

Ontario Weekly

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

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Labor Notes.

The hotel waiters of Philadelphia have been for two days trying to arrange a strike, but have not come to any conclusion yet.

On Saturday evening the mill operatives of Mount Washington and Woodberry, Md., celebrated the passage of a ten-hour law by the Legislature of that State by a torchlight procession, illumination and mass meeting.

At Winoak, Woodfield Co., Illinois, on Thursday, the wives of several miners, belonging to a union who had been discharged and their places filled by Norwegians, assaulted the latter and the president of the company, with eggs and other missiles.

Over 1,000 laborers employed in excavating in the new tunnel of the Delaware and Great Western Railroad, at Berlin Hall, went out on strike last Friday for an advance of 25c per day, their present wages being \$1 50 a day. The contractors refuse to pay the advance.

The striking shirt makers of New Haven have given up their project of the co-operative manufactory, and A. C. Breckinridge of Meriden has taken them in, offering them the same wages they had at New Haven before the reduction.

The boss masons and others connected with the New York building trade met on Saturday, to consider the prospects for the spring. It was stated that the owners of property are willing to erect buildings, but decline to do so as long as the eight-hour law continues.

A strike has occurred amongst the Morocco Dressers of Lynn, Mass., to resist the action of the employees to reduce the wages. The movement involves a number of firms, but several are continuing to pay their hands the old prices. The men on strike are sanguine of gaining success.

The delegates to the Laborers' Union from the various divisions of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken held a meeting Sunday afternoon, and appointed a committee to consider the expediency of forming new organizations. This is rendered necessary by the largely increasing membership. It already numbers 8,000 members.

In the northern part of Philadelphia, as well as in Camden and Gloucester, N. Y., the silk, woollen and gingham weavers are on strike for the restoration of their wages to the old prices. One firm, whose hands have struck, agreed to give the old prices on and after the 16th March, but the hands believed that if they were worth it on the 16th, they were worth it on the 1st of the month. That seems to have been a queer way of throwing away a fortnight's wages. The strike is quite general in character.

The engineers in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad are greatly aggrieved at the numerous misrepresentations which have been made concerning them and their proceedings at the Cleveland Convention, and are very reticent as to their future movements. Although a strike is apprehended, no apparent preparations for such have been made, and it is supposed that in the event of the occurrence of a demand for a higher rate of compensation, the movement would be universal, and work upon all the railroads in the country will be stopped at one time.

The New York Crispin strike is caused by the action of the cutter's association. The employers running second class establishments required their cutters to work 10 hours per day, and, although urged to adopt the eight-hour rule, they have refused to comply. At a meeting, Sunday, a resolution was adopted that all members who have been working for ten hours shall suspend work until their employers adopt the eight-hour rule.

The Home Labour Market remains depressed in several important branches. The iron trade especially is still inactive, and though in the North more rail mills are employed, many are working short time. Fresh contracts are moreover, not very plentiful. In the colliery district of Oldham and Ashton a reduction of wages is announced, and a similar course is likely to be adopted in other quarters. At Birmingham, the local trades are fairly well engaged. In the Lancashire cotton districts, mills are beginning to fall short of new orders, and a prospect of short time is reported from some centres. The hosiery manufacturers are mostly well employed. For railway and rough work there is still a large demand for labour, and many contractors would be glad of a supply of good country hands. In some of the Northern quarries, Suffolk and other labourers are doing well.—*Labor News.*

The condition of the Belgian workmen is still most precarious, particularly in the weaving district which has Verviers as its principal town. To add to the scarcity resulting from the dullness of trade, provisions have all been raised in price, while workmen have now great difficulty to find suitable lodgings. In Verviers especially the rent has been augmented in the working class quarters, and many families are utterly at a loss to find homes offering sufficient comfort, and yet not beyond the limits of their limited incomes. In the mining district also of Flemalle-Grande, the colliers are enduring all the hardships which invariably accompany a strike. Some weeks ago the directors of the mining companies of Xhorre and des Artistes reduced the workmen's wages 5 per cent. all round. Though this act was in nowise approved by the workmen, who did not think it justified by the circumstances, they nevertheless continued work; and the employers, encouraged by their pacific attitude announced only three weeks later their intention of imposing a further reduction in the scale of wages, and this time to the extent of ten per cent. Thereupon a strike ensued, and the employers apprehending a riot sent for some troops; who, on arriving, proceeded to arrest the chief leader of the movement. The workmen indignant at seeing their friends carried off attempted to rescue them, and this naturally led to further arrests. The strike promises to be prolonged for some time, as these events have embittered the feelings of all concerned.

In Switzerland the labour movement seems much disturbed by contentions between the party which attempts to unite to labour questions matters which appertain to the field of politics, and the contrary party which would exclude from trade societies any political element. In the German districts this struggle is particularly prevalent, but in the Romande or French part of Switzerland, the vexed questions of Federalization and Centralization are still the chief topics of dispute between the working men's societies. Whilst these theoretical matters are debated on all sides, the Geneva watch makers are busy organizing a union of all workmen employed in this the staple industry of the country. There are no employers' unions or arbitration committee in this city, but several deputies are now agitating in favor of establishing Councils of Prud'hommes as in France. These courts of arbitration would be most useful in reconciling the interests too often imposed of master and man in Geneva. In the district of Chaux-de-Fonds, which last month we described as being in great distress, provisions dear, and work slack, a strike has occurred which is particularly distressing under such circumstances. Here the employers are associated together, and has they had received but few orders they determined to reduce by one quarter the price paid for piecework, hoping by this means to be able to continue employing all hands. But this latter part of the programme they failed to fulfill; and many men being without employment, while others only received three-quarters of their customary wages, the workmen's union determined on a general strike. This event, it is thought, may bring about the complete ruin of one or two large firms, already severely taxed by the paucity of business during the last year.

The union printers of New Orleans have struck against a reduction of wages. The proprietors offered fifty cents per thousand ems, and the printers demand sixty.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

The present aspect of these two subjects is so different to what has been previously common, that we are not surprised that the teachers and savans of social science, as usually understood, being a little out of the usual certitude of their being in the right track. This sort of darkness and uncertainty is evidenced in the fact that Lord Houghton and Mr. Leoni Levi have, on the part of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, issued a circular to parties interested, to the heads of trades and capitalists unions, to both employers and employed, asking for information upon specified questions, as to the rates of wages, and combinations affecting them, machinery, restrictions, and unions generally. What they wish to get at is—1st. The economic effects of combinations of laborers and capitalists; and 2nd. On the laws of economic science bearing on the principles on which such combinations are founded. Information and facts upon these matters is

assuredly desirable, and if truly furnished and placed in natural order and place would be of inestimable benefit to mankind. But in this is the difficulty. At present we have but partial facts, placed by partial interests and persons, in a way both incorrect and unnatural, and perhaps more is suppressed, not shown, than is explained and exhibited. In addition to this our very words are variously held, and understood. For instance, is there a perfect understanding that there is an economic science at all? And if so, is there any two agreed upon the laws of its working?

Lord Houghton, in his address on social economy at London, before the Social Science Association, 1862, threw considerable doubt as to whether there was a social science at all, and whether "free will" did not disturb all our certainty of any certain science of human action. Now, if humanity has no basis, or if we cannot ascertain the certainty of operation, we are thrown out of court at the very beginning, and feel that it is both useless and impracticable to go on with the enquiry. And this leads to the consideration, is there any such natural law in existence? The reply will be universal—Yes, relating to matter. We think there will be a general assent to the fact that mind, too, has its laws—but how that law prevails in and over human action appears yet to be very doubtful, unsettled, and uncertain.

Now, we hold that law rules action as much as either matter or mind. If not, then chance must be our rule, and chaos our ultimatum. To realize this, let us realize what law is in matter. Law is in the very constitution of matter itself. It is that which makes iron iron, which, under given conditions is always what it is, viz.: of a given weight in relation to water—malleable under heat—expansive and contractive in definite ways—and having all its phenomena absolute, and uniform under given conditions. The characteristics apply to all and any given substance, fluid, or gas in relation to each other and themselves, and it is thus only that we know, and can deal with them. Science itself is but acquaintance of the laws or nature of the action of these substances, and of their actions, in relation; and all art is but the application of the phenomena, substances or matter, to serve human purposes and wills. With these Laws, humanity has nothing to do, as existing in themselves. All we have to do is as relating to us. We can neither effect, will, nor unwill the nature of any matter. But we can upon ourselves in relation to their action. We cannot alter the nature of heat upon iron. We can the application of heat, and the use of it, when heated. The laws of matter, have never changed since creation, but our improved knowledge of this nature and working, has enabled us to do all that now do, or distinct from the ignorant and barbarous past. The matter of ships and telegraphs have not altered from the beginning; but our knowledge and adoptions have, and hence present superiority in art, science, and civilization.

Now, we affirm that exactly the same conditions of Law applies to humanity, and to all and every human action upon humanity; as it does upon substances, and that in every form of application. Every art and action has a specific and necessary result of its own inherently, separate from and independent of our wills. Thus honesty and dishonesty have results pendant and inseparable from the action. If every action of commerce or exchange was honest, that is, according to just and actual equivalents, then society would so far progress and flourish. If every such action was dishonest, that is, not in equivalent or in just relation, then society would so far decline and be broken up. The doing is within our volitions, but the results of action are perfectly independent of them. Love and hatred, industry and idleness, obedience and disobedience, justice and judgment, have each a set of specific, definite, and certain results, inherent, unalterable, and inalienable in themselves. It is only thus that we know them, can name, and consider them; and as science is to know, and art to apply the laws of matter for our benefit, so the knowledge of laws or nature of action becomes a science, and their application an art in society. The one may be called physical or natural, and the other social and moral. While the laws of action or moral is as definite and absolute as those of matter, in, and from which, after all, they arise; they are more difficult to understand and realize, because more subject to conditions of variations. The law that water boils at a given temperature is certain, and invariable subject to the condition of a given density of the

atmosphere. With a change in this respect, the law does not change, but abides with the conditions. So honesty in its absolute, never changes; but the same actions may be called honest and dishonest, according to the relations of parties and things. To take away money or goods from persons, may be right or wrong, according to the relations or imbalances existing between persons. To take without leave, or without giving an equivalent, is called theft; while exchange, agreements, and equivalents is called trade or commerce. The one is wrong, and the other is right inherently, because the results are good in one case, and bad in the other; inherently and independent upon any human volition. It probably required ages of social revolutions in the infancy of society to establish the fact of honesty and dishonesty to even very simple actions. Children do not know anything of personal property, but they acquire it by experience. Training gives experience earlier, or induces actions and knowledge upon authority. This applies to all human history, and all early laws have a superstitious or external authority added to the natural, when too little recognized to ensure obedience. In the early history of Scripture we have religious motives given to secure right physical actions; and it is, "thus saith the Lord," to ensure the covering of nature's excretions, and the actions of sexual relations. This, more or less obtains still, only the natural motives are more trusted, and appealed to for conformance the more as we know of their nature and inviolability. And it is thus that society has progressed in morals and economics, and thus we have advanced above the cruel and barbarous past. We know more than our forefathers did, but we have still more to learn. One of the principal difference betwixt us now and in the ancient days, is that governments should be for the benefit of the governed; and that governments are good, and bad, and safe, and unsound for themselves, in proportion that they serve the interests of the greatest numbers. Early governments are despotisms and tyrannical—middle governments are oligarchies, and uncertain. The highest government is when the whole is considered and acted for by each. It would take volumes to demonstrate these sentences, and to show their truth, and we only instance them now to show the laws of action in humanity. Reverting to the subject of our article, capital and labor, we have to show if there be no law, inherent and unchangeable in the nature of actions, it will be impossible to know the relations of capital and labor—and useless if we did. If there be such laws, it is most necessary that we should study to know them. But why know them, unless it is to apply them for the benefit of humanity? Now, what do the gentlemen mentioned, and the Society for the Promotion of Science and Sociology, want? Do they want to know the mere development of wealth, or the use of it to humanity as well? It is a fact that in some conditions, slavery, and the vilest despotisms and cruelty have developed wealth. But such wealth was a curse to both the slave and the tyrant. So what is called free and unregulated labor may develop wealth. At present the great query is—whether regulated or unregulated labor is the wisest economy? The reply must however, depend upon what we mean as economy. If that includes the welfare of the workers, as well as the capitalists, then assuredly regulation, so as to secure distribution of wealth, and time to enjoy it is necessary. If it means only that there may be a few enormously wealthy, and a mass of workers wretchedly poor and wretched, then unregulated competition may be preferred. Contrast the condition of the working classes from 1815 to 1835, as compared with 1865 to 1874. The whole difference is due to the regulation of competition betwixt capital and labor, and while the regulation is but beginning to work, how it has worked for both labor and capital is evident. How it will in future will require further consideration.—*Bee-Hive.*

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF MECHANICAL GENIUS.

What a tiny thing is a spark flying from an anvil! Yet it is not altogether insignificant, for it can fire a powder mine should one happen to stop its course. Through the horrors of a catastrophe we learn to carefully analyze the smallest things, to discover in minute causes the germs of great results. Grave experiences have served as goals to industrious inquiry—their fatal recurrence has stirred the

dormant genius of thoughtful men, and urged them to useful action. Discovery had led to discovery, invention has been followed by invention—at first slowly, afterwards rapidly—gathering accumulated riches of experience until the roll of mechanical fame has lengthened and shines with the glowing names of men whose life studies have been successfully realized for the benefit of generations coming after their own. Watt, Stephenson, Arkwright, and a host of others, have left legacies that will continue to bless nations for all time. The studious boy, with his hand upon the lid of the domestic urn, little dreamt what mammoth machines were destined to start out of that simple incident. If called to the scene of human toil again, even a Watt would marvel to view the wondrous development of practical science. The hiss of steam from every manufactory, the plunge of engines in every mill, the ceaseless clatter of obedient machinery in ever workshop! Let Stephenson join company; together, these two master minds might gaze upon "gridironed England;" upon its flying coaches; upon its busy rivers, graced, not with the gay gondola of Venetian luxury, but with gliding steamers freighted with commercial wealth—rivers banked with hives of industry, resonant with the deep hum of honest, hardy toil! Arkwright would fitly join this company. The immortal trio would enter the factories of Great Britain and see bewildering wonders there. Though half deafened with the rattle of looms, they would soon detect the swift beating and the soft whisper of a thousand shuttles doing their silent work, as great men do theirs, unostentatiously and unringingly, and without complaint that the riches they make must be gathered by other hands. A lengthened survey would be needed to allay the astonishment of those famous men. A stroll along the banks of our rivers would surely claim their attention. The modern crane, with its iron trunk, soon fixes their attention. How their admiration is excited by its picking up that locomotive and transferring it more surely than many human hands could do. Those great men follow the movements of the same strange thing while its proboscis is raising—as indifferently as a real elephant would pick up an umbrella—a huge wrought-iron girder, and sweeping the vacant air for a single movement, drops its weighty burden softly and precisely in the appointed place! Leaving modern modes of shipment and bridge-building, the mouths of our rivers present an impressive spectacle. Steamships would be there, laden with "black diamonds," that have been won from the depths of English coal mines. Screw steamers for conveying that useful and valuable minerals to distant lands. Other vessels steam away for foreign countries with rich cargoes of beautiful machinery—the fruit of skilled labor in British workshops! The seas, too, if they could be compressed within a narrow focus, would give importance to the panorama. The heaving waters dotted with cloudlets of vapor (as shoals are distinguished on the charts of mariners) show where the ocean steam plough is doing its determined work against wind and tide. Yet the survey we have taken comprises but a quota of the numberless useful resources which the progressive genius of men of science and practical sense has placed at the service of nations for their benefit. Among the last, though certainly not the least, is the electric telegraph—the lightning servant—the earth's tympanum. A metallic cord, with numberless ramifications, now grasps the map of Europe, winds through the depths of the broad Atlantic, to echo to the denizens of a distant continent the latest pulsation of a true brotherhood of interest in commercial enterprise and mechanical achievements.—*Mechanic.*

The Workingmen's Central Council of New York proposes calling a mass meeting of the working classes this week, for the purpose of demanding the abolition of the contract system in the construction of public works and for the removal of Government agents who have practised fraud in order to violate the eight-hour law in the New York post office and elsewhere; they also propose to present and discuss a plan of co-operation for the building trade and other industries, the establishment of co-operative stores and their general elevation.

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 WORKMAN Office.

Poetry.

KING LABOR.

The wizard, King Labor, walked over the land,
And the spade for a sceptre he bore,
And each step he took left an Eden behind,
While the desert untamed frowned before.
He levelled huge mountains and blasted the
rock,
Where for ages vast treasures lay hid,
And showed Heaven the coffer where Earth
stored her wealth,
And laughed loud as he shattered the lid.
Then shout, toilers, shout, we need no king on
earth,
But the king whose large, generous hand,
Has scattered bright gold over mountain and
plain,
And whose taxes are wrung from the land.
I marked every step the magic king took,
Till he bounded the wide-spreading plain,
And I marked how the eye of God followed
his path,
While the heavens sang a glad some refrain.
And this was its burden—"There's plenty
for all;
Look abroad in the light of the day,
And view the corn challenge the sickle and
scythe
With its lances well poised for the fray."
The harvest well garnered—Till's heralds went
forth,
Their speed by Good Humor increased,
And they said to each child of the universe,
"Come,
And let none be shut out from the feast!"
"Come, come," said King Labor, "Earth's
treasures are mine,
Bid the tyrants of earth to beware;
Their bride may be Death, if they court
Famine's hand,
For still there's the Sword of Despair!"

IF YOU WOULD BE MASTER.

BY ALEXANDER M'CALLAN.

O life is a struggle, a battle at best!
A journey in which there's no haven of rest,
And craggy and steep is the path you must
tread,
If you would be master and sit at the head.
The gods had their battles, they fought for
their thrones!
They mounted not there without struggles and
groans;
And so the frail mortal must soar above dread,
If he would be master and sit at the head.
Be humble and lowly, be upright and brave,
Be often the servant, but never the slave;
Submit to be bullied, but never be led,
If you would be master and sit at the head.
The laws of creation insist on respect,
Believe in the virtues of cause and effect;
Trust only in truth and you'll ne'er be misled,
If you would be master and sit at the head.
Renounce all deception, all cunning and lies,
Let truth be the pinion on which you would
rise;
Believe all deception is rotten and dead,
If you would be master and sit at the head.
O life is a struggle, a battle at best!
A journey in which there's no haven of rest,
And craggy and steep is the path you must
tread,
If you would be master and sit at the head.

Tales and Sketches.

THE JAWS OF DEATH.

"And may God have mercy on your soul!"
These—the closing words of the sentence of
death which had been pronounced upon me—
were the only ones I heard from the time
when, by order of the officer, I stood up to re-
ceive the judgment of the law. The court-
room was crowded almost beyond its capacity,
and all ages, sexes and conditions of life were
represented in that throng. The dock was
situated so that about two-thirds of the room
came within the range of my vision—the other
portion, including the gallery above, I had
noticed when I came in. During each and
every day of my protracted trial the crowd of
curiosity had been large, but now it seemed
reduced. What thoughts and emotions filled
and agitated my mind for a short time I sat
there on that hard and cruel seat! In all that
mass of living beings there was not one who
could partake of that knowledge which was
restricted to me alone—the knowledge of my
innocence. All, from the evidence on the
trial, and the verdict of the jury, from the
statements and deductions of the newspapers,
from a thousand other causes which operate
on a populace excited by the commission of a
great crime in their midst, and whose convic-
tions are already half made up by the arrest
of somebody, all was sure of my guilt. From
the time I had made the acquaintance of him
for whose bloody deeds I was condemned to
suffer, the hand of Fate had lain heavily upon
me. The man—therefore a stranger—had
one month ago so worked upon my frank and
unsuspecting nature, had so insidiously and
artificially opened my heart and crept therein,
that within two hours of our meeting we were
pledging and repledging our eternal friendship
in bottles of wine. All this alone.

In twenty-four hours afterwards I was taken
to prison, there to remain until in due time I
should be brought to the bar of the court to
answer for the murder of a citizen. The
forms of justice (I was told) must be observed,
for as to my conviction there was no earthly
doubt. The following report from a paper
shows why such was the general opinion:
"Our usually quiet town was last night the
scene of one of the most brutal murders on
record. At twelve o'clock a cry of pain, fol-
lowed by the report of a pistol, was heard
near the southeast toll-gate. The few people
that were in the neighborhood hurried to the
spot, and beheld prone on the ground the life-
less form of one of our wealthiest and most
respected citizens, David Elborne, Esq. A
pistol-shot through the head, from which the
blood poured out freely, and his rifled pockets
told that he had been cruelly assassinated and
robbed. Search was immediately instituted
for the murderer, and he was soon afterwards
found secreted under a shed near the scene of
the dreadful deed, with an empty pistol in his
hand, blood on his person, and the watch of
the deceased in his pocket. His face was
livid with fear when detected, and his at-
tempted explanation of the condition in which
he was found was a mass of contractions. He
had a hearing before the Justice and was
committed to prison. The name of the villain
is Leonard Manor. Let speedy justice be
meted out to him."

At the above, as a recital of facts, was true,
but the statement that I, Leonard Manor,
was the author of the crime, was untrue. But
a mightily and strongly forged chain of cir-
cumstantial evidence was bound around me,
which I was unable to break, and my counsel,
Mr. Cook, met with his first defeat as a crimi-
nal practitioner. The only witness that could
rebut the violent presumption of my guilt and
disprove what had been brought against me,
was not to be found: made way with, no
doubt, by him. And there I sat alone in that
dock and felt what no man can describe. Pro-
test my innocence I might, and swear it with
all vehemence of an earnest soul; but I would
be either laughed at for my audacity, or
whistled down as a feigned lunatic. Oh, God!
what it is to be falsely judged! To have an
iron wall between your self-consciousness and
the belief of the outer world! To see yourself
crowded into the grave by the torrent of
popular fury, and yet have that in your
bosom which might roll back the tide and save
you could it but reach out beyond the narrow
circle in which it is confined! Oh, what is
physical strength to the power of this internal
sense in such an hour as this! How willing-
ly would I have bartered the best gifts of na-
ture if those around me could have partaken
of this feeling and know what I knew. The
mercy of the Almighty seemed a meaningless
thing. But He could not break His law, even
to save the life of one of His creatures from
an unjust death!

The closing word of the sentence which
doomed me to the scaffold awoke me from
these reflections. I sank to my seat, as a sigh
of relief, like the groan of some unearthly
monster, went up from the multitude in the
court room, followed by a subdued hum which
no succeeded to the silence which had hereto-
fore reigned. The people began to move out,
speaking to each other and smiling, pleased
that the end was as they wished and believed
it would be. Oh, how more than ever, then,
the silent and helpless savior in my bosom
struggled in its bounds in one desperate effort
to go out and become absorbed in the thoughts
of others! But all in vain; my heart sickened,
and the pall of despair was upon me, as I sub-
mitted myself to the officers who were to re-
turn me to the goal.

The court room was in the second story of
the building, and was reached from the out-
side by a more than ordinarily steep flight of
steps of gray stone, about twenty-four in num-
ber. As I emerged from the front door at the
top of these steps, a bright, piercing ray of
sun met me full in the face. Dazzled for an
instant I stopped, and then stepped forward
again. But I missed the step-stone, and, un-
able to recover myself, fell headlong down the
way.

I sat on a low, rough couch in the darkest,
dampstest dungeon of the goal. To the cold
iron gyves which shackled my legs at the
ankles was attached a chain of like metal, of,
perhaps, four feet in length, terminating at a
ring on the bottom of the cell. My hands
were free, and with them I rubbed my eyes
as one who hopes thereby to make them do
their duty better. I could have but a faint
view of the interior of my apartment, as the
only light that reached it was between the
two bars of a small opening which served as a
window, situated in an oblique direction from
where I sat, and apparently about seven feet
from the ground. A confused and shapeless
idea of something awful that had happened,
weighed upon me. What it was I could not
determine—even my situation, clad in a con-
vict's garb and bound in chains, did not strike
me with any kind of feeling akin to surprise
—I barely noticed it—so demoralized was my
mental organization and impotent of thought.
It was in this stupid state I sat, when a noise
broke upon my ear, coming, as it seemed,
from immediately in front of me. I peered
in that direction, but could not see anything,
yet the noise, which was a commingling of
a grating and a rumbling sound, continued.
Presently it ceased, and the figure of a man
began to define itself before my view. Nearer

it came toward me, when—oh, heaven!—the
form and features of him fell upon my gaze.

Then it was that I saw all, knew all, felt
all, remembered all. A stream of memories
came rushing in upon me like a torrent. That
man's presence drove the clouds away and all
was clear. Here I was, condemned as a felon,
but before me stood the felon himself. Moved
by the impulse which this sudden discovery
inspired I essayed to strike the wretch, but
my arm refused to obey the bidding of my
will; a paralysis seemed to have seized me.
An attempt to speak met with not much bet-
ter success, and nothing but a whisper, scarce-
ly audible to myself, escaped my lips. He
now advanced, and, taking a seat beside me
on the cot, spoke:

"Manor, you know your old friend and
companion, Sargin? I found you, and am
come to condole with you."
The tone with which he uttered these
words, and the sarcastic smile with which
he accompanied them, chilled me through.
How I could have crushed him! He con-
tinued:

"Crime is a science, Manor. Its perfect
practice is an art, and, like all other arts, it
requires instruments. You have been a good
one. I used you in my little operation against
old Elborne, and it was a perfect success. You
were caught with the blood of your—my vic-
tim, still hot upon you, the smoke of your,
my shot, was not yet out of the pistol-cham-
ber. I tell you, Manor, it was a grand triumph
of art. It is a pity you could not live to aid
in future successes of mine, you're too good a
glove to be thrown away—I must have more
out of you before you die—by Jove, you shall
live!"

Throughout this address I sat with down-
cast face, feeling how utterly miserable and
forsaken of God I was. At the word "live,"
I raised my eyes and looked at him. His small,
snaky eyes glistened like diamonds, and a sar-
donic smile played over his features.
"Yes—live," he said, "and go with me. I
have cheated justice—why not serve injustice
the same way, for the time at least. You are
bound to be hung sometime, and I am bound
to die peacefully; but we will postpone both
events as long as possible. My art being
perfect, my resources are, of course, inex-
haustible."

Before I was aware of it he was manipulat-
ing my fetters, and in a short time he told
me to rise. This second effort at moving was
successful, and I walked several paces from
my bed, free from the irons. In this new state
my revengeful feelings, wonderful as it seems,
entirely disappeared. He appeared again as
a friend, and I reproached myself for ever
having thought ill of him.

"We will go out as I came in," said Sargin;
and divesting himself of an extra coat which
he had on, he threw it over my shoulders and
led me, as he expressed, "to freedom and
of usefulness."

I have an indistinct recollection of passing
through shadowy corridors, up and down
steps, through narrow doors, and over walls,
and a clear idea of surroundings did not pos-
sess me until I found that we were plodding
through the dust of a country road, with no
sign of a human habitation before us, and the
town sinking out of sight in the dim distance
behind us. As I looked at my companion, as
we were walking along, I felt as one fascinated
by one he knows to be a villain.

We proceeded in silence for some time,
when Sargin called my attention to a riderless
horse standing near the fence at the right of
the road before us. As we approached an
other object met our eyes—a well-dressed man
lay on the ground before us, groaning with
pain. In a faint tone he told us that, seized
with a vertigo, he had fallen from his horse,
and, being unable to rise, feared that he had
broken some bones. Sargin directed me to
sit down and support the gentleman's head
upon my lap while he made an examination.
When I had done this, he quickly took every-
thing the man had upon his person, including
a costly watch and a pithoric purse, and
placed them in his pockets. While we were
looking in astonishment at this bold proceed-
ing, Sargin drew from his boot a long, mur-
derous-looking knife, and plunged it into the
bosom of the helpless traveller! The blood
spouted into my face, and my person seemed,
almost in a twinkling, to be deluged with
 gore. Before I could regain my feet, Sargin,
with the most unearthly yell I ever heard,
leaped upon the horse and disappeared. What
a situation was here—oh, cursed fate! Com-
pletely lost in a sea of bewilderment, I cannot
say how long I might have stood looking al-
ternately at the bloody corpse before me, and
my equally bloody self, did not the chattering
hoofs behind me arouse me. I turned and
saw a mob of horsemen bearing down in the
direction I stood. Leaving a few to take
charge of the unfortunate wayfarer, the rest
turned in the direction whence they came,
first having secured me on one of the horses.

Fleet as the wind we pushed forward, until
a sort of dizziness seized me, and I felt as if
I was being whirled through some wild and aw-
ful dream, and yet with just enough con-
sciousness to know that there was a basis of re-
ality to it all.
All at once we halted on the bank of fire,
which shot up a million forked tongues of
lurid flame. A heavy black cloud hung all
around, and the air was dense with a sulphur-
ous odor. A dreadful mad-house noise re-
sounded in my ears, and I thought that here
was Tophet, and I was to be a victim to the
insatiate Moloch. A muffled bell tolled one

stroke like an echo from a tomb, on my right,
and, looking up, my eyes met a black-draped
gallows which reared its hideous form into
the air. No time was allowed me to contem-
plate this new feature, even had I been so in-
clined, for I was instantly taken charge of by
a pair of hangmen and placed on the scaffold.
The rope was placed around my neck, and the
stillness which took the place of the walking
to and fro on the scaffold, told me that I
stood there alone! I muttered a prayer, but
before a dozen syllables were uttered, all that
was substantial beneath me gave way, and I
dropped suddenly in a direct line downward;
a piercing pain ran like a dagger through my
head; everything grew dark and red, and
purple and white, by turns—until, after what
seemed an age of agony, my feet touched
something, a momentary light flashed upon
me, and in a syncope, I lost all thought and
memory and feeling.

A murmur of voices crept upon upon my
ear, and slowly and gradually I revived. I
opened my eyes and found myself in the com-
pany of several people, some of whom were
rubbing my hands, others administering res-
tatives, and all, more or less, contributing
to my restoration. As my senses returned, I
saw that I was in a strange room and sitting
by a window. Out of that window I looked,
and—great heaven!—what a spectacle met
my eye! It was the yard of a prison, and
pendant therein, from the cross-beam of a
gallows, hung the lifeless body of Sargin!
The sight at once recalled all the memories of
the past; but there was a hiatus which was
yet to be explained. It was done so by a
kind attendant, who informed me that my
fall at the court-house steps nearly deprived
me of life, and did deprive me of reason—that
after a brief incarceration in my cell it was
thought best to place me under medication,
and I was removed to the hospital department
of the prison—that while there the criminality
of Sargin, the author of the murder for which
I had been condemned, was discovered through
the appearance of my missing witness, some
unguarded expression of Sargin himself during
a debauch in a neighboring village, and other
circumstances which had come to light since
my trial—that he was tried and condemned,
and made a confession, in which he stated he
had administered a narcotic potion to me,
pushed me under the shed, and then after
waylaying Mr. Elborne, and taking a large
amount of money from his person, had placed
the watch and pistol on me, smeared me with
blood, and then escaped; that he gave poison
to a cabman who was cognizant of how and
by whom I was placed under the shed. The
cabman was my missing witness, and his re-
covery from the drug, although he was for
some time in a state of insensibility, and on
the verge of death, was the main cause of my
salvation. That, following the opinion of
one of the medical board attached to the
prison, I was placed at the window, in the
belief that the sight of my would-be destroyer
in the hands of the law would have a benefi-
cial effect. That when he mounted the
scaffold, I looked calmly and vacantly at him,
but when the drop fell I swooned. As I re-
vived, there was evident indications of the
much-wished-for change, and when, with a
clearer understanding, I looked upon the
dangling body of the villain, it was complete,
and reason resumed its reign. I returned to
my home to recuperate my physical health,
and it is in the pleasant days of convalescence
that I commit to paper and give to the world
this recital of my entrance into and exit from
"the jaws of death."

THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER.

BY EMERALD.

"Congratulate me, for I am going to be
married."
"What! you are going to commit matri-
mony?"
"Yes, so farewell to club parties, cham-
pagne suppers, and all other bachelor sports.
I am going to marry and settle down—have a
nice brown stone front of my own—and when
the day's business is finished, I can go home
yes, home, Tom—sit down to tea, and have a
pretty little wife do the honors of the evening.
What do you think of the picture? Hadn't
you better invest?"
"This is all very nice, but it takes money
to live like you expect to, and, to tell the
truth, I was not aware that you were
wealthy."
"I have felt the inconvenience of being poor
for a long time, but that, with me, is a thing
of the past. I am fortunate enough to love
and be loved by one who is rich."
"Lucky man!"
"More than lucky. She is an only child,
and as handsome as she is rich."
"You wouldn't mind telling a fellow her
name?"
"I do not object to tell you, my dear boy,
for it was you who first introduced me to Miss
Effie St. Clair."
"You do not expect to marry Effie St.
Clair?"
"Providence permitting, I do. I have her
consent."
"And I have her father's?"
"You are jesting, Tom!"
"It is as true as that my name is Tom El-
wood. Effie's father promised me her hand
when she became of age, and to-day is her

eighteenth birthday. We have been fast friends
for many years. I am sorry that a woman
should step between us."

"It would not be the first time a woman
has made friends sworn enemies. But I trust
it will not be so with us. Shall we let the
lady decide?"

"That is fair. We will talk no more of it
to-night."

"Here is a letter Mr. St. Clair handed me
this evening, as I came away; he was very
anxious that it should be delivered to you to-
night."

"It is rather late to go to St. Clair's, but
it is business of importance, he says in the
letter, and I will go."

"Remember the contract," said Lew Shel-
don, as I closed the door between us.

I promised, and started toward the banker's
residence.

"It must be business of importance, or he
would not request my presence at this late
hour," I said to myself, as I buttoned my
coat around me, and started out in the storm.

Why Mr. St. Clair had always taken such a
deep interest in me was something I could
not fathom; he had a few thousand dollars of
mine, with permission to use it where it would
bring me the most income. Perhaps he thought,
as I often had, that this money, with what he
would bequeath to Effie, would enable his
daughter and myself to marry and enjoy the
comforts of wealth.

"And this is Effie's eighteenth birthday;
this, then, must be the business of importance
he mentioned in his letter."

But she was promised to another, and Lew
Sheldon was a noble-hearted fellow. We had
been friends for many years; he had not a
dollar—I had a few thousand; and, did I
choose to play the villain, now was my turn.
Effie's father was on my side, and, if she chose
to act contrary to his wishes, he could cut her
off without a dollar; but what would I gain
by it? If I lost Effie, I lost all.

"I will keep my promise to Sheldon, come
what will," I said, as I pulled the bell of Mr.
St. Clair's residence.

"Step right into the library. Mr. St. Clair
is waiting for you," said the colored servant,
as he opened the door.

"Well, Tom, you have come at last," said
Mr. St. Clair, shaking my hand and offering
me an easy chair.

"Yes, I am here—a little the worse for the
stormy night."

"Put more coal on the grate," said the
banker, addressing the servant, "then close
the door and leave us."

We were alone.
"Cash was paid on a thousand dollar check
last week," said the banker, drawing his chair
close to mine, and talking in a whisper. "The
check had my signature—which was forged—I
have offered a reward of five hundred dollars
for the arrest of the forger, and before morn-
ing, Lew Sheldon will be charged with the
crime."

"What! you do not mean to say that Lew
Sheldon would be guilty of forgery?" I said,
springing up, and speaking in a tone that
could be heard in all parts of the house.

"Be calm, sir," said the banker, beckon-
ing me to be seated. "That remains to be seen.
The detective says he has evidence enough to
convict him. Bank checks have been found
on his person, which resemble those that we
presented at the bank. Ah! these detectives
are very sharp—very sharp!" And he shook
his head with an air of satisfaction.

"Be careful, Mr. St. Clair, or the detec-
tives will get the start of you, old as you are
said I."

"Detectives get the best of me? Oh, no,
that is impossible! Had I been cashier
stead of president of the bank, one thousand
dollars would never have been paid out of
forged note."

"Poor Lew Sheldon! I will be the last
think him guilty," I said, turning toward the
banker.

"If he is innocent, he can prove it to
world-to-morrow; if guilty, he will pay de-
ly for his crime. But enough of this, I
not send for you to talk of the forgery. You
know that this is Effie's eighteenth birth-
day—the day I promised you her hand. What
you are married, I will give you a position
in the bank; this house shall be yours. In
turn I ask a home with you."

"Mr. St. Clair" I said, "it would be well
to obtain your daughter's consent before
planning for the future. I have asked for her
hand—it was refused—and I was told frankly
that she did not love me."

"Do not think of love, young man," said
the banker. "Marriage is a business con-
tract—wealth and position first—love a sec-
ondary consideration. Discard the thought
of marrying for love. I will see Effie—she
not dare to act contrary to my wishes."

"Mr. St. Clair—"
Before I could finish the sentence, Effie
St. Clair stepped into the room. She
tall, handsome girl, just budding into
manhood. Oh, hadn't I only won her love!
aloh! I had not.

Poor girl! she had been weeping, and
pale blue eyes glistened with tears; she
had heard of the misfortune of her lover.

"Why does my daughter weep?" said
St. Clair, in a consoling voice. "Effie,
is your birthday—it should be a day of
joy, not of sorrow. Cheer up, my dear!
I have promised you a birthday present—
house and two thousand a year are yours
you accept the hand of Thomas Elwood."

"Father, I cannot," she sobbed. "I am betrothed to another."

"Who dared ask your hand in marriage, without first asking me?" said the banker, in a rage.

The name of Lewis Sheldon escaped from the poor girl's lips, and her head dropped on her breast.

"That forger and villain! And this is the way you pay a father's kindness! I have done all that a father could do, and now that the pride and joy of my heart has grown to be a woman, I ask but one favor—it is denied! Wed whom you will—I will not force you to this. If you choose to wed a man who wears a convict's suit, and disgrace the mother that gave you birth, you can do so."

There was a silence, broken only by the sobs of the young girl. The old banker stood near her, waiting for an answer, but it came not.

"I did not think you cared so much for Lewis Sheldon," said the banker, breaking the silence, "or I would have spared you the pain of this meeting. Think of it to-night, when you are alone."

"I warned you of this," said I, addressing the banker when we were alone. "I would not make her life a burden by forcing myself upon her notice."

"Could a loveless marriage make her life more miserable than the one she had planned—to marry a criminal?"

"He is innocent until proven guilty; and, when the evidence is sifted, Lewis Sheldon will prove to you that he has been wrongfully accused."

"You, too, are working against me!"

"I am not—I love your daughter deeply—but I will not be false to an old friend."

"We will talk no more of this to-night. You will remain with me, Tom, and to-morrow we will know whether Sheldon has been unjustly accused or not."

After bidding the banker good-night, I was shown to my room.

The next morning, after Mr. St. Clair had gone to the bank, Effie made some excuse and came into the library, where I was reading. I dared not speak to her, and did not lift my eyes from the book. Effie came nearer, and stood directly in front of me.

"Mr. Elwood," she said in almost a whisper, "excuse me for intruding, but I have no friend to go to except you, and I fear that you are not my friend now. But if you will not be my friend, do not betray me?"

"Anything that is in my power, Miss St. Clair, I will do for you."

"You know that Mr. Sheldon is in jail, charged with the crime of forgery, and I know he is innocent."

"I will be one of the last to think him guilty," I answered, "but facts are against him."

"The detective who charged him with the crime," continued Effie, "is the guilty one. Two weeks ago, he came to the house and obtained father's signature for some charitable object; he was dressed like a minister, but I saw his face. Afterwards, he offered his services to father as a detective."

"Did you tell your father of this?" said I.

"No—I dared not. I feared he would be angry with me."

"Had you spoken then, you might have saved Mr. Sheldon from disgrace."

"It is not too late yet," she answered; "the detective will receive his reward this morning, and, if he is playing the villain, he will leave the city immediately. Go and find him; I will do the rest."

"Anything you say, Miss St. Clair; if your plan fails, there is no hope."

"Too true!"

"If Lewis Sheldon is innocent, he marries Effie St. Clair; if guilty, I marry Effie St. Clair," I said to myself, as I took leave of the banker's daughter, and went in search of the detective.

Arrived at the hotel, I inquired for Mr. Whiting, the detective. I was politely informed that he had left the house; he was gone, and so was some valuable jewelry that belonged to several guests of the house.

Without further information, I went to the bank to inform Mr. St. Clair what had occurred.

"The detective had left for parts unknown," said I, "and, to be candid, Mr. St. Clair, I think you have been duped."

"What! I have been duped? Oh, no! such a thing is impossible! I have been in this world too long to have such a wholesale villainy going on under my very nose. I think you are mistaken, Mr. Elwood," said the banker, lowering his voice; "the detective may have gone after more positive evidence; you know detectives work in very mysterious ways, sometimes."

"Yes; this is one of the mysterious ways. This man, who offered you his service as a detective, has played several roles under your very eyes."

"Impossible! Impossible!" exclaimed the old banker.

"Be calm, sir. You will open your eyes wider yet, when you know all. A few weeks ago this Whiting presented himself at your residence in the garb of a clergyman; he asked you to put your name down for a small sum in aid of some foreign mission. Soon after this a check was presented at your bank, and said Whiting wrote out a check, but your name was at the bottom. When the reward was offered for the arrest of the forger, he succeeded in convincing you that Lewis Sheldon was the guilty one, and received the re-

ward. It looks to me, Mr. St. Clair, as if you had been duped."

St. Clair walked up and down the room in silence. There was a troubled look on his face: he was not thankful for the information I had imparted, or, if he was, he did not make it known. I waited for an answer, but it came not, and I resolved to go where my information would be more welcome.

I made my way back to the banker's residence. Miss Effie was out, but, being a privileged character, I entered the library to wait for her return. I tried to read, but could not. I paced the floor nervously. To think that Lewis Sheldon and I should love the same woman, and he should win her! I tried to think differently, but in vain. I could not shut my eyes to the truth.

Going to the window, to watch the busy crowd that surged to and fro, whom should I see but Mr. St. Clair, his daughter, and Lewis Sheldon, coming down the street! Lewis and Effie chatting and laughing as if they had not met for years; and the old banker, who, an hour before, was in the worst of moods, looked and talked as if he were the happiest of the happy. Nearer and nearer they came, and with every step, my jealous heart beat faster. The hall door opened.

"Oh, I wonder where Mr. Elwood is!" said Effie, as she entered. "I must tell him the good news; he will be so glad to hear that Lewis is innocent."

Her merry voice rang through the house. Little did she think her words sent a pang to my heart.

I started to greet Lewis, but, before I could leave the room, St. Clair entered, radiant with joy.

"Tom, my dear fellow, cheer up! What makes you look so gloomy?" said St. Clair, grasping me by the hand. "It was wrong to treat you as I did this morning; when you told me how I had been swindled, it angered me. The villain has been arrested, and the money returned. Effie has arranged matters with Mr. Sheldon. Shall I call them to receive your congratulations?"

"No, I thank you; I do not care to see another tableau."

I tried to force a smile as I spoke, but failed.

"Are you ill Tom? You look pale. Has anything happened?"

"Oh, no, nothing in particular. Mr. St. Clair, after thinking the matter over carefully, I have concluded to travel; I want to see the world; and if you will remit the interest on my money monthly, I will be enabled to travel and enjoy life."

"This is certainly a queer proceeding of yours, Tom," said the banker. "I will do all I can for you, but you certainly do not think of leaving for weeks yet?"

"Yes—I go to-night, I will draw enough money to do me for several months, and, when it is gone, you will hear from me."

Without giving the banker time to speak, I donned my hat, and was soon in the street.

After I had travelled for many months in a foreign land, I received a paper with this marriage notice marked:

"Married, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Lewis Sheldon to Miss Effie St. Clair. No cards."

I have often wished that they may be happy, but my jealous heart rebels.

SCIENTIFIC.

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

An admirably written volume was published not long since by Longmans & Co., London, on that destructive malady which almost defies medical treatment in its amelioration. Dr. Henry MacCormac, of Belfast, Ireland, is the author. Were it republished here, it would lead to reforms in regard to preventing a disease which is often actually induced by violations of the laws of health. Consumption is mowing down the young and the promising before they are prepared for the responsibilities of life. There are two forms of consumption, namely: that which is hereditary, being transmitted from parents to their children, and that which is induced. The latter is the main topic discussed by Dr. MacCormac, which, he is persuaded, has its origin in re-breathing expired air. Those of a delicate organization should sleep alone, and if possible in spacious rooms. That would insure a large supply of pure, uncontaminated air. On retiring, never omit raising the window sash slightly. When the dormitory is small, if not carefully ventilated, oxygen, the essential element that supports life, is quickly exhausted, and the individual takes back into the lungs carbonic acid gas, which destroys life. Thus the whole system becomes deranged, the air cells ulcerate and with the destruction of those, the whole bronchial region falls into disease.

Fresh atmospheric air was intended to be inhaled. It is the source of vitality; therefore, be in no apprehension from exposure to its influences. When the air is charged with excessive humidity, avoid unnecessary exposure; but clear weather, a bright sun and airy sleeping rooms promote health and longevity.

BORAX.

Borax having many uses in the arts, borax is an antiseptic. M. Jacquez has been before the French Academy of Sciences with an elaborate paper. The sub-borate of ammonia,

too, according to the results of that gentleman's experiments, is of marked importance to the world of science.

A solution of five parts of borax in one hundred of water is represented to prevent the putrefactive process in meats for considerable time. Flesh dipped in the mixture and then dried resists the usual processes of decomposition.

For dissecting rooms, the taxidermist and those engaged in preparing cabinet specimens of animal tissues, the announcement of M. Jacquez should command attention on the score of economy if on no other account, it being no way dangerous or liable to involve assistants in painful accidents, not unfrequently with arsenic, which is commonly employed in modern embalming and in securing anatomical preparations against the depredations of vermin.

CASTING METALS IN VACUO.

With the ordinary process of casting, the air enclosed in the interior of the molds, not being out at the moment when the metal enters, forms between the casting and the mold a very thin envelope, which prevents the metal from taking the exact form of the mold, and which occasions air holes and other defects. These inconveniences are particularly felt in casting works of art, and to avoid them MM. Cumin and Martel of Franco, have devised a process recently patented by them. This process is based upon the employment of a vacuum. At the moment of casting the mold is placed in communication with an air pump in such a manner that the air is drawn from the mold through the pores of the material of which it is made. The interior surface of the mold is, therefore, covered with a substance sufficiently porous to allow the air to pass, yet of ample resistance to guarantee perfection in the form of the object cast. The material employed varies with the nature of the metal.

1. For those very easily fused, such as type metal, the inventors employ fine plaster well dried.
2. For harder metals, such as bronze, they use plaster mixed in almost equal proportions with plumbago, alumina, and other substances of a similar nature, this mixture having been previously thoroughly dried, to drive off all the water from the plaster.
3. For more refractory metals, such as cast iron and steel, the sand mold is simply covered with plumbago, or other analogous materials.

VITAL MECHANISM.

It has been assumed by those competent to form an opinion that there are twenty-five thousand muscles in a silk-worm. There are eight thousand in the trunk of an elephant, and in most of the serpents perhaps more than a million. Through the instrumentality of those organs the flexibility of the body, constrictor depends. By an act of will—that is, instantly charging the muscles with an extra force—the great python of Africa crushes a living lion into a shapeless mass for swallowing. Every bone is ground into fragments, so that no opposing obstacles in the form of splinters or projecting points can injure the throat on the way to the snake's immensely large elastic stomach. Neither art nor science has yet discovered a method for generating such power by apparently such a simple device

MUSICAL SOUNDS.

The longest and largest pipe of the great Harlem organ, thirty-six feet in length, when sounded actually jars the whole edifice. If there are less than thirty-two vibrations in a second, it is a noise analogous to the flapping of the wings of a huge bird. The human ear recognizes no music in that. All vibrations above thirty-two are musical, till they reach thirty thousand in a second.

Such is the perfection of our auditory sense that the mind is excited, charmed and exalted by acoustic undulations which are transmitted to the brain through a small soft cord, scarcely larger than a single silk thread.

Reflecting on the laws of sound, the extreme delicacy of the mechanism by which it is received, transmitted and analyzed in a moment of time, who can doubt the existence of a Divinity whose works, independent of moral attributes, are self-evident propositions.

LIFE AND MATTER.

Nothing remains at rest. If a single particle in a living body were quiescent, a chain of disastrous consequences would quickly follow, terminating in death. Such is the fact respecting the necrosis of any part of an injured bone. When the circulation and deposition of new osseous materials is interrupted at any point or region, mortification, gangrene and throwing off of the dead portion immediately commences.

We are perpetually supplying the system with new life material. That is accomplished by food in the stomach. It is there put in a condition to be wafted all through the body. On its route a particle is dropped here and there, and at the same instant an old one is removed. As soon as the vitality of the new piece has been imparted, it becomes from that instant useless. Thus we are perpetually being renewed, and by eating and drinking the supply is equal to the demand. Thus may be explained a law of the animal economy, how it

is that we have neither the same bones or the same flesh to-day that we had years ago. Although identically the same individuals, our bodies have been renewed repeatedly in the course of an ordinary lifetime. Whenever that process of assimilation is interrupted—in other words, when neither new matter is supplied nor the old can be removed, as when in health—death is inevitable.

Therefore, it is self-evident that every particle of nutriment is charged with a definite amount of vitality. An aggregation of these elements eventuates in a life-force. Various arranged, they result in particular organic forms, and who can say that this may not have an important bearing on the gradation of intelligence from one type to another in the ascending scale of animal forms from creeping things to man?

FATAL FLYBITES.

Death very frequently occurs from slight punctures made by flies in warm climates. Occasionally such cases occur in temperate zones, but the cause of such a melancholy result from a slight wound in the skin does not seem sufficient to produce excessive swelling, pain, discoloration and other extraordinary appearances which are quickly exhibited. It is, therefore, possible that the insect which makes the tiny wound has its proboscis charged with an active poison from some source where it had recently been foraging, which, introduced into a bleeding wound and rapidly carried by the absorbents into the system, is followed by death.

Observations on these forms of ophthalmia so common in Egypt, ending in blindness of one if not of both eyes, leads to the opinion that the dreadful malady is propagated by flies, carrying, on their feet and feeding tubes, purulent matter from diseased organs whence they are kept away with difficulty, to sound ones, where they are attracted by moisture on the margin of the lids.

RAPIDITY OF MUSCULAR CONTRACTIONS.

A dragon fly balanced on its wings at the side of a car speeding its way over the rails, at the rate of forty miles an hour, appears to be almost motionless. But to keep up with the car, its wings must vibrate many thousand times a second. The eye cannot detect their up and down action, so exceedingly rapid are the contractions and relaxations of the muscles acting upon them. All at once they dart off at a right angle so quickly that the retina cannot have an impression remaining long enough to retrace their course. Therefore, those same muscles, too small to be seen but by powerful microscopic assistance, must be urged to still more rapid action. Such intense activity far exceeds the vibration of musical chords, and therefore exceedingly perplexes entomologists, because the nervous system of insects is so extremely minute. The question is: How much power is generated for keeping a dragon fly's wings in uninterrupted motion for many hours in succession without apparent fatigue?

HUMOROUS.

DIFFERENT NOW.

The boys don't do things now as they did when Noah Webster was making school books. An old man near Pleasantville, the other day, found a rude boy posting Lydia Thompson bills all over his door-yard fence, and desired him to desist; but the young saucy-box told him plainly he would not, and slapped up another naughty picture.

"You won't?" said the old man; "then I will fetch you down." So he pulled out a horse-pistol and shot several times at him; but this only made the youngster laugh, for the old man was cross-eyed and could not hit a barn door.

"Well," said the old man, if "neither words nor horse-pistols will do, I must try what virtue their is in nitro-glycerine." So that old man pulled out a two-quart can of torpedo mixture, and exploded it under the chap, who coolly whistled "If Ever I Ceased to Love," when the old man went soaring into the sky like a kite.

RETALIATION.

A laughable case of "tit for tat" occurred on the train between Boston and New York, not long since. The principals of the affair were two mail agents. It appears that the wife of mail agent No. 1 placed on the car at Springfield a box containing some choice morsels prepared for his dinner, and that instead of being at once handed to him this box came under the notice of mail agent No. 2, who without the slightest compunctions, possessed himself of the contents and ate them as a good joke. Indeed, so well was he pleased with this operation that he could not refrain from relating it to the others employed on the train. Now it unfortunately happened for mail agent No. 2 that, on one of the times he was chuckling loudest at his joke, there were rolled up in a paper and placed in a basket in the car, four pounds of home-made sausages, which he had purchased in Brooklyn with a view of making his wife a little surprise. His companions were aware of this, and substituting coals for the sausages they took the latter

and cooking them in Springfield, made a very good dinner of them. In the meantime, mail agent No. 2 took his basket upon his arm, and stepping off the train at this city, proceeded to his home in West Haven. Arriving there, he immediately placed the coals in the refrigerator and went to bed. When the next morning came, and the breakfast cakes were about to be fried, he told his wife of the home-made sausages he had brought her, and that they had better have them for breakfast. The roll was in accordance with this then brought forth, the paper opened, and the coals dropped out. Had this been all, it might have been bearable but ever since the occurrence the man is constantly hailed with some allusion to sausages. —New Haven Union.

SOME WEATHER SIGNS.

"M. Quad" enumerates the following in "Our Fireside Friend," as among the most reliable weather signs:

If the pear trees blossom before the 20th of March, and you notice the cows and horses rubbing themselves against the meeting-house door, and the top rail of the fence casts two separate shadows, it argues well for the coming crop.

If the clouds all move one way during November, and big girls go barefoot, and tin-peddlers are numerous, and your wife wants a new pair of shoes, and plum trees grow the most branches on the west side, the new year will be prolific of thunder-storms and lightning rod agents.

If pumpkins are frost-bitten before they turn yellow, and house-roost goes up, and cat-nip has a bitter taste, and saw-logs has an inclination to roll up-hill, the potato rot is sure to follow.

If there are high winds in February, followed by warm rains, and cattle refuse to lick salt, and red-headed girls are conspicuous, July will be a cool month.

A VERY BASHFUL YOUNG MAN.

The following little anecdote is told about a very bashful man in Ottawa. The unfortunate's friends knew that he wanted to be married; they knew that he deserved to be; but they knew that he never would be if he waited until he found courage to pop the question; so they took all the trouble off his hands, and by a series of rapid strategic moves had him "popped" accepted, and wived before he could find a pretext for "willing." So much accomplished, and the nuptial evening having passed off merrily, the young man's backers, withdrew at an early hour, feeling that they could spare themselves further efforts in their friend's behalf. About five minutes after, young Benedict, who had evidently been having a serious debate with himself, rose, and took his hat, and with a nervous "Good night," made his exit.

He was not seen again by his bride or his family until the following evening, when he timidly knocked at the door and was admitted. No special comment was made upon his singular conduct, he passed an hour rather comfortably in the parlors, and everything seemed favorably for a cure of his besetting weakness when, hearing the household monitor proclaim the hour of nine, he suddenly seemed to remember he had forgotten something, and started for his hat.

This was the moment, and the event, that had been somewhat expectantly awaited with indignation most profound but under control by the bride's mother. Planting herself resolutely in the door-way, the old lady demanded to know why and wherefore, what he proposed to do, and whether he was a man or only a feeble imitation, &c. In short, why he did not remain with his wife, instead of slinking back to his old quarters? The bashful son-in-law stammered out, as the elderly female seized his hat with determination, and backed him into a chair,—

"Well, I should like to, but I thought maybe I'd better wait awhile, for fear it might make talk among the neighbors!"

ABOVE THE MOON.

One dark night, the darkness of which lighted by the moon, the inmates of a quiet farm house in Ayrshire, were startled by piteous cries from a little stream running past the foot of the brae on which the homestead stood. Out ran the gude wife in haste, thinking that the voice was not unfamiliar; and when she got to the burn, there she saw her ain gude man, who had in just a little too much of John Barleycorn, on all fours in a foot of water, in which the moon was brightly reflected. "Gude-sake, John, ye gude, what are you doing there, standing like an auld fule in that manner?" "Oh, woman, Jenny, is that you? I'm glad to see ye, for I have gotten about the moon, and has been in this awfu' predicament for twa hours hanging on like grim death for fear I should fa' and be killed beyond a recognition. I ken it's a richt noo' when ye's here, see we'll just baith gang down together." Jenny lost no time in getting John out, and over a tumbler of toddy he vowed that nothing should ever make him soar so high again, even on market nights.

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 WORKMAN Office.

PROGRESS OF LEGISLATION.

As an evidence that the long continued agitation of the trade unionists of England against the Criminal Law Amendment Act are having their effect, and forcing the question of its repeal or amendment upon the legislators of that country, we reproduce the following clause from the Queen's speech, delivered on the occasion of the reassembly of Parliament on Thursday last:

"Serious differences have arisen, and demonstrations have been made by large classes of the community, as to the working of the recent Act affecting the relationship between master and servant, and of the act of 1871, dealing with offences connected with trade, and of the law of conspiracy. On these subjects I am desirous that, before attempting fresh legislation, you should be in possession of all the material facts, and of the precise questions in controversy. For this purpose I have issued my Royal Commission of inquiry into the state and working of the present laws, with a view to their early amendment."

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Four new stars have appeared at the Academy of Music this week. M'lie Carrie, in her vocalisms and burlesques, has given evidence of considerable talent in that line. Mr. F. Dillon, in his character songs has been well received, and in the laughable burlesque entitled "Poor Pillsody," is irresistibly comic. Warden and Mack, the great Song and Dance men, are eminently entitled to the high encomiums pronounced by the press wherever they have made their appearance. Under the able management of the Proprietor, Mr. Z. R. Trigance, the Academy grows in popularity, and a first class evening's entertainment may always be relied on by visiting this place of amusement.

PRESENTATION.

On Saturday evening last the members of the Hamilton branch of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers presented Bro. Matthew Wilson, with a handsomely elaborated address, also a framed certificate and key and a gold badge, as a mark of their appreciation of the service rendered by him while acting as secretary for the year 1873. Brother Wilson replied in fitting terms.

ANSWER.

We have received from Mr. John Oates, St. Catharines, the following answer to Transposition No. 2 which we published in a recent issue.

Mal res Jue—Jerusalem.
The az ran—Nazareth.
Par can moa—Capernaum.
Nil tap ese—Palestine.
The gan seem—Gethsemane.

POPULAR CONSERVATISM.

The Conservative workingman, who has in no small degree contributed to Mr. Disraeli's return to power, is to have his wishes attended to by the new Government in some matters which he regards as of importance, so we learn by the Queen's speech. The working of the law of master and servant, and of relating to "conspiracy," are to be inquired into by a Royal Commission, with good probability that something will come of the inquiry. Meantime the Home Office will be likely to see to it that no flagrant cases of persecution under the existing laws are allowed. Laws affecting friendly Provident Societies are to be amended, and Parliament will be asked to do away with causes of complaint under the present laws for regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors. Let moralists talk as they may, the existing spectacle of rich men's clubs open at all hours, while the poor man is peremptorily shut out from what he regards as his club at a certain hour, is one fitted to breed dangerous discontent. And, until Parliament is prepared to legislate for the rich and poor alike—a distant prospect by the way—the poor man's "public" will have to be cautiously dealt with. People who have never been in England, in London, especially, can have but a very inadequate idea of the strong feeling which legislative interference in this matter, beyond a certain point, is sure to provoke. It appears as if Mr. Disraeli was making a good bid for the support of the working classes, and as if he was likely to get it too.—Mail.

The ladies at Cleveland, Ohio, were assailed by a crowd while out on a praying tour last week, a policeman attempted to arrest one of the roughs and a fight followed, the police were obliged to use their clubs, which they did with good effect and made several arrests. The streets were crowded with excited Germans and a riot at one time was imminent, but the arrival of reinforcements from the police headquarters, put matters in a better shape. During the excitement the German brewers organized a procession composed of lager beer wagons loaded with beer jugs, on which sat a large number of men drinking beer as they moved through the streets.

Ball Cards, Programmes, etc., executed with promptness at the WORKMAN Office, 124 Bay Street.

LINES.

Mr. Editor.—These lines were written on the death of Lilly Butland, a little girl who was killed by a sleigh, and by kindly giving them a corner in your paper you will greatly oblige.

Puro, unspotted Lilly,
Budding into life,
Leaving every earthly cloud,
Free from sin and strife.

Sunbeam of our household,
Fading from our sight,
Going to live with Jesus aye
In his home so bright.

Sadly we will miss her,
But we won't complain;
God it was who gave us her,
And her he claims again.

Pain we are to keep her,
But that's beyond our power;
We know that she'll be happier
In that heavenly bower.

Hard it was to see her
Lying so still and pale;
Our Lilly, once so full of life
Has passed beyond death's vale.

We'll meet again above,
Where all is joy and peace;
There we'll reign mid Jesus' love
With the God of grace.

A. J. A.

Oshawa, March 23rd, 1874.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The total number of Co-operative Societies in the United Kingdom, according to the Newcastle Chronicle, is 1,200 to 1,300, and their membership must considerably over 400,000.

Gen. Wolseley arrived in London on Saturday, and was welcomed by a vast multitude who turned out to see the hero after his triumphs in Ashantee.

The returned Highlanders from the Ashantee War landed from the steamer Samartian at Portsmouth, and a grand fete was given in their honour by the populace on Monday.

A million postal cards were shipped to New York on Saturday from a factory in New Haven. New York city has used twelve and a half millions since May last, or little over a million a month.

A prize fight for 100 dollars a side, took place at New York on Monday morning McCoy and Reigan, the former being declared winner on the 15th round. Both men were badly cut up.

Mrs. Carrie Jessop is the New Haven lady who has invented a compartment pot in which potatoes, corned beef, codfish, and plum pudding can be simultaneously boiled.

The London Hornet gives the following as one of the effects of the late royal marriage:—Bookseller—"Will you have these volumes bound in Russia or Morocco, sir?" Retired coal dealer—"Well, if I can't have 'em bound in London, send 'em to Russia. We must encourage the Czar, now, you know."

A list of the Republican newspapers of Michigan shows that 29 are against inflation, and 8 in favor of it. In point of ability, circulation, and influence, the difference is far greater in favor of "hard money" and contraction. Senator Ferry's hooby does not seem to be well supported at home.

They have a town in Illinois which boasts of having no liquor or beer saloons, and of having none in eight years. It rejoices in the somewhat singular name of Onarga, is said to be a lively business place, contains 1,300 inhabitants, and is growing rapidly.

The most astonishing case of spontaneous nuptials has occurred in Hardin County, Iowa, where a couple was recently married, and after the ceremony the bride was obliged to ask her husband what her name was. The parties had been acquainted only a few hours.

California has taken hold of the liquor question at the other end from that which is usually dealt with by the law. The Assembly of that State has just passed a bill making it a misdemeanor to invite any person to drink or to accept an invitation to drink liquor at any public bar.

Wall street N. Y., was excited on Saturday afternoon over the sudden disappearance of a German lumber exporter named Gottentrent, who had sold various foreign bankers a large amount of sterling bills reported at £40,000 on forged bills of lading.

Elizabeth Seance a farmer's wife living near Georgetown, Ky., cut the throats of her two children, aged respectively 9 and 2 years, on Friday last, and then cut her own throat. The children will probably recover. No cause is assigned for the deed.

Havana dates of the 12th say, the Spaniards claim to have effectually suppressed all the outbreaks, in the departments of Villa Clara and Sagua are preparing for a powerful and offensive movement; when all the recently mobilized volunteers and regulars have reached the central department.

The Ashantees tried to hedge up the path of the British army by erecting fetiches, consisting of bundles containing all sorts of stuff, stuck on sticks in the ground, occasionally long cotton threads laid along and across the path. One consisted of a lot of wooden dag-

gers tied to a stake, with a wooden gun pointing down the road. The soldiers kicked them aside and marched on to victory.

The Boston committee having in charge the procurement of subscriptions from teachers and pupils throughout the country on Agassiz's birthday, May 23, for the establishment of an Agassiz monument, has commenced its work, and is in correspondence with the State Superintendants of public instruction, with a view to secure the successful accomplishment of its object.

Serious disturbances are reported in the vicinity of Gowanus, Montcalm county, N. Y., caused by the efforts of the raitsmen to destroy the dams on Flat River. The sheriff of Montcalm county has called on the State authorities for assistance to preserve the peace. The Governor has ordered a company of militia, to be sent from Grand Rapids, to the scene of trouble by a special train.

During the wedding feast on Saturday night at 409 Second Avenue New York, Carl Stretzel got into an altercation with John Murphy, another tenant, and the wives of both also engaged in hostilities. Murphy was stabbed in several places and dangerously injured by Stretzel, who used a carving knife, and Mrs. Murphy was also badly beaten by the bride. All parties were arrested. Murphy was taken to the hospital in a dangerous condition.

It is reported that the Chinese Government has notified the Foreign Ministers at Peking that it cannot guarantee the lives of foreign residents at Tientsin in consequence of the inflammatory placards which are being circulated against them. The naval authorities at Hongkong have been communicated with, and requested to despatch ships to the north for protection of foreigners.

The number of members returned to the new English Parliament who have voted or declared in favor of women's suffrage is 217. The gain by the removal of opponents is 102. The hostile majority is consequently reduced from 107 to five. The list of those who have voted for the bill includes the Prime Minister and several members of the new Cabinet.

A workingwoman of Dundee, Scotland, writing of co-operation in that town, says that about a year ago a few men clubbed together and bought a box of soap and a chest of tea, and retailed it among themselves. The results were astonishing. There are now one hundred eighty shareholders, and they have a shop of their own.

BAD MANNERS.

Many people who consider themselves very well bred distinguish themselves in public places solely by their bad manners. These people are conspicuous at lectures and concerts, the theatre and opera, and even at church. The crowding in and pushing out, without regard to the rights, comfort or even safety of others, stepping on dresses and toes, sometimes approach barbarity. Sometimes the finest strain of an exquisite piece of music are lost in the chatter of a pair of girls, or the loud chattering of what might otherwise have been mistaken for a young lady and gentleman. Often the climax of a lecture is destroyed by the going out of people who advertise their ignorance and bad breeding in that way. Sometimes the pleasure of a dozen people, during the most touching part of the performance, is dissipated by the restlessness of a fruit-eating couple near them, who forget they are not at home. And this is one of the ills for which no cure has yet been found, and must be borne patiently by a suffering public.

TO THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF TORONTO.

The petition of the undersigned qualified voters under Municipal Act, being resident freeholders rated on the last revised assessment roll of the Municipality of the City of Toronto, sheweth,

That your Petitioners, in conformity with the Municipal Act and Acts, Chapter 40, thirty-four Victoria, Statutes of Ontario, and Acts amending the same, desire to aid in the construction of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway, by granting a bonus to the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway Company of one hundred thousand dollars, and to be assessed therefor.

Your Petitioners therefore pray, your said Council shall, in accordance with the said Acts, introduce the requisite by-law, and submit the same to the qualified voters of the said Municipality of the City of Toronto, and in due course pass the same for the purpose of raising the said sum of one hundred thousand dollars, in the said Municipality of the City of Toronto, for the amount of said bonus, payable in twenty years, with interest thereon half-yearly, and for the delivery of the same to the trustees appointed under the Act of the Incorporation of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway Company, and amendments thereto, on the terms that the proceeds of such debentures are to be applied in and towards the construction and works of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway from Weston to Toronto, and for assessing and levying upon all the rateable property in the

said Municipality of Toronto an equal annual special rate sufficient to include sinking fund for the repayment of the debentures, with interest thereon.

Dated at Toronto this 28th day of February, 1874.

PETITIONS OF

- Wm. Cawthra, John McMurrioh, H. S. Howland, L. A. Oliver, S. Northcote, M. Staunton & Co., William Freland, A. Morrison, R. A. Hoskins, John Brounston, Benjamin Walton, James Campbell, S. R. Briggs, William Thompson, E. Lash & Co., Wm Cawthra, W. Towusend, Robert Marshall, Robert Graham, P. Cooney, H. P. Herrick, Joseph Power, George Clarke, John Clarke, W. Lyons, A. McInnes, P. Vaughan, John Moss, George Cox, J. W. Cox, C. E. Lee, Hugh Macdonald, Henry Howell, Walter S. Lee, J. J. Smith, Edward Bortan, W. McCabe, Charles Belford, Thos. Henry O'Reilly, Walter Armour, Frank Jackman, Geo. Boswick, Merrick & Co., T. Barnett, W. Hope, S. Crane, H. Crane, J. Crane, F. Bells, H. Spence, A. W. Godson, Bickerstaff & Bro., James McQuialin, A. Lette, William Wash, Thomas Paravis, John Kerr, W. T. Mason, N. Dickey, James Michie, Henry Graham, John Fiske, John Connor, Daniel Mackay, John Allan, George Bremner, Wm. J. Burgess, Wm. E. Murray, H. W. Wilson, Henderson, & Bostwick & Co., G. W. Goodrich & Co., J. Morrison, H. G. White, John Hartcut, John Horbert, D. Devlin, A. T. Callanuch, C. Wambanly, W. Barber, J. H. West, A. G. Walker, H. Matcherson, Chas. Carnegie, John Winchester, W. H. Luke, 562 Queen st west, Alex. Rhind, Major st, W. Black, Robinson st, John Gillet, Bathurst st W. Turner, R. H. Flint, John Clark, Kerr & Anderson, Thomas McDonald, H. L. Howland, Benj. Haldon, Fred. R. Sorlace, W. Blight, R. H. Ramsay, James Smith, D. Walker, J. Gillespie, C. T. Bell, J. M. Trout, Geo. Holland, W. Mason, Chas. Potter, John T. Lash, Robt. James, A. M. Smith, A. Morrison, R. W. Gooch, W. M. Westmacott, C. B. Doherty, Richard Brown, Edward Henshaw, Wm. J. Dugan, Henry Wicotte, Martin Murray, Andrew Murray, Jos. Stewart, Robert Jenison, Wm. Griffith, Arthur Farley, W. B. Maird, W. D. Matthews, W. Mather & Son, Samuel Hunter, John Bukworth, Thos. Foster, Christopher Moody, J. Watson, Robert Miller, P. Barnes, John Moroye, W. P. Hubbard, G. Farce, John Kerr, Albert Howard, Jame Granerof, Hugh Devlin, M. Burlong, C. K. Rogers, Mrs. Thompson, Timothy Gillooby, Reuben Croons, Alex. Montgomery, Asking the Council to submit a by-law bonus of \$100,000, to aid the Toronto, Grey & Bruce Railway Company to build the road from Weston to Toronto.

Miscellaneous.

H. J. SAUNDERS, PRACTICAL TAILOR, OR AND CUTTER, Queen City Clothing Store, 327 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. E. HOWLAND, President. Toronto, Jan. 20th, 1874.

R. A. REEVE, B.A., M.D., OCUList AND AURIS T, 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!

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, windless; sample can be seen on our wharf. Also, a Portable 3-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 BRIGGS STREETS, and here 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. & A. MCINTYRE, Corner Queen and Bright Streets, and 23 and 25 Victoria Street.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS! A. RAFFIGNON, No. 107 KING STREET WEST, is now prepared to supply Foster's Celebrated New York Oysters.

[BY THE QUART OR GALLON.] An elegant Oyster Parlor has been fitted up with the most fastidious taste, where Oysters are served up in every style. Rememb' the Address, No. 107 KING STREET WEST, Near the Royal Lyceum.

THE UNION BOOT & SHOE STORE 170 King Street East, CORNER OF GEORGE STREET.

The undersigned respectfully informs his friends that he has opened The Union Boot and Shoe Store, With a Large and Varied Stock of the NEWEST STYLES Best material and has fixed the prices at LOWEST PRICES. Gentlemen's Boots made to order. An experienced manager in attendance. No pennyworth work. All home manufacture—the work of good Union men. F. P. RODEN.

THE OUTCAST.

BY FRANK FOXCROFT.

In the prisoners' dock she stands ;—
Hardly eighteen years,
Bringing more than full measure of toiling and
tears.

With her young life seen ;
But of woe I ween,
A century's time
Could scarce contain
Her record of crime
And want and pain.

In the prisoners' dock she stands ;—
Sneer at her,
Jeer at her,

Ye of the soft white hands !
Laugh at her,
Scoff at her,
Ye of titles and lands !
Pity ? No bit of it,
Mercy ? No whif of it,
Take her away !
Out of the day,
Out of the light,
Into the dark of the prison night.

But where is the man who betrayed her ?
Is no guilt his ?
Where is the man who hath made her
Such as she is ?

Go to the haunts of fashion,
To the very uppermost "ten,"
Where the puppets of folly and passion
Are made to appear like men.
In the very innermost regions
Of that most hallowed place,
Surrounded by ladies in legions,
Admiring his style and his grace,
You will find the man ;
Under Heaven's ban,
Though he be not under the laws of man.

Ah, well ! Ah, well ! There's another Bar,
In a higher and better land,
And mercy and justice mingled are
In God's own strong right hand.
And when betrayed and betrayer meet,
As meet they must,
Before that common Judgment Seat,
God will be just.

UNCLE ZEKE.

A half hundred, did you say, my boy ?
Just add another twenty,
I haven't learned much in all that time
But chances I've had plenty.
You learned that all that glitters isn't gold,
True joy is found in labor,
If you want to be happy all your life—
Fear God and love your neighbor.

Hard times, did you say, my boy ?
Times hain't been easy to brag on,
I've jogged along afoot on the journey of life,
And hain't rid much in a wagon.
I've had my ups, and I've had my downs,
But never was called a shirker ;
Where the way is hedged up, and the sky
grows dark,
I do my best as a worker.

Have I been married, did you say, my boy ?
Yes, and have ten children,
Six boys, four girls, and all grown up—
How and when is bewildering ;
It seems but a day since my old woman here
Brought me each dear little squaller,
And when I look back to the years that have
gone,
I can almost hear 'em holler.

Get tired of my wife, did you say, my boy ?
Well, now I swow, if that isn't funny ;
Get tired of my wife as I get tired of a coat—
Or anything bought with money.
Get tired of my wife ! thunder, boy, no ;
Talk sense I won't stand joking,
I love the old gal, the Lord only knows,
My heart is so full I'm choking.

Get pardon, did I hear you say, my boy ?
I was mad, but I'm sorry ;
I know you didn't mean to insult the old man,
It's all over now, don't worry.
When I hear the fellers talk of these new ideas,
Divorce, free love and affinity,
I guess their religion comes from below,
And the devil is their divinity.

Did we ever quarrel, did you say, my boy ?
If we hadn't we wouldn't be human,
Many times we've been hot, she's sassied me,
And I've cursed the old woman ;
But when we cooled off, we rubbed it all out
And turned a new leaf over,
I wasn't such a fool because she blowed me,
As to go and turn free lover.

Have I got religion, did you say, my boy ?
I don't know as I can tell you ;
If I said I had, and blowed about it,
You'd think I was trying to sell you.
I hain't got much of the meetin'-house kind,
Which comes and goes like the fever,
If that's the kind the Bible tells about
I guess I'm an unbeliever.

Belong to the church, did you say, my boy ?
I try to do my duty ;
I never joined church, but I've tried to serve
God,
And guess I'll cheat Old Hooty ;
I hain't done the best in all I've done,
And it sometimes gives me fear, sir,
But when the bugle blows, and the roll call is
heard,
Old Zeke will answer "Here, sir."

The Home Circle.

BEST PARLORS.

Almost every American house possesses one of these dreadful altars, erected to what unknown goddess it is impossible to guess. It is a bogy, before whom, from time to time, people burn gas in chandeliers of fearful design ; to whom are dictated flagrant carpets, impossible oil paintings, furniture too gorgeous for common day, and shrouded therefrom by customary Holland. Musty smells belong to this deity, stiffness, angles and absence of sunlight. The visitor, entering, sees written above the portal, "Who enters here abandons—conversation." What is there to talk about in a room as dark as the Domdanic except where one cracks in a reluctant shutter reveals a stand of wax flowers under a glass, and a dimly described hostess, who evidently wants only your departure to extinguish that solitary ray. The voice extinguishtly hushes ; the mind finds itself barren of ideas. A few dreary commonplaces are exchanged, then a rise, a rustle, the door is gained and the light of the blessed sun ; you glance up in passing—flap goes the blind, inner darkness is again resumed, bogy has it all his own way, and you thank your stars that you have done your duty by the Browns for at least a twelve-month !

And yet, upon this dismal apartment, which she hates, and all her acquaintances hate, poor Mrs. Brown has lavished time and money enough to make two rooms charming. For ugly things cost as much as pretty ones—often more. And costly ugliness is, as Mrs. Brown would tell you, a "great responsibility to take care of." What with the mirrors which mustn't get fly-specked, the gilding which mustn't get tarnished, there is nothing for it but to shut the room up to darkness and all dull influences. And as families are like flies and will follow the sun, the domestic life comes to be led anywhere rather than in the best parlor, and the "taboo" which Mrs. Brown proclaims is easily enforced.

And yet this very Mrs. Brown is quick to recognize the difference when in other people's homes she is shown a cosy and pleasant room. She sits on a chintz sofa in her velvet and ermine, and glances half enviously at the tinted walls hung with photographs, at the sparkling fire in the grate, and the windows gay with sun and green things, the book cases and tables loaded with volumes. "How I admire an open fire," she says. "But doesn't it make a great deal of dust ? And your plants, too—I can't think how you make them grow so well in a parlor." "A little Croton and plenty of sun is all the secret," she is told. "Oh how dreadfully faded your carpet must get," she goes on. "Such quantities of books, too, Well, I should like to have such things."

It does not occur to the good lady that, for the price of one of those useless mirrors which cost her so much anxiety and rubbing with chamois-skin, a choice company of poets, philosophers and sages could be won to sit forever at her side, informing her of their wisdom. Or that for a tithes of the same her fireless grate would sparkle with cannon coal for a winter long. Her furniture, her carpets, the dullness of her home are incumbrances truly, but incumbrances which she bears willingly and would not be without.

And people having the right to live pretty much as they please, so long as they violate no law of the land, it would matter little, except that there are so many Browns and so many best parlors that society is seriously affected thereby. A system which necessitates great and troublesome changes in family arrangements when a guest comes tends to narrowness and inhospitality. If the covers must be taken off the furniture, the plated spoons go up stairs and the silver ones come down, the best china is lifted from a top shelf, upon the arrival of each friend, be sure that friend seldom arrives. Only when what Mrs. Stowe calls "a good liberal average" is established as a rule all over the house will hearty interchange of social courtesies begin, and the communion of friends, face to face, be regarded as a pleasure rather than a toil.

To those of us who have been tasting the summer in the sweet breadth and freedom of the country, our homes will seem dull and straightened enough as we re-enter them. Now is the time, before the old habitual scales blind our eyes, to look about with unaccustomed vision, and see how these homes can be brightened and broadened—made more like that lovely out-door home to which Nature welcomes each new-comer. Above all, let us cast out the "best parlor." To the sacred enclosure once called by that name let us bring our daintier tasks of letter-writing, needle-work, study. Let the walls be beautified with every simple ornament within our reach, the windows opened to receive the sun, the vines and roses set to catch its shining. And over the dear once sacred to "bogy" let us write "Welcome," and so the last shadow of "bogy" will depart, and our homes be homes indeed.

"From turret to foundation-stone,"
[Scribner's Monthly,

NORWAY RATS ON A MARCH.

Norway rats, to avert a famine, have a singular way of proceeding. When the time for the settlement of the question of partial extermination for the benefit of the race, or total extermination by starvation, can no longer be

delayed, they assemble in countless thousands in some of the mountain valleys leading into plains, and the vast army of exiles being selected, they pour across the country in a straight line, a living stream, often exceeding a mile in length and many yards in breadth devouring every green thing in their line of march, the country over which they have passed looked as if it had been plowed or burned with fire. They march principally by night and in the morning, resting during the day, but never seek to settle in any particular locality, however abundant food may be in it, for their final destination is the distant sea, and nothing animate or inanimate, if it can be surmounted, retards the straight onward tide of their advance. Foxes, weasels, lynxes, kites, owls, etc., hover on their line of march and destroy them in hundreds. The fish in the rivers and lakes lay a heavy toll upon them, and vast numbers are drowned and die by other accidents in "flood and field ;" but the survivors, impelled by some irresistible instinct, press onward with no thought of stopping, until they lose themselves in the sea, sinking in its depths as they become exhausted, in such numbers that for miles their bodies, thrown up by the tide, lie putrefying on the shore.—*Temple Bar.*

A STRANGE STORY.

We sometimes hear of strange articles being found in the stomach of a cod, but seldom in the stomach of a horse. In a copy of *Galignani*, of 1850, we find the following. "The contractor for slaughtering horses at Montfaucon purchased a short time ago, a lot of old worn out animals, including several which belonged to the army. In cutting up one of the aged military horses, a man named Matelot was astonished to find a small silver box, in which were a cross of the Legion of Honor, and a paper, in a perfect state of preservation, containing the following lines—'As I cannot survive the defeat of my emperor, and as I have neither wife, nor child, nor cousin, I am about to get myself killed in a last charge against the English, and as I will not let them have my cross, I will make my faithful horse, Chateau Margot, swallow it. He will give it up when he can—Pierre Dardenne, Sergeant of the second squadron of Red Lancers.' Matelot took the things to the commissary of police of the district, and that functionary allowed him to keep the silver box. As to the cross it was sent to the Grande Chancellerie of the Legion of Honor. From documents published by the professors the Ecole d'Alfort, it appears that certain horses have lived to the age of forty-five ; that which Charles XII. rode at the battle of Pultowa attained that age. The white charger of Napoleon lived twenty-nine years. Chateau Margot is supposed to have been about forty. He had been made to swallow the box at the battle of Waterloo, in which his master willfully perished. The box had accordingly been in his stomach about five-and-thirty years."

A LESSON ABOUT DILIGENCE.

There was a duke once disguised himself and placed a great rock in the middle of the road. Next morning a peasant came that way with his ox-cart.

"Oh, these lazy people," said he ; "there is this big stone right in the middle of the road and no one will take the trouble to put it out of the way." And so Hahn went on scolding about the laziness of the people.

Next came a gay soldier along. His head was held so far back that he didn't notice the stone, so he stumbled over it. He began to storm at the country people around there for leaving a huge rock in the road. Then he went on.

Next came a company of merchants. When they came to the stone the road was so narrow that they had to go off in single file on either side. One of them cried out, "Did anybody ever see the like of that big stone lying here all the morning, but no one stepping to take it away ?" It lay there three weeks, and no one to remove it.

Then the duke sent around word to all the people on his lands to meet near where the big rock lay, as he had something to tell them. The day came and a big crowd gathered. Old Hahn, the farmer, was there, and so was the merchants. A horn was heard and a splendid cavalcade came dashing up. The duke got down from his horse and began to speak to the people :

"My friends, it was I who put this stone here three weeks ago. Every passer-by has left it just where it was, and has scolded his neighbor for not taking it out of the way."

He stooped down and lifted up the stone. Directly underneath it was a round hollow, and in the hollow lay a small leathern bag. The duke held up this bag that all might see what was written on it—"For him who lifts up the stone." He untied the bag and turned it upside down, and out upon the stone fell fell a beautiful gold ring and twenty large bright coins. So they all lost the prize because they had not learned the lesson or formed the habit of diligence.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

I am fond of children. I think them the poetry of the world—the fresh flowers of our hearts and homes ; little conjurers, with their "natural magic," invoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and

equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think if there was never anything to be seen but grown men and women. How we should long for the sight of a little child. Every infant comes into the world like a delighted prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is to "turn the hearts of the fathers to the children and to draw the disobedient to the wisdom of the just." A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle presence ; it enriches the soul by new feelings, and awakens within it what is favorable to virtue. It is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart. They brighten the homes, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life. It would be a terrible world, I do think, if it were not embellished by little children.—*Binney's Both Worlds.*

A SUNBEAM.

The greatest of physical paradoxes is the sunbeam. It is the most potent and versatile force we have, and yet it behaves itself like the gentlest and most accommodating. Nothing can fall more softly or more silently upon the earth than the rays of our great luminary—not even the feathery flakes of snow which thread their way through the atmosphere as if they were too flimsy to yield to the demands of gravity like grosser things. The most delicate slip of gold leaf, exposed as a target to the sun's shafts, is not stirred to the extent of a hair, though an infant's faintest breath would set it in tremulous motion. The tenderest of human organs—the apple of the eye—though pierced and buffeted each day by thousands of sunbeams, suffers no pain during the pain, but rejoices in their sweetness, blesses the useful light. Yet a few of those rays instituting themselves into a mass of iron like the Britannia Tubular Bridge, will compel the closely knit particles to separate, and will move the whole enormous fabric with as much ease as a giant would a straw. The play of those beams upon our sheets of water lifts up layer after layer into the atmosphere, and hoists whole rivers from their beds, only to drop them again in snows upon the hills or in fatening showers upon the plants. Let but the air drink in a little more sunshine at one place than another, and it desolates a whole region in its lunatic wrath. The marvel is that a power which is capable of assuaging such a diversity of forms, and of producing such stupendous results, should come to us in so gentle, so peaceful and so unpretentious a manner.

THE MISSION OF MOTHERS.

Mothers, yours is a holy mission. How often has this been said, yet how seldom has it been realized !

You are ordained to fill, in a certain sense, the highest and most important of human offices. You are not expected to occupy seats in the halls of legislation, nor to ascend the pulpit, nor to follow the plough, nor to guide the locomotive, nor to navigate the ocean, yet in all these departments of labor, responsibility, and trust, your influence must and will be felt.

You have given birth to those, who, if their lives are spared, are to exert an influence which will be felt through eternal ages. Whether that influence will be for good or for evil depends very much on the mark you impress on their tender minds and hearts, while they totter about your dwellings, and while you sing to them in the cradle. Every word you utter, every passion you exhibit, every act you perform, every expression of your look in their presence, are helping imperceptibly to mould their characters and to shape their destinies. From morning till evening, during all their waking hours, their little eyes are riveted upon you ; and even when they are most absorbed in their own simple amusements, their little ears are perpetually open to your songs or your complaints.

You may imagine that they do not see, or that they do not hear. But remember they have nothing else to do. They have no business and no pleasures which fix their attention, which they cannot and will not immediately surrender, if they see you biting an apple, to ask where you got it, and if they may have a share. You cannot bring out your patchwork and set your basket, full of gaudy colors, down on the floor, but their little fingers are presently picking out the red blue and green, or the yellow, and exhibiting them to each other, or strewing them in showy profusion on the floor.

Their curiosity is awake. Their minds are impressed. They thirst to know. They ply with a thousand questions, and insist upon an answer, and demand its repetition till they think they comprehend. You may sometimes deceive them by equivocation or evasive answers ; but do you do it at your peril, for they will remember, and when they are older, they will call up some long past inquiry, and your answer, and will stamp the whole on their own memories afresh to furnish a topic for meditation, or an example for imitation, when they themselves are parents.

To mark out the future pathways of your

children is no light task. Yet through what scenes they will pass, on their way to eternity will depend, in a great measure, on the influences to which they are subject while around the mother's knees. Heaven has so ordained it. It has lodged with the mother an amazing responsibility. It has endowed her with maternal fondness and love, with patience and perseverance, with a vigilance almost ceaseless, with a tender heart, a loving eye and a gentle voice, that she may move among her children like a guardian angel, and guide their little feet in the way to a blessed immortality.

We say, then, mothers, once again, yours is a holy mission. Ordained to stand by the very threshold of human existence, and direct the first footsteps of infancy, you cannot be too fully aware of the responsibility of your position, or of the sacredness of the high trusts committed to your keeping.

Yet, of the crowning blessing of heaven, on your humble, patient, faithful, prayerful efforts in your families, as mothers, you have the fullest assurance. You may read it every day in that inspired declaration, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

FIRESIDE MUSIC.

We are glad to know that the sale of musical instruments, especially the organ and piano is steadily on the increase. Works of musical instruction are now so numerous, so simplified, and so cheap, that any one of average ability can learn to play tolerably without an instructor, though where one can be obtained we would not advise any person to rest content with self-instruction. There is no better way of passing the evening than in listening to or producing the concord of sweet sounds. The effect of this diversion is most happy on all within the family circle ; discords are banished, bickerings forgotten, care dissipated, and sorrows soothed. On the full tide of song we are borne beyond the reach of petty troubles, and breathe a calm and serene air unweaved by storms.

Only last evening we visited a charming domestic circle, each member of which is a lover of music. The pauses of the conversation were filled with the sweet melodies and glorious harmonies of Mozart, Schulhoff and Wagner, played on the piano by one of the junior members of the family, while another accompanied him with the flate. Nothing so readily removes the stiffness and restraint of country gatherings as the soft enlivening song in which everybody joins, for its tendency is to make each forgetful of self, and in self-forgetfulness consists one of the most important secrets of easy and graceful deportment.

A hundred or two hundred dollars invested in a house organ, will make handsome returns in domestic felicity. It will add to the attractions of the home circle, and displace to a greater or less extent the profitless games with which the evening hours are whirled away. With a genuine love for music there will grow a taste for art and beauty in all its forms, which will plant roses along the rough highways of life and cover its thorns and thistles with unfading verdure.

POSITION IN SLEEPING.

It is better to go to sleep on the right side, for then the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down and the contents of it are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs and that of the food, resting on the great vein of the body, near the back-bone, compresses it, and arrests the flow of blood more or less. If the arrest is partial, the sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent and hearty, the arrest is more decided ; and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending dangers, and the desperate efforts to get rid of it, arouses us, and sends life to the stagnant blood ; and we wake in a fright, or trembling, or in perspiration, or feeling exhaustion according to the degree of stagnation, and the length and strength of the efforts made to escape the danger. But, when we are unable to escape the danger—when we do fall over the precipice, when the tumbling building crushes us—what then ? That is death ! That is the death of those of whom is said, when found lifeless in the morning—"That they were as well as ever they were the day before," and to this is often added "and ate heartier than common." This last, as a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to their beds to wake no more, we give merely as a private opinion. The possibility of its truth is enough to deter any rational man from a late and hearty meal. This we do know with certainty, that waking up in the night with a painful diarrhoea, or cholera, or bilious colic, ending in death in a very short time, is probably traceable to a late large meal. The truly wise will take the safe side. For persons to eat three times a day, it is ample to make the last meal of cold bread and butter, and a cup of some warm drink. No one can starve on it ; while a perseverance in the habit soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast, so promising of a day of comfort.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

CERTAIN CURE FOR A FELON.

We are sure, says an exchange, that all who have suffered from a genuine bone felon will thank us for making public so simple, and yet so effectual, a remedy as the following: In a thousand instances weeks and months of the most intense suffering have been endured, not allowing rest by day nor sleep by night; and, when a cure is at last effected, the finger or thumb is often deformed, or rendered useless for life.

Sawdust and Chips.

A disgusted Danburian wants to know if a woman was designed to be the equal of a man, why is it she can't whistle. In view of the women's raid on saloons, western editors are asking each other, "Is water intoxicating?" None of them ever tried it.

It is the opinion of a Western editor that wood goes further when left out of doors than when well housed. He says some of his went half a mile. An old edition of Morse's geography says: "Albany has 400 dwelling houses, and 2,400 inhabitants, all standing with their gable-ends to the street."

"Ju, what part ob de ceremonies do de ladies most admire when dey go to church?" "Well, Pompey, I can't tell dat." "What is it?" "Why, ob course, it's de hims." A man was boasting that he had been married for twenty years and had never given his wife a cross word.

A dasher belle of Green Bay, a Miss Ruth Taylor, a few days since was presented with a silk dress for her gallantry in talking hold of a spanner and helping to pull the engine to the fire. The firemen have had to add two hundred feet to the hose since then.

City Directory.

Our readers will find it to their advantage to patronize the following firms. Auctioneers. JAMES BANKS, AUCTIONEER, AND APPRAISER. Solicitors, 45 Jarvis Street, corner King Street East. Second-hand Furniture bought and sold.

Dentists.

M. EDWARD SNIDER, SURGEON DENTIST. Office and Residence—84 Bay Street, a few doors below King Street, Toronto. G. W. HALE, DENTIST, No. 6 TEMPERANCE STREET, first house off Yonge Street, north side.

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

Shoe Dealers.

S. McCABE, FASHIONABLE AND Cheap Boot and Shoe Emporium, 59 Queen Street West, sign of "THE BIG BLUE BOOT." R. MERRYFIELD, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER, 190 Yonge Street. A large and well-assorted stock always on hand.

Groceries, Provisions, &c.

CHARLES HUNTER, DEALER IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, WINES AND LIQUORS, 68 Queen Street West, corner Toronto Street, Toronto, Ont. J. & T. IREDALE, MANUFACTURERS of Tin, Sheet Iron and Copperware, dealers in Baths, Water Coolers, Refrigerators, &c., No. 57 Queen Street West, first door West of Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

Boots and Shoes.

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Queen City Grocery & Provision Store.

WM. WEST & CO., 200 YONGE STREET. OUR SPRING STOCK LATEST STYLES From the VERY BEST to the LOWEST QUALITY. We follow the good old motto—"Small Profits and Quick Returns."

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COAL.

The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad and Coal Mining Company, have on hand and are constantly receiving their Celebrated Scranton and Pittston Coal, which will be sold at lowest cash price. NO COAL STORED UNTIL PAID FOR. Coal delivered in either Carts or Wagons to suit purchasers. TERMS CASH. BIG COAL HOUSE, OFFICE: 45 YONGE STREET.

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To the Mechanics of Toronto AND VICINITY. S. A. COGHILL, 157 KING STREET WEST, Having opened the NEW FURNITURE WAREHOUSES, as above, beg to invite the attention of the Mechanics of Toronto and vicinity to their well-assorted stock of BLACK WALNUT BED ROOM SUITS, DRAWING ROOM SUITS, DINING ROOM FURNITURE, OFFICE FURNITURE. Cornices, Curtains, Window Blinds Poles and Fringes, &c., &c. CARPETS MADE AND LAID. All kinds of Furniture Repaired.

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HER MAJESTY'S DOMINIONS.

"The Queen of England rules over 324,762,593 souls; her people dwell in 44,132,651 houses; the area of the lands they inhabit is 7,609,448 square miles." These are the stupendous figures disclosed by the "imperial census" of the British dominions taken in 1871, but only now fully tabulated. How insignificant appear the extent and population of our republic compared with the territory and the people over whom Queen Victoria, or the clique of gentlemen who rule in her name, reigns supreme! We have an area of 3,033,459 square miles, she has more than twice as much; we have a population of 40,000,000, she is the ruler over six times as many. Her dominions are in Europe, in North America, in Central America, and the West Indies, in Africa, in the Indian seas, in Australasia and in Asia. Less than 40,000,000 of the Queen's subjects are Christians, there are 36,000,000 Mahometans, 98,000,000 Hindoos, 2,000,000 Buddhists, and 58,000,000 of "others"—"heathen" of this kind or the other kind, for the sects of heathendom are as numerous as the divisions of Christianity. Imperial Rome at the summit of its glory exercised dominion over 1,000,000 square miles of territory, and 120,000,000 of people yielded obedience to her sway. But Victoria rules nearly twice as many people, and is the sovereign of a territory more than six times as large. To count the people in England and Wales alone on the third day of April, 1871, required 32,543 census-takers, who were supervised by 2,135 registrars, and 626 superintendents. They did their work in a single night, and it was so well done that not a man, woman, or child escaped them. They counted a population of 22,856,164, and they found to the indelible disgrace of the Englishmen that while 39 out of every 100 men between the ages of twenty-five and thirty were unmarried, there were 1,246,000 women between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one who were unmarried. The "professional class" in England comprised 680,000 persons; the "domestic class," wives, mothers, hotel and lodging-house keepers, and servants, more than 5,000,000; the "agricultural class," 1,600,000; the "industrial class," 5,137,000; the class of "rank and property," 168,000; and there were 7,500,000 children.

Crossing the channel to Europe, the Queen's subjects are found in Heligoland, in Gibraltar, and in Malta; but all of these, numbering only 77,000 souls, do not amount to as many as are counted in an English town of the second class. In Canada and the Bermuda's there are 3,789,690 British subjects, with plenty of elbow room, since they inhabit an area of 3,376,925 square miles. In the British West India Islands there are about 1,000,000. On the continent there are British Honduras and British Guiana, with a population of 218,000 souls. Coming to Africa and the adjacent islands, Queen Victoria finds herself the ruler of 236,820 square miles, and of 1,813,450 persons. These dwell in Ascension Island, St. Helena, Sierra Leone, the Gambia Settlements, the Gold Coast, the Cape, Griqualand, and Natal. In the Indian seas she has the Mauritius, with 330,460 people. West Australia, with 978,000 square miles of territory, has only 24,785 inhabitants; South Australia, with 760,000 square miles, has 189,000 people; Victoria, with only 88,000 square miles, has 731,528 inhabitants; New South Wales, on its 423,437 square miles, has 503,981 residents; Queensland has 120,104; Tasmania, 99,328; and New Zealand has 293,893.

Finally comes India, the greatest and most splendid division of the British empire. There are twelve provinces in British India over which the Queen's Viceroy rules supreme. These provinces number 191,307,070 souls; they occupy an area of 938,366 square miles, and they live in 487,061 towns or villages. The provinces of Bengal and Behar have a population of 56,000,000, and it is here the famine is raging; the north-west provinces have 30,769,000 people; Oude has 11,220,000; the

Punjab, 17,596,000; the central provinces, 9,066,083; British Burmah, 2,562,823; the Madras Presidency, 31,000,000; Bombay and Sind, 14,000,000. And the islands of Ceylon and Hong Kong, the peninsula of Kowloon, Singapore, Wellesly, Penan, and Malacca, have together a population of 2,837,287.—N. Y. World.

A MOTHER KILLED BY GRIEF

The Indianapolis Sentinel gives the following account of an incident which "happened" it says, in Crawfordshire, Ind., on Saturday last:—"The depot had been broken into that noon, and some money and a quantity of tickets stolen from the office, and things generally upset, by a party of boys. Warrants were issued, and, among them, one for a boy named Mike McNeal. About midnight the McNeal family were called upon by the officers of the law, and informed that the boy Mike was wanted, at the same time reading the warrant. Mrs. McNeal was astounded, and said there must be a mistake. None of her boys would be guilty of theft, she knew, and it was all a mistake. Her feelings overcame her, and she fainted. The officer, however bearing his warrant had no other course to pursue but to demand the boy. The mother again fainted; and, when she was restored to consciousness, the officers agreed to let the boy remain until they had seen the party by whom the warrant had been sworn out. If "Mike" proved to be the one, they would return to the house, if not, he would of course not be arrested. The officers found, however, that except in name "Mike" was not the boy. The real culprit was Mike McNeal, a cousin of the former. The officers returned to gladden, as they supposed, the mother's heart, by telling her the boy was innocent. To their horror, when they reached the house they found Mrs. McNeal dead. The shock and grief combined had been so great as to kill her. The affair caused considerable excitement in town."

AN EAGLE'S STRUGGLE WITH A GIRL.

On Saturday, 3rd inst., a girl named Elizabeth Moore, daughter of Albert Moore, living in the north east corner of Cleburne County, Alabama, was returning home from a neighbour's house, whither she had been sent on an errand, when she felt something heavy strike upon her shoulder, and the next instant she was borne to the ground. She says that her first impression was that she had been seized by a panther or some other wild beast, but soon felt the talons of what proved to be an eagle clutching her sides and arms, lacerating the flesh in a fearful manner, and with his beak pecking her on the head, she was dragged some distance on the ground. Pretty soon the eagle, having secured his prize, with claws a bill firmly fixed, raised her from the ground and sailed along at from three to four feet above the earth for some distance. Occasionally she was dropped on the ground, but the eagle would as often raise her again, making new and serious wounds with his talons in her body and his beak in her head, till at last he reached the height of ten feet, and attempted to light on the limb of a red oak tree on the roadside when his hold again gave way, and the girl fell to the earth seriously stunned and hurt. She was unconscious for a time, then clambered over the fence near by into her father's orchard and began making the best of her way to the house, near which she was met by her mother, who had been attracted by her screams, and was hastening to her relief. The most remarkable part of the matter is that the girl did not see the eagle at all. A shawl which had been securely fastened about her head, so as to project over her face, hid her rude antagonist from her view. The track along which she was dragged, however, was plainly visible in the road. The girl Elizabeth is fourteen years of age, and weighs between eighty and ninety pounds. The eagle has been twice seen by hunters,

who are making every effort to kill or capture him.

According to the most recent statistics, France contains a native population of 30,000,000 there being a falling off of 2,000,000 by reason of the war, of which 360,000 are actual losses by battle, the remainder forming the population of the districts, Alsace-Lorraine. The loss of territory is estimated to amount to a valuation of \$900,000,000. The agricultural wealth of France is very great, her live stock numbers 3,000,000 horses, 300,000 mules, 450,000 asses, 11,000,000 cattle, 25,000,000 sheep, and 5,000,000 swine. The agricultural districts suffered terribly by the war, the department of the Dordogne having lost more than 20,000 from its population, and that of La Manche nearly 30,000. The wonderful recuperative power of the country is admirably displayed in the fact that she has paid the whole of the enormous war debt, and that her present effective military force comprises 414,366 men.

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