

Ontario Workman.

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

VOL. I.

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A MECHANICAL MARVEL.

A German, of Cincinnati, has on exhibition in the window of a jeweller of that city, a complicated piece of mechanism, which he calls "die Lebensuhr" (clock of life). It will be seen from the following description, that it is truly a mechanical marvel:

We see, in a glass case, a three-story, steeple-shaped clock, four feet wide at the first story, and nine feet high. The movement is placed in the centre of the first story, on four delicate columns, within which swings the untiring pendulum, which is in the significant form of a bee-hive. Behind the pendulum there is a picture representing mature manhood—a countryman behind his plough. The four corners are carved, and represent the four periods of life—infancy, youth, manhood, and age. The spaces to the right and left of the clock are ornamented with two oil-paintings, representing the spring time of life (children playing in a garden), and the autumn or end of life (grave-diggers in the cemetery).

The second story consists of two tower-like pieces, on the doors of which there are two pictures that represent boyhood and early manhood. In the one a boy is just pushing his little bark away from the shore. He stands upright in the boat, and points to the distance; he is about to begin life—"to paddle his own canoe." In the other a young man, who has already made some progress in the journey of life, enters a room in which there is an hour-glass, that reminds him of the fleetness of time. On this story there are three guardian angels.

A majestic tower crowns, as third story, the ingenious structure. A cock, as a symbol of watchfulness, stands on the top, directly over the portal, which opens the tower in front. On this portal there is a painting which represents the perishableness of earthly things. The entire structure is, in appearance, very like an old Gothic castle.

Now, let us see if we can describe the mechanical action of the clock. When it marks the first quarter, the door of the left piece of the second story opens, and we see a child issue from the background, come forward to a little bell, give it one blow, and then disappear. At the second quarter a youth appears, and strikes the bell twice, and then disappears; at the third there comes a man in his prime; at the fourth we have a tottering old man, leaning on a staff, who strikes the bell four times. Each time the door closes of itself. When the hours are full, the door of the right piece of the second story opens, and Death, as a skeleton, scythe in hand, appears and marks the hour by striking a bell. But it is at the twelfth hour that we have the grand spectacle in the representation of the Day of Judgment. Then, when Death has struck three blows on the little bell, the cock on the top of the tower suddenly flaps his wings and crows in a shrill tone; and, after Death has marked the twelfth hour with his hammer, he crows again twice. Immediately three angels, who stand as guardians in a central position, raise their trumpets with their right hands (in the left they hold swords) and blows a blast toward each of the four quarters of the earth. At the last blast the door of the tower opens, and the resurrected children of the earth appear, while the destroying angel sinks out of sight.

The multitude stand for a moment full of awe and wonder. When, suddenly, Christ, in all his majesty, descends, surrounded by angels. On his left there is an angel, who holds the scales; on his right another carries the book of life, which opens to show the Alpha and Omega—the beginning and the end. Christ waves his hand, and instantly the good among the resurrected are separated from the wicked—the former going to the right, the latter to the left. The archangel Michael salutes the good, while, on the other side, stands the devil, radiant with fiendish delight—he can hardly wait for the final sentence of those who fall to him, but, in obedience to the command of the central figure, he withdraws. The figure of Christ raises his hand again, with a threatening mien, and the accursed sink down to the realms of his satanic majesty. Then Christ blesses the chosen few, who draw near to him. Finally, we hear a cheerful chime of bells, during which Christ rises, surrounded by his angels, until he disappears and the portal closes.

We look with amazement on this exhibition of the mechanic's ingenuity; a complete drama is here represented, without the aid of a human hand. And what excites our admiration still more is the perfection of all the

movements; they are steady, calm, and noiseless, with the exception of the threatening gestures of the figure Christ and the movements of Lucifer, who darts across the scene with lightning rapidity. Of course, the peculiar action of these two figures is intentional on the part of the artist, and adds greatly to the effect.

OCCUPATIONS AND HEALTH.

At a late meeting of the Institute of Actuaries, the distinguished statistician and actuary, F. G. P. Nelson, read a paper on the "Influence of Occupation upon Health." The scope of the paper was such as to shed much needed light upon the relative healthfulness of the various employments, and some of the statements made were rather startling than otherwise. Among the classes especially referred to by Mr. Nelson, in his statistics and deductions, were miners, masons, metal workers, gardeners, carpenters, shoemakers, butchers, domestic servants, liquor dealers, etc. The rates of mortality of persons thus employed, and ranging between twenty-five years of age, are given as follows, per one thousand persons:

Gardeners	10.4
Carpenters	12.7
Shoemakers	14.5
Masons	17.6
Butchers	17.4
Iron miners	18.0
Coal miners	18.2
Tin miners	19.9
Beer sellers	21.5
Wine and spirit merchants	25.0
Publicans, vintners, etc.	25.6
Inn and hotel keepers	27.0

It will be obvious to all who examine these figures that, as compared with the other occupations named, those connected with the liquor business are least healthful, if, indeed, they are not absolutely dangerous to employer and employed alike. In point of fact, Mr. Nelson found that the mortality was almost three to one as between inn-keepers and gardeners between the ages of 25 and 65 years. Our readers can draw parallels of this sort for themselves from the figures given above, and will not fail to infer that after all it is not hard work that drags us down to the grave so much as it is the kind of work that we do, the surroundings amid which we work, and the artificial "steaming" to which the physical part of us is subjected. Thus the statistics show that the least onerous essentially of all the occupations mentioned above is really the one which furnishes the largest comparative harvest to death's sickle. And this is simply because of the temptations to stimulate beyond any rational degree of necessity.

But perhaps a more striking exhibit of the influence of occupation, and one more likely to bring the subject home to the American mind, is that given in a report, prepared some years ago by order of the Massachusetts Legislature, respecting the longevity of individuals engaged in various employments. Thus, agriculturists were found to average a life-time of 63.93 years; bankers, 43.45; bank officers, 68.76; blacksmiths, 61.44; butchers, 50; calico printers, 51.34; carpenters, 49.39; clerks, 34.32; clergymen, 56.72; coopers, 58.67; editors, 40; gentlemen (!) 58.19; hatters, 64.17; jewellers, 44.06; judges and justices, 66; lawyers, 55.33; machinists, 36.41; manufacturers, 43.23; masons, 47.78; mechanics, 43.45; merchants, 61.71; musicians, 39.86; operatives, 32.93; painters, 42.68; physicians, 54.94; printers, 38.01; public officers, 56.84; ropemakers, 54.50; shipwrights, 55.27; shoemakers, 43.12; tailors, 44.35; teachers, 34.46; traders, 46.35. Such figures as these, even admitting that they can be only approximate estimates as applied to thousands of persons in all the States and climates of our country, are certainly suggestive in many particulars. In two respects they cannot fail to be peculiarly forcible, viz.: in the suggesting of occupations in which to work, or in warning against certain of them, and in illustrating and urging the claims of life insurance.

The grouping together of the two sets of statistics, here given, suggests a variety of reflections and inferences which require more space than can now be afforded. Whether the figures are made useful either in regard to what they reveal or with regard to what they suggest, no one will deny that they have a practical value. And this value will assume a variety of forms, just in accordance with the cast of mind making the application. We leave the figures, therefore, to make their own way into a field of usefulness.

THE TRADE IN HAIR.

The ladies will feel interested in the fact that Parisian journals announce a decline in the price of hair. They assure us that a depreciation of fifty per cent. has already occurred in the value of "chignons, nattes, cantogants, queues, agrements, mechés, and toupets." One journal pathetically exclaims, in view of this circumstance: "You ladies who fondly believe that you have some 2,000f. worth of false curls in your drawers (the sum paid for such capillary ornaments), deceive yourself no longer; it is only worth half that sum now." We are not told why this terrible reduction in the value of hair has taken place. Certainly it is worn as much as ever, but as chignons are now frequently made of silk in Paris, and of other light materials, the hair market has doubtless suffered correspondingly. The current fashion of wearing hair in the French capital is to cluster ringlets thickly, weave bands broadly, and mass the chignon voluminously. Besides this, French women have special masses of long, handsome, dishevelled hair to put on, as if nature had favored them with a luxuriant supply of the hirsute establishment. Some American ladies, we are told, have adopted the fashion, and are very successful in imposing upon the unsophisticated.

The extent to which false hair is now worn by women of all ranks in life, here as well as abroad, is almost beyond belief. If glance at any show-case, will show us in what an infinite varieties of ways it is employed to ornament the fashionable. "Observe," says a French journalist, "the mob of queer things, and especially the clustering, flowing wavelets, sometimes interwoven with flowers, waiting only to be placed on the head in order, perhaps, to awaken in a young male heart the most tender of emotions."

"False hair must occasionally help a man to love, if pretty boots have, as we know, led to matrimony. What a tremendous trade must be done in dead hair." This journalist adds that "if all the false hair worn by the Parisian ladies were collected in the Place Vendôme and piled up, it would reach to the top of the old Napoleon column."

"Does not a young mother's heart leap 4th joy when she beholds her darling babe's 1st 2th?"

The Canadian Good Templars number 26,000 members. During the past year 178 new lodges have been established.

The railroad army of the United States, according to the "tables of occupations" recently completed at the census office from the returns of 1870, consisted at the time of taking the census of 1,967 officers of railroad companies, 7,374 railroad clerks, and 154,427 employees—a total rank and file, of 163,903 souls. This, we must say, would form by itself a large army. Besides these, however, there are seventy officers, 707 clerks, and 8,554 employees of express companies—in all, 9,396 men. As these are nearly all engaged in steam railroad transportation, we have a total of 172,699 men engaged directly in railroad service.

Happiness between husband and wife can only be secured by that constant tenderness and care of the parties for each other which are based upon warm and demonstrative love. The heart demands that the man shall not sit reticent, self-absorbed and silent in the midst of his family. The woman who forgets to note and provide for the peculiarities of her husband's tastes and wishes, renders her home undesirable for him. In a word, ever-present and ever-demonstrative gentleness must reign, or else the heart starves.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.—We never hear that subject alluded to and the epithet of "servile" or "degrading" applied to the highest duty of life, without feeling pity and sorrow to those who desecrate it. There can be nothing servile or degrading in useful toil of any kind. The epithet should more properly be applied to those who would stain this paramount duty of life; and we hope to live long enough on this planet to see the fact universally acknowledged that only labor of head, brain or muscle is to be deemed honorable or will be tolerated by human society. It is not labor that degrades, but living in idleness on the sweat and toil of one's fellow beings.

On Wednesday afternoon last, a boy named Menco, employed in Mr. Wm. Cassidy's saw mill, Douglas, had his hand taken off by the aw.

KEEP UP THE FAMILY ATTACHMENT.

One of the saddest things about a large family who have lived happily together under the old roof-tree, is the scattering to distant homes, which takes place as they grow up, one by one, to years of maturity. It is often the case, that in the cares and bustle of business, letters grow more and more infrequent, and finally brothers and sisters will entirely lose sight of each other. These kindred ties are much too sacred to be thus lightly severed. It takes such a little while to write a letter, and the expense is so trifling, there can hardly be an excuse for the neglect.

A loving family circle thus widely severed, adopted a curious but beautiful plan for keeping informed of each others welfare. The two most remote on the first of each month write part of a page on a large sheet containing the principal news of the month, and this is sealed and sent to the family next in order. Some member of the household adds a little contribution and sends it to the next, and so on till the whole circle is complete. Thus the family circle goes round twelve times a year, and each one is kept well informed of the joys, sorrows, plans and pursuits of the others. Family gatherings are frequent in such households, and the old home attachments never grow cold. Some in particular, away from home, are apt to grow very neglectful of letter-writing. Oh, if they knew how many heart aches such neglect often causes to the loving breast that pillowed their tired heads in childhood, they would not be so thoughtless. If they knew the joy that a letter brought, and could see how its lightest words were dwelt over and talked by the fireside, they would not be so sparing of the messages. Are not some of us sadly in arrears in this particular?

MEN OF LABOR.

In the following grim, grand way does Thomas Carlisle take off his hat to the man that plows, that hoes, and reaps, and mows, and threshes wheat for bread: "The toil-worn craftsman that with earth-made instrument laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse, notwithstanding wherein lies a cunning virtue indefeasibly royal as the sceptre of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, bespotted, with its rude intelligence, for it is the face of a manly man-like—the more venerable for the rudeness, even because we must pity as we love thee, hardly entreated brother. For us thy back was bent, for us thy straight limbs and fingers were so deformed. Thou wert the conscript on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles were so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; incrustated must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labor, and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet, toil on, toil on, man, in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toiler for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread."

ARITHMETIC FOR MILLIONAIRES.

The Chinese have a most ingenious method of reckoning by the aid of the fingers, performing all the operations of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, with numbers from one up to 100,000. Every finger of the left hand represents nine figures, as follows:—The little finger represents units, the ring finger tens, the middle finger hundreds, the fore-finger thousands, the thumb tens of thousands. When the three joints of each finger are touched from the palm towards the top they count one, two, and three of each of the denominations as above named. Four, five, and six are counted on the back of the finger joints in the same way; seven, eight and nine are counted on the right side of the joints from the palm to the tip. The fore-finger of the right hand is used as a pointer. Thus, 1, 2, 3, 4, would be indicated by first touching the joint of the fore-finger; next the hand on the inside; next the end joint of the ring finger on the inside; and finally, the joint of the little finger next the hand on the outside. The reader will be able to make further examples for himself.

Evans, who recently murdered his niece, Miss Lowering, of Northwood, Vt., under very shocking circumstances, is endeavouring to gain notoriety, or perhaps induce the belief that he is insane, by claiming to be the murderer of the Joyce children, at Roxbury, Mass., nine years ago. There are some cir-

cumstances which slightly corroborate his confession, but his general conduct leads to the belief that he is working up the insanity dodge. He does not show the slightest remorse for his recent foul deed, and even pretends to be aggrieved that he was not allowed to attend the funeral of his victim.

JOSH BILLINGS AT SARATOGA.

I don't think the water at Saratoga is so mineral as at Long Branch. I staid at Saratoga four weeks, and worked away at the water all the time. The more I drink, the less I wanted to. The water ain't so numerous at Saratoga, as it is at Long Branch, and that is the reason whi they bottle it. I stopt at the Grand Union-Hotel while at Saratoga, and noticed several people there.

This hotel is kept by the *Lelands*, and is kept just as I should keep hotel, if I waz a going to keep one.

I always thought it waz dreadful easy to keep a good hotel, and after staying 4 weeks at the Grand Union I know it iz.

The clerks at this hotel are a hansum set ov phellows, and they all told me they know how to drink the water.

I shall cum here next summer and stop at this same hotel, if they will let me, and I shall keep coming year after year, until I learn how to finally drink the water.

From Saratoga I went to Lake George. I went by the Adirondax ralerode, and found it a most delitesum route, besides being much the cheapest.

One reason ov this waz bekauze the superintendent of the rode presented me with a pass to go and cum.

I reached Lake George in time to drink before dinner, and couldn't taste enny psalt in the water.

I waz surprized at this, and concluded I had injured mi taste.

I tried the water the next morning, and found them still unsalty, and paid mi bill, and left.

The landlord asked me, with tears in his eyes, what was the matter, and I whispered in hiz ear that the water lakt psalt.

He begged mi pardon, and offered tew fix sum for me.

I left Lake George with the firm convikshun that the water iz too fresh tew be profitable.

Sumthing waz sed tew me about the scenery around Lake George being so fine; but I didn't go for scenery, I went for water.

After spending eleven weeks ov pure, unspekeled happiness, I find miself at hum agin, feeling like a birde, but a leetle water-soaked.

I shall start in a phew days for Utaw, and shall spend the winter there, and praktiss on the waters.

I am told that the waters at psalt lake are more substanshalltew drink than enny others.

I forgot to state that I saw one man at Saratoga drink 9 glasses ov mineral water sekuttif. They sed he waz a sailor—a regular old, psalt.

I also saw one man at Long Branch drink more water than he could swaller. He cum very near drowning to deth.

One of the richest things we have heard for some time is the newly imported English emigrant's description of a rough-and-tumble fight in which he participated. "They don't know 'ow to fight in this b—d country," said he, "Hi fought with a Canadian the other day, as he called me a Hinglish green 'orn. Hi knocked 'm down twice—hand of cawrse Hi lot him up again. Then 'e knocked me down—but 'e didn't let me up. No, 'e kicked me, and taw my clothes and punched me in the 'ed. 'E called it *gaoing law me*." Our reporter was seized with a sudden fit of coughing and left.

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. Ad.

Poetry.

KATE.

There's something in the name of Kate
Which many will condemn;
But listen now while I relate
The traits of some of them.

There's deli-Kate, a modest dame
And worthy of your love,
She's nice and beautiful in frame,
As gentle as a dove.

Communi-Kate's intelligent,
As we may well suppose;
Her fruitful mind is ever bent
On telling what she knows.

There's intri-Kate, she's so obscure,
'Tis hard to find her out,
For she's often very sure
To put your wits to rout.

Prevari-Kate's stubborn maid,
She's sure to have her way;
The caviling, contrary jade
Objects to all you say.

There's alter-Kate, a perfect pest,
Much given to dispute;
Her prattling tongue can never rest,
You cannot her refute.

There's dislo-Kate, quite in a fret,
Who fails to gain her point;
Her case is quite unfortunate,
And sorely out of joint.

Equivo-Kate no one will woo,
The thing would be absurd;
She is so faithless and untrue,
You cannot take her word.

There's vindi-Kate, she's good and true,
And strives with all her might
Her duty faithfully to do,
And battles for the right.

There's rusti-Kate, a country lass,
Quite fond of rural scenes;
She likes to ramble through the grass,
And through the evergreens.

Of all the maidens you can find,
There's none like edu-Kate;
Because she elevates the mind,
And aims for something great.

Tales and Sketchs.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES' UNION STORY.

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

CHAPTER XXVII.

To be unjustly accused of a crime, and be at the same time conscious of your inability to establish your innocence; to suffer the continual torture of a great wrong, and be confronted with your impotency to right it, is undoubtedly a most desperate and maddening feeling. It is a feeling akin to that experienced by the soldier who, having exhausted his ammunition, is compelled to stand in the ranks a target for his assailants—his power of resistance or defence gone, the prospect of instant death before him, intensified by the requiem-like sound hissed in his ear by every passing missile.

As Richard Arbyght lay in his narrow cell, the night of his arrest, he experienced this mental sensation in an acute, superlative degree, and each day he remained in prison but served to intensify the anguish he endured. He knew he was innocent, but the knowledge could not open the doors of his dungeon, nor restore him to liberty and the confidence of the world. The real culprit suffers from the tortures of conscious guilt, and lives in constant dread of the punishment which he justly deserves for his crime; but his tortures are infinitesimal compared with those endured by the wrongly accused, who sees himself adjudged guilty, even in advance of his trial, and to whom the day of trial is a day of dread, inasmuch as there is not within his reach a possibility of refuting the charge. Of what avail is conscious innocence to a man thus situated? Of what avail is the knowledge of a happy home and all its comforts, to the shipwrecked mariner, dying of hunger and exposure, on a desert isle? He knows that beyond the horizon lies his home, but will the knowledge bring him any nearer to it? Richard knew he was guiltless, but the innate conviction was powerless to set him free. The mind may imagine, but words are unable to adequately express the keen, deep anguish that rudely tore his soul. All the miseries he had ever experienced, if summed up and multiplied a hundred times, would not equal this. His hitherto spotless name, his sister's name and future, his love for Vida, his very life, hung on the result, and the present complexion of affairs seemed to indicate that the result would be disastrous, calamitous.

The third day after his incarceration, his counsel, Mr. Lanspere, called upon him, but found him unable to enter upon any plan of defence. He was dejected, broken in spirit, and despaired of being able to rebut or break the force of the circumstantial evidence that would be brought against him. The attorney admitted that the case was a remarkably for-

midable and ugly one; but still, if judiciously managed, he thought evidence might be unearthed to prove that the *corpus delicti* were not the bodies of Miller and Mahoney, and if that fact could be substantiated, it could be proven that the prosecution was malicious, and the indictment for arson would necessarily have to be abandoned. To this Arbyght answered that he felt satisfied that his enemies rested their hopes of conviction on their ability to prove that the *corpus delicti* were the bodies of Mahoney and Miller, and that they had taken every precaution necessary to make that fact appear irrefragable, he therefore thought the chances in that direction hopeless in the extreme. Mr. Lanspere was of a different opinion, but seeing his client in no mood to continue the subject, he left, promising to call again on the morrow.

That afternoon his sister arrived in the city, and her first act was to call upon him. She found him in the same depressed state of mind in which his counsel left him. The meeting between them was a very sad one; there were tears too—but they were not shed by Bertha. This beautiful, gentle being, a few days since full of girlish fancy, vivacity and mirth, had become suddenly and strangely changed. One hour after she had heard the ill-fated news, she had grown, in a mental sense, very old. She had passed almost instantly from fairy girlhood to mature womanhood. She believed her brother innocent of the heinous crime with which he was charged, and all her woman's nature, her deep, impassioned, abiding affection, her keen, intuitive perception, her love of rectitude and abhorrence of treachery, her sensitiveness to her brother's wrongs—she thought not of herself—were all centred on one single object—saving him from his dreadful impending fate. She believed herself called upon to act with heroic fortitude and bravery, and hence tears and lamentations were not to be thought of. She rallied the poor fellow, remonstrated, coaxed and insisted, and when she left he felt much cheered and disposed to view his case more hopefully.

Bertha found a home at Soolfire Cottage. The Sergeant was a firm believer in Richard's innocence, and a good friend to his afflicted sister. He entered heartily into the case, and was an invaluable assistant in securing testimony favorable to the accused.

"You must pray incessantly, and put your trust in the good God," spoke Mrs. Soolfire to Bertha, one evening, as the day of trial drew near.

"I do, I do," she answered quickly, "but," continued Bertha, despairingly, "my good, kind friend, even though we pray, witnesses will not come to us unless we seek them, and unless we can secure evidence, prayers, I fear, will be of little avail."

"Bless my soul, girl, you are right," said the Sergeant, in his usual hurried tone.

Yes, Bertha was right. There would be fewer failures in this world, and less suffering, if all mankind appreciated the theological truth and practical sense of George Herbert's line:

"Help thyself, and God will help thee."

The day set for the trial was close at hand; it was known that two of the most eminent lawyers in the State were secured for the prosecution, and it was also known that the Commissioners had not given the Prosecuting Attorney permission to engage such counsel. It was therefore correctly surmised that certain parties, eager for conviction, were using their money freely to secure that end. In the daily press, the prisoner was almost daily tried at the bar of public opinion, and as often convicted and hanged; and as the jurors who were to try the case were to be drawn from this same public, it will be seen that the prisoner's chances of having impartial justice rendered unto him were doubtful and meagre. But then, the panel would consist of thirty-six jurors, and among that number, at least twelve might be found honest and unprejudiced, who would hear the case and decide strictly in conformity to the evidence produced. So thought Mr. Lanspere, the Sergeant, and Richard himself.

The venire *fecias* was made out, according to the usual custom, by the Clerk of the Court, at the instance of the Prosecuting Attorney, and when a copy of the panel, made out by the Sheriff, was delivered to the prisoner one day previous to the trial, as the law directed, it was found that out of the thirty-six jurors returned, thirty-four were employers of labor or large capitalists. Whether this was the result of chance, or whether the Sheriff was subsidized and manipulated the drawing of the panel to suit those who thirsted for the prisoner's blood, are questions that will likely remain unsolved until that awful day when the grave will give up its dead and its secrets together. As it was, it presented but very little encouragement to the accused. Of what avail was his right to peremptorily challenge nearly two-thirds of the panel, when the remaining third was equally objectionable? Truly, he was as powerless as the fly in the meshes of the spider's web.

The day of the trial dawned at last. It was a beautiful day in June—the air was mildly warm, the trees and lawns looked enchantingly lovely, fresh and new in the garb so recently furnished them by mother nature; it was a day that exerted upon the mind and body an enlivening, exhilarating influence; everybody seemed abroad and happy. LaSalle and Clark streets presented a gay and cheerful appearance. No one seemed to think of the sorrowing man, debarred of freedom, unjustly charged with evil, stricken down with the weight of

"sorrow's crown of sorrow," who counted the minutes as they slowly (to him) dropped from the hour-glass of time into the abyss of eternity. A great crowd seemed to continually press up and down the broad steps that led from both LaSalle and Clark streets, to the broad hall that ran clear through the massive, spacious Court House. All the halls in the building seemed alive with jabbering, restless humanity. On the bench, in the Criminal Court room, sat Judge Maclester, a large, heavy man—not very tall—full, round face, dark, piercing eyes, hair inclined to curl. This latter fact might be omitted, as the Judge could not boast of a profusion of hairy ornamentation. But, to render this defect invisible, he, to use the language of Addison, sought to "imitate Caesar, who, because his head was bald, covered that defect with laurels;" the acknowledged legal erudition and judicial probity of the Judge far outweighed the bad effect, if any, his hairless scalp produced on the beholder.

The court room was crowded to its utmost capacity—every foot of space was occupied. Nine o'clock. The Judge gave a slight nod, and the Oyez! Oyez! of the erior was heard above the confusing hum of voices, and the court was open for business. The Judge opened the docket, and cried in a loud voice: "The State of Illinois versus Richard Arbyght."

Silence, deep as the grave, now reigned in the room for a moment. The Prosecuting Attorney said the State was ready to proceed; Mr. Lanspere did not desire a postponement, so the Sheriff was directed to bring in the prisoner. This was an awful moment for Arbyght; to face that sea of staring, gaping, open-mouthed faces, was a task that required all his nerve, all his manhood, all the force of his being. He walked in firmly, manfully, and looked to the right and left sternly, fearlessly, but not defiantly. In a few moments he was to be tried for his life, not before the Great Omniscient unraveler of mysteries and unweaver of secrets; not before the Dispenser of Immutable Justice, but before fallible, corruptible beings, who could see nothing but what was made plain, and who, even then, might not dispense justice to the accused. The Clerk of the Court, in a clear voice, read the indictment—which was drawn up in the usual form, and charged that "Richard Arbyght, on the fourth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and —, in the County of Cook, aforesaid, did unlawfully, maliciously, purposely and feloniously, kill and murder one Thomas Miller and one Tatam Mahoney; the said Richard Arbyght being then and there engaged in the perpetration of the crime of arson; that is to say, being then and there engaged in setting fire and burning the shop of one Alvan Relvason, there situate, wherein the said Tatam Mahoney and Thomas Miller, then and there were; and the said Richard Arbyght, then and there being, did unlawfully, forcibly, and of deliberate and premeditated malice, make an assault, and that the said Richard Arbyght, a certain pistol, then and there charged with gunpowder, and divers, to wit: three leaden bullets, which said pistol he, the said Richard Arbyght, in his hand or hands, then and there had and held, then and there unlawfully, purposely and of deliberate and premeditated malice, did discharge and shoot off, to, against and upon the said Mahoney and Miller."

It would be unnecessary and superfluous to follow the indictment through all its tautologous meanderings after legal exactness; suffice it to say that Richard Arbyght was accused of arson, and a heinous double murder. After the indictment had been read, he was asked to plead guilty or not guilty. Again that unearthly silence seemed to settle upon the vast throng, as in a clear, calm voice he replied, "Not guilty."

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,
The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XXXI.—Friends in Need.

The king having supplied his foster-brothers liberally with gold, they left him, in order to find a suitable place where they might obtain refreshment and repose. Upon entering an inn they seated themselves, and called loudly for the host; and it was not until they perceived his astonished looks that they remembered the dilapidated state of their clothes. The host, however, was easily satisfied with the sight of their gold; and, sending for a dealer in costume, the brothers were speedily equipped in more sightly garments. The tale of their shipwreck lulled all suspicion, and a plentiful repast was soon served up, to which the host was invited. After the wine-cup had freely circulated, Diego ventured to sound their host as to his knowledge of matters at court, and was delighted to hear from him that Tom Burdett was that very day seeking to raise a new company of freebooters, for which purpose he had left his bride immediately after the marriage ceremony. By dint of bribing this man liberally, he promised to use his influence to obtain them an engagement in Burdett's service. Satisfied with this they retired to rest.

The next day the host made known to them that he had, through much trouble, seen the knight, who was at the Castle of Larnac, about six miles distant, and obtained permission for them to join him that very morning adding, "and I, myself, am commissioned to conduct you to him."

The brothers cheerfully followed, though somewhat wondering at the sudden success of their disinterested friend.

The Castle of Larnac, to which Burdett had now conducted his wife, was a manor of little consideration, consisting of a castle, a high square tower, and buildings less elevated, which surrounded a circular court—if the term court could be given to a vast piece of ground, planted with trees and obstructed with briars.

The principal entrance, which, according to the custom of that period, was placed under the arches of a barbican or exterior fortification, was on the high road. The drawbridge was lowered, for the ditch that bordered the outside wall was almost always dry, and filled with sand. A small gate, half masked with briars, opened in the wall on the side of the heath.

Rachel had felt her heart sink on entering this castle. The aspect of the old mansion presented a sad and wild appearance; the grass grew even on the disjointed steps of the staircase, and the ivy covered the walls. But what contributed more than anything else to inspire her with melancholy forebodings, was to find herself alone in this dwelling, abandoned and defenceless, in the power of a brutal soldier. She had heard him give orders to the squire of Sir Stephen to assemble the servants of his master, and to depart with them immediately for Bordeaux.

Pensive and silent, with eyes cast down, Rachel brooded over a desperate resolution. Since the scene in the church, she had assisted in the unexpected change of her destinies like a dumb or indifferent spectator. Her grief did not express itself in plaints, tears, or sobs. Her heart bled slowly, without any eye being near to discover the secret. She was like the Moorish slaves, resigned to fate; but her fatality was a firm unshaken will, by which she found the power to struggle, and which guaranteed the future to her, were it even the immortal future that she should be driven to purchase at the expense of life.

Yet, when she saw herself alone with the captain in the deserted castle, the natural weakness and timidity of her sex again seized her. She felt a fainting and discouraging impression. She was afraid of wanting, if not courage, at least strength to accomplish her resolve, and was terrified at the silence that surrounded her. A cold perspiration bathed her ivory brow when she thought that the violence of her spouse might paralyze all her powers of resistance.

In the meantime the thoughts of the rough Late Comer were quite of a different nature. He waited with ill-suppressed impatience the moment when he should find himself alone with the beautiful Rachel. So, as soon as he had closed the gate of the barbican behind the servants of the late lord of the manor, he hastened to rejoin his young wife, whom he found with her hands supporting her head, and absorbed in a meditation so profound, that, notwithstanding his heavy footsteps, she had not heard his approach.

He remained for some moments gazing at her, before she perceived his presence.

In spite of her anguish of mind, the beauty of the new convert had lost nothing of its lustre; she seemed even to have acquired additional charms and livelier attractions by the change of dress to which she had been obliged to submit.

Although Rachel was his wife, Tom Burdett experienced an inexpressible embarrassment on approaching her, not knowing how to break the silence. At length he seated himself by her side, and with an awkward, but confident air, took her hand. At that touch the dreamer shook through her entire frame; she arose, seized with instinctive horror, as if an asp had stung her.

"Well, my fair lady, who are you thinking of with so profound a forgetfulness of the present?" said the captain, endeavouring under a mask of pleasantry, to hide his vexation.

"Of you, sir," answered Rachel, without hesitation.

"Of me! can that be true?" resumed the Late Comer, trying to give to his hoarse voice a somewhat gallant and languishing accent.

"Why do you doubt my word?" said Rachel, coldly.

"Perhaps you are right," said he, smiling; "I have never had to reproach you with the least untruth, for it is the first time you have deigned to speak to me since our marriage."

Rachel made a gesture of impatience, but did not answer.

"In short," resumed the captain, "since I have no motive for disbelieving you, what do you think of me, my pretty pearl of the East?"

"I think," replied she, slowly, "that you must be a very vile, senseless, man, in having consented to take me for a wife."

"What do you say?" exclaimed Burdett, starting from his seat. "Odzooks, repeat that again!"

"Yes," repeated Rachel, with bitter irony, and fixing her large black eyes on those of the Late Comer—"yes; very vile, in having made a shameful traffic of this marriage, in having bargained for me without shame; and very senseless, to be capable of thinking that, after having loved Don Pedro, so noble, so hand-

some, and so valiant, I could ever love another."

Burdett regarded her with surprise and astonishment; "Madam," said he, "have you not voluntarily and publicly accepted me for a husband—your lord and master. How dare you cast in my face such ridiculous reproaches?"

"The inexorable Prince of Wales," replied Rachel, "commanded me to marry one of his captains, and I obeyed, because my submission was necessary to save Don Pedro, and to replace a lost crown on his brow. I became your wife as I would have become that of one of the basest of Edward's vassals."

"Thanks for the preference," said Burdett, with a jeering laugh.

"But, if I have contracted this odious union to save him I loved," she continued, "you, sir, espoused in me only the marriage gifts; why, then, not leave me to my grief and silence? why force me to tell you these cruel truths? We cannot either of us love the other; and I will not be for a day, an hour, no, not for an instant, the puppet of your caprices. Let happen what will," continued Rachel, "I tell you from the bottom of my heart, captain, that you will never inspire me with other feelings than those of hatred and contempt."

"So, so!" exclaimed Burdett, "I have conquered prouder and nobler dames than you. You are my wife and must submit to my will—that I swear."

"Never will that oath be fulfilled," said Rachel, with a haughty and disdainful air.

"I shall keep my word," replied the captain, coldly; saying which he advanced towards her with a calm and resolute air.

"Do you forget, sir," said the young girl, "that every man who abuses his power over a defenceless woman is held infamous, and deservedly treated as a coward? But have a care, I am no longer a child, nor easily frightened. Even in this solitude I do not fear you."

"Ah!" said the captain, "I will prove to you that, with me, action soon follows words." Saying which, he sprang forward and grasped her arm; but the young woman, quickly disengaging herself, repulsed him with a power imparted to her by extreme terror and disgust, and fled, until her hands touched the cold curbstone of the well, against which she leaned to support herself.

"Wretch!" she exclaimed, "who made thee a knight? Thou deservest to be publicly degraded, and to see thy gold spurs torn away by the hand of the executioner."

"Daring woman!" exclaimed Burdett, swelling with rage; "but I will not suffer you to escape me either by flight or death," added the Late Comer, roughly.

He then advanced towards her with a cool and implacable resolution, while his eyes glowed like those of a tiger about to spring on its prey.

Rachel leant over the mouth of the well, and shuddered at seeing the profound darkness of the abyss. "Force compels me," said she; "Heaven created woman weak that man might protect her, but Heaven has also endowed her with courage when her natural protector becomes her persecutor." And before Burdett could reach her, by a sudden bound she mounted on the curbstone of the well.

"Stop, Rachel, stop!" exclaimed the Late Comer, shocked, notwithstanding his ferocity, at that heroic and unexpected action.

"I fear thee no longer," said she, with the excitement of despair. "If thou advancest a single step, I throw myself into that gulph, before thy brutal hand touches the curbstone."

Burdett stood immovable, and as if petrified by these words. "Neither thy tears, thy entreaties, nor thy threats could have made me relent," at length he answered, "but I cannot help admiring the courage with which thou bravest me. Descend, Rachel, I swear to respect thy will."

"I will not descend until thou movest away," replied Rachel, "for I cannot trust thy word."

The Late Comer, undecided and furious at the same time, dared not advance, and hesitated to move away, when all at once a violent knocking was heard at the little gate, near which this scene had taken place.

At this unexpected noise, Burdett angrily exclaimed, "Who is the scoundrel that knocks thus at my gate?"

Rachel, to whom this disturbance promised an unhopd-for succour, felt her energy return, and jumped lightly on the ground, springing towards the gate. But Burdett immediately rushed after her and locked her in his iron arms, while she uttered a desperate shriek, crying out, "Whoever you are, come quickly to my assistance."

"It is I, sir," answered a voice, which the captain recognised.

"What dost thou want?" demanded the Late Comer, roughly endeavouring to stifle the cries of his wife.

"I have brought you the young man whom I recommended to you."

"Go to the barbican," said Burdett, "and I will come and let you in." As soon as the sound of their footsteps died away, he withdrew his hand, which he had brutally held over Rachel's mouth, and the lips of the poor young creature were bleeding.

"My pretty lady," said the Late Comer, with cruel irony, "I sincerely regret being obliged to quit you; had it not been for that, I would have undertaken to have brought you to more tender sentiments towards me; but

the Prince of Wales waits for me to arrange the preparations for my departure with the vanguard, which must take place to-morrow.

"You depart to-morrow for Spain!" exclaimed Rachel, unable to conceal the joy this news gave her.

"Yes, madam, to-morrow at daybreak, with Sir Robert Knowles and Sir William Felton. We go to Castile to re-establish your well-beloved king on his throne," said he, turning away with a ferocious smile.

Rachel did not lower her eyes nor quail while she was in the presence of Burdett, but as soon as he had disappeared, she hid her burning face in her hands, and wept bitterly.

In the meanwhile, the Late Comer hastened to open the gate of the barbacan. "Come," said he to the host, who knelt on the threshold with all the signs of the profoundest respect, "let us use despatch. Where are your proteges?"

"Here, sir," replied the host, pointing to Perez the miner, who, with a white wand in one hand, and his cap in the other, bowed gravely to his new master.

"This man seems suited to his employment," said Burdett, examining him attentively; "his countenance is sufficiently grave and crabbed, and I almost think I have seen him before. But you must answer for his fidelity if I take him into my service. But who are these that follow you?"

"They are the others whom I thought you wished for," answered the host.

"Oh, the deuce! so many people," said Burdett, with a grimace that demonstrated how little inclination he had for such an additional expense.

"They are honest people, very sober, inured to hardship, and very moderate in their expectations," observed Perez; "and, like me, they look much less to wages than to the honour of serving a renowned knight. You will give them whatever share of the booty you may judge proper, for they exact nothing."

"Well, well, let them stay," said the captain. "Remember, my brave fellows," he added, "that lady whom you see ascending the staircase is your mistress. You will pay her the greatest attention, and obey her as myself; but you will carefully watch that she does not go beyond the precincts of the castle, and that no one from the outside enters during my absence. You understand?"

"Yes, my lord," answered the five vassals. "Which of you is my squire?" demanded Burdett.

"I am, sir," said Blas, advancing. "Saddle me a horse immediately," said Burdett, "for I am about to return to Bordeaux."

Blas hastened to the stables, and Burdett confided the keys of the castle to his majordomo, Perez, who had changed his name simply to that of Pierre. He then went round the building with his servants, to indicate to them the points that required particular watching.

On his return to the principal entrance, he found a horse ready, and held by Blas, whose name was transformed into Blaise. The latter, after having held the stirrup for his master, lightly mounted a horse that he had saddled for himself, in order to follow a few paces behind.

Just as Blas was preparing to follow his master, the majordomo approached him, and said, in a low voice, "Thou wilt see Pedro, wilt thou not?"

"Should I have departed but with that design," answered the squire in the same tone. "And in case the king returns with me, thou wilt know by my giving three notes with this silver whistle; and thrusting his spurs into the horse's flanks, he rode off."

"At last we are masters of the place!" exclaimed the majordomo, shaking with an air of triumph the bunch of keys which, in virtue of his office, he had charge of.

"Don Pedro told us to watch over Rachel," said Diego; "let us be doing." Each of the brothers then went his way, to fulfil the part assigned him in this hazardous enterprise.

Pierce Neige, disguised as a page, knocked gently at the door of Rachel's chamber.

Hearing the door precipitately closed, and bolted inside, "Fear nothing," whispered he through the keyhole, "I am your little friend, Pierce Neige."

Rachel uttered a cry of joy at recognising the voice, and hastened to open the door.

"Imprudent child," cried she, with alarm; "who sent you to me?"

"My great brother, Pedro," answered he, mysteriously placing a finger on his mouth.

"He!" exclaimed Rachel, whose countenance immediately flushed with joy. "But, if the men to whom Burdett entrusted the care of this castle before his departure discover thee, they will kill thee without mercy, poor Gil," added she, drawing him into the chamber as if to hide him.

"Kill me!" said Pierce Neige; "did you not then recognise them, beautiful lady?"

"Recognise what, Gil?" demanded Rachel, hastily.

soch Heaven, Gil, that this night passes without misfortune to all of us."

The child kissed the hand of his young mistress, and returned to his brothers.

(To be Continued.)

THE LEG.

I was never remarkable for the beauty of my features, nor the gracefulness of my figure; but I possessed a pair of well-shaped, handsome legs; and with these and the charms of my conversation, I had managed to captivate the heart of the lovely Julia D'Arlincourt.

At least so it was currently reported, and so I myself believed. There was always a seat for me reserved in her box at the opera; I used to attend her in her shopping; and sometimes I had the extreme felicity of driving her in my cabriolet. I had been supping at a friend's, and the bottle circulated rapidly, for my friend was a noted bon vivant. As the wine sunk, our spirits became proportionally elevated. We agreed each to toast our mistresses. Of course I drank the health of my adored Julia in a bumper.

I heard a suppressed titter proceed from Herbert Danvers, a conceited young fellow, who had long been an unsuccessful rival of mine. When it came to his turn to pledge, he also named the fair Julia. I looked fiercely at him, and he answered me with a look as fierce. All eyes were turned on us, and my next neighbor gave me a nudge, as much as to say, "Will you endure this, Vincent?"

I had a somewhat singular oath which I always made use of in moments of excitement. I was in the habit of swearing by my right leg, which member I considered to be cast in the very mold of perfection. I had originally adopted this oath to attract notice to the lower extremities of my person; but custom had rendered it so habitual, that I now used it even when I indulged myself with a little swearing in private.

"By my right leg," thought I, "he shall answer this." I rose from my chair, and adjusting my neckcloth the while, to show my non-chalance, I thus accosted him: "Sir, this is neither place, nor time for quarrel, but by this leg," slightly tapping it, "I swear that if you do not instantly give up all claims to the lady, whose name has just passed your lips, you shall hear from me."

"This, sir," said he, "I care not how soon." That was enough. Mr. —, who had sat next me, offered his services as my friend on the occasion, and the harmony of the company was restored. Myself and rival each affected an hilarity and vivacity of spirits more than usual, as a proof of our unconcern. The party broke up at a late hour, and we all departed with dizzy heads, stout hearts, and staggering steps.

My valet awoke me at twelve next morning, and informed me that Mr. — was waiting my leisure. I quaked at the recollection of my last night's adventure. He was ushered in. "Don't disturb yourself, my dear fellow," he began, "all's settled, all's right; I've arranged it amicably." "Thank God," ejaculated I, and my countenance brightened up.

"I knew you would be delighted," he continued, "Danvers's second appeared wishful the affair should be off. 'No, no,' said I, 'no finching—Vincent will never consent to that—they must fight.' And so my dear sir, we have settled it—time, place, and weapons." My countenance fell alarmingly, and I cursed the busy fellow in my heart most vehemently. Four o'clock was the hour fixed for the meeting, and I employed the interval in making a few alterations in my will, and arranging my papers.

A full half hour before the time, my second made his appearance, for he was a professed duellist, and seemed to enjoy the business exceedingly. We proceeded to the appointed spot—the signal was given—bang went the pistols—I sprang up three or four feet in the air; alas! that spring was the last I ever made—the bullet had passed through my right leg. My own shot was near being fatal, for it took off one of my opponent's whiskers. I was conveyed home, and lay for several days in a senseless state.

stump. "Must I endure all this," thought I, "must I drag about this vile piece of timber during the remainder of my existence? Must I live on, a very romant of human nature—an unnatural unity of flesh and timber, a walking scarecrow, a grotesque figure moving along on a cursed lump of wood! Truly I must. My favorite amusement, the dance, must be abjured; I was for ever debarred from 'ambling in a lady's chamber; or, rather, I could now do nothing else but amble. I soliloquized in a style something like Othello's:

"Oh, now for ever Farewell to music's sound! Farewell the dance! Farewell the gay quadrille's, and gallopedes, That make existence pleasure, oh, farewell! Farewell the taper foot, and the sweet smile, The soft voluptuous form, the dear delicious whirl, The squeaking fiddle—and all quality, Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious waltz! And, oh, ye mortal beauties, whose bright eyes The immortal Jove's dread lightnings counterfeited, Farewell! Alas, my dancing days are gone!"

I practised three days in my room, with my new member, before I ventured abroad; alternately cursing duels, surgeons, and wooden legs. At length I sallied out, but had not proceeded many paces, ere I was annoyed beyond endurance at the thumping noise which was produced each time that my auxiliary limb descended to the ground. I was seized with a strange desire, an irresistible inclination, to count the sounds that were emitted when my leg came in contact with the pathway. I strove to divert my attention from this circumstance, yet still every other minute I caught myself numbering my steps.

"One, two, three," and so on. "Confound the stump," said I, "if it would but move in quietness, I might, perchance, enjoy a moment's forgetfulness of my misery; but every step reminds me of my misfortune, each thump increases my unhappiness." I strode away, without being able to get rid of the habit of reckoning my paces, until, almost unconsciously, I arrived at the abode of Julia D'Arlincourt. A bright idea struck me. "I will try her heart. I will put her fidelity to the test," I said. "If she really loved me, the loss of a limb will not alter her feelings towards me; but she will cherish more tenderly the portion of me which still remains. If she scorn me, then farewell love, and farewell Julia D'Arlincourt." I rang the bell, and was shown in. I began to ascend the lofty staircase, and thought I should never reach the top. "One, two, three," I commenced. I never knew the quantity of stairs which led to her drawing-room before that day. I heard, or fancied I heard, a giggling, as the servant announced my appearance, and my face became of a crimson hue.

I stumped in, and beheld my rival, Herbert Danvers, the cause of all my sorrows, seated by the fair Julia's side. She proceeded to console me with very ceremoniously, on what she termed my "shocking mishap;" and ever and anon she turned from me, and cast a languishing glance on Danvers. My blood boiled tumultuously, and I determined to come to an explanation with her before I quitted the house. I requested a few minutes private conversation. She looked at me with evident astonishment, and informed me that whatever communication I had to make, might be made before Danvers, who was entirely in her confidence. I put on one of my most pathetic looks. "Is it come to this," said I. "Well, so be it then. She whose heart changes in the hour of misfortune, is no fit mate for me. Adieu then, Julia, I leave you for ever, and may you never have cause to repent of your perfidy."

I rushed from her presence, and the clamour produced by the speed of my exit, was greeted with a peal of laughter from my false mistress and my unfeeling rival. As I was about to descend the stairs, I heard him repeating the following words from one of Hood's ballads:—

"Before you had those timber toes, Your love I did allow; But then, you know, you stand upon Another footing now."

"Inhuman villain," muttered I; and in the hurry of my descent, I made a false step, and was precipitated headlong down stairs. I was assisted to rise by the servants, who, I could plainly see, had much ado to keep their countenances. I darted into the street, and fled along with a velocity which was absolutely terrific, considering my mutilated condition. The boisterous merriment of the populace accompanied me in my flight, but it had only the effect of adding to the rapidity of my progress.

I reached my home. A large fire was blazing in the first room which I entered. I wrenched from my stump the infernal wooden leg, and thrust it into the flames. With a grim delight I beheld it gradually reduced to ashes. "Perish," I exclaimed, "vile caricature of a leg; never again will I be indebted to thee for support; never will I be doomed to drag about that horrid block of degradation!" What was next to be done? I ordered a cork leg, and it was six weeks before I again ventured abroad, when I was enabled to move about something like my former self. I determined to quit London, and proceed to some distant place, where my misfortune might remain unknown, for I could not bear the thought of living where I might at any time hear my mutilation made the subject of discourse. I broke up my establishment in town, and having got rid of my servants, travelled alone to the place of my destination,

which was situated so far from the metropolis, that I thought I should not stand the slightest chance of meeting with any one who could remind me of my loss.

I took up my abode in a small, but beautiful village in Yorkshire, and was soon on terms of intimacy with the respectable portion of the inhabitants. At one dwelling I became a frequent visitor. The members of the family were all unaffected and amiable, and on the heart of a blooming girl, the only daughter of the master of the mansion, I soon began to imagine I had made a favourable impression. Time passed delightfully, and I was on the point of making a declaration, and asking permission to pay my addresses in form, when I was startled by an unexpected apparition.

I called next day, just to enquire after the health of the family, and pass a pleasant hour in conversation. The first person I beheld seated in the drawing-room was an individual with whom I formerly had a slight acquaintance in London. I shrank from his gaze, as I would have done from the eye of a ravenous beast. It was in vain; he instantly recognized me, and shook me cordially by the hand, whilst I would as soon have placed my fingers in a cauldron of molten lead as within his grasp. I, however, pretended to be glad to see him, and we entered into conversation. I contrived to keep him for a while on subjects remote from the metropolis; but I found he would not be content until he began to talk of the events which had happened there previously to and since my departure.

He achieved his purpose. I suppose he thought he had now got the discourse into the only channel which could afford me pleasure, for he rattled away with the utmost volubility, scarcely allowing any one else to speak. I, in the meantime, was sitting in a state of indescribable torture, every moment expecting him to allude to some circumstance connected with my misfortune. My expectations were realized. He was relating the particulars of some affair, the exact date of which he had forgotten. Suddenly he broke out, "Hum, ah, let me see—yes, by Jove! so it was! I now remember perfectly—it happened just previously to the time when Mr. Vincent met with his unfortunate accident."

Accident! what accident? was repeated by several voices. "Accident—oh, why his leg, to be sure—the time when he lost his leg." I waited for no more. I effected an instantaneous retreat from the house. It was my last visit, and on the morrow I bid adieu to the village for ever.

Several years have now passed since I fought the fatal duel; I have grown callous to my loss, and can even laugh when I think of the over-sensitiveness which formerly tormented me. I have again become a resident of the metropolis, and have the consolation of thinking that the sacrifice of a limb in all probability prevented me from sacrificing my fortune. Julia D'Arlincourt became the wife of Danvers, and after a short career of extravagance and dissipation, he ended his existence in the King's Bench. I often meet my old flame, and have had sufficient proof that my proposals which might now be made by me would be thankfully accepted; but, thank God, I am not to be tempted, and can take a warning from the fate of another. So it is, that which at the time seems our greatest calamity, is often destined to prove our greatest good. As for my new leg—I can at least console myself with the thought that my right foot is never troubled with corns, and that the shoe cannot pinch in that quarter.

THE TARANTULA.

Horrible and loathsome as the rattlesnake is, and though, on the whole, he is, of course, more feared than any other creature in America, yet on the Western frontier he is not dreaded so much as the tarantula spider. This is an enemy against whom none can guard, and for whose bite no remedy has been found. Such alarm do they inspire that I have known a large party of men, who had "camped out" all through a snake country, and through the midst of hostile Indians, driven from a desirable position by discovering that tarantulas infested the spot. The tarantula spider commonly grows to the size of half a large walnut, being thick and rounded something like the half-shell, and has eight long legs, two at each corner. It is covered with long hair, and, indeed, as ugly and disgusting a reptile, or insect, or whatever it is, as can easily be seen.

The people who dwell where these spiders most abound declare most stoutly that they attain a size equal to the clenched fist of a man, but I think this is a great exaggeration; at any rate, I have never seen any approach this size. I do not know if there are several varieties of the tarantula, but some are said to haunt the marshy borders of streams, while others are found in dry, rocky places. Last summer a woman in my neighborhood was bitten by one above her ankle; the poison acted quite as quickly as serpent-poison, and she was carried to the nearest town for surgical advice. I have not heard whether she lived or died; but her leg was one uniform size from the instep to above the knee—I should think eighteen or twenty inches round—and shockingly discolored and inflamed. I knew one of two men who were sleeping in a tent when a tarantula found its way in. They were both bitten by the same spider; one died, the other was scarred for life. The tarantula is more dangerous than other venomous creatures, because a light attracts it, and it will always crawl into a tent, if possible, where a light is burning. They inflict the wound with their mouths, and not with nippers or claws.

TRAVELLERS GUIDE, TORONTO TIME

Table with 7 columns: Station, a.m., p.m., a.m., p.m., a.m., p.m. Rows include Suspension Br., Hamilton, Paris, London, Chatham, Windsor.

Table with 7 columns: Station, a.m., p.m., a.m., p.m., a.m., p.m. Rows include Windsor, Chatham, London, Paris, Sus'n Br.

Table with 4 columns: Station, a.m., p.m., p.m. Rows include Toronto, Hamilton.

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Table with 4 columns: Station, a.m., p.m., p.m. Rows include Detroit, Port Huron, Sarnia, London, Stratford, Guelph, Toronto.

Table with 4 columns: Station, a.m., p.m., p.m. Rows include Toronto, Whitby, Oshawa, Bowmanville, Port Hope, Cobourg, Belleville, Napanea, Kingston, Breckville, Ottawa.

Table with 4 columns: Station, a.m., p.m., p.m. Rows include Prescott Jn, Cornwall, Montreal.

Table with 4 columns: Station, a.m., p.m., p.m. Rows include Montreal, Cornwall, Prescott Junction, Ottawa, Kingston, Cobourg, Bowmanville, Oshawa, Whitby, Toronto.

Table with 4 columns: Station, a.m., p.m., p.m. Rows include Toronto, Guelph, Stratford, London, Sarnia, Port Huron, Detroit.

Table with 4 columns: Station, a.m., p.m., p.m. Rows include Toronto, Newmarket, Barrie, Collingwood, Toronto.

Table with 4 columns: Station, a.m., p.m., p.m. Rows include Toronto, Markham, Uxbridge, Midland Junction.

Table with 4 columns: Station, a.m., p.m., p.m. Rows include Midland Junction, Uxbridge, Markham, Toronto.

Table with 4 columns: Station, a.m., p.m., p.m. Rows include Prescott Wharf, Prescott Junction, Ottawa.

Table with 4 columns: Station, a.m., p.m., p.m. Rows include Ottawa, Prescott Junction, Prescott Wharf.

Table with 4 columns: Station, a.m., p.m., p.m. Rows include Brockville, Ottawa, Sand Point.

NOTICE.

We shall be pleased to receive items of interest pertaining to Trade Societies from all parts of the Dominion or 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.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Contract Advertisements at the following rates:—

One column, for one year	\$150 00
Half "	85 00
Quarter "	50 00
1/8 "	35 00
1/16 "	25 00
One column, for 6 months	80 00
Half "	45 00
Quarter "	25 00
1/8 "	15 00
One column, for 3 months	60 00
Half "	30 00
Quarter "	17 00
1/8 "	10 00

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

We wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

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.
- Coopers, 2nd and 4th Friday.
- Printers, 1st Saturday.
- Bakers, every 2nd Saturday.

OUR PATRONS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS THIS WEEK.

- Victoria Wood Yard.
- Boots and Shoes—J. M. Lynn.
- Boots and Shoes—P. McGinnis.
- Election Notice—John Canavan.
- Election Notice—Thomas Davies.
- Election Notice—Frank Riddell.
- Election Notice—John Ball.
- Election Notice—John Kerr.
- Bankrupt Stock of Dry Goods—T. Brownlow.
- Attorney-at-Law, &c.—Harry E. Easton.
- Dentist—G. W. Hale.
- West End Hardware Establishment—D. Hewitt.
- Christmas and New Year's Presents at the Bazaar, Yonge Street.

The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DEC. 5 1872.

THE CREDIT VALLEY RAILWAY.

On the thirteenth of this month the property holders of this city will be called upon to record their votes in relation to the grant of one hundred thousand dollars, which it is proposed to give to the Credit Valley Railway Company as a bonus. It will be well to look at the objects of the proposed Railway, that an intelligent vote may be given. The completion of this enterprise will secure railway communication from Toronto to Streetsville, and from the latter place, along the Credit River by way of Brampton, Cheltenham and Church's Falls to Alton, with a branch from this line through Erin to Fergus, Elora and Salem, thus making subsidiary to the commercial interests of Toronto, almost the whole manufacturing power of the Credit, which is undoubtedly one of the best and steadiest manufacturing streams in Western Canada. Indirectly, also, by a line connecting with the Wellington, Grey and Bruce Railway at Fergus, Toronto would receive a large proportion of the benefit of the trade of the County of Bruce. There are also, along valley of the Credit, some of the finest quarries of limestone and freestone in the Dominion, and beds of water lime, and the development of these resources will keep in this country a great deal of money that now finds its way to the States for those articles; and, of course, the establishment of numerous centres of industry and population in connection with the water power and quarries of the Credit would naturally largely in-

crease the demand for the agricultural products of the farmers, and tend to swell the volume of trade of this city.

These, among others, are some of the objects which the promoters of the Credit Valley Railway have in view in its construction. With reference to the city bonus and the question of taxation, the records of the past tend to show that the new property created hitherto in this city by railway enterprises has paid sufficient taxes required for the bonuses already granted, and consequently the old property of the city, existing before the passage of the bonuses, has not been called upon to pay anything towards the interest or sinking fund of those bonuses; and the inference is that if new buildings are erected next year in a like ratio as they were last year, the amount of taxes derived from them would fully pay the Credit Valley bonus without adding a fraction to the present taxes. We know there are many mechanics in this city who are happily in possession of freeholds, and who will have decided objections to having the present taxes enlarged; but even supposing there was no new property created, what, then, would be the increased assessment they would have to pay for the Credit Railway tax? It has been stated that on an assessment of \$500, the interest of the bonus would be about six or eight cents per annum—and certainly this is nothing very formidable to stand in the way of the bonus being granted.

Objection has been taken against the bonus on the ground that the money would be voted to railway speculators, but we think those objections have not much force. The question to be considered is, will the benefits to be derived from the construction of the proposed railway be sufficient to warrant the granting of the bonus; and we have no doubt the intelligent vote on the thirteenth will decide that they will.

APPRENTICE LAWS.

In a recent number of the Iron Moulder's Journal, the question of Apprentice Laws was discussed, the discussion being based upon a resolution passed at the recent convention held in Troy, to the following effect:—

"Resolved, That every consideration of right and justice demands the passage by each State legislature of equitable apprentice laws."

Similar resolutions have been adopted by nearly every local, State, national and international trade organization, and yet we are apparently as far from a realization of our desires on that subject as we were ten years ago.

Legislatures are not prone to listen to the claims of workmen, more especially when the claim on their behalf is made by a few individuals laboring alone for the good of their fellow-men, and not backed by the local trade or labor organizations of a State. There is not a mechanic in the country who works for wages but recognizes the necessity of an equitable apprentice law; there is not a trade Union in the country that does not teach the necessity of some such law; and while we all recognize the necessity, yet there is not to-day, in existence, an apprentice law that can be enforced. Trade Unions are denounced the country over for proscribing boys, preventing them from learning the trade of their choice, because, forsooth, the ratio allowed by the Union is learning (?) the trade. Misrepresentations as to the causes for this proscription are daily made, both by the press and by individuals, and Trade Unions quietly submit, satisfied to pay no attention to the matter so long as they may be able to enforce their laws upon the subject. But the time is coming when Trade Unions will not be able to enforce apprentice laws made by themselves. Every day this fact becomes more apparent, and it becomes every mechanic and every Trade Union, local and international, to at once go to work systematically, and with fixed and settled purpose to secure the passage of just and equitable apprentice laws.

Why are employers so anxious to fill up their establishments with boys or apprentices? Is it philanthropy, a desire to better their kind, to make first

class mechanics for the future, or is it to secure their cheap labor? We fully recognize the fact that apprentices are a necessity; we further recognize the fact that the number must increase every year, to meet the increased demand for mechanics; but we do emphatically deny that two boys or more should be employed and called apprentices for every one that will be turned out a mechanic. We want to see every apprentice who devotes four or more years to the acquisition of a trade able, at least, to live by that trade, and not as one-half of the so-called journeymen of to-day are compelled to do, six months at laboring work, and during a rush of work find employment at the trade they were supposed to have mastered. There is nothing strange in the desire of the employers to continue this system, for, in the first place, an apprentice from the day he enters the shop, is compelled to do the work of a man, and under the plea of learning him a trade, he is paid one-sixth of a man's wages, and in the second place, these botch mechanics, when not employed, are held as a rod over the shoulders of the mechanic who has mastered his trade. Is it any wonder, then, that employers fight the passage of laws that will compel them, under penalty, to learn or caused to be learned every apprentice they take the art and mystery of the trade, and also to look after his temporal wants during said apprenticeship? Such a law would forever settle the question of apprentices, for no employer would take more boys than he could learn, and ninety-five out of every hundred apprentices would become competent journeymen. Then what is the duty of Trade Unions in the premises? Is it to continue as in the past—wasting time and money in vain efforts to control the question by the power of the Union or by strikes? Certainly not. The time and money wasted in these efforts, if properly directed, would secure such apprentice laws as would take from Trade Unions all the burden and anxiety engendered by this vexed question. This is a subject in which no one trade is particularly interested; every trade and every Union is alike interested, and all should work as a unit for the securing of this right.

The resolution, adopted at Troy, covers the ground, and we hope to see active measures taken in every locality where two or more Trade Unions exist, to secure that unity of all labor necessary to the carrying out of the object in view. The resolution referred to reads as follows:

"Resolved, That the Iron Molders' International Union recommend to the several local Unions the propriety of joining with the Unions of other trades in the formation of Trade Assemblies, having for their object the securing, by agitation, of such laws and privileges as cannot be secured by each trade separately."

The ideas contained therein are not new. Trades Assemblies once flourished in nearly every city, in the country where Trade Unions existed, and nothing but the endeavor on the part of tricksters to bring themselves into political prominence through these Assemblies prevented them from accomplishing the ends for which they organized. The experience of the past will prevent, a recurrence of such scenes in the future Assemblies, and if they are organized, and none but bona-fide representatives of bona-fide Trade Unions are admitted to membership, their power through state or international organization, will be such as to compel their wishes to be respected, and we may then hope for just and equitable apprentice laws.

COACH MAKERS' UNION,

The members of the above Union, with their friends, met last Monday evening at the Walker House, for the purpose of celebrating their first anniversary by an oyster supper. After doing full justice to the good things provided by mine Host, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were drunk, followed by some capital singing. After spending a very pleasant evening, the party broke up at an early hour.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

Next to the general problem of civil government, and first under it is the question of capital and labor. Some form of government is demanded in the common interest of all tribes, communities and nations of people. What shall be the form? Who shall wield the power? What shall it cost? are the items in order. That is the best government which governs and costs least.

The community is in the best condition for all the purposes of life which has the most equitable distribution of the surplus, unperishable products of labor.

That community is in the worst condition where there is the greatest inequality or extremes of wealth and poverty. Baxter street is the product, counterpart, equivalent of Fifth Avenue.

That government best subserves its purposes which by the direct and indirect efforts and effects, tends to produce the most equitable distribution of a sufficiency of all the incidental and regular supplies necessary to human support and comfort.

The tendency in our country to extremes in wealth and poverty differs but little from that in the older countries. Society is divided into two classes—producers and accumulators—who are usually non-producers. These latter devote themselves assiduously to the study of the questions of supply and demand, and by their cleverness soon acquire a control of a greater amount of wealth than they could by any means produce, while the real producers are reduced to the minimum of subsistence, and are kept in abject poverty.

It is plainly the duty of the government to check the abuse of this faculty of acquisitiveness whenever it is manifested against the common weal.

There are but two elementary principles entering into the functions of civil government that bear directly on the case—limitation and prohibition: the first is applicable to things useful, and the second to things inherently hurtful.

Of all the problems of civil society this has been and continues the greatest. Under it is the stability of government, and the happiness of the people. The necessity is not questioned. The method is the trouble. By some means, Fifth avenue and Baxter street must be made impassable. Vanderbilt, Stewart, Cameron, Scott, and all that class, including immense monopolies, instead of blessings, are the curses of society. Their immense wealth must make poverty somewhere. This being the fact, and the result being injury and instability, it is plainly the duty of government to lay a strong hand on the commercial customs and laws which are devouring the poor in their poverty. Until this is done there will be no real peace, and no safety. Society and civil government have failed of their legitimate use.—*Keyser's Monthly*.

IMPORTANT DECLARATION BY THE ENGLISH ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

The agitation among the agricultural laborers in Warwickshire and in other English counties promises to bear fruit of a kind quite different from the one originally aimed at by the leaders of the movement. Besides securing for the workmen a more equal share in the profits of the land than they have hitherto possessed, the agitation is gradually but surely leavening the public mind with the idea that, sooner or later, the county and burgh franchise must be equalised. There never has existed any valid reason for making a distinction between the two qualifications. The worker on the land is on an average as intelligent a being as the worker in the mill or in the workshop, and therefore quite as capable of giving an intelligent vote for a member of the Legislature. And in the course of a few years there will be still less reason for maintaining the invidious distinction between the urban and rural populations than there is now, for under the benign influences of the Education Acts, Scotch and English, the cultivators of the soil will by and by become as highly educated as their brethren who live in towns. The move-

ment initiated by Joseph Arch in South Warwickshire has compelled attention to the position of the tillers of the soil. That movement has been hailed by some as an omen for good, by others it has been denounced and calumniated as a device of Satan for the ruin of society. Amongst its most violent opponents in the upper ranks of life have been the Duke of Marlborough and Bishop Eliott of Gloucester. The latter apostolical personage went so far on one occasion as to suggest that the leaders of the movement—Arch and others—should be ducked in a horse-pond, while the Duke has given it as his opinion that there will be no living with the laborers unless they are reduced to a condition of semi-slavery by being placed under the iron heel of the landlords and farmers. These benevolent suggestions have naturally excited some attention from people who take an interest in public questions. They have not escaped the notice of the Government. Speaking at Exeter the other day, the Attorney-General, Sir John Coleridge, declared that a Tory Duke and a Tory Bishop (alluding of course, to his Grace of Marlborough and Dr Eliott) had made the extension of the county franchise one of the "pressing" questions of the day. This declaration, we believe, was made not only with the knowledge of Mr Gladstone, but with his full concurrence. It is not meant that immediate steps shall be taken to repair the defects of the last Reform Act, but it is meant that the equalisation of the county and burgh franchises should be kept in view as something needful to be done, and that must be done before long.

MAYORALTY ELECTIONS.

A petition is being circulated in Ottawa, praying a return to the old system of electing the Mayors of cities by popular vote. This privilege is enjoyed by towns, and we do not know of any good reason for making an exception in the case of cities. The Mayor of a city is more than a mere chairman of the Board of Aldermen. He is our chief representative as well as our chief magistrate, and as such should be the free choice of the majority of citizens.

N. C. O. OF Q. O. R.

The above hieroglyphics stand for Non-Commissioned Officers of the Queen's Own Rifles, who intend to hold their first annual ball, under the patronage of Col. Gillmor and the Officers of the Regiment, in the Music Hall, on Wednesday evening next, 11th inst. Every effort is being made by a most efficient committee to render this the most successful gathering of the season. Supper is to be provided by Mess Sergeant Shannessy of the Royal, and his well-known reputation as a caterer is sufficient to ensure success in his department.

THE MOULDER'S BALL.

The arrangements for the Moulder's ball in the Mansion House, to-morrow night, are being carried on vigorously, and every thing promises to be A 1.

THE BOOKBINDERS' SOCIAL.

The Bookbinders' Trade Union of this city intend holding their first annual Social in the St. Lawrence Hall, this (Thursday) evening. A very pleasant time is anticipated.

Go to Eaton's for wineys, where they can be bought for less than elsewhere.

Our Oshawa correspondent—"Heather Jock's" interesting correspondence, we regret to say, came to hand too late for insertion in this issue. It will appear in our next.

Mr. John Carr has been returned by acclamation as Alderman for St. Andrew's Ward, for the balance of the civic year.

Mr. JOHN BALL.—We refer with pleasure to the notice in our advertising columns of Mr. Ball being in the field as a candidate for Alderman for the Ward of St. Patrick. He is very popular, and from what we have learned, his election is certain.

MR. WM. THOMAS.—This gentleman, as our readers are already aware, is a candidate for the office of Alderman for St. Andrew's Ward. He is meeting with very flattering success in his canvass, and many of our friends of the Ward are lending him valuable assistance, as he is the right man for the position he aspires to.

MR. JOHN KERR.—This gentleman's election card will be found in another column, as he has finally consented to again offer his services as one of the Aldermen for St. Patrick's Ward. Mr. Kerr is a friend of the workingman, and if he is returned, he will be as he has been in the past, a worthy representative in the Council.

T. BROWNLOW.—This gentleman is advertising a bankrupt stock of \$20,000 worth of dry goods and ready-made clothing. Great bargains are promised, and our readers would do well to pay Mr. Brownlow's store (181 Yonge st.) a visit at once.

MR. THOS. DAVIES.—It will be seen by referring to our advertising columns, that our respected citizen, Mr. Thomas Davies, has consented to become a candidate for the office of Alderman for the Ward of St. David. His friends are sanguine that he will be elected, as he is very popular. If he be elected, we are confident that he will prove an honest and useful member of the Council.

STREET CAR IDYL.

Queens of all hearts, we saw them come, with languid steps aboard the car; and soon their voices silvery hum sounds clear above the rattling jar.

Awhile we gazed, with downcast eyes, at eyebrows arched and fingers taper, and heard with ill-concealed surprise, each charmer praise her favourite paper.

What could they know of "leaders" learned, these politicians so enchanting? And yet, which ever way we turned, we heard them on this subject ranting.

The *Mail* they condemned unheard, the *Globe* with scorn was blamed; but the *WORKMAN* they both averred, was the best paper could be named.

"If you," the laughing Zephyrine cries, "would save your patience, time and trouble—take a *WORKMAN* the weekly size, and neatly fold it four times double—"

We reached our crossing here, and left, amazed beyond the least description, of power of speech almost bereft—what was the rest of that prescription?

Correspondence.

THE SOCIAL POSITION OF THE WORKINGMAN IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

In the sweat of thy face shall thou eat bread, till thou enter into the ground.—Genesis, III, 19.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

DEAR SIR,—The above quotation from the inspired book is part of the sentence passed upon mankind for the crime of disobedience to a positive command of God. There were no exemptions made. There were no privileged classes contemplated, which were neither to sweat nor work. Workingmen do not quarrel with this Divine law, or burden rather, which was laid upon the whole race, by inscrutable wisdom. But in the human hive, all were to be working bees. There were no drones allowed or allowable. All were placed on an equal footing. The condition to which all were subjected was one of labour. How long was this to last? Just till death ended the labours of each. This state of things was not only universal in its application, but it was to endure till the end of time. As I said before, workingmen do not object to labour, but they demur to the *quantum* of labour which our modern state of society demands from them, and the conditions of life which it entails. Can our modern philosophers who dilate on economic laws, deny that the workingmen of the present day is condemned to an endless and monotonous routine of working, eating and sleeping? Is this a happy state of life? Is it a state of existence here in this world that our Creator designed man to suffer? Is the burden never to be taken off even for an hour?

We here in America, boast of American freedom, and in some respects we have a right to boast. For example, we know that the soil of America belongs to the people of America; and this we may here remark is one of the most consoling facts that we could chronicle. But it must be stated at the same time, that for years past extensive tracts of our public domain has been seized upon by greedy and avaricious speculators, and gigantic railroad corporations. We may also boast that our American political institutions endorse our manhood. Politically, we are not placed in the same category, as are the peasants and workingmen, who live under the old rotten and tyrannical dynasties, monarchies and aristocracies of Europe.

Apart from this, however, and viewed purely from a social stand point, what is the social position of the American workingman? Is the burden of labour he has

to undergo not as heavy as that of the serf workingman in Europe? Does the various gradations of moneyed men in America not look down with as much supercilious contempt upon the workingman here, as the egotistical and overbearing aristocrat in Europe does upon the workingman there? Are what are called the "Masters" not as exacting here as they are anywhere? Does greed, avarice and capital not drive the workingmen, and hold as undisputed sway over them as the same forces do elsewhere?

We know that many of the most ignorant of workingmen entertain the erroneous idea that none are workingmen but those that handle the spade or the plough, the trowel or the hammer. This is a mistaken idea. For instance, we believe that Horace Greeley was as much a workingman, when alive, as were those who built our railroads and cities, or dug our canals. All who work with the brain and pen are workingmen, after their kind; and are entitled to double honour for the enlightened labour they have performed.

What we say is this, that if there were no drones allowed in the human hive, and if labour was equably borne by all the members of the human race, that much less of it would fall to the lot of the hardest worked; and if every man was to receive the full fruits of his labour, (which in strict justice he is entitled to,) that a comfortable share of competence and independence would accrue to all who work.

To make this more plain. At the present moment, and for centuries past, the land of England, Scotland and Ireland, Germany, and many other countries in Europe are owned by a few; the millions living, or rather, existing miserably on these lands, are digging or delving incessantly; to the end of their lives they are toiling and sweating. If those millions were receiving the full fruits of their toil, what social position would they arrive at, compared with the one they are doomed to occupy? The landlords say to their miserable serfs, those diggers and delvers: You must pay to me so much for the liberty to dig in those fields, and that so much, mind you, is the amount of two-thirds or perhaps three-fourths which accrues from the toiler's labour. This is nothing but sheer robbery, gross it over as you may, and we know it is attempted persistently to have it glossed over. From whence did this brood of landlords derive their titles to the possession of those lands? By what right, human or Divine, do they demand the produce that the toilers have made, and that the light and the warm beams of the sun in the firmament brought to development?

You say the right of conquest, the right of the sword, the settlement, charters, and flats of kings; the feudalistic arrangements of mediæval ages. Away with all so-called rights; we deny them *in toto* and *in globo*. There is not the shadow of right about them, but the most down-right, barefaced, iniquitous robbery. True these landlords have fenced themselves round with so-called laws, which they themselves have made (such as primogeniture and entail game laws, &c.); true, they have politico-religious engines erected which they call Church and State, and standing armies, and navies, militia and police; all of which, they aver, are necessary to keep the people in order and peace, which avowment is false; for the enginery we have named is their own creation, and kept to overawe their serfs; lest they should arise against the odious robbery and spoliation, which is inflicted upon them, from generation to generation. Every one knows that if the toilers were receiving the fruits of their labor, that they would be contented, comfortable and happy; and in their midst there would be no need of such vast military forces. These landlords, moreover, add insult to injury, by taxing their poor serfs to maintain the forces we have enumerated, that the chains which bind them may be riveted upon them for ever.

There was a nation in Europe, that at a certain phase of its history, for ever abolished the miserable state of serfdom, which they had to endure. That nation was France. We have heard much declamation from the pulpit and the press, about the "horrors" of the French Revolution. No doubt during that Revolution there were "horrors;" there are horrors and excesses committed in every revolution; but if there were "horrors," what was the result? Why the reign of feudalism was absolutely and for ever abolished in France, and the French people became the owners of the soil of France; a nation of peasant proprietors. They asserted and maintained their manhood, and their right to the fruits of their own industry. Such a consummation was eminently worth all the blood and "horrors" it cost. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies. To enfranchise many millions of the human race, and to

enable the diggers and delvers to enjoy the fruits of their own sweat and toil, many more revolutions have yet to take place, without the "horrors" if possible; but if the robbery, injustice and cruelty perpetrated by a few cormorants upon the millions of our fellow men, cannot be put an end to without the "horrors," then recourse must be had to the most desperate means to accomplish the end desiderated. Justice and equity are attributes of divinity, and must govern in this world, before the social position of the toilers in this world can be properly adjusted. Adjusted, however, they must be.

An intense spirit of greed and avariciousness, exemplified by speculators, corporations, rings, and millionaires, is the ruling passion in America; and these evil forces combine to cheat the poor toiler out of the full fruits of his labor, and arrogate to themselves to dictate what amount of labor shall be performed, what remuneration shall be paid for such labor, and in fact practically assign to the toiler what shall be his social position. These evil forces in America effect, in a great degree, the same social injustice which feudalistic arrangements under monarchies, accomplish for the working man in Europe.

I remain, dear sir,
Yours with much respect,
JOHN McCORMICK.
Toronto, Dec. 2nd, 1872.

HAMILTON.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

DEAR SIR,—In your last issue, under the title "The Time for Action," you have clearly set before the working classes their privileges and their duties at the coming municipal elections. It is most undoubtedly true that the municipal council chamber is the real training school for representatives who may afterward be called upon to fill the more exalted places in either our Provincial or Dominion Legislatures. Let then the advice which you have so kindly given, be acted upon, and the working class will soon see that they are a power in the community, a power no longer to be traded in by every unscrupulous politician. Let them bring out their own men and support them, let them divide every constituency and apply the great test of representation by population, a test which we heard so much about at the last Dominion elections, when our constitutional friends raised such a cry of injustice, because Manitoba and British Columbia had, they said, got more representatives than they were entitled to by their population. Now these same friends of ours have a splendid opportunity of showing how very constitutional they are, and how determined that justice shall be done to every portion of the Dominion. Let them see that all classes are represented in proportion to their number, and thus bring the question home to our own doors. We shall see.

One word to "Mechanic," your London correspondent: I learn that in the matter of money the working men of London are to have "representation by population" given to them on the subscription list for Reading Room and Library. Now I hope that the intelligent men of London will see to it that when the directors and officers of the Association are appointed, the same rule shall prevail. Let no false idea of inferiority or incapacity hold back a working man from taking his place upon the board of directors, or from filling any other office that he may be nominated to; let us have no begging to be excused, no declining; but let every man that shall be nominated stand a vote, and if elected, let him go in and show that the working man is capable of holding any office in the gift of his fellow citizens. Great events often spring from small causes.

From the east "Justice" gives us a fair statement of the occurrence in the *Witness* office, the only cause of the dismissal of these men being that they were members of a Trade's Union. Now, as all the officials in the *Witness* office are men of principle, we presume, and, therefore, are opposed to Trade's Union's on principle, we will, no doubt, soon hear that the *Witness* has attacked all such societies. Well, first there is the Law Society of the Dominion; it is very careful that no man practices at the bar unless he has his proper credentials. Again, we have the Alopactic and Homeopathic Schools of Medicine. Their members can meet and arrange a rise in fee's, and no man dares to make them afraid. They too are very jealous of their privileges as any unfortunate quack who may practice killing without license soon finds out. And last, not least, we have the various associations of Divines, who, above all others, are death upon nob-sticks. I defy any man to show a more exclusive or more vindictive class of men than any order of our modern clergy. Seeing then that these things exist, and now that the *Wi-*

ness has commenced a crusade against Trade's Union's, we shall wait to see how valiant it will be for the truth. Possibly we may hear from that oracle that it is right to be temperate in all things, and this champion of reform will be content with attacking those whom the great head and heart of reform has pointed out as fit victims for sacrifice, as human sacrifices are not yet abolished from the reform ritual.

The Postmaster-General seems to think that progress is a necessary part of his business. We were much pleased yesterday to notice the letter boxes attached to lamp-posts in several parts of Hamilton. They will prove to be a great convenience to the districts in which they are placed.

Trusting that the present time may be rightly viewed and improved by my fellow toilers,

I remain yours,
WORKMAN.

OTTAWA.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

DEAR SIR,—Nearly a month ago a Union of the Journeymen Saddle and Harness makers of this city was formed for the purpose of obtaining an increase of wages from the master saddlers. The demand has been made, which the latter refuse to grant, so the former are now out on strike. There is no prospect of an arrangement yet, and there is a determination on the part of the men to hold out.

It is to be hoped that all "fair men" in our branch will keep away from this section of country till the difficulty may be settled.

Yours, etc.,
ONE OF THEM.

Ottawa, Dec. 3rd, 1872.

\$20,000 BANKRUPT STOCK
OF
DRY GOODS
AND
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
AT 181 YONGE STREET,

T. BROWNLOW

Having purchased a Bankrupt Stock of Dry Goods and Ready-made Clothing at a great sacrifice, consisting of Fancy Dress Goods, French Merinos, Wool Flairs, Winceys, Shawls, Jackets, Flannels, Blankets, Cloths, Hosiery, &c. Also, Men's and Boys' Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Shirts, Drawers, Ties, &c. The great portion of the above is Fall and Winter Goods, bought this season, and will be found superior in quality and style to most bankrupt stocks.

Great bargains will be given. In order to save time, the lowest prices will be asked first.

Sale to commence on Saturday morning, November 30th.

T. BROWNLOW,
181 Yonge Street

HARRY E. CASTON,
Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery,
CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,
OFFICE—48 ADELAIDE STREET,
Opposite the Court House,
TORONTO.

G. W. HALE,
DENTIST,
No. 6 TEMPERANCE ST., TORONTO,
First house off Yonge St., North Side.

D. HEWITT'S
West End Hardware Establishment,
395 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO.
CUTLERY, SHELF GOODS, CARPENTERS' TOOLS.

CHRISTMAS' AND NEW YEAR'S
PRESENTS
FOR MECHANICS,
AT
THE BAZAAR.
164 YONGE STREET,
OPPOSITE THE "GLOBE" HOTEL

19 Kinds of Tea Sets, from \$1 75.
Cups and Saucers, from 50c. per dozen.
Sauce Tureens, 25 cents each.

133 YONGE STREET 133

G. M. LYNN & CO.
YONGE STREET.
celebrated for their
BOOTS AND SHOES.
No Better Stock in the Market.
YONGE STREET.
G. M. LYNN & CO.,
133 YONGE STREET.

CHARLES TOYE,
MERCHANT TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,
72 QUEEN STREET WEST.
A large and extensive stock on hand. A good fit guaranteed.

TO THE LABORING CLASSES.

All who wish to have Good, Neat, and Comfortable
BOOTS AND SHOES.
Call at the WORKINGMEN'S SHOE DEPOT,
181 York Street,
BOOTS SOLD CHEAP FOR CASH.
P. MCGINNES.

TO THE ELECTORS

OF
ST. PATRICK'S WARD

Your vote and interest are respectfully solicited for

JOHN BALL

AS ALDERMAN FOR ST. PATRICK'S WARD FOR 1873.

The Election will be held Jan. 6, 1873.

TO THE RATEPAYERS

OF
ST. PATRICK'S WARD.

GENTLEMEN:—

In retiring from the representation of your ward in the City Council, in accordance with my public declaration, made some months ago, I beg to tender to you my most earnest and heartfelt thanks for your repeated endorsement of my official conduct, as evidenced by your electing me from year to year, and during the past few years invariably placing me at the head of the poll.

When comparatively a stranger in Toronto you generously delegated to me the power of representing you in the Civic Chamber. I accepted the trust, fully sensible of its importance and responsibility. In now resigning to you the honor you so kindly bestowed, I feel enabled to point with confidence and pleasure to the Council records, as affording the best proof of my efforts to do justice to your Ward, and to the citizens generally.

During a period extending over eight years of public service amongst you, in full appreciation of your spontaneous support, I may be permitted to add, that on all occasions, and at all hours, whenever and wherever my services have been required, I have readily and cheerfully endeavored to reciprocate the good feeling so liberally extended to me.

You may rest assured that, whether I continue to hold a seat at the Council Board or otherwise, I will always endeavor to co-operate with yourselves and your representatives, in supporting every measure having for its object the improvement and advancement of our prosperous city. Again thanking you,

I have the honor to remain,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed), JOHN CANAVAN,
Toronto, November 28th, 1872.

TO THE ELECTORS]

OF THE
Ward of St. David.

GENTLEMEN,

Having been urgently requested by a large number of influential friends and ratepayers to allow myself to be put in nomination for the office of Alderman for your Ward, and having ample time at my disposal to devote to the duties, I have acceded to their request and now beg to announce myself a candidate for municipal honors. If elected, I will do my utmost to fill the office with credit to myself and benefit to the City, and more particularly to the Ward of St. David.

Yours obediently,
THOS. DAVIES.

St. Patrick's Ward.

TO THE ELECTORS OF ST. PATRICK'S WARD.

Your vote and interest are respectfully solicited for re-election as ALDERMAN for the year 1873.

JOHN KERR,

St. Andrew's Ward.

Your vote and influence are respectfully solicited for

FRANK RIDDELL,
AS-ALDERMAN FOR 1873.

The Election will take place on the first Monday in January, 1873.

EATON & CO.
ARE NOW SHOWING
15,000 YARDS OF
WINCEYS,

At 8c, 10c, 15c, 20c, to 40c.
These Goods are SPECIAL BARGAINS for WARM DRESSES, and at 2c to 5c per yard less than last Fall's Prices.
COME AND SEE CHEAP WINCEYS.

CORNER YONGE & QUEEN STREETS.
29-30

The Home Circle.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

Truth is the source from whence doth spring
All attributes benign;
From this both love and friendship rise:
These hallow Heaven's shrine.

Truth, when unfolding, brings to view
Earth's joys to gild our way;
Emerging from a field so vast,
It gilds where'er we stray.

Structure for friendship, cold the name
Which blesses most the earth;
Unlimited its broad extent,
Unspeaking its worth.

It lives not with the ebb and flow
Of passions as they roll,
But fixed and firm as polar star,
Beams brightly from the soul.

Truth, the foundation for all good,
Wherever man is found,
In this both Love and Friendship live,
It gives life's pulse its bound.

THE SORROWS OF CHILDHOOD.

People are always telling about the pleasures of childhood. Folks thump away at pianos and screech "I would I were a boy again," and a hundred other stupid songs, all endeavoring to show the advantages of childhood. "Children from four to sixteen years of age are the happiest creatures in the world," said a friend to me, very seriously. I didn't tell the gentleman he told an untruth; I only said I thought he was mistaken, which amounts to the same and sounds better.

But I tell you it's no such thing! Childhood was the most miserable period of my existence and the only thing that tended to make it endurable was the hope that some day I should get grown up and be able to "order about" other lawless children the same way that grown-up people then ordered me.

Who ever imagines babies have a happy time? If they are happy, what are they always crying for? Then, don't the nurses always pin on babies' clothes? and you know pins are forever pricking into the soft flesh; this makes babies cry more; so nurse doses them with soothing syrup, paregoric, laudanum, or some other liquid poison, until they get all manner of brain diseases, and some die; their fathers say they were too clever to live—mildly hinting that the survivors are but slightly removed from idiocy.

When they get a little better of their diseases, the cholera infantum sets in, succeeded by whooping cough, measles, &c. If they are so unfortunate as to survive, they finally begin to creep, and at length walk—then new troubles begin.

I daresay you can remember your first attempt at walking, even now. Your mother stood about two yards off, holding a great lump of sugar in her fingers, and coaxing you to make the attempt. You stood up, clinging to a chair, and feeling decidedly weak in the knees, but the sugar looked so nice you finally decided to venture; one step was made, then another—knees grew more limber every minute, and at the third step down you came, with a force that fairly shook the house, striking your head against the stove-hearth and making a bunch on it—on your head, not the hearth—the size of a small hen's egg. Oh! how it hurt, and you didn't get the sugar, after all.

Your mother then grabbed you, and emptied a bottle of liniment on your head, about half of it running down your back and the rest into your eyes. Eyes smarted worse than the bump, and you yelled till folks got out of patience and said you weren't hurt—'twas all temper.

When children become a little older, and commence to take some comfort in their peculiar way—the boys, by tying tin kettles to the tails of unfortunate cats, stealing their father's winter apples, and tumbling into the mill-pond, and the girls with playing with dolls and hooking sugar out of the sugar-basin—they are bundled off to a day-school.

Weren't you happy then, my dear friend? From four to sixteen is the happiest period of your life, eh? You were happy, weren't you, the time you got fourteen thrashings in one week—five from the schoolmaster, five from your father after you reached home, and four from the school-boys on your way home?

Girls, too, have their peculiar troubles as well as boys. Their big brothers tell them the wildest ghost stories, until they get so nervous and fidgety they can't sleep a wink for fear of giants, ghosts and dragons that fly about the country for the express purpose of carrying off bad children.

Think I want to be a child again, do you? Not if I know myself! It is bad enough to have been a child once; but to want to be a boy or girl again is ridiculous nonsense; and the expression of such a wish on the part of any grown-up person ought to be considered sufficient evidence of a deranged mind, and their friends ought to be justified in placing them in lunatic asylums for the term of their natural lives.

A witness in a court of justice being asked what kind of "ear marks" the hog in question had, replied "he had no particular ear marks, except a very short tail."

STREET SCIENCE.

The scientific explanations once heard on the streets are sometimes worthy of being recorded—not for their scientific value, but for their originality. Chancing to be in the Walworth road a few evenings ago, I noticed an itinerant professor of electricity, who had evidently got hold of a tough customer. The latter was a stout looking individual, who grasped the handles of the machine with the determination to have, as he expressed it, his "full ha'porth." Whether there was a "screw loose" in the apparatus, or whether the man possessed nerves of more than ordinary power I know not; but somehow or other the electricity had no effect on him. The professor kept on piling up the agony, but with no effect. "Don't you feel it yet?" said he, when nearly the full power had been put on. "No, I don't feel nothing," was the placid response. Another turn—"Now, don't you feel it?" "No," was still the reply.

The professor looked bewildered. He had put on all the power the machine was capable of, and with no result. Such a thing had never happened before. What was to be done? He had stood at the corner of the street for two years, and his credit was at stake. At last his countenance brightened—a happy thought. "Let's look at your feet," said he. The patient complied, by holding up one foot. "Ah, I thought so!" said the professor, triumphantly. "You might stand there till you were blue in the face, and not feel nothing. Leather's a non-conductor, don't you know; but you have got such a great hole in your shoe that as fast as the electricity comes in at your hands it goes out at your feet. You go and get your shoes mended, and come again."—"Lounger" from the London Press.

CHILDHOOD.

Let man enjoy what he will in after life, if his childhood have been blessed with the care and kindness of a judicious mother, there will come moments when the cup of pleasure will be dashed from his lips as tasteless, in comparison with those hours of sweet and social intercourse, when he first learned to look for a pervading spirit in the realms of nature. To welcome all the animated and joyous creatures of earth as members of his own wide brotherhood, and to hail the beams of morning as pledges of the inexhaustible beneficence which created both life and light, and ordained them as blessings to mankind.

THE REAL GENTLEMAN.

Not he who displays the latest fashion, dresses in extravagance with gold rings and chains to display. Not he who talks the loudest, and makes constant use of profane language and vulgar words. Not he who is proud and overbearing—who oppresses the poor, and looks with contempt on honest industry. Not he who cannot control his passions and humble himself as a child. No; none of these are real gentlemen. It is he who is kind and obliging, who is ready to do you a favor with no hope of reward; who visits the door, and assists those who are in need; who is more careful of his heart than the dress of his person; who is humble and sociable—not intractable and revengeful; who always speaks the truth without resorting to profane or immoral words. Such a man is a real gentleman, wherever he may be found. Rich or poor, high or low, he is entitled to the appellation.

Sawdust and Chips.

Waste of wealth is sometimes retrieved; waste of health, seldom; but waste of time, never.

A wit once asked a peasant what part he performed in the great drama of life. "I mind my own business," was the reply.

Two fatigued travellers, having to travel ten miles farther, comforted themselves by the calculation that it was only five miles each.

A young lady's first love kiss has the same effect on her as being electrified. It's a shock but soon over.

Mrs. Shoddy puckered up her mouth and told a gentleman friend that one of her lovely daughters was a "bluenet," and the other was a "bronze."

Philanthropist: "Now, my little man, do you really think you could eat a tart?" Object of benevolence, contemptuously: "Eat a tart! Sh'd think I could—forty dozen on 'em."

Native of the Emerald Isle—"Is it my bare feet that's troublin' yer? Bless yer honor, an, an't I sportin' a pair of Cork soles!"

"I'm not in mourning," said a young lady frankly to a lady querist, "but as the widows are getting all the offers now-a-days, we poor girls have to resort to artifice."

While you are living, be very kind, generous, and do as much good as you can to your relations; but leave them nothing when you die, and you will be sure to be missed by them.

Let us take care how we speak of those who have fallen on life's field. "Help them up—not heap scorn upon them. We did not see the conflict. We do not know the scars.

An idler boasted to a farmer of his ancient family, laying much stress upon his having descended from an illustrious man who lived sev-

eral generations ago. "So much the worse for you," replied the farmer, "for we invariably find the older the seed, the poorer the crop."

"Arthur," said a good-natured father to his "young hopeful," "I did not know till to-day that you had been whipped last week." "Did you not, pa?" replied hopeful; "why, I knew it at the time."

"That's a very stupid brute of yours, John," said a Scotch minister to his parishioner, the peat-dealer, who drove his merchandise from door to door in a small cart drawn by a donkey. "I never see you but the creature is braying." "Ah, Sir," said the peat-dealer, "ye ken the heart's warm when friends meet."

Irate Parrot. "Oh! yer don't wan to go into Business, don't yer! Why, all yer want to be a Clerk in the Post-Office, do yer! Post-Office, indeed! Why, all yer're fit for is to Stand outside with your Tongue out, for People to wet their Stamps against!"

Charles Lamb gives some advice about making speeches, which might be applicable with advantage to other occasions. He says a speaker should not attempt to express too much, but should leave something to the imagination of his audience; and he tells how being called on to return thanks for a toast to his health, he rose, bowed to his audience, said, "Gentlemen," and then sat down, leaving it to their imagination to supply the rest.

At the recent preliminary examination, held in the high schools and academies of New York, under the direction of the Regents of the University, one of the questions was, "What is the grammatical gender of nightingale, and why?" One gentleman of the class answered, "Femine; because the nightingale is the queen of song-birds, and queens are always feminine." A lady member of the class wrote, "Feminine; because, in speaking of the nightingale, we refer to Jenny Lind."

A very earnest little lady who has a particularly difficult class of girls in a city mission Sunday School, and whose chief trouble is to gain their attention, a few Sundays since she went prepared with some ingenious methods for the accomplishment of the purpose. Putting them in practice, she was rewarded by the earnest gaze of a pupil whose attention was a perfectly rapt one now, but just as the teacher began to feel assured of her success, the little Arab called out, in a voice audible throughout the room:—"I say, miss, is them your own back-hair?"

A Scotch nurse was out with a baby in the master's garden, and the gardener inquired: "Is't a laddie or a lassie?" "A laddie," said the maid. "Weel," said he, "I'm glad of that, for there's ower money women in the world." "Hech, mon," says Jess, "did ye no ken there's aye maist sown o' the best crap?"

In one of Lover's Irish stories, the narrator, describing the feats of a very knowing fox, tells how master Reynard entered a cottage, sat down by the fire, and took up a Roscommon journal. "Oh, aisy!" cried a listener,—"a fox read the paper! I'm not going to believe that." "To be sure," replied the other—"If a fox don't read the newspapers, how is he to know where the hounds meet?"

A man thus relates his experience in a financial way on the occasion of the failure of a local bank:—"As soon as I heard of it my heart jumped right up into my mouth. 'Now,' thinks I, 'sposin' I've got any bill on that bank! I'm gone if I hev—that's a fact!' So I put on my coat and 'put' for home just as fast as my legs would carry me; fact is, I ran all the way: and when I got there I looked keeful, and found that I hadn't any bill on that bank—nor any other! Then I felt easier."

There was one pun of Sydney Smith's that Charles Lever nevertired of telling. Mrs. Grote, wife of the distinguished historian, appeared once at a soiree with a queer sort of turban on her accomplished head. "Look at that," said Sydney, "that's the origin of the word grotesque."

A good joke is told of a little four-year old fellow who, having disobeyed his father, was about to incur the penalty of a switching. The father deliberately prepared a rod, while his son stood a sad and silent spectator. As the parent approached to the unpleasant duty, the boy started at a brisk run towards a neighboring hill. The father pursued, and for a time the youngster increased the distance between them; but gradually his strength began to fail, and when he reached the hill and began to ascend, he soon lost his vantage ground. Nearer and nearer the irate father approached, and just as the top of the hill was reached, and he came within arm's length of the little fugitive, who was ready to fall from exhaustion, the boy quickly faced about, and dropped upon the ground, and, with an indescribable cast of countenance, exclaimed, "Papa, that—makes a fellow—blow—don't it?" This "changing the subject" was so extremely ludicrous that the father laughed heartily over the strategy which his hopeful son exhibited, and the rod was not used.

There are manufactured in the United States over 2,250,000 packages of pins per annum. Each one of the packages should contain 2,300 pins, giving the enormous amount of 5,175,000,000 pins made annually. One factory alone in Boston, turns out eight tons of pins per week. There is a good deal of pin money in the business.

WAS IT CHANCE?

I was in the habit of visiting a decent widow, as paralysis made it impossible for her to attend church. She was tended by a very dutiful daughter, who, working at a flax mill in the neighborhood, labored hard, and contented herself with plain dress and simple fare that she might help to maintain her mother. Before leaving the cottage for her work, she was in the habit of heaping up the refuse of the mill in the grate and kindling it. She placed her helpless mother in a chair right before the fire, and as this fuel burned slowly away, the old woman was kept comfortable till her return.

It happened one day that I left my manse, and skirting the walls of the old churchyard, and passing the corn mill, with its busy sound and flashing wheel, I took my way down the winding dell to the cottage of the old woman, which stood in its garden ombowered among trees. But, having met a parishioner with whom I had some subject of interest to talk about, I called a halt, and sitting down on a bank of thyme we entered into conversation. Ere the subject was half exhausted, the widow rose to my recollection. I felt, somehow, that I must cut it short, and hasten away on my visit. But the idea was dismissed, and the conversation went on. However, it occurred again and again, till, with a feeling that I was neglecting a call of duty, as by an uncontrollable impulse I rose to my feet and made haste to the cottage. Opening the door, a sight met my eye that for a moment nailed me to the spot!

The erection of mill refuse which had been built from the hearth some feet up the open, wide chimneys, having its foundations eaten away, had fallen, and precipitating itself forward, surrounded the helpless paralytic within a circle of fire. The accident took place some minutes before I entered. She had cried out; but no ear was there to hear, nor hand to help. Catching the loose refuse about her, on and on, nearer and nearer the flames crept." It was a terrible sight for the two Wigtown women—martyrs staked far out on the sands of Solway Frith—to mark the sea-foam crawl nearer and nearer them; it was more terrible still for this lone woman, in her lone cottage, without any great cause to die for, to sit there and see the fire creeping closer, drawing nearer and nearer to her feet. By the time I had entered, it had almost reached her, where she sat motionless, speechless, pale as death, looking down on the fire as it was about to seize her clothes and burn her to a cinder. Ere it caught, I had no more time, and to make one bound from the door to the hearthstone, and seizing her, chair and all, in my arms, to pluck her from the jaws of a cruel, fiery death.

By what law of nature, when I lingered on the road, was I moved, without the remotest idea of her danger, to cut short, against all my inclinations, an interesting conversation and hurry on to the house, which I reached just in the nick of time—one or two minutes later the flames had caught her clothes, and I had found her in a blaze of fire. Be it mine to live and die in the belief of a present and presiding, as well as a personal God; in the faith which inspired my aged friend to thank Him for her wonderful deliverance, and the boy to explain his calm courage on the roaring deep, in these simple but grand words: "My father's at the helm."—*Dr. Guthrie.*

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

Are requested for

WILLIAM HAMILTON, JR.,

AS

ALDERMAN,

FOR THE WARD OF ST. LAWRENCE

FOR 1873.

32

St. Andrew's Ward!

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

IS RESPECTFULLY REQUESTED FOR

WILLIAM THOMAS,

As Alderman for 1873.

32-a

TO THE ELECTORS OF

ST. PATRICKS WARD.

GENTLEMEN—

For several years past I have been solicited by many prominent electors of the Ward and other citizens, to become a candidate for civic honors. I was, under the requirements of my business, obliged in the past to decline the honor so kindly proffered me. The request having been this year again renewed and urged, I have yielded to the desire of my fellow-citizens, and now declare myself in obedience to their wishes a candidate for their suffrages for the office of Alderman at the approaching Municipal Elections for the city. I have a considerable stake in the Ward, and feel a deep interest in everything calculated to advance the prosperity of the city of Toronto, in which for the last twenty-five years, from boyhood, I have lived. Loathing professions I make none. I will merely say, that if elected, I shall exert myself to discharge the duties of the office efficiently—at all events, honestly; and that I hope, at the end of my year of office, to be enabled to exhibit a stainless record, one on which to base my claims to a continuance of your support and confidence. I am, Gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,

31-td

JOHN MALLON.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

JANES & NEWCOMBE

Being determined to keep pace with the times, and to maintain their reputation for selling the

Cheapest First-Class Goods in Town.

WILL CONTINUE ALL THIS WEEK

A GRAND CLEARING SALE

OF THE WHOLE OF THEIR

Stock of Magnificent Goods

Consisting of Silks, Velvets, Ribbons, Trimmings, Dress Goods, Black Goods, Cottons, Linens, Flannels, Blankets, Hosiery, Gloves, Gents' Furnishings, Millinery, Mantles and Shawls, at such reduced prices as will effect a speedy clearance,

HAVING RECENTLY MADE SOME

EXTENSIVE PURCHASES

At about HALF PRICE, their Stock will now be found one of the Largest, Finest, and Cheapest in the Dominion.

Particular attention is drawn to the following lines as samples of the general stock:

Heavy Ottoman Silk Reqs, in all the new colors, at 95c, worth \$1.50.

All-wool French Reqs, the best quality made, at 65c, worth 90c.

Handsome Figured Reqs, at 45c, worth 70c.

All-wool French Satens at 60c, worth 80c.

Handsome Figured Satens at 30c, worth 50c.

A line of French Merinos at 50c, worth 75c

Beautiful Colored Glace Silks, all shades, at 90c, worth \$1.25.

Very Heavy Colored Gros Grains at \$1.40, worth \$2

The balance of those Black Glace Silks at 70c, 87½c, and \$1, worth from \$1 to \$1.50.

Black Gros Grain Silks, at \$1.12½, \$1.25, \$1.45, and \$1.65 worth from \$1.05 to \$2.50.

Best Black Gros Grain Silks, including Bonnet's and other popular makes, from \$1.05 to \$4, worth from \$2.50 to \$5.

The Largest and Cheapest assortment of Laces in town! Maltese, Honiton, Brussels, Point, and Thread.

A very special lot of Heavy Woolen Sheetings at less than the wholesale prices—72-inch at 30c, worth 45c; 80-inch at 40c, worth 60c other lines equally cheap.

The Finest Styles of Millinery in town at greatly reduced prices.

A Job Line of Mantles at from \$2 to \$10, worth from \$4 to \$15.

As these Goods were imported especially for the best Canadian Trade, and are marked down to such exceedingly low prices, they cannot fail to please everyone. No lady should make her purchases before examining our magnificent stock. An inspection is respectfully solicited.

JANES & NEWCOMBE,

RECENT HOUSE,

51 KING STREET EAST,

32-h



CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,

Ottawa, November, 1872.

AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON AMERICAN INVOICES until further notice, 12 per cent.

R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,
Commissioner.

26-ff

M. EDWARD SNIDER, SURGEON DENTIST, OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—34 Bay Street, a few doors below King Street, Toronto.

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