

# Ontario Workman

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

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No. 100.

## Correspondence.

### THE COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)  
SIR,—It is not a little remarkable that I should have resided upwards of six months in Toronto without having discovered that the above designation represents something more than a name (now styled the School of Practical Science). I have not only lived within a stone's throw of the building, but have entered it frequently, and communicated with several officials beneath its roof, and yet I visited the College proper for the first time a few days since, through the courtesy of one who, doubtless, is the life of it. As I am one of that numerous host who have some acquaintance with those apologetic for a home, called boarding-houses, I discovered this collegiate refuge for the destitute with the greater glee, and I venture to address you on this subject, with the two-fold object of expressing my appreciation of the wisdom and foresight of the Government in fostering such an institution, and that of pointing out its merits to the multitude who, in probable ignorance of its value, are squandering money and time on less worthy objects. Here I found several well-appointed rooms, in some of which were about forty pupils, engaged in free-hand and mechanical drawing. They have the advantage of the oversight of an accomplished artist, whose pleasure coincides with his vocation to instruct. In addition to cheerily lighted rooms, the pupils' appliances are furnished at cost price, and at the educator, in the present instance, is not of the mud-rake class, the scholars are not molested in commissions, &c., but enjoy this inestimable boon without charge. A valuable library is accessible at the Institution, on Saturdays from 2 to 5 o'clock, and from 7 to 9 o'clock on Tuesdays also from 7 to 9 o'clock. Pending negotiations in relation to the building, the Government, it appears, contemplate developing the present scheme in the much needed direction of a school of mines, &c., &c. With many things in the country (as I am free to confess) repulsive to an upright mind, I desire to express, perhaps the more cordially, my heartfelt appreciation of the privilege of access which I enjoy—not only to the Institution in question, but to the Library of University College, and to the Reading Room of the Young Men's Christian Association, each of which, in their several degrees, and in their accessibility, I regard as grounds of gratulation to the country.

Allow me to remark, in conclusion, that I hope the claims of the ladies will not be overlooked in connection with the new arrangements at the School of Practical Science.

I am, Sir,  
Yours faithfully,  
DAVID EDWARDS.  
34 Bond St., 9th March 1874.

### TRANSPPOSITION No. 2.

Mal res. Jue.  
The az. ran.  
Pur can mea.  
Nil tnp. ase.  
The gan seem.

McG.

### St. Catharines.

### GEOGRAPHICAL CHARADE No. 2.

A river in the East.  
One of the United States.  
And ancient city.  
A city in South America.  
A province in Ireland.  
A kingdom in Europe.  
A kingdom in Africa.  
A place of pilgrimage in the East.  
An extinct Kingdom.  
A city in Italy.  
A city in Ontario.  
An ancient City.  
A river in Germany.  
My initials read downward, will give the name of an American Port.

McG.

### St. Catharines.

The Right Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone has definitely retired from the leadership of the Liberal party.

There was an eloquent in Ottawa last Friday night. A lady named Bush, aged sixteen, eloped with a fourteen year old girl. That is carrying out the principle of "going it while you are young," with a vengeance.

## Labor Notes.

The carpet weavers of Dewsbury are discussing the necessity for a trades union.

At a recent meeting of the Wislaw miners it was agreed to start a benefit society, in connection with the union, for cases of sickness, accident, and death.

The colliers in the mines at Somersetshire have struck work. They demand an increase of pay. The miners are determined and a strike is threatened.

At a special meeting on Monday, of the Cutter's Branch of the Crispin Society of New York, it was voted to strike to-day for 8 hours work. There are about 300 members, over half of whom have been compelled to work 10 hours a day.

At a recent meeting of the delegates from the London Street Masons—generally known as York and granite masons—the preliminary steps were taken from the consolidation of the whole body throughout the United Kingdom.

Several trade organizations held a meeting last Monday at the Germania Rooms New York, to protest against the action of "super-vising Architect Mullett, who is supposed to be in favor of disregarding the eight hour system."

The strike among the employees of several shoe factories in Philadelphia, reported last week, has ceased, the manufacturers conceding the demands of the strikers. This success has induced the workmen of other shops, as might have been expected, to make the same attempt, so that three more shops are declared out by the committee. No doubt they will be settled the same as the two former, by returning to the old wages. The factories employ together about 300 hands.

At a meeting of the Amalgamated Engine-Drivers and Stokers, held at the Lamb Tavern, Bethnal-green-road, on the 27th ult., after Mr. Charles Noble (in the chair) had explained the objects of the society, the yearly balance sheet was submitted by the secretary. After deducting expenses, a balance of nearly £40 remains in the banker's hands. Several fresh entries having been made, the meeting was adjourned. The members number between 60 and 70.

Sir Thomas Biddulph has just replied to the letter of Mr. Joseph Arch, president of the Labourers' union, respecting the reports by the special correspondent of the *Labourers' Chronicle* as to the unsatisfactory condition of the Queen's labourers at Osborne. He says:—"All persons employed here by her Majesty have the means of representing their case to me, who act in the matters on behalf of her Majesty. I must therefore decline to enter into a correspondence with third parties on a subject which I cannot admit to be one in which their interference would be justifiable."

## LABOR PORTRAITS.

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

### THOMAS BURT.

SECRETARY, NORTHUMBERLAND MINERS; AND  
M. P. FOR MORPETH.

Thomas Burt, who has been returned as member of Parliament by the workmen of Morpeth, was born on 12th November, 1837, at Morton Row, Percy Main, near North Shields. While he was yet a child 17 months old his parents removed to Whitley, from which, however, they had to shift a year afterwards when the pit, was thrown out of gear by an explosion. Their next place of abode was New row, Seghill, now styled Blake Town. Here the family found a home, and plenty of hard work, if little else, for the next five years. Here also young Thomas began that course of learning which has availed him so much in later years, first at a dame's school, then at a more advanced seminary. But while young Burt was picking up such scraps of knowledge as the village school provided, other lessons were being represented to him which made a deep impression on his youthful mind. It was in 1844, when he was only in his seventh year, that the first great strike of miners occurred of which he can have had any experience. Evictions were carried out wholesale. The Burt family, like so many others, had to turn out and shift for themselves as best they could. After seven years they

settled at Seaton Delaval Colliery. Here began that course of self-culture which has gone so far to making up the deficiencies of Mr. Burt's early education. Fortunately for him, there was quite a number of young men in the village who were fond of reading, and eager for useful knowledge. To these young Thomas was drawn by community of tastes and wishes, and by mutual help they made fair progress in their studies, although at that period fourteen or fifteen hours out of the twenty-four were consumed between leaving and returning home.

The year 1860 brought a double crisis in his career. He removed to Choppington and took unto himself a wife—Mary, daughter of Thos. Weatherburn. Marriage in no degree lessened his diligence in study or his devotion to the welfare of those around him. Logic and poetry divided his attention about equally between them. While at Choppington he was secretary of the District Temperance Society, and also of the School Committee—the school being under the joint management of employers and workmen. These honorable distinctions implied that he had already possessed the confidence of the best men in the colliery. It is only right to add, in this place that Mr. Burt, who was to become champion and representative of the Northumberland miners in their negotiations with their employers, acquired none of the admirable fitness he displays in such delicate matters from personal experience of oppression.

It was early in 1864 that Mr. Burt was chosen delegate by the Choppington men to represent them in the council of the union. The Society at that time was the Northumberland and Durham Miners' Association. At a meeting held at Plessey, Mr. Burt proposed the separation of the two counties for union purposes, and this was carried. Whereupon the northern miners were enrolled under the designation of the Northumberland Miners' Confident Association. The Durham miners did not organize themselves until two years later. In 1865 the office of agent to the union fell vacant by the resignation of Mr. Crawford who now fulfils a similar office for the Durham Association. The men of Choppington immediately expressed their earnest desire that Mr. Burt should allow himself to be put forward as a candidate for the vacant post. At first he refused the solicitations of his fellow workmen; but at a second meeting in reference to the vacant secretaryship, they pressed him so warmly that he consented—little dreaming that the nominee of the Choppington men would be successful in the competition. But miners and their interests were under a cloud, and, by general consent, Thomas Burt was felt to be the most competent guide to a happier state of things.

The great Crumlington strike had been in force more than six months in that gloomy year of 1865, when Mr. Burt was called upon to assume the direction of the union. At that time the association numbered only four thousand members; and, if we remember rightly, the first balance sheet he had, in his official capacity, to submit for approval, showed a balance of only £23 to the good. And this in the thick of an extensive strike. How the new secretary labored and schemed and struggled to carry his charge through their terrible conflict, perhaps no one really knows but himself, and that, with a man like him, is equivalent to saying no one ever will know. The men behaved with heroic self-restraint and fairness. Their noble attitude elicited so much sympathy from their brethren in all parts of the country that, after \$4,000 had been collected and expended in assisting them to stand out, a balance of £700 was left over when the strike was brought to an end. This surplus, at the suggestion of the new secretary, was made the nucleus of a central fund, instead of being portioned out either amongst the several collieries in the union, which had previously kept each its own money. That useful nucleus has by this time reached the handsome sum of more than £16,000, while the number of members has increased, during Mr. Burt's connection with the society, from 4,000 to upwards of four times four thousand.

The meeting of the Miners' National Conference held in Newcastle during the month of August, 1868, brought Mr. Burt into greater prominence than he had previously acquired, partly by several instances of what may be called his remarkable administrative sagacity, and partly because of his connection with the Crumlington strike, which had then been proceeding for twenty-three weeks. The serious lessons of the Crumlington strike not only strengthened Mr. Burt's opinion, but

the value of preconcert in view of such trade disturbances, but it would seem to have suggested to him that if the miners were thoroughly organized their influence would be sufficiently consolidated to stand on something like a footing of equality with that of capital and thus in all probability strikes would be averted, which was a far more desirable solution of trade difficulties than the old-fashioned lock-out or strike, by which both parties were sure to suffer and neither party gain any advantage to compensate for its inevitable loss. For the next three or four years, then, Mr. Burt devoted all his energy to the establishing of a solidarity of interest throughout the mining population of Northumberland, and how well he succeeded in his endeavors is so familiar that it looks like a matter of course; and the miners themselves can hardly realize the old state of things in which they were kept asunder, or bound together only by a rope of sand. Not until every colliery in the county was incorporated with the union, and every miner had been thoroughly instructed in the duties and privileges of the new arrangement, did Mr. Burt slacken his efforts, or allow them to be diverted; and when the vast organization once got thoroughly to work there was ample occupation for all his time in merely conducting its routine.

When, then, a movement began having for its object the enfranchisement of the miners in the Morpeth Parliamentary borough, or rather the recognition of their enfranchisement as a right really conceded by the Reform Bill of 1867, it was quite natural that his valuable aid should be solicited, and almost equally a matter of course that he should be selected as the candidate under whose banner the struggle should be carried on. Indeed, he was selected as a candidate before the miners had any expectation of getting the franchise at all.

After the Morpeth register had been enlarged by the addition of more than three thousand new voters, there could hardly remain any anxiety as to what would be the issue of the next election. Mr. Burt himself quietly awaited the course of events, so far as his own position was concerned; but he threw himself with all his characteristic earnestness into the purely political movement for the attainment of manhood suffrage, and into the smaller but kindred scheme for the equalization of the franchise in counties and boroughs. His addresses on these topics strengthened his hold on the general public, and all who read them rejoiced in the good sense exhibited by the miners in putting forth as their candidate one whose views of public questions were so much broader than the area of any sectional interests. While their candidate was thus commending himself to general confidence and good will, the miners themselves, by their delegates, were taking counsel as to the ways and means of supporting Mr. Burt in Parliament, and after full consideration of what was practicable on their part, and at the same time requisite for him, they decided to allow him a salary of £500 a year as agent to the union so long as he should be a member of the House of Commons, arranging at the same time to supply his lack of service in the proper business of the office. When all was completed, the formal business of testing the strength of his position by the getting up of a requisition was entered upon, and speedily as well as satisfactorily concluded. The announcement of Sir George Grey's intention to retire from public life arrived in good time to secure Mr. Burt's return to Parliament with very little opposition.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

The action of Disraeli in limiting his cabinet to twelve members is generally opposed by the press.

A special from Calcutta says 280,000 persons are famishing for the want of food in the districts of Finspoo and Boglipooth. In the presidency of Bengal 50,000 persons would perish without state aid.

The Federal Council has ordered to be distributed to the states of the Empire 42,000,000 shalers of the French indemnity.

Proceedings are about to be instituted against several prominent persons on a charge of entering into conspiracy with Orton to get possession of the Thiborne estate.

The Albanese Government announces their intention to continue the fight against the Dutch. The Albanese have a large force of troops in the field.

A CAIRO telegram says,—The army of the people of Darfur, numbering 10,000 men with three guns, which had been sent to assist the hands on the River Gazale, has been completely beaten by a body of Egyptian troops. The chief of the Darfur army was killed, and his flag and three cannons captured. The Egyptian force advanced into Darfur, pursuing and dispersing the negroes everywhere.

At a meeting of the state grange, at Topeka, Kansas, last week, resolutions were adopted requesting the Kansas legislature to pass a prohibitory liquor law, and declaring no person who retails liquor shall be admitted to the order; declaring that the greatest good and highest happiness of an enlightened, virtuous and prosperous people are the legitimate results of thorough and practical education.

On Saturday last a young woman arrived in St. Catharines, from Cayuga station. She was after her young man, who had promised matrimony, and unceremoniously left that place. She succeeded in finding him and bringing him to the police station, where he was allowed the privilege of choosing between matrimony and jail. After a few minutes' consideration he chose the former alternative, and was married in the police office.

The reported killing of the Cuban ex-President Céspedes by the members of the San Quintin Battalion, is confirmed. On the 27th ult. the troops captured a negro, and were ordered to shoot him. The negro promised that if his life was spared he would lead them to where Céspedes could be found. This was assented to and the ex-President was discovered with a few friends five leagues from Asotivadero. His companions succeeded in getting away, but he could not escape, and was closely pursued by a detachment of troops led by a sergeant, turned and fired six shots from a revolver. This was returned by the troops, and Céspedes received bullets in his head and breast, causing instant death. His body was brought to Santiago de Cuba, and was burned on the 1st inst.

The memorandum of the working men to the Austrian Reichsrath, according to a telegram of the *Daily News*, states that there is great distress, not only in Vienna, but in Moravia, Silesia, and Bohemia. In Bohemia famine fever prevails. The memorandum proposes the abolition of the mediæval guilds; the establishment of Workmen's chambers in co-operation with the Chambers of Commerce; universal direct suffrage for the working classes, by which they will be placed on an equal footing with other classes; greater freedom of public meeting; the repeal of the stamp duties on the press; and the suppression of all octroi duties on food. It is stated that the Ministry is resolved to push on several large Government works in order to relieve the distress.

The Council of the National Sunday League have issued a circular to the trade, friendly, and other working-class organizations, and also to the workmen in large shops and manufacturing, inviting them to send delegates to a Conference to be held at the rooms of the Social Science Association, in the Adelphi, for the purpose of considering the best means of making the opinions of the working classes in favour of the opening of the national museums on Sunday afternoons respected by Parliament. It is intended that the Conference should be supplemented by a public meeting at St. James' Hall. Several of the leading men in the London trades have given their approval to the movement.

As an evidence of how necessary it is that all rules etc. for the guidance of trade should be explicitly stated in the by-laws, we subjoin the following:—Messrs. Jackson and Shaw, contractors, were summoned at Westminster police court on Thursday by a carpenter, named Morgan, for 9d., one hour's money, allowed as he alleged, by the rules of the trade for grinding his tools on discharge. A number of witnesses were called, who deposed that in all the large firms in London—Messrs. Holland, Hannen, & Co.—two hours were allowed for grinding, and one witness deposed that having been in the service of the defendants at the new Foreign Office and discharged, he was allowed two hours by the foreman, and paid. The rules for the guidance of the trade, passed and allowed at the late meeting in connection with the strike, were produced, but they contained nothing about the grinding. Mr. Woolrych was of opinion that the claim had not been substantiated; it was a pity a more general practice did not prevail, and that the rule had not been printed. He dismissed the plaintiff.



Prose.

WATCHWORDS OF LIFE.

While there's a hand to strike!
While there's a young heart brave!
While there's a task unthought!

DER SHOEMAKER'S POY.

Der meat-chopper hanged on the white-washed wall,
For no custom-roomed to de butcher's stall—
Der sausage-masher was now longer in blay,

Tales and Sketches.

THE COUNTESS.

The immense drawing-room was blazing with light. There was, in fact, but one dark spot—it was the little old countess, still reclining upon that hare-like appendage, and half buried within the black velvet cushions.

It was a portrait—the portrait of a charming young girl, but so life-like, so fresh, so beaming with gladness, that she stood there, the very personation of an Elysian nymph.

Could it have been that little, impudent waiting-maid, Eugene turned round. The colonel turned round. Well, the countess was as motionless as a statue, while Lisette, with a face half an all long, was sweeping the ponderous fan with the regularity of a Chinese punka.

"Lisette, does the gentlemen allude to the picture in the oaken panel?" asked the countess, without turning her haughty head.
"Ah, yes, madame."

"Ah, was there ever such a fright!" quoth the wicked little countess, viewing herself in the full-length mirror. "What think you now, my good Lisette, are we in danger of being run away with?"

"Ha! ha! my friend, what say you now to running off with our fair hostess?" cried the colonel laughing, and slapping Montepan upon the shoulder.
"Why, as the lady does not seem to have the use of her limbs, I must give it up, colonel."

"Yes, yes, you are right, Eugene. Some step-daughter, perhaps, held in 'durance vile,' through jealousy; some dependent niece; yes, yes, for only fancy the old lady at the harp, or sweeping the guitar; in fact, the idea is too absurd. Let us summon Jacques."

"Yes, you forget that you have grown old together."
"Did your master, the Count Argentine, leave any children?" said Montepan, for the first time joining in the conversation.

"Ah, but my dear lady, what a pity! you so young, so charming! Heavens! that odious cap, that horrid wig—ah, let me tear them to pieces!" cried Lisette, preparing to disrobe her young mistress.
"Gently, gently, my maid; remember we have need for this same odious cap and wig again."

"strange, when I listen to the countess, I sometimes forget, like poor old Jacques, that she is no longer young and beautiful!"
"You are well this morning, my friend!"
"Perfectly so, my beautiful lady; but my regiment leaves to-morrow."

"No, it is only faintness with which I am sometimes seized. I am better now."
For the first time he ventured to take her hand—that hand so fair and delicate—its touch thrilled him—he carried it to his lips.
"Pardon me, estimable lady, your kindness to a stranger has called forth feelings such as I never before experienced! Alas! Madame, I am alone in the world—an orphan from my earliest childhood. No mother's love, dear lady, ever blessed me; pardon me, but since I have had the happiness of knowing you, I have for the first time realized what an estimable treasure death has deprived me!

"Hark, how mournfully echo the drums, as the regiment slowly winds through the rugged defiles of the mountain.
And the countess and Lisette stand, watching them from a turret of the old chateau.
"Ah, poor fellows! and they were such charming cavaliers! Alas!" exclaimed Lisette, wiping her eyes, "and now, my lady, as they are gone, I suppose I may as well put away your venerable grandmother's wig."

"Come, come, Montepan, a truce to your melancholy for to-night, man!" exclaimed one.
"See, there is the beautiful Marchioness D—; one glance at her bewitching face would warm the heart of an anchorite; and there, too, is that superb madame, with her gazelle eyes, and the charming little brooch—but, who is that lovely creature just entering the box of La Duchesse de B—? Look! look! what an angel! tall, majestic, La Fiere, tell me, do you know who she is?"

ture, whose whole soul seems only intent upon the stage.
Ah, well may she gaze, for it is the living image of the picture, which hangs in the saloon of that chateau, afar off among the mountains, and which, fresh and immaculate, has hung in the inner chamber of his heart for a whole year, that he sees. Fortunately, surprise and joy do not often kill one—if so, alas! poor Eugene, he must have given up the ghost on the spot.

Again her eyes met his, but this time she did not withdraw them, while a blush like the shadow of a rose mantled her sweet face. To render her resemblance to the portrait more perfect, she was dressed in pure white, with a few flowers entwined among the beautiful tresses which fell untrammelled around her. Montepan hid his face in his hands a few moments to assure himself this was no illusion; he looked again—oh, happiness! she was still there!

"If to meet an old friend will be agreeable to M. Montepan, the Countess d'Argentine will be at home to-morrow morning at twelve.
"Hotel de B—, Rue Chaussee d'Antin."

The next morning, at twelve o'clock precisely, Montepan was at the Hotel de B—. He was introduced into a beautiful saloon, where he was told the countess would soon receive him.
The certainty of so soon meeting this beloved friend drove all other thoughts from his mind; even the portrait and its lovely counterpart were forgotten. The same delightful feeling to which he attributes all the sweetness of filial regard, and which he experienced so forcibly at the chateau, again stirs his bosom. He wonders through which of the many doors the countess will be drawn; he listens eagerly for her approach, when suddenly the tapestry at one end of the apartment is slightly raised, and the lovely girl whom he had seen in the box of the Duchesse de B— glides in, and, with a graceful bend of the head, desires him to be seated.



A mischievous smile played over the young girl's features as she answered, "I am the Countess d'Argentine, monsieur."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Montepan, turning pale, and forgetting all in this one apprehension, "do you tell me, alas! that my excellent friend is no more?"

"Did you, then, esteem her so much?" and the voice of the fair querist trembled.

The tones of that voice made him start; how much like the sweet accents of her mother!

"Pardon my agitation; but tell me, when did this melancholy event take place?" said Montepan.

"Alas! it was on the 19th of August, 184—"

"The 19th of August! Heavens! why that was the very day I left the chateau! alas! and was her end so sudden?" exclaimed Montepan.

"True—it was. We buried her for ever, monsieur; we bade farewell to her silver hair, and—her green goggles—and—"

"But you smile! Good heavens! what mean you?"

The young girl extended her little hand, so much like the hand of her departed mother, and with an arch smile, and a blush which well became her sweet face, said, "And when we skipped away from the funeral rites, we laughed at the ruse we had played on our gay gallants. Hither, Lisette, and tell monsieur of our masquerading in the old chateau!"

**"THEY LAUGH WHO WIN."**

"It is useless, Clarence, to importune me further. I have already advanced you, upon your bare word, eight hundred dollars; and, admitting my ability to assist you, I have determined to lend you no more."

Elevating his satin-slipped feet on an embroidered *fautuil* before him, the speaker concluded, and complacently puffed at his cigar. He was a man evidently some thirty-eight or forty years old, and bore his age amiably well. Not remarkably handsome, there was that in his nonchalant manner, and his assurance, that prejudiced a stranger in his favor; and yet there was an indefinite something in his manner, upon closer acquaintance, acting as a repellent.

Thurston Emmet, despite his fortune, had few real friends. In fact, he cared for none. Entrenched behind his wealth, he did not feel the need of any, or was content to consider the flatterers, who surrounded him, sufficient for all purposes of friendship.

His companion, Clarence Clark, was at least twelve years his junior. Dark, wavy hair, that had an unpleasant habit of persistently falling over his white forehead, a flashing and determined eye, the intense blackness of which rendered the extreme pallor of his unbearded face the more pronounced, and regular features, rendered him more than familiarly handsome.

Both men were natives of Mississippi, and had been bred under one roof-tree, though no tie of blood connected them. As the relationship sustained between them will be made apparent in the course of this narrative, it is needless to explain it now.

Clarence arose from his chair and approached the indifferent smoker. Ordinarily, his voice was strong and clear; but now it came in answer, tremulously.

"Thurston Emmet, have you already forgotten that to my dead father you owe all you now possess? Has the memory of my dead mother's kindness to the ragged boy of a few years ago already died? Have you not enough of gratitude to the dead parents to prompt you to repeat, for the last time, the paltry assistance their unfortunate son craves? It is true, I have been wild, very wild. My life has been wasted in senseless and damaging excesses; but, Thurston, believe me, I have resolutely determined to turn my back upon the past, its errors, trials, disappointments, and failures, and live only for the present, as live I should. A new being has been infused in mine, Thurston; I am married."

"Married!" echoed the other in surprise.

"Yes; four months since, and poverty—"

"I know what you would say," impatiently interrupted his hearer; "but I assure you it is useless. What right had you, a beggar, to marry? Pah! Leave me. I'll lend you nothing."

"Only enough, Thurston, to keep a shelter over us," pleaded Clarence.

"No; no more. I wouldn't lend you enough to keep you alive. Married! Pah!"

"Thurston Emmet, you will regret this heartless speech. Mark me, you hear—"

Thurston sneered.

"You sneer," continued Clarence, moving toward the door. "You sneer, eh? Remember, they laugh who win!"

When Thurston raised his eyes, he found himself alone.

"Mr. Clark, I believe!" interrogated the suave voice of an officer.

"At your service, sir. What would you?"

"Regret my unfortunate mission; but I must arrest you. Permit me to assure—"

"Arrest me!" exclaimed Clark. "And for what pray?"

"At the instance of Mr. Emmet, who accuses you of robbery."

"What! Does he—dare he—accuse me of such an offense? Incredible!"

"Pardon me, sir; but I have nothing to do with that. My duty, though distressing, compels me. You are my prisoner," said

After a hasty and ineffectual adieu, Clarence parted with his anxious wife, to pass a sleepless night in peering the narrow confines of a cell.

"Mr. Emmet," asked the justice, "of what do you accuse the prisoner?"

"Of robbery, sir?"

"Your proof?"

"It was late yesterday morning, when I was awakened from deep slumber by my valet, who informed me that my *escritoire* had been forced and rifled. At first, I was too much under the influence of some narcotic to comprehend his full meaning. Arousing myself, I found that papers—valuable papers—and some thirteen hundred dollars, had been purloined. A strange and unaccountable odor pervaded my chamber. In seeking some trace of the thief, or thieves, I found this handkerchief on the side of the chair in which I had slumbered. It was odoriferous of chloroform. If you will examine, you will find in the centre of it the initials, 'C. C.' They are those of the prisoner, Clarence Clark. On the afternoon, preceding the robbery, the accused, because I had declined to advance him a loan, used threatening language toward me. Such are the circumstances which prompted me to suspect and arrest him."

"Prisoner," asked the magistrate, "do you recognize this handkerchief?"

With trembling hands, Clarence examined it, and answered, faintly,—

"It is mine."

"And what have you to respond to the serious charge against you?"

Vehemently came the answer,—

"I am guiltless! It is true that I used indiscreet language toward my accuser; but it was simply the ebullition of a foolish passion engendered by disappointment. After leaving his chamber, I missed the handkerchief which I had used while visiting him; but, concluding I had lost it elsewhere, I thought no more of it."

"Can you prove your whereabouts at the time of the supposed robbery?"

"My wife is my only witness, sir; I was at home. The thieves doubtless found my handkerchief where it lay, and used it as indicated."

"Your appearance impresses me favorably," said the justice, kindly, "and I trust you may establish your innocence. In view of the circumstances, however, it is my duty to commit you. Officer, remove the prisoner."

Clarence Clark sat gloomily in his cell, his pale face resting in the palms of his white hands, when the grating of a key in the lock of his prison door caused him to look up in time to encounter the cruel eyes of Thurston Emmet, who stood sneeringly regarding him.

"They laugh who win," eh, Clarence?"

Clarence did not reply, but resumed his former listless position.

"Clarence Clark," continued Emmet, "my grasp is upon you. Know, now, that I have hated you for years. 'Twas I who venomously you father against you; 'twas I who induced him to disinherit you; 'twas I who supplanted you in his affections; and it is I who enjoy what might have been yours. But bitterly as I hate you, I have not caused your incarceration maliciously. I firmly believe that at least you assisted in the burglary, and have come to tell you that, if you will return the papers, you are welcome to the money; and as, in that event, I shall not appear against you, your liberty will be assured. What say you?"

"Thurston, I am as innocent of the theft as yourself. Do your worst."

"Then you refuse the compromise?"

"Emmet," cried the young man, springing to his feet, "leave me at once, or I swear I'll strangle you! I have nothing to compromise. I am innocent. Go!"

His manner, so unlike him, so threatening, caused the blood to leave the cowardly cheeks of Emmet, who retreated toward the open door.

"Then lie here, fool, till the law consigns you to a living grave!"

The prisoner was alone. Raising his dark eyes toward Heaven, he moaned out, while an expression of fear passed over his face,—

"A living grave! A jail for life; no, no! O my father, defend me!"

Again the key grated in the lock of his prison door, and a friendly form stood in the presence of the despondent prisoner. A hand fell gently on his shoulder, and a voice, rich in its melody, greeted his ear.

"My son, despair not. Have you anything to confess?"

"Nothing, my father, nothing."

"Know you naught of this robbery?"

"Nothing, as I hope to be saved!"

"I rejoice. Listen. Two nights ago, I gave absolution to a poor galley slave, who had escaped from France. He is dead. He was an early friend of your persecutor, Thurston Emmet, with whom he conspired to get possession of your father's will, write and forge another, and then poison the old man to death. When the forged will was completed it was put in the place from whence the true document had been abstracted."

"Your father's ill health and rapid decline prompted the would-be assassins to defer their murderous designs, hoping that death would render needless his forcible taking of the will. Your father died, and what the will was read, you found yourself disinherited, and

Thurston Emmet the heir to the bulk of your father's property.

Unfortunately, your wild career, of which the forged will dwelt at great length, recalled to your friends to your cutting off. Emmet, true to his promise, rewarded the forger, who deceived him by the assurance that the original will had been destroyed, and both went to France.

"Subsequently, when in Bordeaux, the accomplices was discovered to have passed a forged paper on a Jewish usurer. The Israelite agreed to return the forged paper, and not to prosecute, on payment of double the sum obtained thereon. This account was six thousand francs. Emmet was appealed to, but refused assistance, and hastily left France. The forger was arrested, convicted and sentenced for life to the galleys."

"On information furnished by the dying galley-slave, I yesterday sought and found the original will of your father, wherein save a small legacy to Emmet, you are constituted sole heir."

On my accusation, Thurston Emmet is under arrest. His examination occurs to-morrow. I shall be there to prosecute; and, ere another sun gladdens the earth, you shall be free, vindicated, and rich. Farewell, my son, keep up your courage."

Overcome by the strange revelations he had heard, Clarence was unconscious of his visitor's departure, and, finding himself alone, unable to reconcile his solicitude with what had just occurred, he pressed his hands against his temples, and cried out,—

"Dreaming, dreaming! Only an illusion, alas!"

A court of justice in the city of Jackson. A priestly form within the witness-box had just repeated what Clarence believed to have been a dream. A man of insolent mien stood upright in the prisoner's enclosure, and, in slow and measured tones, hissed, rather than spoke, the words,—

"Priest, you lie! Who are you, and where is your proof?"

"As for my proof," calmly rejoined the other, as he took from beneath his cloak, and handed to the justice a legal looking document, "tis here. As for myself," throwing off his cloak and baring his arm to the shoulder, as he walked toward the prisoner, "look, Thurston, and tell me who I am! You recognize the name pricked there by yourself, eh, Thurston? Tell me; who am I?"

Faintly uttered the other, more in surprise than obedience,—

"My brother!"

"Ay, your eldest brother, Francis Emmet, am I; your accomplice in the forgery, Thurston; the galley-slave, whom your ill-gotten gold could have saved from shame, disgrace, and years of penal servitude; who, pardoned and restored to the rights of citizenship, is here to avenge himself upon you, and save from undeserved obloquy and imprisonment the husband of his only child, Clarence Clark, who lies within a felon's cell, awaiting trial on your bare accusation. Enough!"

Turning to the justice, he continued, in calmer tones,—

"Your honor, the late Mr. Clark was himself a lawyer, and drew up his will in his own writing. You have it there. The forged will, now on record, will be found to have been written in another hand; the sign-manual only being *fac-similes*. Such is evidence enough to establish the authenticity of the will I have just delivered to you; but if more be needed, let the little fact that both instruments bear the same date be proof conclusive. The date was unchanged, in order to deceive the witnesses who were present when the will was proven. I have finished."

The statements of the pseudo-priest were fully borne out by subsequent examination, and Thurston Emmet received full justice for his crimes. The pardoned galley-slave died with his daughter's kiss on his lips; but Clarence and she still live, honored, happy, loving and beloved. And thus, we see, "They laugh who win."

**LAW A NECESSITY.**

An amusing story is told of a certain Scotch farmer, who, though possessed of many estimable qualities, was inordinately fond of law quarrels. When he had sold his wool, he made a journey to Edinburgh to consult with his lawyers, and he took care to pay for every meal double by the way, in the full expectation that his finances would be exhausted on the law before his return. He consulted the most eminent counsel; he kept them long, but was most liberal in his fees. It is related of him that, in the absence of a distinguished lawyer on whom he called, he sought an interview with his wife, to whom in his drawing-room he explained the nature of his errand. The lady was patient, and listened for some hours to the statement of his pleas. The worthy farmer was so gratified with her attention, that he left a sum of money as a fee, remarking that he had got quite as much satisfaction, as if he had seen the lawyer himself. On one occasion, when his law case had been settled in court, he was asked by his solicitor what he would do now? meaning how he would deal for lack of his wonted excitement. It is supposed, said the diligent, "I must now dispute payment of your account."

**SCIENTIFIC.**

**LEARN TO DRAW.**

To the artisan, there is no acquisition outside his trade which is of more direct benefit than a fair knowledge of drawing. The mechanic that can make a graphic sketch of a machine or a good working draft of the same possesses an advantage over his fellows that will materially promote his advancement and, besides, greatly facilitate his education in his chosen calling.

Drawing, like instrumental music, requires the cultivation of both eye and hand; the former to appreciate things as they really are, in form, color, and position; the latter to act as the servant which reproduces the similitude of the objects recognized by the perceptive faculties. It is, therefore, necessary to bring both mental and physical powers to a given degree of education in order to attain a certain amount of skill.

A few practical hints on this subject, designed to serve as an answer to the question "How shall I learn to draw," will perhaps be found of advantage. At the beginning of the study, exercise the eye in appreciating the shapes of simple objects and the memory in retaining the notion of form. We must learn, and no principle must be more strictly followed, to see a thing as it appears, not as reason tells us that it is. For a common example, we will know that a certain piece of furniture, a table, is of such and such a shape; that is, its legs are of equal length, that they rest on the floor, its top is flat, etc. Now, if we wish to depict our table in a sketch from a given point of view, if we allowed our knowledge to govern our eyesight, we should undoubtedly fail to produce a correct representation; and this simply because, relying upon fact previously acquired, we should draw what we do not see. We should, to exemplify, make all four legs of equal dimensions, whereas, those furthest from us appear the shortest; we should represent the flat surface as rectangular instead of oblique and acute angled, and, to carry out the idea still further, did we color our drawing, we should paint it a single shade of oak or mahogany, so that in the end we should have a distorted image of a uniform hue. We should thus annihilate distance, light and shade; and to illustrate once more our mistaken method, we would represent two similar objects, one beside the other half a mile away, as of precisely the same dimensions. Without pursuing this branch of our subject further, let the reader either try for himself, or, if he desires a more graphic representation, let him look among Hogarth's engravings, to be found in book form in any public library, for a landscape which he will find thus depicted. The absurdity of the drawing is obvious.

Necessarily, the rules of perspective will aid us to avoid the above difficulty; but, except for mathematical drafting, we should advise the student not to hamper his mind in the beginning with geometrical demonstrations, but to educate his eye to unassisted effort. Nature is the best teacher, and constant practice in representing her, in her ever-varying forms will lay a better groundwork for future accurate drawing than all the treatises ever compiled. Let us counsel the beginner at the outset to beware of published systems or "drawing without a master" handbook; we never knew them to produce any other result than an inextricable confusion of ideas. The student should commence with pencil and paper to depict the simplest object—for instance a box—and reassert it in all positions. It may at first be difficult to perceive the exact form owing to the relief caused by light and shade; but if the eyes be partially closed and the object regarded through the eyelashes, it will appear to be an irregularly shaped mass and its outline will be readily followed. No matter how rough first attempts may be, persevere. Skill can only be acquired by practice; and as the perception is educated, they will grow in cunning. Avoid artificial aids of every kind; they only retard true progress. Erase as little as possible; aim at correctness at once do not make a line until it has been considered. Work slowly—rapidity of execution and brilliancy of effect will come in proper season. Study to express an idea in as few lines as possible. A glance at the works of skillful artists will show how simply and yet how surely every stroke of the pencil has a definite purpose. Follow Ruskin's advice, and never give away a drawing; to present a friend with a poor one is no compliment; to donate a good one is to deprive oneself of the best result of all previous labors. Keep all failures and successes; they are milestones in our onward path. Systematically avoid the lithographed pictures sold to serve as copies; we never saw any that were not, at best, of doubtful excellence; calculated to rather mislead than advance the pupil. There is no merit in servile copying; if such is to be done, better use tracing paper at once. Draw boldly—timid and weak strokes never produce broad effect or a vigorous picture. Better be too little than too much—A few curves skilfully drawn represent a tree in a sketch infinitely better than the labored, and necessarily imperfect delineation of every leaf or spray. Facility in outlining acquired, shades and shadows may be studied. Here the counsel of the skilled artist may be sought. We mean defined in art in the sense of the term, a poor or mediocre teacher, it were better none at all. The attainable may be more costly, but

It is an admirable practice in many schools to have the students' drawings "corrected" by the teacher. It is needless to add that every spark of originality is extracted from them, in order to make room for "show progress," or, by exhibiting the corrected, gain a fraudulent credit for the work. This, of course, should not be done, and whether should be done, it is not the business of the learner to what would escape his notice; to point out that which is that apparently are the results of the subject to know laws, and study to master the mechanical labor of the manipulation of materials.

It is an excellent practice, after a fair degree of skill is acquired, to strive to produce representations of image formed in the "mind's eye." Houdin the French conjurer, says in his memoirs that his marvellous dexterity in deceiving the senses of others, was largely due to the high cultivation of his perceptive powers. He mentions that he began by rapidly walking past a shop window and afterwards trying to call to mind as many of the objects therein, together with their peculiarities of form and color, as possible, afterwards verifying his memory. This plan on a simpler scale may be practiced in learning to originate. Commencing as before with some simple article regard it carefully, and, after placing it out of sight, endeavor to draw it from the image left in the mind. From this, advance by degrees until is found that a short glance at an object is sufficient to ensure a fair representation of its general appearance. Then seek to imagine forms and to draw them correctly, always remembering to select such articles as subjects as that the sketch may be verified with the original after completion. Do not aim at too high a standard; it is well to recollect that art is a jealous mistress and requires long years of servitude before she becomes the servant of her purveyor. Seek rather to obtain a fair proficiency, when further progress will be optional and dependent solely upon the ability and desire of the student to devote the necessary time and labor.

In conclusion, let us add a word as to how workingmen may learn to draw. It is better for some one man to seek to interest his comrades and so get a number together in pursuit of the same object. The enthusiasm of a single individual is apt to fall when unsupported; competition between several is an excellent incentive to labor and success. We were recently informed of an admirable plan adopted by the mechanics in the New York Steam Engine Company, in Passaic, New Jersey. These men have clubbed together, purchased for a small sum the necessary instruments, and are now pursuing, during their spare time, a course of mechanical drafting, under the guidance of the draftsman of the establishment. This example deserves to be widely followed, and we believe that these mechanics will have no cause to regret so wise an expenditure of unoccupied hours. The same system may be adopted by a sketching or reading club, and thus every opportunity gained for mutual and self-improvement.

The inventor that can represent his idea upon paper, and thus give it tangible form, is at once possessed of an object capable of elaboration. His mind is unburdened, as it were, and free to range to other thoughts. The artisan that can fill a volume with suggestions of improved devices as they occur to him in the routine of every day life, or is able, sketch book in hand, to jot down the good ideas of others, secures an unending fund of information which, if not some time directly productive of lucrative returns, will be of incalculable benefit to him throughout his whole career.

**ABSENT-MINDEDNESS AND MENTAL POWER.**

In this worthy of notice that growth of the mind is often accompanied by an apparent loss of power in particular respects; and this fact is exceedingly important, especially to all who desire to estimate the condition of their own mind. The mental phenomenon called (not very correctly) absence of mind is often regarded by the person experiencing it, and still more by those who observe it in him, as a proof of failing power. Nepton displayed absence of mind much more frequently, and to a much more marked degree, when his powers were at their highest than in his youth, and not only did instances become much less frequent when he was at an advanced age, but the opposite quality, sensitiveness to small annoyances, began then to be displayed. Even an apparent impairment of the memory is not necessarily indicative of failing mental powers, since it is often the result of an increased concentration of the attention on subjects specially calling for the exercise of the highest forms of mental power—as analysis, comparison, generalization, and judgment. I have already noted that profound thinkers often refrain from exercising the memory, simply to avoid the distraction of their thoughts from the main subject of their study. But this statement may be extended into the general remark that the most profound students, whether of physical science, mathematics, history, politics, or any kind of study, do not allow their minds to be distracted by the memory than the memory



it exerted a considerable degree, even in the mere marshaling of thoughts before the theories can be formed or weighed. But the greater part of the mental action devoted to the formation or discussion of theories is only indirectly dependant upon the exercise of memory.

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Meetings of Unions.

TORONTO. Meetings are held in the Trades Assembly Hall, King street west, in the following order: Machinists and Blacksmiths, 1st and 3rd Mondays. Painters, 1st and 3rd Monday. Tailors, 2nd and 4th Monday. Crispins, (159), every Tuesday. German Benevolent Society, 1st Tuesday. Amalgamated Carpenters, alternate Wednesdays. Cigarmakers, 2nd and 4th Wednesday. Iron Moulders, every Thursday. Trades' Assembly, 1st and 3rd Friday. Bricklayers and Masons, 1st and 3rd Friday. Stone Cutters, 2nd and 4th Friday. Coopers, 2nd and 4th Friday. Printers, 1st Saturday. Bakers, every 2nd Saturday.

OTTAWA. Meetings are held in the Mechanics' Hall, (Rove's Block,) Rideau street, in the following order: Free-stone Cutters, 1st and 3rd Tuesday. Lime-stone Cutters, 1st and 3rd Wednesday. Masons and Bricklayers, 1st and 3rd Thursday. Trades' Council, 1st Friday. Printers, 1st Saturday. Tailors, 2nd and 4th Wednesday. Harnessmakers, 4th Monday.

HAMILTON. Amalgamated Carpenters meets in Club House, James Street, alternate Thursdays. Iron Moulders' Union, No. 26, every Monday, at their hall, Rebecca street. Machinists' and Blacksmiths' Union, every Tuesday evening, at Iron Moulders' Hall.

LONDON. Amalgamated Carpenters meets in Temperance Hall, Hall, Richmond Street, alternate Tuesdays.

ST. CATHARINES. Meetings are held in the Temperance Hall, in the following order: K. O. S. C., 1st Monday. Tailors, 2nd Monday. Typographical Union, No. 147, 2nd Tuesday. Coopers, 3rd Tuesday. Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners, alternate Wednesdays, at Caledonia Hall.

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The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAR. 12, 1874.

MANLINESS.

The conventionalisms of society refuse to working men the title of gentleman—excepting always electioneering conventionalism. It is, however, no great loss. It is one of those very doubtful honors which any one can buy. It comes not of birth and lofty descent,— "The grand old name of gentleman Deformed by every charlatan, And soiled with all ignoble use." Is sure to be granted to the holder of a full purse, and denied to him in "vile raiments." It once took a gentleman to know a gentleman; but now your dapper waiter in a fashionable hotel, or your sleek faced saint in a fashionable church is guided by the quality of your tailor, and the skill of your hair-dresser, and with wonderful facility and decisiveness of judgment, the former proportions his courtesies and respect to the quality of your coat; and the latter, who evidently had his predecessor in some early Christian Church, "hath respect to him with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and sayeth: Sit thou there in one of the front seats, softly cushioned and luxurious;" while to him who hath the "vile apparel," he saith: "Go thou into one of the side pews, or sit on a wooden bench." That "grand old name" once meant honor, courage, self-sacrifice for others, "noble manners, the flower and native growth of noble mind"—in one word, MANLINESS. But now it has been desecrated and degraded by every sham, and can be won by every lucky gambler who speculates in trade or stock and wins a fortune by a fraudulent shuffle of his cards. But let us not despair. The title may be soiled and degraded by ignoble uses, but the qualities of the true gentleman are those of true manliness, and these may be cultivated, as well by working men as by them who wear the fine apparel and the gold ring. There is no quality of blood or birth higher than that of manliness,—there is no title higher than that of Man. There is a sonorous grandeur in the ring of the word; and he who lives up to its highest attributes is neither a churl nor a charlatan; but kindred in character and race with Him, whom an old poet called,— "The best of men that e'er wore earth about him, A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit, The first true gentleman that ever breathed." There is nothing mean, or cowardly, or dishonest in true manliness. It is above a lie, in word or act. It fears not to do the right nor to shun the wrong. It is prepared to resent oppression and injustice and to stand up for fair play in the face of foul play at every cost. It is ever ready to defend, but not to offend. Hence, true manliness is courteous to all; servile, and cringing, and fawning to none. A true man can neither be a toady to his superiors, nor a sneak to his equals. He would as soon cut his tongue out of his head as use it to flatter meanness or to belie honesty. Weakness always claims and gets respect and sympathy from true manliness. Hence, while every man thinks he is bound by a principle of chivalry to defend a beautiful woman when she is in danger or attacked; a real man would not only when necessary defend a woman, without regard to age, or personal attraction, or outward display, but with a chivalry quite as high as that which animates the defender of female beauty, he

would neither by look, or word, or deed, offend her moral sensibilities. There is brutality in oaths and execrations, and vice of the worst kind in a bad example. Workshops too often become nurseries for intemperance, dishonesty, and idleness, when unmanly men by threats, or sneers, or mocking gibes, or brutal force, drag down apprentices as low as themselves. But true manliness would as soon think of abusing the weakness of youth as it would beat a woman, or commit any mean, or cowardly, or criminal act. In every sense, the elders are, for good or evil, the teachers of the younger; and it is a quality of true manliness to regard all such relations as those existing between men and youths in workshops as sacred responsibilities which it dares not violate. In the same regard for the rights of weakness, manliness is opposed to brutality and cruelty. Not only respect for every human being, but for all God's creatures, as their happiness depends on the power of man, rules the acts of true manliness; and awakens the feeling that, in the relations of animal life, man is the vicegerent of God on earth—a magistrate to protect and care for the countless helpless beings placed so completely in his power. Manliness never does abuse power; but uses it justly and generously. It is probably in these relations that working men have the greatest power and responsibility; for to them is chiefly entrusted the care and comfort and usage of lower animals, and we must add that the brutality and cruelty are chiefly inflicted by them. Manliness pays its debts. Probably the wisest course is never to incur debt; but this is often impossible, especially when wages are low and uncertain. But being in debt, it is true manliness to pay to the uttermost what we owe. Business men—especially middle men—have a very convenient conscience in these matters. They compound: that is, they speculate heavily; take large receipts; in some mysterious way become insolvent; but never impoverished; offer to their creditors the smallest per centage that will be taken, and the bargain thus accepted and closed, phoenix-like, they rise from their sackcloth and ashes with new plumes, wealthier than ever. Now, plain manliness calls all this fraud. A debt is a debt; and no law can cancel it until it is paid. Fifty cents in the dollar never wipes it off; only full payment satisfies manliness; for it takes pride in honor and honesty, and it has its type in the village blacksmith,— "Whose brow is wet with honest toil, He earns what's to be can, And looks the whole world in the face, For he owes not any man." In brief, true manliness combines in its possessor all that constitutes the true gentleman, and nothing that constitutes a millionaire. So much wretchedness, fraud, crime, and meanness have been the fruits of regarding the possession of money as a title to respect and gentility that were there no deeper causes at work, the evil would ultimately correct itself. But as intelligence and right opinions advance these false claims will lose their force. As working men grow in power and unity of purpose, a more just and equal distribution of wealth will inevitably follow; and then manliness will assert its godlike supremacy. The universal qualities of the race, which custom and ignorance, and selfishness have subverted will be encouraged and nurtured. There will be fewer gentlemen of the fine apparel and gold ring style; but the manliness, which is gentleness, and patience, and courtesy, and humanity, will, we trust, be as universal as the name of man; and the qualities which made the Carpenter's Son the first true gentleman that ever breathed will be the only qualities that will constitute true manliness, and restore "the grand old name of gentleman."

upon the Hon. Minister of Justice, to ascertain the views of the Government in regard to the repeal of the Criminal Law Amendment Act. The committee waited upon the Hon. Minister on the 4th inst., and in the words of the report presented by the committee to the Council, "were received by him with great courtesy." He listened with attention to the arguments adduced by the committee, calling for the repeal of the measure, which arguments were based partly upon the experience of the working of the obnoxious act in the old country, and numerous instances were given of its oppressive bearing, and partly upon Canadian experience. But the Hon. Minister not only listened carefully to the arguments, but expressed himself as being in favor of modifying or repealing any law that bore harshly upon the working classes, and promised that should a careful comparison of the different laws bearing upon the subject prove it would not be against the general interests of the country, he would be prepared to amend or repeal the measure objected to. So far so good. The result of the interview has been all that could reasonably be expected; but, in our opinion, so far as definite and final action is concerned in the matter, a very great deal will depend upon the action of the various Trade Councils and Assemblies, and organized bodies of workmen in the Dominion. We have so frequently spoken upon this subject, and urged the means to be adopted, that it can hardly be necessary to repeat our remarks in this connection. The Trades' Council of Ottawa deserve credit for the action they have taken, but we call upon all interested to strengthen their hands, and once there is shown a systematic and general protest against the continued existence of the Amendment Act upon our statute books, then we may count upon its death-knell being struck. Let the organized bodies, who have talked so long and earnestly upon this subject arouse to action, act upon the time-honored advice, "strike while the iron is hot," and then—we shall see what we shall see.

CONTESTED ELECTIONS.

Contesting elections, like "the itch," appears to be contagious just now. Protests have been filed against the respective members in Hamilton, Kingston, Toronto, Lincoln, London, North Simcoe, North Wellington, South Norfolk Essex, and dear knows many other places have or may follow suit.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

The world moves. It may perhaps surprise some of our readers to learn the strides that "advanced and liberal ideas" of a certain stamp are making in our midst, and it must not surprise them if they are called, at no distant day, to the discussion of the "woman's rights" question. "Coming events cast their shadow before them," and the draft of bill sent down to the House last week by the Hon. J. G. Currie, would seem to portend that the "coming event" is not so far removed as many suppose. For the information of our readers, we append the bill referred to as follows:—

AN ACT RESPECTING THE MUNICIPAL FRANCHISE.

Her Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Ontario, enacts as follows:— 1. Hereafter real property shall constitute the basis on which electors shall vote at municipal elections, and on municipal by-laws respecting the creation of debts. 2. In addition to the votes to which electors are now entitled at such elections, and on votes upon such by-laws, they shall be entitled to the following additional or plural votes, in proportion to the amount of real property for which they may be assessed; real property over and above the sum of four hundred dollars. 3. Hereafter, women of age being subjects of Her Majesty, and possessed of real property of the proper amount, shall have the right to vote at municipal elections and on municipal by-laws

for the creation of debts, and at school elections. 4. This Act shall not come into force until the first day of January, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.

CANADIAN LABOR UNION.

We have received from Mr. J. W. Carter, the President of the Canadian Labor Union, the first half-yearly report of that body, and it is with much pleasure we find by the report that much good has already been accomplished by the energetic actions of the Executive. Several charters have been issued, and we feel satisfied that by the end of the year the Canadian Labor Union will hold no mean position. The thorough working out of this organization, however, will of necessity entail a good deal of patient and thoughtful working, not only upon the Executive, but upon all who desire its success. We would suggest that too much should not be left for the Executive to do, as they are men at their daily employment, and as a consequence have only limited time and means at their command, and we would urge upon all interested in this great movement to afford all the assistance they can. We are assured by Mr. Carter that the Executive will be glad at any time to receive information from any district, and to forward on application copies of Constitution and proceedings of late Congress. A circular has been issued by the Executive to the several districts, which we have much pleasure in laying before our readers: FELLOW WORKINGMEN.— It becomes our pleasing duty, as the Officers of the first general organization of Labor in this country, to endeavor to show the necessity for, and some of the advantages to be derived from, a more general system of Union and co-operative action on the part of the working classes of this country; and in addressing this Circular to you, on behalf of the Canadian Labor Union, it may be necessary to state the causes that brought about the existence of the Canadian Labor Union, which we shall endeavor briefly to do. As all intelligent workmen are aware that Union amongst the working classes is a fixed principle in our social system, for the purpose of Self-Protection and Mutual Improvement, it will be patent to the thoughtful mind that many of those Unions did exist throughout our country almost from the time our society began to take the shape of communities, and the interests of all workingmen being identical and the same, we have had a gradual gravitation of the producing classes towards a common centre. In this country—following the lead of our fellow-workers in the old land and the great country to the south of our lines—we succeeded, on the 23rd of September, 1873, in bringing into alliance, upon one common platform, the organized Labor of this country, the first CANADIAN LABOR CONGRESS, meeting in the City of Toronto upon the above date, composed of forty-three delegates, representing sixteen distinct branches of industry. After three days' deliberations, the Congress adjourned, having laid down a basis whereon the intelligent industrial classes of this country might build up an association of labor that will merit, and must receive the respect and just consideration of all classes of Canadian society. Then, as the humble individuals into whose hands have been committed the prosperity and progress of this young Association of Labor, we appeal to our fellow workingmen and the true friends of the industrial classes in this Dominion, to be up and doing. We wish every true Union man in Canada to feel that he is, to the extent of his ability, responsible for the success of this great and noble undertaking in the interests of Union in the Dominion of Canada. Those who receive this Circular, if true to Union principles, will take prompt action in endeavoring to add to the influence of his own class, by enlisting the sympathy and co-operation of the friends of Union in his locality, in organizing some trade that is not already organized; and if there are not a sufficient number of any unorganized trade in the locality, try to form an amalgamated Union—bring the four or five Shoemakers, with the four or five Carpenters, and so on, forming a Workingman's Union, so adding to the strength and influence of organized labor in this country. There is not a town or village of any importance in Canada, in which there could not be a Labor Union; and such being the case there is no town or village in the country in which there ought not to be a Labor Union. Our success, then, in spreading our ramifications until they reach every available locality, largely depends upon the action of our fellow Unionists throughout the country. Will they do their whole duty? If their practical answer is in the affirmative, our most sanguine expectations will be outdone. Copies of Proceedings, containing Constitu-



tion, have been, or will be, sent to all friends that we can address, which we hope, will be used to the best advantage in organizing.

For further information, we must direct our friends to the published Proceedings of the Canadian Labor Union, which, we hope, they will make themselves conversant with, and any further information required by our fellow-workmen will be cheerfully furnished, by the Secretary, upon application.

In conclusion, let us direct your attention to the advantages that we may properly expect to flow from the more general system of Union proposed.

First—It would beget a fraternal feeling among those whose daily toil produces the material wealth of the nation; they would know one another; a more general recognition of the identity of interest would be begotten between the sons of toil, and the golden cords of brotherhood and mutual sympathy would unite more strongly than before those who must suffer together or prosper together, affected by the same causes as a class.

Second—The Union will bring together the varied elements that compose the producing classes; the comingling of ideas flowing therefrom; the transaction of practical business; the discussion of social and political economy, affecting the well-being of the working classes, will bring latent talent to the surface that would, perhaps, go out at the forge or the bench for the want of proper opportunities.

Third—It would place the workman in a position not only to know what his just rights are, but to demand of his country and society a fair share of the creation of his own industry—enough and to spare to meet the fair and necessary wants of himself and those committed to his charge.

Fourth—It would open the eyes of the thoughtful workman to the living principle and practicability of Co-operation in trade, a system whereby the producer can secure to himself a larger share of that which he has produced than under any other system; a system that, we believe will, ere long, supersede the present employing system as the free labor system succeeded the serf system of the past.

Fifth—It would place the Labor of the country in a position to have a direct share in making the laws that govern us, by being represented from the ranks of labor. It would also enable us to demand, with effect, the repeal of all laws having a class tendency and operating against the interests of the workingman.

We might go on to enumerate what might be attained by this Union and intelligent Co-operation of Labor in their own interest, but we refrain, committing our prosperity and progress throughout the country to the hands of our friends, knowing that the very best will be done.

- We remain yours, the Executive Committee, J. W. CARTER, President; Toronto. D. J. O'DONOGHUE, M.P.P., Ottawa, 1st Vice-President. WILLIAM MAGNESS, St. Catharines, 2nd Vice-President. ISAAC HODGINS, Hamilton, 3rd Vice-President. J. C. MACMILLAN, Toronto, Treasurer. JOHN HEWITT, Toronto, Secretary.

Address—ONTARIO WORKMAN Office, 124 Bay Street, Toronto.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The appearance of new stars of no ordinary magnitude has contributed to gathering the crowded and appreciative audiences which nightly attend this favorite place of amusement. Messrs. Bryant and Williams, in their re-appearance have lost none of the popularity they gained when they performed on a previous occasion, and in their imitation of Old Plantation Dances elicit rounds of applause. The Brothers Gmirados display wonderful feats of strength and agility in their acrobatic and gymnastic performances. Miss Minnie Grey has been well styled the lightning character danseuse, and her appearance is a decided success. The stock company are excellent, and their appearance is always acceptable. Mr. B. H. Baird is established an old favorite and in his various acts receives well deserved applause, especially in his "dead falls," which must be seen to be appreciated.

THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS.

A meeting of the members of this association was held in the Trades' Assembly Hall, on Tuesday afternoon, for the purposes of extending their organization, the adoption of By-Laws, and the transaction of other important business. There was a large number of members present, and the proceedings throughout were, we are informed, of an interesting and decisive character.

Ball Cards and Programmes, Posters, in Plain and colored inks, Business Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, and every description of Plain and Ornamental Job Printing executed in first-class style at the lowest prices.

Communication.

THE VICTORIA RAILWAY.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.) With regard to the subject of the Victoria Railway Company's proposal to pay their laborers partly in land, and partly in cash, referred to in your issue of the 19th ult. on the assumption of the Government according to the plan I beg to say that, provided care be taken to secure the laborer the choice of an allotment, I think the proposition a commendable one. So soon as the scheme may be matured, I shall be glad to recommend it to the District Laborers' Union in the Parent Country, which I represent in this.

I am, Dear Sir, Yours Faithfully, DAVID EDWARDS. Toronto, March 4th, 1874.

ST. CATHARINES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

OUR MANUFACTURERS.

THE ST. CATHARINES SAW WORKS—R. H. SMITH, SUCCESSOR TO J. FLINT.

The reputation gained in the Canadian market by the products of the above factory, is so favorable that any economy from us is almost unnecessary. Mr. Jos. Flint first established himself in Hamilton, Ont., in 1855, but after running three years, there, decided to remove his works to the beautiful town of St. Catharines, where he was very successful. On the 25th of Nov. 1870, Mr. Flint sold his interest to Mr. R. H. Smith, (his former partner in Rochester, N. Y.) a man who has had 10 or 12 years experience in the manufacture of saws, trowels, etc. Since then the business has become so extended that it became necessary to secure still larger and more suitable buildings. He accordingly purchased a large lot, on our main street, and has erected a large and handsome cut stone front building. The building is 3 stories high, 175 ft. long and 55 ft. wide. Such pains have been taken in its construction that it is pronounced by competent judges to be one of the best of the kind in the country. Mr. W. B. Allan, was the architect, the stone work was done by Messrs. Pocock and Sons, and the wood work by Mr. Edwin Switzer. The building is heated throughout by steam and lit by gas. There are about 50 or 60 men constantly employed.

The Council upon seeing that Mr. Smith intended to erect a building that would be an ornament to the Town, decided to grant him an exemption of taxes for 5 years.

The motive power is supplied by a 75 horse power engine and a sectional safety boiler, both of which were manufactured by Messrs. Goldie, McCulloch & Co., of Galt, Ont. The construction of the boiler, is somewhat new in Canada and is considered by competent judges to be as economical a boiler as any in Canada, the consumption of coal being some thing less than half a ton per day, supplying 50 or 60 horse power, ordinary work.

Machinery however costly, if an improvement on preceding patterns, has without delay been provided, till at the present time the complete adaptability of the shop for the purpose cannot be exceeded in Canada. In some respects this factory surpasses its English competitors.

The steel used at this factory is from the celebrated works of Wm. Jessop & Son, Sheffield, England, and is considered by saw makers generally to be the best saw steel made. The raw material arrives at the factory, all shaped for the different kinds of saws, is then toothed, hammered, tempered, ground and finished by superior workmen and machinery.

As a great many persons no doubt, have never been in a saw factory, a few remarks on the interior of one of the finest, may not be out of place. On entering the office you are greeted by Mr. Smith, who attends to his business personally, or one of the gentlemen in the office, who will escort you through the premises explaining on the way the process of manufacture.

On leaving the office we were first taken into the ware room, where we found an immense stock of manufactured saws, trowels, etc., ready for shipment, we next passed to the toothing department, where there are costly machines for cutting teeth in all kinds of saws, from a turning web to a large circular saw. We then pass to the tempering shop, where the saw is put into an oven and is made red hot, it is then immersed in crude whale oil and is hardened, it then goes through a tempering process. The next place we come to is the smithing shop, where the saws are trued up, before going to the grinding shop. Next comes the grinding shop, where we can see machines for grinding cross cuts, circulars, drag saws, hand saws, and in fact all kinds of saws.

Their machines for grinding cross cut and circular saws are really fine.

We then pass to the filing department where the saws are set and filed ready for the market. We then pass up stairs and find all kinds of machinery in use. One machine we saw is worthy of mention, it is a machine for making saw handles, it has eight different tools for shaping, etc., and turns out handles ready to polish. It is a very expensive machine but does its work rapidly and well. This

flat is devoted to the lighter class of work, such as hand, panel, grafting, pruning and compass saws, plastering trowels, patent handles, that can be attached to any cross cut saw, etc., etc.

Returning, we pass to the steel ware room, where the raw material is kept, and find a large amount of it, in every shape and thickness. There has been an immense sum of money expended in real estate, tools, machinery, and stock in this factory, and none but a thorough going clear headed man could carry on such a business, in so successful a manner as this has been carried on. On returning to the office, we had the pleasure of an introduction to Mr. W. A. Rawlings, who was Mr. Flint's manager before Mr. Smith bought the business. The various products of the St. Catharines Saw Works, have been exhibited at the Provincial Exhibitions, where they have never failed to carry off the first prizes. Even at the Paris exhibition, they were awarded "honorable mention" where there were competitors from all parts of the world. It is pleasing to notice the improvement and enterprise, the Canadian manufacturers are making, and we trust the day is not far distant when Canada will take her place as one of the first manufacturing countries of the world. All that is wanted is protection. It is a well known fact by manufacturers, that as long as Americans can send into Canada their surplus stock, so long will Canada be behind the times, as men are not liable to invest money in large enterprises, and see others come into Canada, and sell goods for less money than they can produce as good an article for in Canada. We wish Mr. Smith a continuation of the great success that has attended his business career of nearly a quarter of a century,—a just reward for the energy and persevering enterprise displayed.

D. W. T. St. Catharines, March 7th, 1874.

OTTAWA.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.) Six.—As a little news from the Capital may be interesting to a good many of your readers, I will ask your permission for a little space in your columns.

Since the departure of the members of the Dominion Board of Trade, the streets have assumed their usual deserted appearance, at this time of the year, but every one is looking forward hopefully to the opening of the New Parliament, on the 26th inst., which will have the effect of making things lively.

SPORTING.

The members of the Sporting Fraternity have had a lively time during the last three days of last week, when some good trotting was witnessed on Mutchmor's Driving Park. The greatest interest was manifested on the second day's trotting, in a great five mile trot for a purse of \$100. There were five entries, the favorite being "Bullet"—who sold in the pools ahead of all the rest,—Lady Jane coming next; up to the fourth mile Bullet was leading, but going round the fifth, Lady Jane closed on him and finally passed under the string about one length ahead amid the most intense excitement.

ACCIDENT.

Mr. Weldon Champness lost a very valuable pair of horses in the month of January last. It seems that one of his drivers, Frank Albert, was sent with the team to drive Mr. James Walsh, timber culler of Messrs. Gilmour & Co., who was making a visit to the shanties on the upper Ottawa. In driving up the Keppewa, and when 19 miles from any habitation, the horses broke through the ice, and notwithstanding the most strenuous exertions of the driver, the team went down, he having spent a full hour trying to save them. He then started on foot for Mr. Herdman's in the wet and numbed state in which he was. On arriving there, it was found that both his legs were frozen to such a degree as to excite the greatest apprehension for his life. He was immediately sent down to Ottawa, and was received at the station by Mr. Champness, who attended to the sufferer in the most kind and considerate manner. At present he is doing as well as could be expected.

THE SCHISM.

The all-absorbing topic here at present, is the Schism in the Church of England. The Reformers have made a good start, and from present appearances, there is not the slightest doubt but that they will succeed in establishing a congregation here.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Great preparations are being made for the annual turn out, on the natal day of Ireland's saint. Four brass bands have been engaged for the procession, and in the evening, there is to be a concert that will throw all others in the shade.

CRIMINAL AMENDMENT ACT.

The committee appointed by the Ottawa Trades' Council to wait on the Hon. the Minister of Justice, waited upon the hon. gentlemen by appointment on Wednesday, the 4th inst., and were received by him with great courtesy. He listened with very great attention to their argument and suggestions, expressed himself as being in favor of modifying any laws that bore too harshly on the working classes, and that he would read over and compare all laws bearing on the subject, and if he found that he could, without injury to the public interest, amend any of them, he would do so.

ing the general interests of the whole country, he would be too happy to repeal the measures complained of. He also expressed himself very decidedly against making any distinction in the penalties as between Masters and Servants.

BAKERS' UNION.

The bakers of this city, to the number of about 28, assembled at a hall on the corner of Dalhousie and St. Patrick streets, on Saturday the 7th inst., for the purpose of forming themselves into a union to protect their interests, which I regret to say are most outrageously abused in this city. Besides the journey-men bakers, there were present by request, the following members of the Trades' Council: Messrs. D. Robertson, I. Baulien, William McEvela, Wm. Gould, M. Rochon, who kindly gave them every assistance as to the modus operandi of forming a union. The chair was taken at 8 o'clock p.m., by Mr. H. J. Martin, Mr. A. Duroche being requested to act as secretary. The chairman explained the object of the meeting, and expressed the hope that all the bakers present, would be unanimous in this movement, seeing that it was to be for their own good. He said it was very kind of the other trades of the city to lend them a helping hand, and he hoped that those present would show their appreciation by forming a union to-night. He said he would not detain them any longer, but would call upon Mr. Donald Robertson, President of the Ottawa Trades Council to address them. Mr. Robertson, in coming forward, was greeted with applause. He said it gave him very great pleasure to see so many present, and from what he had learned since he came into the room, he only wondered that this movement had not been made long ago. He said it was a scandalous shame and a disgrace to any civilized country, that any body of men should be trampled under foot the way the bakers of Ottawa were, who were compelled to work from 12 to 16 hours per day for the paltry and contemptible sum of \$6 and \$8 per week, and had even to work on the Sabbath day. He urged upon them in strong and forcible language, not to lose another day, but unite themselves in the bonds of brotherhood, so that they could be in a position to enforce their demands, demands which they were bound in honor and justice to have conceded to them. He next adverted to the great success of unionism in Canada, and concluded an eloquent address by hoping that the time was not far distant when the working classes of the Dominion would be all united as one man. He resumed his seat amid great applause. Considerable time was now taken up by several gentlemen who held different opinions, and who wished to express them, as to the exact state of their grievances. The chairman now called upon Mr. M. Rochon to address the meeting in the French language. Mr. Rochon in a brief and pointed speech, urged upon his fellow-countrymen to form themselves into a union, for if they did not, they need never expect to get anything from the bosses. His speech was well received by the French Canadians present, who did not understand what had been previously said in English. On resuming his seat, he received a burst of well merited applause. The chairman had then great pleasure in calling on Mr. McEvela. Mr. McEvela who was well known to a great number present, was greeted with loud applause. He said that he thought there was a little too much wind and not enough cider, that at this late hour they should go to work and form their union on a proper and sound basis, and leave long-winded arguments for a future time. He said for them to go right to work and put down their names on a list, pay down their money and show that they meant business, (loud cheering,) and after that elect temporary officers until they should adopt a regular Constitution and By-laws. He then urged them to be united, and to have no caviling or bickering amongst themselves as it would be sure to defeat the object they had in view. He concluded by hoping that he would have the opportunity next week of saying that the bakers of Ottawa had a union at last. (Applause.) The suggestion of Mr. McEvela was at once acted upon, and every baker in the room put down his name, and paid 25 cents to start with. Speeches were made by Mr. Gault in English, and Mr. Baulien in French, also by several gentlemen who had put down their names. The following gentlemen were elected to serve as officers:—M. Robartaille, President; John Miles, Vice-President; Alphonse Duroche, Secretary; H. J. Martin, Assistant Secretary; David Turnbull, Treasurer; John Kevell, Tyler.

A vote of thanks was then tendered to the gentlemen who had assisted them in the formation of their union. The gratuitous use of Mechanic's Hall having been offered, it was accepted, and the meeting adjourned to meet again at the Mechanic's Hall, on Saturday, 21st inst.

BUSINESS PROSPECTS.

Business is very dull at present, and will be so until the opening of navigation. There is a good prospect for mechanics the coming season, if we take current rumour for fact.

SOCIAL.

There is a rumour current that there will be a grand social under the auspices of the Ottawa Trades Council some time in May. So mote it be.

REMAINS.

I Remain, Yours Respectfully,

Wm. Gould, Secy. Ottawa, March 9th, 1874.

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

It is said that building operations will be more than usually brisk during the spring at Spring St., Catharines and Thorold.

Ball Cards, Programmes, etc., executed by the Ontario Workman Office, 124 Bay Street.

Discontinued

JOHN KELZ, MERCHANT TAILOR, 358 YONGE STREET.

Has just received a large and good assortment of SPRING GOODS for Ordered Work.

H. J. SAUNDERS, PRACTICAL TAILOR, OR and CUTTER, 432 Queen Street West, opposite W.M. Church.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Confederation Life Association will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at its next session, for an Act to amend the Act incorporating the Association, by changing the time of holding the Annual Meeting and other amendments. W. P. HOWLAND, President. Toronto, Jan. 20th, 1874.

R. A. REEVE, B.A., M.D., OCUList AND AURIST, 22 Shuter Street, Corner of Victoria, TORONTO.

GENTS' OVER-SHOES! New Patent Clasp, the Best and Cheapest ever offered in the City. ONLY \$1.20! WM. WEST & CO., 200 Yonge Street.

A large stock of Fall and Winter Boots, Shoes, Rubber and House Shoes.

WE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD! 51-oh

EATON'S CHEAP DRESSES. One of our Cheap Dresses would be an acceptable Christmas Present. One of our COSTUMES would be an acceptable Christmas Present. COME AND SEE THEM.

Corner Yonge and Queen Streets.

LADIES' GENTS' AND CHILDRENS FURS SELLING OFF! BELOW AT NEAR COST COST COST

Also, a large assortment of Fancy Sleigh Robes, Lin and unlined Buffalo Robes. Remember the Address, COLEMAN & CO., 55 KING STREET EAST, OPPOSITE TORONTO STREET.

FOR SALE, First-class Timothy Hay, wholesale; sample can be seen on our wharf. Also, a Portable 8-horse power Engine and Boiler, on wheels and in good order, cheap! MUTTON, HUTCHINSON & CO., Cor. Sherbourne and Queen Sts.

IN ORDER TO SUPPLY OUR MANY Customers in the Eastern part of the city with the BEST AND CHEAPEST FUEL, We have purchased from Messrs. Hillwell & Sinclair the business lately carried on by them on the corner of QUEEN and BRIGHT STREETS, where we shall endeavor to maintain the reputation of the

VICTORIA WOOD YARD As the Best and Cheapest Coal and Wood Depot in the City. Cut Pine and Hardwood always on hand. All kinds Hard and Soft Coal, dry and under cover, from snow and ice. J. W. A. MONTGOMERY, Corner Queen and Bright Streets, 23 and 25 Victoria Street.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS! A. RAFFIGNON, No. 107 KING STREET WEST. Is now prepared to supply Foster's Celebrated New York Oyster. AT THE QUART OR GALLON.

As elegant Oyster Parlor has been fitted up with the most fashionable Oysters, served up in every style. Remember the Address, 107 KING STREET WEST.



The Home Circle.

MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the riotous baby, Against the cottage wall— A lily grew at the threshold, And the boy was just as tall; A royal tiger lily, With spots of purple and gold, And a heart like a jewelled chalice, The fragrant due to hold. Without the blue birds whistled High up in the old roof trees, And to and fro at the window The red-rose rocked her head. And the wee pink feet of the baby Were never a moment still; Scatching at shine and shadow That danced on the lattice sill! His eyes were wide as blue-bells— His mouth like a funny white mouse— Two little feet, like flossy white mice Peeped out from a snowy gown; And we thought with a thrill of rapture That had just a touch of pain, When June rolls around with her roses We'll measure the boy again. Ah me! in a darkened chamber, With the sunshine shut away, Through tears that fell like a bitter rain We measure the boy to-day; And the little bare feet that were damped And sweet as a budding rose, Lay side by side together, In the hush of a long repose. Up from the dainty pillow, White as the risen dawn, The fair little face lay smiling With the light of Heaven thereon— And the dear little hands like rose leaves Dropped from a rose lay still, Never to match at the sunshine That crept to the shrouded sill. We measured the sleeping baby, With ribbons as white as snow, For the shining rosewood casket That waited him below! And out of the darkened chamber We went with the children's moan— To the sight of the sinless angel's Our little one has gone.

FROM WINTER TO SPRING.

Loudly pealing, sad revealing, Now the northern blasts are stealing O'er the meads with bold array, And the blushing rose has faded In the woodland closely shaded By the grasses thickly braided Through the long sunshiny day; Passed away, beauteous, gay, From the quiet wood unaided Through the wintry months to stay. Bells are ringing, girls are singing, And the laden sleigh is flinging O'er the roads of glistening snow; Trees with sil'ry shrouds are gleaming, Snowbirds notes are softly teeming, Raven's voices harshly screaming, Mingling sweetness as we go O'er the snow—o'er the snow; Joyful songs from young lips streaming Through the hills and valleys low. Winds are shrieking, trees are creaking, And the poor a home are seeking While the wintry tempests ring; Out the surging storm is wailing, And the drifting snow is trailing Through the woods and valleys sailing Like a bird upon the wing. Let us sing, let us sing; Weary hearts again are hailing For the warm returning spring. Brighter, clearer, sweeter, dearer, Warmer days are drawing nearer, And the earth again is gay; Songsters in the groves are singing, Others on the breeze are winging; And the sunny days are bringing Blossoms for the cheerful May— Joyful May, Beauteous May— Flowers from the earth are springing Now the winter's passed away.

MURMURING.

I was tired of washing dishes; I was tired of drudgery. I had always been so and I am dissatisfied. I never sat down a moment to read that Jamie didn't want a cake, or a piece of paper to scribble on, or a bit of strap to make handles. I'd rather be in prison, said I one day, than to have my life teased out, as Jamie knocked my elbow as I was writing to a friend. But a morning came when I had one plate less to wash, one chair-less to set away by the wall in the dining room; when Jamie's little crib was put away in the garrett, and it has never come down since. I had been usually fretful and discontented that May morning that he took the croup. Gloomy weather gave me the headache, and I had less patience than at any other time. By-and-by he was singing in another room. I want to be an angel, and presently came the metallic cough. I never hear that hymn since that it don't cut me (the hymn) for the croup coughing out of me. He grew worse towards night, and when my husband came home he went for the doctor. At last he seemed to help him, but it

merged into inflammatory croup, and all was soon over.

'I ought to have been called sooner,' said the doctor.

I have a servant to wash dishes now; and when a visitor comes I can sit down and entertain her without having to work all the time.

There is no little boy worrying me to open his jack-knife, and there are no shavings over the floor. The magazines are not soiled by looking over the pictures, but stand prim and neat on the reading table, just as I leave them.

'Your carpet never looks dirty,' said a weary, worn mother to me.

'Oh no,' I mutter to myself, 'there are no little boots to dirty it now.'

But my fate is as weary as their's—wary with sitting in my handsome parlor at twilight, weary with watching for the curls that need to twine around my neck, for the curls that brushed against my cheek, for the young laugh that rang out with mine, as we watched the blazing fire, or made rabbits with the shadow on the wall, waiting merrily together for papa coming home. I have the wealth and ease I longed for, but at what a price? And when I see other mothers with grown up sons, driving to town or church, and my hair silvered over with grey, I wish I had murmured less.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage is the happiest and most virtuous state of society, in which the husband and wife set out early together, make their property together, and with perfect sympathy of soul graduate all the expenses, plans, calculations and desires, with reference to their present means, and to their future and common interests. Nothing delights me more than to enter the neat little tenement of the young couple, who within, perhaps, two or three years, without any resources but their own knowledge or industry, have joined heart and engaged to share together the responsibilities and duties, interests, trials and pleasures of life. The industrious wife is cheerfully employing her own hands in domestic duties, putting her house in order, or mending her husband's clothes, or preparing the dinner, whilst, perhaps the little darling sits prattling upon the floor or lies sleeping in the cradle—and everything seems prepared to welcome the happiest of husbands and the best of fathers, when he shall come home from his toil to enjoy the sweets of his little paradise. This is the true domestic pleasure—the "only bliss that survives the fall." Health, contentment, love, abundance, and bright prospects, all are here. But it has become a prevalent sentiment that a man must acquire his fortune before he marries—that the wife must have no sympathy, nor share with him in the pursuit of it, in which most of the pleasure truly consists; and the young married people must set out with as large and expensive an establishment as is becoming those who have been wedded for twenty years. This is very unhappy. It fills the community with bachelors, who are waiting to make their fortunes, endangering virtue and promoting vice; it destroys the true economy and design of the domestic institution and it promotes idleness and inefficiency among females, who are expected to be taken up by a fortune, and passively sustained with any care or concern on their part; and thus many a wife becomes, "not a help-mate, but a help-cat."

AIM HIGH.

Without some definite object before us, some standard to which we are earnestly striving to reach, we cannot expect to attain to any great height, either mentally or morally. Placing for ourselves high standards, and wishing to reach them without any further effort on our part, is not enough to elevate us in any great degree. Some one has said that "Nature holds for each of us all that we need to make us useful and happy; but she requires us to labor for all that we get." God gives no value unto men unmatched by need of labor; and we can expect to overcome difficulties only by strong and determined efforts.

We are to be in every duty cheerfully, and here, I think, are the rocks upon which so many good resolves and noble aspirations have been wrecked. The every-day duties of life seem to many of us very insignificant. We long to do something that shall bring rich blessings to ourselves or others. We feel that just before us there is a great work to do, and we will keep all our energies and powers in reserve for the accomplishment of this. And we wait for its coming, wait through long months, perhaps years; wait till our hearts grow weary, and sighing, wonder if we have no mission on earth to fulfill—if God has no work for us to do.

Here is a great and noble work lying just before us—just as the broad blue expanse of ocean lies over beyond the rocks which line the shore. These rocks are nearer, and unless we are able to pass these safely, we cannot reach that which lies beyond. So we must perform each duty faithfully, and by so doing we shall be led out to greater work, to higher positions of honor and trust. But in our strivings for something better than we have known, we should work for others' good rather than our own pleasure. This is the object of their lives are sad failures. We need to do some-

thing each day that shall help us to a larger life of soul; and every word or deed which brings joy and gladness to other hearts, lifts us nearer a perfect life; for "a noble deed is a step toward God."—Waverly Magazine.

AN ARABIAN FABLE.

An Arabian fable narrates that an evil genius became enamored of the beautiful daughter of a bashaw of Bagdad. Finding his affections engaged, and that she would not listen to another wooer, the genius resolved to revenge himself upon the maiden by mastering the soul of her lover. Having done so, he told her he would remove the malignant possession only on condition that she would give him her heart. She promised. The lover was restored, and the wicked spirit demanded the fulfillment of her word. She answered,— "I would yield you my heart if I had it, but I have it not. It is in another's keeping; it belongs to the man I adore. Ask him for it. If he will surrender it, my compact will be preserved. If he refuse, you have no redress, for you cannot twice possess the same soul, and your allegiance to Amalmon compels you to abide by any covenant you may make with mortals."

The genius saw that he was foiled, and, roaring with impotent rage, disappeared.

The daughter of the bashaw was a woman. She was a tactician. Woman, by her tact, has always been able to control her brother, and exercise the spirit of evil. The Eastern tale is as true to-day as it was when written. "Give woman half a chance with the devil, say the Spaniards, and the devil will be outwitted." The argument of Eden does not disprove the aphorism. It was Eve's curiosity, not Satan's cunning, which undid her. Her most dangerous foe was within. Relieved of that, she would have cajoled the Prince of Darkness out of his gloom, and turned his mockery and sarcasm to the tune of tenderness.

NECESSARY UNITY.

To be a genius one must also be a labourer. Alexander Hamilton once said to an intimate friend: "Men give me some credit for genius. All the genius that I have lies just in this: When I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pre-occupied with it. Then the effort which I make is what the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought." Mr. Webster entertained similar ideas, and would not speak on any subject until he had thoroughly imbedded his mind with it. Demosthenes was once urged to speak on a great and sudden emergency. "I am not prepared," said he, and he obstinately refused. The law of labor is equally binding on genius and mediocrity; the results differ, of course, for genius must inevitably distance mediocrity; but labor is necessary to all who would succeed.

DOING OUR BEST.

Every one has observed one disparity in himself; the difficulty of keeping his abilities always level, so that work may never be up hill. No human is always at his best. It takes a thousand circumstances of weather, season, diet, repose, social stimulus, interior consciousness, to put a man or a woman into the highest working condition. Most of us labor under some physical or mental disability in much that we do. A headache or an east wind, an untimely interruption, a grief or a sudden joy steps in just at the wrong time, and hinders or mars our work so that we cannot get it done to our satisfaction. These things are common to all. "I must have been mad when I painted that," said a distinguished artist, as from the walls of a public gallery he surveyed one of his masterpiece, and he ordered it back to his studio that he might retouch what displeased him. Most of us in surveying our work can see where it might have been done better, and yet in doing it again we are apt to fall into fresh errors. Notwithstanding, we must press on, doing the best we can in spite of humors, oppositions, difficulties, ever keeping our sails in such trim that when a favorable wind does blow we may be wafted swiftly along our course.

USE OF COLORS.

Judiciously used or applied, color is the very element of beauty in a home; and we wonder to see the study of it so often neglected in what might otherwise be tasteful rooms. In furnishing their houses, young people are apt to run into of one two extremes; their apartments are either over-crowded and made conspicuous by gaudy furniture, or present a severely simple appearance which destroys all approach to artistic effect. It is seldom that the congeniality of walls and woodwork is considered when the carpet is purchased; and the first error in color generally springs from the lack of harmony in those three. A hint may be taken from the Orientals in this connection. Though we talk sneeringly of "barbaric taste from scarlet and gold," yet they never err in combined colors. They clothe the assemblies of people in uniform hues of white, grey and brown, while the few who are meant to be conspicuous shine resplendently in gold and jewels, and all gorgeous tints. In their houses the same principle is carried out

the floors are covered with plain, greenish-white matting, and at the side of the room is a gayly-embroidered divan, in front of which is a small carpet almost as finely tapestried. There is no medley of furniture to distract the eye, but perhaps a white screen, with sentences from the Koran painted on it in vermilion. Here lies the secret of using pure tints—those which we name "bright colors"—they must be introduced in small masses upon a neutral groundwork. Very ordinary house furnishings may be made to appear more valuable than they really are if the effect of color be carefully studied in their arrangement. This hint is well worth the consideration of those who desire to have an attractive home, for beauty is the most obvious element of attractiveness.

A MOTHER'S WORTH.

Many a discouraged mother folds her hands at night, and feels as if she had, after all, done nothing, although she had not spent an idle moment since she rose. Is it nothing that your little helpless children have had some one to come to with all their childish griefs and joys? Is it nothing that your husband feels "safe" when he is away to his business, because your careful hand directs everything at home? Is it nothing, when his business is over, that he has the blessed refuge of home, which you have had that day done your best to brighten and refine? Oh, weary and faithful mother! you little know your power when you say, "I have done nothing." There is a book in which a fairer record than this is written over against your name.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Every mother is an historian. She writes not the history of empires or of nations upon paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indelible when time shall be no more. That history each mother shall meet again, and read with eternal joy or unutterable grief in the coming ages of eternity. The thought should weigh on the mind of every mother, and render her deeply circumspect and prayerful in her solemn work of training up her children for immortality.

The minds of children are very susceptible and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown, may engrave an impression upon the mind of a child which no lapse of time can efface or wash out. You walk along the seashore when the tide is out and you can form characters, or write words and names, in the smooth white sand which is spread out so clear and beautiful at your feet, according as your fancy may dictate; but the tide shall, in a few hours, wash out and efface all that you have written. Not so the lines and characters of truth or error which your conduct imprints on the mind of your child. There you write impressions for the everlasting good or ill of your child, which neither the floods nor storms of earth can ever wash out, nor Death's cold finger erase, nor the slow-moving ages of eternity obliterate. How careful, then, should each mother be in her treatment of her child! How prayerful and how serious, and how earnest to write the eternal truths of God on his mind!—these truths which shall be his guide and teacher when her voice was silent in death, and her lips no longer move in prayer in his behalf in commending her dear child to her covenant of God.

ADMIT THE SUN.

Nothing is so prejudicial to health as continued shade. A room into which the sun never enters is unfit for occupancy, since it must necessarily be damp. Among the indispensable requisites of a healthful dwelling are, that it shall be absolutely free from damp; because a damp house is a potent, active, and ever present cause of disease, especially of rheumatism, neuralgia, colds, coughs, consumption, and such like. The site, therefore if not naturally dry, must be rendered so by means of asphalt or cement, throughout the foundation, and the roof, and gutters, and drainage, must be perfect. All the house drains should terminate outside the house on an open grid or trap; that is, they should be ventilated by having a pipe run up from every soil-pipe and every bend in the house. And, second, that the house shall be so placed that the direct rays of the sun shall have free admission into the living apartments; because the sun's rays impart a healthy and invigorating quality to the air, and stimulate the vitality of human beings, as they do those of plants, which without sunlight would sicken and die. The aspect, therefore, should be southeast.

A WICKED DOG TRAY.

And now the intelligent dog has developed literary tastes. The inhabitants of a certain town for some weeks experienced a determined war against their morning dailies. The raids had been so regular, general, and successful, that positive action in the matter became a necessity. A meeting of the residents was held, and it was unanimously agreed to employ a watchman to arrest the abject thief. Day after day passed, the papers still disappeared, and the thief remained undiscovered. The watchman then claimed that his career failed to leave his papers at the doors of his subscribers. The movements of the carrier were then closely shadowed, but this only resulted in proving that the papers were delivered regu-

larly. The idea of being thwarted in the attempt to capture the author of the mischief added to the fury of the subscribers. They finally decided to watch and wait themselves, and it was agreed that a guard should be appointed for duty each evening. After many tedious hours of investigation and anxiety, early on Tuesday morning, a King Charles spaniel was observed to walk up cautiously, and remove one of the cherished papers. This action was repeated systematically, house by house, several times before the guard followed their victim to his place of refuge. Near the foot of a prominent street, behind a large pile of rubbish, was found the receptacle sought for, and revealed fully one hundred of the stolen papers.

BABIES.

Babies are not to be blamed for being disagreeable; they can't help it. They want to be let alone and kept out of sight, if they are well-bred; but their foolish parents won't let them have their way unless the word is differently spelled. The unfortunate babies must be taken into the light, and looked at, and criticized, and poked in the ribs, and asked to laugh a little. The idea of laughing under such circumstances! Crying is more natural, and they cry, of course. Who wouldn't? To put a sensitive and sensible baby on exhibition, and insist on its playing a comedy part with a dozen pins in its flesh, and several doses of medicine internally, revealing the ignorance of physicians, is much like insisting that a bereaved son should dance a hornpipe at his mother's funeral.

Nor are babies bound to resemble their father, or mother, or both at a time. They must have a confused notion what their personal appearance is after being assured they are exact counterparts of their parents, aunts, uncles, grandfathers, grandmothers, and all their cotemporaneous relatives. The truth is, they don't look like anything in particular but themselves. Beauty is impossible to them and they know it. Their family pride is revolted at the thought of being compared to their ancestors who may chance to be comely. Their intuitive sense of art is quite sufficient to inform them that seven to thirteen pounds avoirdupois, with imperceptible noses, protuberant eyes, and entire absence of symmetry, do not constitute beauty. They are conscious that they suffer by comparison with other little animals, even with geese and pigs, so far as aesthetics go, and, therefore, beauty is a delicate subject they would prefer not to have discussed. Babies have no individuality of appearance whatever, and discovering a likeness between them and mature persons, is as if we compare the tender loin of a steak with the expression of a human countenance.

A BEAR STORY WITH A MORAL.

A man killed a bear and brought the meat to town to sell. I asked him if it was good to eat. He said, certainly it was, and cheap as dirt at twenty-five cents per pound. I asked him why bear meat should be any higher than any other meat. He told me bear meat had a peculiar effect on the human system; that those eating it would partake for a time, not only of the meat, but of the nature of the animal; that bears were great fellows to hug; that if I was a married man I should buy some for my wife and get her to eat it for supper, and she would undoubtedly hug me.

Now, my wife isn't an angel, so I bought four pounds and paid that man a dollar—my last dollar, and he folded it up, rolled a paper around it and put it down in his pocket. Then he slapped his pocket to see if it was there. He then went on to say that sometimes when the bile wasn't right the meat had the contrary effect, and made the woman growl; and sometimes in place of wanting to hug her husband she would want to hug the man that killed the bear. I told him that I didn't like bear meat, and never did; that I felt sick at that I owed a man the dollar and he would sue me if I did not pay him right off. But he told me that he had just paid his internal revenue tax and hadn't a cent in the world. I thought then, and still think, that he must have told me a lie. In fact, after thinking over the matter, I would not believe him under oath. Now, I am a poor man, and could not afford to throw the meat away, and so I took it home, and Mary Ann (that's my wife's name) cooked it, and we ate it for supper. It tasted good. I think bears and possums are made out of the same timber, only put up on different plans and specifications.

After supper we sat down by the stove. Mary Ann went to sewing, and I sat looking at her. Directly my bear meat began to take effect, and I felt like I wanted to hug my Mary Ann. So I put my arm around her, and she told me to take it away, and wanted to know if I hadn't been drinking again. (I never drank a drop in my life.) I hugged her a little and she growled. I knew then the jig was up, and the bear meat had gone back on me in her case, but I thought I could try it again. Her arm flew back and I saw a thousand stars. This riled me, my bear meat turned on me, and I slapped her square in the mouth. Well, I have continued remembrance of seeing her spring towards me, of feeling a frightful roaring in my head, and feeling a sensation as if I was being run through a threatening machine, and then all was blank. I lay on the table, with one eye this morning, and can sit up in bed with a pillow behind me. Mary Ann has gone out to buy some "black" (the servant) and says they all get blacked if they see and hear, and I don't want any more bear meat in my house, and if ever I get hold of the man that sold it to me—well, you know how it is yourself.

HUMOROUS. REMONSTRANCE STRATAGEM FOR A DINNER.

The following characteristic anecdote of Theodore Hook is given in Barnham's life of that extraordinary man.

"What a feast!" said Terry—"Jolly dogs! I should like to make one of them."

"I'll take any bet," returned Hook, "that I do; call for me here at ten o'clock, and you'll find that I shall be able to give a tolerable account of the worthy gentleman's champagne and venison."

"So saying he marched up the steps, gave an authoritative rap with the furnished knocker, and was quickly lost to the sight of his astonished companion."

"I beg your pardon," he said, contriving at last to get in a word; "but your name, sir—I did not quite catch it—servants are so abominable incorrect, and I am really at a loss."

"Don't apologize, I beg," graciously replied Theodore. "Smith—my name is Smith—and as you justly observe, servants are always making some stupid blunder or another."

"But really, my dear sir," continued the host, at the termination of the story illustrative of stupidity in servants, "I think the mistake on the present occasion does not originate in the source you allude to, I certainly did not expect the pleasure of Mr. Smith's company at dinner to-day."

"No, I dare say not; you said four in your note I know, and it is now, I see, a quarter past five—you are a little fast, by the way; but the fact is, I have been detained in the city, and I was about to explain when—"

"Pray," exclaimed the other, as soon as he could stay the volubility of his guest, "whom, may I ask, do you suppose you are addressing?"

"Why, Mr. Thompson, of course—old friend of my father; I have not the pleasure, indeed, of being personally known to you, but having received your kind invitation on my arrival from Liverpool—Frith street, four o'clock, family party—come in boots—you see I have taken you at your word. I am only afraid I have kept you waiting."

"No, no, not at all. But permit me to observe, my dear sir, my name is not exactly Thompson—it is Jones, and—"

"Jones!" repeated the self-styled Smith. "Why surely I cannot have—yes, I must—good heavens! I see it all. My dear sir what an unfortunate blunder—wrong house—what must you think of such an intrusion? I am really at a loss for words in which to apologize. You will permit me to retire at present, and to-morrow—"

"Pray don't think of retiring," exclaimed the hospitable old gentleman; "your friend's table must have been cleared long ago, if, as you say, four was the hour named; and I am only too happy to be able to offer you a seat at mine."

Hook, of course, could not think of any such thing—could not think of trespassing upon the kindness of a perfect stranger; if too late for Thompson, there was plenty of chop houses on hand. The unfortunate part of the business was, he had made an appointment with a gentleman to call for him at ten o'clock. The good-natured Jones, however, positively refused to allow so entertaining a visitor to depart dinnerless. Mrs. Jones joined in the solicitation, and the Miss Jones smiled bewitchingly, and at last Mr. Smith, who soon recovered from his confusion, was prevailed upon to offer his arm to one of the ladies and take his place at the well-furnished board.

In all probability the family of Jones never passed such an evening before. Hook naturally exerted himself to the utmost to keep the party in an unceasing roar of laughter, and made good the first impression. The mirth grew fast and furious when, by way of a coup de grace, he seated himself at the pianoforte and struck off into one of those extemporaneous effusions which had filled mere critical judges than the Jones's with delight and astonishment. Ten o'clock struck, and on Mr. Terry being announced, his triumphant friend wound up the performance with the explanatory stanza—

I sit very much pleased with your fare  
Your collar's as prime as your beer  
My friend's Mr. Terry, the player,  
And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook.

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LABOR'S PROGRESS.

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This labor movement has outgrown the dimensions of a bantling, humbly petitioning for this or that small measure of redress.

The advance of the labor movement during the past few years is something wonderful. Questions relating to currency, banking and the distribution of property, once deemed too sacred or complex for a workingman to investigate, are now remorselessly laid bare and dissected.

It is good to see the labor movement directing the attention to social wrongs and robberies. It is beginning to realize the fact that its inordinate toil and poverty is due to the usages of a barbarous social system.

ANECDOTE OF NASMYTH.

This remarkable man was the son of a celebrated artist of that name, consequently he sprang of a cultivated stock. Nevertheless he commenced work in his master's celebrated shop at ten shillings a week, and worked his way up from the bottom to the top of the ladder in his own walk of art.

Could not have been accomplished by the ordinary means, he was obliged to inquire how it had been produced. The answer was, "Why with your steam-hammer, to be sure."

A SALOON KEEPER'S PETITION.

One of the most unique specimens of literature called forth by the temperance crusade is this letter from William Weingartner, a German liquor seller in Morrow, Ohio, begging off from his pledge.

THE LABOR BILL.

The New Haven Union says:—A strong effort was made in Massachusetts Senate, recently, to consider the vote on the labor bill which provides a penalty for the employment of women and children in the factories for more than ten hours a day.

An explosion of a mould of molten iron occurred in the foundry of the Ontario Iron Works, demolishing the building and shockingly maiming twelve of the employees.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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