly against his daughter.

"Thou mayest be proud of thy triumph, Ruy," whispered she, "for thou hast driven my father from me—be who loved me more than his religion; but if it be a trial, it has lasted long enough. Thou wilt now, surely, end this horrible torture."

The mower, leaning towards her, whispered in his turn, "When Rachel knelt at your feet, madam, and implored your pity, what was your answer?" Then turning to Burdett, "Condemn not your slave, sir?" he said; "be merciful to her, for I have sworn that no one shall insult or chastise her."

Tom Burdett shrugged his shoulders disdainfully; then, at a sign from Juan the hangman, his two assistants, coming unexpectedly behind Ruy, tied his arms securely, and at the same instant a heavy hand was laid on the shoulder of the Morisca, who had remained as if stunned at the last answer of Ruy.

At that contact she shivered, and closed her eyes with horror; for she felt that she was in the custody of the hangman. Her agony was indescribable, because she knew the ignoble and shameful life to which she was about to be consigned—the debased wretches with whom she should be associated. She felt as if madness itself would be a relief to her burning brain.

"Young girl," said the hangman, unrolling his parchment, "I have listened to thee, patiently, before inscribing thy name among those of my vassals. I suppose thou hast nothing more to say."

"Nothing more to say!" she exclaimed; "but I am not she thou camest to seek, Juan; dost thou not recognise me? It was I who was at thy house yesterday. It was I who paid thee to do this work."

He told her that the money she had already paid was for having entered his domains; that now she had again fallen into his power she should only escape by redeeming herself in a similar manner.

With a ray of hope in her heart, she flew to her father, and besought him to redeem her from the power of the executioner, but in vain; he said he could not save her from dishonor, and that he had no longer a daughter. Then she appealed to her master, Burdett; to Edward of Wales, and cast imploring looks around; but all in vain, no one stretched out a hand to save her, and the myrmidons of the hangman proceeded, notwithstanding her screams and struggles, to carry her away.

They were about to descend the steps, when they met a tall man, in a long robe with hanging sleeves, and a cowl drawn over his face, who called out, "Stop, worthy servants of the law!"

The hangman, astonished, asked his business.

"I demand the daughter of Mohamed at thy hand; for I engage to take her for my wife," he replied, throwing down a purse of money.

The hangman asked Aixa if she was willing to take the stranger; when the latter demanded to speak to her an instant alone. The circle around them widened, and she stood behind him, in the centre.

Making her a sign not to touch him, he whispered, "I am Esau, thy accomplice."

She retreated, with pale countenance. "Better die!" said she, feeling her heart chill.

"Dead, thou wilt lose thy revenge," replied the leper, coolly. "Shamo is on thy name, while that of Rachel remains respected. Alive and free, thou mayest yet avenge thyself. It is in furtherance of thy hatred that I have come to claim thee for a wife."

"Juan," said the Morisca, turning towards him, "thou mayest depart without me. I will accompany this man, as his wife."

Shaking her hand in token of threat, she said to Burdett, "Pillaging knight, we shall yet meet again." Then, followed by the hootings of the multitude, she quitted the Morabethin with the leper.

Mohamed, sad and silent, departed shortly after, no one attempting to offer him any consolation.

The Black Prince and Burdett were greatly surprised at the termination of this scene, and the latter could not suppress his suspicions that his wife and Don Pedro had been in the ruins together; he feared, after all, that Aixa had spoken truth, though, in some unaccountable manner, she had been foiled.

Mentioning his surmises to Edward, the latter proposed that they should return immediately. When approaching their varlets to give orders for departure, they heard the shriek of a night-bird in the trees. Then, as the knights were about to re-mount, they discovered that the girths of all the palfreys had been cut; so, after venting maledictions on the authors of the mischief, they were obliged to resign themselves to return to Seville on foot, and, preceded by pages carrying torches, they took the paths through the wood.

They had advanced but a short distance, when they encountered a horseman coming forward at full gallop. It was Don Pedro.

"I was far from expecting to meet you thus," stammered the Late Comer.

"And you do not appear much charmed at the rencontre, sir Governor," retorted the king, pretending to be greatly surprised at the frightened mien of Burdett. "Yet, by St. James," he continued, "my astonishment at least equals your own." The calm countenance and smiling air of Don Pedro singularly contrasted with the pallidness of the knight.

The king expressed his pleasure at seeing Edward of Wales and the barons, whom he courteously saluted. The Prince advanced to meet Don Pedro, after exchanging a look with Burdett which seemed to say, "He was indeed far off."

Irritated at having been deceived, Edward hid, with a significant air that did not escape the notice of Don Pedro, "What imprudence, to venture into this wood at such an hour without attendants."

"Re-assure your highness," replied the king, "I only quitted my companions to ascertain the cause of this procession by torch light, which we perceived from a distance. These knights, gentlemen, have caused me to lose the sack of a white hind that I was on the point of capturing, after a hot pursuit of three hours."

"Ah, ah! you were hunting then?" said the prince, ironically.

"What would you have, my good cousin?" said Don Pedro, sighing; "henceforward hunting is my only passion."

Edward bit his lip.

"Sir, I am in despair at having contributed to frighten away your game," said Burdett, stammering.

"Be easy on that head, worthy governor," said the king, with an accent of cool railery; "it is only a pleasure deferred; now I know the retreat of the game, I shall quickly return it."

"Nevertheless, if I might be permitted to kiss the wearer of a crown," replied the leper, irritated beyond endurance at the sangroid of Don Pedro, "I think, on the contrary, you had better not return hither, unless," he hastened to add, "you take care to be escorted by faithful servants. A misfortune might easily befall you."

"You think!" exclaimed the king, darting the rash captain a look which would have made the boldest adventurer tremble.

"They say that this forest is infested by devils, sire, stammered Burdett.

"By St. James, sire, if that be the case, let not dally longer here!" exclaimed Don Pedro, laughing merrily. "I hope my valiant will afford me the protection of his escort enable me to return in safety to Seville."

The barons joined in a loud laugh at this cautious idea, but Edward and Burdett again changed an expressive glance.

"It is impossible for us to accompany you," said the prince, "unless you be pleased walk your horse."

"How so?" exclaimed the king, with well-acted astonishment; "can it be possible that I have any wounded among you?"

"No, sire," answered the Prince of Wales,

harshly, "our last wounded were left at Navarrotto."

The king slightly changed color, and asked for an explanation. The prince mentioned the incident of their horses' girths having been cut.

The king, with the most natural air of anger, commissioned Burdett to punish the perpetrator of this wicked trick, and asked how it was effected.

"We had dismounted to enter the old Mosque of the Almoravides," said Burdett, looking hard at the king.

"To enter the Morabethin!" exclaimed Don Pedro, gaily. "Were you, then, going a pilgrimage to that temple of infidels?"

"We are all pious Christians, sire," said the Black Prince, quickly. "None of us have yet been excommunicated by the Church."

"That must be a great comfort to you, cousin," said the king, "unfortunately, all the world cannot congratulate themselves in a similar manner. But still you do not tell me what you went to do in such a place," he added, still preserving an open and smiling countenance.

Edward who knew the fiery and irritable temper of the king, could not conceive how he found strength to bear the cutting sarcasms, the scarcely-veiled allusions, and the audacious menaces of the preceding conversation, and he began to mistrust his own suspicions.

"While you were enjoying your hunt in the forest," resumed the Black Prince, "we surrounded this place, expecting to surprise here one of those doubtful Christians, who are less faithful to their most sacred oaths than the lowest miscreant."

"In short, you also were hunting," said Don Pedro, still smiling, though a cold perspiration bedewed his temples; "and the chase, has it turned out successful?"

"Like you, we have lost the track of the game," replied Edward, "but we hope yet to find it."

"Oh, I am then more fortunate than you," said Don Pedro, "for I have not entirely lost my time and trouble, as you shall judge." Then sounding his hunting-horn, Lopez and Blas, his two foster-brothers, appeared, and, to the astonishment of all present, they carried on their shoulders a fine deer.

"Here, my good cousin, and gentlemen," said the king, "is a piece of venison, which will prove to you that I am still a good hunter, and which will furnish a supper to-night, to which I invite you all."

The Black Prince accepted the invitation, though coldly; for he, as well as Burdett, was petrified with astonishment.

The king having commanded Blas to resign his horse to the prince, and Lopez to give his to Burdett, departed between them, as though he considered them his dearest friends.

(To be Continued.)

A WIFE'S CONSOLATION.

A genuine touch of woman nature, as well as human nature, prevades the following from a correspondent in Detroit:

"A comfortable old couple sat a seat or two in front of us on the railroad during one of the hottest days of last summer. The journey was evidently one of the events of their lives, and their curiosity excited the attention of the passengers. At a way station the old gentleman stepped out of the car to get a drink, or to buy a doughnut, and heard the bell only in time to rush to the door of the eating house and see the train moving off without him. The old lady in her seat had been fidgeting, and looking out of the window in her anxiety for his return, and when she saw his plight, his frantic gestures for the train to stop, as it swept further and further away, she exclaimed: 'There! my old man's got left! he has! there, see he has! Wa'll, she continued, settling back into her seat again, 'I'm glad on't—it's always been 'mammy, you'll get left! mammy, you'll get left!' all my life long; and now he's gone and got left, and I am glad on't.' Her candid reflection on the accident, and the evident satisfaction she felt in the fact that it was the old man and not herself that was left, was greeted by a round laughing applause. Not a few of the ladies in the car were delighted that it was the old man and not the woman who had 'caught it' this time. For once, the lord and not the lady had made the blunder, and 'gone and got left.'"

A THIEF'S DODGE.

An entry thief in Chicago has a way in which to gain time and secure his plunder. The other evening a physician of that city went home tired and chilled, and had been settled in his arm chair but a few minutes when the door bell rang and a servant entered, saying, as she laid it down before the doctor, "A message, requiring an answer, sir." "Very well, Jane; I'll look at it in a moment. Have the man wait." And the doctor deliberately lit the gas and proceeded to investigate the missive. "Dr. Smith," address, it said. He tore off the envelope. A blank one enclosed—another and yet another. "Strange," was the doctor's mental comment. "Ah, there it is at last!"—"Please call at my store and get measured for a new overcoat." "Not signed. A present, but from whom? The man—" The doctor rushed to the entry. The man was gone. He looks out into the night. A dim, but bulky figure is to be seen disappearing round the corner. He returns to the house, where an empty coat rack convinces him that the message is a timely but unkind one.

A CAT'S DREAM.

Animals, especially the dog, cat and parrot, often indulge in the luxury of dreams. A correspondent of *Land and Water* tells the following anecdote of a cat:

"She was very still, and appeared to be fast asleep when suddenly she sprang into the middle of the room, when she fixed her feet on a limited spot on the floor, to which also her nose was applied, as if closely grasping something she held in her claws. This continued for a short time, when the nose was gently raised, and the visible attention was directed to the feet, which still continued their grasp but after a time one of them was gradually removed, and then the other, on which puss appeared greatly at a loss to imagine whether the imaginary object could have gone so as to escape her grasp. She looked in various directions along the floor with a foolish face of confusion; and then again her attention was directed to the spot on which the feet were first closely pressed, as if to examine closely whether the presumed escape had been by sinking through the floor, and when this seemed unsatisfactory, the disappointed animal, now widely awake, retired slowly from the spot, but she returned more than once to re-examine the spot as if she found it impossible to comprehend how an object she had seen and grasped should have sunk into nothing. Many minutes elapsed before this cat appeared to be reconciled to the conviction that what had been a dream was not in truth a reality."

THE UNINVITED GAS-MAN.

A Chinese visiting etiquette is that the rank of the caller is denoted by the size of his card. Thus the visiting-card of a high mandarin would be an immense roll of paper, nicely tied up. A gentleman lately engaged a full-blooded Chinese servant, and immediately after held a "reception." John Chinaman attended the door, and received with great disgust the small cards of the visitors, and, evidently with an opinion of his own of the low condition of the gentleman's friends, pitched them into a basket, and, with scant ceremony, showed their owners into a drawing-room. But presently the gas-man called with a bill on a big piece of cream-colored paper. That card satisfied John—with deep reverence he received it. With low salams, he ushered the bearer not only into the drawing-room, but with profound bows, to the dismay of the gas-man, clear up to the centre of the room, where the lady of the house was receiving her distinguished guests; and then John with another humble reverence, meekly retired, doubtless supposing that the owner of that card could be no less than a prince.

A BAGGAGE-SMASHER'S DREAM.

A certain baggage smasher on the Wilmington and Baltimore railroad had a fearful attack of nightmare the other evening. He dreamed that some man came along to his car with a splendid new trunk that had never been touched. And the dreamer got hold of that trunk and soused it down upon the floor three or four times, and jumped on it, and hacked it up with an ax, and spilt coal-oil on it, and smeared it with chalk marks. And then he dreamed that he pitched it out of the car, and was about to explode a keg of gunpowder under it, when the engine of the down train struck him, and he awoke. He found his wife standing over him with a chair, and rapping him on the head with earnestness. In his sleep he had hold of the baby's crib, and had been waltzing around the room with it, ramming it up against the wall, and pounding it with the pitcher, and trying to heave it out of the window, while the infant, spilt upon the floor, yelled like a brigade of Seshone Indians. It was the concussion of the chair in the hands of the indignant mother that made him dream about the locomotive striking him. When his friends now ask him the meaning of those lumps upon his forehead, he says nothing, but seizes the nearest valise and goes through all the exercises that he dreamed about.

A FUNNY STORY.

THE TEACHING OF GRAMMAR NOT ALLOWED.

"I have been sendin' my darter Nancy to skool, and last Friday I went over to the skool to see how she was gettin' along, and I see things I didn't like by no means. The skool-master was larnin' her things entirely out of the line of eddycations, and, as I think, improper. I set a white in the skoolhouse, an' heered one class say their lesson. The lesson that Nancy sed was nutthin' but the foolishest kind of talk; the rediclist word she sed was 'I love.' I looked right at her for being so improper, but she went right on and sed, 'thou lovest and he loves. And I reckon you never heard such rigmorole in your life—love, love, love, and nutthin' but love.' She sed one time 'I did love.' Sez I, 'Who did you love?' The skolars laffed, but I wasn't to be put off; and sed, 'Who did you love, Nancy?' The skool-master sed he would explain when Nancy had finished the lesson. This sorter pacified me, and Nancy went on with her awful love talk. It got wus and wus every word. She sed, 'I might, could, or would love. I stopped her again, and sed I reckon I would see about that, and told her to walk out of that house. The skool-master tried to interfeere,

but I would not let him say a word. He said I was a fool, and I nokt him down, and made him hollar in short order. I talkt the strate thing to him. I told him I'd show how hede learn my darter grammer. I got the nabors together, and we sent him off in a hurry, and I reckon tharl be no grammer teachin' in these parts soon."

CHINESE PROVERBS.

The ripest fruits grows on the roughest wall.

It is the small wheels of the wagon that comes in first.

The man who holds the ladder at the bottom is frequently of more service than he who is stationed at the top.

The turtle, though brought in at the back gate, takes the head of the table.

Better be the cat in the philanthropist's family than the mutton-pie at the king's banquet.

The learned pig does not learn his letters in a day.

True merit, like the pearls inside of an oyster, is content to remain quiet until it finds an opening.

The top strawberries are eaten first.

He who leaves early gets the best hat.

Pride sleeps in a gilded crown; contentment in a cotton nightcap.

BE SENSIBLE.

Do not be above your business. He who turns up his nose at his work quarrels with bread and butter. He is a poor smith who is afraid of his own sparks; there is some discomfort in all trades except chimney sweeping. If sailors give up going to sea because of wet; if bakers left off baking bread because it is hot work; if ploughmen would not plough because of cold and heat; if tailors would not make our clothes for fear of pricking their fingers, what a pass we would come to. Nonsense, my fine fellow, there's no shame about an honest calling; don't be afraid of soiling your hands, there's plenty of soap to be had.

You must not be afraid of work if you wish health and wealth. You cannot get honey if you are frightened at bees, nor plant corn if you are afraid of getting mud on your boots. When bars of iron melt under the south wind; when you can dig the fields with toothpicks; blow ships along with fans; manure the crops with lavender water, and grow plum cakes in flower pots, there will be fine times for dandies; but until the millennium comes we shall all have a deal to put up with.

THE IRISH WAY OF PUTTING IT.

An Irishman once sailed for New York to learn a few Yankee tricks, as he had heard much regarding them. He landed there all safe and sound, and as luck would have it, he met a rough joker there to whom he unbosomed himself, and of whom he learned after this wise:

"Hello, Pat, what brings you to this country?"

"Faith, I come ter learn some Yankee tricks," replied Pat, straightening himself up, thrusting his thumb into the arm-hole of his vest, and looking rather quizzical at his new acquaintance.

"Is that all you came for?"

"Faith, that's all."

"All right, come out here and I will show you a Yankee trick right away."

"Faith, I will."

The Yankee led him up to the wall of a building, and placed his hand flatly against it he said:

"Now strike my hand as hard as you can."

Nothing loth, Pat struck a heavy blow at the hand, which was quickly removed, thus allowing him to strike the wall, and, of course, bruising his knuckles badly.

"Be gorra, an' is that a Yankee trick?"

"Yes; how do you like it?"

"It's a moity sharp one. Be gorra, I think I'll stop where I am, I've lerned enough, and I'll take the next ship home again," which he did.

Arriving in the "Old Country," a friend asked him if he had learned any Yankee tricks during his visit.

"Faith I did, and a moity foin' one. Come here till I'd show it yer ye'es," replied Pat, looking around for a wall against which he might place his hand, as the Yankee had done.

"Sure there's no wall here," he continued, "but I'll just lay my hand on my mouth like this. Now strike my hand as hard as iver ye'es can wid yer fist."

His friend did as requested, when Pat suddenly withdrew his open hand, receiving the full force of the blow upon his mouth, knocking him flat.

"Be gorra, but I think that's the Irish way of putting it!" said Pat, as he rose slowly to his feet.

AN UNEXPECTED ANSWER.

One of our school trustees was taken considerably aback the other day by an unexpected answer from a pupil he was catechising. The trustee was visiting the school of his ward, and showing it off with a great deal of pride to a number of ladies and gentlemen who accompanied him. During the visit he put a number of questions to the pupils, and turned toward his friends with a triumphant

air at each correct answer. At length a class in history was called up, and the trustee, perhaps not unwilling to display his own knowledge as well as that of the pupils, asked the class a number of questions, which were properly answered till he came to the following: "Why do we celebrate the 22nd of February?"

"Because it is Washington's birthday," was the response.

"Why," asked the trustee, "do we celebrate Washington's birthday? Why should we celebrate his birthday more than mine?"

There was no answer. The trustee looked from one to the other in a sort of half surprise, half reproach, till finally a little dirty-faced, tangled-haired urchin at the very foot held up his hand to attract attention.

"I know, sir," said the boy.

"Ah!" said the trustee, with an air of relief and satisfaction, "why is it, my little man?"

"Cause he never told a lie!"

The titter which followed was one of that infectious kind which irresistibly swells into a loud guffaw, and the discomfited trustee retired precipitately, just before the laugh had reached its climax.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

A "FUNNY" DOCTOR.

The Paris *Figaro* tells the following story apropos of the penalties of greatness, and how one may occasionally avoid paying them:—A distinguished physician in Paris could not show his nose out of doors without being every minute accosted by some one; "Ah, doctor, how glad I am to see you. All this morning I have felt—. What do you suppose it can be?" To such an extent was the poor doctor plagued that he determined at all hazards to rid himself of the torment. A few days since, in a very public place, he heard as usual: "Ah, doctor, how glad," and so forth. "Good gracious," he replied, "this is a serious business. I must see your tongue; put it out, please." And there, in the open street, the man obeyed. The doctor studied it for a short time. "Very good," said he at length, "now shut your eyes." Again the patient obeyed, whereupon the doctor went on his way, leaving his tormentor standing in his ridiculous position in the midst of an amused crowd. This was quite as effective, though less polite, as the English physician's stratagem. Once when accosted by one of his swindling patients, he coolly said: "Your case is a serious one, and I entreat you to take the best medical advice."

A WONDERFUL TRUTH.

In the economy of nature, nothing is wasted; everything has a second life—and what a beautiful lesson this teaches! Existing things vanish from sight—but they live in some invisible form. If a piece of silver be put into nitric acid, a clear and colorless liquid, it is rapidly dissolved, and vanishes from the sight. The solution of silver may be mixed with water, and, to appearance, no effect whatever is produced. Thus, in a pail of water we may dissolve and render invisible more than ten pounds worth of silver, lead and iron; but every other metal can be treated in the same way, with similar results. When charcoal is burned, when candles are burned, when paper is burned, these substances all disappear and become invisible. In fact, every material which is visible can, by certain treatment, be rendered invisible. Matter which, in one condition, is perfectly opaque, and will not admit the least ray of light to pass through it, will, in another form, become quite transparent. The cause of this wonderful effect of the condition of matter is utterly unexplainable. Philosophers do not even broach theories upon the subject, much less do they endeavor to explain it. The substances dissolved in water or burned in the air are not, however, destroyed or lost. By certain well known means they can be recovered, and again be made visible; some exactly in the same state as they were before their invisibility; others, though not in the same state, can be shown in their elementary condition; and thus it can be proved that, having once existed, it never ceases to exist, although it changes its condition like the caterpillar, which becomes a chrysalis, and then a gorgeous butterfly. If a pail full of the solution of silver be cast into the stream, it is apparently lost by the dispersion in the water, but it nevertheless continues to exist. So, when a bushel of charcoal is burned in a stove, it disappears in consequence of the gas produced being mixed with the vast atmosphere; but yet the charcoal is still in the air. On the brightest and sunniest day, when every object can be distinctly seen above the horizon, hundreds of tons of charcoal, in an invisible condition, pervade the air. Glass is a beautiful illustration of the transparency of a compound, which, in truth, is nothing but a mixture of the rust of three metals.

WHITE HART, corner of Yonge and Elm streets, is conducted on the good old English principal by Bell Belmont, late of London, England, who has gained the reputation, by strict adherence to business, of keeping the best conducted saloon in this city. The bar is pronounced by the press to be the "pride of bars," and is under the entire management of Mrs. Emma Belmont, whose whole study is to make the numerous patrons to this well known resort comfortable. Visitors to this city will not regret walking any distance to see this—the handsomest bar in the Dominion.

NOTICE.

We shall be pleased to receive items of interest pertaining to Trade Societies from all parts of the Dominion or 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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All communications should be addressed to the Office, 124 Bay Street, or to Post Office Box 1025.

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.

Trades Assembly Hall.

Meetings are held in the following order:—
 Machinists and Blacksmiths, every Monday.
 Painters, 1st and 3rd Monday.
 Coachmakers, 2nd and 4th Monday.
 Crispins, (150), 1st and 3rd Tuesday.
 K.O.S.C. Lodge 356, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.
 Tinsmiths, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.
 Cigar Makers, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.
 Iron Moulders, every Thursday.
 Plasterers, 1st and 3rd Thursday.
 Trades' Assembly, 1st and 3rd Friday.
 Bricklayers, 1st and 3rd Friday.
 Coopers, 2nd and 4th Friday.
 Printers, 1st Saturday.
 Bakers, every 2nd Saturday.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We have sent accounts to those of our Subscribers who are in arrears, and hope that they will remit the amounts without delay. We know people are apt to think "Mine is only a very small matter, it won't make much difference," but when these small amounts, scattered over various parts of the province, are multiplied by tens and hundreds, it becomes a matter of importance to the publishers that each subscription should be paid promptly. The publication of a newspaper is attended with a very considerable outlay of money and energy, and we trust our readers to whom we have, and may yet, send accounts, will strengthen our hands by prompt remittances.

Those of our City subscribers also, who have received their accounts, will please remit to us as soon as possible.

The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, FEB. 6, 1873.

ORGANIZATION.

Notwithstanding that the necessity for thorough organization has been time and again urged, and the advice reiterated a thousand times, yet is the advice equally pertinent at the present day, and the necessity fully as strong upon the laboring classes. The principle of organization is as old as the world we inhabit, and some of the strongest and most impressive lessons upon the subject are to be found among the teachings of nature. Nature in all her phases and ramifications presents a picture of organization that claims and receives our admiration. As one writer ably remarks, "every living creature contains in itself an organization wonderful and complete. The human organization is constructed, first, for existence and maintenance; second, for self-protection; and third, for improvement and progression. The second and third depend entirely upon the power and condition of the organization, while without the first there would be no organization, and consequently no conditions." But aside from physical organization of man, every nation, every society of people, every family, is an organization, and must necessarily be so for their own mutual benefit and protection. It is, indeed, a pitiful sight to behold a disorganized family, community or nation—and the annals of the past bear ample testimony that nothing but evil can flow

from disorganization among men. A retrospective view of history demonstrates it as a self-evident truth, that organization always has, and always will, triumph over disorganization, and what is true of nations is equally true of classes.

But it is not necessary to refer to the ages long past for illustrations of the principle, the events that have transpired within the personal recollection of most men will have furnished abundant proof of the fact that the success or defeat of any movement has depended solely upon the organization or disorganization of the forces brought to bear in those movements. Whether we look at home or abroad—in "our own Canada," or the United States, or England—the result is just the same; and the lesson that has to be learned, and the duty to be performed by every workman is "thorough organization."

But while these remarks are applicable to the present imperfect condition of "organized labor," they bear with even greater force upon "unorganized labor." A comparison between these two conditions, shows unmistakably that the difference is in favor of organized labor. Compare the present condition in regard to wages and general social and moral position of the members of any trade organization that has been in existence for any length of time—the moulders, the crispins, the printers, the bricklayers, and hosts of others—with what it was before they became organized, and are they not in every respect far superior to their previous condition? And to what may we attribute their improved condition? It is organization, and that alone, that has accomplished the good work. It is necessarily so. In all branches where labor is unorganized, the men depend upon their individual influence to command a price from their employers, and when a crisis comes they find that their individual influence weighs naught in the balance scale of capital. And so it always will be until labor—and all classes of labor—become thoroughly united. The watchword of all should be organize! organize!! organize!!!

THE MASS MEETING.

We trust our city readers will not fail to be present at the mass meeting of workingmen, on Tuesday evening next, in the St. Lawrence Hall. The subjects that will form the matter for discussion on the occasion are those which should command the most earnest attention, intimately connected as they are with the progress and advancement of the toilers. We do not think it necessary to further urge the matter, knowing, as we do, the deep interest that is taken in the questions by the advanced and enlightened members of all the trades, but content ourselves with merely alluding to the questions to be discussed. First on the programme stands the Convict Labor question, a subject that requires thoughtful attention and decided action; the Mechanics' Lien Law; the Ballot and Extension of the Franchise; the bill to Facilitate the Adjustment of Disputes between Masters and Workmen; the proposed Amendments to the Municipal and Assessment Acts—these are the matters that will be brought before the meeting. It is well that the sentiments of the industrial classes should be known on questions of such vital importance, and we are glad to know that the workingmen are fully alive to their interests. It is expected that delegates will be present from Ottawa and Hamilton, and we have little hesitation in saying that the mass meeting on Tuesday will be one of the most successful meetings ever held by the workmen of this city.

THE MECHANICS' LIEN LAW.

There is no doubt that when the Hon. Mr. Crooks intimated to the House that it was his intention to introduce a bill to establish liens in favor of mechanics and others, his action in that respect was received with a good deal of satisfaction by many of the operative classes, who were practically convinced of the necessity that existed for the better pro-

tection of that which in thousands of instances represents daily bread—man's daily labor; and who, in expectancy, through the measure proposed, saw such protection afforded. But a perusal of the provisions of the proposed bill convinces us that any such expectation is futile. That the bill is a failure we are not prepared to say; it may accomplish some good in more fully securing contractors, and those who supply materials; but it does not go beyond this, and therefore its provisions, as a protection to the mechanic, are simply of no avail whatever.

The provisions of the bill are briefly as follows:—Upon any material furnished, to be used in the construction or repair of any building, or upon any machinery furnished, a lien or charge may be placed—but no lien under this Act shall exist in respect of any debt UNDER FIFTY DOLLARS. Every statement of claim is to be registered—the registration fee to be one dollar; such lien to absolutely exist within sixty days after a work is completed, or materials or machinery supplied, unless in the meantime legal proceedings shall have been instituted to realize such claim. When the amount of the lien is within the sum of \$200, proceedings may be taken in a county court; but in other cases the lien may be realized in the Court of Chancery.

A glance at these provisions will be sufficient to show that the title of the bill "to establish liens in favor of mechanics," is a misnomer; and if Mr. Crooks wishes to make it really beneficial to mechanics, he must be prepared to go very much further than he has gone in the proposed measure.

We refrain, however, from further remarks on the subject at present, feeling fully satisfied that at the mass meeting on Tuesday next, the matter will be thoroughly ventilated.

THE CORDWOOD QUESTION.

Considerable excitement has been produced by the disclosures that have been made by the *Sun* in reference to the monopoly that has been created in connection with the traffic in cordwood, by the managers of the Toronto and Nipissing Railway. Serious charges have been brought against Mr. Gooderham, the manager, to the effect that a "ring" having been formed, the magnates of the railway have played into the hands of the "ring," to the detriment of outside dealers, and consequently to the injury of the people, who voted a large sum of money to the road in question, in the belief that the Company would be compelled, by their charter, to receive and carry cordwood, whenever offered as freight. It would appear, however, that those who did not purchase through the "ring," but from private individuals along the line, were unable, to any extent, to get their wood brought into the city, and, consequently, the tendency has been to raise prices.

The question was brought to the notice of Mr. Adamson—the representative of the city at the Nipissing Board—in the Council, on Monday, when he declared that he was not aware of the existence of any monopoly, and that no favor was shown to any one, so far as the Directors were aware. It is a very strange feature also, that none of the other papers pay regard to the exposures. Either they are true or they are false. If they are true, no effort must be spared to break up the ring, and the directors of the railway compelled to act in accordance with the terms of their charter; if they are false, Mr. Gooderham owes it to himself, to the company and to the public, to clear himself of the charge of either being a member of the ring, or of having played into their hands.

ARBITRATION.

The bill proposed by Mr. Crooks, "to facilitate the adjustment of disputes between masters and workmen," received its third reading on Tuesday night, and passed. The principle of arbitration is undoubtedly good, but when, by the provisions of the bill, it becomes impossible to arbitrate upon the future question of wages, and other matters of

moment, the bill fails to accomplish the purposes for which, it is presumed, it was intended. Whatever satisfaction the bill may afford the "masters," we certainly affirm that it will be far from satisfactory to the workmen.

BRICKLAYERS' CONVENTION.

The eighth annual session of the Bricklayers' National Union convened at Indianapolis, on the 13th January. From the action of that body in refusing to strike National from their constitution and insert "International," and censuring their executive board for their action in granting a charter to the Bricklayers' Union of Toronto, and revoking the said charter, forces us to view that august assembly in any other light than as friends to the great labor cause and the progress of humanity. Such action is unworthy of the age we live in, and in fact of any age; but would be better suited to the clans and semi-barbarous tribes that existed in continual variance with each other in the middle ages; but in this day of science and letters, when everything is rapidly tending towards the realization of the sentiment of the poet,

"When man and man the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be and a' that,"

it only surprises us that any number of men could be found in free America upon whom sectional prejudice had such a hold as to lead them, blindly, against the true principles of human brotherhood and progress.

THE TRADES' ASSEMBLY.

The regular meeting of the Trades' Assembly will be held to-morrow (Friday) evening, at the hall, King street. A full attendance of delegates is desired and expected.

THE INCOME TAX.

It would be a matter for much rejoicing, were some effort made during the existing session of the Legislature, to abolish the odious and unjust imposition upon the common sense of the country, yclept the income tax. It is not too much to say that no more fruitful source of injustice and wrong exists than this ill-conceived plan of adding to the revenue of the country. We do not think that Canadians are a people given to much fault finding, or that they would ever repine at the payment of any tax, which is evidently required for the public service. The various impositions which have from time to time been placed upon them to meet the growing exigencies of our finances, have been cheerfully accepted, and methods of taxation which have raised rioting in the parent states have been in this country submitted to without a murmur. When, therefore, we find among such a people a wide-spread and almost universal dissatisfaction at any particular source of public revenue, it is plain that there must be something unnecessarily exacting or unjust about it. That this is the case with the income tax there can be no doubt. It is evident to anyone who has watched the working of it that it does not dispose its burden evenly or fairly upon those with whom it deals. We have before pointed out the injurious manner in which it operated upon officials and members of the public service, the amount of whose salaries is always accessible to the curiosity of the assessor. Were all those who are, or are designed to be, subject to its provisions, in a similar position, there would be nothing to complain of, as the imposition would be evenly distributed; but this is not the case. Generally, those who are possessed of the largest incomes, are the most difficult to get at, as there is no available means in the possession of the Assessor to enable him to arrive at an accurate knowledge of the income of his subject. And again, with business men, there can be no possible means of properly assessing their incomes, even with their own co-operation. The revenue derived from a business one year is no criterion for the next, as bankruptcy, fall in prices, slackness of trade, fire or some other casualty may make the merchant an actual loser instead of having an income at all; and hence it is most

absurd to compel a man to pay \$50, \$100 or \$200 upon what is only a possible contingency of the future, and which may never exist at all. Or again, the income which is computed at \$2,000 may, by some lucky stroke of fortune, become in reality \$20,000, and here again the income tax shows an injustice. From whatever way in which the income tax is viewed, it cannot but be regarded as a grossly deficient and ill-devised method of public revenue, and it is sincerely to be hoped that it will be wiped off the statute books. If the money, derived from it is really necessary to the public service, let some other tax be substituted, which will bear evenly upon all classes, and we are sure the people of this Province will welcome the change. —Ottawa Free Press.

The Hackmen's ball, on Tuesday night, passed off very successfully and pleasantly. A very large number were present, who enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent. We are pleased to know that the financial success of the ball also, will place the "horse fund" in a flourishing condition.

Communications.

NEEDED REFORMS.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

SIR,—The relations of capital and labor in this country—and more especially in Toronto—has long been a source of dis-sension among employers and workmen. The former, as your readers will remember, violently opposed the formation of unions as being injurious alike to capitalists and employees. In the face of this however, during the printers' strike in March last, we find the master-printers organizing themselves into a union, though nominally calling it "The Master Printers Association." Before the strike, nothing was too harsh to apply to a society-man—nothing too bitter to publish against him in the columns of their servile organ. But lo! how suddenly the tableaux was changed when the "Master Printers Association" was formed. Its members had foreseen how utterly futile was the endeavour to crush the spirit of the mechanic—especially when it was rumored that the latter party were about issuing a Journal in their interests—and wisely concluded to withdraw from a contest in which they already felt the mortification of defeat. The association while in existence framed a number of "rules" which were to come into effect in their office after the lapse of a certain time. Some of these "rules" were really good and of benefit alike to employee as well as employer. One in particular I will refer to. It went on to say after the lapse of a certain time "no printer would be employed in their offices who had not served a regular apprenticeship of five years and who would not produce documents or indentures testifying to that effect." A year has almost passed away since then, and yet we find nothing has been done in pursuance of this truly laudable purpose. It is certainly disheartening to every really good printer to find himself compelled to work with boys, from six months to three years at the business, passing themselves off as "jours." The evil effect might fall lighter on the poor printer if the boys could perform the work allotted to them, which it is needless to say they cannot do. In the *Globe* for instance it is customary to take on boys of that class, giving them full pay, who are as incompetent as their presence is obnoxious to good workmen. To remedy this evil, which cannot but ultimately prove injurious to the trade, it is necessary that something must be done, and that quickly. A boy, for instance, goes to work in a country office, and after he has learned the first rudiment of the trade, nothing more, he "makes for" the city, where he had heard, from "tramps," of the almost fabulous prices he was likely to receive. He imagines himself a mechanic, and palms himself off as such, usually working a week here and a week there, and thus is laid the formation of a veritable "tramp." This is a question which I trust will be thoroughly ventilated at the International Convention to be held in Montreal in June next. Boys ought to remain at home until they know "the case," at least, which is more than can be said of some who worked in Toronto offices since the strike, and of others who can scarcely yet set reprint copy. Trusting some of your readers will offer some suggestions anent this subject,

I remain,
 Yours &c.,
 A GLOBE PRINTER.
 Toronto, Feb. 4th, 1873.

THE LIEN LAW.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

Sir,—I shall feel favored by being privileged with space in your valuable paper, while I endeavor to notice briefly, certain measures, now in course of enactment by the Ontario Legislature, in which I, in common with the working men of the Province, feel a deep interest.

In the first place, a want has long been felt by the labor of this country of some cheap, sure, and expeditious mode of securing the representative of the real value they have rendered, not alone to the individual owning the land or property improved by actual labor, but to the material wealth of the nation. Recognising this principle, that the laborer should rather be secured by the intrinsic value he himself has created, than by personal security, many of the States of the Union have enacted liens upon actual property in favor of the actual laborer thereon, easily and quickly enforced, without complicated or unnecessary litigation.

And from the practical knowledge of such law, that many of the mechanics of this country have, and the losses though small, when viewed by the man in receipt of thousands, yet several felt by him whose daily labor represented his daily bread, that over and anon occur far more frequently than the public have any knowledge of. Such, for instance, as what occurred on the Free Church in the City of Ottawa, last summer, then in course of construction by an irresponsible contractor who drew his money for the contracts, and absconded, leaving masons, stone-cutters, brick-layers, carpenters and laborers unpaid for two weeks' hard labor. I need not say then that it was with a good deal of satisfaction and gratitude on the part of the reading mechanics of this country to the honorable member for West Toronto, when they read his notice of motion to establish liens in favor of mechanics, and also another motion that I shall allude to further on. The provisions of the Bill were patiently waited for, and imagine the surprise of the mechanic when he found that the operative was not included in its provisions at all.

Surely Reformers can not be guilty of class legislation, for if it is right to place a lien upon property for \$50 worth of material supplied, it certainly cannot be wrong to attach a lien for \$5 worth of labor performed, and place the judgment of claims under \$50 in the hand of the lawful magistrate of the Province. Such, however, are not the Provisions of the Bill. The operative seems to have been intentionally excluded from its provisions and the Bill would be more properly entitled "A Bill to further secure against loss jobbers, contractors, suppliers of material," &c. The so-called old fossilized Conservative leaders are left to tell the Reformers that such a lien law can be of no earthly benefit to the operative mechanic. When the Hon. Adam Crooks stated to the House of Commons, in explanation, that the bill would be strongly favored by some of whom he has been in the habit of calling "the hundred thousand," why, certainly, Crooks' remarks are not quite so well for our great men (who are not always wise) to make themselves acquainted with what is actually intended by the community before they rush off in hot haste to advise Her Most Gracious Majesty to give Her consent to something exceedingly silly in conception and detail; for on a careful examination of the "Trades Arbitration Act" we discover that the only possible sources of dispute and difference between employers and employees are by the very letter of the Bill placed out of the reach of the Arbitrators.

It may well be called a gem of the first bogwater, after a thunder-shower in July, "clear as mud" "on the lines where beauty lingers." Passing over the Registrar's fee, which is to be two dollars and no more, and also the least and greatest numbers that shall constitute a Board, with the time given for the election of such Board and their time of continuing in office, we arrive at what I had almost said was the "heart" of the "Bill," but unfortunately, it is a dead thing without as much as a shadow of heart.

Here we are:—"The Board shall have power to hear and determine all questions of disputes, and differences between the masters and workmen, but nothing in this Act contained shall authorize the said Board to establish a rate of wages or price of labour or workmanship, at which the workmen shall in future be paid." Now, sir, if this is not a gem in legislation we must dig deep to find one. Do not the lawyers meet and arrange a scale of fees to be charged in futuro to their clients? If not, what means the taxing of a bill of

wages, or price of labor, or workmanship, at which the workman shall in future be paid." It will at once be seen that the operative renders himself liable for everything without any prospective benefit; and as all difficulties, so far as workmen are concerned, have a prospective out-look, and as it is nearly always much the best way to forget the differences of the past altogether, the workmen can have no interest in a bill of this nature.

The uses of such a board would preponderate altogether in favor of the masters, for, as constituted by the proposed act, nothing could come before it but present or past grievances without reference to the future. For instance, a workman who considered that he had a grievance against his employer could lay it before the Board and ask its award, or an employer in like manner. For instance, suppose the printers of Toronto, masters and workmen, had availed themselves of the provisions of this Act, and the Hon. Geo. Brown should lay his grievance before the Board in this way, that the late strike in his establishment has injured him to the extent of \$10,000, and that he claimed such award from the Board. This would come within the jurisdiction of the Board, and should the Board make an award of \$5,000, the county judge is, in duty bound, to enforce such award against the parties complained of as striking in the said office; and, as there is no proscribed mode of collecting those awards in the proposed Act, it will be at the whim of the County Judge, and the offender, if he is worth anything, may have his little house and lot levied upon to help to satisfy the award.

Very much more could be said on this very loose measure, but, feeling I have trespassed on your space too far already, I will forbear.—Yours respectfully,

JOHN HEWITT,

Toronto, February 3.

HAMILTON.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

DEAR SIR,—The present Ministry in Ontario have seen fit to introduce several Bills into the Legislative Assembly affecting the working classes of this Province. I shall not lose time in trying to divine the motives of the Ministry in thus bringing up, in an apparent hurry, such an amount of legislation before the House, without in any way consulting the parties to be immediately affected thereby. I refer more particularly in this to the Bill dealing with the existing relations between employers and employed; or, to use the words so hackneyed in those Bills, "masters and workmen."

Now, sir, I am fully authorized by my fellow-workmen in Hamilton to say that we, as a class, depreciate all legislation the tendency of which is to give one class in the community any undue advantage over another; and this, we are sorry to say, appears to be the sole aim and intention of the Bill to be called "The Trades Arbitration Act, 1873."

We are informed in the preamble to the act that "Her Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Ontario enacts as follows:"—and then follows a masterpiece of modern legislation. Now would it be quite as well for our great men (who are not always wise) to make themselves acquainted with what is actually intended by the community before they rush off in hot haste to advise Her Most Gracious Majesty to give Her consent to something exceedingly silly in conception and detail; for on a careful examination of the "Trades Arbitration Act" we discover that the only possible sources of dispute and difference between employers and employees are by the very letter of the Bill placed out of the reach of the Arbitrators.

It may well be called a gem of the first bogwater, after a thunder-shower in July, "clear as mud" "on the lines where beauty lingers." Passing over the Registrar's fee, which is to be two dollars and no more, and also the least and greatest numbers that shall constitute a Board, with the time given for the election of such Board and their time of continuing in office, we arrive at what I had almost said was the "heart" of the "Bill," but unfortunately, it is a dead thing without as much as a shadow of heart.

Here we are:—"The Board shall have power to hear and determine all questions of disputes, and differences between the masters and workmen, but nothing in this Act contained shall authorize the said Board to establish a rate of wages or price of labour or workmanship, at which the workmen shall in future be paid." Now, sir, if this is not a gem in legislation we must dig deep to find one. Do not the lawyers meet and arrange a scale of fees to be charged in futuro to their clients? If not, what means the taxing of a bill of

costs? Have not the physicians in every city and town arranged during the present winter a new scale of visiting-charges? And special attention was given by them to visiting after six p.m.; and most justly were they entitled to do so. Again, take up any report of the proceedings of the various church courts in the Dominion, and is not the rate of pay made a prominent feature in all the denominations? Differ in what else they may, in this they all agree, that a body of men engaged in the same profession or calling are not only justified in so doing, but if they neglect to arrange a fixed scale of rates to be charged in all similar cases, they are deserving of blame.

But the last great effort of the "great circumlocution office" shows how not to do it even if you have a Board of twenty and an independent chairman. The framer of the Bill deserves the biggest bunch of red tape ever given from the "great circumlocution office."

I remain,

Yours, &c.,
Feb. 3rd, 1873.

B. M. UNION, OTTAWA.

(To the Editor of THE WORKMAN.)

SIR,—Having the honor of being Corresponding Secretary to the "Ottawa Bricklayers' and Masons' Union," I deem it my duty, while sending you a return of our last election of officers, to make a few brief remarks on the origin and progress of our Union. Early in the spring of last year it was found necessary to form a union for the protection of our trade, so a meeting was called and a union was formed on the 6th of April, 1872—which, to the credit of the Bricklayers and Masons of Ottawa, be it said that, ever since its formation it has had a continual run of success, the best proof of which is the steady increase both in members and capital, until at present we find ourselves far above the power of the few "Black sheep" who would if possible show their teeth. The following are the names of the members duly elected officers for the ensuing year:—President, W. McEwale; Vice-President, B. Sears; Recording Secretary, Wm. Finch; Corresponding Secretary, J. E. McGuire; Fin. Secretary, A. MacLennan; Tyler, John Toy,

Yours &c.,

J. E. MCGUIRE,
Cor. Sec. B. & M. Union, Ottawa.
Ottawa City, Jan. 30th, 1873.

CHARADE.

"Kate" sends us the following Charade, which we insert with pleasure, more especially as she says that those that have already appeared were more suited for "children" than for "men."

Beside a church, behind a hill,
My first may oft be seen;
My second often quoted is
In Fashion's round, I ween;
My whole is used I understand,
By all the daughters of our land.

We have received further correct answers to the Charade "Joiner" from N. B., T. R. C., and Shamrock, Toronto.

Correct answers to the Puzzle in last issue have been received from N. B., J. W., J. B., and W. C., Toronto, and S. M., Hamilton. The transposition is "One word." Correct answers to Charade were received from W. C., T. R. C., and J. B. Toronto. The answer from N. B. is not quite correct, as the sixth line should have been "palm" and not "helm." The answer from S. M., Hamilton, is also incorrect in some respects, as no answer was given to the fifth and seventh lines. A. X. O. is correct all but the last line, which is "Eve," not "man." The answer is, "The Psalms of David."

MASTERS AND WORKMEN.

In the House on Tuesday night, the Hon. Mr. Crooks moved the third reading of the bill to facilitate the adjustment of disputes between masters and workmen.

Mr. Cameron said the bill provided that no adjustment between masters and workmen should take place in reference to any future increase of wages. Was there any real legitimate objection to their having power to agree together for an increase of wages in future?

Hon. Mr. Crooks said the limitation as to the powers of the board of arbitration provided for in the bill was contained in the English Act, of which his bill was a transcript. It appeared there was a reason for this limitation. The bill in its scope endeavored to accomplish two things,—in the first place, to allay any ill-blood that might arise between masters and workmen; and to facilitate their meeting to discuss questions of difference that might arise between them. The primary object of the bill was rather to establish a body which should first endeavor to settle differences simply by discussion. The bill, however, went further and provided that to some ex-

tent this body should be clothed with all the powers of a Board of Arbitration, its award having the same validity as awards of ordinary arbitrations. It would not appear to be within the reasonable scope of a bill to aid the settlement of disputes between masters and workmen that a body of this kind should have a right to settle by arbitration as to what should be the rate of wages in the future. It had therefore appeared to him desirable to retain in this bill the limitation of the English Act. The bill did not pretend to create a tribunal which should settle all differences, but merely to authorize the formation of boards where differences might be discussed with a view to amicable adjustment. That seemed to be the practical operation of the English boards, and from the report of the Nottingham board which he had read to the House the other day it would appear that most of the difficulties referred to had been settled; not by award, but simply because the parties had been drawn together and thus put in the way of amicably settling their disputes.

Mr. Cameron said the principle would be a good one if it were within the power of the board to compel a master to continue a person in employment at wages to be determined by the board and vice versa. He did not see, however, that that would be the effect of the bill. Take the case of a number of men employed in a printing office, for instance, who demanded that their wages should be increased a certain sum. The employer might refuse, and yet there might be reason on both sides. Now, perhaps a board composed both of masters and workmen might discuss the matter fairly and perhaps settle it by mutual concession. If that could be done, and strikes thus prevented, it would be much more beneficial than the provisions of the bill, which only enabled them to arbitrate upon matters that had occurred in the past.

Hon. Mr. Mowat said it was difficult for lawyers like his hon. friend and himself to imagine courts which did not possess powers of execution. But experience had proved the utility of tribunals such as those proposed in the bill, by bringing parties together for the discussion of their disputes. This was not a new or untried Act. Courts of arbitration for the settlement of disputes between masters and workmen had been established in various parts of England and had effected far greater results than it was imagined such means would have produced.

Mr. Cameron pointed out that he had not offered any objection to the bill, but had only suggested whether it might not be made more comprehensive in its operation.

Hon. Mr. Mowat observed that the bill gave Boards of Arbitration the same powers that were given in England, and he thought it was better to stop there at present.

The motion was then carried, and the bill read a third time and passed.

A USEFUL DISCOVERY.

The material produced by Col. Szerelmy, and called by the Arabic-sounding name of Yopissa, is a species of paint, varnish or glue, or rather, a substance combining the special qualities of each of these bodies with others peculiar to itself. It can be employed with the facility of paint. It is as preservative of surface and of lustre as the most successful varnish. It holds with a tenacity equal to the best marine glue, not only wood, paper and cloth, but stone, glass and iron. It is impervious to water. It is incombustible by fire. It is almost an absolute non-conductor of heat. While qualities such as these are enough to give a very high commercial value to a chemical product, the cost of production is said to be very low. We have not space to enter into the interesting details of the manner in which Col. Szerelmy was led to the discovery of this important material. He believes that it is the very secret that has imparted so imperishable durability to the sarcophagi, the mummy cases, and the mural paintings of the ancient Egyptians. There is, it is certain, a wonderfully Egyptian look about the panels, cloths, and pails, beams and scepers, prepared by this process. Some of them have been exposed to jets of flaming gas. They appear to have been little affected by either. Human life is of adequate length to apply the test to which the inventor proposes to submit the timbers he has prepared. But when we say that not only a very large proportion of the newspaper press of the country has called attention to the results of the experiment, but that Dr. Faraday and Sir Roderick Murchison, in an official report which the House of Commons ordered to be printed on the 16th of May, 1860, bear witness to the efficiency of Yopissa for arresting the decay of stone, it will be seen that we have reason for expressing surprise that the material has not been brought into universal use. Its value for maritime and military purposes appears to be extraordinary. Opticians and opera goers know the worth of the new material, aluminium, owing to the two qualities of non-oxidization and great lightness. A double opera-glass might be made of Yopissa paper, so light that the

glass would be the heaviest part, so strong as to be proof against any but intentional injury, and at a cost which would leave aluminium nowhere. Again, for pipes, cisterns, reservoirs of water, not only can these be made of this material at a third of the price of iron, but the chemical action that is always going on in metal containing water would be obviated, and the great trouble of the winter frosts in London and other large towns, the fracture of the water-pipes, would be rendered a thing of the past; owing not so much to the great strength as to the non-conducting quality of pipes made of this cheap material. Space would fall to tell of the uses to which it may be satisfactorily applied. For vessels it may be made to combine the lightness of timber with the resistance of iron armor. For shoes it is at once light and durable. For carriage cases it presents to the manufacturer of small arms, and indeed to the artist in any branch, exactly that of which he is in search.—London Art Journal.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE—TORONTO TIME.

Table with columns for Grand Trunk Railway, Great Western Railway, Toronto and Nipissing Railway, and Toronto, Grey & Bruce Railway. Rows list train routes and departure times.

New Advertisements.

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The Home Circle.

[WRITTEN FOR THE ONTARIO WORKMAN.]

THE WARM-HEARTED GRASP OF A WORKINGMAN'S HAND

In changes and partings 'tis pleasant to find
The friends we most value, still constant and kind;
And sweet the reception that beauty can give,
The heart-lifting pressure that bids hope to live;
But the noblest reception that Nature has planned,
Is the warm-hearted grasp of a workingman's hand.

There is beauty in Light, as the rainbow can prove;
There is glory in Labor, and also in Love;
There is valor in Peace, and much wisdom in Years;
There is power in Joy, and a magic in Tears;
There is greatness in Toil, that so few understand,
And the warm-hearted grasp of a workingman's hand.

How piteous that those who do Labor's least share
Are caressed by vain fools, and preferred by the fair;
And life after life is to vanity wrecked,
That reason would save, if allowed to reflect.
But the holiest alliance by love ever fanned,
Is the warm-hearted grasp of a workingman's hand.

J. R. Ramsay.

ANNALS OF THE POOR.

Whist! sir! Would you please to spake aisy,
And sit ye down there by the dure?
She sleeps, sir, so light and so restless,
She hears every step on the flure.

What ails her? God knows! She's been weakly
For months, and the heat drives her wild;
The summer has wasted and worn her,
Till she's only the ghost of a child.

All I have? Yes, she is, and God help me!
I'd three little darlings beside,
As pretty as iver you see, sir,
But wan by wan thro' cold like, and died.

What was it that took them, ye'r asking?
Why poverty sure, and no doubt!
They perished for food, and fresh air sir,
Like flowers dro'ed up in a drought.

It was dreadful to lose them! Ah, was it!
It seemed like my heart-strings would break.
But there's days when w'd want and wid sorrow,
I'm thankful they're gone—for their sake!

Do I want to keep this wan? The darlint,
The last and the dearest of all!
Shure, ye're niver a father yourself, sir,
Or ye wouldn't be askin' at all!

What is that? Milk and food for the baby?
A docther and medicine free!
Ye're huntin' out all the sick children,
An' poor tollin' all the other side!

God bless you! an' thim that have sent you!
A new life ye've given me so;
Shure, sir, won't you look in the cradle
At the colleen ye've saved, fore you go?

O, mothers of mercies! have pity!
O, darlint, why couldn't you wait?
Dead! Dead! an' the help in the dureway!
Too late! O, my baby! Too late!

A MOTHER IN JAPAN.

In China, however little the young women are regarded, the old women, at least, are held sacred. We had supposed it was so in the neighboring empire of Japan, but it seems otherwise. The education and elevation of Japanese women has begun, but the victory is not yet gained. The auspicious opening must be improved. Social and political advantages must be accompanied with the use of Christian instrumentalities. The real work for women—especially for the great masses of the poor—in Japan, must be done by female missionaries sent from our shores. A little incident related by Rev. Mr. Thompson while on a home visit a few months ago, will show that, even in the best classes, woman's position is far from what it should be.

Across the bay from Yeddo resides an aged widow of high rank, whose sympathies during the war in 1868 were with the losing side. Three hundred soldiers of the defeated army found shelter and food in her ample establishment.

For this alleged treason the victorious forces dragged forth her oldest son from her home, and prepared to execute him in front of her dwelling. The mother, with a fortitude worthy of a Roman matron or a Christian heroine, threw herself before the commander, entreating him to accept the sacrifice of her life in place of her son's. Deeply moved by such a proposal, the victorious officer pardoned the son, for the mother's sake, and set him at liberty.

Yet months after, when Mr. Thompson was on a visit to this family, this noble mother was sent out of the room by the ingrate whose life she had saved, from the idea that it was disrespectful to the guest, and every way out of place to allow even his mother's presence to mar the courtesies of the occasion. For a country containing such women, and yet holding them in such dishonor, what ought to be done?

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

Born in every heart, with its hopes and its fears lives the unspoken wish and the cheering thought that the uncertain and eventful future, whose mysteries are held in the hand of a loving Father, will bring the longed-for good time coming, with its rest for those who toil, with its healing for those who through life have sighed and mourned against the cruel fate that has bent them to a weak or deformed body; with its wealth to the poverty stricken, and its home to the homeless.

Never until frost and dryness have withered the birds for which we hoped, the darlings of our dreams and the gladness of cheery song-time have been turned to damp and

silent winter, when the apple-bloom and gold of summer have been exchanged for the stillness and dreariness of December, do we look beyond to the sunny hereafter.

From year to year, from childhood and youth to manhood, old age and death, we still battle against impossibilities; and not until the icy fingers of the King of Terrors is laid upon us do we drop the pencil with which we have painted our earthly future in rainbow colors. But our day will bring its twilight; though it be a day of wintry shortness or lengthened by a glowing midsummer, the chilly shadow will surely come, with its stores of promise shining beyond it. We shall enter the dark valley, and the humdrum of life will die upon our ears. The birds will sing no more for us. Life's joy and its miseries, its births and its deaths, its shadows and its sunshine, which have alternately given us pleasure or pain, will be forgotten in the stillness.

It is right that we should be awe to silence in the presence of Death; and as we stand by the still form of our loved one, the bursting heart seems almost comfortless, and for many days after the wound seems healed, the thought comes over us, and the old dull heart-ache begins again.

We know so long as the fire continues to burn, and the steam is generated, and the wheels obey the power that impels them forward, so long must the worn and crazy engine move onward. But is it sad for the weakened machinery to cease its action? Do we shudder at the thought of transferring the undying flame from the heart of the old wreck to the bosom of a new body?

There is a pleasing hope that comes to us, born not of earthly logic or mortal reasoning, but resting on the never failing assurance of God. A song that is the music of angels, and we close our eyes to see the faces of dear ones and to hear the melody of familiar voices. We clasp hands with the friends of long ago, and the disappointments of a life time are forgotten in God's eternal good time coming.

WITHOUT AN ENEMY.

Heaven help the man who imagines he can dodge enemies by trying to please everybody! If such an individual ever succeeded, we should be glad to hear of it; nor that one should be going through the world trying to find the beams to knock and thump against, disputing every man's opinion, fighting and elbowing and crowding all who differ from him. That, again is another extreme. Other people have their opinions, so have you; don't fall into the error of supposing that they will respect you more for turning your coat every day to match theirs. Wear your own colors in spite of wind and weather, storm and sunshine. It costs the irresolute and vacillating ten times the trouble to wind and twist and shuffle than honest, manly independence to stand its ground.

DIED OF GRIEF.

A touching story comes from Memphis. An old man, Peter Bean by name, a well-digger in the locality for something like thirty years, had a dog of which he was very fond. Peter was a bachelor, and he lived a very lonely life. The only thing he tenderly fondled was the dog, who shared his bed and who divided with his master the frugal meal. Well, the dog, which was nearly always by Peter's side, was large and powerful of frame, and cheerful and playful in disposition. It seemed to love its master with that perfect, enduring love that crowds all less weighty objects from the heart. One day it was separated a few hours from the old man. Peter was patiently laboring at the bottom of the well, when he faintly heard the joyful bark of his favorite. He looked up; there was a swift glance of recognition, and then the light went out of the well-digger's eyes for ever. The eager rush of the dog to greet its master displaced a heavy bucket, and sent it crashing down upon Peter's head. A few minutes after the battle-worn man was dragged to the surface a bleeding corpse. With piteous howls the faithful animal licked the ugly wounds, but the fond caress could not reanimate the fast stiffening body. The man was laid out in his shroud, but, before the grave closed over the human form, the dog was also dead. It had stretched itself before the cold clay of its master and moaned out its life in grief. It is a sad story, silvered o'er with touching beauty. If we celebrate in verse the death of Panthen, who slew herself upon the corpse of her beloved Abradatas, why should we not drop a word of sympathy for the dog who refused to live because his master had died?

RISE HIGHER.

When the birds are flying over, and the fowler lies in wait for them, if they fly low, at every discharge of the fowler's gun some fall, some are wounded, and some, swerving sideways, plunge into the thicket and hide themselves. But you will find immediately after the first discharge of the gun the flock rise and fly higher. And at the next discharge they rise and fly still higher. And not many times has the plunging shot thinned their number before they take so high a level that no longer the fowler aims at them, because they are above the reach of his shot. When troubles come upon you, fly higher, and if they strike you, fly still higher. And by-and-by you will rise so high in spiritual life, that your affections will be set on things so entirely

above, that these troubles shall not be able to touch you. So long as the shot strikes you, so long hear the word of God saying to you, "Bless higher."

DOG DIGNITY.

Sir Walter Scott declared that he could believe anything of dogs. He was very fond of them, studied their idiosyncracies closely, wrote voluminously in their praise, and told many stories in their unaccountable habits. Once, he said, he desired an old pointer of great experience, a prodigious favorite, and steady in the field as a rock, to accompany his friend, Daniel Torry, the actor, then on a visit at Abbotsford, and who, for the nonce, voted himself for a sport excursion. The dog wagged his tail in token of pleased obedience, shook out his ears, led the way with a confident air, and began ranging about with most scientific precision. Suddenly he pointed, up sprang a numerous covey. Torry bent on slaughter, fired both barrels at once, aiming in the centre of the enemy, and missed. The dog turned round in utter astonishment, wondering who could be behind him, and looked Torry full in the face; but after a pause shook himself again and went to work as before. A second steady point, a second fusillade, and no effects. The dog then deliberately wheeled about and trotted home at his leisure, leaving the discomfited hunter to find for himself during the remainder of the day. Sir Walter was fond of repeating the anecdote, and always declared that it was literally true, while Torry never said more in contradiction than that "it was a good story."

Grains of Gold.

Gild a big knave, and little honest men will worship him.

A man's best fortune, or his worst, is always his wife.

The least act of self renunciation hollows for the moment all within its sphere.

If we keep the ledger of life with exactness we shall find the balance largely on the side of blessings.

Some one has defined "policy" to "consist in serving God in such a manner as not to offend Satan."

We get at the outlines of things from what we read and hear, but the filling up must be through our own experience.

Mohammed once said: "When a man dies men inquire what he has left behind him; angels inquire what he has sent before him."

He who commences with certainty will end with doubts, but he who is content to begin with doubts may end with certainty.

Virtue has been described as an awkward habit of doing things differently from other people. It creates great mirth in fashionable circles.

Any one can drift. But it takes prayer, religious principle, earnestness of purpose, constant watching to resist the evil of this world—to struggle against the tide.

To accomplish anything there must be definiteness of aim. The temple is built stone by stone from foundation to turret, and character is builded thought by thought from the foundation stone of material needs to the heaven of conscious oneness with God.

A ray of light is one, and it falls equally upon all bodies; but each reflects it according to its nature. Hence, different colors. Truth is one, and it strikes upon all minds, but each receives and reflects it conformable to its nature and education. Hence different manners of perception, of narration, and of creed.

In the depths of the sea the waters are still; the heaviest grief is that borne in silence; the deepest love flows through the heart and touch; the purest joy is unspeakable; the most impressive preacher at a funeral is the silent one whose lips are cold.

Great thoughts belong only and truly to him whose mind can hold them. No matter who first put them in words, if they come to a soul and fill it they belong to it whether they floated on the voice of others or on the wings of silence and the night.

Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around. Remember that an impious or profane thought uttered by a parent's lips may operate upon the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust which no scouring can efface.

Age seems to take away the power of acting a character, even from those who have done so the most successfully during the main part of their lives. The real man will appear, at first fitfully, and then predominantly. Time spares the chiselled beauty of stone and marble, but makes sad havoc in plaster and stucco.

In Connecticut a certain justice was called to jail to liberate a worthless debtor by receiving his oath that he was not worth twenty dollars. "Well, Johnny," said the justice, on entering, "can you swear that you are not worth twenty dollars, and that you never will be?" "Why," answered the other, rather chagrined at the question, "I can swear that I'm not worth that amount at present." "Well, well," returned the justice, "I can swear the rest, so go along, Johnny." And the man was sworn and discharged.

Sawdust and Chips.

The difference between sealing wax and women, says Reuben, is that one burns to keep a secret and the other to tell it. Slander!

While Dr. Mary Walker was lecturing lately, a youth cried out: "Are you the Mary that had a little lamb?" "No," was the reply, "but your mother had a little jackass."

"I think," said the doctor, "that you have an affection in the lumber region." "What has caused it, doctor?" asked the patient. "Bad board, no doubt," said the doctor.

"Wife," said a man, looking for his boot-jack, "I have places where I keep my things, and you ought to know it." "Yes, I ought to know where you keep your late hours, but I don't."

One of a party of friends, referring to an exquisite musical composition, said, "That song always carries me away when I hear it." "Can anybody sing it?" asked a wit in the company.

You can't keep a dead level long, if you burn everything down flat to make it. Why, bless your soul! if all the cities of the world were reduced to ashes, you'd have a new set of millionaires in a couple of years or so, out of potash.

A young lady wishing a situation was interested in an advertisement for some one to do light housekeeping. So she wrote to the advertiser asking where the lighthouse was, and if there was any way of getting to shore on Sunday.

"How far is it to Club Creek?" asked a traveller of a woman at a toll-gate. "Only shoots a little ways." "Is it four, six, eight, or ten miles?" impatiently asked the fretful traveller. "Yes, I think it is," serenely replied the unmoved gatekeeper.

One of Charles Lamb's friends, visiting him with his wife and children, happened in the course of conversation to repeat the old saying, "One fool makes many." "Ah, indeed," said Lamb, merrily, pointing to the children, "you have a fine family."

POETRY!—Barber.—"No offence, sir, I hope, but, has it ever struck you as a bald 'ed is like the better world?" Customer (curtly)—"No!" Barber—"Well, sir (I thought of it myself), it is a bright and shining place, you see, sir, where there's no parting!" (Customer smiles painfully.)

A little four year old beset his mother to talk to him and say something funny. "How can I?" she asked; "don't you see how busy I am baking these pies?" "Well, you might say, 'Charley, won't you have a pie?' That would be funny for you!"

Lord C—, dining at Provost S—'s and being the only peer present, one of the company gave the toast "The Duke of Buccleuch." So the toast went round till it came to Lord K., who said he would give them a peer, which although not toasted, was of more use than the whole. His Lordship gave "The Pier o' Leith."

"Shut your eyes, and listen mit me," said Uncle Van Heyde. "Vell, do first night I opens store I counts de monies and find him six night. I counts, and cere be tree dollars gone; and vat does yer tink I does den?" "I can't say." "Vy, I did not count him any more, and he comes out shoost right ever since."

A young lady in Delaware, suing for breach of promise, finding that the lover's letters did not come up to the legal mark, offered to put in a lot written by herself, to show how she understood his missives, whereupon the judge emphatically said: "No, no, that will never do. If such things were permitted, no man would be safe."

A country merchant having procured a new clerk, waked him up in the morning after he was hired at a most unreasonably early hour, by calling out that the family were sitting down to the table. "Thank you," said the boy, as he turned over in bed to adjust himself for a new nap—"Thank you, but I never allow myself to eat anything during the night!"

A young Briton lately lost a large sum by betting on spiders. He wagered that a spider which he would produce would walk across a plate quicker than a spider to be produced by a friend. Each spider was to have its own plate. His spider, however, on being started, would not stir, whilst its rival ran with immense speed. The bet was consequently lost, and the loser soon found out the reason why—his opponent had a hot plate.

Mr. Alcott, who is a hard rider on the vegetarian dobby, once said to Dr. Walker of Harvard College:

"I think that when a man lives on beef he becomes something like an ox; if he eats mutton he begins to look sheepish, and if he eats pork, may he not grow to be swinish?"

"That may be," said Dr. Walker, "but when a man lives on nothing but vegetables I think he is apt to be pretty small potatoes."

A good anecdote is related of a well-known vagabond, who was brought before a magistrate as a common vagrant. Having suddenly harpounded a good idea, he pulled from a capacious pocket of a tattered coat a loaf of bread and half a dried codfish, and holding them up with a triumphant look and gesture, to the magistrate, exclaimed; "You don't catch me that way—I'm no vagrant! Ain't them visible means of support, I should like to know!"

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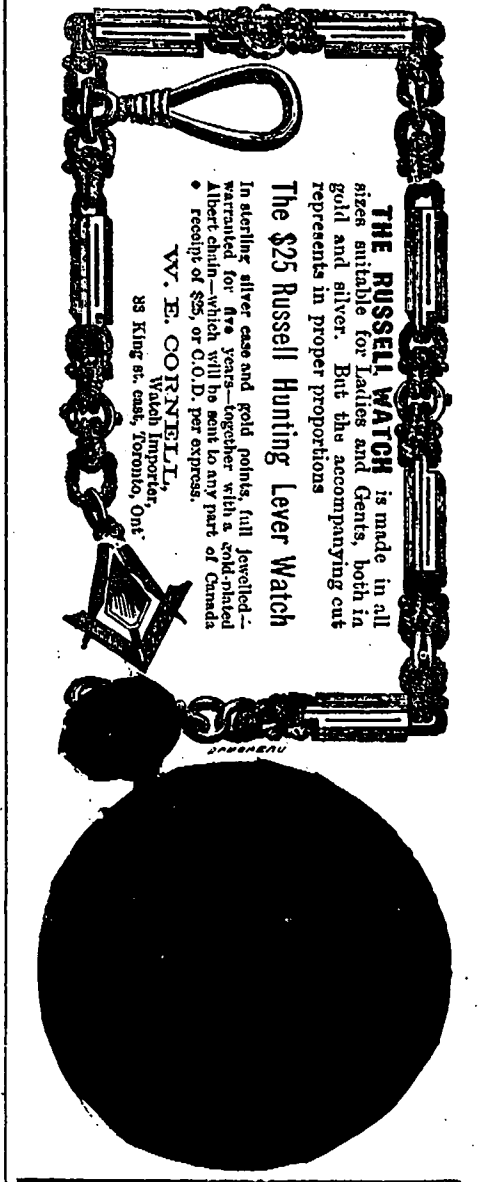
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27-h

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

R. G. TROTTER,
DENTIST,
53 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONT.,
Opposite Toronto Street.
RESIDENCE—172 Jarvis Street. 28-h

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

G. W. HALE,
DENTIST,
No. 6 TEMPERANCE ST., TORONTO,
First house off Yonge St., North Side
24-hr

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

DAVID'S
COUGH BALM,
An infallible remedy for COUGHS, COLD, and all affec-
tions of the THROAT and LUNGS.
25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.
JOSEPH DAVIDS,
Chen. 's., &c.,
170 King St. East East.
22-te

Legal Cards.

LAUDER & PROCTOR,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS SOLICITORS IN CHAN-
CERY, ETC.
OFFICE:—Masonic Hall, 20 Toronto st-st.
A. W. LAUDER. JAS. A. PROCTOR
26-hr

HARRY E. CASTON,
Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery,
CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,
OFFICE—48 ADELAIDE STREET,
Opposite the Court House,
TORONTO
24-h

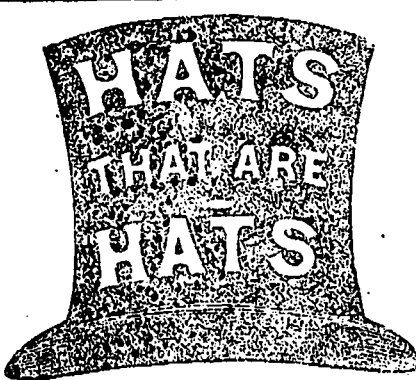
HENRY O'BRIEN,
BARRISTER,
Attorney and Solicitor, &c.,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
OFFICE—68 CHURCH STREET.
27-h

Miscellaneous.

WILLIAM BURKE,
LUMBER MERCHANT,
Manufacturer of Doors, Sash, Blinds, Flooring, Sheeting,
Packing Boxes, &c., &c.
CORNER SHEPHERD AND RICHMOND STREETS,
TORONTO.
Planing, Sawing, &c., done to order. 28-h

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.
25-hr

Hats and Caps.



Is the best place in the city to get value for
your money.
Remember the address,—
55 KING STREET EAST,
OPPOSITE TORONTO STREET.
40-h

Auction Sales.

SALE OF LANDS
BY
PUBLIC AUCTION

Estate Bank of Upper Canada

The following lands will be sold by Public Auction
at the places and on the days hereinafter named.

TERMS—One-fifth cash; residue in four equal annual
instalments at 7 per cent. interest, secured by mort-
gage on the property.

AT THE
CITY OF TORONTO,

ON
Saturday, the 8th of February next,

AT THE
Auction Rooms of F. W. COATE & CO.,

AT 12 o'clock noon.
COUNTY OF GREY.

- TOWNSHIP OF SULLIVAN.
Lot No. 27, Con. 9, 200 acres.
- TOWNSHIP OF BENTINCK.
Lot No. 12, Con. 15, 91 Acres.
- TOWNSHIP OF MELANCTHON.
Lots Nos. 11, 12, 16, 18, Con. 6, 392 acres. Lots Nos.
11, 12, 23, 10, Con. 8, 460 acres.
- TOWNSHIP OF EUPHRASIA.
E. 1/2 of Lot 23, Con. 8, 100 acres. W. 1/2 of Lot 17,
Con. 11, 160 acres. Lot 27, Con. 12, 200 acres.
- TOWNSHIP OF ARTEMISIA.
Lot No. 57, Con. 7, 160 acres.
- TOWNSHIP OF KEPPEL.
Lot No. 31, Con. 12, 100 acres.

COUNTY OF SIMCOE.

- TOWNSHIP OF NOITAWASAGA.
N. half No. 23, Con. 12, 100 acres. No. 23, Con. 3,
200 acres. N. half No. 16, Con. 6, 100 acres.
- TOWNSHIP OF OKO.
No. 5, Con. 13, 150 acres.
- TOWNSHIP OF TAY.
N. part of No. 11, Con. 14, being the whole of said
lot, save S. 40 acres. Sold for taxes.
- TOWNSHIP OF WEST GWILLIMBURY.
S. part of No. 2, Con. 4, being all that part of said
lot not owned and occupied by James Kidd.
- TOWNSHIP OF MEDONTE.
W. half of No. 18, Con. 3, 100 acres. W. half of No.
50, Con. 1, 110 acres. Lot 54, Con. 4, 200 acres. W.
half of No. 19, Con. 14, 100 acres.
- TOWNSHIP OF TOSORONTO.
S. part W. half of No. 20, Con. 5, 30 acres.

COUNTY OF ONTARIO.

- TOWNSHIP OF UXBRIDGE.
Lot No. 21, Con. 5, 200 acres.
- COUNTY OF WELLINGTON.**
- TOWNSHIP OF LUTHER.
N. 1/2 of No. 13, Con. 9, 100 acres. No. 11, Con. 12,
212 acres. No. 10, Con. 12, 174 acres. N. 1/2 of No. 17,
Con. 12, 100 acres.

AT THE
TOWN OF STRATFORD

IN THE
COUNTY OF PERTH,
On Tuesday, 11th of February,

NEXT, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, at the Albion
Hotel,
TOWN OF STRATFORD.

Lots Nos. 54 and 151, Erie Road.

AT THE TOWN OF SARNIA,

IN THE
COUNTY OF LAMBTON,

ON THURSDAY, THE 13TH DAY OF FEBRUARY
NEXT, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, at the Auction
Rooms of E. P. WATSON.

- TOWNSHIP OF PLYMPTON.
N. 1/2 of Lot No. 23, Con. 8, 160 acres.
- TOWNSHIP OF MOORE.
Lot No. 2, Con. 7, 200 acres. Lot No. 1, Con. 2, 200
acres.

Auction Sales.

- TOWNSHIP OF DAWN.
Lot No. 30, Front Con., 134 acres. Lot No. 24, Con.
9, 200 acres.
- TOWNSHIP OF SOMBRA.
N. 1/2 Lot No. 27, Con. 7, 100 acres.

COUNTY OF KENT.

TOWNSHIP OF DOVER (EAST).
N. 1/2 of No. 13, Con. 14, 160 acres. W. part of No.
24, Con. 5, 50 acres.

At the Town of BRANTFORD,
IN THE
COUNTY OF BRANT,

ON
Tuesday, 18th day of February, next,

at the hour of Twelve o'clock noon, at the rooms of
Messrs. WEBSTER & MATTHEWS.

TOWNSHIP OF BRANTFORD.
Lots Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, south side Rus-
sell street, Holmdale. Lots Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8,
9, north side Chestnut street, Holmdale. Lots Nos.
3 and 4, east side Crescent street.

TOWN OF BRANTFORD.
Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, north side of Chatham street. Lots
1, 2, 3, south side Sheridan street, being subdivisions
of west part Block 2, J. E. Wilkes' trust, 1-1/2 acre
each. Lots 26 and 27, east side of Albion street, and
part of Lots 26 and 27 west side of Pearl street.
Part of a grant from the Crown to A. K. Smith and
Margaret Kerby; also, part of a parcel of 2 acres and
11-1/2 of said grant, formerly owned by Henry L.
Turner, as described in a mortgage from A. K. Kerby
to O. J. Macklem, dated 26th April, 1857, and Out-
claim deed Kerby to B. U. C. S. 1/2 of Lot No. 2, east
side Dumfries street. Lots 26 and 27, east side William
street. Lot 30, west side Albion street.

At the Town of Clifton,
IN THE
COUNTY OF WELLAND,

ON THURSDAY, THE 20th DAY OF FEB. NEXT,

At the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, at the American
Hotel,
TOWN OF CLIFTON.

- Lots Nos. 10 and 11, Block F, Brick Stores.
" " 6 and 7, " S.
" part of 10, " M. S. E. corner.
" " 12, " R.
" " 22, " S.

VILLAGE OF ALLANBURGH.
TOWNSHIP OF NIAGARA

Parts of Lots Nos. 6 and 7, on the Niagara river, 29
acres, as described in mortgage from Dr. Joseph
Hamilton to the Bank of Upper Canada, subsequently
foreclosed.

AT THE
Village of Chippawa,

IN SAID COUNTY,
On FRIDAY, the 21st day of FEBRUARY,

At the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, at the British Ameri-
can Hotel,
VILLAGE OF CHIPPAWA.

- Lot No. 2, south side of Welland street.
Lots Nos. 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 28 Wei-
land street.
Lots Nos. 13, 14, (mortgage interest) 17, 19, 23, 25, 27,
and 29 north side Welland street.
Lots Nos. 16, 17, 18, 30, and 200, south side of Main
street.
All that part of 137, north side of Main street, not
conveyed by Cummings to Heasa.
Lots Nos. 56, 153, 155, 157, 169, 175, 177, 179 and 181,
north side of Main street.
Lots Nos. 45, 47, 49, 53, 60, 62 and 78, south side of
Water street.
Grist Mill Lot (in rear of Boss's Lot) north side of
Water street.
Lots Nos. 35, 39, 41, 45, 47, and 49, north side of
Water street.
An irregular piece of land lying between Main street
and Water street, and between Hepburn's and
Lyon's Lot and the Creek.
Four Lots, lying between Water street and Chippawa
River, to the north-east of Kirkpatrick's Lot.
No. 1, East Church street.
7 full Lots shown on the registered plan of Chippawa,
east side of Church street, without numbers.
Lots Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9, west side of Church street.
Lots 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24 and 26,
north side of Mechanic street.
Lots Nos. 27, 29, 31 and 33, north side of Mechanic
street.

AT THE TOWN OF WALKERTON,

IN THE
COUNTY OF BRUCE,

ON
Tuesday, the 25th day of Feb. next,

At 12 o'clock, noon, at the American Hotel,
TOWNSHIP OF SAUGEN.

- Lot No. 6, Con. A, 114 Acres.
Lot No. 12, Con. 14, 100 acres.

By Order,
C. GAMBLE.

Photography, etc.

TO MECHANICS.
S. C. JORY, PHOTOGRAPHER,
76 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.
This is the place for Mechanics to get cheap pictures.
All work done in the best style of the art.
31-h

J. W. BRIDGMAN,
Portrait Painter.
Life Size Portraits in Oil. Inspection invited!
STUDIO—39 King Street West, over Ewing & Co.'s.
N.B.—Copies made from Photographs, Ambrotypes, &c.
30-te

**NOTICE OF
REMOVAL.**

MACORQUODALE & CO.,
PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTISTS,
TORONTO.

HAVING REMOVED TO THEIR
LARGE, COMMODIOUS PREMISES,

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

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

Art of Photography.

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

One of their
Lights is Particularly Adapted

Note the Address.
THE NEW IRON FRONT,

31 KING STREET WEST.
Between Jordan and Bay Sts.
37-r

China and Glassware.

CHINA HALL,

SIGN OF THE "BIG JUG," REGISTERED.
Has now in stock a large assortment of Crockery and
Glassware, to which he invites the attention of ladies
and gentlemen furnishing—

- 100 patterns Breakfast and Tea Sets,
 - 50 " Dinner Sets,
 - 25 " Dessert Sets,
 - 50 " Bedroom Sets.
- Also, Table Jugs, Fancy Teapots,
Cheese Covers, Discuit Jars,
Game Pie Dishes, Spoons,
Cutlery and Fancy Goods.

71 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.
GLOVER HARRISON,
38-te IMPORTER.

Real Estate.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE.

A LARGE TWO-STORY
Rough-Cast House,
On Caer Howell street. Price, \$1,700.

Several Building Lots on Berryman street and Davon-
port Place, Yorkville, at from \$200 to \$280 each.

Several Building Lots on the Davenport Road, York-
ville, close to the Brick Schoolhouse, at \$400 each.

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

A Lot on Bathurst street, 53x125 feet. Price, \$320.
A Lot on corner of Baldwin street and John street,
30 x 120 feet to a lane. Price, \$600.

CLARK & FEILDE,
Jordan street.

Epiquean.

**W. & W.
AME! GAME! GAME!**

QUAIL, QUAIL, QUAIL,
PRAIRIE CHICKEN, PRAIRIE CHICKEN,
PRAIRIE CHICKEN, PRAIRIE CHICKEN,
WILD DUCK, WILD DUCK, WILD DUCK,
WILD TURKEY, WILD TURKEY,
WILD TURKEY, WILD TURKEY.

Special inducements to parties wishing a quantity of
H. M. ROWE & CO'S OYSTERS,
By the can or in bulk.
Parties supplied at reasonable rates. Our bulk oysters
are a speciality in this line.

WRIGHT & WIDGERY,
Wholesale and Retail,
CORNER YONGE AND RICHMOND STS.
30-te

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,
Ottawa, November, 1872.

**AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON AMERI-
CAN INVOICES** until further notice, 12
per cent.
R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,
Commissioner

Miscellaneous.

NOTICE TO SMOKERS.
THE ORIGINAL ENGLISH CUT TOBACCO HOUSE,
"THE IMPERIAL," 324 YONGE STREET.
W. MASTERS, Importers.

E. WESTMAN,
177 King Street East,
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF BUTCHERS' TOOLS,
SAWS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
All Goods Warranted. 30-h

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 Bil-
ver-Plated to order.
POST OFFICE LANE, TORONTO STREET.
36-h

T. CLAXTON,
Importer and Dealer in
First-class Band Instruments,
Violins, English, German and Anglo-German Concer-
tinas, Guitars, Flutes, Fidos, Bows, Strings, Instruction
Books, &c.,
107 YONGE STREET.
Special attention given to repairing and tuning every
description of Musical Instruments. 28-h

ANTHONY GILLIS,
(SUCCESSOR TO T. ROBINSON),
FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSER,
12 QUEEN STREET WEST.
Shaving, Hair Cutting, Shampooing and Hair Dyeing
done in first-class style.
Ladies and Children's Hair Cutting promptly and
carefully attended to. 28-hr

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

MADAME VON BEETHOVEN begs to announce that
she is now prepared to accept pupils for instruction on
the piano; cost her rooms between the hours of 9 to 1
and 3 to 6.
Circulars, with full particulars as to terms, &c., can
be had upon application at the rooms.
Special arrangements will be made with Ladies' Col-
leges and Seminaries. 28-hr

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

**BALLS AND SUPPERS ATTENDED TO,
BY WILLIAM COULTER,**
On the shortest notice, and in a manner as to give entire
satisfaction. Home-made bread always on hand.
Remember the address—CORNER OF TERAULEY
AND ALBERT STREETS.
33-h

**BAY STREET
BOOK BINDERY.**
No. 162, Late Telegraph Building.

WM. BLACKHALL.
Account Book Manufacturer, and Law, Plain and Orna-
mental Bookbinder and Paper Ruler, Toronto.
35-h

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



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

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

AN INCIDENT OF THE BOSTON FIRE.

BY HON. HENRY WILSON.

More than thirty years ago a business firm engaged in the leather trade in Boston. From small beginnings it became prominent and successful. Some years ago it established in a town near the city, works for tanning and curing, in which it has for several years employed more than one hundred men. Some of these men have been in their employment more than twenty years. The senior member of the firm had served an apprenticeship, had learned a trade, had toiled with his own hands, and in the days of his success and prosperity as a business man he did not forget, as men too often do, the toils and trials which manual laborers who work for wages have to endure. He remembered, too, that Christianity teaches that property, labor, all worldly possessions, should be consecrated to the service of the Divine Master, to make this world better and brighter.

More than three years ago this firm made a proposition to their workmen to divide among them a certain per centage of the profits of their business. This was in no way to affect their wages. Though a little incredulous, the workmen gladly accepted the proffered promise, and, to show their appreciation of the interest manifested in their welfare, nearly one hundred of them signed a temperance pledge and joined in organizing a temperance association. At the end of the first year the proprietors divided among their workmen what was equal to half an hour's wages per day through the year. The workmen were surprised and gratified at the result, and the hearts of the employers were gladdened by witnessing during the next and the succeeding year a livelier interest on the part of the workmen in the success of their business.

The second year's business was not quite so successful, and, of course, a less amount was divided. From the third year's profits the firm had set apart six thousand dollars, and the senior member of the firm visited the workmen in the latter part of the week of the fire, and informed them that he should, on the following Tuesday, divide among them that amount of the profits of the business. On Saturday night the fire broke out within a short distance of their store, and before daylight that store and thousands of dollars in goods were consumed.

Now the time came for the workmen to manifest their spirit, and show the fruit of the seed their employers had been sowing. Noble and grand was the record they made. Promptly, and without the knowledge of the firm, they held a meeting, at which they adopted these resolutions:—

- "To request their employers not to divide among them the six thousand dollars."
"To loan or place at their disposal the sum of about eleven thousand dollars they had in bank."
"To allow them, if it was necessary, to raise money by mortgaging their own houses for the benefit of the firm."

There is neither mystery nor magic in this experiment. It is simply adding a certain per centage of the profits of the business, pro rata, to the wages of the men and women employed. It is a simple sum in arithmetic, and is easily computed. But can there be any computation made of its moral value to both employers and employed? Will it not always and inevitably tend to make employers feel a deeper interest in the welfare of those who labor for them? Will it not quicken the zeal and excite the ambition of laboring men, by making them feel that they are co-partners in the profits of the business, if not in the business itself?

There are those who think there is an eternal antagonism between capital and labor. There are those who teach that rent is robbery, interest is extortion, property is plunder, and trade for profit is piracy. There are those, on the other hand, who care nothing for the toiling man's trials, and who sneer at every well-intended effort to lighten the burdens of labor as mis-directed philanthropy or blatant demagoguism. Would it not tend to soften the asperities between employers and employed which grow out of the conflicts of capital and labor, if the business men of the country the great manufacturing and railway corporations, should try an experiment which has, in the instance related, met with such signal success, and which has developed so touching an example of kind feelings and gratitude in a large number of workmen toward employers who had shown consideration and regard for them?—N. Y. Independent.

Every description of Plain and Ornamental Printing executed with Neatness and Dispatch, at the WORKMAN Office. All orders promptly attended to.

SAMUEL PLATT, JR., ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c., OFFICE:—18 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO. 42-hr

WM. WRIGHT, DEALER IN GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, WINES AND LIQUORS, FRUIT, OYSTERS, &c., &c. 277 Yonge Street, Toronto. 32-to

Go to the WORKMAN Office, 124 Bay Street, for Cheap Job Printing. 38-4c

Groceries, Provisions, &c.

F. PEIRCE, DEALER IN PROVISIONS, CURED MEATS, BUTTER, FOWLTRY, ETC., 332 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, (OPPOSITE LOUISA STREET.)

HAMS, BACON, PORK, SAUSAGES, BOILED HAM, AND ROLLED BEEF, LARD, POULTRY, BUTTER, EGGS, VEGETABLES, &c., ALWAYS ON HAND. 33-2c

181 YONGE STREET 181 GREAT STOCK-TAKING SALE.

We commenced on Thursday morning, 2nd January, 1873, to offer the WHOLE STOCK at a GREAT REDUCTION from the regular Prices, in order to make a clearance, before commencing to measure for Stock-taking. BARGAINS WILL BE GIVEN.

Look at some of our Prices.

Table with columns '£ s. d.' listing items like Scarlet Flannel, Stout Wine, Prints, and various meats with their respective prices.

AND OTHER GOODS IN PROPORTION. This is a genuine Sale and no humbug. T. BROWNLOW, 181 YONGE STREET, 4 DOORS NORTH OF QUEEN. 34-to

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

Comprising Teas of high quality and good flavor, fresh ground Coffee, various grades, Cocoa, Chocolate, New Raisins, Currants, Figs, Prunes, Apples, Cakes, Biscuits, Pickles, Jams and Jellies, Crosse & Blackwell's Pickles, etc., Canned Fruits, Corn, Peas, etc., Canned Lobsters, Salmon, Mackerel, Sardines. A full stock of Provisions always on hand—Butter, Eggs, Ham, Bacon, Fish, Flour, Cornmeal, Oatmeal, Cracked Wheat and Buckwheat Flour.

ALSO, A LARGE STOCK OF FIRST-CLASS BRANDS OF LIQUORS,

Table listing Brandy, Port Wine, Sherry Wine, Grape Wine, Jamaica Rum, O. T. Gin with prices.

Holland Gin, J. D. Kuyper, a large stock of Bottled Liquors, Guinness and Blood's Stout, Ale and Porter. Cash traders would do well to give us a trial. Remember the place. C. HUNTER. 32-to

GHINAMAN! AH SAUM. The undersigned proprietors of the PEKIN TEA COMPANY

Would respectfully inform the public, that they have, at a great expense, secured the services of the Chinaman, AH SAUM, for the purpose of testing and mixing all their TEAS. Ah Saum, being a practical Tea mixer, and having had long experience in the Tea business, we feel confident that we can furnish to the public, an assortment of Teas in quality and price that has never before been known in this country.

We cordially invite one and all to call and try our Teas for themselves as to the truth of our Statements.

We are also daily receiving a fine assortment of the choicest Family Groceries,

As was ever offered for sale in this city, and as low as the price list of any house in the Dominion. All our Goods we guarantee as represented, or the money refunded.

Persons wishing to call have their orders called for regularly, and goods delivered, and we guarantee all orders so filled shall be of the very best quality and at the lowest rates. As we give all orders our personal attention, those who may favor us with their patronage may rely upon being quickly and courteously waited upon and fairly dealt with.

THOS. D. WAKELEE & CO., Proprietors of the Pekin Tea Company, NO. 218 YONGE STREET, CORNER ALBERT. 37-to

TO MECHANICS AND OTHERS. ST. JOHN'S TEA WAREHOUSE. D. MACDONALD

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

ON THE NORTH-WEST CORNER OF TERAULEY AND ALBERT STS., here he has opened out with an extensive and well-sorted stock of Fresh Groceries and Provisions, WINES AND LIQUORS, of the choicest Brands.

FINEST FRUITS, Valencia, Seedless Sultaninas, Layers, and other Fruits. TEAS A SPECIALTY.

Every Subscriber having had many years' experience in the Tea Trade has, as a consequence, peculiar advantages in buying his Teas, and can therefore supply his customers with the VERY BEST KIND OF TEAS

At Prices that will Defy Competition. Parties wanting Teas would do well to call at the ST. JOHN'S TEA WAREHOUSE before purchasing elsewhere. Remember the address: on the North-West Corner of Terauley and Albert Streets. Goods delivered to all parts of the city. 38-to

CAUTION TO SMOKERS. Masters' Golden Bird's Eye Tobacco, registered (superior to Wills', Bristol), is sold only in packets, at 16c, 30c, and 60c each.

THE IMPERIAL, 324-YONGE STREET, 38-4c

Undertaking.

M. McCABE, PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER, 165 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO, (OPPOSITE COLLEGE AVENUE.)

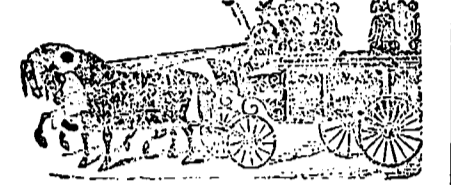
Hearse, Carriages, Scarfs, Joves, and Crapo, furnished at Funerals. Fisk's Patent Metallic Cases on hand. M. McCABE has been appointed City Undertaker by His Worship the Mayor. 25-hr

MURPHY & BOLTON, (Successors to S. Fawkes & H. B. Williams.)



FURNISHING UNDERTAKERS, 103 YONGE STREET, NORTH OF QUEEN STREET, TORONTO, ONT. N. B.—Mrs. McCARTHY'S business has removed to the above address. 25-hr

H. STONE, UNDERTAKER.



337 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. Funerals furnished to order. Fisk's Metallic Burial Cases always on hand. Refrigerator Caskets supplied when required. 33-to

J. YOUNG, LATE FROM G. Armstrong's Undertaking Establishment, Montreal, UNDERTAKER, 361 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. Funerals Furnished with every Requisite.

AGENT FOR FISK'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES. 37-to

Coal and Wood. BEST COAL & WOOD! LOWEST PRICES IN THE CITY, AT THE VICTORIA WOOD YARD, Victoria Street, near Richmond St. N.B.—LOW RATES BY THE CARLOAD. 40-r

COAL! WITHOUT SNOW. BIG COAL HOUSE. OFFICE: 45 YONGE STREET. W. MYLES & SON. 38-to

COLEMAN & CO.'S COAL OFFICE

REMOVED TO 65 YONGE ST. 65 NEXT TO Henderson's Auction Rooms J. F. COLEMAN & CO (Successors to Geo. Chaffey & Bro.) 41-c

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

OFFICE AND YARD—Corner Queen and Sherbourne Streets. WHARF: Foot of Sherbourne St., Toronto. 42-c

Boots and Shoes.

R. MERRYFIELD, Boot and Shoe Maker, 100 YONGE STREET. A large and well assorted Stock always on hand. 23-ob

J. PRYKE, Workingmen's Boot and Shoe Store, KING WILLIAM STREET, HAMILTON. Copies of the ONTARIO WORKMAN can be obtained Five Cents per copy!

BOOTS AND SHOES. Fifteen per Cent Below USUAL PRICES. The undersigned having special facilities, offers for sale BOOTS AND SHOES AT VERY LOW PRICES. Call and inspect stock. JOSEPH WESTMAN, 41 Queen Street West. 133 YONGE STREET. 133

G. M. LYNN & CO. collaborated for their CHEAP BOOTS AND SHOES. No Better Stock in the Market. G. M. LYNN & CO. 133 YONGE STREET. 133

PROCLAMATION. To all whom it may concern, Greeting: MONTHLY DISCOUNT SALE. The Public are hereby informed that S. McCABE, Proprietor of the Big Blue Boot Store, No. 59 QUEEN STREET WEST, is prepared henceforth to sell Boots and Shoes of all shapes and sizes, of all qualities and prices, Fifteen Per Cent. cheaper than any other store in the city. He can afford to do so, as he buys for cash, and has come to the conclusion that he serves his own, as well as the public interest, by having large sales and light profits. He also intends having a Discount Sale to favor the working classes, on the first Monday of every month, when he hopes for the increased patronage of his numerous friends and customers.

We have a magnificent variety of goods not enumerated here, owing to the want of space. We would further say to the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, that if they want fashionable, well-made and easy fitting boots and shoes, give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Respectfully, S. McCABE, Sign of the Big Blue Boot, Fashionable Emporium, 59 Queen St. West, 3rd door West of Bay St.

BOOTS AND SHOES. Now is the Time for Bargains. Balance of Winter Stock must be cleared out to make room for a Splendid Stock of SPRING GOODS. THE BEST AND LARGEST WE EVER HAD. COME AND SEE. WM. WEST & CO. SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT, 200-YONGE STREET. 38-to

P. MCGINNES, 131 YORK STREET. All who wish to have good, neat, and comfortable BOOTS AND SHOES, CALL AT THE Workingmen's Shoe Depot, 40-hr

Miscellaneous. GEORGE ELLIS, Manufacturer and Importer of Hair and Jute Switches, Chignons, Curls, Wigs, Bands, Puffs and Perfumery. LARGE ASSORTMENT OF HAIR NETS. No. 179 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. BOX 767, P. O. Special attention given to Shampooing, Cutting, and Dressing Ladies' and Children's Hair. Price lists and instructions for self-measurement of wigs sent on application—either wholesale or retail. 41-c

LOOK! LOOK!! LOOK!! MEERSCHAUM AND BRIAR PIPES, FOUNTAINS, STEMS, CIGAR CASES, YESUVIANS, &c. CHEAPEST IN THE CITY, THE IMPERIAL, 324 YONGE STREET. 38-4c

THE WOODBINE, 88 YONGE STREET. WM. J. HOWELL, JR., PROPRIETOR. Choicest brands of Wines, Liquors, and Cigars constantly on hand. 1 0h

Books, Stationery, &c.

Bargains for Mechanics! Look out for Cheap Bargains in Stationery, Toys, Fancy Goods, BASKETS, &c., and you will be sure to get them at G. HOWSON'S, 239 Yonge Street. BOYS' SLEIGHS—The cheapest in the city. 32-to

ALFRED BUTLER, BOOKSELLER, STATIONER, AND NEWS DEALER, 85 Queen Street West, TORONTO. Nearly opposite Elizabeth street. Subscriptions received for all Periodicals. Any Book procured to order. Bookbinding executed in any style at Lowest Rates. GENERAL DEALER IN JEWELLERY AND FANCY GOODS. Jewellery carefully and neatly repaired. 28-hr

TO MECHANICS AND OTHERS. A. S. IRVING, 35 King Street West, Toronto, Keeps on hand a large stock of all kinds of Mechanical and Scientific Books AND ALSO ALL THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES. Give him a call. 30-to

R. MACKENZIE, 104-1-2 Yonge Street, DEALER IN SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY, DOLLS, TOYS, AND GENERAL FANCY GOODS. All the American, English and Canadian periodicals received regularly. Remember the name and number. R. MACKENZIE, 104 1/2 Yonge Street. 40-ob

CAUTION TO SMOKERS. Master's Celebrated Virginia Shag (Registered), sold in packets, only at 10c, 20c, and 35c each. THE IMPERIAL, 324 YONGE STREET. 36-4c

Hardware. D. HEWITT'S West End Hardware Establishment, 365 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO. CUTLERY, SHELF GOODS, CARPENTERS TOOLS. 34-ob

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA. Wednesday, 18th day of December, 1872

PRESENT: HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL-IN-COUNCIL. On the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Inland Revenue, and under and in pursuance of the provisions of the 6th Section of the Act 31 Vic., Cap. 5, His Excellency has been pleased to order and it is hereby ordered, that a new Inspection District be, and the same is hereby set off, and established in the Province of Ontario, to be composed of portions of the present Inspection Districts of London and Toronto, and known as the Inspection District of Windsor, and that henceforward the three Inspection Districts aforesaid shall be respectively constituted as follows:—

The Inspection District of Windsor to comprise the Inland Revenue Divisions of Windsor, Sarua and Goderich.

The Inspection District of London, to comprise the Inland Revenue Divisions of London, Guelph, Paris, St. Catharines and Hamilton.

The Inspection District of Toronto to comprise the Inland Revenue Divisions of Algoma, Collingwood, Toronto, Cobourg, Peterborough and Belleville.

W. A. HIMSWORTH, Clerk Privy Council. December 27, 1872. 42-w

NOTICE. CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, Ottawa, Dec. 27, 1872. Notice is hereby given that His Excellency the Governor General, by an Order in Council, bearing date the 26th inst., and under the authority vested in him by the 3rd section of the 34th Victoria, Cap. 10, has been pleased to order and direct that the following articles be transferred to the list of goods which may be imported into Canada free of duty, viz.: Felt, Cotton, and Woollen Notting and Flush, used in the manufacture of Gloves and Mitts. By Command, R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs. Ottawa, Jan. 6, 1873. 42-w