

Ontario Workman.

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

VOL. I.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1872.

NO. 12.

CANADIAN.

A young man named A. Ballantyne, aged about twenty-two, was drowned while bathing in the Grand River on Sunday.

Hamilton college has inaugurated the Perry H. Smith library hall, which has just been completed at a cost of \$30,000.

A deer, while swimming across the Ottawa about dusk Monday evening, was accidentally run over and killed by one of the river steamers. It was a fine fat doe, and the hands declare the venison was excellent.

A man named Joseph Horne, residing in the township of Huron, has met with a serious accident. He was driving a cow attached to a rope, and as he approached Kincardine the cow took fright and struck him in the eye with one of her horns.

A determined burglary was committed at Hamilton on Friday evening. Four men entered the store of Messrs. Simpson and attempted to blow open the safe. Although several persons saw the men prowling about, they neglected to notify the police.

Dominion day was celebrated at Manilla, by a grand union picnic. Games, kalithumpian and a torchlight procession, and a grand display of fireworks took place. All passed off pleasantly and creditably under auspicious circumstances. The kalithumpian procession caused merriment from their comical appearance and their representations of natural history and the natural sciences.

Several cases of sunstroke are reported by our exchanges, but few of them have been very serious, except one at Orillia which is stated to have terminated fatally. The man, John Hannah, who was reported to have died from that cause while working in the stone quarries at Hamilton, is now believed to have taken poison, and an inquest has been ordered and his body is to be exhumed and a post mortem examination held. It has been ascertained that he purchased poison.

Whilst three men were engaged removing clay from a pit in a brick-yard in Harrington, on Tuesday last, the bank of earth, which was ten feet high at the point where they were working, suddenly fell on them, burying one man up to the neck, breaking the thigh bone of another, and burying the third considerably. The latter, however, was able to give the alarm to parties near at hand, who very soon released the unfortunate fellows from their horrible position. One is scarcely expected to recover, his thigh-bone having been forced through the flesh.

A man named Sullivan, a farmer of Nepaan, went out to his granary, Tuesday, and when stooping to lift a pail fell down dead. His brother, who was near him, raised him up but found that life was extinct. Deceased was a stout young man of about 28 years, and leaves a wife and one or two children. Disease of the heart is supposed to have been the cause of death.

Early on Monday morning the book store of Mr. Hoffie, which adjoins the Montreal telegraph office, Clifton, was broken into by burglars. The safe of the A. M. U. Express Company was blown open and robbed of about \$20, also some small change from the till, and some jewellery from the store. The burglars left behind a sledgehammer, two crowbars, several punches, etc., which were stolen from one of the blacksmith's shops here. The explosion was heard by several parties, but being the morning of Dominion Day, no notice was taken thereof. There is no clue of the burglars yet.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A most disastrous affair happened on Monday afternoon at Martin's Wharf, resulting in the loss of at least three lives, and seriously injuring several other parties. The steamer Ontario had just landed at the wharf and part of the excursionists had disembarked when the new part of the wharf gave way and a number of persons were precipitated into the water. From the information so far received, it appears that the planks of the wharf were not properly supported in the

centre, and the whole crowd fell towards a central point, like grain descending into a hopper. The water was not deep enough to drown a full grown person, but such a scene of confusion ensued that the wonder is that the loss of life was not greater than was actually the case. Several ladies who might easily have waded out were so frightened that they had to be carried to a place of safety, and even some men and boys seemed to lose their presence of mind so as to be quite helpless. But the greatest misfortunes came to the lot of the little children who were crowded and tramped below the others in the general melee, and who were either crushed to death or drowned before relief could be afforded. The bodies of one little boy, son of Mr. Lister, builder, and two little girls, daughters of Mr. Johnston, marble cutter, and a man whose name we were unable to learn, have been recovered, and another is still missing.

THE SHANNONVILLE DISASTER.

BEDLEVILLE, July 1.—No further deaths since Wednesday morning. The Grey Nuns and Sisters of Mercy seem to be quite accustomed to the place already, and work in harmony with the ladies of the town, who still volunteer their services freely as before. The male nurses are organized into a night and day gang, and are paid. Mr. Crowther has charge of all the hospital arrangements, under Mr. Bell's directions. Everything is working smoothly. The patients are very cheerful, and frequently may be seen in groups smoking and chatting together. Many of their friends and relations have arrived, some of whom have gone away again. They all express themselves perfectly satisfied with the arrangements, and say the patients are better off than if they were at home.

LATER.—Xavier Chabotte died at 6.30 p.m. All the rest are doing well.

AMERICAN.

The workmen of San Francisco are agitating the eight hour question.

Wendell Phillips is not committed to Grant, but is in favor of a distinctive labor party.

The machinists of the United States are hoping to amalgamate the boiler-makers with them in a national association.

The returns of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics show that the cash value of farms in that State has decreased nearly seven millions of dollars within the past ten years.

The Labor Reformers of Ohio have called a State Convention at Columbus, for the 24th of July, for the purpose of nominating a State and Electoral Ticket.

The workmen of Wilmington, Del., have formed an eight-hour labor association, and have resolved to delay their strike until co-operation can be secured from other towns.

The marble quarries of Vermont are literally mines of wealth. Over a thousand men are employed, and many of the mills are valued at one hundred thousand dollars each.

A California paper reports that a hotel chamber-maid laid aside her broom a few days ago, and on calling for a settlement, told her employer she had been dabbling in stocks for a year or more, and had something more than \$200,000 as the result.

Speaking of women's low wages, here is the statement of a Boston working girl:—I can relate a case of a linen suit, all beflounced and ruffled and fluted, with overskirt and sacque to match, made for the sum of 62 cents, and it took two days' steady work.

The subject of Chinese labor still engages the attention of the southern planters in the United States. It appears that a company has been formed with a capital of \$200,000 for the purpose of carrying out this project. The emigrants are to be engaged at wages of \$8 per month, all found. The eight-hour agitation has extended to

Newark. The coach-builders, of whom there are a thousand in the city; the bricklayers, masons, carpenters, clothing cutters and other trades have taken the preliminary steps towards striking, and it is probable that soon the movement will become general.

Koopmanschap has smashed, — failed, bankrupted, gone under, and gone up. He is the man who did most of the work in importing Chinamen into this country; and he broke because he could not collect the passage money he had advanced to some of his importations. His place of business is San Francisco. 'Tis a case of broken China. —*American Workman.*

Detroit newspapers regret the departure from that city of a lad named Johnny, who has long been to them a refuge, a solace, and a source of paragraphs. Two years ago this boy shot himself; two months after he was choked with a fish-bone; a few days after he set fire to a barn and called out the fire department; he swallowed a top; he was run over by an ice-cart; he fell into the river; and once he was lost for three days.

Thirteen hundred machinists, carpenters, and painters in the West Albany shops of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad struck on Monday for eight hours. The claim was made last Wednesday, and the reply was given that it could not be complied with, whereupon the men dropped their tools and quit work. It is thought that the movement will extend to the Boston and Albany shops in East Albany.

There are in America more than five hundred thousand members of Masonic lodges, who by the most awful obligations are pledged to the principle of the eight hour labor reform. Any Mason opposing the movement incurs the Masonic penalties of wilful perjury. Every Mason at his initiation is taught to limit the hours of labor to eight. It is something for the eight hour leagues to have this "ancient and honorable order" on their side.

The latest novelty from the United States is paper cab-wheels. The tire is of steel, and when turned up ready for the filling it is made taper inside, so that the inside diameter on the flange is half an inch smaller than on the other. The body of the wheel is a paper block made of strawboard cut into circles, 30 inches in diameter, pasted together with ordinary paste, and consolidated under an hydraulic pressure of about 300 tons. This block, after being slowly dried for nearly two weeks in a dry-house, is turned and fitted in a common pattern lathe.

The situation in regard to the labor strike to-day (Monday, July 1) is practically unchanged, and presents no new developments of interest. In some quarters rumors are rife of negotiations in progress between strikers and bosses, which promise amicable solutions of existing difficulties. The Long Shore men demanded eighty cents an hour for all work done after six o'clock. It is probable their demand will be amicably adjusted. The strike of the box-makers is substantially ended. Nine marble-working firms are employing about 200 men at ten hours. The other shops remain closed, and the men refuse to return. Most of the car stable-men who struck for higher wages have resumed work at old rates. Nothing new relative to the Paterson strike.

The *Tribune*, apropos of the dog days, which are coming, gives some receipts for hydrophobia: "1. Inject morphine under the skin. 2. Give half a dram of powdered castor internally. 3. Administer small quantities of chloroform by inhalation. 4. Wrap the patient in blankets saturated with a warm solution of nitrate of ammonia. 5. Apply oil of juniper externally. 6. Administer vapor baths. 7. Put the patient upon a diet of raw onions. 8. Try the madstone, if you can get a specimen of it." To these we may add: 9. Give him a blowing up with nitro-glycerine for getting in the dog's way. 10. Kill the dog. 11. Kill the patient.

While the women of Massachusetts and New York have been talking about their sisters in Oregon have gone and done it. They have asked Congress to amend the Homestead Law so as to allow them to pre-empt public lands. And Congress has too much justice as well as gallantry to refuse the fair petitioners, and there is every probability that the amendment will pass. The President approves it, and Mrs. Senator Williams is happy, and Mrs. Sawtelle, the President of the Woman's Real Estate Association, has gone to Oregon to act as agent for the brave women who mean to try what virtue there is in the soil.

Here is a significant Chinese labour item: In Beaver Falls, Penn., a cutlery factory got short of hands, or perhaps of funds, and sent a man to California to engage Chinamen for operatives. Great excitement ensued in Beaver Falls over the prospect of the introduction of a heathen element in the community, and of seeing native workmen in a state of starvation, while the idolatrous Chinese were gorging themselves with rice. The agitation might have risen to a dangerous height had it not been allayed by the factory agent, who returned from California with the information the Chinese in that State were getting higher wages than he could afford to pay them. The Chinese are quick in finding out the market value of labor, and just as pertinacious as anybody in demanding a full value for their services. There may be unimportant exceptions to this rule, but none of sufficient consequence to permanently exert any perceptible effect on the labor question.

FOREIGN.

At last there is a probability of the settlement of the trade disputes in Berlin, which have caused so much suffering and so lengthened a cessation from labor. Permanent courts of arbitration, to which all matters of disagreement between employers and workmen are to be referred, will, it is hoped, prevent future strikes by removing their cause.

From the recent census, it appears that the diminution of the resident population of Paris within the last six years is, in round numbers, 400,000. The number of vacant apartments exceeds 40,000. Rents have fallen in a proportion which ranges from one-eighth to one-fourth, and for the superior apartments of 4,000 francs and upwards, the decline is equal to one-third. The depreciation in the value of land and house property is estimated at 20 per cent.

During a recent railway journey a passenger entered into a political discussion with a man sitting opposite him. The dispute became very animated, and when it was at its height a collision took place. One opponent was thrown from his seat by the shock, and his head struck a Cocker-mouth man right between the eyes. It being dark the poor man (number one) thought that his antagonist had lost his temper and struck at him, and he bawled out—"Cum, cum; let's hev neay strikin'! We can talk without hitting yan anudder!"

The Leamington town orier was heard a few days since making the following announcement in the streets of that fashionable inland watering-place:—"Oh, yes! oh, yes! this is to give notice to all mistresses of laundresses, that at an open-air meeting held in Leamington by ladies of the wash-tub, it was resolved that on and after the 1st day of June, no washerwoman would work for less than 1s. 6d. per day, her board and beer included. By order of the ladies of the wash-tub. God save the Queen."

The Italian government is, it is said, making great efforts to encourage popular education among the Italians, and to overcome the effects of its almost total neglect during the past two hundred years. In the army education is compulsory, and thousands of discharged soldiers who have returned to their native villages are acting as the pioneers of culture. No soldier who is unable to read and write is allowed a single day's furlough. A bill is now before the

Italian Parliament to make education compulsory throughout the country.

The Government of Great Britain has been making an immense number of torpedoes, to be used for the protection of the coast and harbors of that country. No fewer than 1,500 large canisters are now in store at Woolwich dock-yard, ready to be filled with gun-cotton or dynamite, and an immense number of galvanic batteries, galvanometers, and telegraph instruments have already been prepared. The torpedoes will be arranged in rows or groups in the channel or along the coast, the canister containing the charge being joined to a floating or semi-floating apparatus, termed a circuit-closer or circuit-breaker, and the whole connected with the shore by means of an electric cable. The circuit-closer, when struck by a vessel, may either be made to send a signal to shore, or to explode the machine to which it is tethered.

The rapidity with which France is paying off the enormous debt entailed upon her by her late war with Germany, is one of the most extraordinary exhibitions of recuperative power to be found in the history of any nation. A Paris correspondent of the *Berlin National Zeitung*, under date of May 28, says: "It is certain that M. Thiers, on Sunday last, made precise propositions to the German ambassador, respecting the paying of the three milliards. Count Von Arnim has not yet expressed himself fully upon the subject of these propositions, which will be submitted to day to the Chancellor. * * * * However this may be, M. Thiers seems no longer to entertain any doubt whatever, since his last interview with M. Von Arnim, respecting the success of the negotiations which he has set on foot, and only last evening, he expressed himself in the presence of many deputies, and repeated that France ought to be entirely relieved of all occupation by German troops by the 1st of January, 1873."

SOMETHING NEW FOR HOUSEWIVES.—A new mode of washing linen has been adopted in Germany, and introduced into Germany. The operation consists in dissolving two pounds of soap in about three gallons of water as hot as the hand can bear, and adding to this one tablespoonful of turpentine and three of liquid ammonia; the mixture must then be well stirred, and the linen steeped in it for two or three hours, taking care to cover up the vessel which contains them as nearly hermetically as possible. The clothes are afterwards washed out and rinsed in the usual way. The soap and water may be reheated and used a second time, but, in that case, half a tablespoonful of turpentine and a tablespoonful of ammonia must be added. The process is said to cause a great economy of time, labor and fuel.

A correspondent of the *Globe* thus writes from a famous Irish city, concerning its women workers:—God knows in his all-searching wisdom, which does not disdain to note when a sparrow falls, how the poor working women and girls of Dublin eke out life on three shillings a week. And yet I am sure that is not too low an average for the general wages of book-folders, envelope-makers, seamstresses, and the few other contracted employments open for women in Dublin. They are cheerful-looking and healthy, though. Much more so than the working girls in Boston. *They live according to their means*; this is the secret. They eat simple food, which is the cheapest; they live in their homes, families together, for they never think of separating until necessity compels them; and above all they dress as if they were working girls with a few shillings a week, and not as if they had sumptuous houses, nothing to do, and nothing to think about.

Early on Monday morning the bookstore of Mr. Hoffie, Clinton, which adjoins the Montreal Telegraph office was broken into by burglars. The safe of the American Merchants Union Express Company was blown open and robbed of about \$20, also some small change from the till, and some taken thereof.



Poetry.

THE TRUE MECHANIC.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

"Yonder he goes, with steady tread,
Tolling for his daily bread,
While the city is hushed—
Sleeves unrolled and cheeks health-flushed;
O! the strong mechanic!
The sinewy-armed mechanic!

With broad chest swelling to the stroke
Of the hammer, against the lusty oak,
Driving the plane with a hearty will,
Whistling or carolling—never still,
But ever in labor doing His will,
Who loves the noble mechanic.

Desolate hearth-stones, and want and shame
Of the allies of earth-born fame:
But to hew the rock from the flouting cone,
And to change to blessings the flinty stone,
These do the mechanic,
The sinewy-armed mechanic.

Giving his babes what God gave him,
Force of muscle and vigor of limb,
Scorning the fear that his boys shall be
The paupered weaklings of luxury,
Obedient to fair nurseries for mirth,
The straight-back, true mechanic.

But mind, I speak of the real thing,
Not of the kind who shout and sing,
And smoke at taverns, and curse abroad,
And who care for neither themselves or God,
But the true, the earnest mechanic,
The pure, whole-souled mechanic.

The man who polishes heart and mind,
While he frames the window and shapes the blind,
And utters his thoughts with an honest tongue,
That is set as true as his hinges are hung,
He is the nobleman among
The noble band of mechanics.

God the Maker, I reverent say,
He is a worker by night and day,
Framer of skies and builder of hills,
Measuring worlds by the space He fills,
He is the Master mechanic.

Making a palace of every star,
Fashioning out of the air a car
For the sun to speed on his royal way,
Over the fire-white track of day;
For God has labored—labors away:
Take cheer, then, brother mechanic.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER II.

The old country Squire was a peculiar character; he was peculiar in his ideas, his actions, his speech and his dress. He belonged to the old school of political economists, which unfortunately for our country has very few representatives. The old Squire believed in making laws for the whole people, and not for a certain privileged few. He believed that our laws should be so framed and administered that they would tend to better advancement of the vast toiling masses, and the greater glory of the nation. If he had "his way," he often exclaimed, the country would soon be unrivaled in prosperity and greatness. His views on the theory and practice of government, though in the main correct, were somewhat utopian and visionary; not because these views or opinions were based on false premises, but because of the cupidity and perversion of humanity.

Squire Stanly was a fair representative of the sturdy, honest, intelligent farmer of fifteen and twenty years ago. No wonder his appearance struck young master Richard as being what he termed, funny.

He was dressed in a suit of brown homespun, his coat reaching almost to his heels and buttoned clear up to his chin; around his neck in many folds there wound a huge home-made comforter, on his grey locks there sat a coon-skin cap of gigantic proportions, from the sides of which pieces of the material as large as a man's hand projected down over the ears, and were fastened under the chin with a leather strap; on his hands were woolen mittens, covered with black fox skin and lined with flannel. They resembled monstrous boxing gloves, or diminutive globes of hair into which his hands were thrust; on his feet were thick-soled cow-hide boots. Thus apparelled Squire Stanly strode into the morning room of the old farm house.

He greeted the occupants in a warm hearty manner. He divested himself of his mammoth cap, huge comforter and globular mittens, and then proceeded to business. The deed was soon signed, and that matter disposed of, the old Squire was disposed to be talkative.

"Mrs. Arbyght," he exclaimed, "how in the name of goodness did you ever conclude to sell the old farm?"

Mrs. Arbyght was pained and puzzled, but the Squire did not wait for an answer, he continued almost in the same breath.

"Forty years ago your father and myself came from Massachusetts and settled in this place. It was then an unbroken, trackless wilderness. We built log cabins, but we had many a tough struggle, not alone with the bears, wolves and the old giants of the forest, but with hunger and cold also. But we con-

quered, we triumphed; yes, by gad we did," and the old Squire brought his ponderous fist down upon the table with terrible vehemence.

"Where did you go to market, or obtain your stock of provisions?" asked Richard Arbyght.

"Market! ha, ha, ha! Well that is good. Why, my good fellow, there was no market within thirty miles of us, and no roads or means of going there. We found our way through the woods by barking the trees. But it is all over now, and here we have as fine an agricultural and grazing country as can be found in northern Pennsylvania."

The Squire always delighted in a recital of his early trials and struggles; but to Mrs. Arbyght the story was anything but interesting or now, she therefore adroitly managed to turn the conversation by asking if there was any news in Silverville.

"News, why bless your soul, my dear, lots of it, lots of it! There is always any quantity and variety of news floating around up there, but whether true or false I will not say," he put in parenthetically. "But, ma'am, I am sorry to say there is some very sad, sad, serious news; yes, devilish sad," and the old man's voice sank almost to a husky whisper.

"Why?" exclaimed both husband and wife with an alarmed and startled look, "what is the matter, Squire?"

"The wild cats again, blast them, blast them. The country is ruined, the people beggared, and hideous famine is again in his element, all because a few thieves would be rich at the expense of the honest hard working sons of toil," and the words issued through his clinched teeth with appalling emphasis.

"The wild cats!" put in Mrs. Arbyght, more alarmed and startled than ever. "Why, Squire Stanly, what do you mean?"

"Well, ma'am, I don't mean your ferocious wild cat of the woods. By gad, I but wish it were only as bad as that. They don't come to you in the guise of humanity. They are your enemies, and you know it, and are prepared to meet them. But the others come to you as friends and proposed benefactors, but in an unguarded moment they clutch your throat, they, vampire-like, suck your very hearts' blood, they rob your children and steal your substance, craze your brain, drive you to despair, and finally end your worse than Prometheus tortures by sinking you into the cold clammy, dishonored grave of the bankrupt and debtor. What do I mean?" thundered the old man as he sprang to his feet, "I mean,"—down came his fist with greater force than ever—"I mean wild-cat banks: that's what I mean, Mrs. Arbyght," and he sank into his chair nearly exhausted with emotion and spasmodic rage.

"Ah, I heard, or read in one of the papers that a financial crisis was apprehended, but I did not expect it so soon," exclaimed Mr. Arbyght.

"But," said the Squire, "it has come, and a sad, sad coming it has proved to many a poor man in my neighborhood," and again the old man's voice became husky, with emotion.

"How so?" asked Mrs. Arbyght.

"Well, you see," said the Squire, "during the last two weeks nearly all the stock for sale, surplus grain, butter and other farm produce has been bought and sent out of the country, by drovers and speculators from adjoining States, all of which was paid for in New Jersey money, and now comes the intelligence that this money is worthless. The banks have failed, and half the farmers in the country are hopelessly, irretrievably ruined. These bank notes were professedly based on specie, but the banks issued five or ten times more dollars in notes than they had dollars in specie in their vaults. These notes they disposed of to speculators and usurers, who threw them upon the country, bought stock and other productions of our labor for them. Then the usurers and speculators, according to previously arranged plans, advanced discounts and interests, and a rush on the banks and collapse of the hollow frands were the result. The bankers, speculators and usurers have made a fortune, but the poor farmers and mechanics are beggared."

"But can't this wholesale robbery be stopped by law," exclaimed Mrs. Arbyght.

"Most undoubtedly it can. If I had my way it would be stopped. But we have no law, at least no righteous laws governing money."

"Why, how would you mend the matter?" asked Richard.

"Well, sir, if I had the power, I would make Uncle Sam the sole and only banker, in and for the nation, and I would base my currency on the whole material wealth of the country, and then we would have a national, permanent and uniform circulating medium. A dollar would be a dollar wherever you went. Discounts would be unknown, bankers unnecessary, periodic financial collapses and crises unheard of, and speculators would have to work or starve."

"I dare say you are right, but we must be moving, or we will keep Mr. Morris waiting until his patience is strained."

Squire Stanly rehabited himself, and was soon ready for the road. Richard after a hasty farewell and a parting kiss from his wife and children, set out with him.

Richard Arbyght's mission to Silverville on this occasion, was to make the transfer of the property, and receive the cash therefor. He was also to receive payment for, and take up certain notes and mortgages due the estate and himself, amounting in all to about five thousand dollars.

Silverville was reached about twelve o'clock, but Mr. Morris, the purchaser, had not yet arrived, nor did he put in an appearance until three o'clock in the afternoon. He explained his absence by saying that he was detained by a dinner party given to an impecunious nephew of his, who that day started for the West to make his fortune. This delay forced Richard Arbyght to remain in Silverville until nearly dark.

Silverville was even then an old and somewhat dilapidated village of straggling wooden buildings, thrown together promiscuously, without any apparent pretensions to order or design. The principal part of the village was on the crest of a hill, which gradually sloped on both sides for about a mile, when the bottom of the valley, or valleys, was reached, and two other incipient mountains loomed up beyond. Running east and west, across these hills and valleys, ran the principal street in Silverville. Running north from the village, ran two main roads, about three-quarters of a mile apart, converging about two miles beyond the town, becoming one highway for a mile or so, when they again diverged.

As the shades of sable night were rapidly settling down upon the village, Richard Arbyght might be seen, mounted on a stout farm horse, and moving briskly along the more westerly of the roads mentioned. About the same time, another horseman emerged from the shadow of the old village school house, which stood on the upper or eastern road, along which he urged his horse at a frightful rate. He cast two or three rapid furtive glances at Richard Arbyght, but he was soon lost in the thick timber that skirted the road.

The road on which Richard Arbyght was travelling towards home, encountered a deep forest half a mile to the north of the village through which it ran for about a mile and a half, or to the point where the two roads mentioned converged. The mind of Richard Arbyght, as he journeyed homeward, was filled with loving thoughts of his wife and babes, and the future home and colossal fortune he was to make for them in the great West. But a shade swept across his handsome countenance as he thought of the twenty thousand dollars on his person. What if anything should happen? The idea frenzied and maddened him. He clutched the cash with one hand, with the other opened his holsters and examined his pistols. It was now pitchy dark, and Richard had already advanced far into the forest. Just before the road emerged from the wood, there was a small hill known to the farmers as the Summit, at the foot of which, on the village side, there was a slight dip or depression in the road. As Richard neared this spot he noticed, or rather outlined, a horseman coming down the hill at a pretty rapid pace; he could also hear the horse blowing fearfully. His first impression was that some poor neighbor was sick, and that the horseman approaching him was going to Silverville for a physician. He had hardly time to form a second opinion before they met, just at the foot of the hill. The stranger did not slacken his speed; he came directly toward Richard, who, to avoid a collision, turned his horse's head to one side. In passing, the stranger suddenly checked his steed, caught the bridle rein of Richard's horse, and came to a sudden halt, at the same instant presenting an ugly looking pistol, with the fearful words, "Your money or your life." Richard Arbyght was no coward, but this unexpected, sudden attack took him completely by surprise. The robber thrust his pistol up to the face of his victim and repeated his command. By this time Richard Arbyght was himself again, and dashing the weapon of his assailant aside with his left hand, he, at the same instant, with his right hand drew his own and snapped it in the very teeth of the robber. But, horrors! it missed fire. But the bare act, its quickness and boldness disconcerted the robber, and he recoiled upon his saddle, and before he recovered Richard drew his other pistol. But horror upon horrors! that also missed fire.

The robber now burst into a loud and forced laugh, and said, "Do you think I was fool enough to attack you, knowing you to be armed? Oh no, I was too old for that. I fixed them shooting irons when your horse was in the stable at Silverville. Come, sir, you had better deliver gracefully and handsomely."

"Curses on you; do you think I am going to rob my wife and babes? The money is not mine, it is theirs; only three thousand dollars of it are mine; you can take that, but my wife's property I can not, will not give you."

"Why, man, you are a fool; I will have it and your life too, if you don't hand it over in ten seconds."

"Fiend, robber, murderer, incarnate devil, I know you now; take that, and that," and Richard Arbyght leaned forward and dealt his assailant two powerful blows in the face and head with the pistol he held in his hand, then giving the reins a powerful jerk, he loosened it from his grasp, and dashed away. But alas! it did not avail, for just then a ball from the robber's pistol struck him between the shoulders, and passed clear through his body. The assassin's horse being much faster than the farm steed, Richard Arbyght was overtaken before he reached the crest of the hill. Here a fierce struggle ensued. Richard Arbyght, buoyed up with the thoughts of his wife and children, fought like a tiger, or a dying grizzly bear. In the struggle, both men were unhorsed. But the wounded man was fast sinking; he knew he could not live; his only hope

was to kill the assassin, and thereby save his wife's property, as he knew it would be found on his person, hence he fought with the madness of desperation. But when he saw or felt that hope was rapidly dying within him, he again begged for mercy, and prayed that his wife and children's inheritance would be spared them, but the assassin would not hear him. Then he offered half of it.

"Oh!" he prayed, "for the love of heaven, of God and his holy saints and angels, leave my wife and children one-half of it; just one-half of it; for my sake, theirs, for God's sake."

But he dealt with a fiend, with a heart of iron. When he saw that his prayers were of no avail, he summoned all his remaining power for a final effort. He caught the murderer and robber in a deadly embrace, and together they rolled over and over on the road. At last, he seized the assassin by the throat and held him with the grip of a Hercules. He gasped for breath, and then turned black in the face. But the superhuman exertions put forth by Richard Arbyght in his dying moments, hastened the exit of the vital spark, and his hold on the robber's throat gradually relaxed as his strength failed him, which the robber perceiving made a desperate lunge and cast Richard Arbyght off, apparently dead. The assassin then struggled to his feet, and after supporting himself against an old stump by the roadside for a moment or two to gain breath, he approached the body of his victim with a malignant, fiendish, exultant scowl; but when he saw the pale face of Richard Arbyght turned toward him with a fixed and stony stare of mingled supplicating entreaty and firm, unrelenting, stubborn resistance, his craven heart was appalled; his cowardly nature became paralyzed with fear; his body involuntarily recoiled; his teeth chattered, and his whole frame tottered on his trembling limbs. The rumbling sound of a waggon was heard in the distance. The approach of new danger brought the murderer to a realization of his position. Again, quaking with fear, he advanced towards his victim. He bent low over him, but could detect no signs of life; then, thrusting his hand between his outer and inner coats, he drew forth the well-filled wallet. With trembling fingers he opened it, to be sure he was right, and being convinced, he conveyed it to his own murderous breast. The sound of approaching wheels was now quite distinct. Making one desperate effort, the murderer dragged the body of his victim into the underbrush, and then, with a horrid imprecation, dashed down the road up which he first advanced. A moment afterwards a heavy lumber waggon passed in the same direction.

The wound received by Richard Arbyght, though necessarily mortal, would not produce immediate death. His subsequent struggle for his wife's property and children's inheritance hastened that end. Still, when left by the assassin he was not dead. What was supposed to be death was a heavy faint or deadly stupor, caused by loss of blood and over physical and mental exertions, from which he was aroused by being rudely thrown or dragged into the underbrush. The first gleam of reason that came back to his clouded brain, induced an act that plainly proved what thought was apparently in his mind when life and reason momentarily left him. The act was characteristic of the man. He thought not of himself. He knew he could not live. His whole soul was centred in those whom he so fondly, devotedly, unselfishly loved, and for whom he had so valiantly fought.

He thrust his hand into his breast pocket, but the treasure was not there, it was gone, and well he knew where. A look of utter hopelessness, pitying, heart-rending sadness spread over his pale face. Stretched on the cold earth, his body writhed with agony and despair, but the tortures of his body were bliss compared with those of his mind. His soul was being crushed with a weight greater than ten thousand earths.

"My God! Oh! my God!" he exclaimed, "Why hast thou permitted this fearful calamity to fall upon me. My wife and children, oh, merciful Heavens, what will become of them! Oh, God, as thou hast permitted them to be robbed of the treasures of this earth, and of their only protector, take, oh take them 'neath thy fostering care, and be thou a treasure and a protector to them."

The spring of life was fast drying up. The last words were uttered in a whisper. The soul of Richard Arbyght was soon to wing its flight to that realm of undefinable, unfathomable mysteriousness of which mortals have such a dread awe-inspiring conception. His soul already stood upon the last portal of its clay-built tenement. But not yet; God in his inscrutable wisdom, shot a single thought into the soul of Richard Arbyght, before he permitted it to sunder its connection with its mortal brother. A contented smile stole over the dying man's face. He roused himself from his dying lethargy, and raising his body on his left elbow, with his right hand he drew forth a large diary, and horizontally across the page where he found the pencil, he began to trace some hard characters. He had scarcely traced ten letters when his elbow bent under the weight of his body, his eye became glazed and vacant, a shiver ran through his entire frame, and his teeth set firmly together. Was it death? No, not yet. His hand clutched upon the diary, and as a man writing with closed eyes he traced the remaining letters that represented his thought on the open page. A happy smile now stole over him, his lips opened, and one word issued therefrom—

Irene, and all was over, for with the last cadence of that word, in life so sweet to him, his soul passed from his body. Irene was his all, his soul, and with the enunciation of the word he delivered it up to his Maker. It went home on the glinting rays of the gentle moon, which at that instant burst through the thick clouds which hovered over the earth.

The same pale-faced moon glanced upon the upturned face of the dead, but, as if horrified by the terrible spectacle, she quickly hid her sorrowing face behind a scowling cloud, and the dead was alone.

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAP. X.—Continued.—Raising the Supplies.

From the day that Mohamed had failed in his engagements towards the King of Castile, the fierce Morisca had lost all the empire she had so industriously labored to obtain over the mind of her lover. Harassed as he was by danger and anxiety, Don Pedro could not forget Rachel; her image seemed to cling to the heart of this unfortunate prince like the shadow to a body. In imagination he followed her to the house of Samuel, and pictured to himself the minutest details of the secluded life she led. He sought to recall the sound of her voice, the expression of her countenance, and the words she addressed to him. He was restless and irritable, and her absence seemed to have created a void and a desert around him. He was so absorbed at times in his reflection that, when aroused from his reverie, he failed to recognise the countenance of his dearest friends. The presence of Aixa was particularly distasteful to him, nay, sometimes intolerable, for it was she who had driven away Rachel, and he revenged himself with overwhelming her with alternate complaints and reproaches.

Aixa observed all these symptoms of a violent attachment which she easily comprehended, and she foresaw that the rival whom she had despised and insulted might humble her in her turn. She well knew the irritable, violent, passionate, but generous disposition of Don Pedro, and that she had nothing to hope from him since his love was extinguished, and she saw, therefore, but one way of avoiding the humiliation she dreaded, which was to get Rachel removed entirely out of the way. So, on seeing the grief and perplexity of Samuel, she resolved immediately to profit by it, and to make his paternal fears subservient to her purpose.

"Really, I pity you, my good Samuel," said she to him. "The king has been indeed unmerciful, but your entreaties have quite touched my heart."

The Jew, who perfectly knew the feelings of the favorite, appeared quite astonished at this avowal. She continued: "I wish to render you a signal service, and prove to you that I commiserate your grief. Do you really wish to withdraw your daughter from the dangerous regards of the king?"

"Have you not heard me, Madam," answered the Jew.

"Well, I can aid you in realizing your wish. Trust to me the task of watching over Rachel, and I swear to you she shall never see the king."

The Jew trembled from head to foot, and exclaimed, "Trust my daughter to you, madam, who hate her!"

"I only hate her in Seville," returned the favorite; "but if you confide her to me, I will have her privately conveyed to Granada by some of the most devoted of my father's guards. This night they shall come to your house for her."

"But can I accompany her? Will you permit me to depart with her?" asked the suspicious Jew.

"Impossible!" replied the favorite in a low tone. The king would quickly divine our secret. Rachel must live secluded at Granada, unknown to every one, until I can recall her to Seville, where her presence is indispensable; for great events are in preparation. Ought you not to watch over your brethren and your treasures, since the king is determined, either by fair means or by force, to dip his hands into those coffers, which he believes to be full of doubloons and marabolins."

"What do you advise me to do?" said Samuel, with a mistrustful air.

"To obey the orders of Don Pedro," answered Aixa, in a yet lower tone. "To-night assemble the inhabitants of the Jewry at your house, and rely on my promises. I will come myself and instruct you how to avoid the danger that threatens you."

"Oh! if you do not deceive me," exclaimed the Jew, "I shall owe you eternal gratitude."

"But you know what I exact in return for this service," returned Aixa.

"Come this night, noble lady," said the treasurer, solemnly; "you will find all my brethren assembled at my house to hear you, and my daughter ready to follow your faithful guards."

"It is well; you may now return to the Jewry," replied the favorite.

They separated, and Samuel Ben Levi took the road to the Jew's quarter of the city, quite overcome by the different emotions he had so lately experienced.

Confounded by these complicated events, the old man knew not what to resolve on. Could he trust entirely to the favorite? Ought he to brave the anger of the king? Was it prudent to separate himself from his daughter, and put her under the protection of a haughty rival? He hesitated from uncertainty to uncertainty, until he arrived with downcast eyes before the little low gate of his house, which had a wicket furnished with strong iron bars. He raised his head, and was not a little surprised at seeing the door open, and two tall, robust men, in long robes, with cowls on them, entering his house. He hastened to follow them, examining them with an uneasy curiosity, and heard one of them ask the old servant, Deborah, if Samuel Ben Levi was at home.

"The king has summoned him to the Alcazar," replied the old woman, "but he will not be long, and he will be pleased to see you, my dear sir."

"I am not then a stranger to you, Deborah?" said the new-comer, laughing.

"Alas!" answered the old woman, "should I have opened the door to you contrary to the strict orders of Master Samuel, if I had not immediately recognised your countenance through the wicket."

"True," said the man in the robe; "I used to plague you often enough formerly, and I have pilfered too much lamb and unleavened bread for you to forget me readily."

"I recognize that voice," said Samuel; "it is Esau; but what does he come here to do under that disguise?"

He then advanced with greater assurance towards the now-comers, while Deborah exclaimed, "But, my sweet sirs, here is my master! Tell him what has brought you."

The two men quickly turned round, and beneath their slightly opened robes, the treasurer perceived their shining armor, similar to that worn by knights, and their steel helmets gleamed in spite of the folds of the cowl that covered them. In one of the visitors he recognised, as has been said, his former apprentice, and in the other, the terrible English captain, Tom Burdett, whose companions had surnamed him "the Pillager."

"What new misfortune threatens me?" said the poor downcast Jew, turning pale.

"Is it thus you receive your friends, Master Samuel?" said Esau; and disengaging himself of his robe, he continued, "see if your apprentice does not do you honor? I have marched straight to my design with a fixed determination, and I have succeeded in attaining it. I have now the privilege of wearing spurs."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the treasurer, with an incredulous expression.

"That astonishes you, grey beard, does it?" said Tom Burdett. "It is, nevertheless, true. After having performed many services for Don Enrique, your friend Esau, who I suspect is something of a magician, has signalled himself by a brilliant action, which has entitled him to my eternal gratitude."

"And what is this brilliant action," demanded the treasurer.

"When I was nearly poisoned by the water that infernal little inn, Gil Pierce Neige, brought us to drink," said Tom Burdett, "while Captain Bertrand was pursuing Don Pedro, and you fortunately made your escape, this brave fellow, pitying my doleful situation, poured into my mouth some drops of a salutary cordial, that replaced me on my legs as you see."

"Ah! is that his brilliant action," said the Jew.

"Is not that sufficient to entitle him to be made a knight?" asked Burdett, with a grotesque air of importance. "In preserving such a captain as myself for the army of Don Enrique, he has rendered the latter a service which I have not hesitated to acknowledge, by acting as godfather to so worthy a friend as Esau Manasses, only stipulating that he should adopt a more Christian-like name."

Samuel Ben Levi took care not to make the least observation, shrewdly reflecting that, in times of trouble and civil war, it is desirable to have friends on both sides.

"And Rachel—" hesitatingly demanded Esau, "is she here?"

"Yes!" answered the Jew, "and Deborah has most likely informed her of your happy arrival. She will be quite surprised to see you in this martial equipment, which adds considerably to your naturally good looks."

"Let us now talk of the business that brings us here," interrupted Tom Burdett, roughly. "It was one of your brethren, Samuel, that admitted us into the city, through the postern of the Jewry entrusted to his guardianship."

"What! has Zedekiah betrayed the confidence placed in him?" exclaimed the Jew.

"Zedekiah has long been a secret partisan of Don Enrique, and the new king has received constant intelligence, through him, of what passes in Seville. Besides, Zedekiah is not the only Jew who has offered to serve us as a spy."

"But," said Samuel, "are you sure that none of them play a double game?"

"Oh!" replied Burdett, with a careless laugh, "those who do not inspire me with perfect confidence I hang up immediately."

"Poor creatures!" said Samuel, in a tone of compassion.

"Do not commiserate them," said Burdett, "I take care to hang them as conveniently as possible by the legs, so that as the breath leaves the body, the marabolins fall from the pockets. Zedekiah assures me that if Don Pedro persists in levying a new tax on the inhabitants of Seville, the people of the Jewry will be easily induced to open the gates of their quarter to the soldiers of Don Enrique."

"Who knows the future?" said the treasurer, casting furtive and uneasy glances around him.

"If you will assist us in this enterprise, Samuel," said Esau, "the gratitude of the new king will be unbounded."

"Father of Abraham!" cried the Jew, "if I could only get my poor daughter, and the little property I have left, out of the city—"

"Come with Rachel to the camp of Don Enrique," answered Esau, quickly, "and I will pledge my head for your life and her honor."

"As to your possessions," said Tom Burdett, "whether in doubloons of gold, precious stones or other valuable effects, you may confide them to me, good Samuel, and on my honor as a knight; I engage to take care of them better than you could yourself. It is not Captain Burdett, although deprived of his company of freebooters, that either count or baron would dare to plunder like a poor Jew."

"But how do you intend to conduct this dangerous enterprise?" demanded the treasurer, who pretended not to hear the friendly offer of the terrible Englishman.

"Some of the adventurers of Calverley's company will advance under the ramparts with scaling ladders, and feign to attempt an assault," answered Esau; "you, on your side, must pretend the most obstinate resistance, taking good care to throw your buckets of stones, and pans of boiling oil, wherever our men are not."

"But," interrupted Tom Burdett, "do not mistake, for in the hottest assaults, boiling oil and scalding water have always had the singular effect of cooling the ardour of the rashest adventurers," and he laughed heartily at this pleasantry. "The blow must be struck to-night," added he.

"Not to-night," replied Samuel, "for to-day is the Sabbath, and we should scruple to deliver up the Jewry on that day."

"This is very discreet," observed the Englishman, laughing at the scruples of the old Jew.

"Let us put off the business till to-morrow," said Esau.

"This is Sunday," said the Jew. "There is not the least difficulty. It now only remains to assemble our brethren. I will go about it."

And he hastened towards the street door, adding, "Will you accompany me, gentlemen?"

Tom Burdett stopped him, laying hold of his arm, saying, "Before you enter on this campaign, my dear Samuel, I must tell you that in the hurry to see you, and come to an understanding with you, we left the camp precipitately, just as they were going to serve breakfast under the tent of my friend, Hugh Calverley."

"Let us go and find Zedekiah," answered the treasurer, "for he is a man of good counsel, and more resolute than my neighbors; and while we are arranging our plans for war, old Deborah shall occupy herself in finding you some refreshment in my poor dwelling."

"I hope her search may be crowned with success," replied the Englishman, ill-humorously, "for I declare to you I have a formidable appetite."

Samuel sighed at the bare thought that this redoubtable captain was going to swallow at a single meal the provisions of a week; but it was a case of necessity, and he must submit.

"Samuel," then said Esau, rather timidly, "can I see Rachel, or do you think her too angry with me to allow me to appear before her?"

"Bah!" cried Samuel, "you are in the good graces of Deborah, and, thanks to her influence over the mind of my daughter, you can make friends with her. Remain here during our absence; but allude not to the great affair that occupies us in the presence of Rachel, and above all, speak not of it to her."

The Jew then in a loud voice called old Deborah. When he saw her descend the staircase that led to his daughter's chamber, he begged Burdett to replace his cloak and cowl, and to follow him without delay; but, as plunged in thought, he crossed the threshold of his door, the captain of freebooters stopped him, saying, "And the repast you promised to have prepared for me by your servant—"

"Ah, that is true," said Samuel, striking his forehead, "I had forgotten it."

"Happily, a famished stomach has a memory," replied Burdett; and while the treasurer returned to give his orders to Deborah, the adventurer added to himself, "I am really doing a service to my preserver, Esau, in having a good repast prepared for me. It will employ the old servant, and enable my worthy friend to have an interview with his belle Rachel without a witness."

Samuel Ben Levi soon rejoined his companion, and they both silently wended their way through the crooked streets of the Jewry of Seville, the narrow small shops of which, with the bazaars having shutters to the street from top to bottom, presented a strange appearance to the eye of a northern warrior.

(To be continued.)

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

The following anecdote, which first appeared in the newspapers many years ago, is said to have been founded on an actual occurrence. Although it may not illustrate the democratic simplicity of the people of Vermont to-day, it is nevertheless a good story, and good also for many years' longer life in the newspapers:

"Hallo, you man with a pail and frock, can you inform me whether His Honor the Governor of Vermont resides here?" said a British

officer, as he brought his fiery horse to a stand in front of Governor Chittenden's dwelling.

"He does," was the response of the man, still wending his way to a pig-sty.

"Is His Honor at home?" continued the man of spurs.

"Most certainly," replied frock.

"Take my horse by the bit, then," said the officer. "I have business to transact with your master."

Without a second bidding, the man did as requested, and the officer alighted and made his way to the door, and gave the panel several hearty raps with the butt of his whip—for he it known that in those days of republican simplicity knockers and bells, like servants, were in but little use. The good dame answered the summons in person; and having seated the officer and ascertained his desire to see the Governor, departed to inform her husband of the guest's arrival; but, on ascertaining that the officer had made a hitching-post of her husband, she immediately returned and informed him that the Governor was engaged in the yard, and could not very well wait upon him and his horse at the same time! The predicament of the officer can be better imagined than described.

WANTED, A PONY!

A VERY FUNNY STORY.

I wanted a riding pony, so I advertised. Was afraid of a horse—would rather ride a lion. Thought if I had a little pony, and he would start to run off, I could jump off, catch him, and throw him over the fence; besides, if he would ever throw me off, I wouldn't have so far to fall.

I hardly knew the difference between a horse and a cow, never having had anything to do with a horse.

The next morning an Irishman drove up with a horse in a cart. There, he said, was just the animal I wanted. I said he was too large. He said I needn't give him so much feed, and that would reduce him. Thought that a happy idea; but he was blind. Irishman said that was a good failing; he wouldn't shy. Thought so myself. He said a bony horse hadn't so much flesh to carry, and could get along faster. That horse was very gentle; never jumped or ran away; I could have him for ten pounds.

"That's too much," I said. "What!" said he; "and didn't I pay that for him twelve years ago? And do you think I would sell him for anything less now?"

I told him of course not, and that I would try him; so he unhitched him and I got on—my wife protesting; but he wouldn't go a bit. Owner said he probably was saying his prayers, as he was a religious horse. Then he got a slab and gave him such a lick that would knock a horse fifty feet, whether he wanted to go or not; but he didn't move. Asked him if that was the way all horses did at first; he said it was. Then he tried to pry him and then to pull him. I told him I thought he would be a splendid horse to put on wheels. Irishman said if I wanted to make fun of him, I shouldn't have him at any price; said a bone-boiling man had offered him a good price for him, and that he should have him. So he took him away—when he took a notion to go.

Next a fellow brought round an exceedingly small pony. I liked its size; thought that was just the pony I was after; almost bought him before I tried him. Man said ten pounds; I said cheap enough. Did I ever see such a nice little pony? I never did. Man said he had refused to trade him for Dexter; was a thorough-bred Arabian courser, ran a mile inside of fifteen minutes, and only stopped to rest twice. I got on it; found that if his head and tail could be transposed, he would go very well, for he started backward on a gallop. Friend came along and asked if I had a partiality for mules. Was it a mule? He said it was. Got off.

Next came a medium sized horse. Man said he never kicked only with his hind feet; shied only on proper occasions; was deaf—a good trait in a horse; had two good eyes and the glanders—the glanders was something every horse hadn't got. Got on him; he started off before I got my feet in the stirrups; lightning was left far behind; horse turned off at the corner; I didn't, but went straight ahead about fifty feet. My head made such a furrow in the road that you'd have thought they were going to lay gas pipes. Rode home on a shutter, and didn't think anything more about horses for a week—thought I never would.

Then came a man with a pony that looked like as if it were old when the world began. Man said a horse got one tooth each year; showed me the pony had but two teeth—one above and one below—therefore he was only two years old. Pony had a splendid frame—which was so, for there was no flesh to hide it. He convinced me that a horse with one ear was odder than one ear with two horses, and that one extremely-crooked fore-leg was better than two of the kind to one horse. Said pony's appetite was very good; that tail and mane would grow out again. Got on him and started off. I started off pretty quickly, because the pony went to walking on his fore-legs with his hind feet in the atmosphere. Oh, yes, I started off—I did!

Another man brought a small pony next, with the biggest head I ever saw on a quadruped. He said it was a remarkably fine head. That pony had as much sense as a man. Here he told him to lay down, which he did with alacrity; but all the telling in Britain couldn't

have got him up again. We were obliged to lift him up, when he started off in the rear of a load of hay that went by, and I was glad the owner couldn't get him back.

Then I tried a little pony, whose size was just what I wanted; but I found that in trotting, he jumped four feet up, and then lit in the same place. Although he failed to annihilate much space, he nearly annihilated me. Every time he came down it was like falling off a four-story building.

Then I tried a little Shetland pony. There was activity in him; he was all life. He started off with me like a cannon ball, and ran down the street for about three hundred yards so fast that I didn't know my hat was off, and stopped all of a sudden; but I didn't stop. Oh no! I began a series of somersaults that would make a man's head swim to think about. Away I went, looking like a waggon-wheel, with every spoke in it frightened to death. Women screamed and fainted—men ran out to catch me; but I had gone by. Dogs ran out, and whenever one grabbed my coat-tails he went higher than a steeple. Waggon wheels were placed across the street in my way, but I went over them. The people all along that street got an injunction against me, but that didn't stop me. Fourteen policemen were powerless to arrest me. On I went! I prayed that I might be allowed to stop only ten minutes for rest and refreshments. At last I came bang against an old acquaintance. He asked me what I was up to. I told him I was up to 60 miles an hour.

At last, my revolving power being exhausted, I came to a full stop. I was glad. I went home and took sick. My head had been turned—more than usual. The doctor said I had gone round all wrong too much, but by skillful treatment they would bring me round all right.

I have taken the advertisement out of the paper. Has anybody got an easy-trotting cow to sell?

JOKE ON A BANK PRESIDENT.

There is a banker in Philadelphia by the side of whose handwriting even the penmanship of Horace Greeley seems symmetrical and beautiful. Well, this banker was persecuted by a life insurance agent who wanted him to take out a policy. The victim stood it for a while, but finally one day he kicked the agent out of his office. Then the tormentor began to send notes to the unhappy wretch, explaining the endowment system, and asking if any one of his aunts ever suffered from torpidity of the liver.

At last the banker wrote to the heartless fiend as follows:

"You diabolical scoundrel, if you send another line to me I will come round to your office and blow out what little brains you have!"

When the life insurance man received this, he turned it up and down, and held it sideways, and stood before a mirror with it, and examined it with a microscope, and called in six or seven experts; but after all he couldn't determine, with any degree of certainty, what he meant. To ascertain, he presented it at the paying teller's desk in the bank, and that worthy, without a moment's hesitation, paid five thousand dollars on it, believing it to be a cheque for that amount. There is one agent less in that city than there was a week or two ago, and one more banker who betrays symptoms of insanity when the subject of life insurance is mentioned in his presence.

BOY SMOKERS.

We clip the following from a Louisville exchange, but it will apply to other places besides Louisville:—

"Here and there about the street corners, and around the doors of places of amusement, you will see a lot of urchins, some of them decently clad and presenting a respectable appearance, who are engaged in asserting their manhood by puffing away at execrable cigars. It is fair to presume that their anxious mammae are not aware of the foul habits their darling boys pick up and practice outside of the paternal roof; but for their benefit they should know that a French physician has investigated the effect of smoking on thirty-eight boys, between the ages of nine and fifteen, who were addicted to the habit. Twenty-seven presented distinct symptoms of nicotine poison. In twenty-two there were serious disorders of circulation, indigestion, dullness of intellect, and a marked appetite for strong drinks; also in three there was heart affection; in eight decided deterioration of blood; in twelve there was frequent epistaxis; ten had disturbed sleep, and four had ulceration of the mouth. It is easy, then, to see how the ranks of the drunkards and dissolute men 'about town' are recruited, when there are so many boys in training for delirium tremens and the horrors of dissipation."

A LAZY SET.

Old Farmer Gruff was one morning tugging away with all his might and main at a barrel of apples, which he was endeavoring to get up the cellar stairs, and calling at the top of his lungs for one of his boys to lend a helping hand, but in vain.

When he had, after an indefinite amount of sweating and tugging, accomplished the task, and just when they were not needed, of course, the "boys" made their appearance.

"Where have you been and what have you been about, I'd like to know, that you could not hear me call?" inquired the farmer, in an angry tone, and addressing the eldest.

"Out in the shop, settin' the saw," replied the youth.

"And you, Dick?"

"Out in the barn, settin' the hen."

"And you, sir?"

"Up in granny's room, settin' the clock."

"And you, young man?"

"Up in the garret, settin' the trap."

"And our Master Fred, where were you and what were you settin'?" asked the old farmer of his youngest progeny, the asperity of his temper being somewhat softened by this amusing category of answers, "come, let's hear?"

"Out on the door-step, settin' still," replied the young hopeful.

POISONED WITH KISSES!

A wealthy family in the neighbourhood of Colmar engaged a governess from one of the Swiss Cantons to take the charge of a lively little boy, and also of a little girl. From the first day of her entering upon her duties it was remarked that both the children, who up to that had enjoyed excellent health, became sick and lost their appetite. A doctor was called in, but still the children grew worse and worse. The next step taken was to have the house examined by competent persons, and especially the room in which the children slept, in case there might be anything hurtful in it. They found nothing, but recommended change of air and scene. This advice was followed; and the parents changed all their tradesmen, baker, butcher, grocer, &c., &c. Still the malady did not abate. At length the master of the house determined to examine the chamber of the governess; he found there several little boxes containing powders, and after questioning the coquetish but otherwise worthy girl as to their use and object, she confessed that she rouged herself every morning, and sometimes in the afternoon as well. Our wealthy citizen took the boxes to a druggist and had the contents analysed. It then came out that they contained a strong poison, which the children inhaled when they kissed their *bonne*. Mr. X. immediately dismissed the fair but rather too coquetish governess, as serious anxiety is still entertained for the health of the children.—*Swiss Times*.

WOMAN'S WIT.

The following is related by the New York Evening Post:—

It is not generally the young lady who takes the lead in an elopement. But when she does, the runaway is pretty sure to be a success. Franklin, Tennessee, had a romantic couple whose course of true love did not run very smoothly. So they planned a runaway scheme, intending to cross the State line and be married, and then return and beg the indignant father's mercy, the whole thing to be done between sunset and sunrise. Everything went all right until they reached the depot, when a suggestion having been made that the irate father might overtake them, the bridegroom became nervous and wanted to go home. But his lady reassured him:

"I don't see how he can; I really don't," quoth she. "He lives three miles from here, and if he comes he will have to walk. He can't make the distance on foot before the arrival and departure of the train. I saw the danger of such a denouement last night, and made my arrangements accordingly. I went to the stables, hid all the bridles, locked the doors and threw the keys away. When I left home this morning, mother and father were asleep. I quietly turned the key upon them, and threw the key away, too."

That couple were married, and the man had better walk pretty straight with such a partner.

WORDS OF CHEER.

Ho! weary traveller over the rough rode of life, are thy feet "worn and weary with the march!" Has darkness covered thee with her sable mantle? Are frowning skies above thee, with not a star to bless thy anxious signal? With not a ray to cheer thy gloomy path? Desponding pilgrim! press nobly on, thy fainting soul revive; no obstacle opposes thee which energy cannot remove; no barrier which perseverance cannot surmount. The wilderness with all its gloom is around thee now, but just beyond the promised land appears. If shadows deep descend upon thy path, the thought may bring thee cheer: the sun which casts them shines above thee still. The clouds which hover over thee, if thou gaze, are tinted with his hues. We only form conceptions by a contrast. Were there no darkness, light were naught to us. Were there no shadow, how were sunlight fair? Arise; gird on thy armor; battle thou with fate. "Triumph and Toil are twins." Behold the city on a hill to which thy footsteps tend—the haven of thy pilgrimage. The shadows disappear; the clouds are melting now. Hope long lay buried in the past. Press on. The victor's palms are thine; soon will thy banner wave triumphant. Then will the memory of thy trials be the trophies of thy victory.

TO THE ELECTORS

OF THE

Eastern Division of the City of Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,—

I have the honour to announce that I intend to be a Candidate for the House of Commons, in the above Division, at the coming General Election for the Dominion Parliament.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,

JAMES BEATY.

Toronto, 24th June, 1872.

NOTICE.

We shall be pleased to receive items of interest pertaining to Trade Societies from all parts of the Dominion for publication. Officers of Trades Unions, Secretaries of Leagues, etc., are invited to send us news relating to their organizations, condition of trade, etc.

Our columns are open for the discussion of all questions affecting the working classes. All communications must be accompanied by the names of the writers, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

(INVARIABLELY IN ADVANCE.)

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Single insertions, ten cents per line. Each subsequent insertion, five cents per line.

Contract Advertisements at the following rates:—	
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One column, for 3 months	50 00
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All communications should be addressed to the Office, 112 Bay Street, or to Post Office Box 1025.

J. S. WILLIAMS,
SUPERINTENDENT.

The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1872.

WATER WORKS COMMISSION.

The election of Water Commissioners took place on Friday last, and the result was just what was to have been expected—a stinging rebuke to those would-be autocrats who had so nicely cut and dried a Union Ticket which was to exclude all other candidates from competing, unless being charged with "presumption," or with the view of a desire "to recuperate their fortunes at the public expense." The state of the poll at the close was as follows:—

WESTERN DIVISION.

Worthington	830
Bell	862
Gzowski	550
McMurrich	470

EASTERN DIVISION:

Platt	774
Allan	691
Shon	478
Wright	399
Medcalf	325

Speaking of the result of the vote, the *Mail* says:—

"Before the polling had gone on for an hour it was evident that this election was to be the exponent of something more than the fitness of the candidates to superintend the construction of Water Works for the city of Toronto. Right or wrong a greater issue was underlying the struggle. 'The *Globe's* candidates far behind! Workingmen, vote for your friends!' was a placard including the principle that decided the contest at an early stage, and in the result may be seen one more instance of the folly of a wrong-headed opposition to a popular feeling. On a recent critical occasion the course pursued by the *Globe* alienated its friends and exasperated its enemies. Arrayed against the mighty engine of Labor the *Globe* was impotent. Its embrace was death, and never mind what the merits of a candidate might be, the support of the *Globe* has proved fatal to his chances."

The manner in which the Union candidates were put forward, whose certain election was considered a foregone conclusion by the *Globe* and *Mail*, and notably the unmerited abuse, on the part of the *Globe*, of one of the candidates who dared have the pre-

sumption to oppose the ticket, roused into activity the power that else might have lain dormant; and the result has proved that the electors—not the wire-pullers—have power in their hands and sufficient intelligence to use it.

Of course, the *Globe* could hardly be expected to express satisfaction at the result; and so takes its miserable petty revenge by endeavoring to make light of the proceedings that were had at the close of polling; and in the next morning's edition, while yielding as gracefully as possible to circumstances, and letting down very gently two of three successful candidates who were not on his ticket—Messrs. Worthington and Platt—as very amiable gentlemen, and all that, the *animus* of that journal was shown in the parting kick it gives to the obnoxious one in these words:

"Of all possible candidates Ald. Bell was perhaps the one whose election was least possible to be desired. He brings to the Board the weight of neither character nor ability, and he is a representative of the faction whose proceedings in connection with municipal affairs have always been corrupt and detrimental to the public interest."

Mr. Bell has served the people at the Council Board for over twelve years—and though the *Globe* has been ready enough with general charges and inuendoes, yet never one specific charge against Mr. Bell has been brought and proved;—all those long years—and it may be safely relied upon that it was not the will that was wanted but the power to do so; and the people—who are better judges of merit than even the Hon. George Brown—have shown the estimation in which they hold his fulminations, by electing to the very responsible position of Water Commissioner the man against whom such base charges are made without any attempt at establishing them. Of the same gentleman, the *Mail* speaks thus:—

"We have nothing to say against Mr. Bell, except that we shall think him wanting in good judgment if he assists in depriving the West end of a representative of the calibre of Mr. Gzowski."

"To the *Globe* and its rabid opposition to the workingmen he is indebted for his election; for 'the many' did not stop to consider more than that he was against the *Globe*. If Mr. Bell gives the Board the benefit of that good common sense which has inspired 862 citizens to vote for him as a Water Commissioner, and of that dogged integrity that has kept him a poor man in spite of any opportunities that may have arisen during his long connection with the Council, to profit by occasion, he will soon command the good opinion even of those who opposed him."

The Board of Commissioners being thus elected, we believe that, with perhaps the one exception, there will be every disposition to give it fair play. Of course, every act of the Commissioners will be subject to the closest scrutiny, and fair and honourable criticism. It could not be wished to be otherwise. They have a very grave and onerous task; but we have every confidence they will set about its accomplishment with that zeal and singleness of purpose, which will fully justify the electors in having placed it in their hands.

MR. JAMES BEATY, M.P.

Mr. Jas. Beaty, M.P., is again before the electors of the Eastern Division as a Candidate for the House of Commons, at the ensuing general election for the Dominion Parliament. Mr. Beaty will, undoubtedly, easily walk the course, but his friends must see to it that his certainty of success does not make them indifferent or negligent to use all the means at their command.

A GOOD JOKE.

The story is current that at one of the polling places, on Friday last, one of the "free and independent" forgot the names of the candidates for whom he was to vote. Being challenged, he hesitated, and finally got out of his dilemma by thrusting his hand into his coat-pocket, and drawing therefrom a dilapidated paper, and thereby getting his cue at once, cried out, "Allan and Wright."

THE COMING ELECTIONS.

In a very short time—we know not how soon—an election will take place for a new Parliament for the Dominion.

To a very large extent, the working classes hold a balance of power, and we think the time has now arrived when they should use that power to advance their own interests. It is, perhaps, too early a day to expect the Labor party to adopt a platform and put forth candidates of their own, but they can in many ways advance their best interests by supporting such candidates who may present themselves for their suffrages, as are willing to advance and support such measures as the operative classes may wish to see promoted. We shall take occasion at a future period to allude to some of these measures; but in the meantime we wish to impress upon the minds of working men the necessity of unity of action. This is a matter that should not be left till the last moment, but should occupy their serious attention at once.

The events of the past week prove conclusively that—if the workingmen are but prepared to take advantage of it—the opportunity has come whereby they can obtain a signal victory. Let them not be slow to thoroughly appreciate it.

PRESENTATION TO LADY MACDONALD.

For the past few days there has been on view, at Messrs. James E. Ellis & Co.'s, a solid gold jewel casket, which it is proposed to present to Lady Macdonald by the Trades' Unions of Toronto. The casket is four inches in length by three in width, is moulded on the sides, and is borne on foliated claws. On the top is a burnished oval on which is the inscription: "Presented by the International Workingmen's Union, to Lady Macdonald, as a testimonial of their respect for the wife of Canada's greatest statesman, July 1st, 1872." On the front is a shield on which are engraved Sir John A. Macdonald's crest—a hand in armour, supporting crossed crosslet fitch, and the motto, "Per mare per terras." The ornament is Arabesque. The work reflects great credit on Messrs. Ellis, by whom it has been executed. The idea of this presentation has sprung from a sense of gratitude by the Trades' Unions to Sir John Macdonald for the bill which he introduced allowing members of Trades' Unions to combine for all lawful purposes, and very properly removing obsolete and illiberal restrictions long ago wiped off the English Statute book.

BRASS FINISHERS, MONTREAL.

On Saturday last the brass shops of Montreal struck for the nine hour system. These shops include casters, finishers, plumbers, coppersmiths, silver-platers, and tinsmiths. We hope success may speedily crown the efforts that are now being put forth to establish the short time system in Montreal.

LABOR CONTEST IN IRELAND.

One of the most serious and ominous trials of strength between the power of Capital and the power of Labor which have ever been ventured on in the old country is now preceeding in Belfast. The laborers in the flax mills have struck for higher wages, and "lockouts" are following one another in quick succession. On Saturday last 11 factories had been closed, and 12,000 employees, who worked 180,000 spindles, thrown out of work on the spot. This week the "lockouts" have continued, and we believe that between twenty and thirty mills have now stopped work, and that 30,000 artisans are now idle. Some time ago the employers gave an advance of sixpence to a shilling a week to the women and children in their employment, but the present demand comes from the men—the "dressers" and the roughers—the former asking an increase of four shillings and the latter a shilling less. After a good deal of consideration, the masters offered to give an advance of two shillings, leaving the question whether it should be two shillings in perman-

ence or any sum from that to four, to be settled by arbitration. The masters renewed their offer to give two at once, and added that they would submit to arbitration the point of permanent advance as far as three shillings a week. But the men refused to accept this compromise, and hence the open rupture which now threatens with serious injury the staple manufacture of Belfast.

A NEW IDEA.

A writer in the *Shoe and Leather Record* makes this suggestion looking to a permanent removal of the disagreement between capital and labor. Let the manufacturers, representing capital, and the workmen, representing labor, instead of indulging in mutually irritating recriminations, organize a great national, or, perhaps, better still, international, capital and labor convention, to be held in, say New York, as the largest city of the United States, or in Washington, D. C., as the seat of the Federal Government, to devise the best means of effectually reconciling the interests of capital and labor, which viewed from a common sense standpoint, are, after all, identical. If the old wages system be weighed in the balance and found wanting, let it be abandoned and, some other system substituted more in accordance with the requirements and spirit of the age. It was certainly well enough adapted to the relations formerly existing between employers and employed. But the steam engine, and the marvellous improvements in labor-saving machinery which have followed in its wake, have introduced a new order of things, and it should not surprise us to find that the new system of work in factories, with its closely defined division of employments, calls for new industrial arrangements and for a revision of those laws which have hitherto regulated the mutual relations of labor and capital. It may be found, if the proper method of investigation be pursued, that the old bottles of our forefathers are not suitable for the new wine of to-day.

THE RELATIONS OF LABOR.

We hear a great deal from the lecturers and orators of the day about the "laboring classes," as if the people who do the work for society were a race quite distinct from those who are born to do nothing but enjoy the fruits of labor without contributing anything to the productive wealth of the country. And we find that as occasion offers there is a wide difference in the general estimate of those people whose avocation is toil. Some of the public teachers—for those who make talking a business are prone to claim the right to do the teaching in every department of knowledge, political, religious and moral—have much to say at times about "the dignity of labor," and are very eloquent in impressing the duty of labor upon all except themselves. They tell us continually that every man is born to labor, and that if he does not follow that order of nature he neither performs his duty nor fulfils his destiny. And it is astonishing what a difference there is, at times, in the relations which labor and its "dignity" bear to wealth and idleness. Just about the election period, the laborer figures largely as the hero of society, who holds in his hands the destinies of a nation and the fate of government. He is made to believe that not only is the government machine operated by his will, but that its work is exclusively for his benefit. At other times when workingmen, being convinced of the inadequacy of fine-drawn theories and flaunting rhetoric to their wants, proceed practically to take the management of their interests in their own hands, and to organize associations for self-protection, and, by combinations, endeavor to establish such rates of wages as will afford them a decent support, the "laboring classes" slide down in the scale of dignity, and are regarded as unreasonable, tyrannical and rebellious; the powerful arm of government is invoked to reduce them to submission, and legislative wisdom is urged to subject and restrain them. Then we are required to recant all our former opinions about what we owe to

labor, and to remember only what labor owes to capital.

The absurdity of these various and opposing ideas is apparent; but the reconciliation of interests, and the remedy for the constantly conflicting efforts of capital and labor to obtain the mastery, remain as far from adjustment as ever. The truth is, that a want of sincerity on the part of political economists, and the growing conviction among the people of the hypocritical character of their teachers, is the cause of the difficulty and the obstacle to a mutual understanding and an equitable settlement. Now, when the mercenary orator harangues the populace about "dignity," and impresses the necessity of "protection" to secure the interests of laboring people, it has become manifest that he is not really pleading the cause of labor, but only bolstering the rapacity of capitalists, who get the protection for themselves, and dole out about as much of the indirect "benefits" as they may think fit for their operatives. We must understand more thoroughly the hardships and privations of laboring people before we can fairly judge of their conduct when, under the stringent rule of poverty; and we should appreciate the services of those who relieve us from the burden of duties we are wont to "shirk" and happily escape, while they who toil daily, toil for their own support as well as for the support of their more fortunate neighbors. The miner who digs our coal, the scavenger who cleans our streets, have a daily task before them, from which most of us would shrink in horror, and consider ourselves most unjustly persecuted if we were obliged to perform; and yet, this is the business of their whole lives; for this they seem to have been born; they live by it, and still they live for it. Surely, this is virtually a condition of slavery, and perhaps the most intolerable kind of slavery, where poverty is the master, and capital the steward or overseer. Is it wonderful that the subjects of it claim and try to secure a fair remuneration for their labor?

Labor has a dignity far above the factitious importance which selfish politicians attribute to it, when votes are needed and money is running short. In proportion to its usefulness and the self-sacrifice involved in it, labor is indeed honorable. Therefore, it follows that those avocations commonly regarded the most menial are the most honorable; and society owes a debt of gratitude to all those who bear the burden of the hardest and most disagreeable work, which it can best reciprocate by a cheerful remuneration for the most toilsome and exacting employment.—*Western Workman.*

TRADES' ASSEMBLY PIC-NIC.

The pic-nic at Carleton Grove, under the auspices of the Trades' Assembly, though perhaps not so largely attended as on some previous occasions, was a very successful and enjoyable affair. Everything passed off agreeably and pleasantly. The various games were well contested. Notwithstanding that the weather was very warm, the lovers of dancing indulged to their heart's content, and the strains of the band were heard almost continuously. The party returned home at about eight o'clock, without the slightest unpleasantness having marred the harmony of the day. We subjoin the list of successful competitors:—

1. Quoit Match, 21 yards.—1st prize, value \$8, presented by W. Millichamp, Robert Ellison; 2nd, Tobacco Stand, L. Seivert, Frank McDonald; 3rd Felt Hat, W. & D. Dineen, Phillip McDonough.
2. Throwing Heavy Weight—1st prize, Pair Pants, \$5, presented by Potley & Dineen, J. J. Lappin; 2nd, Silk Hat, J. & J. Lugeaden, John Cooney; 3rd, Box of Cigars, Jame Burns, Wm. Lappin.
3. Flat Race, 200 yards.—1st prize, Silver Watch, presented by Charles Carnegie, John Lindsey; 2nd, Pair Sewed Gaiters, J. Cooper, John Barnes; 3rd, Vest, W. Finch, Royal Tiger, H. Lappin.
4. Three Quick Jumps—1st prize, pair of Sewed Gaiters, presented by Mr. John Smyth, P. McMahon; 2nd, Silk Hat, Coleman, "Hats that are Hats," John Hess; 3rd, Fancy Shirt, J. Cooper, G. E. Huson.

5. Flat Race, 100 yds.—1st prize, value \$10, presented by W. E. Cornell, John Barnes; 2nd, Pair Sewed Gaiters, John Turner, Henry Lappin; 3rd, Pair Pants, H. Matheson, David Brown.

6. Running Hop, Step and Jump, (two hops barred)—1st prize, Superior Silk Hat, presented by T. McCrosson & Co., Richard Fry; 2nd, Gent's Silk Umbrella, Chandler & Platt, Henry Lappin; 3rd, Dry Goods, value \$3, R. J. Hunter, David Brown.

7. Hurdle Race, three hurdles, 200 yards, hurdles 3ft. 10in.—1st prize, Picture and Frame, value \$7, presented by R. Phillips, C. Kennedy; 2nd, Goods, value of \$5, Golden Lion, Henry Lappin; 3rd, Vest, Conn & Alison, John Ryan.

8. Standing Jump.—1st prize, Silver Cup, presented by J. Segsworth, John Hess; 2nd, Fishing Rod, O. & I. Wardell, George Huson; 3rd, Ontario Workman for one year, Samuel Marshall.

9. Three-legged Race.—1st prize, 2 Boxes Cigars, presented by Samuel Westman, T. Hartnett; 2nd, 2 White Vests, Bland & Leask, John Hess.

10. Running Jump.—1st prize, Picture, value \$5, presented by H. Matthews and Bros., John Cooney; 2nd, Silk Hat, D. O'Connor, George Huson; 3rd, Gold Breast Pin, J. Wanless, J. Carroll.

11. Ladies' Race, 100 yards.—1st prize, Teapot, presented by W. H. Sparrow, Miss Mary Jane Kanean; 2nd, Crut Stand, Noah L. Piper & Son, Annie Lynch.

12. Boys' Race, (under 15 years), 100 yards.—1st prize, a Book, A. S. Irving, Charles Wakefield; 2nd, Album, A. Shaw, James Purtell.

13. Girls' Race, (under 12 years), 75 yards.—1st prize, Goods to value of \$2, presented by E. Lawson, Miss Annie Kanean; 2nd, Pair Cuffs, Henderson & Bostwick, Miss Kanean.

14. Old Man's Race, (aged 50 and upwards), 100 yards.—Goods to value of \$4, presented by G. Harcourt, John Purlett.

15. Consolation Race, 100 yards.—Bottles of Claret, presented by M. A. Thomas, English Chop House, T. Davis.

16. Prize Waltz.—1st, Ladies' Silk Umbrella, presented by Thompson & Son, Noted, Miss Clarence; 2nd, Gold Chain, Wardell, Variety Hall, Miss Maladine.

Boys under 12, 100 yards.—1st prize, Wm. Davidson; 2nd, R. Corcoran.

Mr. Wiggins, caterer upon the occasion, gave a box of cigars to be contested for by the committee in a race of 100 yards, which Mr. John Hewitt, Corresponding Secretary of the Trades' Assembly, won easily.

The Committee thankfully acknowledge the following sums of money:—Samuel Beaty, Leader Office, \$10; J. & G. W. Cox, \$5; Robert Bell, \$5; John Hallam, \$5; Lieut.-Gov. Howland, \$5; C. Page & Sons, \$2.50; P. Burns, \$2; Hugh Millar, \$1.

On Wednesday evening the prizes were distributed at the Trades' Assembly Hall.

WAGES AND OUTLAY.

The question of wages and working hours is a great question, but even when that question is well settled the trouble is not ended. The workman or his wife has to spend the whole or nearly all their earnings on the necessities of life. The grocer and the baker may be friends or foes. An honest tradesman is the workingman's friend. Pure articles at fair prices are what the workingman wants, but does not always obtain.

All those wishing to know where to trade most advantageously should consult our advertising columns, and pay a visit to those who are desirous of courting the custom and respect of the working class.

The Printers strike at Milwaukee has created greater excitement in that city than any event since the Chicago fire. The newspapers are regularly issued, but show a lean appearance.

A temperance movement of a novel and amusing nature has secured quite a number of unwilling teetotal converts in New York, from the flowing bowl. A ship arrived a few days ago from Cuba, bringing several corpses in spirits. The bodies were taken out, and the liquor, it is said, sold by wholesale dealers to a number of retailers, so that it has got spread around; of course, those who know all the particulars keep silent, and no one can even find out what kind of liquor it was, whether rum, whiskey, or what, so those who are not so far gone as to be perfectly careless what they swallow, are in a hobble, and many of the regular drinkers of that city are at present total abstainers.

Ten thousand workmen in the great English arsenal at Woolwich, are agitating for nine hours a day.

BUTCHERS' PIC-NIC.

The pic-nic held at the West Lodge Gardens, under the auspices of the Toronto Butchers Association, was very largely patronised, about 3,000 people being present. Great praise is due to the Committee of Management for the admirable manner in which all the arrangements were carried out. Notwithstanding the repeated attempts of a few young gentlemen in elaborate shirt-frills to provoke a riot, the proceedings passed off with scarcely a single hitch. The pic-nic may be pronounced a perfect success. A series of games was organized under the superintendence of Messrs. Dunn and Britton, for which a large number of competitors entered, and prizes to the amount of \$500 awarded. The weather was excessively sultry, and the demand for refreshments was proportionately great. The waltzing competition excited a great deal of altercation, as well as of angry feeling, the decision of the judges being for some time obstinately disputed. As usual, the climbing of the greasy pole provoked roars of laughter, and the prize, a ham, was won by a lad named R. Coope. Part of the band of the 10th Royals was in attendance during the day and played a very good selection of dance music. The proceedings terminated with a very fine display of fireworks, and the visitors dispersed well satisfied with the day's amusement. The following are the lists of the prizes and winners:—

300 yards race, open to all.—1st prize \$10, H. Giddins; 2nd prize, pair of boots, E. Verrell; 3rd prize, btl. of beer, D. Kornody.

100 yards race, open to all.—1st, C. Burns, \$5; 2nd, Anderson, pair of boots; 3rd, E. Verrell, box of cigars.

100 yards race, butchers employees only.—1st, B. Allison, \$8; 2nd, B. McLeary, pair of pants; 3rd, G. Eastwood, shirt.

100 yards, open to members of the Association.—1st, E. Bird, walking stick; 2nd, Deacon, saw; 3rd, Chapman, copy of the *Sporting Times*.

Hop, Step and Leap, open to all.—1st, C. Burns, Hat; 2nd, E. Verrell, Box of Cigars; 3rd, J. Hickey, Pair of Boots.

Three Standing Jumps, open to all.—1st, E. Verrell, Hat; 2nd, J. Hickey, Box of Cigars; 3rd, J. Perry, Bottle of Wine.

Half-mile Race, Butchers' Employees.—1st, W. Crealoch, Suit of Clothes; 2nd, W. Miller, \$5; 3rd, E. Price, Pair of Pants.

Half-mile race, open to all.—1st, J. Wilson, Silver Watch; 2nd, Mulvaney, \$10; 3rd, H. Harney, 2 Doz. of Ale.

Race running backwards, 100 yards, 1st, E. Verrell, Vases; 2nd, Larnega, Tobacco Box; 3rd, Charlton, \$1.50.

Champion Race, one mile.—1st C. Nurse, \$20; 2nd, P. Kinnear, Silver Cup; 3rd, J. K. Leslie, Ham.

Three-legged Race, Butchers' employees.—1st, O'Halloran and Price, \$5.00; 2nd, Crealoch and Melloy, two boxes Cigars; 3rd, Davies and Dain, two bottles Brandy.

Three-legged Race, open to all.—1st, Wilson and Verrell, \$5; 2nd, McKormick and Christie, two boxes Cigars; 3rd, Charlton and Graham, one doz. Ale.

Half-mile Hurdle Race, open to all.—1st, A. Sylvester, \$10; 2nd, E. Verrell, one gallon Brandy; 3rd, J. McBride, two doz. Ale.

400 yards Race, Butchers' employees.—1st, Crealoch, Gold Pen; 2nd, O'Halloran, Silk Hat; 3rd, W. Miller, Lamp.

150 yards Race, members of the Association only.—1st, E. Bird, Mail one year; 2nd, Chapman, Smocking Cap; 3rd, W. Deacon, Lamp.

Two hundreds yards Race, open to all.—1st, C. Burns, \$5; 2nd, J. Burns, box Cigars; 3rd, E. Verrell, Ham.

Putting Stone.—1st, Curran, box Cigars; 2nd, Patterson, bottle of Wine; 3rd, Crady, D. Bitters.

Cigar Race, open.—1st, C. W. Miller, Silk Hat; 2nd, H. Kelly, Lamp.

Walking Race, half-mile, open.—1st, J. K. Leslie, Silk Hat; 2nd, E. Verrell, Wheelbarrow; 3rd, J. Jenkins, Lamp.

Hopping Race, 50 yards, open.—1st, C. Burns, Bird-cage; 2nd, J. K. Leslie, six boxes Collars; 3rd, E. Price, twelve boxes Blacking.

Waltzing, open.—1st, P. Greene and lady, Lady's Companion; 2nd, J. Perry, lady's Boots.

Waltzing, Butchers' employees.—A. Crealoch and lady, \$10; 2nd, J. Maloney and lady, \$5.

Walking Horizontal Bar over Water.—Jas. Calgey, Silver Watch.

First Consolation Race, open.—1st, J. Foster, box of Soap; 2nd, Ellwood, box of Cigars; 3rd, A. Romain, Irish Canadian.

Second Consolation Race, Butchers' employees.—1st, Chantler, Ham; 2nd, T. Fulford, bottle of Brandy; 3rd, Crealoch, tie and collars.

Third Consolation Race, Butchers' employees.—1st, Gray, gallon Brandy; 2nd, L. Britton, Ham; 3rd, Charlton, one doz. Liniment.

Greasy Pole, open.—R. Coope, Ham.

Catching Greasy Pig, open.—J. Rogers, pig.

MONTREAL UNION NINE-HOUR'S LEAGUE.

From the Correspondence of the Northern Journal.

DEAR SIR,—We, the Executive Council of the Montreal Union Nine-Hour's League, desire, through your columns, to define in a few words the steps we have already taken, our present situation, and our future course, in striving to gain our object. Early in the month of March of this year a number of workmen, interested in the

progress the nine-hour's movement was making in Great Britain, and influenced by the appearance of an agitation in Ontario, met to discuss the merits of the question as it effected this country.

The result was the formation of the above-named League, whose numbers within a month swelled to 2,000 members. The main plank of our platform was to secure nine hours per day (or its equivalent 54 hours per week) as a fair day's work. In order to gain this object every legitimate means were to be used, avoiding angry words and hasty action. We had good reasons to assume this position, seeing that our own honor was at stake, as also that of the committee of gentlemen appointed by the employers to watch over our interest. Being very wishful to have a practical expression of such interest, coming from such a valuable source, several invitations were sent to their Honorary Secretary, but the interest, so very deep—as we suppose—has not yet risen to the surface.

In the latter part of March a mass meeting was held, whereto it was unanimously resolved that, "On and after the first day of July, 1872, fifty-four hours should constitute a week's work of six days." Up to the present time we have not deviated or receded from our intended course. Peaceably, yet energetically, we have held on our way, and as our conduct has been such as to win the commendation of those averse to the movement, we feel stimulated to work for success upon these grounds. Our hopes have not been blasted or our plans frustrated, seeing that eleven firms, employing in the aggregate fifteen hundred men, have made the concession, or promised to do so by the first of July. We are yet encouraged to hope that ere the sun dawns upon that most eventful morn that not only eleven, but every firm, where the system will prove beneficial, will adopt it.

As we were not unduly influenced at the commencement of this agitation, neither shall we permit ourselves to be intoxicated by the success of our well directed efforts. Constantly keeping in view the identity of the employers' interests with those of our own, we can say, with becoming satisfaction, that no employer has been ill-spoken of, or unduly influenced in the matter. On the other hand, we only chronicle a single instance in which an employer has met with incivility or disrespect at the hands of his employees.

On the first of July, three months will have elapsed since that day was spoken of as the time when fifty-four hours should constitute a week's work of six days.

Our object is not wholly accomplished. We reiterate our desire that that day shall reveal to the land the peaceful fruits of a well conducted effort to ameliorate the condition of our order, and that without sacrifice to the capitalist or the country.

We have glanced at our course and conduct hitherto. We do not beg for sympathy. We offer no threat.

In conclusion, we shall stand by our platform until our object is gained. We have used every peaceable effort, and are still willing to do so. Should the employers force us to extreme measures, we cannot be responsible for the issues. It is certain that such a course will be injurious to the country and themselves.

The blame will be upon their own shoulders.

We remain, Sir, on behalf of the M. U. N. H. League, yours respectfully,

JAMES BLACK,
WM. MOORE,
THOS. ARCE,
WM. CAREY,
WM. RAFFERTY,
WM. BARLOW,
JAMES FENWICK,
Executive Council.
THOMAS SHAW,
Secretary.

June 27th, 1872.

CONFERENCE OF IRONWORKERS.

A conference of ironworkers was opened on Monday and resumed on Tuesday. The number of men represented was between 40,000 and 50,000, employed in Staffordshire, East Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Monmouthshire, Scotland, and elsewhere. Mr. Ancott presided. The object of the conference was to endeavour to unite the whole of the ironworkers in the United Kingdom in one national association, so that the same policy might be pursued by all. As the prices of iron rise and fall in the different markets simultaneously, so it is thought that should wages rise and fall at one and the same time throughout the whole of the iron districts. The following resolutions were adopted:—"That there shall be one national union extending to all ironworking districts, and embracing all ironworkers, including blast furnacemen and others connected with the trade who are disposed to associate with us." "To en-

able the ironworkers to accomplish the above object the delegates assembled at this conference agree, in the name of their constituents, to accept and abide by the revised rules which have received the careful consideration of Mr. Rupert Kettle, with such by-laws as may be agreed to by the delegates assembled, and which in their opinion are desirable to promote efficiency in the working department of the association. All the by-laws to be approved by at least three-fourths of the members before they become binding." It having been agreed that 2,000 members should have the privilege of appointing an agent, the following resolution was passed:—"That there shall be an agent appointed from Staffordshire and East Worcestershire, as soon as the recognized number of members, according to the monthly returns from the above named districts, amount to 2,000." It was arranged that delegates should be sent out as soon as possible to the various districts, where there is no association of ironworkers, with the object of getting the men to unite. The conference, which had sat with closed doors, concluded about six o'clock.

THE JUBILEE.

Boston, July 1.—The Irish band paraded to-day. There was an immense procession, nearly two miles long. The Fenians turned out. The City Government welcomed the band, forty in number, at the Parker House, and an address was presented to Mr. Clements, in behalf of the Irish residents. The French band participated. The heat was so overpowering that the band left for home after the reception at the Parker House in carriages, and the procession dispersed. This is the Irish day of the Jubilee. Moore's compositions were largely performed by the orchestra, bands and choros. The Irish attended in immense numbers, some 35,000 in all. The Guards were well received in "Zampa." They also gave Irish melodies, and were brilliantly applauded. It was one of the best receptions they have had.

Intense heat continues to-day, notwithstanding which there was an imposing show of Irish Societies and military in the procession to receive the Irish band, and crowds of people gathered along the route, cheering heartily. The Mayor briefly welcomed the band at the City Hall, and subsequently a collation was provided for the visitors by the city, at the Parker House.

To-day (Monday) which was announced as peculiarly devoted to the Irish, drew an audience of only 20,000. A fantasia from Faust by the French band, the astonishing accomplishment of Madame Peschka Leuter in an air of the "Queen of the Night," from the "Magic Flute," and the performance of the Irish band, under Clements, were the popular features, although the English and German bands were received with great favor. The Irish musicians showed their skill under an accomplished leader, who had had them in training but a short time, and were kept on the stage for nearly an hour. The enthusiasm was immense, and overtopped that aroused by the Anvil Chorus with its guns and strikes. "The Harp that once through Tara's halls" was sung by the chorus and audience, and the Grenadier Band revived the enthusiasm by performing in fine style the "Oberon Overture," and on the encore several English and American favorites. The Don Juan overture by the German band was also favorably received.

Greely will attend on Wednesday, which is to be called the Irish-American day.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

NEW YORK, July 2.—A letter from Zanzibar reports the reception of news there through an Arab trader. That Livingstone was alive and well at Ujiji, in April, and that all the European residents believed the report. This is important, merely as corroborating the statements received from Stanley, by an entirely different route.

LONDON, July 2.—Letters from Stanley, in search of Livingstone, have been forwarded, of which the following is a summary:—Stanley reached Unyananyembe on the 23rd of September, 1871, having lost on the way by illness one white man, two of the armed escort, eight pages, two horses and twenty-seven asses; from thence he intended advancing on Ujiji, but found terrible difficulties in the way. Mirambo, king of Ujowa, declared no caravan should pass Ujiji except over his body. Arabs declared war, and anticipated victory. I gave assistance the first day in concert with the Arabs, and attacked two villages and captured, killed and drove away the inhabitants. On the second day I caught the fever; on the third day the Arabs were ambushed and routed with terrific slaughter; on the fourth day there was a general desertion of the Arabs, and my own men all but six abandoned us.

Mirambo threatened Unyananyembe. I fortified the houses, selected 150 fugitives with five day's provisions and hoisted the American flag. Mirambo retired without attacking. I then started for Ujiji on another road. The Arabs endeavored to dissuade me and said death was certain, and frightened my followers. Shaw deserted, but I nevertheless pushed forward over the untrodden desert for

400 miles and prosecuted the suburbs of Ujiji, which I entered, firing guns and carrying the American flag at the head of the procession. The astonished natives flocked out in crowds with deafening shouts. I noticed in the centre of a group of Arabs—strongly contrasting their sunburnt faces with the hale looking grey bearded white man wearing a naval cap with faded gold band and red woollen shirt.

Preserving a demeanour of calmness before the Arabs I inquired, "Dr. Livingstone I presume?" He smilingly answered "Yes." He informed me that he started in March, 1866, with twelve sepoys, nine Jolanna men and seven liberated slaves, travelled up the bank of the Rovuma, his men got frightened, deserted, and reported Dr. Livingstone dead, as an excuse for desertion. He crossed the Chambezi and found it not the Portuguese Zambesi, but wholly a separate river. He traced it and found that it was called further on Lualaba—he explored 700 miles and found that the Chambezi is doubtless the source of the Nile, and that the length of the Nile is 2,600 miles. It is not supplied by the Tanganyika—he reached within 180 miles of the explored ground when he was obliged to return to Ujiji destitute—he here met me. We both left on the 16th of October and arrived at Unyananyembe at the end of November. We spent 28 days exploring the district together. We spent Christmas in Ujiji. I arrived on the coast on March the 14th, leaving Dr. Livingstone at Unyananyembe, to explore the north of Tanganyika and the remaining 180 miles of the Lualaba river. This will occupy the next two years.

CABLE NEWS.

MADRID, July 1.—The King will soon visit the Northern Provinces of the Kingdom, and pass through those which have been most disturbed by the Carlist agitation. The Republicans have resolved to oppose every form of monarchical government in Spain, to acknowledge no monarchical authority, and to abstain from all elections while a monarchy exists in the country. At the same time members of the majority in the Cortes and former members of the Ministry belonging to the Conservative party have determined to withdraw from the political arena.

PARIS, July 1.—The Treaty providing for the evacuation of French territory by the German troops, which was signed last Saturday night, requires the ratification of the French and German Governments within one week after having been signed. One half milliard francs of the war indemnity are to be paid two months after the ratification of the treaty, when the department of Marne and Upper Marne are to be evacuated. The second half milliard on the 1st of March, 1873, and one milliard francs on the 1st of March, 1874, when the departments of the Ardennes and Vosges are to be evacuated. The last milliard francs of indemnity, with accrued interest thereon, are to be paid on the 1st of March, 1875, when the departments of the Meuse and Meurthe, and the fortress of Belfort are to be evacuated.

At the session of the National Assembly to-day, M. Goudard, the Minister of Finance, will introduce a bill authorizing a new loan to meet the requirements of the Treaty.

PARIS, July 1.—In the National Assembly this p.m., M. Pousat read the text of the Treaty for the evacuation of France, just concluded with Germany. Great disappointment was felt when it was found by the clauses of the Treaty, that, although certain districts are to be gradually evacuated, Germany has the right to maintain the full strength of an army of occupation in France until the war indemnity is entirely liquidated. The Minister of Finance did not submit at to-day's session, his bill for raising a new loan to meet the obligations of the Treaty.

PARIS, July 2.—The trials by court martial of the woman Clariot, who gained notoriety during the Communist reign in Paris by murdering a *gendarme*, and the man Philippe, who was a prominent member of the Commune, and participated in many of its most disgraceful acts, have just terminated. Both were convicted of the charges preferred against them, and sentenced to be executed.

MADRID, July 2.—The Government has sent large reinforcements of troops to Catalonia, so as to be in readiness to act promptly should any disloyal demonstration be made.

The *Field* gives the following as the dimensions of a grand old yew tree growing on the Marquis of Bath's estate in Wiltshire: Height 50ft., circumference of branches 164ft., spread of branches from north to south 53ft., and from east to west 60ft., girth of stem at 1ft. from the ground 32ft., smallest girth of stem 24ft. 6in.; length of stem 7ft. Under ordinary circumstances, the age of yew trees may be approximately guessed at by allowing a century for every foot in diameter of stem; thus this remarkable old tree may safely be calculated at from 1,100 to 1,200 years old. It is a growing, healthy tree, rather cone-shaped, and is very dense in foliage.

NOTICE.

TO BRASS FINISHERS AND PLUMBERS.
In consequence of a STRIKE in the above trades in Montreal, journeymen are warned not to go to that city.

WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER.

BY A DISPLACED THREE-YEAR-OLD CHILD.

Mozzer bought a baby, 'Tittle bitsy sing, Sink I mos could put him From my rubber ring. An't he awful ugly? An't he awful pink? 'Just come down from heaven,' 'Tat's a fib, I sink.

Doctor told anozzer Great big awful lie; Nose an't out of joint zen, 'Tat an't why I cry. Manma stays up bedroom - Guess he makes her sick: Frow him in ze gutter, If I can, right quick.

Cuddle him and love him! Call him 'Dressed sing'! Don't care if my kite an't Got a bit of string! Send me off with Biddy Every single day. 'Be a good boy, Charlie; Run away and play.'

'Sink I ought to love him!' No I won't; so zero! Nassy crying baby, Not got any hair, Got all my nice kisses, Got my place in bed; Meant to take my drum-stick, And hurt him on the head!

HAPPINESS.

Do we not mistake, when we consider happiness, as we sometimes do, as that emotion of joyousness that presents itself as we move in the glitter and glow of social pleasure? It is that enjoyment that we feel when any of the gratifying scenes of life are passing us by to-day, that to-morrow shall be known only in the past.

Nor is real happiness to be found only where it is often sought, where the only aim is our own selfish feelings, the gratifying of the desire to destroy the thought of a hereafter in scenes of present hilarity and mirth. But if we would find happiness that is deep and abiding, that none of the little storms of life can disturb, then let us arouse to some noble and pure work of love, that shall be a benefit to ourselves, to our friends, or to the world at large.

Whenever we yield our will to the wishes of others, we become better, and when we strive to be better, our happiness will certainly increase. Whenever we make a sacrifice, whenever we cultivate and improve ourselves, whenever, by constant watching, or earnest effort, we rid ourselves of a fault, then we find that true happiness that alone is worthy of the name, and that is pure and substantial joy.

We are progressive beings, and live in a world of improvement, and only as our advancement is constant shall we be able to keep our position in society, and, surely, if we see those that have occupied a place by our side, or in some lower walk of life, passing by us to a sphere from which they will look down on us, it will be destructive to our peace of mind if we have any moral ambition or pride. Then let us all, even at the expense of the most laborious effort, and exhausting toil, reach that highest position attainable, and thus wield our greatest power for good, and receive the richest recompense of happiness.

A MARRIAGE CEREMONY INTERRUPTED.

An occurrence, which has caused a considerable amount of excitement and merriment, took place in the neighbourhood of Dumbarton the other day. A young man of respectable appearance and connections has discharged the duties of station-master at one of the small stations on the Helensburgh branch of the North British Railway for nearly two years past, and it seems that during his leisure hours he had wooed and won the affections of a good-looking and respectable woman in service at a public house not far from his station. A purpose of marriage between them was duly proclaimed and the ceremony was fixed to take place in her master's house at 5 o'clock on Monday afternoon. A considerable number of guests were invited, and the marriage feast was duly provided. Matters, however, did not proceed so satisfactorily as might be expected. It appears that the bridegroom was suspended from his duties some eight or ten days ago in consequence of certain irregularities said to have been discovered in his books, and orders had been issued to an inspector of the railway police to apprehend him, and hand him over to the criminal authorities at Dumbarton, in the event of his failing to pay a certain sum of money of which it was alleged he had defrauded the company. The officer found his man, but generously delayed giving him up to the authorities. He accompanied him to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who, it was alleged, would produce the needful to make him a free man. In this, however, he was unsuccessful, and the officer thereupon proceeded in

a dog-cart to Dumbarton with the bridegroom in custody. On arriving at Dalrooch Junction, the officer took his prisoner into the signal-box in order to despatch a telegram relative to the case, and while in the act of writing the message, he slipped out and took to his heels, and, being a swift runner, was soon out of sight of his pursuers, and has not as yet, we believe, been captured. Of course the marriage could not take place in absence of the bridegroom, but we understand the marriage feast was duly enjoyed by those present.—North British Mail.

HORRIBLE CASE OF DESTITUTION.

A painful case of destitution has been brought to light in the aristocratic burgh of Broughty Ferry. A fisherman named John Lorimer, with his wife and five young children, have been living in a house of one apartment for some time in very indigent circumstances. The wife has been terribly addicted to drinking, and the wages the father obtained are said to have been mostly spent in liquor. The husband sailed one day last week with the East Indian Mangalore, from Dundee. The following night Mrs. Lorimer was seen loitering about the door of the house. Barefooted, barelegged, and with only a short piece of clothing on, she was on the public street. Bad as this was, it was nothing to the state of matters inside the miserable dwelling. The whole of the children—the oldest about 13 years, and the youngest an infant about 8 months old—were running about naked. The eldest, a girl, indeed did, like her mother, have on a piece of frock, but nothing else; and the infant at the breast had a small dirty bit of cloth having the appearance of flannel round its shoulders, but the intermediate three poor creatures were said to be quite naked. The only thing like furniture was an old broken dresser. There was no bed, and the only substitute was a quantity of shavings and rubbish which lay in a corner, while the only covering for it, in room of sheets and blankets, was a piece of an old herring-net. There were no provisions or eatables of any description within the door. When the police entered the house the children ran into corners and hid themselves. The room was in a most filthy condition. The children are described as being in a very emaciated and sickly-looking condition. When asked if they had got any food during the day, they stated they had got some potatoes for dinner, and some tea and bread for breakfast. It is said they have been in a condition bordering upon this for the past six months or more. Now and again sympathizing neighbours have taken pity on the miserable offspring, and supplied them with articles of clothing, but they did not have the comfort of wearing them long, as they were taken and pawned by their mother. Of course their education had never been dreamt of, the eldest of them having never been at school. Mrs. Lorimer was apprehended on a charge of drunkenness and disorderly behaviour, but before she could be taken into custody some clothing had to be obtained for her. The parochial authorities have been informed of the deplorable state of the family, and will forthwith make suitable provision for them.—Dundee Advertiser.

WORKING WITH THE TOES.

As cramped and deformed as the toes of our people are, from the silly habit of wearing tight boots, we can hardly realize that the Japanese, Chinese artisans, and Bedouin Arabs are almost quadrumanal, as from continued practice they use their toes nearly as readily as their fingers. Short and cramped as they are in our stiff leather shoes, we have scarcely any will-power over them. But Chinese and Japanese workmen actually pick up tools with their toes, and work with them thus handled, while other operations are conducted with other instruments in their hands. We have often seen chisels held by a long handle with the left hand, while the toes guided the cutting edge in turning beautiful forms in a lathe, in Constantinople. Workmen there are always seated on the ground, even in planning a board. Arabs braid ropes with their toes and fingers laboring in concert. It is therefore positively certain the toes may be educated to act with rapid movements. By practice they become obedient to volition, and yet wise physiological authors hardly admit the possibility of teaching muscles to act just as millions of mechanics in those distant countries have been exercising their toes through hundreds of Asiatic generations. So much for theoretical science.

THE FASHION.—Why is an old coat more fashionable than a new one?—Because its "worn."

DEATH OF A FARM LABORER FROM STARVATION.

On Tuesday Mr. Wm. Carter held an inquest at the Mitre Hotel; Tooting, on the body of James Sewington, aged thirty-five, a farm laborer, employed at the County Lunatic Asylum, Wandsworth. Ellen Sewington said that the deceased was her husband, and that he frequently complained of pains in the head and stomach. On arriving home on the Friday night he seemed very ill, and on the Saturday morning when she roused him to go to his work, he said that it was no use of his going as he should only be turned back. He attempted to walk across the room, but fell flat on his face. He was then very ill, and he died the same afternoon. His earnings at times were 18s. per week, but when it rained, his wages were decreased, as the weather would not allow him to work, and at times he only earned from 12s. to 13s. a week, out which he had to pay 4s. rent. He had stinted himself very much during the last few days, and the witness and her children had tasted nothing but dry bread and sugar and tea for the last fortnight. He had run very much in arrears with his landlord, and he had been trying his utmost to make up the arrears. She knew that every thing he had to eat he shared with her and the children. He would never make known when he was hungry, and the only thing he had to eat when he left home on Friday morning was a dry crust, and when he returned home in the evening he had another piece of bread. They had not tasted meat for weeks. Mr. Walter Chapman, surgeon, of Tooting, said that he was called to see the deceased, who expired a few minutes after his arrival. He had not made a post-mortem examination, but was of opinion, from the evidence he had heard, that he died from exhaustion. The coroner summed up, and the jury, after consulting, returned a verdict "That the deceased died from exhaustion through want of food and proper nourishment.—Lloyd's Weekly.

ARTS IN JAPAN.

"The artisan of Yeddo," says a late writer, "is a veritable artist. If we except the conventional style to which he represents himself compelled to submit in his representations of the human figure, if we overlook the insufficiency of his knowledge of the rules of perspective, we shall have only praise left for him in all other respects. His works are distinguished from those of Miako by the simplicity of his forms, the sobriety of his decorations, and the exquisite feelings of nature which he exhibits in all subjects of ornamentation drawn from the vegetable or animal kingdom. These are his favorite subjects; flowers and birds have the power of inspiring him with compositions which are charming in their truth, grace, and harmony. In regard to perfection of execution, the works produced in both capitals are equally admirable.

"What is still more remarkable, the Japanese fancy never runs into those aberrations which in China and elsewhere outrage nature by cutting trees into geometrical figures, or training shrubs into the shapes of animals. The taste of the Japanese in their popular arts, remaining independent of the conventional influences at their two courts, has all the freshness of a naturally expanding civilization. Therefore, it is still characterized, by a certain puerility; witness the truly childish passion of all classes of society for enormous flowers and dwarf trees. I have seen aquaria, not much larger than ordinary, where they succeeded in uniting the features of a complete landscape—a lake, islands, rocks, a cabin on the shore, and hills with real woods on their summits, of living bamboos and cedars in miniature. They even sometimes add Lilliputian figures, coming and going, by means of a string which is wound up.

"This sort of childishness is found in a multitude of the details of Japanese life. Sometimes a porcelain junk is set before a dinner-party; it is taken to pieces and proves to be a unique and complete tea-set. Often, part of the repast is served in cups so minute, and porcelain so fine, light and transparent, that one hardly dare touch it. There are cups, called egg-shells, so delicate that they must be protected by a fine envelope of bamboo netting.

"The saloons are adorned with birds and butterfly cages, crowned with vases of flowers, whence depend climbing plants which cause the birds to appear as if nesting in verdure. Under the paper lanterns suspended from the ceilings of the verandas, there are often bells of colored glass, the long, slender clapper of metal supported by a silken thread, or slip of colored or gilded paper. At the least movement of the breeze, these bands of paper move, the metallic tongues, the glass bells, and their vibrations make a vague melody like the sound of an Æolian harp."

RATHER SUSPICIOUS.

A short time since a woman in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, lost her husband; he sickened and died. In due time the funeral took place. The poor woman felt badly of course, but she was not the only one thus situated. After the funeral sermon was over, and a last opportunity was offered to behold the departed, first one woman went to the coffin, then another, till about twenty had pressed their lips to the marble forehead. All this time the weeping widow was looking on; she knew none of the women, and was shocked beyond power to describe for a few moments. When she did get her speech she arose, took off her veil, examined her lost husband's face with circumspection, faced the audience, and said:—

"Until within the last few moments I had supposed that the cold form in this coffin was once my husband, but the kisses and tears of the—to me—strangers who have just paraded before us, have convinced me that he belonged to others a good deal more than he did to me. My part in this funeral is finished."

She gathered up her cloak and stalked out of the room, as mad a woman as has been seen in Oshkosh since the war.

BETTER DAYS.

Whenever a poor, forlorn, threadbare, semi-respectable person intrudes himself upon you in the hours of care and business to sell a cake of soap, lead pencils, Tribune Almanacs, or even a box of matches, if you do not desire his wares, let him down easy. Don't snub him and chill his desolate heart by harsh words and forbidding looks. "Put yourself in his place," and dismiss him gently, even if his frequent importunities annoy you. Fancy yourself a poor friendless wretch, past the meridian of life, buffeting the waves of outrageous fortune, pinched with cold, ill-clad, half starved, bearing your secret griefs and sorrows with resignation, determined to live the remnant of an ill-spent life honestly in a calling so humble that a few pence per day will suffice to succor nature in wearing out the soul case in God's own time—with health and friends gone—"homeless beside a thousand homes," and then ask yourself how you would prize a kind word, a sympathetic look, a helping hand, even a penny bestowed in a kindly spirit; and even such an act, however small, like the "cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple of Him who had not where to lay His head," will make the wheels of your own busy life run smoother—in a word, make yourself more human by being humane to others when sorrow and despair overtake them.

Pere Hyacinthe, the dissenting Catholic priest, is engaged to be married to the only daughter of Count Von Edal, a Bavarian nobleman of considerable wealth. He made the acquaintance of the lady in Rome.

The Field gives the following as the dimensions of a grand old yew tree growing on the Marquis of Bath's estate in Wiltshire: Height 50ft., circumference of branches 164ft., spread of branches from north to south 53ft., and from east to west 60ft., girth of stem at 1ft. from the ground 32ft., smallest girth of stem 24ft. 6in., length of stem 7ft. Under ordinary circumstances, the age of yew trees may be approximately guessed at by allowing a century for every foot in diameter of stem; thus this remarkable old tree may safely be calculated at from 1,100 to 1,200 years old. It is a growing, healthy tree, rather cone-shaped, and is very dense in foliage.

According to the Swiss Times, a very important discovery has just been made by two Austrian marine officers and an engineer. By their united efforts they have devised a plan for conveying away under water the smoke from the funnel of river or ocean steamboats. Double ventilators are employed, the smoke compressed and then forced into the water. These ventilators are propelled either by water power or small steam engines. The advantages of this discovery are at once obvious. In armor-plated vessels, the only vulnerable part, the funnel, can thereby be dispensed with. But in our inland navigation such a method of getting rid of the smoke is almost of incalculable importance. The space now occupied by the passage of the chimney through every deck will be saved, and the most fertile source of fires removed once and forever. It is said that the trials thus far made have been completely successful.

The applications of photography are certainly very various. One of its most recent uses as pointed out by the Journal of the Photographic Society, had been to aid army tailors in cutting the new-fashioned which are to be worn this year by all regi-

ments. Formerly it was the custom to forward to each master tailor of every regiment a pattern card, showing the alterations to be made, together with instructions as to the manner in which the lace and trimmings varied in the uniforms for the different grades. Such a proceeding was necessarily a costly one; for probably some two hundred pattern tunics were required for transmission to every battalion in the service. Instead of this, but one garment of each sort has been made; and this having been photographed in three different positions, copies have been distributed throughout the country. In this way, of course, every information is afforded to the regiment, without any extra expense being incurred.

Sawdust and Chips.

HABEAS CORPUS (No. 2).—The Anatomy Act.

Why is a modest young man like a highway road?—Because he's mild (miled).

To make a thin man appear fat—Call after him, and he will then look round.

Never write secrets with a quill-pen—it might split.

What resemblance is there between an agricultural laborer and a sailor?—A striking resemblance—just at present.

FOOTED-UP.—Men of business often complain that their gas account runs away with a lot of money;—they don't reflect how many feet are represented in the bill!

What is the difference between a sportsman and a prizefighter?—The one marks his game before he strikes it; the other strikes his game before he marks it.

SOMETHING LIKE A BARGAIN.—The following is an advertisement we saw the other day in bold type on an omnibus, "Angel and Bank 2d"—what more could mortal man desire?

ARCADIA ON STRIKE.—If a farmer thrashes his workman what is the literal difference between them?—One's A-laborer, the other B-laborer.

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—1. Why does the ant or emmet belong to no type of existence?—Because it belongs to an anty-type. 2. What effect would that insect have if taken into the human system?—It would act as an emmet-ic.

A LUXURY, IF YOU LIKE.—Sandy: I say, Jock, mon, did ye ever get yer hair brooshed by machinery?—Jock: Naw! What like is't?—Sandy: He, mon, it's awfu' nice. It's near as good as scrattin yer heed!

NOVERCA.—Master Bandersnatch is learning Latin. The other day he declared that a Step-mother must be an idle woman. His reason being demanded, he said that she was no-walker. He was worked off to bed, promptly.

AN EARLY QUIBBLE.—George: "There Aunt Mary! what do you think of that? I drew the Horse, and Ethel drew the Jockey!" Aunt Mary: "H'm! But what would Mamma say to your drawing Jockeys on a Sunday?"—George: "Ah, but Look here! We've Drawn him Riding to Church, you know!"

THE "RED BOOK AT FAULT!"—Mrs. Polshorj (Establishment for Young Ladies, Bellevue House, St. Leonards) solicitous as well for the physical as the mental development of her Pupils, engages a respectable (middle-aged) Non-Commissioned Officer to exercise them in Calisthenics under her own eye.—Ancient Militia Sergeant: "Elbows turned in, and close to the Sides! Palms o' the Hands full to the Front!—Thumbs close to the Fore-Finger!—Little Finger in Line with the Seam of the Trows—Ahem! As you were!"

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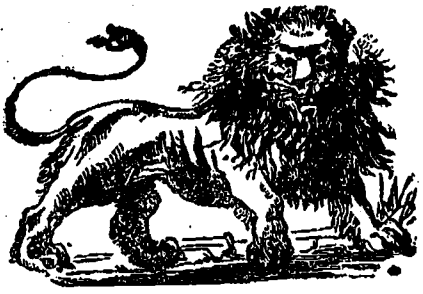
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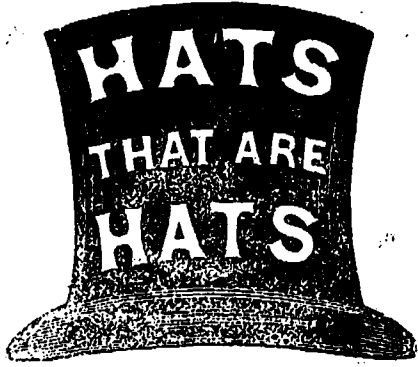
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