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THE
RIP HAMMER.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED INTEREST OF

"LABOR AND KNOWLEDGE."

VOLUME I.

THIRTEEN NUMBERS (FEB. 1885 TO FEB. 1886, INCLUSIVE).

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1886.

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THE TRIP HAMMER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1885.

No. 1.

The Trip Hammer.

THE TRIP HAMMER is published monthly by a Board of Editors from the employes of The Massey Manufacturing Co.

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Care The Massey M'f'g. Co.,
Toronto, Ont.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF JOHN B. HARRIS.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS :

J. H. STANTON, R. HARMER,
W. GRIFFITHS, GORAM POWERS,
"PROF. SCRUB,"

BUSINESS MANAGER W. E. H. MASSEY.

ASSISTANTS :

W. W. ATKINSON, D. A. CAREY.

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GREETING.

We call ourselves "THE TRIP-HAMMER." Doubtless a striking name. We intend that the name shall not be an inappropriate one. TRIP-HAMMERS are of various powers and sizes; ours, as you see, is small. If our capacity were commensurate with our will, we should erect a five thousand horse Corliss engine and harness it to a hammer so powerful, that nothing we wished to break in pieces should withstand its

force. But just at present this is impracticable, and perhaps it is better so. We are young, unsophisticated, inexperienced—whatever word you please that shall convey the idea of callowness and tender youth; and perhaps if we were, all at once, entrusted with the running of an engine as mighty as the one into which we intend—some five or ten years hence—this shall grow, there might be trouble. Therefore we begin small.

A TRIP-HAMMER has various uses. It is not only an instrument of disintegration, but of formation. It should be able to strike so hard as to shiver or crush all opposing objects, and so gently as to form the finest point with delicate precision. We believe there is an opening for a TRIP-HAMMER in the workshop of Journalism. There are a thousand and one evils rampant within its world-wide walls which deserve to be smitten by an engine so powerful that they shall be shattered forever; broken into pieces so small, that the most cunning hand shall fail to re-unite them. They might be. If all the power of the press were put in requisition against evil and on the side of good, how mighty an impetus would be given to the wheels of progress in the direction of the Millenium—wheels that are now impeded at every turn by obstacles wilfully cast down before them by vicious hands. True, we hear about us many echoes of blows which fall in honest fashion; here and there strong arms are swinging sledge-hammers, before whose mighty sweep long-tolerated abuses are going down—whose ringing strokes are sounding through the world. But for every one such, there are a thousand weaklings. For every good, honest, arm's-length, whole-handle striker, there are a thousand going about with tack-hammers, gently tapping at the scaly sides of the monsters which bar the way, or tickling them into more baneful action by their puny blows. And even the sledges sometimes strike feebly. The crowd about them is so great. Self-interest, party—a hundred restraining, entramelling influences are continually in the way to check the weapon's descent or cause it to swerve from its object.

Clearly the hour of the "TRIP-HAMMER" has come.

We will not say that we expect to revolutionize the world, not all at once at any rate. As we have said, we begin small. "One horse" is perhaps about our power. But we shall grow. If we have conceived our purpose aright, it is one which shall ensure us the sympathy and support of good men and good women everywhere, and, having that, there is no danger but we shall grow. For these same good men and women look about them every day of their lives and see with sorrow and pain, that amid all the paths by which mankind travels from the cradle to the grave, there is one path more than all others beset with obstacles and pitfalls—the pathway of labor. We do not intend to be presumptuous. We have no thought that, because of our advent, these obstacles shall immediately begin to disappear, these pitfalls to fill up. But we propose to array our small force in line with those who have their removal in view. We propose to use our "TRIP-HAMMER" for the purpose of crushing every evil which obstructs the way of labor on its journey to better, higher and nobler things; and though our strokes may at first be feeble, we have no fear but that we shall be strengthened by time and experience for our work.

We shall not interfere with politics, outside the path we have marked out for ourselves. But we shall not swerve from that path in order to avoid obstructions of a political nature. We propose to grapple with everything in the shape of an obstruction—political or otherwise—when such would seem to impede our course, place it beneath our "Hammer" and break it if we can. We shall not be particular whether it is placed there, or permitted to remain there, by John A. or Edward B., by Oliver or William, so long as we believe it to be an impediment which ought to be removed. We shall pound it, or pound at it until we smash it, or our machinery collapses. Of course we believe in Canada. We are Canadian first and always. With our present light, however, we are unable to see that there is anything in this feeling inconsistent with a sentiment of loyalty to the Mother Country and a desire that the connection now existing shall be maintained. We confess we are one of those old fogies, or young fogies, who would be sorry to see the day when the British flag, the Union Jack, should be hauled down from Canadian masts and flagstuffs for the last time. But if it can be shown us that the cause we profess to

champion will be benefited by a change, we stand ready to advocate such a change with all our power.

We shall quarrel with no man's religion. Desiring full liberty for ourselves in this particular, we accord to every man a like freedom. But we shall not hesitate to point out abuses where we see them, masked though they may be under religious guise. Towards those who make their religion a cloak for selfish ends, who "steal the livery of the Court of Heaven to serve the devil in," we shall have no mercy; and we intend to have a word or two to say on some points in connection with the Church which we think will bear discussion.

We wish we were better fitted by experience and learning for the carrying out of the object we have set before us. We admit at once that we have no claim to profundity in either. We make no pretences. We shall not borrow a single plume to enable us fly into public favor. Our journalistic experience is small—our literary culture not of the highest order. But we hope in some measure to make up for the want of these by earnestness and honesty of purpose. We have no selfish ends. We shall endeavor to be consistent. We shall try to write decent English. We shall eschew slang in all its abominable forms. We shall not "catch on" or "come off." We shall make no "mash," we shall "tumble" to no "racket." And we shall not go out of our way to refer to a spade by any other name than just a spade. We look for tribulation. We do not by any means anticipate a path of roses. We shall be prepared to encounter opposition where we might least expect it, and do not hope to escape the breath of calumny or the tongue of detraction. But we shall call patience and fortitude to our aid, and hope to live to see the day when the cause we have at heart shall take a larger place than it now holds—when labor, walking hand in hand with knowledge and virtue shall play its proper part in the great drama of life.

CONTRIBUTED.

CHITCHAT ABOUT BOOKS.

BY FRANK YEIGH.

The room is small, but as cosy and comfortable as the den of the most secluded and selfish

bachelor that ever lived ; the chunks of hard maple creak and crack and chatter merrily in the little open grate stove in the corner under the mantel, while the noisy flames enwrap and hug each blazing ember, now exploring into tiny caverns in the bark and then undermining the fire-serrated structure of wood so that it suddenly falls to the bottom of the grate to the infinite amusement of the malicious forks of fire; on my table the shaded lamp sheds a genial and subdued glow around the room and shows me the way to an easy chair with wonderful depths of softness and hair stuffing. Outside, battalion after battalion of zero-frosted gusts beat spitefully against the window panes jealous of my room, and my chair, and my lamp, and my fire.

Will you step into my room for an hour or two? The easy chair shall be yours and a seat nearest the fire, and we'll have a chat about books. Am I a book-worm? Not a bit of it. Haven't the time, friend, what with hurrying to work in the morning; only an hour for dinner and to work again till six, but I make such a division of my spare time that I am able to devote two nights a week to revelling among my books and magazines. Here I've just been dipping into Mark Twain's "Roughing It" for the third time, I guess, and where will you find anything funnier than his story of the cayote who ran so fast that he split a long crack in the atmosphere! or the jay story in "The Tramp Abroad." If I were a doctor I would keep these yarns in stock and prescribe them regularly for my dyspeptic patients—after I had run up a bill big enough to suit me. Here's Dickens in these blue covered volumes. I always keep them handy and have only to look at the outside to see comical, jolly, shrewd, good-hearted Sam Weller, or the more advanced bald-headed, full-faced, innocent old Pickwick standing just in front of me where I can laugh at them. And as to poetry, bless you. I like it. It is a sort of sauce to pour over the more solid dishes of history and travel, whether it be the punning rhyme of Tom Hood when he tells that

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!
Now as they bare him off the field,
Said he "let others shoot
For here I leave my second leg
And the Forty-second Foot!"

Or the loftier strains of a Longfellow to whom
in the twilight

Nature with folded hands
Seemed kneeling at her evening prayer.

Or the stately metre of a Milton lifting the soul
to sublime altitudes of imagination. It was
Voltaire who said that poetry is the music of
the soul.

The storehouses of history, too, are inexhaustible, whether you read of the triumphs of an Alexander the Great or a Caesar, or the conquests and defeats of a Napoleon, and—

What! must you *really* go? But I was just going to say that I think every man and woman, no matter how busy they may be with other duties or pleasures, whether they work ten hours a day or not, ought to and can find time to do a certain amount of general reading—delving into a stirring book of travel such as Colonel Burnaby's Ride to Khiva or Edward O'Donovan's adventures at Merv; a good solid novel by any one of the standard authors, and especially one or more of the magazines—such as The Century, or Harper's—which give the freshest matter from the ablest pens and enables one to keep abreast of the times. To my mind the world is a huge panorama, and books are the mediums through which we catch glimpses of the strange peoples and countries and mountains and cathedrals and cities and forests that dot its rugged surface, and, therefore, he who would develop his mind, broaden his views, and add to his stock of information, will make it a practice to accomplish a certain amount of reading.

Good night! I'll not keep you any longer.
Drop in again when you feel like it.

JOTTINGS.

The Massey Memorial Hall and rooms in connection therewith have already been the theatre of several interesting events. First the employés presentation of an address and silver tea service to Mr. W. N. Allen, and to Mrs. Allen of a valuable gold ring, on the occasion of their leaving Toronto for Manitoba.

Next, the hall itself was formerly opened and dedicated to the memory of its founder, the late Mr. C. A. Massey, on Dec. 19th, in presence of a large and appreciative audience. The President of the Company, Mr. H. A. Massey, presided, and on the platform were a number of prominent gentlemen. The Memorial Address was delivered by the Rev. Dr.

Withrow, who recited, in eloquent words, the virtues of the deceased gentleman to whose memory they were about to dedicate the Hall. The meeting was afterwards addressed by Sir Leonard Tilley, Finance Minister of the Dominion, Mayor Boswell, Mr. H. E. Clarke, M.P.P., and Mr. J. J. Withrow, and at the close the rooms were formally handed over to the workmen by Mr. H. A. Massey, who in earnest terms besought them to take advantage of their opportunities, and to live in all things as he who designed the rooms for their benefit would wish them to live could he return among them.

On Tuesday evening, Dec. 23, Mr. J. B. Harris read Dickens' Christmas Carol, under the auspices of the Benefit Society, Prof. Goldwin Smith presiding; and latest but not least, on Monday evening, Jan. 17th, Mr. Matthew Garvin was presented by the employés with an address accompanied by an elegant gold watch, on the occasion of his promotion to the position of Assistant-Manager of the Company.

This meeting was presided over by Superintendent Johnston and was marked by many demonstrations of good feeling and high regard for Mr. Garvin, which must have been highly acceptable to that gentleman.

Mr. Richard Barrett being about to remove to another locality, his comrades in the finishing room seized the opportunity presented by this meeting to surprise him with a very elegant token of their esteem in the shape of a silver tankard, presented in a few well chosen words by Mr. Carey. The Massey Band, the Orchestra, and the Glee Club, at all these meetings contributed in a marked manner to the enjoyment of the hour.

We are looking for the organization of a permanent society which shall hold meetings, weekly or otherwise, for purposes of mutual improvement and needed recreation. The rooms were built for your use, gentlemen, use them!

It has been suggested that a public meeting of the employés be held in the Lecture Room, on say Monday evening, Feb. 16th, at 8 o'clock, to consider the desirability of forming such a society as we have indicated above.

The projectors of the "TRIP-HAMMER" have been the recipients of many kindly attentions from friends interested in their success and welfare. Among them we may specially mention Messrs. Bradley & Co. of Syracuse, N.Y., to whom we are indebted for the cut of the Trip-

hammer forming a portion of our illustrated front cover, for which we now convey to them our best thanks. The remainder of the cover was designed and engraved by Mr. J. L. Jones, of Toronto, whose good taste and artistic skill entitle him to high rank in his profession.

WORKMAN'S LIBRARY ASS'N.

WHY IS IT?

Only a few more than half of the employés have as yet manifested a desire to become members of the W. L. A. Why is it?

No pains nor expense have been spared to make the reading room of the Association pleasant and comfortable—it is large, beautifully lighted, well heated and is neatly decorated and furnished. A most copious supply of literature has been provided, and great care has been exercised in its selection to choose the very best in each line, and also a sufficient variety of subjects to meet the requirements of all. There is, as well, a large writing table where writing materials will always be found and which members are welcome to use at their pleasure. Furthermore, a system providing for the circulation of periodicals has been devised, after no little expenditure of thought, by which the borrowing, for home reading, of any of the weeklies or monthlies coming to our library is made feasible. (We are not aware of any other Library in existence which circulates weekly and monthly journals as they arrive week by week and month by month).

When we consider that all this may be enjoyed by every member of the W. L. A., and that any employé may become a member by simply subscribing to its rules—these are no more than are requisite in any well regulated Library—is it not strange so large a proportion should, as yet, have paid us no attention? Hence, we put the question; why is it?

Indeed there can be no good reason. Every young man in our works should promptly embrace this opportunity for reasons which are obvious. The older generation ought of course to come to the front—if lacking interest themselves, for the encouragement of the young at least. Those who have little time to spend at the library, and those living at long distances may make good use of the "circulating system" and thus improve their spare moments at home.

All would do well to show their appreciation of what has been done by handing in their names, though they are unable to visit the reading-room but once a month.

This has not been written to induce any one to think the W. L. A. would deem it a compliment to place his name upon its roll of membership; no, but rather as an outlet for the surprise we could scarcely retain in finding that so many of the employés are either blinded to the opportunities set before them, or are indifferent to the interest the proprietors of the Company have manifested in their behalf. Possibly, though, it may be merely thoughtless neglect on the part of many. This we sincerely hope is the case, and if so, "better late than never." hand in your name and we still extend a welcome hand.

Members visiting the library at noon will find a daily weather bulletin placed upon the notice board. The Probabilities will be telegraphed directly from the Observatory to the office each day at 11.30 a.m.

MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.

BENEFIT FUND.

The annual meeting of the Massey Employés Benefit Society was held on Thursday evening, Dec. 18th, 1884, Mr. W. F. Johnston, President, in the chair. The Secretary presented the annual report, showing ninety members in good standing on the roll. The receipts during the eighteen months of the society's existence were \$440.75. Disbursements for sickness and some small necessary expenses were \$235.25, leaving a balance on hand of \$205.50. On motion it was decided to allow 75 cents per member to remain in the treasury, the balance to be divided. In this way each member received back about 44 per cent of the money paid in by him, making the total cost of belonging to the society about half a cent per day, thus far. The election of officers was then proceeded with and resulted as follows—President, Richard Barrett; 1st Vice-Pres., J. Hardman; 2nd Vice-Pres., J. T. Dodwell; Treas., W. Jackson; Sec., R. J. Medley. Directors—Messrs. T. Howard, Jos. Hall, J. Whittaker, G. Austin, Albert Johnston, R. Whetlock and J. Mackery. Auditors—J. S. Lawson and S. McNabb. The

officers hope that every employé of the Company will join the society. The Directors held their monthly meeting on the 12th of January. Eight new members were added to the roll. Mr. R. Barrett being about to leave the employ of the Company, Mr. G. Powers was elected president in his room. The members of the society desire to place on record their sincere regret in losing Mr. Barrett, who was a faithful worker, and earnest promoter of the society's welfare. They wish him all success and happiness in his new home. Two members have been on the sick list during January '85.

We desire to draw the attention of those employés who have not yet joined the society to the above simple statement of its affairs. It is evident therefrom that it has more than fulfilled its mission, having not only attended to the wants of its sick members but returned at the close of the year 44 cents out of every dollar paid in.—Ed.

OUR MUSICAL ORGANIZATIONS.

WHAT IS BEING DONE.

The Massey Band is in a flourishing condition both financially and professionally, and under the skillful leadership of Mr. John Kelly, is making rapid advancement, not only in popular music, but also in those more refined and classical studies which form the best of the true musician. The membership now consists of twenty-one players, and our *répertoire* is being continually enlarged, embracing the works of the best writers as well as those more calculated to please the fancy of the multitude. Owing to a continuous engagement at the Spadina Avenue Rink, practice in the new rooms, so kindly furnished by the Company, has not been so constant as we could wish, but we hope during the coming season to show ourselves worthy of the noble generosity which has placed at our disposal such a commodious apartment, and one so well suited to its purpose. We may well speak in terms of high praise of the liberality which provides for us a room of such dimensions, heated by steam, lighted with gas, and all without cost to us.

An orchestra consisting at present of six pieces, under the direction of Mr. Birch, is also in successful operation. Its members, inspired

by their leader with a commendable ambition, are attacking many of the more difficult and finer compositions with the greatest ardour and determination. On the several occasions of their appearance in public their faultless harmony, and ever-increasing facility of execution have won for them compliments of no ordinary character.

The Glee Club, also, is flourishing, and consists of eight male voices under the leadership of Mr. Chas. P. McCoy. This gentleman is devoting much time and trouble to the interests of the Club, and if a good voice, extensive musical knowledge, and a thorough desire for the improvement of his pupils are of any advantage the warblers will surely be a success. Indeed they are so already, for *encores* upon *encores* not to be denied, have invariably awaited them whenever they have come upon the platform. They miss the noble instrument and its genial owner, Mr. Shelton, from their accompaniments, and the cultivated voice of Mr. Barrett from their chorus, but are rendered thereby only the more determined to make the most of the excellent material in voices and instruments still at their command.

We wish them all, Band, Orchestra and Glee Club unqualified success. They are engaged in a noble study, which, if pursued in a diligent manner, and with a proper appreciation of what music really means, must bring to themselves and to those privileged to hear them, one of the most refined and soul-absorbing pleasures man's nature is capable of enjoying. We fix no limit to their ambition. We cheer them as they attack and conquer the redoubts of high class music. But at the same time we plead for the old airs—the songs of Lang Syne—that they may not be altogether put aside, but that they may be heard once in a while by those of us who are going down life's incline—recalling dear memories of the days of old when we heard them by the fireside by the “ingle nook” from lips now silent in the grave.—ED.

LETTERS AND QUESTIONS.

TRIP HAMMER aims not only to strengthen the good feeling already existing between the several departments of the institution from which it emanates, but to weld unto a more compact unit the numerous individual members of the same.

To such an end this column is set apart as a medium for the interchange of ideas, and every one employed upon the premises from apprentice to manager will consider it so arranged for his special benefit.

As the aim of the paper will be in the direction of the moral and intellectual benefit of its readers, the correspondence will, of course, partake of the same nature. Within these limitations a friendly discussion of the various topics constantly arising is cordially invited.

Have you an idea, the development of which will be beneficial or interesting to the readers in general?

Write it up and let them have it.

Do your opinions differ from those expressed in Trip Hammer?

State your own views and give reasons.

“Use the pen; there's magic in it,
Never let it lag behind;
Write thy thought, the pen can wip it
From the chaos of the mind.”

T. H. is neither a walking encyclopædia, nor an animated dictionary, yet such questions on practical subjects, as may be presented for consideration, shall receive attention.

In all your communications remember the three rules of journalism. 1st, Be brief; 2nd, Be brief; 3rd, Be brief.

HISTORICAL DIARY.

JANUARY.

1st....A letter from General Gordon received by General Wolselly announces the safety of Khartoum.

2nd....Dynamite explosion in an underground railway in London; not much damage done. = More earthquake shocks in Spain.

3rd....Mr. Gladstone reported ill. = Four French men-of-war ordered to Chinese waters.

4th....Dr. Tauszky, an insanity expert, becomes insane.

5th....General Stewart arrives at Korti. = Manning elected Mayor of Toronto—the largest vote ever polled in the city.

6th....Another earthquake shock in Spain.

7th....An armed mob forcibly seized the public records of a Dakota town.

8th....Prince Albert Victor attained his majority.

9th....Captain Thomas T. Phelan stabbed in O'Donovan Rossa's office—he made disclosures in the West regarding Fenian plots.

10th....Mr. Gladstone said to be recovering. = Captain Phelan supposed to be out of danger.

11th....King Alfonso visited the scenes of the earthquake shocks. His beneficence toward the afflicted is most magnanimous.

12th . . . Many vessels wrecked and lives lost by gales on the British coast. = An earthquake shock felt at Gibraltar.

13th . . . Schyler Colfax died. = Disastrous floods in Italy.

14th . . . Shocks of earthquake continue in Spain.

15th . . . Civil war broke out in Colombia. = A five million dollar failure at Pittsburg.

16th . . . A scheme for robbing the Canadian mails brought to light.

17th . . . A great panic and much distress caused by the continued earthquake shocks in Spain.

18th . . . A hospital burns at Hankakee, Ill ; seventeen lives lost. = Twelve Chinese vessels dispatched from Shanghai.

19th . . . England decided to oppose Turkey in any interference in Egyptian affairs. = Sullivan-Ryan fight stopped in New York city.

20th . . . Exciting Cabinet Council on the Egyptian question in London.

21st . . . Battle at Abu Klea won by the British forces. = Lieut. Col Fred Burnaby slain.

22nd . . . General Stewart reported to have occupied Metemneh. = Much distress caused by avalanches in Italy.

23rd . . . The battle of Abu Klea announced to have been more disastrous to the English than first reported.

24th . . . Fiendish dynamite outrages in London, at London Tower and Westminster Hall. = Anxiety regarding Gen Stewart increasing.

25th . . . Twenty persons injured in a railway collision near Brussels.

26th . . . Opening of the Montreal Carnival.

27th . . . No news from Gen. Stewart. = Intense anxiety at London

28th . . . Gen Stewart heard from—entrenched near Metemma and badly wounded.

29th . . . County of Carlton makes the fifth Scott Act victory since the first of Jan. = Gen. Stewart progressing favorably.

30th . . . Forty persons killed in a railway disaster near Sidney, N. S. W.

31st . . . Almost a reign of terror in Vienna in consequence of the vigorous measures adopted for suppressing anarchism.

which men can only be forced to believe by the clearest and most convincing evidence. Our swiftest express trains travel with about one-thousandth part of the velocity that astronomers assign to the earth's revolution around the sun ; the velocity with which sound travels is but as rest compared with that of the onward rushing earth ; light itself, though its velocity is so enormous that it courses in a single second over a space that would eight times circle the earth, yet does not travel so many times faster than the earth but that her motion bears to that tremendous velocity an appreciable proportion. . . . —*Knowledge*.

THOUGHTS.

Little Eddie was looking at the moon and stars one night, and said, "The moon has lots of little babies to-night. Oh, when all the moon's babies are grown, won't we have a big light !"

A religious home, where love, peace, purity and Christ reign, bears a stronger resemblance to heaven than any other place to be found on this side the world of glory.

The high prize of life, the crowning fortune of a man, is to be born to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness—whether it be to make baskets, or broadswords, or canals, or statutes, or songs. —*Emerson*.

The year was old that day. The patient year had lived through the reproaches and misuses of its slanderers, and faithfully performed its work. Spring, summer, autumn, winter, it had labored through the destined round, and now laid down its weary head to die. Shut out from hope, high impulse, active happiness itself, but messenger of many joys to others, it made appeal, in its decline, to have its toiling days and patient hours remembered, and to die in peace. —*Dickens*.

FUN, WIT AND WISDOM.

HYGIENE IN A NUTSHELL.—To obviate hereditary tendency to disease in the young, "wash them, air them, and iron them."

Josh Billings has this application of see-saw: "I saw a blind woodsawyer. While none ever saw him see, thousands have seen him saw."

It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practice, that makes them good.

Two gentlemen paused before an owl set up in a window, discussed it for five minutes, and declared it was the worst piece of botchery in stuffing they ever saw ; and then the bird woke up and moved its head ; they felt terribly embarrassed.

An editor getting tired of paying printers, resolved to put his own shoulder to the wheel. Here is a specimen of his efforts at setting type :

'wE tujnq e shal dO gOst OF ouR o Wn sertiNg tLPe nEgryfke ,—Printers g ad tALq abou iTs BAEing diffiCult to sEt tipe, Buq Ae dOn,t exp rE-EnAE g ucq difficulYi'

SELECTED.

THE EARTH'S REVOLUTION.

Although the fact that the earth rotates upon her axis is one of the most striking revealed to us by astronomical researches, it is far surpassed in interest by the circumstance that the earth speeds with inconceivable velocity on a widely-extended orbit around the sun. Once we have become convinced that the earth is a globe, freely suspended in space, we are prepared to learn that this globe may rotate upon its axis. But nothing save long familiarity with the idea can render the theory of the earth's revolution around the sun otherwise than surprising. That this earth on which "we live and move and have our being," this globe which we are accustomed to regard as the very emblem of stability and fixedness, is rushing through space with a velocity far exceeding that of the swiftest motions known to us, is an amazing fact, and one

NOT A BAD RETORT.—In his cross-examination of the surgeon, the lawyer said that a doctor ought to be able to give an opinion without making a mistake. The surgeon replied, "They are as capable as lawyers." The lawyer said, "A doctor's mistakes are buried six feet under the ground: a lawyer's are not." "No," said the surgeon; "but they are sometimes hung as many feet above ground."—*Science News.*

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. W. F. Johnson's little son Cecil is now rapidly recovering from his severe and dangerous attack of membrane croup.

Mr. Hart M. Powell, formerly connected with our Winnipeg Branch office, has recently been stationed at the Toronto office.

A sale of the entire works and machinery of the Joseph Hall Manufacturing Company will be held, at public auction this month. This is not the effect of the N.P.

Mr. J. F. Morrow, book-keeper at our branch house, Winnipeg, has, after a sojourn of a few weeks with us here, and his friends at Oshawa, returned to the lone land. He intends his family to remove there in the spring.

Our genial young friend, Geo. Williams, who has for a number of years handled the telegraph key in the office of the Massey Manufacturing Company, has entered the matrimonial state. And although our sanctum has not been favored with either cards or cake, our good wishes for your happiness and prosperity, George, coupled with that of your bride, will be none the less.

Mr. W. Shelton, who has been connected with the works of the Massey Manufacturing Co. for the past 12 years, and for some time of late as foreman of the saw shop, has recently accepted an important position in the Central Prison Industries. He was, for a while, leader of the Massey Cornett Band, and latterly conductor of the orchestra. Mr. Shelton is a faithful and efficient workman, and during his stay with us has won for himself many friends. We wish him every success in his new relations.

On another page of our paper will be found the announcement of the presentation of a gold watch to our Assistant-Manager, Mr. Matthew Garvin, by the employes of the Company. There are three things in the world most coveted by Mr. Garvin, viz., a good wife, a good watch, and a good horse. The two former we can now vouch he possesses; but the latter, well, we would not like to venture our opinion,—perhaps we are not a judge of horses, but we would like to see him make his idealistic trio complete by driving a horse that we could consider, in its sphere, equal to the others, then we are sure his happiness would be complete. Don't wait another thirty years, Matthew! Many of the boys won't be here, then.

Mr. Barrett, formerly of the Toronto Reaper and Mower Works, and who has since 1881 been connected with the Massey Factory, has lately engaged himself to the Messrs. Patterson Bros., of Richmond Hill. The position he takes, we understand, is foreman of their binder department. His employers will find him an obliging and competent man for the position assigned him. We are sorry to lose him from our ranks yet he goes with our best wishes for his personal welfare. His fellow-employes, prior to his departure, presented him with a handsome silver water-pitcher, suitably engraved for the occasion. He was held in high esteem by his fellow workmen.

NOTICES.

NOTE.—Notices of Marriages, Births and Deaths are earnestly solicited from subscribers, and will be inserted free of any charge.

MARRIAGE.

WILLIAMS—STEPHENSON.—At the residence of the bride's father, January 7th, by the Rev W. H. Madden, of Sutton, Ont., Geo. Williams, to Elizabeth A. only daughter of Wm. Stephenson, both of Toronto.

BIRTH.

At 137 Strachan Avenue, November 18th, 1884, the wife of W. F. Johnston of a son.

BUSINESS CORNER.

NOTE.—Advertisements under the head of For Sale or Exchange, To Let, Lost, Found, Wanted, etc., will be inserted (for employes only) at the rate of Five Cents per line (seven words).

SPECIAL.

Our readers will find that we include among our advertisers only the very best, and earnestly request that the employes patronize those who have so generously patronized us. It is only by means of these advertisements that the Business Managers are enabled to issue this Journal to you at such very low subscription rates. In many cases the mention of our paper will secure subscribers special attention, and it is to be remembered that the TRIP HAMMER will advise you of none but the most worthy and reliable business houses.

FOR SALE.

A splendid violin outfit. The violin is a good model and has an unusually sweet tone. Enquire of the Business Manager.

An American "Challenge" Camera, fitted with the latest and best improvements. Has an admirable single lens; terms mild. Enquire of the Business Manager.

TO LET.

House No. 8 Mechanic's Terrace. Enquire at the office of The Massey Mfg. Co.

WANTED.

One thousand subscribers for TRIP HAMMER. Only Twenty Cents per annum; by mail, Thirty Cents.