

Ontario Workman.

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

VOL. I.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1872.

NO. 27

CANADIAN.

The horse disease has appeared at Babcaeygon.

A well-known coal firm in Montreal have been summoned on a charge of selling coal of short weight. Some startling revelations are expected.

The horse disease has made its appearance in Ottawa. Veterinary-Surgeon Coleman has over a dozen cases to which he is attending.

The Clinton *News* says:—Quite an exodus of young men took place yesterday morning from our station, to the pine lands of Michigan, where they are going to put in their winter work.

A destructive fire occurred in Sackville, N. B. on Friday night last. Five buildings were destroyed, and damage done to the extent of \$100,000.

A young man named Aide, employed in the factory of Messrs. C. E. Burnham & Co., Celebration street, St. John, last week, had his arm caught in the planing machine in that factory, and before he could free himself had his right arm so crushed that the bones were mixed up with a mass of wounded flesh. It appears that he was standing by the machine when a child coming along accidentally struck his leg, causing him to trip and fall. Amputation was performed, and the man is now doing well.

The convict prisoner who lately heroically jumped into the lake at the prison, and saved the life of a drowning guard, was yesterday released from the penitentiary on a free pardon. The noble act has been much spoken of, and we are glad that the executive clemency has been exercised in this case. The convicts under the new regime, are daily being taught that by conducting themselves well, they can lessen their term of imprisonment, and be well treated.—*Kingston Whig*.

The St. John (N. B.) *Daily News* speaks of a very malignant disease, which appears to be baffling the skill of physicians. It is very prevalent at present in Cambridge, Queen's county. It says:—A young man named McKelvie died of diphtheria in this city some time in the early summer, and his body was taken to his home in Queen's county for burial. Against the advice of physician and friends the family insisted on opening the coffin to see the corpse before burial, knowing full well that the disease of which he died was said to be infectious. A little later several members of the same family took the disease and died in a very few days, despite all that physicians could do for them. Now intelligence reaches us that the disease has spread to other families; that Mr. William Briggs, of the same place, has buried his whole family of four children within a very short time, and the disease is still spreading. About 12 years ago the same locality was visited by a disease very like the present, which carried off vast numbers of young and middle-aged of the parish, in some cases several members of the same family having been buried in one grave. It is to be hoped that the disease may be stayed, and that the calamity of 1860 may not now be about to revisit that people.

An inquest was held before Coroner Cummins, in Lothes' Hotel, Welland, on Monday, upon the body of John Graham, a sailor on the schooner *White Oak*, of Oakville, who was shot by the Captain, George Coole, while coming down the canal this morning. The evidence was somewhat conflicting. A verdict of manslaughter against the Captain was rendered. Graham died in a few minutes after being shot.

During the recent gale at Bay Side, Westmorland, N.B., a house containing a man, his wife and child, was upset, and as the house fell on the side in which the outside door was placed, they were compelled to cut their way out. The building was carried some ten or twelve yards by the force of the wind. None of the inmates were injured. Some other buildings in the neighborhood were unroofed.

A fatal accident occurred at Cobourg on Monday morning, by which an old man named Patrick Monaghan lost his life. He was found at seven o'clock by his children drowned in a barrel of water. At the inquest held this afternoon by Coroner Mason, there was no evidence given by which the jury could decide whether it was accidental or otherwise, but they returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death through drowning.

The propeller *Ohio*, Capt. Patterson, which left Kingston for the west at seven o'clock on

Sunday evening, took fire opposite Nine Mile Point, and was burned to the water's edge in about three-quarters of an hour. She had 300 tons of pig iron on board. The crew were taken off by the propeller *City of London* and brought to Kingston. The *China* was built by Messrs. W. Power & Co., of Kingston, and so far had proved a great success. She is said to be insured for \$24,000, but this amount will not cover the loss.

On Tuesday morning two men, father and son, were attempting to cross the south branch of the Muskoka River at Brown's Falls, got into the current and were carried over the falls. All that is known of them is that they left Mr. Dickie's house, a mile and a quarter away, about seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, and on Wednesday the shoes and socks of the boy were found on the river bank. A canoe was also found at the foot of the falls, badly broken. Their names are unknown.

AMERICAN.

A vigilance committee at Aultville, killed one man and mortally wounded another on Thursday night for horse stealing.

The physicians called in the trial of Laura Fair as witnesses, have submitted bills for the approval of Judge Riordan to the tune of \$100 per day, or from \$700 to \$900 each.

At San Francisco, at a quarter past four on Saturday morning, two shocks of earthquake, of several seconds duration, were felt, with oscillations from east to west. No damage was done.

Sara Payson Parton, better known as Fanny Fern, died on the 11th inst., in the 61st year of her age. For over twenty years she has been a constant contributor to American literature, and has earned with her pen a wide celebrity.

The official report of the investigation into the Metis disaster throws the responsibility upon Captain Burton and the two pilots, and attaches some blame to Doane, the first mate. The licences of the captain and the pilot are revoked.

A Massachusetts shoe manufacturer offers to furnish \$15,000 to start a shoe factory in Bangor if the citizens of that place will raise the same amount to put with it. The latter have already subscribed \$9,500, and expect to raise the balance without difficulty.

Some of the leading Chicago packers are confident that the coming winter packing season will be an unusually active one, and opinions are expressed that that city alone will pack 1,500,000 hogs during the months of November, December, and January, or an average of nearly 100,000 per week. One firm calculates to pack 350,000 hogs during the season.

Osborne P. Anderson, one of the two sole survivors of the armed party under John Brown, who made the famous attack on Harper's Ferry, is now an invalid in Boston, stricken with a fatal disease, penniless and in debt. He was the only colored man in that affair who escaped with his life—a brave stalwart mulatto, on whom Brown placed much reliance.

The New York *Tribune* says: "A youth of thirteen years was arraigned at the Essex Market Police Court on Friday, for thrashing his wife, whose age was thirty-five. The cause of domestic unhappiness was jealousy, coupled with an alleged failure on the part of the woman to get supper in season. The young husband admitted that he was anxious to obtain a divorce."

A western paper describes the manner of love-making practised among some of its readers in the following paragraph: "The young people who were seen feeding each other, dove fashion, over a gate post, the other evening, had better be a little more cautious in the future."

There was a riot in Covington, Ky., on Saturday night. A Grant procession of whites and blacks was marching, when a boy halloed for Greeley. A negro said "shoot him" and commenced firing. Although many shots were fired no one was hurt with bullets, but a number were struck with torches. The doors and windows of two stores were broken in.

SAD DEATH OF A MOTHER.—This morning the westward bound train on the Toledo, Wabash and Western railroad, due here at 2:10 in the morning, had on board a lady with two children, who desired to get off at Corvo Gorodo. The train being behind time, barely stopped, and just as the two children were safely on the platform the train started with a violent jerk, which threw the mother between the cars. The rear coach passed

over her, killing her instantly, mangling her body shockingly, and leaving the two children motherless and alone.—*Decatur Magnet*.

It is reported that the younger Bennet has given orders for a magnificent monument to his father, intended to be the finest in Greenwood. The price is unlimited, but it is estimated it will cost not less than \$250,000. The shaft is to be of white marble elaborately sculptured with symbolical figures representing the profession of journalism. The inscription will be simply James Gordon Bennet, with age and date and founder of New York Herald.

The Chicago Relief and Aid Society has just published a statement showing that the total charitable distributions have thus far amounted to \$5,500,444.06. The amount received and distributed by other societies foot up to \$439,705.50. The miscellaneous sums contributed to individuals and for specific objects are estimated at \$500,000. The amounts furnished by Cincinnati, Milwaukee, St. Louis and other cities and expended by special committees foot up to \$504,552. Total, \$6,944,256.50.

The rolling mill buildings on the Cambria works, Pittsburg, covering about five acres of ground, caught fire about twelve o'clock on Sunday night. Only a portion of the main building and the west wing were saved in a damaged condition. The light machinery of the mill was entirely destroyed, but the heavy machinery is not much damaged. The workmen organized a meeting and volunteered to contribute a certain part of their work to assist in rebuilding the works.

At cattle show at East Oxford, Me., lately exhibited a choice collection of rural monstrosities. Among these was a calf without a leg, not the kind suspected of being kept on sale at shops where feminine haberdashery is disposed of, but the genuine bovine article without a leg to stand on; another was a calf, or rather two calves, which coalesced into one at the hips, forming a sort of animated pair of dividers. There was also a pair of lambs joined at the other end, with one head and eight legs, and standing upright on the four hind legs, that is to say, not the fore, but the hind legs. We hope these country fairs do not encourage the raising of such stock.

FOREIGN.

The Egyptian Viceroy has given a valuable building site in Cairo for a Protestant church, to be erected by subscription among Englishmen.

The great summit crater of Mauna Loa, in the Isthmus of Hawaii, is again in eruption. There is no flow of lava yet. At a distance of 75 miles the sight is magnificent.

On Tuesday the postal treaty between the United States and the German Empire for the exchange of postal orders came into operation. Seventy-one cents, gold, has been fixed as the value of the German thaler.

It is said that efforts are being made which have not yet assumed any official form, to require the Messrs. Laird, the constructors of the privateer Alabama, to pay a portion of the sum awarded to the United States by the Geneva Tribunal.

Preparations are making at Woolwich Arsenal for a casting which is said to be the largest ever attempted, being intended for the anvil-block of the 30 ton Nasmyth hammer, which is to be erected in the new workshop of the Royal Gun Factories. It will weigh more than 100 tons.

The Crown Princess Victoria of Prussia offers a prize of 10,000 thalers for the best essays on advancing the material prosperity of workingwomen. The essays may be written in German, French or English.

Women's rights are attracting attention in Italy, along with other advanced political movements. To promote the rights and further the interests of the fair sex in the domain of Victor Emanuel, one Signora Aurelia Cinzio Falliero de Luna, a much more imposing name than Victoria Woodhull, has projected a bi-weekly paper entitled *The Cornelia*, which journal advocates women's rights in the schools, colleges and ballot box.

Prof. Agassiz's last voyage has convinced him, more strongly than ever he was persuaded before, of the full growth of his glacial theory, or in less technical phrase, the agency of immense masses of ice in the stupendous work of shaping the present continents of the earth. Prof. Agassiz insists that he has found

in our sister continent, South America, numerous and irrefragable evidences of ice action in shaping existing hills and valleys.

The most remarkable engineering feat now in progress is to be the crossing of the Andes by the Lima Oroya Railroad. The mountain chain will be crossed at an altitude of 15,000 feet by a tunnel 3,000 feet in length. The grades are the steepest known on any ordinary railway. The workmen employed are Cholos Indians, the only operatives who can endure for a prolonged period the rarefied atmosphere at this great elevation.

The Commission to enquire into the grievances of the Irish Civil Service has been appointed. Lord Monck is to be at the head of it. When Mr. Plunkett moved for the issue of this Commission, it was to put the civil servants of Ireland on a level with those of England; but it appears that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has widened its scope, and directed the members to inquire into the possibility of reducing the number of clerks.

The persecution of the Jews in Roumania is engaging attention in more than one quarter of the globe. Among the documents in the newly issued Austrian red-book the least important are by no means those which relate to the subject above named; and an American telegram declares that the correspondence between Mr. Washburne and M. de Remusat shows a disposition both on the part of America and France to protect the oppressed Hebrews.

The emigration movement has produced the curious result of an excess of females over males in the United Kingdom. In the ten years 1861-71, 2,128,225 emigrants sailed from England, of which number 1,279,260 were males, and the females only 848,995. Last year's emigration continued the disproportion, the numbers being 153,771 males and 99,264 females.

Grape leaves are said to be in many respects superior to hops for making yeast. The bread rises sooner, and has not that peculiar taste which many object in that made from hops. The directions are to use eight or ten leaves for a quart of yeast, boiling them for about ten minutes, and pouring the hot liquor on the flour, the quantity of the latter being determined by whether you want the yeast thick or thin. Use hop yeast for raising it to begin with, and afterward that made of the grape leaves. Dried leaves are equally as good as fresh. Sometimes the yeast has a dark film over its surface when rising, but this entirely disappears when stirred.

The walk from London to Brighton, a distance of fifty-two miles, in eleven hours, is a notable feat, and it has just been accomplished by Mr. P. J. Burt, who may accordingly regard himself as somewhat of a hero. He was so exhausted that he told some friends who had come to meet him that he must give in. However, some one persuaded him to drink a couple of glasses of cognac, and under the influence of this stimulant, which would have been disastrous if administered at an earlier period of the journey, he managed to get over the remaining two miles in excellent style, finishing at the rate of six miles an hour. He had, indeed, eight minutes of the stipulated time to spare.

"One woe doth tread upon another's heels"—so we read with respect to matters in the old country. The potato crop is a failure; the cattle plague has broken out afresh. In Scotland and the North of England, because of the excessive rains, the wheat, rye, barley and oat harvest is spoiled. The potato rot is not as bad in Ireland as at first reported; for some undiscovered cause its ravages have been arrested. It is well that on the continent the harvest has been excellent, otherwise on the Island they would fare badly; as it is, the price of breadstuffs has advanced but slightly.

A correspondent of the *Builder* states that he had occasion for several years to examine rooms occupied by young ladies for manufacturing purposes, and he has observed that while the workers in one room would be very cheerful and healthy, the occupants of a similar room, who were employed on the same kind of business, were all inclined to be melancholy, and complained of a pain in the head and eyes, and were often ill and unable to work. The only difference he could discover in the rooms was that the one occupied by the healthy workers was wholly whitewashed, and that occupied by the melancholy workers was covered with yellow ochre. As soon as the difference struck him he had the yellow ochre washed off the walls and then whitened. At once an improvement took place in the health and spirits of the occupants.

Labor Notes.

The sailors of Cleveland are on strike. The tug owners of the Clyde have locked out their men at Greenock, owing to a dispute respecting Sunday labor.

The Kalso washerwomen, following the movement for a rise of wages, have resolved to demand an increase of pay.

In answer to a solicitation made to the Wishaw master bakers, the operatives have received an advance of 2s. per week.

The bricklayers' strike in Chicago continues. About half of the contractors have acceded to the demands of the men. Good order has prevailed amongst the men on strike.

The bakers of New York, following the example of their craftsmen in London, have made a request for a reduction in their hours of labor to 12 in place of 18, and also a rise in wages.

The strike of the Weensland spinners is at an end, having lasted twenty-one and a half days. The employers have agreed to the men's demand for what they regard as the general statement price of work in the town.

A large meeting was held on Saturday evening, at the Bell inn, Old Bailey, of wheelwrights, smiths, and painters, and all employed in the trade, to consider the best steps to be taken towards improving their condition.

The employers of the journeymen boot and shoe makers in Auchterarder have offered them an advance of 4d. per pair on women's boots and 6d. per pair on men's boots. This offer has been accepted, and the strike is consequently at an end.

The wire-weavers in the employ of Mr. F. W. Potter, of Barbican, have had their wages increased 5 per cent., with extra pay for overtime to the extent of 10 per cent., making a total advance of from 3s. to 4s. per week. The increase was voluntarily given by the employer.

A meeting of chairmakers and carvers in the east of London has been held at Hackney, for the purpose of taking steps to obtain an advance in their rate of wages. They ask for an advance of at least 10 per cent. It was resolved to appoint delegates from each shop to ascertain the views of the masters.

The moulding business at present is dull in this city, but there appears to be considerable work in Bridgeport for Union men. Several "scabs" who recently visited Bridgeport in search of employment have returned, and are now begging cards from the officers of No. 77.—*New Haven Union*.

At a meeting of the executive of the Agricultural Laborers' Union, it was stated that the members now numbered quarter of a million, and that the winter lock-out had already commenced; and while old laborers were going into the workhouse, young men were being sent to Queensland and the north of England. Only one or two had returned to Warkwickshire.

CUBAN FIGURES.

It is often said that figures can't lie. Unfortunately those who have anything to do with them soon find out that there are no more inveterate and outrageous liars in the world. Take some Cuban figures as an example. The last census for that Island shows that there not more than 350,000 men of all classes capable of bearing arms. Yet the Spanish journals declare that official records prove that during the recent war there the Cubans experienced the following losses:

Killed in action.....	13,600
Taken prisoners, mostly shot.....	485,000
Surrendered.....	69,640

Total..... 518,240

Thus the Government troops have made away with a hundred and fifty thousand men more than there were in the Island, and yet the insurgents seem lively yet. Being killed does not seem to affect the Cubans in the same way that it does other people.

Poetry.

ONLY ONE OF THE WORKING CLASS.

Only one of the working class! Why do you fear to speak? No flush of shame will mantle her brow, Or deepen the rose on her cheek, Only one of the working girls Whose daily life is toil; Who envy not the rich man's wealth, Or covet the fruitful soil.

You may speak to her, she is woman true, Though one of an humble sphere: She is proud of the work her hand can do, Proud of the place she will fill here; You may speak to her in earnest tone, But not in a trifling mood; She is good as they of wealthy birth, And pure as they of gentle blood.

Only one of the working class! Since when is labor shame? How many there are who entered its ranks To high on the scroll of fame? Only one of the working class! What taint is on the name! We each have work in life to do, Be it of hand or brain.

The sweat of thy brow shall earn thy bread, Henceforth shalt thou toil! No tree shall bear thee fruitful yield, Except thou till the soil. And they, who first His guests had been, Began their life of toil.

If they who once held station high, And with it honored name— Could stoop to work, should you or I, Their children, think it shame? Labor, to us, is God's best boon, Though given as punishment. For were this earth a place of rest, Heaven would be but discontent.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN. Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The prudish reader may think that this gentle being, tender as the "leaves of hope," and pure and spotless as angels in thought, went beyond certain despotic, conventional bounds; but what sight more holy, more beautiful, freer from the grossness of human nature, than the first appearance of genuine love—the budding, nascent affection of a young, gentle, confiding, virgin soul? "I am an ungrateful wretch, I admit, as Paul has been to see me," he said, a little humbly, apologetically. "How is your friend and fellow victim?" asked Vida. "The doctor thinks better of his case to-day; but why victims?" "Oh! Paul has given me his view of the matter, and I believe with him that you are the victims of a synd of wretches, assassins, murderers! If I were a man I would be even with them; the cowardly, cold-blooded villains," and her eyes flashed defiant lightning. Suddenly she blushed, and said quickly: "I'm a goose, a feather-head, a fool—excuse me, Mr. Arbyght; but I think it a real mean, atrocious, abominable act."

were guileless, pure, unallied, unfettered by conventional restraints, unclogged by inextricable social customs; for hours she would sit beside his cot, her hand gently clasped in his, while they, like prattling children, talked, like angels loved. Every look was mutual bliss, every tone and gesture of one was rapture to the other. "Like echo, sending back sweet music fraught With twice the aerial sweetness it had brought." But the spell was rudely broken; greed, revenge, jealousy, furnished the the engine, of parental supervision with a strong motor, and down came the trip-hammer of authority, destroying the bright crystal cup of Cupid, spilling that sparkling, vivifying, sweeter nectar than ever by Olympian gods was sipped, and leaving two thirsty souls in the parching desert of separation. Impotent man! bid the endless thread of time to cease uncoiling, or backward wind on its eternal spool, bid the white, mild moon her changing phases drop, bid all nature, and nature's God, and immutable laws reverse, but attempt not to dry up, with the strongest, fiercest heat of opposition's fire, the perennial spring of genuine love. Vain the attempt, and more foolish than vain; opposition is the purest oxygen to the flame of love, but we anticipate. Relvason, during the past week discovered that Calumet Avenue was one of the pleasantest drives in the city, and he might be seen rolling past the hospital in gaudy splendor, once or twice a day, his face uncommonly close to the glass-door of the carriage. Twice he saw Vida and Mary enter, or leave the hospital. He felt confident that Vida visited Arbyght, but to enable him to convince others, whose fertility of imagination was not equal to his own, he hired a non-Union man, whom Richard had on several occasions befriended, to watch the hospital, and enter and ask to see Arbyght immediately after Vida was seen going in. This mean piece of diabolism succeeded admirably. The man called, inquired for Arbyght, and was shown in. Richard received him kindly, and thanked him warmly for calling, but after he left, Vida said she felt sure he was a spy. A woman in love is all eyes and intuition. When Vida Geldamo left the hospital, that afternoon, she carried with her a heart like lead, and when she reached home, she ran to her room and cried as if her little heart would break, and yet, if she were asked why her tears flowed so copiously, it is extremely doubtful if she could give a satisfactory answer. That evening, as Vida was wearily reclining on Paul's shoulder, her father came into the room with a quick, nervous step, and a strange glitter in his eyes, a noticeable paleness in the lips. Vida trembled slightly and turned very pale. She had never before seen that white, compressed lip, that stern, unrelenting look—Mr. Geldamo was ever a kind, indulgent parent—and she knew that something unusual had occurred. He sat down, and an oppressive silence ensued; five minutes elapsed—"Vida, my child!" "Well, papa," and she glided towards him, and knelt on a little foot-stool covered with delicate velvet carpet, and looked with pitiful tenderness into his hard face. "Mr. Allsoud called to see me this afternoon." "Did he, papa?" (pale.) "And he made a formal demand for your hand." "Oh, papa!" (paler.) "And, now, child, what have you to say?" "That Mr. Allsoud is not a gentleman!" The nostril dilated and the eye flashed. "Why, Vida! What can you mean?" "He has already proposed to me, and I rejected his offer, and he knows I would sooner die than willingly marry him." "Not marry him, Vida?" "Never!" "But it is my wish, child." "Oh, papa! you would not have me marry a man I could neither love nor respect—a man I despise?" "Nonsense, child; you know not what you say. Love is an ephemeral dream, a fleeting shadow, an unreal illusion, and respect will always come with marriage; Mr. Allsoud is quite wealthy, respectably connected, and loves you devotedly." "But, dear papa, what are wealth and connections when contrasted with happiness and contentment? I do not love him; I hate him, papa." "Stuff, child; you would learn to love your husband in time." "I never could love Mr. Allsoud," she said, speaking quite slowly and deliberately. "Why not, pray?" (sharply.) "Because"—(a word frequently used by women; its meaning is very vague, ambiguous and indefinite.) "Because?" He repeated the word quickly, interrogatively, and then continued satirically: "Does the 'because' mean that there is another attachment?" "It does, papa," she answered, turning very red. "Oh, ho! and, pray, why has this matter been veiled from my observation?" (ire rising.) "Dear papa, he is poor, and I feared you would be angry." (redder.) "So you are ashamed of him?" "Ashamed of him!" she reiterated, with burning cheek, and eyes darting pale fire. "I am proud of him. He is as much All-

sound's superior as you are, dear papa; he is honorable, brave, manly, independent; he is my superior; there is nobody like him. And oh! papa, I love him so much," and she burst into a great flood of tears, clasped her father's knees, and sobbed with convulsive violence, then his stern heart seemed to relent, for he tried to calm and soothe her. "I did not think it had gone that far," he said reprovingly, but softly. "Oh! you don't know how I love him; it will kill me if you part us," she answered, in accents of deepest anguish. Then Paul, who had, until now, remained silent, came forward and said: "Father, let us reason the matter. Now, it seems to me that Mr. Arbyght is a more desirable alliance than Mr. Allsoud. The latter has money, it is true, but he has little else than money, while the former, though lacking money, has an inexhaustible fund of mental wealth, business ability and tact, physical stamina, and not a little experience. Give him the same chance that you often give entire strangers, at the request of some supposed friend, and in a few years even you will be proud of him. Why, father, who are our rising business men? Are they not the hardy, sturdy sons of farmers and hard working mechanics? And they invariably succeed, while those who inherit fortunes very frequently die in poverty and want. They are not fit for business; they can boast neither muscular nor mental prowess; they are puny, lanky, miserable imitations of man, and dissipation, finical feminine frivolity, are about the only things in which they excel." "My son, you have drawn quite a flattering picture of yourself." "Oh! but you seem to forget that your father was a New England mechanic, and my mother was an Illinois farmer's daughter. I do not lay any claim to the honor you would have me assume." Mr. Geldamo was on the wrong side of the argumentative fence, and he knew it, but, as it is usual in such cases, the knowledge only served still further to provoke him. "Paul, your remarks are anything but filial or respectful. Have I not toiled late and early for you both, watched over you in infancy and youth? You have been my constant care these twenty years, and is this the return you make me? An upstart, a fortune seeker, cunningly steals my daughter's love, and now she cares not so much for her poor old father as to respect his wishes. But I have a father's rights, and I will enforce them. Vida, you shall never marry this man with my consent, and if you marry him contrary to my will I shall discard you, disown you, curse—" "Oh, papa! dear papa! don't say that; I will never marry without your consent; I will never marry at all. I can never love but him; kill me, but do not curse me; kill me, but do not say an unkind word of him. You do not know him—" "I will see him this very evening," and he stood up as if to depart; then she threw her arms around his neck and clung to him, kissed him, and almost shrieked: "Don't go now, you are angry, and if you plant a dagger in his soul it will kill me, for in heart, soul—everything—we are one." Her bosom rose high, then spasmodically fell, her arms loosened their hold and dropped heavily by her side, her eyes closed, her head fell back upon his arm, her beautiful, luxurious hair uncoiled and fell like a sheet of gold to the carpet. Spin swiftly, oh, Time! thy impalpable, unseen thread freighted so heavily with visible, palpable sorrows; speed on! thy fleeting moments are stings now; nor in her maiden soul is felt the barbed point of unreasonable, implacable command; the heart, of gold the slave, forever deaf to love or mercy's wailing cry, is powerless now for a few brief moments. Gold has no heart, otherwise, as personified in Mr. Geldamo, it had relented, melted at the sight. The white, upturned face, the sightless eyeballs, mutely but earnestly pleaded, begged for the affinity, the sine qua non of the unconscious, inanimate suppliant. But the unyielding father, though moved to tears, in his heart relented not. His daughter wed worth without wealth? Perish the thought! We baseless wealth without an atom of worth? Yes, gladly, willingly. (To be Continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR, The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Edward, the Black Prince.

Beside a grey mule, with fine and slender legs, and mane curiously plaited, rode two men who wore the robe with a red badge and the horned cap, which distinguished the Jews. As soon as the oldest of these horsemen could feel assured that the noise of the horses' steps and the exclamations of the excited crowd would prevent his words being heard by those around him, he bent his head towards the young woman who rode the grey mule, and whispered, "Imprudent maiden, have you so soon forgotten the admonitions of your father, and the advice of our friend Zedekiah?" "Pardon me, my father," answered the young Jewess, "but the audacity of that man, who dared to threaten with his whi—"

old Samuel, hastily, putting his finger on his mouth and casting around him looks that betrayed all the uneasiness of his soul. "What would you say, my father?" continued Rachel, in a voice choked by sighs. "Certainly I have suffered severely: I have met with insult; and I thought I had nothing more to learn—but I was deceived. The agony I have just felt in recognising, under those tatters, the valiant lord who loved me—for it was certainly he; my eyes cannot have been deceived, my ears cannot have forgotten the sound of that voice that moves my whole heart—this agony, indeed, is beyond my strength." "Rachel," said Ben Levi, coldly, "another imprudence, like that you have just committed, and we are lost." "Why did you not leave me in Castile?" answered the young girl; "Deborah, who loves me with the tenderness of a mother, would have watched over me, and with her, at least, I could have wept." "Abandon you, poor child!" answered Samuel. "To have left you in Castile would have been to bury you in your grave." "Heavens! what have I done to these men?" murmured the Jewess, sorrowfully. Zedekiah, in his turn, leaning towards Rachel, whispered harshly, "You have loved him whom Castile cursed." "And I love him still, Zedekiah," said Rachel, proudly. The procession had just arrived before the gates of the convent of St. Andrew, where the Prince of Wales usually held his court, and a buoy movement immediately took place. The Bishop of Segovia and the Spanish noblemen dismounted, and pages-carrying flambeaux introduced them to the English prince, who awaited them in the council chamber. As to Tom Burdett, having only followed the escort of the ambassador to avoid sleeping in the open air, as soon as he came to an inn of pretty good appearance, he had judiciously stopped there. Edward, Prince of Wales, was seated in an arm-chair covered with silver brocade. This heró, who was the first warrior of his time, had gained his knightly spurs on the field of Cressy, when only sixteen years of age. He was commonly known by the name of the Black Prince, and is so designated in history, because he always fought in black armour, mounted on a black charger. On the present occasion he wore a short, violet-coloured mantle, bordered with ermine; the cross of St. George shone on his breast, and the ostrich plume, his birthright as Prince of Wales, waved over his broad wide forehead, already wrinkled by reflection. At his side stood his lords and counsellors, among whom the famous Sir John Chandos, Matthew Gournay, Robert Knowles, and William Felton were most distinguished. The herald of the palace announced the ambassador from Castile in a loud voice, and Augustin Gudiel appeared on the threshold of the door, where his companions stopped. After bowing profoundly, he was about to kneel before Edward, who hastened to raise him; but that no one might misconstrue this act of deference, that all might know it was offered to the prelate and not to the envoy, "I congratulate the Count of Trastamara," said he, aloud, "at having chosen for his ambassador a minister of Heaven. The sacred character with which you are invested, Sir Bishop, induces me to hope that you come on an errand of peace and reconciliation." The address of the Prince of Wales visibly disconcerted the Bishop of Segovia; but he hastened to reply. "Most high and puissant prince, I come in the name of my master, Don Enrique, King of Castile and Leon." "Sir Bishop," interrupted the prince, "I recognise no other King of Castile and Leon than Don Pedro, my ally." "Don Pedro is no longer King of Castile," resumed Gudiel, with affected calmness, "Thanks to the Almighty for having in his mercy delivered that country from so terrible a master, whom she had styled 'Don Pedro the Cruel.'" "I am aware that those whom he has punished for their crimes and treasons, have called him 'The Cruel,'" said Edward, in a severe tone; "but those whom he saved from wrong and oppression, have also bestowed on him the surname of 'The Just.'" "He was the persecutor and executioner of his subjects, and not their protector, for he condemned without judgment, and struck blindly," returned the bishop. "Have you, then, come to Bordeaux to prefer these grave accusations against your king, pious bishop?" asked Edward, whose pale countenance became flushed and animated. "I must inform you of the truth, Sir Prince, since you appear to be unacquainted with it," returned Gudiel, boldly. "Don Pedro has abused his power. He has put to death Blanche of Bourbon, his lawful wife; the Queen Leonora of Arragon, sister of King Alphonso, his father; Donna Juanna, and Donna Isabella de Lara, daughters of Don Juan Nunez, Lord of Biscay; his cousin, Donna Blanche de Villena, and other noble dames, so that he might inherit their lands." A murmur of indignation circulated among the ranks of the lords; the prince repressed it by a look. "The recital of these murders," he said, "might furnish an appropriate subject for the songs of wandering minstrels; but the counsellors of a prince ought not to allow themselves to be influenced by idle tales and fables. I shall require incontrovertible proof

of these enormities with which you charge my brave ally." But the bishop, seeing the effect produced on the minds of the barons by his accusations resumed, in a loud and confident tone: "Who, will dare deny the murder of Don Fadrique, Grand-master of St. James? Of Don Martin Gil, Lord of Albuquerque, and many other knights who were the stay and prop of the kingdom? In short, has not Don Pedro publicly usurped the rights of the pope and the prelates?" "But these intestine dissensions only concern the Castilians," remarked Edward. "It was for them alone to defend their cause if it was just and loyal. By what right has Don Enrique required the aid and assistance of a French captain, our enemy, Bertrand Duguesclin? By what right has he opened the Pyrennees to an army of adventurers and free-booting strangers? But, it is not Castile that has revolted against Don Pedro—that cries for vengeance against him. It is France that demands from him an account of the death of Blanche of Bourbon. It is France that has dethroned him. It is not Don Enrique who has conquered his brother, but the Breton Duguesclin. Spain is now a province of Charles the Fifth. In dethroning my ally, Don Pedro, Duguesclin has thrown down the gauntlet, and I must pick it up. Don Enrique has given me a challenge that I should be a coward to refuse. It is I whom the King of France has wished to brave and reach, and not daring to try in Aquitaine to take his revenge for Cressy and Poitiers, he takes it in Castile. Masters of Spain, the French will not fail, if they see me put up with the insult, and abandon my ally, to condemn the Black Prince, before whom, until now, they have always retreated. In this conduct I recognise the cautious policy, which has procured for Charles the Fifth the surname of 'The Wise.' And now that Don Enrique is conqueror, he sends you to me to induce me to forget the insult which he has put upon me, in holding at naught my alliance with his brother, and to lull my suspicions by vain promises and protestations of friendship. But I am not the dupe of all this intrigue. I will not remain conquered and humiliated in the person of my ally. But before judging the King of Castile with the same severity as you his subject, worthy bishop, I will hear his defence. Tell, then, the Count of Trastamara, that if Don Pedro can acquit himself in my eyes of the crimes laid to his charge, I will be faithful to my duty and alliance with the king to whom I promised assistance and protection. I will make his guilty subjects, who have dared to condemn the right of their legitimate sovereign, return to their allegiance." This proud speech, which revealed the jealousy of the English policy against the encroachments of French influence, completely disconcerted the Bishop of Segovia, notwithstanding his ability, for he saw the deep impression it had made on the lords. Yet for all this, he did not lose courage, but immediately resumed, "Believe me, my lord, the Castilians have not merited the reproach of guilt; they have long suffered the most cruel oppression. Many have defended their king against the foreign freebooters, although it seems he fled without coming to battle with Duguesclin." "That is to say, you accuse Don Pedro of cowardice," interrupted the prince, bitterly. "What king or knight would dare stand and firmly await the bulldog of Brittany? Yet behold, Sir Bishop, one of my counsellors, Sir John Chandos, who overcame that redoubtable champion, and even took him prisoner." Augustin regarded with some curiosity this robust captain, whose cool prudence, equalled his heroic valour; then he audaciously continued, "But it is not Bertrand himself who has conquered Don Pedro, my lord, it is Heaven who has hurled him from the throne, and driven him from the kingdom by the voice of His ministers. Until the moment that he put the finishing stroke to his iniquities by his inordinate passion for a Jewess, for which the excommunication of the Church was fulminated against him, Don Pedro had preserved many partisans and devoted adherents. Castile might yet have forgotten his faults, and been the grave of the White Companions. But when Heaven itself pronounced his sentence, Don Pedro was immediately abandoned, and had no other resource than flight. The new sovereign, Don Enrique, unwilling that the Prince of Wales should cease to be the ally of the King of Castile, deputed me to bring the testimonials of his loyal friendship." "He then made a sign to one of the Castilian knights, Juan de Haro, to advance. The former favourite of Don Pedro obeyed, and laid on the council-table a small box of sandal wood, which the prelate hastened to open." The lords and barons were astonished at the sight of a magnificent rosary, every bead of which was formed of precious stones, pearls, rubies, topazes, and emeralds. Presenting this splendid rosary to the Prince of Wales, Gudiel said, "Don Enrique had hoped, my lord, that you would accept this pledge of his loyal devotion. He has worn it on his breast ever since the day on which he was crowned king at Calahorra." But Prince Edward, who did not possess that spirit of rapacious cupidity so common among the knights of his time, and who, in his chivalric generosity, often distributed his share of booty from the pillage of cities among his men-at-arms, did not exhibit any emotion; his pale countenance remained unmoved, and regarding the rosary with a sort of melancholy

ply, he answered: "Don Pedro also wore it on his breast, for it is the rosary of his mother, who fastened it round his neck when an infant. These stones were torn from the Moors by his father, Alphonso; every bead has been stained by the blood of that noble king. This rosary is almost an entire history of his glorious reign. Does your master think, in offering me this sacred relic, this portion of his booty, to extinguish my resentment against a usurper? He is greatly deceived. I am not for sale like the captain of adventurers, Bertrand Dugesclin, who may be in the pay of the Count of Trastamara. The Prince of Wales does not sell himself to dishonour and treachery. He will not abandon his ally because that ally has no longer treasures or troops."

"So, Sir Prince, you refuse the pledge of friendship my master sends," said the bishop. "I refuse the present of a rebel," replied Edward; "and further, if necessary, I will sell my silver service, I will pledge the cross of St. George that adorns my breast, to raise an army to support Don Pedro, if he be innocent of the crimes laid to his charge, and force the usurper to restore a title that does not belong to him."

The bishop replaced in the sandal-wood box the precious rosary. "This menace will sadden the heart of my master," said he, "for Don Enrique does not think himself in a situation to resist the invincible Black Prince, supported by the most formidable knights in the world. He can, therefore, only rely on the support of Heaven, for Heaven must surely protect the prince who defends the inheritance of his fathers."

"Bishop of Segovia," said Edward, irritated at the affectation of feeling with which Augustin had pronounced the last sentence, "cease this war of words. You know as well as myself, that Castile is the inheritance of Don Pedro."

"You are right, noble prince," replied the ambassador, mildly, "but Don Pedro has no son, and if you invade Spain, it will be to make her a fief of the crown of England, and to usurp what does not belong to you."

"I fear there is a grain of folly in your brain, Bishop of Segovia," said Edward, impatiently. "You talk as if Don Pedro had ceased to exist."

"And who can assert that my former master is in a situation to come and claim your support, noble sir," continued the prelate, amidst the most profound silence. "Who knows, if his stiff hand has not for ever loosed the sceptre and glaive? if already at this hour, he has not appeared before his Creator, to whom he has so terrible an account to render?"

The Prince of Wales had lost his usual sang froid; he cast a wild look on the ambassador, as if thunder had suddenly struck his ears. The doubt which the bishop had thus suggested to his audience, excited a dreadful suspicion in the mind of Edward, whose countenance immediately changed from surprise to an expression of anger and menace, while the lords, moved by anxious curiosity, came nearer to the bishop.

"What say you?" exclaimed Edward at length, in a sharp penetrating tone of voice; "would you give us to understand that Don Pedro has perished by treachery? Has his rebel brother made him prisoner, and feloniously put him to death? If it be so, I will arm all my vassals, and will have a holy crusade preached to take vengeance for the crime." Dugesclin has entered Spain to demand an account of the death of Blanche of Bourbon. I will myself demand of Don Enrique an account of the death of his brother. But speak plainly, I command you."

"Pardon me, Sir Prince," returned Augustin Gudiel, calmly, "you have rejected the pledge of friendship from the new King of Castile; I have another present to offer you."

"Do not presume too much on my patience, proud prelate," said Edward, angrily, "I will refuse whatever comes to me from your hand."

"You are in error, gracious prince," replied the bishop with a perfidious smile, "for what I am about to offer you is a remembrance of the former King of Castile, and you will accept it without scruple." He then signed again to Don Juan de Haro, who advanced and laid on the table a sword without a sheath, the blade of which was rusty and the hilt broken.

"This sword," said Augustin, "is the last weapon that Don Pedro touched; as these Castilian lords who accompany me can testify to you."

Edward regarded the tarnished weapon with a sorrowful look, but overcoming the melancholy that oppressed him, he said, "If Don Pedro has lost his sword I will give him mine."

The bishop did not reply, but Don Juan de Haro, who was the only one of the right-wooled knights which were called knights of honour, advanced and laid on the table a sword without a sheath, the blade of which was rusty and the hilt broken.

"Do you remember this hilt, my lord?" demanded Augustin, "it is the one that your envoy delivered you, last year, to Don Pedro when the latter was at Cordova to join you. Your army was beaten on each plain, your ally wore it during his voyage, and had not its own sword to exist, it would not have fallen into the hands of Don Enrique."

"A traitor might have robbed him of it by surprise," answered Edward.

"No," said the bishop, "while he lived Don Pedro would not have allowed that token of your friendship to be torn from him; thanks to which, once landed in Guyenne, he might easily have reached you and claimed your aid. In short, if you still doubt," added he, stretching forth his right hand, "behold on my finger the royal signet-ring of your ally, which he always wore from the day he succeeded his father." Then taking the ring from his finger, he cast it on the council table, adding, "You will doubtless accept even from my hand, noble sir, this legacy of the defunct king. This is all that remains of Don Pedro. His brother is king by the will of every one, and you cannot without injustice, declare war against him, for Heaven, whom the departure of the tyrant had not appeased, has followed and overtaken him in his flight. By its powerful breath it has raised the waves and unchained the storm. You cannot defend him against that stern enemy, that angry God who has overtaken him. The fishermen on the coast of Biscy saw the galley of the king beaten by the waves for a long time; then night came on—a dark night, which hid in its obscurity the agonies and despair of those on board. On the morrow, at daybreak, these men saw the wreck of the vessel tossed about in the midst of rocks; and among other corpses, the disfigured body of Don Pedro, which they recognised by this sword, this belt, and this royal ring."

The Prince of Wales arose, and after closely scrutinising the unchanging countenance of the crafty bishop, said, "If the death of my unfortunate ally be confirmed, we shall not interfere in the affairs of the kingdom of Castile, but shall respect the choice of the people. Still the friend and protege of the King of France shall never be mine. It is bad policy for princes to support and sanction the cause of a rebel brother. But if Don Pedro has not perished, as you assure me—if he comes in person to summon me to keep the promise I made him—I swear by St. George, that, aided by my English lords and the barons of Aquitaine, I will penetrate into the heart of Castile and drive away the usurper."

"I hope that Heaven and the Apostle St. James will not perform a miracle against my noble master, Sir Prince," answered Gudiel.

"I leave the cause in the hand of Heaven," said Edward, "and meanwhile hold you responsible, you and yours, for all the blood that has been spilt. Retire, Sir Bishop."

The prelate did not presume any further, but proudly saluting the prince and the whole assembly, he rejoined the escort in the gallery. He was scarcely out of the yard of the monastery of St. Andrew, than taking aside Zede-kiah, Juan de Haro, and two other Castilian knights, on whose fidelity he could depend, he said to them in a low voice, "You have heard—if Don Pedro be dead, it is peace; if alive, it is war. Bordeaux has four gates—I confide to you the secret guard. If, unfortunately, our hope is deceived—if the excommunicated has escaped safe and sound from the dreadful wreck, and should attempt to enter the city—you know what remains for you to do."

The Jew and the three knights all bowed in sign of assent, and without speaking, they mounted their horses, and went away in four different directions.

(To be continued.)

GOLDEN WORDS FROM A MERCHANT.
We all want to know how good and strong men have made their ways in the world. They were once boys like you. What steps did they take to become rich men? An eminent man in New York, Mr. Jonathan Sturges, tells us a little of his experience, which, I am sure, every boy will be glad to hear about.

"One of my first lessons," says Mr. Sturges, "was in 1813, when I was eleven years old. My grandfather had a fine flock of merino sheep, which were carefully tended during the war of that day. I was the shepherd-boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy who was more fond of his books than the sheep was sent with me, while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that, and finally went to my grandfather and complained of it. I shall never forget the kind smile of the old gentleman, as he said: 'Narrow mind, Jonathan, my boy, if you watch the sheep you will have the sheep.'"

"What does grandfather mean by that?" I said to myself. "I don't expect to have the sheep. My desires were moderate, and a fine book was worth a thousand dollars. I could not make out in my mind what it was, but I had great confidence in him; for he was a judge, and had been to Congress in Washington. So I concluded it was all right, and I went back contentedly to my sheep. After I got into the field I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of my Sunday lesson. These had been faithful over a few things. I began to see through it. I began to mind who neglects his duty; he is unfaithful and you will have your reward."

"I received a second lesson soon after: I was sent to a clerk to the late Lyman Reed, a merchant from Ohio who knew me and came to my goods, and said: 'Make yourself acquainted that they cannot do without you. I took my meaning quicker than I did that of my grandfather.'"

"Well, I worked up these two ideas until Mr. Reed signed me a partnership in the business. The first morning after the partnership was made known, Mr. James Geary, the old

tea merchant, called to congratulate me, and said: 'You are all right now. I have only one word of advice to give you—be careful who you walk the streets with.' That was lesson number three."

And what valuable lessons they are! Fidelity in little things; do your best for your employer; carefulness about your associates. Let every boy take these lessons home and study them well. They are the foundation stones of character and of honorable success.

A TIGHT SQUEEZE.

The late Mr. Lyman Raymond, for many years a much respected merchant at Bridgewater, Vermont, used to relate the following anecdote of one of his acquaintances, and vouched for its truthfulness:—

A miller in a small town in Vermont was, at intervals, temporary insane for several days together, and at those times he imagined himself to be in another world—the world that is to come—and the Judge of all the earth. He built a large platform nearly ten feet from the ground, and seated thereon in an arm chair with a ponderous Bible in hand, he imagined a large concourse of people to be before him, and proceeding to question them concerning their former occupation, conduct, &c., answering the inquiries himself. At length he came to a miller residing in an adjoining town, and questioned him thus:

"What was your occupation in yonder world?"

"A miller, Sir."

"Did you ever steal any grain?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What did you do with it?"

"Used it myself, Sir."

"You may go to the wrong side of the question," said the pretended judge, unhesitatingly.

Finally, after judging all others, he proceeded to treat himself likewise.

"What was your occupation in yonder world?" he asked of himself.

"A miller, Sir."

"Did you ever steal any grain?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What did you do with it?"

"Made bread of it, and gave to the poor."

Then he hesitated, scratched his head, and seemed to be engaged in deep thought, for several minutes, and finally said:

"Well, you may go to the right side of the question, but it is—a tight squeeze."—*Editor's Drawer in Harper's Magazine for September.*

TOBACCO AND SWINE.

A writer in *Our Monthly* for September tells a story of two well-known Southern clergymen, one of whom undertook to rebuke the other for using the weed.

"Brother G.," he exclaimed, without stopping to ask any question, "is it possible that you chew tobacco?"

"I must confess I do," the other quietly replied.

"Then I would quit it, sir!" the old gentleman energetically continued. "It is a very unclerical practice, and I must say a very uncleanly one too. Tobacco! Why, sir, even a hog would not chew it!"

"Father C.," responded his amused listener, "do you chew tobacco?"

"I? No, sir!" he answered, gruffly, with much indignation.

"Then, pray, which is most like the hog, you or I?"

The old doctor's fat sides shook with laughter as he said, "Well, I have been fairly caught this time."

MORAL HYGIENE AND TOBACCO.

The most self-indulgent, and the most selfish of luxuries is that of tobacco. I never knew a dozen men who used tobacco who cared anything about whether they smelled agreeable to other people, or whether they carried themselves so that other people were happy or not. They will foul the house, they will foul the boat, they will foul the car, unless arbitrarily restrained. They forget father and mother, wife and children, and go through life smoking, stenchful and disagreeable; and when they are expostulated with, they laugh. The use of tobacco does not make a man a monster, it only makes him selfish in respect to people about him. Though I consider this a most selfish and disagreeable habit, I do not look upon it as being equal to drinking. But it is a very wasteful habit. Few young men who are beginning life can afford to smoke.

An old farmer said to his sons: "Boys, don't you ever wait for summit to turn up. You might just as well go an' sit down on a stone in the middle of a medder, with a pale astirw your legs, an' wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

A newspaper publishes the following notice: "Married, at *Plimstone*, by the Rev. *Windstone*, Mr. *Nehemiah Sandstone* and Miss *Whetstone*, both of *Plimstone*. Look out for *Brimstone*."

A schoolmistress, while taking down the names of her pupils, and the names of their parents, at the beginning of the term, asked one little fellow, "What's your father's name?" "Oh, you needn't take down his name; he's too old to go to school to a woman." was the reply.

LET-THERE BE LIGHT.

"Let there be light," Jehovah cries,
When brooding o'er the deep;
And bidding earth renewed arise
From her chaotic sleep.
Light came; obedient to the call,
Th' unchanging fiat given,
And made "this dark terrestrial ball"
An aube-room of heaven.

"Let there be light," again the cry
(By sympathy extorted),
In pealing anthems swept the sky
When erring man revolted,
When lo! to cheer corroding fears,
To dry the fount of grief,
Th' eternal source of light appears
In prominent relief.

"Let there be light," still should pray,
With earnest invocation,
That when death's night succeed the day
"Of this our visitation."
We may the summons gladly hear,
And willingly obey;
And find a better hemisphere
Of an eternal day.

AN INSECT SAMSON.

In proportion to its size, the strength of the beetle is enormous. A well known entomologist gives an instance of its power. He says: "This insect has just astonished me by its vast strength of body. Every one who has taken the common beetle in his hands knows that its limbs, if not remarkable for agility, are very powerful; but I was not prepared for so Samsonian a feat as that I have just witnessed. When the insect was brought to me, having no box immediately at hand, I was at a loss where to put it till I could kill it; but a quart bottle full of milk being on the table, I placed the beetle for the present under that, the hollow in the bottom allowing him room to stand upright. Presently, to my surprise, the bottle began to move slowly and glide along the smooth table, propelled by the muscular power of the imprisoned insect, and continued to perambulate the surface to the astonishment of all who witnessed it. The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have been less than three pounds and a half, while that of the beetle was about half an ounce, so that it really moved a weight one hundred and twelve times its own. A better notion than figures can convey will be obtained of this fact by supposing a lad of fifteen to be imprisoned under the bell of St. Paul's, which weighs twelve thousand pounds, and to move it to and fro upon a smooth pavement by pushing within."

GIBRALTAR.

Until you set foot on Gibraltar, you can form no idea of its impregnability. Very properly its real strength cannot be seen from a ship in the bay; only when you land do you find that the sea-wall bristles with heavy guns, and groans beneath piles of ball; only as you traverse its flank do you see how formidable breech-loaders peep from every available cleft, and powerful mortars lurk behind every convenient embankment. And not until you penetrate the body of the rock, do you get any just notion of the marvellous piece of military engineering exhibited in its "galleries." There are tunnels excavated from the solid rock, parallel to its outer side, but some thirty feet therefrom, and large enough to drive a carriage through. They are in two tiers, and comprise a total length of nearly three miles. At every thirty feet or so along them, spacious embrasures are outthrust, that terminate in commanding pertholes, which look to a spectator outside the rock like swallows' nestholes in a sand cliff.

A HINT TO NURSES.

You know what a racket is caused, even by the most careful hand, in supplying coals to a grate or stove, and how, when the performance is undertaken by the servant, it becomes almost distracting. If you don't remember, take notice the first time you are ill, or you have a dear patient in your care, or the baby in a quiet slumber. Let some one bring on a coal-scuttle or shovel, and revive your recollection. Well, the remedy we suggest is to put on coals in little paper bags, each holding about a shovelful. These can be laid quietly on the fire, and, as the paper ignites, the coals will softly settle in place. You may fill a coal scuttle or box with such parcels, ready for use. For a sick room, a nursery at night, or even for a library, the plan is admirable. Just try it. Besides, it is so cleanly. If you don't choose to provide yourself with paper bags, you can wrap the coal in pieces of old newspapers at your leisure, and have them ready for use when occasion requires.—*Science of Health.*

NIL DESPERANDUM.

"Nil desperandum" is a motto that all should take to heart, and one that in life they should try to be guided by. Suppose you make one failure, does that positively say that you will never succeed in that which you have undertaken? Perseverance and energy are two of the great attributes to success; and without their aid one will never be able to accomplish his object. As we all know, a couple of failures will discourage nine out of ten persons. Some argue that it is human nature to yield to discouragement. But, are not fancy and imagina-

tion the abettors of human nature in this respect? In the majority of instances they are the indirect cause of people's projects and aspirations resulting in fiascos; unless their failure may be caused by peculiar circumstances, which could not be overcome.

As an instance of what I wish to convey to the mind of the reader, I think the following illustration will serve the purpose.

A young man thinks he will make a good commercial traveller, and at the beginning is confident that he is possessed of the necessary abilities for the position. Well, he secures a situation, and starts on his first trip. He returns home, having transacted but very little business—say he has not made expenses—and in all probability his employer may feel harassed, and not receive him with any signs of approbation. What are the thoughts that immediately enter his head, and that have actually been forming there during the latter part of his journey home? Simply these: that he has not the requisite abilities, and as a commercial traveller he is a complete failure. He has not the perseverance to try again, but yields to despair, and resumes his former position in an office at a small salary, in comparison with that which he could command while on the "road," after practice and experience had crowned his efforts with success.

But, again, let us take into consideration that which contributed to his failure. In all probability he was a complete stranger to the parties he called upon, and for that one reason could not succeed in selling to them, no having acquired the tact to approach strangers in a way which it is necessary for a salesman to do, and which, like many other things, has to be acquired. Perhaps trade was dull; or he found people with a large stock on hand.

Thus it was from no fault of his, but the force of circumstances that had made his trip a fiasco. But, as mentioned above, he had charged himself with the failure; despair took possession of him; energy and perseverance fled at the approach of that grim phantom, and his hope of ever becoming a "drummer" were crushed forever.

But, do not let one, two, or even three failures discourage you. Say to yourself what others can do, I also can do, if I have but the taste or talent for it; I will call energy, perseverance, discretion to my aid, and imprint upon my mind the motto, "Nil desperandum," and then we will see who will be the conqueror, I, or circumstances.

This illustration applies not only to business, but to every vocation of life. As I said before, let that proverb, and the qualities I have mentioned, be your aids, and in most cases you may be sure your efforts will be crowned with success.

GOOD MANNERS.

If good manners are not to die out amongst us, reverence must be restored. The old man must be honored, and the weak must be considered, the illustrious must be deferred to, and most of all, women must be respected. Women have the matter in their own hands. They can compel men to be well-mannered, and men who know how to behave with politeness toward women will end by behaving with politeness toward each other. Hauteur always implies want of consideration for others, and is therefore no part of politeness, save when indeed an impertinence has to be quickly but effectively repressed. If we were asked to name the word which embodies female politeness we should name "graciousness." Women should be gracious; gracious is their happy medium between coldness and familiarity; as self-respect is that of men between arrogance and downright rudeness. Probably, there can be no true politeness where there is no humility, either real or well assumed. In a self-making age we cannot be surprised at meeting with so much self-assertion and so much aggressiveness. We can but wait for the time when the process will be complete, and the individual will be well-bred enough once more to recognize his own significance.

A SHORT SERMON.

Here is a bit of philosophy worth reading. It is an exposure of a very common delusion. It is a good rendering of an old idea:

"Two things ought to be strongly impressed upon the young people of our country. The insecurity of riches, even when acquired, and their unsatisfying character. There is no fallacy so universally cherished as the notion that wealth is securely a means of happiness. The care of a large property is one of the most burdensome of earth's trusts. The only material good that comes from any estate is to be made out of a moderate income far more easily than a large one, and with fewer attendant disadvantages. Few thoughtful men would undertake the stewardship of a large estate on a positive bargain that they would receive no more for taking care of it than generally falls into the lap of the owner. The scramble after wealth is due to a wrong estimate of good when it is gained."

"Good morning, Patrick; you have got a new coat at last, but it seems to fit you rather too much." "Och! there's nothing surprising in that; sure I wasn't there when I was measured for it."

A young lady says that a gentleman ought never to feel discouraged when the "momentous question" is negatived by the object of his choice, "for in life as well as in grammar, we decline before we conjugate."

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.

(INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.)

Per Annum	\$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Single copies	5c

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

Contract Advertisements at the following rates:—	
One column, for one year	\$150 00
Half "	85 00
Quarter "	50 00
One column, for 6 months	80 00
Half "	45 00
Quarter "	25 00
One column, for 3 months	60 00
Half "	30 00
Quarter "	17 00

All communications should be addressed to the Office, 124 Bay Street, or to Post Office Box 1025.

WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MACMILLAN.

Trades Assembly Hall.

- Meetings are held in the following order:—
- Machinists and Blacksmiths, every Monday.
- Painters, 1st and 3rd Monday.
- Coachmakers, 2nd and 4th Monday.
- Crispins, (159), 1st and 3rd Tuesday.
- K. O. S. C. Lodge 356, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.
- Tinsmiths, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.
- Cigar Makers, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.
- Varnishers and Polishers, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.
- Iron Moulders, every Thursday.
- Plasterers, 1st and 3rd Thursday.
- Trades' Assembly, 1st and 3rd Friday.
- Bricklayers, 1st and 3rd Friday.
- Copers, 2nd and 4th Friday.
- Printers, 1st Saturday.
- Bakers, every 2nd Saturday.

Application for renting the halls for special meetings and other purposes to be made to Mr. Andrew Scott, 211 King Street East.

OUR PATRONS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS THIS WEEK.

"A Merchant is known by his wares."

The attention of our readers is drawn to the following list of advertisements in our columns, and are requested to have them in remembrance when "out shopping."

- The "Queen City" Grocery—W. T. Robertson.
- The "People's Grocery"—Wm. Mara.
- Dentist—Dr. J. Brantson Wilcott.
- Dentist—F. G. Callender.
- Sign Painter—Vol. W. Corin.
- Barrister, etc.—Henry O'Brien.
- Tin and Copperware—J. & T. Iredale.
- Coal and Wood—Victoria Wood Yard.
- Boots and Shoes—McCabe & Co.

WANTED.

A General Servant or Cook.

No boarding house kept. Liberal wages, if well recommended. Apply at 333 Sherborne street, north of Carlton.

The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, OCT. 17, 1872.

TO OUR READERS.

The last number of the WORKMAN completed the first six months of its publication. Long before, and at the time of its first appearing, the want of a newspaper directly interested in the cause of the working classes—and one which might be regarded as peculiarly their own—was felt and expressed. Believing that the exigencies of the times demanded such a journal, a company was formed among the operative classes for the establishment of such a paper, and the publication of the ONTARIO WORKMAN was the result.

The position we intended to occupy and the objects we had in view in its publication were defined—and were, the discussion of the evils under which labor justly complains—opposition to the creation of monopolies—the shortening of the hours of labor, because of our belief that the knowledge and improvement of the present age have been long enough superseding labor instead of lightening the task of the actual producer—the agitation of a sound apprenticeship system—the advocating of the more general adoption of the system of arbitration in matters of trade disputes and the support of such principles as

would improve the condition of the workingman, and tend to raise him in the social scale.

Since the first issue of the ONTARIO WORKMAN our endeavor has been to keep these principles steadily before us to make the WORKMAN an exponent of the views and opinions of the working classes, and to render it the medium for the interchange of the thought and sentiment of workmen upon the public questions of the day. How far we have succeeded in those efforts, and to what extent the objects of its publication have been realized, we must leave our readers to decide.

Some four months after the issue of the WORKMAN it was deemed desirable to make a change in its management—as the co-operative principle in this instance was not found to work satisfactorily; and the present proprietors—believing in the mission of the journal, and having hope in its ultimate success—have continued its publication as a financial experiment.

The WORKMAN has certainly been sustained, but not to the extent that we were led to believe it would be from the promises made on the announcement of its establishment; and we would therefore make an earnest appeal to all who are interested in the success and triumph of the principles we have enunciated in our platform to extend to us a helping hand, that we may be placed in a position to make the WORKMAN all it should be. We are confident that each present subscriber could very easily induce a friend to subscribe likewise; and if our friends will only take hold of the matter, we are sure they will succeed to a very large extent, and we can assure them they would be amply repaid for their effort in the improvement that we would then be enabled to make in the WORKMAN.

We wish, before closing this appeal, to remind the workmen of the understanding arrived at when the publication of this journal was first mooted—that they would support those business men who patronized the paper by advertising in its columns. A glance at our columns will show that a large number of the merchants of this city appreciate this medium of reaching the mechanics, and we sincerely hope that in the future, as in the past, our friends will continue to carry out that arrangement. The paper is published as the organ of the working classes, and in their interest, and they should feel it incumbent upon them to sustain it in every possible way.

As it is a self-evident fact that a newspaper cannot be published without very considerable expense, we trust that those parties who are indebted to this office in way of subscription will at once remit the same, and also send along the dollar for the next six months.

A TAKING TIME.—A false alarm of fire was raised at the theatre at Nigin, Novgorod, by a number of the light-fingered gentry. During the confusion that ensued, rings, watches, etc., were carried off by the pickpockets to the extent of 100,000 roubles.

The *Globe* in an article on the arrest of M. About, says:—"If the Emperor William and the German nation are not made to wince by the darts of the editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, they will be more *pachydermatous* than we take them for," etc.

The demand for Webster's unabridged is very active just now!

At the Campbell murder case concluded in London last week, the jury returned a verdict of Not Guilty in the case of Coyle. His Lordship then addressed him as follows:—"Thomas Coyle, the jury have taken a very merciful view of your case. I have only one word to add—Beware! You can go."

A meeting of the Toronto Trades' Assembly will be held in their hall, King street, on Friday evening next. A full attendance is requested.

A slight fall of snow occurred in this city on Tuesday.

THE PRICE OF IRON.

The changes in the value of iron during the present year will, when recorded, form a remarkable chapter in the history of that useful metal. In January No. 1 American foundry irons were selling at from \$35 to \$36 per gross ton; now they are worth from \$55 to \$60 per ton. Scotch pig iron has advanced proportionately, and the best Norway steel both in this country and in Europe, has shown a much greater increase in value. The advance in prices began early in the year, and has been gradual but firm up to this time. At first neither importers nor manufacturers seemed to thoroughly understand the causes of the rise in value, and the general impression among consumers was that it would not be great nor lasting. But iron continued to go up and up, and after a time it became known that there was a real scarcity of iron pretty much all the world over. There has been for several years, as everybody knows, a wonderful enthusiasm for building railways. The various roads in Canada, the American Pacific line, and numberless shorter roads have been urged forward with unparalleled vigor; and this with a general activity in manufactured iron at home and abroad, actually caused an iron famine. The consumption became greater than the production, and before even the most astute dealer was aware of it there was a scarcity, and prices were advancing. The rise began in Europe, and other causes than scarcity conspired to force it on. The English coal mines have now been worked to so great a depth that the owners can no longer furnish coal at the former low prices. So the price of coal rose, and iron was of course seriously affected. Then the English and German iron-workers commenced a series of "strikes," which greatly reduced the production of iron just when the trade began to suffer for want of it.

As soon as this state of things became apparent, buyers rushed in and gave heavy orders for all kinds of iron and manufactured hardware. A very active trade was the consequence, and prices advanced continually, until September, when the summit of the inflation seems to have been reached. There now seems to be a serious lull in trade, but whether it is the forerunners of a money panic and a great break-down in values, or of an active winter trade on the basis of prices, none seem able to tell. The money market has been, for a week or two, in a very feverish, agitated state. As is always the case, some men who have unduly expanded their business, during the excitement of so great a rise in prices, have failed, and others will undoubtedly do so. But on the whole the business men of the country seem to bear up bravely and intelligently under the pressure of the present state of the money market, and unless some unforeseen disaster should occur to cause a panic, we do not apprehend serious trouble. The price of iron will undoubtedly decline. New blast furnaces are springing up in all directions, stimulated by the enormous profits the old ones have made the past season. Some of those will soon be sending iron to market, and the supply will, after a time, overtake the demand; but we think this time will be long enough to make the decline in prices so gradual as to cause no very serious disturbance in the hardware trade.

THE WESTERN FAIR.

Last Friday the most successful local exhibition ever held in London was brought to a close, and London has reason to be proud of her Western Fair—the outcome of private enterprise and energy on the part of her citizens, backed up by the hearty co-operation of the farmers and manufacturers of the surrounding country. In four years the Fair from small beginnings has developed into a monster exhibition, almost the equal in every department of the Provincial Fair, which draws support from the public treasury, and has for its field the entire Province. The success attending the efforts of the promoters of

the Western Fair has stimulated other places to follow the example set by London in organizing independent exhibitions, and we have now besides the "Provincial" and "Western," two Central Fairs, and the prospect of having an "Eastern" one added next year.

"HE IS ONLY A MECHANIC."

We heard a young lady say the other day, "He is only a mechanic." The remark struck us very forcibly, and we never see her without looking upon her with some degree of pity. The remark showed how utterly ignorant she was of what a mechanic was. By referring to Webster's unabridged, she will find he is "one who works with machines or instruments; a workman or laborer other than agriculture; an artisan; an artificer, more specifically, one who practices any mechanic art; one skilled or employed in shaping and uniting material, as wood, metal, &c., into any kind of structure, or other object requiring the use of tools, or instruments."—The remark would not have struck us with so much pungency, if she had not applied it as a term of reproach and contempt. Young lady, if your mind is capable of thinking, just put it in operation, and you will see what mechanics have done for the world, and you will especially see how much they have added to the pleasure of your ingrate self. That jewelry that you wear and worship, those silks and laces, bonnets and chignon, that you feel necessary to your existence; that powder, paint and false teeth that you cheat the world with; that mirror that you worship before; that picture of your beautiful self you gaze on so admiringly, and all of the artificial appurtenances that so largely constitute your "make up," all of these are the productions of mechanics. But they have done nobler work for the world than this. They have moulded the ploughshare and shaped the sword; they have made the instruments of peace and war; they have made the world what it is. Newton, who filled with glorious splendor the throne of science; Milton, from whose lips poured the tide of poetical inspiration; Herschell, who placed another star in the canopy of heaven; Shakespeare, nature's sweetest child; Franklin, who snatched the forked lightning from its eternal home and placed it at man's disposal; and Morse, who taught it how to speak our tongue; Fulton, who made palaces walk the waters like a thing of life; Watts, who gave the iron horse his fiery breath and locomotion; all of these are indebted to mechanics for their glorious renown, and but for their aid could never have achieved the success they did, nor could they have made them known to the world. The military men of fame were as dependent upon the mechanic for their success as those in peaceable and scientific pursuits. How could Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, Wellington or Washington have ever achieved a victory had not the mechanic placed the instruments of war in the hands of their soldiers? They reared the mills that grind out the staff of life; and every church and palace whose shining spire tends upward until its glittering point seems like a star on the brow of sombre night, is his handiwork; and the proud argosy that banters with the mad crested wave, and bears the commerce of nations, receive its shape, beauty and stability from him. In short, young lady, your own mansion, and everything in it which renders it comfortable and pleasant was made by mechanics. Everything that you use in subsequent life will be furnished to you by this class of men, and when your little soul will take flight back into the presence of Him who said, "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread," the mechanic will make your case, bear you to a grave already prepared with instruments he made, and when your form shall cease to walk among the haunts of men, will rear a shaft of marble above your dust, returning form, and thereon will neatly chisel the name of one who looked with contempt upon a mechanic.—*Exchange.*

The ninth annual session of the Canada Sunday School Association is being held in Montreal.

POLITICS AND EDUCATION.

Under the new ballot act in England a voter may use a mark if not able to write his name. The *Pall Mall Gazette* hints at an influence which might be brought to bear upon popular education by means of the franchise. It thinks there can be little doubt that if the "illiterate voter" were debarred from exercising the franchise until he could write his name, he would acquire that power in an incredibly short space of time, assuming, of course, that he really cared about recording his vote, and took such an interest in public affairs that he would not mind a little trouble. An example of what may be done by an illiterate person when driven into a corner is afforded by the following circumstance, which, according to a correspondent of the *Scotsman*, lately occurred at Wigtown:—"A man between thirty and forty years of age was committed to prison there to await his trial, and was afterwards admitted to bail upon finding security to a certain amount that he would appear when cited. A bailman was found who subscribed the necessary bond, but it was necessary that the prisoner should sign it too. This, however, he could not do, never having learned to write. No notaries were at hand, and could only be got at great expense. The necessity for his signature was intimated to him one evening at eight o'clock, and as necessity is the mother of invention, he set to learn writing with such a will and with such success, that next morning when the bond was presented to him for signature, he wrote his name to it in a very legible and creditable manner." There are very few persons who, if a sum of money—say £20—were placed to their credit at a bank, and a cheque for the amount placed in their hands for signature, would not in a similar manner speedily get over the little difficulty of writing their names. With a subscription list, of course, the case would be different.

THE COST OF STANDING ARMIES.

From a mass of interesting military statistics published in the *Berlin Post*, of recent date, it appears that the various European powers maintain under arms more than five millions of men in constant readiness for war, besides the reserves and militia, who are subject to more or less military duty. These five millions of men in the prime of life, represent so much labor withdrawn from the useful industries, whose aggregate production would amount to more than the total production of many important countries, as a few only of the European States have a male working population of five millions between the ages of eighteen and fifty. But this loss of production represents only a part of the aggregate loss involved. The non-productive soldier must be paid, and productive labor must be taxed for his wages. He is also a wasteful consumer, and to feed and equip the standing armies employs the labor of at least two millions—perhaps more—of farmers, carriers and artisans, who are thus prohibited from contributing to the natural welfare and prosperity of the community. When all these considerations are taken into account, some idea may be formed of the enormous cost of maintaining exclusive military systems; and when it is remembered that these systems, nominally established to insure internal peace and security from invasion, are a constant temptation to war, with its inevitable accompaniments of waste, destruction of life and property, and increase of taxation, there is reason to hope that the peoples that have long and patiently borne these increasing burdens will soon demand that armies shall be disbanded, military establishments reduced, and international disputes hereafter be settled by diplomacy.

The *Journal de Geneve* publishes a letter from two Catholic priests, who, invoking the authority of the Bible, declare that they will follow Father Hyacinthe's example by getting married, and congratulate him on the reforms which he has begun in the church.

The Indians have been committing serious depredations in Arizona.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE HOMBURG AND BADEN GAMBLERS.

The year 1872 is known to be the last for the existence of gaming tables in Belgium and Germany, Spa, Hombourg, Wiesbaden, Baden, Ems, Nauheim, Wildbad and Wildungen, must take a long farewell of roulette and trente-et-quarante not later than the 31st of October, and for some time past, the contractors for the tables have been asking themselves in what country they will be allowed to continue their disgraceful trade, when both Germany and Belgium are closed to them. France, in spite of the mediation of M. Earnest Feydeau and of the *Figaro*, has turned a deaf ear to their prayers, and the depth of their despair (says the *Pull Mall Gazette*) may be guessed from the fact that they have now sent in an application to the Government of Russia. It is not at St. Petersburg or Moscow that the discomfited gambling impostors propose to recoup themselves for their coming losses. Keeping as close to Germany as possible, they desire to open a bank at a little town with an unpronounceable name on the other side of the Prussian frontier, in the kingdom of Poland. The name in question is written "Tsiekhotsinek." The place is celebrated for its mud baths, and the Russian Government has already declined the proposal to make it the seat of a gaming establishment.

CITY NEWS.

The young man, Mr. Frederick Spence, who was recently injured by the street cars, continues in a very precarious condition, and is not yet pronounced out of danger.

VICTORIA WOOD YARD, VICTORIA STREET.—We recommend our numerous readers to give J. & A. McIntyre's coal and wood yard their patronage, as they are liberal in their prices and prompt in attending to orders. See advertisement.

SALE OF TIMBER LIMITS.—Tuesday and Wednesday a very numerous attended sale of Government timber limits on Lake Superior took place at the Parliament Buildings. The prices obtained averaged from \$50 to \$450 the square mile, and no less than 107 lots were sold on Tuesday.

REWARD.—In compliance with a resolution passed at the last meeting of the City Council, the Mayor has issued a proclamation offering \$50 reward for the detection of the person or persons who have recently, or shall hereafter, give an alarm of fire on the fire alarm telegraph of this city without reason.

ACCIDENT.—The boy Impy, who had his arm caught between two rollers of a biscuit machine at the factory of Messrs. Hessin last week, underwent an operation on Sunday morning at his residence, 175 Brock street. The arm was amputated four inches below the elbow. The lad is likely to do well.

THE LATEST OUT.—Some genius has invented a moustache protector. "It consists of a small silver plate, which can be fixed on to a glass or cup, and protects the moustache, whilst drinking, from moisture. It is fitted into a small case, and is a simple and admirable invention for the furtherance of the comfort of those who are martyrs to the fashion of the day." It is advertised for sale by W. Cornell, and can also be had of Hoopes & Co., and other druggists and jewellers in the city.

COMPLIMENTARY.—The fine band of the 10th Royals, under the leadership of Prof. Toulmin, proceeded to the residence of the Governor General on Saturday afternoon, and performed a choice selection of music on the lawn, as a compliment to His Excellency. Lord Dufferin expressed his appreciation of the compliment, and said he hoped, on some future occasion, to again have the pleasure of hearing the band perform.

THE PEOPLE'S GROCERY.—It affords us pleasure to refer our numerous readers to Mr. Wm. Mara's new brick store, on the corner of Queen and John streets. He has recently removed from 320 Queen street west, and has opened out with one of the choicest and most extensive stocks of Groceries, Teas, Wines, Liquors and Provisions in Toronto. The store is considered one of the finest in the western part of the city, and is fitted up inside equal to any of the grocery establishments on King and Yonge streets, no expense having been spared in making it all that could be desired. We are confident that Mr. Mara will be well patronized, not only on account of his having an extensive and choice stock of groceries, &c., on hand, but for his energy and business talents.

The disease among the horses, that has been so widespread in this city, appears to be on the decline, and has been less fatal than was at first anticipated. While it is abating in this city, however, it seems to be extending east and west, and we have almost daily reports of its appearance in various parts of the Province.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Saturday morning a man named John Welch, residing on Elm street, complained of feeling ill, and medical aid was sent for, but the unfortunate man expired before it arrived. An inquest was held in the forenoon before Dr. Delahooke, and evidence showed that the deceased had been in bad health for some time. The jury returned a verdict of "Death from natural causes."

ODD FELLOWSHIP.—The quarterly meeting of Loyal Mercantile Lodge, No. 46, C. O. F., was held on Monday evening last, for the purpose of appointing the officers for the ensuing session. The attendance of members was large, and after a most satisfactory and harmonious lodge had been held, the following appointments were made:—N. G., Wilmot D. Matthews; V. G., E. V. De' Laport; Secretary, Ed. Rogerson; Ast. Secretary, Heary Brown; P. N. G., Frank Wright; L. M., Joseph Hodgson; Treasurer, Alexander Gemmill; Surgeon, Dr. James Elwood Graham; Warden, David Sylvester; Conductor, Thomas J. Couch; Organist, W. E. Wickens; R. S. N. G., Lewis Samuel; L. S. N. G., Wm. Parson; R. S. V. G., Wm. Clarke; L. S. V. G., James Cleghorn; Inside Tyler, Chas. H. H. Nichoes; Outside Tyler, John Hussey.

WM. F. ROBERTSON'S "QUEEN CITY" GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE.—This place of business was formerly called the "People's Grocery," and is situated on Queen street west, No. 320. It is now quite a favorite establishment, as the present proprietor has laid in an extensive and varied stock of the choicest Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Provisions, which he has purchased for cash in the best markets, and is consequently in a position to sell at prices that has secured for him a very extensive patronage, which is daily increasing. We have no hesitation in commending Mr. Robertson to the favorable consideration of our readers, as he is a worthy young man, and has had sufficient experience in the grocery trade to qualify him to compete successfully with others in the same line of business.

Communications.

PROTECTION VS. FREE TRADE.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

"The true interests of the workingman are cheap food, moderate rents, low taxes, good government, peace and contentment in the country. These things do not belong to countries under 'Protective' theories. They spring from free trade."

The above extract I take, Mr. Editor, from an article in a recent issue of the *Advertiser* of this city, entitled "The Workingman's Friend." If these things spoken of spring alone from free trade, how is it, I would ask, that there has been so much agitation in the old country on the labor question, where free trade has had its widest scope? If free trade be the panacea for the evils under which labor suffers, surely in the old land the interests of the workingman would have been secured, and peace and contentment would have been the lot of the operative there. But in place of that, we have heard for many months past of nothing but agitations and strikes among the working classes of England.

Yours truly,

WORKER.

London, Oct. 10, 1872.

"THE HOURS OF LABOR."

History of the Contest for Short Hours in England—Murder of the Innocents in Factories—History of the Contest in America and in Europe—Social and Political Aspects of the Question—Significant Statistics—The Sanitary Aspect.

(FROM THE HAMILTON STANDARD.)

(CONTINUED.)

In the New England States the same difficulties are encountered by the advocates of factory legislation as in old England. What practical legislation has taken place in the United States is confined to the works of the United States Government. In July, 1869, the State Legislature of Massachusetts resolved to establish a Bureau of Statistics of Labor, whose duty it shall be to issue annually a report on the condition of the laboring classes, from the first report of the Bureau, it appears that a ten hours movement among the building trades was on foot as early as 1825. At a labor convention held in the State-house of Boston, in September, 1832, the ten hour question formed one of the points of the programme. The agitation was so far successful that on April 10, 1846, a general order was issued from the Navy Yard, Washington, D.C.,

that ten hours should constitute a legal day's labor in all Government workshops. This order had the effect of private yards and workshops adopting the same time, but the factory owners resisted.

In 1845 the factory operatives of the State of Massachusetts made a determined effort to reduce the hours of labor, which at that time were thirteen a day. Among their advocates were William Clafin, the recent Governor of the State, Henry Wilson, Benjamin F. Butler, N. P. Banks, and others. When, in 1852, public opinion seemed to incline to a compulsory ten hours law, a compromise was made to limit the hours of factory work to 66 a week. This agreement is binding on all who wish to observe it.

During the war the eight hours' agitation commenced. In all the large towns the building and other trades organized for the struggle, and in 1865 an eight hours' convention of trades union delegates was held at Baltimore, which resulted in the establishment of a distinct political labor party. The eight hours' question was to be the touchstone by which candidates for Congress were to be tested. The great point was to make eight hours a legal day's work in the Government workshops; the rest would follow. The Eight-hour law was carried in June, 1868, but the Government officials conspired to thwart it by reducing the wages accordingly. The organized unions set to work to counteract their schemes, and the matter was finally set at rest by the proclamation of President Grant, of May 21, 1869. "That no reduction of wages should be made on account of the reduction of the hours of labor to eight a day."

The extension of the eight hours' system to private establishments the employers have resisted with more or less success. Some of the great strikes undertaken to enforce the adoption of the eight hours' system have failed, and where it has been adopted by State Legislatures, as at New York, it has remained a dead letter.

While the eight hours' agitation for the Government works are going on throughout the Union, the factory operatives of Massachusetts revived the ten hours' agitation. Several commissions were appointed to investigate the matter, and all reported in favor of a reduction and a legal mitigation of the hours of factory labor. In May, 1867, a law was passed, according to which no child under the age of ten years shall be employed in any factory; none between the ages of ten and fifteen without having three months schooling during the year next preceding such employment; and none shall work more than sixty hours a week. This law is a dead letter. One man is appointed to see the act enforced without any authority to inspect the mills, and without power to prosecute offenders. The establishments to which the act applies are scattered over a surface of 8,000 square miles, and distributed in 35 towns.

(To be continued.)

IRELAND AS A SOURCE OF COAL SUPPLY.

Attention is being directed, now that coal is becoming so dear, to the supply which may be obtained from the sister country. Lough Allen, in the county of Leitrim, about nine miles from Carrick-on-Shannon (a station on the Midland Great Western railway), is surrounded on three sides by mountains, all of which contain mineral deposits, and, for many years, coal obtained from these mountains has been burnt in the village of Drumbambo and the town of Carrick, the country people being in the habit of paying 5s. per ton, and carting it themselves. The coal is very black and soft, makes a clean and hot fire, but the deposit of ashes is very great. Up to the present time it has been got in very narrow seams, the borings in the sides being limited, and no proper system of tramways in the mining channels has been adopted. About 15 years ago an attempt was made to open up this district, both for iron and coal, but the development of the enterprise was checked by the ruffianly murder of the manager of the company, who was suspected of having a large quantity of money in his possession for the payment of wages. We understand that within the last few months some Manchester capitalists have purchased the mineral rights possessed by Colonel Tennyson, who is the owner of a portion of the land, and that arrangements are in progress for re-suscitating the old iron works, and opening out the coal seams. The seams hitherto worked are very thin, but experienced colliers who have inspected the ground believe that borings at certain points will reveal deep-seam coal. Should this prove to be the case, the mines will, no doubt, be extensively worked, as carriage facilities can easily be provided. A short tramway from the side of the hill to the lake would admit of the coal being loaded into barges and carried down Lough Allen to the Shannon, whence it could be conveyed to Carrick station, and from that point to all parts of Ireland. The Midland Great Western Company of Ireland, with their usual liberality and enterprise, are, it is said, prepared to afford every facility for the development

of these coalfields. The coal from this district might, it is thought, be delivered in Liverpool or other ports at the rate of about 16s. per ton. There is a nucleus of colliery labor already on the ground, which could be soon greatly increased, and would, no doubt, at least for some time, be uninfluenced by the extortionate claims which are being made by colliers on this side of the channel.

A LANDED PROPRIETOR.

The Duke of Sutherland, a Scotch nobleman, and proprietor of an estate whose traditions are more than ordinarily ill-favored, is addressing himself to the interests of his tenantry with a sagacity and vigor which is entitling him to the respect and regard of all classes of his fellow-men. While some of the Scotch landed proprietors, with a criminal selfishness, are converting extensive reaches of their estates hitherto under cultivation into clear solitudes, involving, as such a policy does, the eviction of the tenants hitherto making a livelihood there, the Duke of Sutherland, reversing this policy, and that too on a scale of the broadest liberality and enterprise, is reclaiming the wild tracts of his domain from barrenness. The moss and hill sides heretofore abandoned to the growth of stunted grass and heather, and serving no higher purpose than to gratify the artificial taste of a fastidious aristocracy in supplying cover for game, are being converted into grainfields and rich pasturages. A large capital in particular is being invested in providing against the contingency of drought as liable to overtake the sheep walks. The hill sides, which are specially appropriated to this use, are being provided with lead pipes, laid below the surface of the ground, with openings, which under pressure will furnish an artificial rain-fall sufficient for all purposes of irrigation. As indicative of the value of such generous forethought to social economics, it is stated that by the general adoption of such a policy—and there is capital sufficient for the purpose—the number of sheep now produced by the north of Scotland could be increased ten or even twenty fold. "Such," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "is the great work which the Duke of Sutherland is beginning to execute in one part of the Highlands, and it is a task worthy of one to whom the nation commits the immense privileges of a noble."

THE LATEST ROMANCE.

The romance of the season is found, not at the great watering places, but in New York, or rather in Harlem, which lies at the upper end of the island. The story is well vouched for, and we presume of the great throng of novel writers will snatch up the incident for a touching tale of love. It appears that a gentleman named Moore, who had amassed a fortune of \$300,000 by honest labor as a builder, died a few months since, leaving his wealth unconditionally to his devoted wife. Mrs. Moore paid the last tokens of respect to the memory of her husband, donned the ordinary signs of mourning, and settled up the business of the departed as any sensible widow might be expected to do. In the employ of Mr. Moore, as night watchman, had been a man, John Hughes by name, at the moderate wages of eight dollars a week. He was an awkward fellow, uncouth and unattractive, passing in the circle where he was known as a "greenhorn," but was faithful. Mrs. Moore retained him in her service. But rumour, ever active, soon spread abroad the news that in his nightly round of duties, John Hughes was accompanied by Mrs. Moore. The charitable said it was because of her anxiety as to the safety of the property, while another circle of neighbors thought it a departure from propriety on the widow's part. The midnight walks became more frequent, but curiosity and scandal were soon set at rest by Mrs. Moore, who apparently following her own inclinations and seeking no advice from her neighbors, sold a block of houses for \$186,000, and accompanied her awkward servant to Manhattanville, where they were married. And now they are living quietly at an elegant house in Twenty-second street, and another than John Hughes watches the property. And let all night watchmen in the service of wealthy widows take courage.

The WHITE HART, corner of Yonge and Elm Street, is conducted by Bell Belmont, on the good old English principle, which gives the greatest satisfaction to its numerous patrons. The bar is most tastefully decorated, and pronounced by the press to be the Prince of Bars. Under the entire management of Mrs. E. Belmont, who is always proud to attend to the customer's wants. A spacious billiard room, and attentive waiters, render the WHITE HART a popular place of resort. Adv.

CABLE NEWS.

LONDON, Oct. 12.—A special despatch from Berlin to the *Daily Telegraph* says it is believed in official circles in that city that the decision of the Emperor William in the San Juan boundary question will be favourable to the Government of the United States.

LONDON, Oct. 15.—A special despatch from Paris to the *London Telegraph* says that President Thiers yesterday said he had received information that the released Communists now in Paris had in their possession 2,000 bombs, similar to those used by Orsini and his compatriots when they attempted to assassinate the ex-Emperor Napoleon in 1848.

PARIS, Oct. 12.—Minister Washburn and the Count de Remusat have agreed on the draft of a postal treaty which the Post Office authorities of both countries accept. It is believed the Minister of Finance will approve of the treaty, and it is highly probable that it will receive a regular ratification before the end of the year. It fixes letter postage at eight cents for one-third of an ounce, and newspaper postage, which was eight cents is reduced to three cents. Registered letters and transmission of letters are provided for.

MADRID, Oct. 12.—A Republic insurrection has broken out among the troops garrisoning the arsenal at Ferrol, in the Province of Corunna. The Government has despatched a force of troops to the town, and summary measures will be at once adopted to suppress the revolt.

MADRID, Oct. 14.—Carlists continue their agitation in Catalonia, where several have been arrested, including some soldiers on furlough.

Soon after the Cortes was convened in session to-day, the Minister for the Colonies announced that the Government received information of a Republican revolt at Ferrol. He said 1,500 men belonging to the garrison of the arsenal at the town, together with a portion of the naval coat guard and some of the population were joined in the movement. The leaders of the revolt are Montijo and Rogas.

Later details of the revolutionary outbreak at Ferrol have been received. The garrison of the fortress and the crew of the Spanish war steamer *Majaredo* continued to withstand the overtures of the rebels, and remained faithful to the Government. Notwithstanding this, the insurgents had succeeded in gaining possession of the gunboats which were anchored in the harbor. They also obtained possession of the light house, and imprisoned the keeper. By this means they have closed the port so that Government reinforcements cannot reach this place by sea. When the Minister of the Colonies announced the facts in the Cortes the Alphonzists and Republican deputies took occasion to disavow any complicity of their partisans with the movement, and to declare their sympathy with the Government as against the insurrectionists.

DR. J. BRANSTON WILMOTT,
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GRADUATE OF THE PHILADELPHIA DENTAL COLLEGE
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FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH—DEPARTED.

Friends of my youth—departed! Oh where, oh where are they; The witty and light-hearted,

Your places are forsaken, Your voices heard no more; Full oft I've been mistaken By fairy's magic power.

If ever I offended In childish word or play, Until my days are ended Forget I never may

DIFFERENCE IN WOMEN.

There is nothing more distinctive among women than the difference of relative age among them. Two women of the same number of years will be substantially of different epochs of life—the one wearied in mind, faded in person, deadened in sympathy;

THE BABY AND THE MULE.

An officer attached to the staff of General Custar, having his wife and child with him, just before the celebrated fight with the Indians out West, about two years ago, gave them in charge of a friendly Indian to take them beyond the line of the enemy.

When half way over, the mule suddenly stopped and began slowly to sink, until mule, Indian and child disappeared. The mother, on reaching New York, met Mr. Bergh, and with tears streaming down her cheeks, related her sad story.

"Oh, Mr. Bergh!" she exclaimed, "words cannot convey what I suffered on the occasion as I stood upon the bank watching my poor child perish within my sight, and unable to render any assistance. Ah! Mr. Bergh, fancy, if you can, what were the feelings of a mother on that occasion, as she saw her darling disappear from her sight!"

"Yes," said Mr. Bergh, "that's all very well; but, madam, fancy the feelings of the mule."

ILL-TEMPER.—Of all the minor tyrants of domestic life, ill-temper is the most detestable. It is of various kinds but the three main divisions are these—the hasty and violent; the peevish and cross-grained; the sullen and vindictive. We are all of us liable to some kind of ill-temper. There are two chief causes, want of health and want of sense.

GOOD ADVICE.

Pay your debts as soon as you get the money in your pocket. Do without what you don't need. Speak your mind when necessary. Hold your tongue when prudent. Speak to a friend in a steady coat. If you can't lend a friend money, tell him why. If you don't

want to, do the same. Cut acquaintances who lack principle. Bear with infirmities, but not vices. Respect honesty, despise duplicity. Wear your old clothes till you can pay for new ones. Aim at comfort and propriety, not fashion. Acknowledge your ignorance, and don't pretend knowledge you haven't got. Entertain your friends, but never beyond your means.

HOW A VAMPIRE WAS OVERCOME.

Soldiers often figure in ghost stories, as over comers of vampires. One of them, for instance, is on his way home on a visit, when he passes a grave-yard. All is dark around; but on one of the graves he sees a fire blazing. Guessing that this is the work of a lately deceased wizard, of whose evil deeds he has heard terrible accounts, he draws near, and sees the wizard sitting by the fire making boots.

"Good evening brother," says the soldier. "What have you come here for?" enquires the wizard.

"To see what you are doing." The wizard throws his work aside and cries—"Come along, brother. Let's us enjoy ourselves; there's a marriage feast going on in the village."

"Come along," says the soldier. Our story proceeds to say that they went to where the wedding was, and were treated with the utmost hospitality. After eating and drinking, the wizard got into a rage. He drove all the guests out of the house, threw the bride and bridegroom into a deep slumber, took an awl, and made a hole with it in one of the hands of each; and then drew of some of their blood in a couple of vials. Having done this, he went away taking the soldier with him.

"Why did you fill the vials with blood?" asked the soldier.

"In order that the bride and bridegroom might die. In the morning there will be no waking them; and no one but myself knows how they can be restored to life."

"How's that to be done?" "By making cuts in their heels and pouring some of their own blood into the wounds. Whatever I wish, that I can do," he went on bragging.

"I suppose it's impossible for any one to get the better of you?"

"Impossible? No. If a man were to make a bonfire of aspen boughs, and burn me in it he'd get the better of me. Only he'd have to look sharp about it, for snakes and worms, and all sort of vermin would crawl out of my inside, and crows and magpies and jackdaws would come flying about, and all these would have to be caught and flung into the fire. If so much as a single maggot were to escape, in that maggot I should slip off."

All this the soldier stored in his mind. He and the wizard went on talking until they reached the graveyard.

"Well, brother," said the wizard, "now I must tear you up; otherwise you will go repeating all this."

"What are you talking about?" replied the soldier. "You're very much mistaken in thinking you'll tear me up. I am a true servant of God and the emperor!"

Upon this, the wizard gnashed his teeth, howled aloud, and sprang at the soldier, who drew his sword and laid about him lustily. They fought until the soldier was all but exhausted; then suddenly the coals began to glow, and the wizard fell lifeless to the ground. From his pockets the soldier took the vials of blood, and then went on his way. Next morning he went to the house where the wedding feast had been held, and there he found every one in tears, for the bride and bridegroom lay dead. Carrying out the instructions he had received from the wizard, he brought the young people back to life. Instead of weeping, there immediately began to be mirth and revelry. But the soldier went to the "starosta" and told him to assemble the peasants and prepare a bonfire of aspen wood. Well, they took the wood into the graveyard, tore the wizard out of his grave, placed him on the wood, and set it alight, the people all standing around in a circle, holding brooms and shovels and fire irons. When the pyre became wrapped in flames, the wizard began to burn; then out of him crept snakes and worms and all sorts of vermin, and up came flying crows and magpies and jackdaws; but the peasants knocked them down and flung them into the fire, not allowing as much as a single maggot to escape. And so the wizard was thoroughly consumed, and the soldier collected his ashes and strewed them to the wind. From that time there was peace in the village.

REST.

Dr. Hall says the best medicine in the world, more efficient in the cure of disease than all the potencies of the materia medica, are warmth, rest, cleanliness, and pure air. Some persons make it a virtue to brave disease, "to keep up" as long as they can move a foot or crook a finger, and it sometimes succeeds; but in others the powers of life are thereby so completely exhausted that the system has lost all ability to recuperate, and slow and typhoid fever sets in, and carries the patient to a premature grave. Whenever walking or working is an effort, a warm bed and a cool room are the first indispensable steps to a sure and speedy recovery. Instinct leads all beasts and birds to quietude and rest: the very moment disease or wounds assail them,

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

How mighty is the influence which the past exerts in the affairs of the present! If from it we take that which belongs to the past, time presents but an universal blank. It is the record of all man has ever been or done. This present is but a transitory state, which, as we turn to contemplate it, ceases to be. We know not what we are, but by carefully examining the history of our past lives, we may ascertain what we have been.

"Thoughts and deeds, not years," are the measures of intellectual life, and, as we live in the past, we only can be said to live long. The antediluvian shepherd who, through long centuries, watched his flock, careless and ignorant of all things else, cannot be said to have lived so long an intellectual life as the man of to-day, whose thoughts run through every generation, age, and century of the stored past.

As men value the past, we may determine their intellectual condition. The adage of the Arab is that life consists of two parts: That which is past, a dream, and that which is to come, a wish. But to the civilized man it presents a field of varied and instructive knowledge which throws o'er the hidden paths of the future its cheerful light.

We live in a world of change; the evidences of its workings may be seen in everything around us. We look on the giant hills and mountains, and deem perhaps that they are eternal; but the little streams that are rolling down their sides are slowly wearing them away. We admire the beauty of the unbroken forest, and, as we enter, we see at our feet the mouldering forms of the forests of other times, and the thought forces itself upon us that this must be the fate of the tall trees that are waving their branches so proudly o'er our heads.

We learn to love a friend—one dear to us by the tender ties of affection. We can scarcely reconcile ourselves to the thought that the voice whose kindly tones have so often cheered us in the hours of woe, and ministered in the brighter hours of pleasure, is forever silent in death—that the echoes of those footsteps which were always heard with delight have died out forever.

But death is not the only change to which our friends are subject. How often the voice of slander, or the promptings of jealousy, alienate and dissolve the strongest ties of friendship! But there are things which, even in this inconstant world, are enduring; the friends over whom calumny and envy has no power. These are they who belong to the past. The most careless of natures cannot recur to such associations without feelings of pleasure. The remembrance of our earlier years, however bitter or severe they may have been, ever awakens a feeling of delight.

The Swiss peasant, as he hears the harper playing the tunes he loved to hear in his far-distant mountain home, experiences a joy only expressed in tears. The most degraded of men love to look away from the ruin and shame of the present, back to the days of innocence and joy, and, though they may feel that many of those days have been wasted, yet still they will regret them.

We sometimes sing,— "Backward, slow backward, oh, tide of years, I am so weary of toils and of tears, Toils without recompense, tears all in vain, Take them and give me my childhood again."

This is beautiful poetry, but not the language of the human heart. Who would take back their childhood at the price of forgetting all the associations that belong to memory? Who would forget the companions of their earlier years? Some are in distant lands; others have been laid in bloody graves, to moulder on the battle-fields of the sunny south, while others sleep in our own churchyard, and the tall grass above them owes its dark luxuriance to their mouldering forms. There the angry winds of winter, that everywhere else howl in tones of destruction and desolation, seem only to sing the requiem over their departed spirits.

Who would forget the home of their childhood? It may have been a home of poverty; the years spent there may have been years of toil and sorrow, and widely scattered may be the little band that met around the hearth-stone. Yet there are times we fancy

"We meet as we did in childhood bliss, Ere sorrow and death had told That forms forever in death must rest, And glowing hearts grow cold."

Change mars the present, uncertainty clouds the future; we know not but that the paths that seem so fair may all be strewn with pain; but

"Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy, Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy, Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care, And bring back the features joy used to wear."

But all memories are not pleasant; wrong deeds can only be viewed in the light of regret and shame. Years will only add to their blighting and withering influence. Let us live so that when the rolling years shall have sped their rapid flight, we may look back on spotless actions traced in human hearts by the hand of human affection, and illumined by the light of memory.

HAPPINESS.—A crust of bread, a pitcher of water, a thatched roof, and love—there is happiness for you, whether the day be rainy or sunny. It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rest on a potato garden or a flower patch.

WOMAN IN SICKNESS.

In no situation, and under no circumstances, does the female character appear to such advantage as when watching beside the bed of sickness. The chamber of disease may indeed be said to be woman's home. We there behold her in her loveliest, most attractive point of view—firm, without being harsh; tender, not weak; active, yet not quiet; gentle, patient, uncomplaining, vigilant. Every sympathetic feeling that so peculiarly graces the feminine character, is there called forth; while the native strength of mind which has hitherto slumbered in inactivity, is roused to its fullest energy. With noiseless step she moves about the chamber of the invalid; her listening ear ever ready to catch the slightest murmur; her quick, kind glance to interpret the unuttered wish, and supply the half-formed want. She smooths with careful hand the uneasy pillow which supports the aching head, or with cool hand soothes the fevered brow, or proffers to the glazed and parching lip the grateful draught, happy if she meets one kind glance in payment for her labor of love.

Here, too, is the low-whispered voice, which breathes of life and hope—of health in store for happy days to come; or tells of better and of heavenly rest, where neither sorrow nor disease can come—where the dark power of death no more shall have dominion over the frail, suffering, perishing clay. Through the dim, silent watches of the night, when all around are hushed in sleep, it is hers to keep long vigils, and to hold communion with her God, and silently lift up her heart in fervent prayer, for the prolongment of a life for which she would cheerfully sacrifice her own. And even when exhausted sinks to brief repose, forgetfulness is denied. Even in sleep she seems awake to this one great object of her care. She starts and rises from her slumbers, raises her drooping head, and watches with dreamy eyes the face she loves, then sinks again to rest, to start with every chime of clock or distant watch, which formerly had passed unheard, or only served as a lullaby to her sweet sleep.

CAUSES OF DEW.

If the dew fell, it would fall for the same reason that rain falls; but dew does not fall, it is simply a deposit of moisture, always contained in the air to a greater or lesser degree, and which, when there is enough of it, will always form on any cold body exposed to the moist air, in precisely the same way that a cold bottle or stone, taken from a cold cellar, and suddenly exposed in the shade to the moist, warm, summer air, will become wet; this is not sweating, nor does this moisture come out of the bottle or stone, as many people believe, but from the air. It is for the same reason that moisture will condense against the window pane, when the air is cold outside and moist inside, the moist slowly freezing while its deposits form crystals of ice, which we so often admire in winter. When the weather is cool enough, the moisture deposited will even freeze on plants and grass, and then we call it hoar frost; if it does not freeze, it is simply dew. The only point left to be explained is, why does the ground become so cool during the night; so much cooler than the air above it, as to cause the latter to deposit its moisture? This was for many years a vexed problem, till Wells first suggested the radiation of obscure heat, which takes place from the surface of the earth through the clear atmosphere into the space above, and so causes the surface to become much cooler than the air itself. He demonstrated this by means of the thermometers placed at different heights, and also by the fact that dew is only deposited on cloudless nights. When there are clouds, they reflect the heat, or prevent it from escaping. The surface of the earth thus being kept from cooling, so dew is deposited.

GRIMALKIN AND THE GLUE-POT.

AN AMUSING GHOST STORY.

The "Lounger," in the South London Press tells the following story, which he says is current in Peckham: A newly-married couple took a house not a hundred miles from Peckham Rye railway station. After they had got nicely settled down, they entertained a number of their friends to a kind of "house-warming." A very pleasant evening was spent, and the company did not break up until late. After the happy pair had shaken hands with the last of the guests at the door, they returned to the parlor, where they were suddenly alarmed by a mysterious knocking, which seemed to proceed from the kitchen. The husband looked alarmed—the wife turned pale. The husband cried "What's that?" the wife shook her head, and mournfully muttered that it was a sign of death. The knocking continued, and too much alarmed to investigate the cause, the husband determined to open the window. Up went the latch, and strange as it may seem, a policeman actually made his appearance at the very first call. He entered by the window, opened the parlor door, and boldly stepped into the lobby. Still the knocking continued. One moment the policeman stood as if to consider whether it would be advisable to call in another member of the force, and then he bravely decided to have all the honor to himself. Fearfully he threw open the apartment, when, lo! what did he behold? A big black tom-cat with its head fast in a glue-pot! A strange catastrophe that, but when the pulled the

cat's head out of the pot, its mouth was found in its mouth, and that explained how puss had got into its funny predicament.

TRAVELLERS GUIDE, TORONTO TIME.

Table with columns for destination (Suspension Bay, Hamilton, Paris, London, Chatham, Windsor) and time slots (a.m., p.m.).

Table with columns for destination (Windsor, Chatham, London, Paris, Hamilton, Sus'n Br) and time slots (a.m., p.m.).

Table with columns for destination (Toronto, Hamilton) and time slots (a.m., p.m.).

GRAND TRUNK EAST. DETROIT TO TORONTO.

Table with columns for destination (Detroit, Port Huron, Sarnia) and time slots (a.m., p.m.).

Table with columns for destination (Stratford, Guelph) and time slots (a.m., p.m.).

TORONTO TO MONTREAL.

Table with columns for destination (Toronto, Whitby, Oshawa, Bowmanville, Port Hope, Cobourg) and time slots (a.m., p.m.).

Table with columns for destination (Belleville, Napanee, Kingston, Brockville, Ottawa) and time slots (a.m., p.m.).

Table with columns for destination (Prescott Jn, Cornwall, Montreal) and time slots (a.m., p.m.).

GOING WEST—MONTREAL TO TORONTO.

Table with columns for destination (Montreal, Cornwall, Prescott Junction, Ottawa) and time slots (a.m., p.m.).

Table with columns for destination (Kingston, Cobourg, Bowmanville, Oshawa, Whitby, Toronto) and time slots (a.m., p.m.).

TORONTO TO DETROIT.

Table with columns for destination (Toronto, Guelph, Stratford, London) and time slots (a.m., p.m.).

Table with columns for destination (Sarnia, Port Huron, Detroit) and time slots (a.m., p.m.).

NORTHERN RAILWAY.

Table with columns for destination (Toronto, Newmarket, Barrie, Collingwood) and time slots (a.m., p.m.).

T. G. AND B. RAILWAY.

Table with columns for destination (Toronto, Orangeville, Mt. Forest) and time slots (a.m., p.m.).

TORONTO AND NIPISSING RAILWAY.

Table with columns for destination (Toronto, Markham, Uxbridge, Midland Junction) and time slots (a.m., p.m.).

Table with columns for destination (Midland Junction, Uxbridge, Markham, Toronto) and time slots (a.m., p.m.).

ST. LAWRENCE & OTTAWA RAILWAY.

Table with columns for destination (Toronto, Prescott Wharf, Prescott Junction, Ottawa) and time slots (a.m., p.m.).

Sawdust and Chips.

"Lenny," said a maiden aunt, "you should eat the barley that is in your soup, or you will never get a man." Lenny, looking up innocently, inquired, "Is that what you eat it for, ain't it?"

A lady teacher inquired of the members of a class of juveniles, if any of them could name the four seasons. Instantly the chubby hand of a five-year-old was raised, and promptly came the answer, "Pepper, salt, vinegar and mustard."

A western damsel has framed the verdict a jury gave in her favor in a suit for breach of promise of marriage, and has hung it conspicuously in her parlor as a frightful warning to all intruders.

A little girl was standing at the depot to see her father and a gentleman friend off, when she suddenly observed to her father, referring to his friend, who was tall and lank. "If the cars run off the track and any legs must be broken, I hope they'll be Mr. H's." "What's that for?" said the startled H. "Because," she said, artlessly, "Aunt May says you have a pair of spare legs."

Punctuation is a wonderful thing. A man telegraphed to Burlington for a school, "Shall I come, or is the place filled?" The answer properly was, "No 1 Place filled on the 17th." The telegraph operator received it, "No place filled on the 17th." He went for it, and was minus travelling expenses.

TALL.—There is a man living on the Walnut river, in Kansas, who says he is about to suffocate for want of air. The corn is growing so tall that it shuts off all the breeze. He wants to employ a good marksman to shoot the ears off the stalk; thinks it would be cheaper than to rig a scaffolding for gathering the corn.

STANDING FIRE.—George Washington was once at a dinner party, where his host had set him with his back to a fiery red-hot stove. Finding it too hot for comfort, after some squirming, he beat a retreat for a more comfortable position, at the same time explaining the reason. "Why," said the host, jocularly, "I thought an old general like you could stand fire better than that." "I never could stand fire in my rear," replied the general.

Two Irishmen, on a sultry night, took refuge under the bedclothes from a party of mosquitoes. At last one of them, gasping from heat, ventured to peep beyond the bulwarks, and espied a firefly which had strayed into the room. Arousing his companion with a punch, he said, "Fergus, Fergus, it's no use. Ye might as well come out. Here's one of the craythers sarching for us wid a lantern."

A young couple from the backwoods of Tennessee arrived at Nashville on their bridal tour, and, on calling for a room, were shown into the elevator, which they in their innocence took for a bed room. When the servant, who had gone for some matches, returned, he found them partially disrobed, and expressing their dissent at the closeness of the room and the scanty sleeping accommodation.

ORTRUOX.—A speaker at a juvenile picnic is said to have delivered an address of which the following is a sample:—"You ought to be very kind to your little sisters. I once knew a bad boy who struck his sister a blow over the eye. Although she didn't fade and die in the summer time, when the June roses were blooming, with sweet words of kindness on her pallid lips, she rose up and hit him over the head with the rolling-pin, so that he couldn't go to school for over a month on account of not being able to put on his hat."—Mark Twain.

Young men who will sit up late on Saturday nights playing cards, and go to church the next morning with a "full deck" in their pockets, should be careful about their being bestoved so as not to fall out. Bob Howe went to the Baptist meeting in Circleville, and took his seat with his sweetheart in the front pew in the gallery. He had occasion to use his handkerchief, and drawing it rather suddenly from his breast pocket, he drew out with it the entire "pack" of "Cohen's best linen," which flew all about below. The good minister "saw it," and knowing whereof he spoke, simply observed: "Young man your psalm book has been poorly bound."

BURKE AND THE CIVIL LIST.—When Burke made one of his famous attacks, in the British Parliament, upon the crown civil list, he was several times noisily interrupted by somebody, who, occupying an official position in the household, seemed to think himself the special guardian and champion of royalty. This officious person kept reminding the orator every now and then, with vehement interjections, of his duty to the king. At last Burke paused in the flow of his speech, and declared that he perfectly understood it to be his duty to honor the king, but he did not thereby feel himself constrained "to honor the king's man-servant, his maid-servant, and his ox, and"—fixing his eyes upon the obnoxious intruder—"his ass."

M. EDWARD SNIDER,
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OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—84 Bay Street, a few doors below King Street, Toronto.
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DENTIST,
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—127 Church Street, Toronto, opposite Metropolitan Church.
Makes the preservation of the natural teeth a specialty.
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SILK HATS FROM \$2 50 UP.
FELT HATS FROM 50c UP.
CAPS
The following variety—
BROWN BEAVER, BLACK VELVETS,
BROWN SEAL, BLACK CLOTH,
SEAMLESS, GLENGARRY,
AND GLAZE CAPS.
FURS! FURS! FURS!
Cheapest ever offered to the public.
EVERYTHING NEW. CALL AND SEE.
J. C. PRITTE,
Practical Hatter and Furrier,
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Society Seal Presses,
RIBBON AND DATE STAMPS,
CRESTS, MONOGRAMS, &C.,
ENGRAVED ON HAND STAMPS.
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QUEEN STREET TEA STORE,
OPPOSITE TERAULEY STREET.
Special attention is invited to our new stock of choice TEAS, comprised of the following:
YOUNG HYSON, SOUCHONGS, OOLONGS, OONGOU, GUNPOWDER, JAPAN & PEKOES
All of which have been purchased since the duty was taken off, and cannot be equalled in value.
H. K. DUNN,
51 Queen St. West.
N.B.—All kind of choice Wines and Spirits; Claret & Case; Dawe's Montreal Pale Ale and Porter.

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INSURANCE AGENT,
SPADINA AVENUE,
Nearly opposite St. Patrick Street, Toronto.
FIRE DEPARTMENT.
Agent for the Western Assurance Company of Canada. HEAD OFFICE—Western Assurance Buildings, corner of Church and Colborne Streets, Toronto.
LIFE DEPARTMENT.
Agent for the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn.


THE RUSSELL WATCH is made in all sizes suitable for Ladies and Gents, both in gold and silver. But the accompanying one represents in proper proportions
The \$25 Russell Hunting Lever Watch
In sterling silver case and gold points, full jewelled—warranted for five years—comes with a gold-plated Albert chain—which will be sent to any part of Canada on receipt of \$25, or C.O.D. by express.
W. J. CORRELLI,
Watch Importer,
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Best Choice brands of Wines, Liquors, and Cigars constantly on hand.
QUEEN'S OWN HOTEL—ROBERT TAYLOR, proprietor, 101 King Street West. Choice brands Wines, Liquors and Cigars constantly on hand. The best Free an Easy in the city attaches to this establishment.
2-to


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LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF HARTFORD, CONN.
HEAD OFFICE FOR WESTERN CANADA:
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Incorporated 1820. Commenced Business in Canada in 1850.

Accumulated Assets, July 1, 1871, over.....	\$16,000,000
Annual Income.....	6,000,000
Surplus over all Liabilities.....	3,000,000
Deposited with Canadian Government.....	100,000
Already paid to Widows and Orphans in Canada, nearly.....	200,000

ALL POLICIES STRICTLY NON-FORFEITING.
No money paid to this Company can ever be lost by discontinuing payments after the second year. The policy remains good, on application, for more insurance than the Cash paid in.
This Old, Reliable, and Most Successful Company affords great advantages in] Life Insurance.
AN ANNUAL REVENUE OF OVER \$6,000,000.
Over \$16,000,000 Safely Invested at Interest.
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IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
CIGARS, TOBACCO AND SNUFF,
And every description of Tobacconist's Goods,
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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.
Intending Contractors are hereby informed that in December next, Tenders will be received for the execution and completion of certain portions of the work connected with the enlargement of the Welland Canal, between Port Colborne and Thorold; also for parts of the new line to the eastwards of the present canal, from what is called Marlett's Pond through the valley of the Ten Mile Creek to Brown's Cement Kilns, thence via the Thorold and St. Catharines Cemeteries to near Port Dalhousie.
The works are to be let in sections of a length suited to circumstances, and the locality.
The location surveys are now in progress, and in some places sufficiently advanced to admit of contractors examining the ground before winter sets in.
When plans, specifications, and other documents are prepared, due notice will be given, Contractors will then have an opportunity of examining them, and be furnished with blank forms of Tender, at this office; or at the office of the respective Engineers on the works.
By order,
F. BRAUN, Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 4th October, 1872.


PATENT OFFICE,
OTTAWA, September 4, 1872.
Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the provisions of 35th Victoria, Chap. 26, intituled: "An Act respecting Patents of Invention," His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to approve of certain rules and regulations, and of such forms prescribed as have appeared necessary for the purposes of the said Act.
And notice is further given, that copies of such rules and regulations and of the said forms may be obtained on application to this office.
J. H. POPE,
Minister of Agriculture and Commissioner of Patents.
27-r

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Late President of the "National Labor Union" and Iron Moulders International Union, by his brother J. C. SYLVIS, of Sunbury, Pa. A text book on Labor Reform. A book which should be in the hands of every working man in the United States. The book contains four hundred and fifty-six pages, with a fine steel engraving of the deceased, is neatly and serviceably bound, and the price reduced to the lowest possible figure. A portion of the proceeds derived from the sale of the work is to be devoted to the young Orphan Family of the deceased, leaving but a trifling margin to cover probable losses. The late Wm. H. Sylvis was identified with the labor movement in this country, from its earliest conception, and his writings and speeches, it is universally conceded, exercised a marked influence abroad, while to them, more than any, is due the surprising progress which that movement has made here. His Biography is, therefore, in a great measure a history of the Labor movement, and no man who desires to keep pace with the times should be without a copy.
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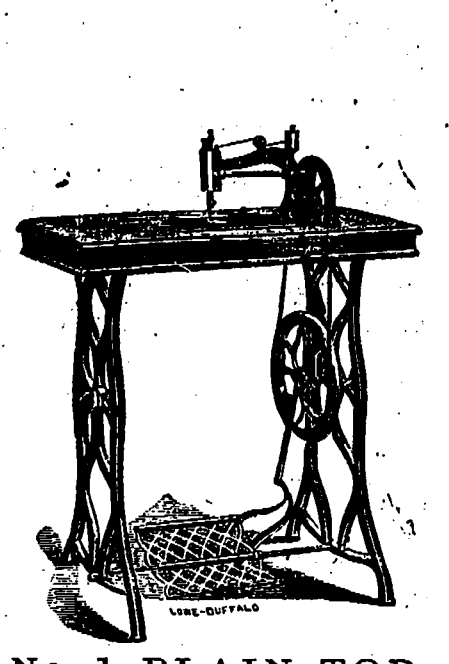
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FOR CHOICE DRINKS
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IF YOU WANT
SPEND A PLEASANT EVENING,
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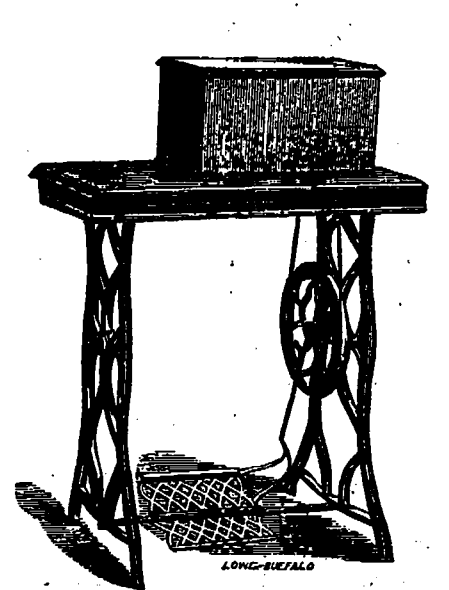
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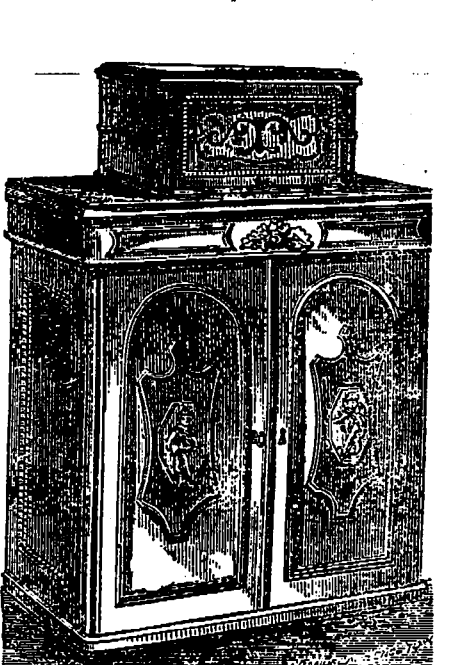
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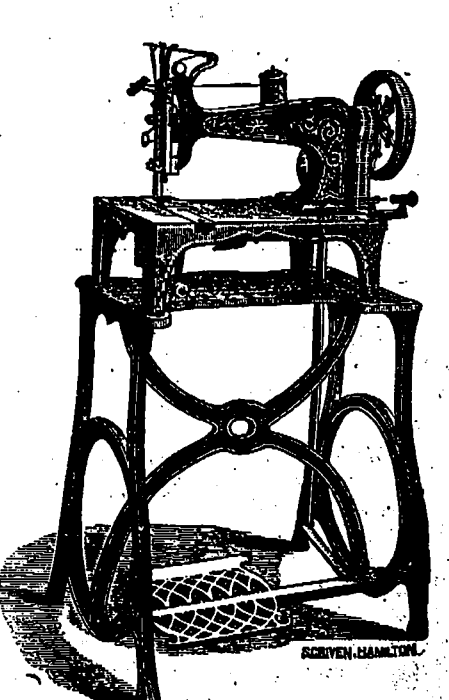
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New Fancy Dress Goods. In the City, at all Prices. NEW SELF-COLOR DRESSES, NEW JAPANESE SILK DRESSES, NEW WASHINGTON DO., 33 cents a yard.

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OUR STOCK IS NEW, And was bought under the most Advantageous Circumstances, And will be sold at prices which will satisfy even the closest buyers.

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G. & J. W. COX & CO., GOLDEN BONNET. OPENED OUT THIS WEEK, A Third Delivery of LONDON AND PARIS PATTERN BONNETS, HATS, JACKETS, and WATERPROOF CLOAKS.

CRAWFORD & SMITH, Have received ex S. S. "Rydal Hall," GENTS' HAND-KNITTED FINGERING SOCKS, n Shetland, Brown and Oxford Grey.

CLOTHING. COATS, VESTS, PANTS, OVERCOATS, AND UNDERCOATS, All kinds of Clothing, READY-MADE OR MADE TO ORDER.

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STOVES! STOVES! J. R. ARMSTRONG & CO., COAL STOVES! WOOD STOVES! The American Base Burner, FOR HALLS.

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Call and see for yourselves. AUCTION SALE OF BUILDING LOTS, Situated on Spadina Avenue, Cecil, Baldwin, and Huron Streets, belonging to the Corporation of the City of Toronto.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, Tuesday, 16th day of Sept., 1872. PRESENT:— HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

On the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Customs, and under the provisions of the 8th section of the Act 31, Vic., cap. 6, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and is hereby ordered, that the Out-Port of Peterboro', heretofore under the survey of the Port of Port Hope, be and the same is hereby constituted and erected into a Port of Entry for all the purposes of the said Act.

W. A. HIMSWORTH, Clerk, Privy Council. CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, Ottawa, October, 1872. AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON AMERICAN Invoices until further notice, 12 per cent.

R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner. NORTH-WEST TERRITORY. After the 25th of June next, Emigrants will be sent to Fort Garry at the following rates:— TORONTO TO FORT WILLIAM.

Adults, \$5; Children under 12 years, \$2.50—150 lbs. personal baggage free. Extra luggage, 30 cents per 100 lbs. FORT WILLIAM TO FORT GARRY. Emigrants, \$15; Children under 12 years, \$8—150 lbs. personal baggage free. Extra luggage, \$2 per 100 lbs. (No horses, oxen, waggon, or heavy farming implements can be taken.) THE MODE OF CONVEYANCE. By Railroad from Toronto to Collingwood or Sarnia. By Steam from Collingwood or Sarnia to Fort William. 46 miles by waggon, from Fort William to Shobandowan Lake.

Miscellaneous.

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

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