

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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NO 48

Labor Notes.

The Co-operative Lock Factory at Wolverhampton is again in full work.

The bricklayers of Manchester have given notice for an advance of wages from 8d. to 8½d. per hour.

The masons of London have petitioned the masters for an extra ¼d. an hour, to come into operation on the 19th July.

The Excelsior Co-operative Iron-workers Company is announced at Sheffield. All the leading managing men are operatives.

It appears that £23,000 loss was sustained by the East and West India Docks Company through the laborers' strike of last year.

The *M. & B. Journal* for March contains gratifying intelligence of the thorough work of organization that is going on among the Machinists and Blacksmiths. Quite a number of new unions have been organized.

The council of the South Yorkshire Miners' Association, representing 15,000 colliers, have passed a resolution expressing approval of the arbitration proposed for the settlement of the weavers' strike, the terms of which the operatives have rejected. The proposal was that the men should at once return to work at the old rate of wages, subject to any addition that might be decreed to them by the arbitrators.

Among the new trade societies which are springing up on all sides, we may note that the hair dressers of Paris have determined to form a corporation of their own. They desire to create a vast association composed both of employers and employed, with a mixed committee to decide all disputes, to register all demands for work and to appoint teachers in the art of decking the hair.

The *Peuple Souverain* has received four letters from different towns of France written by members of the local trade corporations which demanded details that might instruct them and enable them to start co-operative societies. These correspondents are all journeymen tailors, and they desire to emulate the example set by the tailors society of the Rue Turbigo which was started in 1853 on co-operative principles, and has since carried on a successful business.

The colliers, to the number of 600, employed at the Morewood's Collieries, Alfrington, have resumed work. They struck about a fortnight ago, in consequence of the owners refusing the eight-hours system. That has now been conceded, and the owners have agreed to advance the wages of the men 4s. per ton of 25 cwt., until the 1st of August, after which 21 cwt. shall be the maximum weight of a ton.

At a further interview recently between the managers of the Nantyglo, Beaufort, and Blaithwaite Works, and the colliers on strike in that district, it was suggested, as an alternate proposal to the double shift system, that the men should resume work at ten per cent. reduction. If, however, they turned but a certain amount of coal per month, and put an end to the restrictive policy which had hitherto guided them, the ten per cent. should be restored to them. The workmen are to consider this proposition.

THE POST OFFICE EMPLOYEES AND THEIR PAY.—Another "lecture" is announced to be delivered at the Albion Hall, London-wall, E. C., next Monday evening, the 17th inst., at eight p.m., under the auspices of the "United Kingdom G.P.O. and Telegraph Service Benefit Society," to explain the petition it is proposed to present to Parliament on behalf of all Post Office employees throughout the country, and to reject, amend, or adopt the same. Mr. Charles Reed, M.P., has kindly consented to present the same to the House of Commons, and a number of other influential M.P.'s have also promised their support.

At Bordeaux the working men cartwrights have received a liberal response to their attempt to create a professional union of their trade throughout France. Their purpose is to form not only local groups but to

unite these corporations into one vast association which would hold annual congresses, and create museums, professional schools, mutual benefit societies, &c. At Marseilles, Chalons, Lyons, and Paris, this project has been much applauded, and the society of Bordeaux proud of the initiative it has taken, is now engaged in active correspondence to carry the matter forward. The cabinet makers of Bordeaux have also resolved to follow this example.

This week we are able to report prospects of at least a partial settlement of the great South Wales strike; but large sections of the labor-market are still much disturbed in several districts, and the limitation of output is most seriously felt throughout the whole country. With several extensive establishments of industry almost suspended, prominence is being given to labor-saving machinery, and also to foreign supplies of raw material and fuel. Meanwhile further advances in wages are being asked in several districts, and as a natural consequence fresh and untried labor is making its way to the North and Midlands from the agricultural counties.—*Labor News.*

On Thursday evening a meeting of delegates from the London Trades Societies, convened by the London Trades' Council, was held at the Sussex Hotel, Bouverie street, Fleet street, for the purpose of considering the position of the colliers and iron-workers now on strike in the South Wales district. Mr. Whetstone, President of the Amalgamated Engineers' Society, occupied the chair, and Mr. John Kane, of Darlington, the Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Ironworkers, was present as a deputy from that body. About 100 societies were represented. Mr. Allen moved the following resolution:—"That this representative meeting of the London Trades deeply regrets the continuance of the dispute between the Welsh ironworkers and miners and their employers, in consequence of the latter insisting upon a reduction of 10 per cent. in the wages of the workmen notwithstanding the fact that the prices are raising in the market, and which, we believe, renders the position of the employers untenable, and strengthens the claim of the men to public sympathy and pecuniary support until the employers are prepared to open their works at the old rate of wages; and this meeting of delegates fully endorses the resolution unanimously passed upon this subject by the recent Trades' Congress at Leeds."

LEONI LEVI ON WORKING CLASS TAXATION.

Lord Elcho said some time ago in the House of Commons that the working men were the most highly favored and most extravagantly petted class in the community; and if proof of this he asserted that if any other interest desired to get the favorable attention of Parliament, it had to make pretences that what was looked for would be favorable to working men.

This idea is confirmed by certain statistics recently furnished by Professor Leoni Levi, and published by Mr. Bass, M.P., for Derby, on the taxation of the working classes; and, certainly, if we are to read these figures by aid of the gloss our newspaper writers have furnished, we cannot help concluding that Lord Elcho's statement falls far within the limit of the truth.

The *Conservative*, a newspaper written especially for the instruction of operative Conservatives, is quite delighted with the statements of Leoni Levi, and writes with so gratified a sense of the happy condition of our working people, that we shall be disappointed if a few of the squires and nobles who have for some time now shown dissatisfaction at their treatment, do not desert their marble halls and gilded saloons that as working men in the cottage or the two pair back, they may enjoy these fiscal immunities at present confined to the working classes of the country.

We should be sorry to dispel a pleasing illusion. It is good to think the best we can of human nature, including Chancellors

of the Exchequer and tax gatherers. If, however, through love or pity they spare the pockets of working men it would be ingratitude not to openly acknowledge their great leniency. But have those who have called to rejoice and be thankful looked at the whole of the case with critical exactness? Taxation, we are told, during the last thirty years has increased from 52,000,000 to 74,000,000. As, however, the accumulated wealth of the country has had a much more rapid growth this trifling increase is not, we are asked to believe, a matter of much moment. Side by side with this, we are asked to bear the other fact in mind, that whereas in 1842, 38 per cent. of our taxation was imposed on the necessaries of life, now the necessaries of life only bear 12 per cent. of the same burden.

Assuming these figures to be correct, what, we ask, do they prove? The repeal of the corn laws, reduction of duty on tea, and several other changes have led to this; coupled with the imposition of an income tax, and, so far, the working man's condition has been improved by these changes. The revision of a system of taxation which operated injuriously in regard to the general interests of the nation, did incidentally improve the working man's position, and any thanks that may be due to our governing class for this, by the working people, should be freely and liberally rendered. If the new taxation, however, has been paid on incomes above a certain annual amount, and on realized property, and if the working people have escaped the tax collector only because their income was not large enough so tax, and because their realized property has been too small to bring them into the category of persons owning taxable property, what have they to be thankful for? The poor man who travelled amongst highway robbers with perfect security because he possessed nothing they could take from him, might as well have been grateful for their forbearance. As the working men of England to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, because he spares them, and thrusts his hand in where there is something to be got. Is it really a blessing to the working men of the country that they escape the taxation which is levied on property and income, or can those really consider themselves ill-used people who are fairly called on under the law to pay it? The *Conservative* thinks that the general income of the working classes has really increased: more than 66 per cent. it presumes this; but as Leoni Levi has not stated this, and as the assertion of the writer is not sufficient to convince us, it would be satisfactory if some reason was given for such an assertion. We have no hesitation whatever in saying that such a statement is ludicrously fantastical. We deny two-thirds of the assumption, and we defy the writer to attempt a detailed proof of his statement. There has, it is quite true, been an advance of wages generally within the last two or three years, but our pauper returns show that lightened taxation and increased wages up to this time did not tell very powerfully in keeping distress in check amongst our people. Of able-bodied paupers, taking our last Government returns, and looking at the fifteen years over which they were made, we find that in 1857 we had 134,000, whilst in 1870 we had of the same class 101,089, an increase in thirteen years of 50,000; whilst in 1872, in consequence of our exceptionally good trade, these had gone back to 153,753.

What we want to show from this is that during the presumed amelioration by an alteration of the incidence of taxation every evidence of a chronic poverty remained amongst the masses of our people; and that the explanation of this is to be found in the fact that wherever the advance in wages, the concurrent rise in the price of provisions and other necessaries have more than kept pace with it; that the taxable realized property has not come into the hands of the people, and that therefore on this supposition the payers of taxes, and not those who are exempt, are the people who ought to be congratulated. Taxation

is in fact, so far as it is levied on the profits of the business of the country, a mark which separates those who share in them from those who do not, and all sensible men, it is presumed, under such circumstances, would rather pay than not. Exemption, therefore, is an oppression rather than a privilege; and when clever statisticians and writers try to persuade us that we ought to be proud of such an exemption, we feel we ought to be some little angry rather at the poverty by which that exemption is secured.

In regard to that part of Professor Leoni Levi's calculation, where he divides the indirect taxes proportionally over the whole population, we have certain grave doubts as to his accuracy, and when he divides again the proportion paid by the working man on each article of consumption out of every pound of taxation falling on him as indirect tax, we refuse his figures altogether, simply because we can see no date upon which his calculations rest. They may be very correct, or they may be the reverse. It is, no doubt, quite true that our working men drink too much beer, and smoke too much tobacco. We wish they used a great deal less of both. But taking society as it exists, in all its classes full of shameless extravagances, we can hardly expect that men who labor for their living should, more than their neighbors, be models of self-denial, using nothing as food or drink but what the highest moral sumptuary authorities could sanction as fit to be indulged in by men whose chief aim in life it should be to labor, and keep out of the work-houses.

Leoni Levi has his figures, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has his Budget, and our newspaper writers have their argument, whilst the masses of our people have their incessant toil, their chronic poverty, and happily it may be the poor rates to fall back upon—there the matter ends. Still, upon the whole, if we are to trust our teachers, the upper classes are very kind and highly virtuous, and the poorer sort very unprovoked and ungrateful, but might be, if they thought proper, as happy as the day is long, especially if they drank less beer and abstained from a too great indulgence in tobacco. Or, if, by diminished wages, they were unable to buy these, it is clear they would be still further relieved from taxation.—*See His.*

LONDON TRADES.

There is no question that the astounding rise of the price of coal is fast telling upon London trades, and that in almost every industry a rise is taking place in the trade list prices. That this increase of London prices will shortly fall back to the hurt of trade is unquestionable, and the labor-market will suffer to an unheard of extent.

The rebound will then visit the artisan and laborer, and work will not only be scarce, but wages must come down to meet the foreign markets.

The south side of the Thames, famed for its staple "red potteries," pan-tiles, drainage, and other sanitary appliances, has plenty of work to hand to fulfil contracts, but the firms are losing money by their jobs and do not care to fill up any as with a contract stamp impressed.

Gunpowder—this, an article of commerce, I believe no fire insurance office cares to approach, but our London trades call it their own. Business at the Gunpowder Works is very heavy, and labor here is exceptional. The owners, not being insured themselves by fire offices, insure their property and workpeople, even to their wives and children, and, despite the danger, labor is always to hand. At present, extensive orders for export are on the order books.

The Ink-trade.—This trade reigns supreme in the Metropolis, and it may surprise the readers of the *Labor News* to learn that ink in penny bottles, glass and stone is exported to the East Indies, United States, Persia, Germany, South America, Africa, and all our colonies. I have before me, with regard to this London trade, some

important statistics, and I learn that the trade is here standing still for the glass trade and the stoneware trade. The rise in the price of fuel has stepped in here, and wholesale orders are now subject to a rise of 25 per cent.

The Blacking-trade—another Metropolitan industry—is very busy, and the various hands are well employed.

The Match-trade was never more active, but the chemicals here employed kill off the hands more rapidly than the supply.

Vitriol-makers are working night and day, but this is a work that no life insurance office will handle.

The Cigar-trade is not very active, and the over-apprenticeship here causes a great number of hands, as soon as their apprenticeship has expired, to fall back on other industries for employment. I have looked into this well, and I will here, with the permission of the Editor, remark that the whole question of apprenticeship requires a thorough reformation and enquiry.

The Floor-cloth Factories, another London trade, is declining, but other trades are taking its place. The trade may be called "slow," as it takes two or three years to properly dry the cloth, and about the same time to make it.

The Bessemer Steel-works are full of orders, and there is no knowing to what extent these works at Greenwich will trade this session; the managers anticipate more work than their factory can turn out night and day. Our large engineering firms are equally as sanguine.

The Coachmaking trade, in all its branches, is doing well, and as spring approaches the trade anticipates a prosperous season both for export and home orders.

The Furniture trade is very busy, and the like may be reported of gilders and carvers; and of the two latter branches I learn that the immense development of the Fine Arts will keep the trade well employed. Foreign workmen are, however, arriving in shoals to pick up some of the crumbs, and round about Satford-hill and Soho—the London hives of Continental workmen—"Dutch leaf" is swarming.

The silversmith, goldsmith, and engraving trades and getting very busy, and Clerkewell reports trade looking up better than this time last year.

The copper and brass smiths were never so busy at this time of the year.

Pewterers are very busy, but it is probable this trade are hand-and-glove with the plumbers, who have more work than they can well undertake to carry out.

The zinc-workers are equally as busy. Tinsmiths, wire-workers, and other branches arising out of these industries, are fairly on for work.

The shoemaking trade, both West-end (which comprises the best work), and the City and East-end, are alike well employed.

Our saddlery and harness workers are fairly engaged.

Tailors are as busy as need be in all parts of the Metropolis.

The hat-trade in Southwark is well on; whilst in the City and West-end business is not to be complained against.

The glass trades do not know which way to escape orders, and the canal floods have afforded a fine harvest for Metropolitan rough descriptions to compete with.

In the East-end the shipbuilding yards are fairly on for work.

Sugar bakers are better off than last year.

Boiler-makers are very active, and steam-engine makers have few hands out.

Boat and barge builders keep on their old, steady style.

The other multifarious trades are doing well, and London, despite the mischievous attack on its industries from the "coal crushers," is able to hold up its head and compete with the whole world.—*Labor News.*

For Cards, Bill-heads, or Posters, go to the WORKMAN Office, 124 Bay street.

Book and Job Printing neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously executed at the WORKMAN Office.

Poetry.

MAN WASNA MADE TO MOURN.

Man a' the bonnie Scottish lays
The Ayrshire ploughman wrote,
That crown'd him wi' the world's praise,
There's yin should be forgot.
In lordly ha' or humble hame—
I find at every turn
Margaret has herself to blame—
He wasna made to mourn.

Along the streets baith ear' an' late,
I hear the mournfu' cries
O' wretched pair, wi' whose hard fate
I deeply sympathise;
But when I keek ahint the scene,
An' gie the screen a turn,
I find they might ha'e better been—
Man wasna made to mourn.

Fell dissipation ruins health,
Vice stunts his trusty freen';
They cawp the highest peaks o' wealth,
Mak' life a drumly scene.
An' when starvation—gaunt an' grim—
Appears at every turn,
Can we wi' justice bauldly say
That man was made to mourn?

Ah, no! my working brithers a',
Though humble be our lot,
Some chance we've had to raise or fa'—
That chance has been forgot.
Sae while we daily toil for bread,
Ne'er "fortune's fav'rites" spurn;
'Tis aften through the lives we lead
That we ha'e cause to mourn.

REWARD OF TOIL.

The wealth that labor gets,
To pay its honest debts,
Is here in plenty found,
Above and under ground.
In crops rewarding toil,
In wells of flowing oil,
In mines of solid lead,
In fields of gold and red,
In streams no drouth can halt,
In basins filled with salt,
In rivers deep and shoal,
In ebon veins of coal,
In lakes wide as the sea,
In prairies broad and free,
In vineyards rich with vines,
In gold and silver mines,
In land the tiller tills,
In cattle on the hills,
In quarries filled with stone,
In forests vast and lone.

The wealth that labor gets,
To pay its honest debts,
Is earned in forge and mill,
With force of hand and will,
The hands that turn the wheel,
Heads that think, and hearts that feel,
Make us richer every day,
And help us on the way.
The furnace fires aglow,
Show trade the path to go:
The red plumes of the night,
The ships with wings of white,
Are beacons night and day
To nations o'er the way.
Let honor be the rule
In shop, and court, and school;
Put vice and meanness down;
Let virtue wear the crown,
And we shall then behold
The promised age of gold.

Tales and Sketches.

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XLII.—Conclusion.

Meantime, Aix, who had remained immovable, contemplating the fulfilment of her revenge, felt herself pushed suddenly aside by a new comer with mud-stained doublet, haggard eyes, and gestures wild as those of a madman. It was Don Pedro. "Woe, woe to me," he cried, on finding he had arrived too late. Then, bending over Rachel, he raised her in his arms, and pressed his lips to those of the expiring girl. "Rachel, Rachel," he murmured, "do I then see thee dead in this place, where not long since thou didst appear to me so lovely and so faithful to thy duty! This then is the reward of virtue. Thou hast sacrificed thy love; thou hast satisfied the emotion of thy heart; thou hast repulsed thy lover; and behold, thou hast no longer a smile to cast on me, nor a voice to answer me." And again he pressed his lips on those of the Jewess. Under the influence of his tender caresses Rachel opened her eyes; her lips moved, for she felt the presence of her lover. At length she spoke. "Thank Heaven," she said, in a voice fainter than the first breath of morning, "for having permitted me, in the dread silence that already surrounds me, to hear again the voice of my beloved. He has not forgotten me; he has not disowned me; he has not abandoned me. I knew he would come. Look at me well, my Pedro, my eyelids are heavy, my sight is dim, yet strange, I still plainly perceive thee as a brilliant circle of light. Oh, how I love thee,

my Pedro," continued the dying girl; "thou didst never know how much thou wert beloved; no other will ever love thee as I have. Do not pity me; since I die in thy arms, I die too happy." Then turning round, she asked for Duguesclin, saying he also had defended her. "Duguesclin!" repeated the king, starting; when turning round he saw the Breton, who had just finished tying up the Levites; the two enemies were soon separated only by the body of Rachel. "Sir Bertrand," said the king, "thanks to you for having, like a loyal knight, succoured the poor Rachel, without stopping to remember that she was beloved by your mortal enemy." Duguesclin replied, that he had arrived too late, perhaps, to save her, though in time to secure her murderers. "What reward do you claim from the King of Castile, sir," demanded Don Pedro; "the knight who has endeavored to save my beloved shall never be my enemy—my hand shall never more be raised against him." "That is an indiscreet oath, Sir King," answered Duguesclin, "for I am still the servant of Don Enrique. I do not make or unmake kings, but I must always serve my master." This menacing answer at such a moment made the king shudder; but Bertrand immediately called his attention to the Levites whom he had secured. "Justice shall not be long delayed," answered the king. The dying Rachel now made another effort, in exhorting the king to show mercy to her murderers; she called on her father, also, to come and embrace her. But Samuel, picking up the stone which had struck his daughter, stood upright before Zedekiah, and saying in a grave and solemn voice, "He that killeth any man shall surely be put to death," he threw the stone with supernatural force at the fanatic, who received it unflinchingly on his forehead, and fell without uttering a cry. The poor old man then approached his daughter, and embraced her with heartfelt tenderness. "I die," murmured she; "adieu, my father! adieu, Don Pedro! adieu all those who have loved and served me. And thy foster-brothers, Pedro, where are they! Why have they not accompanied thee? Love them well, for they only, with thy old nurse, will defend thy right and watch over thy welfare, when thou shalt no longer hear the voice of Rachel." The head of the affectionate and devoted girl fell back heavily; her hair having escaped from its bonds, lay loose and negligent on the damp cold ground; and those features, once radiant with perfect loveliness, shedding a light and glory on all around them, were fast assuming the unchanging rigidity of death. "Heaven is against me," uttered Don Pedro, in a voice broken by sighs; "all who love me perish!" Then turning slowly to Duguesclin, he besought his assistance to carry the dead body out of the enclosure, intending to bury it with regal honors. The pages and varlets of the Black Prince having now arrived, the body of the unfortunate Jewess was removed according to the king's desire. Don Pedro fell almost inanimate against a broken column, absorbing in a gloomy and prophetic reverie. The Morisca, who had remained in the shade, a silent and satisfied spectator of Rachel's death, now came forward, saying, "Ah, I knew very well that the Jewess would never enter the Alcazar again alive!" Esau advanced suddenly towards her. "Aixa," said he, in a low tone, "I heard thee answer the rending shrieks of poor Rachel with thy hyena laugh, but I did not believe thou wouldst venture to come forth and boast of thy crime. Woe to thee, since thou hast not hastened to hide thy cowardly and shameful joy from the companion of Rachel's childhood." "We must meet for the last time, Esau," answered the Morisca, disdainfully: "I can now return to Granada." Esau smiled ironically. "Ah! thou reckonest on returning freely to Granada, Aixa," he said. "Who will prevent me?" demanded she, haughtily. "I will," replied the leper, "for thou art about to follow me." "Follow thee, insensate leper! I forbid thee to touch me," she said, retreating with a gesture of anger and contempt. "Why," answered Manasses, "is it not my right? Have I not bought thee from the hangman? Did I not claim thee for my wife, and didst thou not accept the bargain? Ah, thou repulst me? Thou bravest me, now thou hast obtained thy revenge, and Rachel sleeps in her winding-sheet. But now I, in my turn, wish to live only to avenge her on thee." And he continued to approach Aixa, who still retreated with uneasiness and alarm. "Away, wretched leper! Help, help!" she cried; but the king remained immovable, and Duguesclin smiled to see the vindictive Aixa reduced to the character of a suppliant. "I did not dare to touch Rachel, even to save her," resumed the leper, shuddering; "but I shall be bolder with thee, noble daughter of Mohamed. I will carry thee in my arms, to punish thee for thy unworthy triumph." "Sir Bertrand, will you abandon a woman?" said the Morisca, advancing to the Breton. "By your knighthood, I conjure you to succor me."

"The leper does not threaten you with death," answered Bertrand, "but you have caused the death of Rachel." "Then art thou, Aixa," said Manasses; "we will quit each other no more. Rachel has expiated her love by a dreadful death, and who have been the docile instrument of thy hatred, will make thee expiate thy hate by carrying thee into my last asylum. Thou hast enclosed thy rival in her tomb; I will bury thee alive in the lazaretto." Saying these words, he locked her in his arms. "No! no! I prefer dying like her," shrieked Aixa, struggling. "Thou art too ambitious, I tell thee," replied Esau, with a fiendish laugh, while she endeavored in vain to resist him. "Receive the kiss of the leper, whom thou hast accepted in the presence of witnesses." Then, notwithstanding her shrieks and transports of rage, he carried her away, shouting to the pages and varlets, "Make way for the leper!" and went off in the direction of the lazaretto. A few days after Rachel's death, the English arms struck its tents, and impatiently awaited the signal of departure. One knight attached to the suite of the Black Prince was yet absent. It was Burdett. We left him on the banks of the Guadalquivir; his horse, after dragging him through the rushes and bushes, left him bleeding and insensible. He recovered, however, in a few hours, and not daring to return to Seville, he gained, with much difficulty, the English camp. Shut up in his tent, he brooded over his shame and defeat, but determined not to quit Spain as poor as he had entered it, he was ever meditating how to regain possession of the famous golden table. He at length conceived the project of entering the house of Samuel with a troop of adventurers, and under cover of the confusion that the departure of Edward and his army would occasion, to possess himself of the much-coveted treasure. Barillard was commissioned to find men suited to the work, and in the dead of the night, Burdett and his band broke open the house of poor old Samuel. Burdett having discovered that the golden table was hidden in the cavern where formerly he had seen the body of Rachel, when she was supposed to be dead, hastened to secure it, leaving the pillage of the house to his followers. Among these were the three adventurers, Bouchard, George, and Richard, who had engaged in the expedition, hoping to revenge themselves on the governor of the Golden Tower, whom they had long mortally hated. Before following the rest of the band, they set fire to two chests filled with rich stuffs and valuable essences. The flames soon communicated to the wooden partition, and thence to the beams and rafters. Finally, the interior of the building was filled with a thick smoke, which ascended to the rooms above. The majordomo, who had hastened upstairs with the rest of the band, alarmed at the dense smoke, descended quickly to succor his master, but the passage that led to the cavern was already in flames, and he could only shout, "Fire! fire! the house is on fire!" Burdett, who had but just succeeded in bursting open the door of the vault, and by the light of his torch could perceive the sparkling carbuncle in the middle of the table, was not to be persuaded to relinquish the glorious prize now almost within his grasp. When Barillard, therefore, again roared, "Come up, sir, if you do not wish to be broiled!" he answered, with an oath, that he would secure what he came for, though he should have to cross bars of red hot iron to attain it. And he sprang into the cavern, the vault of which was already on fire, while the narrow stone staircase was filled with thick smoke. Notwithstanding the oppression that Burdett felt at his chest through inhaling the thick vapour that now filled the vault, he succeeded in reaching his prize, which, with a cry of triumph, he hoisted on his shoulders. Just then the voice of Barillard again reached him, crying out, "The roof is about to fall in." Burdett sprang towards the staircase, and twice he endeavored to scramble up the burning steps, which crumbled under his feet like glowing cinders. Barillard turned in despair to the three Bretons, and demanded which of them would devote himself to save the noble knight. "You shall," replied Richard, "either willingly or by force." Then, as Burdett once more called out, "Come to me, Barillard, come to me," the Bretons fell upon the unfortunate Barillard, and dragging him to the edge, pushed him down the burning staircase, saying coolly, "Thy master calls thee, good majordomo; go, then, and seek him." A last shriek of agony was heard, and immediately all was silent. Bouchard and his companions now turned to leave the burning dwelling, for the other adventurers had already quitted it with their booty; but the former went not without their burthens also, for they came out of the smoking ruins laden with old Deborah and Samuel. History records at a later period Don Enrique took his revenge at Montiel for his defeat at Navarrete. In this battle all the foster-brothers fell, while valiantly defending their king. Don Pedro, having been made prisoner, was treacherously betrayed and delivered up to Enrique.

Upon being brought into the presence of the usurper, Enrique, unable to restrain his hatred, rushed on the king, and, in the presence of whole court, stabbed him with his dagger several times; the blows were not mortal, and the king, applying with his assailant, succeeded in dashing him to the ground; but the combat was too unequal; the dagger of Enrique gave him a fearful advantage over his unarmed captive, who in vain attempted to possess himself of the weapon. Again and again did they struggle, not one of the spectators interfering in the quarrel; at length Enrique buried his weapon in the heart of the unfortunate Pedro, who instantly fell dead; and Count Mexia, by order of the new king, proceeded to sever the head from the body. The former was elevated on a pole, and the latter suspended in chains from one of the towers of the castle of Montiel. Thus ended the turbulent career of the haughty and impulsive Pedro—he whose character has been always so variously described by historians, each writer according to his bias, affixing either the epithet of "Just" or "Cruel" to the name of that unhappy monarch. THE END. TRIED BY FIRE. In the sombre quiet of a darkened room, a man lay dying. Around the corners of the grand old house the wind shrieked and moaned as if in anguish for the loss of one so noble. He had found his greatest pleasure in the study of nature; and now she mourned him with a wild and passionate sorrow. He had beautified her soil, had made still lovelier the spot where he was born. Now the busy hands were idle and the wrists pulseless. The powerful mind, with its grasp of intellect; the strong, true heart, so faithful to the right; the robust frame, like unto an oak in its strength and grandeur, had been smitten, and the strong man lay as meekly quiet as a little child. His life had been a busy one; with his great, grand powers of usefulness, and his burning zeal, he had sought to elevate the tone of society. A self-made man himself, he had tried to arouse dormant energies in others, and by precept and example, had made his world wiser and better for his living. Steadily and persistently had he striven with wrong and oppression; unflinchingly had he met the sneers of the world; and now, with deeds immortalized, and a name covered with honor and glory, he had fallen into his death slumber. Nothing can touch him further; he sleeps well. There was one mourner by the bedside, whose face was fixed in speechless agony. It was as colorless as the drifted snow. The eyes, dry and tearless, were seeking to fathom the mysteries beyond; the defiant mouth was compressed, as if to crush down the leaden pain that tugged at his heart-strings. "He giveth His beloved sleep." The words fell softly, reverently. His heart burning with sympathy, and the trusting, child-like faith that lit up his venerable face with a holy fire, the gray-haired pastor spoke. "Myron, my son, strive to meet him in the better land." "A bitter, scornful smile curved the proud lips as they sneeringly asked— "Is there a better land? Who knows? Is it yours to know the future?" The old man turned away, grieved and sorrowful. "Father, forgive him, for he knows not what he saith." There was a grand funeral pageant. From near and afar they gathered to render homage to the dead. They had grieved his great, benevolent heart, with their petty grievances; they had stung him with taunts and jeers; but now that the last struggle was over, now that his sufferings were past, each and all did homage to the memory of Robert Ashbury. "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes." There were choking sobs as the last clod fell upon the coffin-lid; tearful eyes that looked into the fading starlight; but not a spasm passed the rigid face, not a sigh escaped the white lips of the heir of Ashbury. He was quite alone now, so far as earthly ties go, and cold philosophy chased away every comfort from his soul. He was not generally liked. His proud, reticent nature repelled rather than attracted sympathy, and but few sought to win it. Exclusive and aristocratic though he was, there were those who had seen the white heat of passion written in every lineament of his haughty face, and he was called "mysterious." From his father's grave to the terrible stillness of home he wandered, musing drearily of the past, and hoping nothing for the future. A heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and a harsh voice said commandingly,—"Myron Ashbury, I arrest you in the name of the law." "On what charge?" "For the murder of Benedict Aylesboro. He was shot dead an hour ago with your revolver. Though sorry to trouble you at this time, I am compelled to do my duty." Dead quiet for an instant, and Myron Ashbury surrendered himself to the officer of the law. His manner was icily calm, and his voice low and even. He saw how it was. Aylesboro and he were rivals for Laura Clifton's hand. It was well known, in their circle, that a fierce jealousy existed between the two. Both were imperious; neither would yield his claim to the other till she chose between them. Aylesboro had asked

for his revolver a week before, as they were leaving her home together. Strangely inconsistent, they had kept up a semblance of friendship to the last. Carelessly and unthinkingly he had loaned it. That act might, and probably would, prove his ruin. Laura Clifton could be nothing more to either in this world. There was nothing to do but bear it. Strange it is how much the human heart can bear in life's extremity! His contempt of public opinion was likely to bring him sorrow. He was thankful that the quently girl was far away. He could endure anything better than her pity or her scorn. The course of the law was slow; for weary months he languished in prison. Then the general course of proceedings were perfected, and his case was announced. Eminent counsel for the prosecution and the defence were secured. The court-room was thronged with eager spectators. The high standing of the parties concerned stimulated public curiosity to a strong degree. The prisoner maintained his olden dignity, and met the public gaze with calm indifference. Public opinion was against him; nothing less than a miracle could save him. Ashbury knew it all too well. The old bitterness and unbelief were ever present, and he defied fate. The trial was long and tedious. The evidence adduced by the prosecuting attorney was fatally convincing. The defence, though ably conducted, did not meet the demand of justice. The feeling of animosity deepened. The counsel on both sides held long consultations. At last the day arrived when the question of life and death would be decided. The prisoner, firm as adamant and cold as the grave, quietly awaited his doom. Amid a breathless silence the verdict was pronounced. "Guilty!" fell upon the strained ears of the spectators, and there was a low murmur of horror. The death sentence was repeated, yet not a muscle quivered in the stony face. After a terrible silence, in which men gazed at one another, and women sobbed, a noise was heard about the door, and Mr. Leonard, the revered pastor of Ashbury appeared. In his hand he held a reprieve. Another witness had appeared before the governor, and her testimony, supported by facts, and corroborated by indisputable evidence, had won his pardon. Unknown to either of the men, Laura Clifton had overheard the request concerning the pistol, and witnessed the transfer of the weapon, which fact had condemned the prisoner. Afterwards she had received a letter from Benedict Aylesboro, in which he announced his purpose of suicide, and ended by declaring that Myron Ashbury's fate should be more tragical than his own. She did not think refusal of his offer could bring such unutterable woe to the men who worshipped her. The one to whom she had given so much, had never asked for her love. With breathless eagerness she read the course of the trial, hoping to the last that some advantage would be secured for Ashbury. Failing that, she knew that she could save him; but her heart shrank within her when she considered the publicity of the act. Without father or mother to advise her, she sought the counsel of the minister, and he had talked so wisely, and so well, that she had risen above her maidenly fears, and her woman's heart had conquered. Back again to life and happiness! Myron Ashbury had looked death in the face without a murmur. Uncomplainingly he had borne the sneers and the frowns of the world. But now that relief had come—now that he was saved by her "who was the nearer one yet," the proud head was bowed in gratitude, and a softened light gleamed in the beautiful eyes. Ring out, ye Christmas bells! Peal forth your gladdened chimes. For he who has been tried by a furnace of fire has conquered, and the peace that passeth understanding has entered his soul. The mistletoe and the holly beautify the walls of the gray old church. Wreaths and mottoes meet the eye on every hand. White-robed children scatter flowers along the aisles, and the organ fills the church with a flood of harmony. They are a noble pair. Laura Clifton's face is irradiated with sweet, womanly happiness, and a deep repose is reflected in Ashbury's fine countenance. As the silver-haired pastor pronounces the benediction, and clasps the hand of each, he murmurs, softly—"It has come to pass." Myron Ashbury's face reflects the emotions of his soul, and the minister whispers, reverently,— "Father, I thank thee." The snow falls gently on the new-made grave, but Myron thinks gratefully of the reunion beyond, and, with his beautiful wife, is determined to win the heritage of a glorious Immortality. A good story is told of an old usurer who went one day to visit a former borrower, who had since fortunately grown from poverty to independence. They went into the garden. Passing along a walk flanked on either side with flowers of great beauty and variety, the visitor made no remark until he came to a potato patch, when he exclaimed, "My friend, you'll have a fine crop of potatoes there!" "That's just like you," said the proprietor. "When gentlemen and ladies pass through my garden they look at the flowers; but when a hog comes in, all he can see is potatoes."

GROWING OLD TOGETHER.

Do you know I am thinking, to-morrow
We shall pass on our journey through life,
One more of the milestones that bring us
Still nearer the goal, my good wife?
The glad anniversary morning
Of our wedding-day cometh once more;
And its evening will find us still waiting,
Who had thought to have gone long before.

We are old, wife, I know by the furrows
Time has plowed on your brow, once so fair;
I know by the crown of bright silver
He has left for your once raven hair;
I know by the frost on the flowers
That brightened our life at its dawn;
I know by the graves in the churchyard,
Where we counted our dead yestermorn.

Your way has been humble and toil-worn,
Your guest has been trouble, good wife—
Part sunshine, more trials and sorrows,
Have made up your record through life.
But may the thought cheer you, my dear one,
Your patience and sweet, clinging love
Have made for me here such a heaven,
I have asked, "Is there brighter above?"

In life's winter, sweet wife, we are living,
But its storms all unheeded will fall;
What care we, we have loved each other,
Who have proved, each to each, all in all?
Hand in hand, we await the night's coming,
Giving thanks, down the valley we go,
For to love and to grow old together
Is the highest bliss mortals can know.

Some children are still left to bless us,
And lighten our hearts day by day;
If hope is not always fruition,
We will strive to keep in the right way.
We have sowed and reaped, but the harvest
That garners the world we wait,
And happily, at last, we may enter
Together the beautiful gate.

MR. HUGHES, M.P., ON "THE PROBLEMS OF CIVILIZATION."

The second of two lectures on the above subject was delivered by Mr. Hughes in Queen Street Hall on the evening of Friday, 31st January, to a large and interested audience. We make one or two extracts from the newspaper reports:—

TRADES' UNIONS AND THEIR LEADERS.

The "organisation of labor" in this kingdom has gone on in two parallel lines for the last twenty years and more, and at a rate as remarkable as that of the increase of our material riches. If Mr. Gladstone had added to his statement as to what the last fifty years have done for us in this direction, that in the organization of labor, and the consequent change in the condition of the working classes, the same period had done more than the 300 years since the first statute of laborers—or, indeed, than the whole of previous English history—he would have been making a statement even more certain, and more easy of proof, than that which he did make. Let me very shortly make good my words. It was not until the year 1825 that the laws prohibiting the combinations of workmen were repealed. They had lasted since the early Plantagenet times. Under them no open combination of artisans or laborers, such as the trades' unions which we know, was possible. There were unions indeed, but they met as secret societies, and worked by secret penalties and terrorism. After 1825, they came at once into the light, and there was a remarkable decrease, indeed almost a cessation, of those sanguinary crimes connected with trades' disputes which had disgraced the previous quarter of a century. It took another quarter of a century to effect the next great change. From 1825 till 1849-50 may be called the period of local unionism. In the latter year it entered on a new phase, that of federation. The first sign of the change was the great strike of the engineers at Christmas, 1851. Public attention was drawn to this struggle, involving as it did the prosperity of the most skilled and of the most national of our great industries, and the country was startled to find that a league of upwards of 100 local unions, all federated in one amalgamated society, were sustaining the local contests in Oldham and London. This federation, although beaten in 1852, has gone on steadily gaining powers and numbers ever since. There were then some 11,000 members, belonging to 100 branches in Great Britain and Ireland, and the funds of the society at the end of the great strike went down to zero in fact, it came out of the strike in debt. There are now upwards of 40,000 members, nearly 300 branches, which are spread over all our colonies, the United States, and several European countries, and the accumulated fund amounts to £140,000. Not only are the unions of the separate trades federated in great amalgamated societies, but these societies are again in federation. They hold a congress at the opening of each new year. It sat at Leeds at the beginning of the present month; and you may have remarked that another step in advance was proposed at the late Congress, "being nothing less than the incorporation of all the unionists in the kingdom into one vast society. This proposal was indeed rejected; but even as it is, for all practical purposes, the unions throughout the country are allied in a federation, which promises to be drawn closer and closer every year, and to become more and more powerful. Such have been, shortly speaking, the results of the twenty-five years

of federated unionism. And now let us look as fairly at this "problem of civilization," and ask what it means, and where it tends. That unionism is a great power, and likely to become a greater one still, no one will deny. That it is an army, by which I mean an organization for fighting purposes, goes without talk. That nearly all unions have their sick and provident funds, and their benefits of one kind or another, is perfectly true; but these are not their vital functions. They are organized and supported "to speak with their enemies in the gate," and to fight whenever it may be thought advisable. And when it comes to fighting they may use every penny of the funds (as the Amalgamated Engineers did in 1852), without a thought of the provident purposes contemplated by their rules. You can't have armies and battles without training professional soldiers. They must come to the front as naturally as cream rises if you let milk stand, and the trades' unions train leaders who are essentially fighting men. I do not use the word as implying any censure. Many cruel and unfair attacks have been made on these men as a class, with which I do not in the least sympathize. Many accusations have been brought against them which I know to be untrue. There are good and bad amongst them, as in all other classes; but, on the whole, they have done their work faithfully, and without giving needless offence. Indeed, I have often found them far more ready to listen to reason, to negotiate rather than fight, than their rank and file. They have, with some exceptions, supported the attempts to establish courts of arbitration and conciliation, and are, as a rule, honest representatives, and in advance of their constituents. But the fact remains, they are fighting men at the head of armies, and their business is constant watchfulness, and prompt action whenever a fair opportunity occurs. They accept and act on the principles of trade which they have learned from their employers, and see proclaimed in all the leading journals. Their business is to enable their members to sell their labor in the dearest market, and to limit and control the supply. Morality has nothing to do with buying and selling. They have nothing to do with the question whether their action is fair or just to employers; or whether it will bring trouble and misfortune on workmen outside the union. Employers and outsiders must look to themselves; what they have to see to is that every unionist gets as much and gives as little as possible. No one can doubt that this is a most serious business, and that organizations such as these do threaten the prosperity of our industry. Nevertheless, for my own part, I accept unionism as on the whole a benefit to this nation. Without it our working classes would be far less powerful than they are at present, and I desire that they should have their fair share of power, and of all national prosperity. The free and full right of association for all lawful purposes is guaranteed to all our people. They had better use it now and then unwisely and tyrannically, than be unable to use it at all. I shall be glad to see the day, and I fully believe it will come, when trades' unions will have played their part, and have become things of the past. But they have still a part to play, and until they are superseded by other associations, founded on higher principles and aiming at nobler ends, their failure and disappearance would be a distinct step backwards—a injury, not an advantage, to the nation and to civilization.

CO-OPERATION.

We now come to the co-operative movement, to which I may say at once that I have looked for twenty years, and still look with increasing hope, for the solution of the labor question, and the building-up of a juster and nobler and gentler life throughout this nation. From the time of legal recognition the progress of the movement has been rapid. The Government returns for 1870—only eighteen years from the passing of the first Act—show that in that year there were upwards of 1500 registered societies, numbering some half million members (each of whom we must recollect is the head of a family). These societies distributed amongst their members more than £8,000,000 of goods, and returned to them £267,764 in bonuses on their purchases. But this mere progress in numbers and wealth is nothing to the purpose in itself; it may well have demoralized and divided instead of strengthening and uniting, and then it had better not have happened at all. How about this? Well, in this case I am glad to be able to answer confidently and hopefully. The wealth has been well earned, is being well spent. From the very first the co-operators, these poor men, these weavers, cobblers, laborers, have deliberately and steadily repudiated the current commercial principles and practices. They are societies for fellow work and mutual help. They have fought no battle for high or low prices, and have no such battle to fight. They claim to stand on the principle of combining the interests of producer and consumer. They hold, one and all, as their distinctive doctrine, that inasmuch as the life of nine-tenths of mankind must be spent in labor—in producing and distributing, buying and selling—moral considerations must be made to govern these operations, and anything worth calling success in them, must depend not upon profits, but upon justice. For the ideas "cheapness" and "dearness" they have deliberately instituted "fair" prices, and their whole life has been a struggle—not, of course, free from backslidings and falls—

to reach that ideal. It is impossible to bring before you, in the space I have at my disposal, anything like proofs of a title of the good which this movement has done, how it is steadily strengthening and purifying the daily lives of a great section of our people. I wish I could induce all here to look into the matter carefully for themselves. Meantime, I may say that it has, in the first place, delivered the poor in a number of our great towns from the credit system, which lay so hard on them twenty years ago—for the co-operative system is founded scrupulously on ready-money dealings—next, it has delivered the poor from adulterated goods and short weights and measures. It has developed amongst them honesty, thrift, forethought, and made them feel that they cannot raise themselves without helping their neighbors. The management of business concerns of this magnitude has developed an extraordinary amount of ability amongst the leading members, who, in committees and as secretaries and buyers, conduct the affairs of the stores throughout the country. As their funds have accumulated they have been invested in corn mills and cotton mills, most of which have been managed with great ability and honesty, and are returning large profits. There have been failures, of course, as there must be in all movements; but in scarcely any cases have these been owing to the deep-seated dishonesty, the lying, the puffing, and trickery which have brought down in disgraceful ruin so many of our joint-stock companies. I have been speaking hitherto chiefly of the societies known as co-operative stores which are concerned with distribution; but associations for production are now multiplying, and at least as great results may be looked for from them. In those few which I have had the opportunity of watching, I can speak with the greatest confidence of the admirable influence they have exercised on the character and habits of the associates. These two parallel movements [trades' unions and co-operation], differing fundamentally in their principles and objects, have had this in common, that they have done more than all other causes put together to raise the condition of the great mass of the working people, and, by increasing manifold their power and weight, have at last won for them a large share in, if not the ultimate control of, the government and the destinies of our country. While they were disorganized they were powerless. They have found out the worth of organization, and are perfecting it in both directions with an energy which must have very serious results for the whole nation. That much of what they are doing in their trades' unions is causing alarm, and raising a spirit of hostility to their organizations throughout the country, is plain to the most careless observer. I am not here to defend many of their acts and much of their policy. I feel the truth of many of the accusations which are brought against them, of their carelessness of the common weal in the pursuit of their own ends, of the tyranny which they sometimes exercise over minorities in their own body, of the deterioration in work, the dawdling and incompetence which in many trades is not unjustly laid at their door.

THE TRUE SOLUTION.

The Teacher who has spoken the last and highest word to mankind is asking of our age, as He asked of the men of His own day, as He has asked of the sixty generations of our fathers who have come and gone since His day, the question which goes to the root of all problems of civilization, of all problems of human life, "What think ye of Christ?" The time is upon us when that question must be answered by this nation, and can no longer be thrust aside while we go, one to his farm, and another to his merchandise. Upon the answer depends our future—whether we shall founder on under the weight of increasing riches till our ravaged civilization has brought us to utter anarchy, and so to the loss of courage, truthfulness, simplicity, manliness, of everything that makes life endurable for men or nations, or whether we shall rise up in new strength, casting out the spirit of manum in the name which broke in pieces the Roman Empire, subdued the wild tribes which flooded that empire in her decay, and founded a Christendom on her ruins—which in our land has destroyed feudalism, abolished slavery, and given us an inheritance such as has been given to no people on this earth before us, and so built up a stronger, gentler, nobler, national life, in which all problems of civilization shall find their true solution.

CO-OPERATIVE TRADE SOCIETY—A GOOD EXAMPLE.

The Deal Cabinet Makers' Trade Society came into existence about seven years since, and numbers about 400 members, having, in October last, a capital of a little over £700. In that month a dispute arose between the society and the Messrs. Dyer's, the large deal cabinet manufacturers of Essex-road, Islington. The result of this dispute was a strike, and lock-out of 100 men at the firm, with an intimation that none of the men locked out would be employed by any member of the Masters' Association. The committee of the society, instead of keeping the men walking idly about on strike pay, resolved to expend the funds on opening a factory and employing the locked-out men themselves. This factory, situated in Tromville-square, Bethnal Green-road, has now been in active operation for fifteen weeks, and upwards of £1,500 has been

paid for material and wages. The whole of the 100 men locked-out could be profitably employed in the factory if the committee had more capital at their command, and they have, therefore, appealed to several other trade societies for temporary loans, at fair interest, to enable them fully to carry out these objects. They also invite an inspection of their factory by the public.

WHO ARE THE CRIMINALS IN THE SOUTH WALES STRIKE?

In the *Daily News* a few days since the following paragraph appeared, relative to the people out of work in Monmouthshire, South Wales:—

"Strong men are literally fainting from hunger, and are driven distracted by their inability to supply food to their starving families. Women with infants in their arms are wandering about to seek a mouthful of bread for the little ones shut up in the empty home without food or fire. . . . The scenes of suffering are terrible to witness. . . . The strong hearty ironworkers are cowed and haggard; their once plump, rosy children look pinched and pale, and the mothers have pawed all their tidy little frocks and shoes for a mouthful of food."

This is a frightful picture of destitution and suffering—a lesson in political economy which at no distant period may produce most lamentable results; and we must not, whilst the initiatory facts are near, fail to attach at once the responsibility to the right persons. Let it never be forgotten that this horrible state of things was brought about by an attempt on the part of the employers to take from the men 10 per cent. of their wages. Let it be remembered also that this demand was made without any honest attempt to show that the state of the trade required it. We say this emphatically, because their offer to show the prices at which their most recent orders were booked was a mockery and a delusion. They know that it is only the amount of profit, and not the selling price of iron, by which such a question can be settled. The iron and coal masters attacked the men because they thought they had not strength to resist. They felt, too, that their ground was strengthened by the approaching severe weather, just as the late Emperor of Russia did, when he talked of the Crimean war. They knew that this terrible suffering would come to women and children, and there can be little doubt that they rejoice in it as an ally to help in the subjection of the men. We know perfectly well that a majority of the men out of work are not union men—that, therefore, their sufferings have in no way been brought on by any act of their own any more than that their suffering is continued by their own will. If the men in Union had not resisted this demand made on them to give up 10 per cent. of their wages, how long might it be before another 10 per cent. was looked for? What can men do under such circumstances? Can any London journalist tell them? They must always submit, or they must sometimes fight. They have to choose between the sharp pinch of a struggle like the present, or a chronic poverty and servitude which would keep them eternally on the verge of starvation.

Whatever of suffering or loss belongs to this struggle, the employers are accountable for it. Failing compliance with their demands, everything that has happened might have been foreseen as plainly as we may now see the frightful misery yet to come should the struggle be prolonged. We are not questioning the spirit in which the *Daily News* states the case. We simply say that when they call the conduct of the men in leaving their work a "wilful blunder," they are not correctly describing it. It was not a wilful blunder, it was a necessity—if they are at all to retain a right in regulating the price of their labor. On the part of the employers it is, however, worse than a wilful blunder. It is a wicked conspiracy—an attempt to plunder men of their wages in the belief that they have no sufficient power to resist; and, we repeat it, the misery now suffered by so many poor people was counted on by the employers as an assistance in carrying out their object. Never was there, perhaps, a more scandalous attempt to commit an act of injustice through the agency of human misery—and whether they win or lose, the ironmasters of Wales will find out that their crime is also a huge blunder that will tell on their future fortunes with staggering force.—*Bee Hive*.

LIFE IN A GREAT THREAD MILL.

A VISIT TO THE COATES ESTABLISHMENT, PAISLEY, SCOTLAND.

A lady correspondent of the *Missouri Republican* writes the following description of thread-making in a celebrated manufactory at Paisley, Scotland:

Yesterday I had the favor of being shown through Mr. Coates' mill by one of the sons, a junior partner in the firm. First saw the barch logs, six and eight inches diameter, which, after 12 or 18 months' seasoning, are hewn into blocks the length of the various spools; then these blocks were put under a circular saw which cuts biscuit from a flat, thin layer of dough. In the centre of the saw was a drill which made the aperture through the spool. A lathe, which hollowed out the middle for the thread, finished the process. The yarn is bought on the bobbins, then reeled on large spools and doubled and twisted. For the three cord thread one process is sufficient, but for the six cord, three double cords are first made, all twisted one way, then these

are laid together and twisted the opposite way. After the twisting the thread is reeled into skeins and bleached or dyed, and then wound on the spools. Over 1,000 girls are employed and 300 or 400 men.

America uses half their thread, and now they have learned that they can supply the American demand with better profit from American manufacture. Three years since they established a mill at Pawtucket, Rhode Island. They send English yarn and have it twisted and wound by American girls, and find that the difference in the labor is not equal to the difference between the *ad valorem* duty upon finished thread and raw yarn. The working hours for the girls are from six to six, with an hour, from nine to ten, for breakfast, and from two to three for dinner. In many of the processes of reeling and doubling the girls find it necessary to bring their toes as well as their fingers into service, and I was astonished at the intelligent discipline they had subjected them to. The shoes and stockings are on in a minute, when the work ceases, and then the girls rush off for their meals with bare heads. Bonnets have only a religious use, and on Sunday the girls sacredly obey the injunction not to appear with uncovered heads, but at other times no girl could stand the ridicule attending upon wearing a bonnet. I believe this is the habit of factory girls throughout Scotland, for I have seen the bare-headed troupes in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen. When I came up to the girls, who were labelling the spools, the rapidity with which they drew the wet labels from their mouths seemed to me like a conjurer's trick. There was no end to the stream they threw out, but it was some time before I could discover that they went in from one hand as fast as they came out the other. These girls keep up this steady draft upon the salivary glands for ten hours in each day for year after year. I am sure tobacco chewers will be glad to learn that there is no deterioration of health as a result, for they have evidently been grievously maligned by hygienic prattlers on the ruinous effect of wasting saliva.

THE HUMAN EAR.

Prof. Tyndall concluded one of his recent lectures by giving a minute description of the human ear. He explained how the external orifice of the ear is closed at the bottom by a circular tympanic membrane, behind which is called the drum; the drum is separated from the brain by two orifices, the one round, the other oval. These orifices are closed by fine membranes. Across the cavity of the drum stretches a series of four little bones, one of which acts as a hammer and another as an anvil. Behind the bony partition, which is pierced by the two orifices already mentioned, is the extraordinary organ called the labyrinth, filled with water; this organ is between that partition and the brain, and over its lining membrane the terminal fibres of the auditory nerve are distributed. There is an apparatus inside the labyrinth admirably adapted to these vibrations of the water, which corresponds to the rates of vibration of certain "bristles," of which the said apparatus consists. Finally there is in the labyrinth a wonderful organ, discovered by the Marchese Corti, which is to all appearance, a musical instrument, with its chords stretched as to accept vibrations of different periods and transmit them to nerve filaments which traverse the organ. Within the ears of men, and without their knowledge or contrivance, this lute of three thousand strings has existed for ages, accepting the music of the outer world, and rendering it fit for the reception of the brain. Each musical tremor which falls upon this organ selects from its tensioned fibres the one appropriate to its own pitch, and throws the fibre into unisonant vibration. And thus, no matter how complicated the motion of the external air may be, these microscopic strings can analyze it and reveal the constituents of which it is composed; at least, such are present views of those authorities who best understand the apparatus which transmits sonorous vibrations to the auditory nerve.

A BUSY TIME AHEAD.

Our French Canadian contemporary, the *Quebec Canadian*, has a lengthy editorial, calling attention to the many important public undertakings which will be in process of construction during the current year. The fact that so many public works will be built for years to come should certainly attract, as the *Canadian* points out, a large immigration into Canada. Our contemporary gives the following list as an illustration of the work before us:—

Canadian Pacific Railway	\$80,000,000
Intercolonial	8,000,000
Northern Colonization	3,000,000
North Shore	3,000,000
Ontario and Quebec	3,000,000
Levis and Kennebec	2,000,000
Shefford and Chambly	1,000,000
Welland Canal	4,000,000
Carillon and Grenville	900,000
Post Office at Montreal	200,000
Court-house at Quebec	100,000
	\$105,200,000

For Cards, Bill-heads, or Posters go to the WORKMAN Office, 124 Bay street. Book and Job Printing neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously executed at the WORKMAN Office.

NOTICE.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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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 our correspondents.

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.

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.
- 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.

The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1873.

We publish in another column a communication from Mr. Mowatt, of Hamilton, respecting the recent mass meeting in that city. A perusal will suffice to show that Mr. Mowatt argues from wrong premises. The opposition that has been given to the measures named, has not been owing to the fact that those measures emanated from a Reform Government, but because it was generally believed they would, in their operations, fail to benefit the operative classes, in whose behalf they were said to be framed. Certainly, every man in this country has a right to hold and express his opinions, and if Mr. Mowatt, or any one else, is quite satisfied with the provisions of the measures proposed, it is their privilege to accept them; but we are quite sure that the great majority of the toilers of our land are not so satisfied. At the representative mass meeting, held in Toronto, the measures were calmly and fairly discussed, and the verdict of the workmen was against them. Mr. Mowatt confesses to be highly satisfied with the Lien Law, even in its original shape, because, he argues, small sums can be collected as readily as a landlord can collect his rent. Under the Master and Servants' Act, any sum under \$40 can be sued for, but twenty-one days must elapse before the debt can be restrained for. But supposing Mr. Mowatt's opinion was correct, what protection would that afford men in the case of absconding contractors? We have a case in Ottawa, at the present time. Last year a contract was let for the erection of a church. The work proceeded; the contractor drew money and absconded, failing to pay the men under the Master and Servants' Act. What remedy had they? None. The object of a lien—so far as mechanics are concerned—is to make the property upon which labor has been expended, responsible for that labor; consequently, had the lien law been in force at that time the men would have been protected, and their wages secured.

With regard to the Convict Labor question, it certainly was the contract system that was opposed in both the resolutions offered, on the ground that the leading tendencies of that system

are the aggrandizement of the pockets of a few at the expense of the people, and the corruption and demoralization of the convicts—all the evidence that has been brought to bear upon the subject has fully established this fact. That the convict system in force at the Kingston Penitentiary has not received opposition does not alter the case—two wrongs do not make one right. In the one case, the evil is of long standing, and what was sought by the agitation of the Prison Labor question in connection with the Central Prison was, to prevent the evil being extended. Had it been possible to accomplish this in the one case, it would have been a much easier task to assail the other of long standing.

THE BAKERS' SUPPER.

We regret that we omitted in our last issue, to refer to the very pleasant gathering on the occasion of the second anniversary of the journeymen bakers of this city. It was a very social and interesting occasion, and we are pleased to know that the union is in a flourishing and prosperous condition.

OTTAWA.

In our last issue we referred to a meeting that had been held in Ottawa, in reference to the difficulty in that city, with respect to the men who were last year defrauded of their earnings by a defaulting contractor. In our advertising columns will be found a notice addressed to the mechanics of the Dominion, to which we direct special attention.

"NO ADMITTANCE."

The *Machinists and Blacksmiths' Journal* gives us a peep at affairs as they exist in the city of "Brotherly Love," as follows:—

The workshops of Philadelphia, many are aware, are noted for beautifully ornamented doors, bolted, and labeled, "No Admittance," the windows are elegantly decorated with iron bars, all of which strike one forcibly of prison houses for the confinement of criminals, instead of American freemen. Yet these poor, miserable, poverty-stricken slaves of Philadelphia, who call themselves machinists and blacksmiths, are so blind to their interest that they prefer locked doors, iron-barred windows, slavery, degradation, and, many of them, \$3 per week, to Unionism and freedom; they prefer starvation prices and misery to fair recompense and the Union. To show our readers how completely the slavery of these men are accomplished, we print a document that certainly is a disgrace to the firm whose name it bears:

OFFICE OF WM. SELLERS & Co., }
PHILADELPHIA, PA., December 30, '71. }
The bearer is admitted to the works, on condition that he does not converse with any of the workmen.

WM. SELLERS & Co., }
per S. C. H. }

RETURN THIS PASS.

It is generally believed that the United States is the "land of the free and home of the brave," etc., but the above precious document is a "leettle" bit ahead of one that, for a few brief fleeting days, made its appearance last year in this Canada of ours.

DEFEAT OF THE IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT.

The Gladstone Administration was defeated on Tuesday night, on their Irish University bill by a majority of three. The result of the division was announced as follows:—For the bill, 284; against, 287. The announcement of the vote caused great excitement. The House has adjourned until Thursday.

DOMINION GOVERNMENT.

The debate on the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne, took place on Tuesday. Mr. Tobin, of Halifax, moved, and Mr. Palmer, of St. John's, seconded the address. After discussion, *pro* and *con*, the address was passed without any amendments being offered.

ONTARIO GOVERNMENT.

On Tuesday night, the question of removing the Agricultural Farm and College from Mimico to Guelph, came on for discussion, and proved one of the most interesting debates of the present session. Mr. McKellar moved the resolution of removal. Dr. Boultier moved in amendment, that the scheme be ab-

andoned altogether, and Mr. Cameron moved, in amendment to the amendment, that the site be not changed. After long debate the amendments were lost, and the original motion carried on a division, the Government having a majority of nine.

THE SOUTH WALES DISPUTE.

We learn from our English exchanges that the prospects of at least a partial settlement of the great South Wales strike are somewhat encouraging. A further conference between the employers and the colliers and miners was to be consummated. In the meantime, Mr. Trump, manager of one of the companies, has made a proposition that it is to be hoped will form the basis of a settlement of the dispute. It is to the effect that the men should resume work at ten per cent. reduction. If, however, they turned out a certain amount of coal per month, and thus put an end to the restrictive policy which has hitherto guided them, then the ten per cent. should be restored to them. Both union and non-union men have expressed themselves in favor of Mr. Trump's suggestion, and in all probability our next exchanges will bring intelligence that work had been resumed in the coal mines of South Wales.

NEW COAL CONSUMERS' ASSOCIATION.

An English paper considers that the present state of the coal market renders any relief that can be given to the public a great boon. A company for this purpose has just been formed, which, from its organization and the principles upon which it will be conducted, is likely to reduce the price of coal most materially to every shareholder who may join the Association. The mode in which this is to be accomplished is by raising capital among consumers and exporters of coal with which to purchase or lease collieries, and otherwise to obtain coal at moderate prices. It is to be worked entirely upon co-operative principles; the miners and all the employees of the Association equally having the opportunity of becoming shareholders. The first principle of this Association is that coal consumers can become colliery proprietors on a large scale by subscribing for two-thirds only of the present annual cost of their coals. Besides receiving 10 per cent. per annum on their small cash investment, they will have the great advantage of obtaining coal at cost price. Great success has attended the working of this system in Messrs. Briggs', Whitford, and Methloy Junction Collieries since 1865, and the result has been peace between masters and men, an annually increasing dividend to the shareholders, as well as a bonus to the wage-earners, thus clearly showing that this principle affords the safest and most profitable method of carrying on mining for coal.

WAGES.

Men sometimes, in the absence of argument, reason in a circle, and again, when facts are against them, they are apt to set up a man of straw, and then call upon us to view the case and rapidly with which they knock him down and kick him to pieces. And very frequently we are forced, as it were, to admire the destructive ability of the learned orator, as he pummels and slashes the constructive creation of his ingenious mind. But what end, after all, does it accomplish? The man of straw was certainly annihilated almost as readily as he had been created. We admit the ability to destroy a defective, imperfect realization, but if asked to admit the ability to create something genuinely perfect, we emphatically demur. About a month or two ago, Commissioner Leggett amused himself and his audience by setting up and knocking down a man of straw. He set his strawy creation up by claiming that dear labor made all manufactured articles dear, and he then knocked him down and "kicked the stuff" out of him," by showing how workmen would be benefited by low wages, and injured by any increase in remuneration, or reduction in the hours of labor.

Were Mr. Leggett an employer, making twenty-five per cent. on his invested capital, it would not necessarily follow that the ware he manufactured should be enhanced in value because his employees had demanded an increase in wages. But it would necessarily follow that he should be content with a more reasonable percentage on the money he had invested in the business. In this case the demand made by the men would seem to indicate that they considered a portion of the twenty-five per cent. margin belonged to them, and not that they meant to increase the selling value of the article manufactured. We claim that employers, generally appropriate, of the proceeds of manufacturing enterprises, vastly more than the capital they have invested is justly entitled to. Labor and capital are *pro rata* partners in the production, and should partake *pro rata* of the proceeds. That is, each should take in proportion to the value of the service each performed. But this is rarely, if ever, the case. Labor demands that it shall be so. Capitalists reply by saying such a consummation would injure us, because, though it increased the volume of our wages, it would at the same time decrease their purchasing power by enhancing the cost of the necessary articles of consumption. But we claim the just result should be simply more money for the workingman and less for the employer, and it should be the duty of workmen—everybody—to resist the attempt of the manufacturer to enhance the cost of his goods. And even if it were true that an increase of wages would decrease the buying power of money, we would still unhesitatingly insist upon an increase in the remuneration of labor.

If more money were required to pay labor, the volume of currency would, of course, have to expand. We know that Mill and Bastiat say that it is a matter of no moment how much cash there be in the world, for the latter says, "If there be much, much is required; if there be little, little is wanted." But we think this reasoning defective as far as the payment of labor is concerned, for the history of this country will conclusively prove that whenever a scarcity of money existed, the payment of labor in "merchandise" invariably superseded payment in cash. No doubt the experience of many of our readers will corroborate the correctness of this conclusion. Labor can not be too well rewarded. Every permanent increase in wages has marked an epoch in the progress of the world towards the millennium of mind. In the thirteenth century workmen were not paid more than one-third of what they now receive for their labor. The purchasing power of money, and every thing considered, labor is three better rewarded now than then; and what student of history will not admit that the progress of the world, in civilization and enlightenment, has advanced in the same, if not a greater, ratio. If we wish to notice the effect of cheap labor on peoples and nations, we have in Eastern lands ample opportunities for gratifying our curiosity or desire for investigation. Labor is as cheap to-day in Palestine as it was when the master of the vineyard hired laborers for a penny a day. But in all Christendom there can be hardly found a more ignorant or slavish people. Their methods of manufacture are almost as rude as when the Saviour trod the land barefooted. There is no energy, no enterprise, no industry, no happiness, except it be laziness, among them. Ross Browne was so forcibly impressed with the thriftlessness of the people of the Holy Land, during a recent tour there, that he says he saw but one man, in all that country, doing anything, and he was falling off the roof of a house. And what is true of Palestine, is equally true of all the Eastern countries, and all other countries where labor is miserably compensated. The future of the world demands that workmen receive steady employment and good wages—the wages any how—we care not how high the standard be set, the higher the better. We are more than willing to take the consequences of any and every increase in the cost of all commodities necessary for the well being and happiness of mankind.

But let us take another view of the case: To show, conclusively, that the cost of the necessaries and comforts of life should not be affected by any reasonable increase in the compensation paid workmen, we have only to reflect that for the last three thousand years, the volume of the laborer's wages has not increased in the same ratio that its purchasing power has decreased. The comprehension of this phase of the subject requires an elucidation of the causes affecting the purchasing power of money. The main and principle reason why all commodities have steadily increased in value for the last three thousand years, may be found in the almost universal habit of mankind in adopting gold and silver as the material from which money should be made. Money is simply a sign which represents the respective value of all articles bought and sold for cash; and this sign is either made of gold or of some other material which has gold for a basis. This idea of our civilization has come down to us from the barbaric past, and though we have discarded nearly all the ignorant and semi-savage usages of by-gone ages, we still cling to this old preposterous idea of a metal basis for our money. It is not in the province of this article to show why this is done and who are responsible for it.

The ancients used the precious metals for money because they were scarce and extremely hard to be obtained. Their wisdom in so doing may well be doubted. Six hundred years before Christ, just as Athens began to light up the world by her genius and intelligence, the quantity of precious metals were so small that nine bushels of wheat could be bought for an ounce of silver in any part of Greece. Wheat was certainly cheap at fifteen cents per bushel. But the advance of civilization was accompanied by an increase in the commerce of the world, and a large increase in the production of gold and silver. Mines in Thrace, Spain, Attica, Armenia and Egypt were opened and so great was the yield that after the death of Alexander, an ounce of silver would purchase only three bushels of wheat. In three centuries the value of wheat had increased three-fold. But during the same time the laborer's wages increased scarcely two-fold. The value of wheat and other commodities increased in value, because the purchasing power of money had decreased in consequence of the large increase in the production of gold and silver.

It is a settled fact that as the quantity of precious metals increase, their value will decrease and the common sign—money—will sink in value.

Before and for some time after the discovery of America, a horse was worth ten pound in England. But during the three following centuries, it was calculated that above a thousand millions of bullion were imported into Europe from America, and about the end of that time a horse was worth twenty pounds, simply because the metal which constituted the coin or money was twice as plentiful as it was when the horse sold for ten pounds. The horse was just as dear then at the ten pounes as he was afterwards at twenty. The value of commodities had doubled, or what is precisely the same thing, the purchasing power of had decreased one-half. And yet during this period the value of labor remained almost stationary, and it is no wonder that Hallam, the historian, should think it strange that the laboring classes of England were better provided with the means of subsistence in the fourteenth century than they were in the nineteenth.

In 1850 the stock of coin in all Christendom was estimated to be \$4,412,000,000, and during the sixteen years following, the yearly production was \$156,250,000, and it is reasonable to presume that the yield during the last six years has been equally as great if not greater. This would give a total production for the last twenty-two years of \$3,437,500,000. Now assuming that during this time there was consumed, at the outside, in the wear and loss and in the arts, not more than \$1,000,000,000, and the net gain for twenty-one years would be \$2,437,500,000, making

the total stock of coin in Christendom at the end of 1872, \$6,849,500,000. It will be seen from these figures that the amount of coin has increased nearly sixty per cent. since 1850, and we believe it can be demonstrated that the cost of all the necessaries of life have advanced during that time in about the same ratio. But has the value of labor kept pace with the advance in the cost of living? This is the pertinent question, but it can not be answered affirmatively. The mechanic who in 1850 averaged \$2 per day, now averages from \$2.50 to \$3 per day, instead of \$1.50, as he should, to keep pace with the decrease in the purchasing power of money. The laborer who then earned \$1 a day and his board, now instead of \$2.50 a day and his board, labors for \$1.50 and boards himself, and is very glad if he can obtain steady employment even at these figures.

It is a fact clearly demonstrable and susceptible of the most absolute proof, that the compensation paid workmen for rendered services, has not increased in the same proportion with the advance in the cost of living, or the decrease in the purchasing power of money. We could fortify our position in this view of the case by many very interesting statistics but will forbear at this time. But because we ask or demand that wages shall be increased proportionally and commensurately to the cost of living—that the increase in the value of labor shall be equalized with the decrease in the value of money, we are told we are chasing a chimera—that if we advance wages the cost of living will go up and we will not be benefited. Now we say the cost of living should remain in *status quo* until we pull the value of labor up to that point, to which it would have attained had it kept pace with the advance in the cost of living or the decrease in the value of money. After that end has been achieved, we repeat, we are more than willing to have the value of all commodities advance proportionately with every advance in wages.—*Coopers' Journal.*

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The Academy of Music continues to win its way as a popular place of amusement. The managers are sparing no efforts or expense to make it in every way worthy of the support of the citizens. Mr. Hughes, in his wonderful club exercises, elicits immense applause; and the various artists, whether in song, dance, or scene, are equally popular. While the risibilities of the audiences are frequently excited, the funny and side-splitting scenes, under the efficient stage manager, never degenerate into vulgarity. To those who desire an evening's amusement, the Academy of Music affords the amplest satisfaction.

CHARADE.

Correct answers to the Charade in last week's issue have been received from S. P., Geo. B. C., W. W. and T. L., Toronto; D. W. T. and W. M., St. Catharines; D. C., Port Hope; P. McP., Ottawa; G. C. and E. I., Montreal. The answer is *Treasonableness*.

Communications.

MONEY MONOPOLY.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)
 SIR—The subject that I undertake to write upon this week is perhaps of all subjects in these latter times, the most sought to be obscured, though the most insidious in its workings against the interests of the masses, than any other question that affects the general public. The principle of exchange through the medium of money is perhaps as old as any principle that may trace its birth back to the dawning intelligence of man, and still remains an indispensable necessity to the happiness and progress of the race.
 I shall endeavor to point out briefly some of the evils inherent in the monetary system of the civilized world as at present constituted; and while I feel my inability to deal with this great subject in a manner worthy of its claims upon the consideration of man, I shall content myself in this letter by giving an outline of the question as I understand it, leaving details for a future time, so as to sustain the truthfulness of the principles herein laid down should they be questioned.
 In this age of representative and responsible government, wherever found throughout the world, such bodies have reserved

the right on the part of the people—and properly—to make and regulate the value of the medium of exchange; and all nations possessing such governments have their enacted monetary laws, under which the creation, value, and use of this public lien on the property of the State is regulated to all intents and purposes a legal lien on intrinsic value throughout the nation. Money has four properties or powers, viz.: power to represent value, power to measure value, power to exchange value, and power to accumulate by interest. These

are coessential to a medium of exchange, and are the offspring of enactment. The material of money is a legalized agent employed to express these powers and render them available for trade. Therefore money can possess none but legal value, that which alone renders it useful is created by legislation; and as all legal values can have no existence without actual value, which it holds or represents, that actual value upon which our legal money is based, can only be labor and property, the result of labor. Money being then but the legal representative of intrinsic value, it must appear to all thinking minds that the material legalized to carry on its face the properties of money, is a matter of indifference whether it be of gold, leather, steel, or paper; the object should be to secure the material best adapted for such purposes. While recognizing the necessity for the existence of a legal measure of value based on the wealth of the State and not upon a fictitious gold basis, we must condemn every approach toward making a necessary public servant, for the creation of which the whole people are called upon to bear the expense, a centralizing agent and the most unscrupulous robber of the people's wealth by allowing its power to accumulate by interest to become usurious.

Money is the great distributor of the wealth of a people, and upon its power to accumulate depend the equal distribution of the productions of the labor of the country. The earth, as I have stated in my last letter, as being God's entailed heritage to and for the use of a common humanity is the basis of all production, and from this source must be drawn by labor all that goes to sustain our being and render life endurable; but the command of the Author of our being to toil and live, was no impossible or even a very hard task. For those who would comply with this command could, in all ages, reap abundance for all the temporal wants of themselves and those pertaining to them, were they not robbed of the fruits of their industry by some unjust agency. A desire on the part of man which has always been as wide-spread as the race, has not been slow in inventing means whereby they might secure the fruits of the sweat of the brow without losing a drop themselves. Many have been the devices to secure this end; but none have been more potent in its results in this direction than money. Money is the direct legal lien on all intrinsic value, has in it vested the power of determining how the product of labor shall be distributed; and though the amount of labor expended in all well-regulated communities has produced a sufficiency for all the wants of such communities, and a surplus, which in justice belongs to those who produced it. But what are the facts of the case? The actual producer has not a sufficiency to enable him to occupy his proper sphere in an enlightened and Christian community. The question will be asked—how is the producer unjustly dealt with? He makes his own bargain and receives his amount. I would answer, by a system that works surely, silently, and perhaps unseen by many. In this new land of America, where progress has not been retarded by monopolies of past ages, we increase our material wealth over and above our living requirements at the rate of about 3 per cent., while we pay for the medium of exchange used in facilitating the labor that has supplied our existing wants and produced this surplus, from 7 to 12, and even a greater per centage. These facts ought to tell their own tale to every thinking mind. Money, the power that says what portion of production shall be retained by the producer, and what shall go to non-producing capital for its use, swallows up and centralizes all the surplus, besides snatching from the laborer from 4 to 9 per cent. of his actual subsistence allowance. Then, can it be wondered why wealth centralizes? Why do about 2 per cent. of our population possess half the wealth of the country? Do any doubt that half the wealth of the country is held by so few, then look around your own community and see if 2 per cent. of the population do not possess as much as the other 98 per cent. Take any community of 5,000 souls, and see if one hundred of the leading capitalists do not possess as much as all the rest put together, and if not I must admit that I have been wrong in my calculations. I would ask, what have those hundred indi-

viduals done that they should gather as much intrinsic value into their coffers as the other 4,900 of their fellow-townsmen? Have they contributed more labor—physically, intellectually, or morally, for the community? Not by securing others to make improvements, but by improvements which they themselves have effected by personal labor. If they have not accomplished as much as their fellow-townsmen, and yet own half the wealth of the town, a wrong has been committed somewhere in the distribution of production. Not that these men are not as honest in their intentions, or as upright as other citizens, or that others would not be equally glad to gather to gather wealth in the same manner. Why is it then, that the comparatively few have so large a proportion. They have not earned it, for they could not have built half the town, or provided half its inhabitants with food or clothing by their labor; nor could they have given half the instruction in the various trades, or educated half the townspeople. Then, why is it they possess half the property. The reason is altogether in our monetary system; and so long as it exists on its present basis, it will be as natural for wealth to concentrate in the hands of a few as it is for water to find its level.

Yours, in the interest of labor reform,

JOHN HEWITT.

HAMILTON.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

SIR,—Already the fact is known that the working classes here are divided, and that the common enemy is making sad havoc among them. It was never more palpably brought out than at our last meeting, where there was apparently a blending of parties, yet the "hideous face" appeared. To the originators of the meeting this was unlooked for, it was not expected; yet, as the truth dawned upon them, they came firmly to the resolution that they would stand to the "task" they had set before them, and nobly did they do it. They carried out their purpose, although there was a decided opposition by a few dirty Grits.

I believe, Sir, as far as my recollection goes, that this is the first meeting of the kind held by the working men where only *bona fide* working men were the speakers, and it reflects credit upon them that there are men amongst them who can and will take up questions which vitally affect their interest, and, in spite of those who sought to burke them, they persisted in their laudable work. They are already considering the advisability of holding another meeting, and upholding their birthright as Canadians and loyal British subjects—the right of free speech and freedom of discussion.

The query is already abroad as to what will be the probable effect on the working classes here, and I think that one effect of that will be the formation of a political party, which will not look to the great *Globe* or *black Mail* for its tuition, but will seek apart from these to build up a political faith of its own. To the movers in this cause, I would say—go on, and you will succeed, though your enemies are many, and possess at the present time a power great and strong; yet, if you base the new faith upon good principles you must and will succeed.

A word more and I am done, Mr. Editor—and that is this: The workmen alone have themselves to blame for the inferior position they hold at the present time, and I am led now to think that they are beginning to see the errors of their way, and ere long they will advance into the light of *Tut A.*

Hoping that we all shall be up and doing, with a heart for any fate, still achieving, still pursuing; learn to labor and to wait.

Yours, etc.,

DEBROUSKIE.

THE MASS MEETING.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

SIR,—I will give you and the readers of *THE WORKMAN* the true cause why I gave opposition at the mass meeting held in this city, if you will have the kindness to publish them. The first thing that I observed was the severity with which the Ontario Legislature was attacked, and the appellation given to the meeting as an indignation meeting. We have had Governments in this country that richly deserved indignation meetings to be held to condemn their lethargy in not having had laws repealed, nor enacting good ones. But, I think, this cannot be said of the present Ontario Legislature, seeing that they are trying to make up for the shortcomings of former Governments. As to the Lien Law, I was highly satisfied with it as first introduced, because under the Master and Servants' Act, small sums can be collected as

readily as a landlord can collect his rent at a trifling cost. The dissatisfaction shown by some of my fellow-workman was, to my mind, the same as the opposition given to it in the Local House by Mr. Cameron. He said it was one-sided legislation, and at the same time moved that it should be extended in its application. It was brought in by a Reform Government; the Tories have never done anything for us, so we must condemn it. These Grits are trying to catch the workmen's votes at the next election. The Arbitration Bill is a *fac simile* of one that has been the means of doing a great amount of good in England—strikes among colliers and others being settled under its guidance, and of which Mr. W. Allan, secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, said, though not perfect, it was a step in the right direction—he having had twenty years' experience among workmen and their grievances. I hold his opinion far higher than the born deliverer of the workmen of Ontario. I believe it to be worth a great deal more than the paper it is printed on. It is not by using such ungenerous language that we may expect to get amendments to such measures. Mr. Parker's suggestion, in regard to the election of chairman of the board of arbitration was farther from the mark than that proposed in said bill. Had he been one of the advisers of Her Majesty and his advice been followed, it would add greatly to the heavy burdens to be borne by the workmen. Had he proposed that both parties should agree on a chairman, it would be far nearer perfection.

As to the amendment to the Municipal Assessment Act, I agree with you. The extension of the franchise should not come before the ballot system of voting. Under the present law it would not tend to the purity of our elections, etc.

CONVICT LABOR.—Had it been the contract system of prison labor that had been attacked I would not have seen the one-sided policy of the leaders of the mass meeting so clearly; but to think we have a penitentiary in Kingston, where convict labor must be as detrimental to the workmen of this Province as it is in the Central Prison at Toronto. Cabinet-makers and shoemakers must feel it as bad as car builders. I am of opinion that it is better to have the convicts earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, than that we should keep them in idleness; and I care not what you may employ them at, it will effect some. As to the contract, let those who wish to see both sides of the question find the amount realized by the Government in the Kingston penitentiary, and see if it will average fifty cents each prisoner per day, though they have a better class of convicts, as their terms of punishment are of longer time than those who will serve the Canada Car Company. The Central Prison labor was sold by a Reform Government, at its highest market value; it must be condemned, as it is not the establishment of Sir J. A. Macdonald. If my fellow-workmen wish to see convict labor done away with, let them do so; but the axe must be laid at the root of the tree, and hew it down in Kingston as well as in Toronto, and they shall have my hearty support; but while they condemn one party and the other equally guilty go free, I must oppose.

Yours, respectfully,

JOHN MOWAT.

Hamilton, March 8, 1873.

CRIMINAL LAW AMENDMENT ACT AND THE GLASGOW TRADES' UNIONISTS.—A preliminary meeting of delegates appointed by the trade societies of Glasgow, Scotland, was held lately in the Tontine Hotel—Mr. Andrew Boa, president of the Council, in the chair. There were upwards of 100 representatives in attendance. The chairman having stated the object of the meeting, called upon Mr. George Jackson, convener of the Parliamentary Bills Committee, who referred at some length to the action of the Council on the Criminal Law Amendment Act, and the arrangements they had now completed to meet the Members of Parliament for the city. Mr. Jackson then gave reasons for a repeal of the Criminal Law Amendment Act. On the motion of Mr. Ross, joiner, the meeting unanimously resolved to assist, in every possible way, in obtaining the repeal of this obnoxious class measure. The motion was most effectively spoken to by Messrs. Neilson, potter, Bishop, bottle-blower, Lang, baker, Simpson, boiler-maker, Breen and Ferguson, masons, Wallace, tailor, &c. The meeting then appointed Mr. Jackson to introduce the deputation to the members. After fixing matters of detail connected with the conference, a vote of thanks was awarded to the chairman, and the meeting, one of the largest and most respectable held in Glasgow for a number of years, broke up.

We beg to refer to *EATON & Co's* advertisement in another column.

INTELLIGENCE ON THE ROAD.—A gentleman on a stage-coach, passing through the city of Bath, and observing a handsome edifice, inquired of the driver what building it was. The driver replied, "It is the Unitarian Church." "Unitarian!" said the gentleman, "and what is that?" "I don't know," said Jehu, "but I believe it is in the opposition line."

WHITE HART, corner of Yonge and InE streets, is conducted on the good old English principle by Bell Belmont, late of London, England, who has gained the reputation, by strict adherence to business, of keeping the best conducted saloon in this city. The bar is pronounced by the press to be the "prince of bars," and is under the entire management of Mrs. Emma Belmont, whose whole study is to make the numerous patrons of this well-known resort comfortable. Visitors to this city will not regret walking any distance to see this—the handsomest bar in the Dominion. Adv.

BIRTH.

On the 11th inst., at No. 67 William Henry Street, the wife of T. B. Johnston of a son.

New Advertisements.

THE JOURNEMEN FREE STONE-CUTTERS ASSOCIATION, of Ottawa City, and immediate vicinity, hold their meetings in the St. Lawrence Hotel, corner of Rideau and Nicholas streets, on the first and third Monday in each month. The officers elected for the present quarter, commencing Monday, March 4, 1873, are as follows:—President, Robert Thompson; Vice President, Joseph Hugg; Financial Secretary, William Gould; Recording and Corresponding Secretary, George Bisset; Treasurer, Robert Postie, Tyler, James Walker; Trades Council, Donald Robertson, James Kelly, James Walker, Joseph Hunt; Trustees, Donald Robertson, John Casey, William Clark.

TO THE MECHANICS OF THE DOMINION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.

That in consequence of the men who were employed on the erection of the Presbyterian Church, not having been yet paid, the members of all Trades' Unions and others are requested not to engage at all with the Contractor who now has it, or any Contractor who may hereafter have said Church, until all arrears are paid.

By Order,

R. H. GRAHAM, Secretary.

Ottawa, March 1, 1873. 45-11

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869 AND AMENDMENTS THEREON.

In the matter of JOHN A. RICHARDSON and CHARLES PUNCHARD, trading together in the City of Toronto as Book-Binders and Publishers, under the name and firm of RICHARDSON & PUNCHARD, Insolvents.

The Insolvents have made an Assignment of their estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at my office, No. 7 Merchants' Exchange, Wellington Street, Toronto, on MONDAY, the THIRTY-FIRST INSTANT, at eleven o'clock, and to receive statements of their affairs, and to appoint an Assignee.

Dated at Toronto, this 10th day of March, A.D. 1873.

WILLIAM F. MUNRO.

Interim Assignee.

T. EATON & CO., CORNER YONGE & QUEEN STREETS,

Are offering Extraordinary Bargains in

Blue, Scarlet, Grey, & White FLANNEL!

These goods are

THOROUGHLY RELIABLE,

As they are procured from the

Best Manufacturers in Canada.

Made from the long Staple Wool,

SUITABLE FOR WORKINGMEN.

A visit of inspection invited. The prices are fully 20 PER CENT. UNDER PRESENT VALUE.

42-10

GOOD STRONG CART FOR SALE CHEAP.

J. HUNTER.

Corner Queen and Jarvis Streets.

47-11



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed, "Tender for New Custom House, Toronto," will be received at this office, until Wednesday, 26th day of March next, at noon, for the erection and completion of a new Custom House, at Toronto, P.O.

Plans and Specifications can be seen at the Office of R. C. Windover, Esq., Architect, Toronto, on and after Monday, the 10th March.

The signatures of two solvent and responsible persons willing to become sureties for the due fulfillment of the contract, must be attached to each Tender.

By order,

F. BRAUF, Secretary.

Department of Public Works,

Ottawa, 27th Feb., 1873.

47-10

CHARLES HUNTER, DEALER IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, WINES AND LIQUORS.

68 Queen Street West, CORNER TERRAULEY ST.

46-10 TORONTO, ONT.

For first-class Job Printing go to the WORKMAN Office.

The Home Circle.

I AM DYING.

The husband who can read the following without feeling the mist fast gathering in his eyes, is simply harder-hearted than we are:

Raise the pillow, husband dearest—
Faint and fainter comes my breath,
And these shadows stealing slowly,
Must, I know, be those of death;
Sit down close beside me, darling,
Let me clasp your warm strong hand,
Yours that ever has sustained me
To the borders of this land.

For your God and mine—our Father,
Thence shall ever lead me on,
Where, upon a throne eternal,
Sits His own and only Son.
I've had visions and been dreaming
O'er the past of joy and pain;
Year by year I've wandered backward
Till I was a child again.

Dreams of girlhood and the moment
When I stood your wife and bride,
How my heart thrilled with love's triumph
In that hour of woman's pride;
Dreamt of thee and all the earth-cords
Firmly twined around my heart—
Oh! the bitter, burning anguish,
When first I knew we must part.

It has passed—and God has promised
All thy footsteps to attend;
He that's more than friend or brother,
He'll be with you to the end.
There's no shadow o'er the portals
Leading to my heavenly home—
Christ has promised life immortal,
And 'tis He that bids me come.

When life's trials wait around thee,
And its chiming billows swell,
You'll thank heaven that I am spared them,
Thou'll then feel that "all is well."
Bring our boys unto my bedside,
My last blessings let them keep—
But they're sleeping—do not wake them—
They'll learn soon enough to weep.

Tell them often of their mother,
Kiss them for me when they wake,
Lead them gently in life's pathway,
Love them doubly for my sake.
Clasp my hand still closer, darling,
This, the last day of my life,
For to-morrow I shall never
Answer when you call me "wife."
Fare thee well, my noble husband,
Faint not 'neath the chastening rod;
Throw your strong arm round our children,
Keep them close to thee—and God.

A PATHETIC SCENE.

Sir Richard Steele says:—The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping by it. I had my battle-door in my hand, and fell to beating the coffin and calling papa; for, I know not why, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there.

My mother caught me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embrace, and told me, in a flood of tears, "Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under the ground, whence he could never come to see us again." She was a very beautiful woman of a noble spirit, and there was dignity in her grief and all the wildness of her transport, which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, which, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo; and receives impressions so forcible that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark, with which a child is born, is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is, that good nature in me is no merit; but, having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I know the cause of her affliction, or could draw defenses from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since ensnared me into ten thousand calamities; and from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be, that, in such a humor as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softness of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions.

SYMPATHY.

Sympathy is a delightful thing to receive when one is sick or in trouble. Some people require more sympathy than they can expect to receive. For every little ache or pain they require sympathy; if they are too hot, they must be sympathized with; they tell all their griefs and disappointments, and if they do not seem so serious to their hearers as they do to themselves, they complain that they can get no sympathy.

A lady said to her husband the other day,—
"Oh, my dear, I have such a fearful pain in my head."

"I know it, my love," answered her husband (a "brute," of course), "and you have a pain in your back, and in your side, and you think you are going to be sick."

"You have no sympathy for me," indignantly replied the wife.

"My dear," said her husband, "I had an immense fund of sympathy, but you have overdrawn your account; I have used up all the sympathy I could raise, on your terrible aches and pains, and now I have none left."

Before breakfast was over, the headache had quite gone, and, perhaps, the lady reflected that there was a little truth in her husband's remarks.

If you ask people for sympathy too often, and on occasions which are not serious, the supply of the real article is sure to run out, and they give you a bogus substitute which is unsatisfying. They say, "I'm sure I'm very sorry," "Dear me," and that sort of thing, and think, "Confound the woman, she is always complaining."

On the other hand, those who rarely complain, can, in most cases, find some one who will give them real sympathy in their troubles, and, what is better, put them in a way to remove them.

Children are spoiled by being sympathized with; they become querulous and peevish. It is better if a child comes to you to show a scratch on its finger, to say, "That's nothing; it will soon be well," than to mourn over it and say, "mamma's baby," and to kiss the finger and say "it's dreadful bad." By this course you bring up children to be cowards. Call for sympathy when the occasion requires it, but be careful not to make your calls too frequent, lest you overdraw the account.

THE VALUE OF KEEPING ACCOUNTS.

By all means let us admit that the habit of saving has a dangerous side to it; that to save merely to keep is quite a different thing from saving that we may give away; and that where pride, stinginess, or covetousness, are at the bottom of it, it is but selfishness in a specious form. No one is rich who lives beyond his income, but every one may be said to be so who lives within it. The habit of keeping accounts to some people seems the only possible way of saving themselves from waste and debt, while others pool-pool it as a piece of useless pedantry. And it is quite true that if the money is spent, writing down in a book how it is spent, will not get it back again. It is also true that for private individuals, at the end of every year, at the risk of their own temper and the comfort of their family, and the loss of much precious time, to insist on balancing their accounts to a halfpenny, is a kind of financial prudery which (all respect to Charles Simoon notwithstanding) good sense will usually repudiate as utterly needless. But admitting all this, there is still, however, a real advantage in the regular keeping of accounts which is quite worth a certain amount of small trouble, and if not pushed to an extreme, is a valuable help to conscientious persons. Those who are methodical enough to apportion definite amounts to the various items of their expenditure, and who would be honestly distressed if the allotment, say to personal expenditure, were seriously augmented to the injury of other claims, have an easy way of ascertaining from their private record how far they are fulfilling their own intentions.—*Sunday Magazine.*

CURIOUS STATISTICS OF MARRIAGE.

To people of a statistical rather than a sentimental turn, the mathematics of marriage in different countries may prove an attractive theme of meditation. It is found that young men from fifteen to twenty years of age marry young women averaging two or three years older than themselves, but, if they delay marriage until they are twenty or twenty-five years old, their spouses average a year younger than themselves; and thenceforward this difference steadily increases, till in extreme old age on the bridegroom's part, it is apt to be enormous. The inclination of octogenarians to wed misses in their teens is an every-day occurrence, but it is amusing to find in the love matches of boys that the statistics bear out the satires of Thackeray and Balzac. Again, the husbands of young women aged twenty and under average a little above twenty-five years, and the inequality of age diminishes thenceforward, till, for women who have reached thirty, the respective ages are equal; after thirty-five years, women, like men, marry those younger than themselves, the disproportion increasing with age, till at forty-five it averages nine years.

The greatest number of marriages for men take place between the ages of twenty and twenty-five in England, between twenty-five and thirty in France, and between twenty-five and thirty-five in Italy and Belgium. Finally, in Hungary, the number of individuals who marry is 72 in a thousand each year; in England, it is 64; in Denmark, 59; in France, 57; the city of Paris showing 53; in the Netherlands, 52; in Belgium, 43; in Norway, 36. Widowers indulge in second marriages three or four times as often as widows. For example, in England (land of Mrs. Bardell), there are 60 marriages of widowers against 21 of widows; in Belgium there are 48 to 16; in France 40 to 12. Old Er. Weller's paternal advice to "beware of the widows," ought surely to be supplemented by a maxim to beware of widowers.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

Miss Brewster, in her letters from Cannes, says:—"Among the many stories which cluster around the 'Iron Mask,' there is one which I cannot resist giving you. In the early days of that dreary captivity—those days in which the prisoner, whether from fancy or memory, was thus described. 'As of handsome face, middle height, brown skin, clear complexion, and beautiful voice'—there was a lovely young lady in the fortress of St. Marguerite; she was the daughter of one of the officials, and her name was Julia de Bonaparte. The mysterious prisoner fell in love with this lady, whom he had seen from his window; and what feminine heart could resist a persecuted, royal, and masked prisoner? The father gave his consent—they were married at an altar erected in the dungeon, and the devoted wife cheered the gloom of the weary lifetime. Two little infant sons could not, however, be retained near the unfortunate parents, and were sent secretly to Corsica under their maternal name of Bonaparte. From them sprung the Bonapartes, who are therefore Bourbons. In the course of a conversation at St. Helena, it was mentioned to Napoleon by a gentleman present that a person had come to him to tell the above story, and to demonstrate from thence that Napoleon was a lineal descendant of the Iron Mask, and thus the legitimate heir of Louis XIII. The gentleman had laughed at the whole story, which made the narrator very angry; he maintained that the marriage could easily be verified by the registers of a parish of Marseilles, which he named. The Emperor said that he had heard the same story; and that such was the love of the marvellous, that it would have been easy to have substantiated something of the kind for the redoubtable multitude."

PAGANINI'S PLAYING.

Enter Paganini—a shudder of curiosity and excitement runs through the crowded theatre, the men applaud, the women concentrate a double-barrel fire of opera glasses upon the tall, ungainly figure that shuffles forward from the side scenes to the footlights, with such an air of haughtiness, and yet so many mechanical bows. As the applause rises again and again, the apparition stands still, looks round, takes in at a glance the vast assembly. Then seizing his violin he hugs it tightly between his chin and chest, and stands for a few more seconds, gazing at it in motionless abstraction. The audience is now completely hushed, and all eyes are riveted upon one silent and almost grotesque form. Suddenly Paganini raises his bow and dashes it down like a sledge hammer upon the strings. The opening of the concerto abounds in solo passages, in which he has to be left almost without accompaniment; the orchestra is reserved for the *tutti* and slight interludes. Paganini now revels in his distinctive and astonishing passages, which hold the audience breathless. At one time torrents of chords peal forth, as from some mimic orchestra; harmonic passages are thrown off with the sharpness and sonority of the flute accompanied by the guitar, independent phrases being managed by the left hand plucking the strings, whilst the right is playing legato passages with the bow. The most difficult intervals are spanned with ease—the immense, compass-like fingers glide up and down every part of the key-board, and seem to be in ever so many places at once. Heavy chords are struck indifferently with the point or heel of the bow, as if each inch of the magic wand were equally under control, but just when these prodigious feats of skill are causing the senses to reel with something like a painful strain, a low measured melody steals forth and penetrates the souls of all present, until some of the audience break out into uncontrollable applause, whilst others are melted to tears, overpowered by the thrilling accents. Then, attenuated as it were to a thread—but still distinctly audible and resonant—the divine sound would die away; and suddenly a grotesque flash of humor would dart up from a lower sphere and shift the emotional atmosphere, as the great maestro too soon dashes, with the impetuosity of a whirlwind, into the final "rondo" or "moto perpetuo."—*Good Words for February.*

ANIMAL INGENUITY.

The architectural ingenuity, or rather genius, of the tarantula is a fact long familiar to naturalists. This insect has an exceptional development of the instinct which instructs all creatures which are not protected by nature with a warmth engendering hairy hide to properly house themselves. The details of the tarantula's dwelling down even to the matchless mechanism of the doors of its edifice, have excited the wonder of all interested in natural history. The most elaborate invention in locks and hinges of vaunted human skill are distanced by the venomous insect in the construction of the door which secures its privacy. But the road-runner, between which and the tarantula a deadly enmity exists, is its master, as an incident which we are about to relate will show. The road-runner is a very timorous and incredibly swift bird. It is about the size of a pheasant; its plumage is not unlike that of the pheasant family. It has longer legs, and a slenderer neck and body than the pheasant. It trusts for locomotion almost altogether to its legs, and runs with a swiftness that would shame a rabbit or hare. It is susceptible of domestication, and in time learns to come at the call of those who have petted it. But

it is a hopeless thing for a stranger to try to approach this fowl. It is as sagacious as a swift. We were put in possession of facts about the creature by Jose G. Estudilla, which excited our wonder and admiration. As we have said, there is enmity between the road-runner and the tarantula. The road-runner is as noiseless as a mouse. It lies in wait for the tarantula, and the moment it finds its enemy asleep it approaches noiselessly with a twig of the prickly cactus. Dextrously and stealthily it goes on piling the prickly prison around the devoted insect, until at last a rampart of the desired height is piled up. It then selects a specially jagged and heavy piece of cactus, and drops it on the tarantula. The latter, awakened by the shock, endeavors to rise and make its exit. It is instantly impaled upon the thorns, and the triumph of the road-runner complete.

THE MINISTRY OF LETTERS.

How welcome the kindly letter of a friend! Wearied with routine, or sick of self, how welcome the sympathetic word, or wholesome advice, that revives the soul, as the opening of a window garies the stifling air of a room too long closed. Sometimes opportunely, just as we are undervaluing self (not too frequent a fault), comes the friendly letter, reviving self-respect and just ambition by convincing us we are worthy of affection—perhaps by being loved too well. A letter is a betrayer of character. No matter how choice the words, how accurate the grammar, how plausible the surface meaning, throughout, beneath, above, is the subtle aroma, which, unconsciously to the writer, betrays his mood, gives the lie to his fine sentiments, and stamps him as a hypocrite or a scold. Beneath the forced gaiety runs the deep undercurrent, telling the receiver that his correspondent is ill at ease, indifferent, provoked or grieved with him or somebody else, however he may hope to hide it. The great charms of a letter is its naturalness and spontaneity; its highest praise to be "just like the writer." Egotism, the lank and bore of society, in a letter is welcome, yet even there should not usurp the place of friendly inquiry, and reference to the questions of which the letter is the nominal answer. The gay, playful, witty note has its charming nook in the ministry of letters; but the serious (not gloomy), thoughtful, elevating strain wears the best, is the most acceptable, and is faithfully preserved. Mark when a lively friend writes with unwonted seriousness, how instant the conviction that he has had a deeper experience, and how the heart goes out to meet the novel mood, for whereas he amused, now he awakens the chords of sympathy. Such letters give pleasure both to the writer and receiver, and are beyond price.

GALLANTRY.

What is gallantry but a tribute from the stronger to the weaker? What right has a fresh-faced, ruddy girl, abounding in strength, to plant herself in front of a weary man in a way that plainly indicates her expectation that he will yield his seat? What right has she to take it, indeed? Why should she not rise and give a seat to an old man, instead of accepting his?

Now, we submit that the fault is partly with ill-bred women. They take seats as if they belonged to them. We almost always surrender to a standing lady, however weary our legs may be, and not one in six has courtesy enough to say, "thank you." A very weary and very plain woman, with none of the varnish of society, no knowledge of the proprieties and improprieties, stood in front of us the other day. We offered her the seat, and she hesitated. "I hate to take your seat," she said. She was a lady.

The very women who complain of a lack of gallantry, never give place themselves to older and weaker people. The sight of a young lady giving a seat to a feeble old man would work wonders of gallantry among men. "See that tired man!" exclaimed a lady alongside of us the other evening, and squeezing her silks, she made room for a weary and earth-soiled Irish laborer. There was gallantry.

Some men get up for pretty faces and fine clothes; but we know a man who gives his seat to a weary washerwoman with a basket of clothes, and that whether she be Irish or African. And when we see this we say, Behold a gentleman, indeed! The true-hearted courtesy of such a man is worth more than all the hand-kissing and bowing of a hundred knee-buckled courtiers.—*Reporter.*

Sawdust and Chips.

The feature of our age—Cheek.

Thomas Hood once admonished a gossiping Christian to be aware lest her piety should prove, after all, to be nothing better than Mag-piety. Jeremy Taylor says that "a good wife should be a looking-glass to her husband." But we think she might, and should, make him see in her something better than himself.

A lawyer engaged in a case tormented a witness so much with questions that the poor fellow at last cried for water. "There," said the judge, "I thought you'd pump him dry!"

Nobody ever stands in the horse cars at Lavenworth, Kan. When a gentleman enters a car the nearest young lady rises and offers her seat. She then sits in his lap, and both are satisfied.

A voter, deficient in personal beauty, said to Sheridan:—"I mean to withdraw my countenance from you." "Many thanks for the favor, sir," replied the candidate, "for it is the ugliest I ever saw."

A doctor and a military officer became enamored of the same lady. A friend asked her which of the two suitors she intended to favor. She replied that "it was difficult for her to determine, as they were such killing creatures."

A young man went into a florist's store the other day to buy a rosebud for his affianced. Seventy-five cents was the price asked. "Will it keep?" inquired the young man. "Oh, yes, a long while." "Then you may keep it." Exit young man.

Tom, during his last tour to Niagara, in company with Smash, saw an Indian hewing a small piece of timber, with a view to making canoes. "Pray, sir," said Smash, "to what tribe do you belong?" "The Chip-away tribe," replied the Indian, without looking up to give his interrogator one smile.

A young, quiet, sensible, good-looking country lass was asked what she thought of "snuffing and smoking." "Well," she replied, "snuffing is abominable; but I would like ma man to be a smoker." "Why?" was immediately asked. "Oh, because I see when ma father comes home ever see cross, as sure as he gets the pipe lighted and begins a blast he's a' pleased again."

Smith had quite a small nose, and was cross-eyed, while Jones had a very large nose. Meeting one day, Jones, after looking with a comical expression at Smith, remarked, "Lucky for you, Smith, that you're cross-eyed; for if you wasn't, you never could see your nose." "Lucky for you, Jones," instantly retorted Smith, "that you're not cross-eyed; for if you were, you never could see anything but your nose."

The wealthy Marquis de Aliere, who died some time ago, was so parsimonious that, seeing his servant one day with a smart-looking hat, he reprimanded him for his extravagance. "But it is the old hat you gave me; I had it ironed for a franc." "Ah," said the Marquis, "but I did not know it could be restored. Here is the franc you paid—I will take the hat," and he forthwith transferred the renovated beaver to his own head.

GENUINE ESTHETICISM.—Practical person (who fondly imagines that fiddles were made to be played upon)—"Well, but what sort of tone has it got?" Real connoisseur (who knows better)—"Tone, be hanged! What's that got to do with it? Look at the varnish, man! Look at the double purring! Look at the exquisite curves of the back and belly! Why, I could gaze at that violin for hours, and I wouldn't part with it for a hundred pounds!"

A volunteer rifle captain, desiring to cross a field with his company, came to an opening in the fence large enough to admit two persons, but no more, to pass abreast. Unfortunately he could not remember the words of command which would have accomplished the difficult task of filing through; but his ingenuity did not desert him, and, therefore, he ordered a halt, and then said—"Gentlemen, you are dismissed for one minute, when you will fall in on t'other side of the fence."

Two legislators were recently conversing upon the subject of voting, when one of them inquired, "Well, now, but what is a man to do when he don't know anything about the matter?" "Well," replied the other, "I have got two rules about that; when anything comes up, I keep my eyes open, and vote as somebody else does whom I believe to be honest, or else I vote against it. I believe, as a general thing, the safest way is to vote against everything."

DIFFERENT VIEWS. Elder Sister—"Won't you be sorry, Minnie, when the boys go back to school, 'tis so very nice to have them home for the holidays." Younger Sister—"It's not nice for me—it's nasty—for they've teased my dog, and worried my cat, and they've killed a rat, and scattered some mait, and knocked down my house that Jack built, and they've eaten my pudding, and eaten my pie, and spent my money, and made me cry; they've laughed at me and thrown a stone. I'm sorry they came, I'll be glad when they're gone."

IN A BAD FIX.—About nine o'clock an old toper who had a considerable quantity of whisky on his stomach, was discovered hugging a lamp post at the corner of King and Yonge streets. His digestive organ repelled the load, and as he leaned over, vomiting, a little dog happened to stop by him, whereupon he indulged in the following soliloquy: "Well, now, (hic) here's a con-un-drum (hic), I remember where I ate the baked beans; I remember where I ate that lobster; I recollect where I got the ham (hic), but I'm hanged if I know (hic) where I ate that yaller dog."

In a Western city a cabinetmaker employed two Germans as porters to deliver his furniture. One morning he loaded his cart with a bureau, and gave directions where to have it left. "And, by the by," said he to one of them, handing him a shilling, "on your way back get me a pint of peas." They stayed an unusual time, and when they did return, it was soon ascertained they had enormous "bricks" in their hats. "Why, you infernal rascals!" roared the angry cabinetmaker, "you are both drunk." "Yaw," said one of them, "you give us the shilling to buy a pint of peas, and we drank him and we are both as drunk as ter teufy!"

RENEWED AGITATION IN THE LONDON BUILDING TRADE.

A fully-attended meeting of delegates from the London carpenters and joiners was held recently at the Brown Bear, Broad Street, Bloomsbury, Mr. T. Davies, of the General Union, in the chair. The meeting had been convened by the Watch Committee appointed by the delegates of the late nine hours movement.

The Chairman said they were all aware that in reply to a memorial sent in last year for a week of 51 hours at 9d. an hour, they had accepted for the time a compromise of 52 1/2 hours per week at 8 1/2d. per hour. The Watch Committee considered the time had now arrived for the trade to decide whether they would go in for the original terms of the memorial this spring, or for the 9d. per hour, and leaving the working hours as they now were for the present. Provisions, coals, and all other necessities of life had increased in price since last year, and if they were then justified in asking 9d. per hour, which he contended they were, they were still further justified in asking for it at the present time. Then there was the code of working rules, including the question of "grinding money," which required to be placed on a more satisfactory footing. He trusted that whatever course might be decided upon would be taken only after due consideration; and that that course would be carried out firmly but moderately.

A long and animated discussion ensued, and several resolutions were submitted to the meeting; but the delegates from several of the large firms stated their constituents had not given them any definite instructions upon the question, and it being considered necessary that on so important a point perfect understanding should prevail, and that the decision should be as unanimous as possible, it was ultimately resolved to adjourn the meeting for a fortnight, and that in the meantime each delegate should obtain a distinct vote from their constituents.

It was also decided that prior to the adjourned meeting special meetings of the London branches of the General Union and the Amalgamated Society be held, and their votes taken upon the matter.

The Laborers' Committee are awaiting the reply of the Master Builders' Association to a request sent in by them that their wages be raised to 6d. per hour on and after the 1st of of March next.—*English Exchange.*

THE ENGLISH FRIENDLY SOCIETY OF IRON FOUNDERS.

BROTHER MEMBERS,—In bringing before your notice the 223rd Monthly Report, you will see that the number on the Donation and Sick Benefits are lower this month than last; at the same time we are compelled to admit that trade is not so good as it appeared to be in the December Monthly; nor can this be wondered at, when we consider the unsettled state of the market for coal, coke, and iron. As yet there is not much to complain about, but there can be no doubt that, if things continue as they are, it will do much to mar what otherwise would be a very prosperous year. We must, however, make the best of the circumstances, and be glad that we are in so good a position, and so well prepared for any emergency which may take place, having a consciousness that, though evil days may come, we have not in any way brought them about.

Since the issue of our last Monthly, the Trades Congress has held its Session, and we can only say it was the best that has yet been held, and no doubt much good to the cause of labor has been done. Our friends in Leeds deserve our best thanks for the efforts they made to make the members of the Congress comfortable. These Labor Parliaments must eventually do an amount of good, if rightly and properly carried out, as they are the means of bringing to the front all the important questions of the day in connection with labor; and there can be no doubt their influence, in addition to that of the London Committees, has had a powerful effect in bringing the Government to the conclusion that it was a wise step to mitigate the term of imprisonment of the unfortunate gas stokers from twelve months to four. But that mitigation must not satisfy us as members of trade societies; for the very fact of leaving the term of imprisonment at four months, tells us plainly that the law of conspiracy can be brought to bear upon us at any time when we may be compelled to strike a shop, however we may be oppressed. The laws must be made so plain and intelligible, that we shall be able at all times to know whether we are within their meaning or not. To this end we must work peacefully and lawfully, but at the same time firmly; and the day is not far distant when our law makers will need our voices.

DANIEL GIBBE,

In Iron Founders' Report for Feb.

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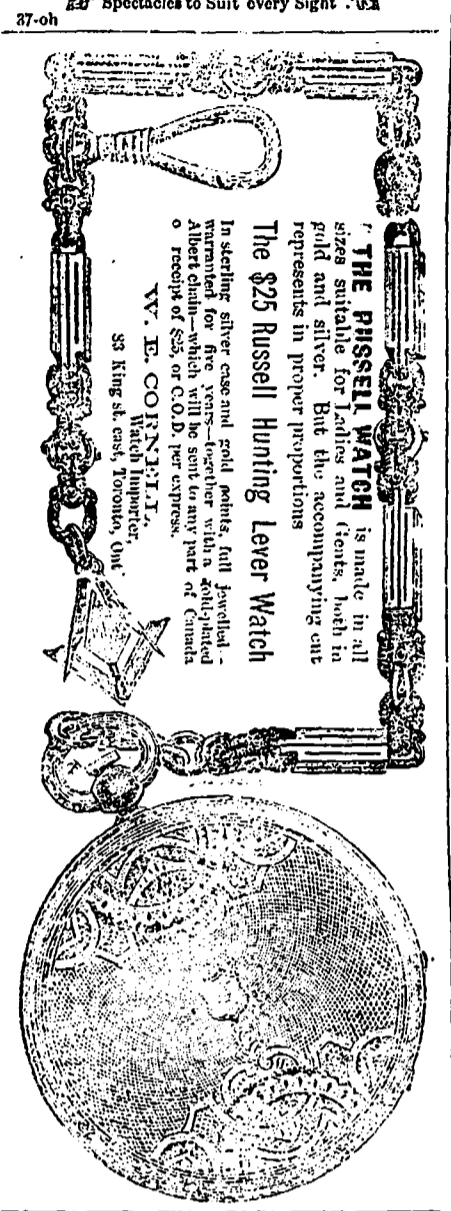
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CONFERENCE OF SOUTH STAFFORD SHIRE IRONWORKERS.

An important conference of representative iron-workers in the South Staffordshire and East Worcestershire districts was held at Wednesbury recently. Mr. Capper, chairman of the operatives' council on the Conciliation Board of masters and men, presided, and there was a very large number of delegates present, the whole of the operatives' council and 76 secretaries of the different lodges of ironworkers being present. The first matter disposed of was that in relation to the position of the various lodges in the district. From the reports presented it was shown that the numerical strength of the organisation had materially improved—at Whitsuntide there were 4,300 members, whereas at the end of January the members numbered 23,000. This was an increase of 19,000 men. Of this number 3,000 men were enrolled within the past month. The Unionists showed a majority of eight to one against the non-unionists. After this business had been disposed of the position of the South Wales ironworkers and miners was discussed. The reduction of 10 per cent. on the part of the masters was severely deprecated. The reduction proposed by the masters was shown to be unjust and unfair; whilst the South Wales puddlers had only received an advance of 2s per ton, the English and Scotch puddlers had secured an advance amounting to 5s per ton. This seemed to be additionally severe when it was borne in mind that the South Wales men had all along been working under the scale of wages prevailing in England and Scotland.

Reports were received from the South Wales delegates, in which unmistakable determination was expressed to resist to the utmost the action of the masters. The report added that some of the colliers consented to a reduction; the ironworkers would nevertheless steadfastly continue the struggle until they obtained what they deemed to be a fair concession. These reports were received with great enthusiasm, and a unanimous opinion was expressed to extend the sympathy and aid of the amalgamation to the men now on strike. In addition to the levy of 1s per week per member, which has already been made on behalf of the South Wales operatives, it was agreed to give the sum of 2s per head (amounting in all to \$2,100) out of the general funds of the society. It was also decided to give aid to the non-unionists during the continuance of the struggle.

The next question disposed of was that having reference to the wages basis in the iron trade. A uniformity in the rate of wages throughout the kingdom was considered desirable towards settling the present equivocal position existing between masters and men. It was hoped that at the forthcoming conference between both parties the wages basis would be so determined as to place the operatives in a much better position than they are now. In fact, it was confidently anticipated that the original proposal for the puddlers to receive 1s per ton in advance of the selling price of iron would be definitely agreed to. Much dissatisfaction, if not something far more serious, will probably ensue if this principle is not adopted.

WORKINGMEN AND EDUCATION.

If it be wished to show what education can do for the workingman, Scotland affords a handy, but not altogether an adequate, answer. For generations past, her schools have given to the children of workmen an opportunity of acquiring a certain amount of knowledge and mental training. But let it be remarked that the problem has never had fair play in Scotland. For, in the first place, till quite recently the Scottish workman, after becoming a workman, has never had the benefit of leisure; he has had to work his ten or twelve or even fifteen hours at the plough, or the bench, or the loom; for mental improvement he has seldom had more than an hour or two at night when the body is exhausted, and when most men are more disposed to chat or to sleep than to study. Secondly, until the present generation, the Scottish workman has not enjoyed the benefit of cheap literature; in the days of our fathers and grandfathers books were extremely dear. Scotland, therefore, during her past history, has enjoyed the benefit of but one of the three factors that are now conspiring for the intellectual benefit of workingmen, and that often in an inferior degree, for the education of the schools has often been defective. And then as to the results. It is very true that on the whole the Scottish people have been marked by superior intelligence; but what chiefly attracts notice, in connection with their education, is, that by means of it they have often been enabled to rise to a higher sphere of life than that in which they were born. But what is now chiefly to be desired is, not that a few educated workmen should rise to the middle class, but that the whole body of workmen should be raised by education and mental training to a higher intellectual level. It is, indeed, a great advantage to the individual workman that he has the chance of raising himself and his family to a place in the middle class of society. This affords him in many instances a great stimulus to self-denying exertion. But the working class, as a whole, are not benefited, but rather impoverished by his elevation. They lose one of their ablest and most creditable members. Unless the whole platform of labor is raised, so to speak, the general good that results is but small. Now, what we deem so important in the present conjunction of events, is, that it affords the opportunity for this general elevation.

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LOOK! LOOK!! LOOK!! MEERSHAUM AND BHAIR PIPES, POUCHES, STEMS, CIGAR CASES, VESUVIANS, &c. CHEAPEST IN THE CITY, THE IMPERIAL, 824 YONGE STREET. THE WOODBINE, 88 YONGE STREET. WM. J. HOWELL, JR., PROPRIETOR.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, Saturday, 25th day of December, 1873. PRESENT: HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL-IN-COUNCIL.

Whereas the article known as Old Tom Gin, being a sweetened Spirit, cannot be accurately tested for by strength by Syke's Hydrometer, in the mode prescribed by law for testing spirituous liquors, and it is expedient with a view to uniformity in the collection of duty thereon, that an average strength should be adopted as the rule governing entries thereof.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, Thursday, 6th February, 1873. PRESENT: HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

On the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under the provisions of the 8th Section of the Act 31st Victoria, Cap. 6, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the Village of Coanage, in the County of Kent and Province of New Brunswick, be and the same is hereby constituted and erected into an Out-Port of Customs, and placed under the survey of the Collector of Customs at the Port of Richibucto.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, Monday, 17th day of February, 1873. PRESENT: HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

On the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under the Act 31, Vic. Cap. 6, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the Town of Strathroy, in the County of Middlesex, Province of Ontario, be and the same is hereby constituted and erected into an Out Port of Customs and placed under the survey of the Collector of Customs at the Port of London.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, Monday, 17th day of February, 1873. PRESENT: HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

On the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under the provisions of the 9th Section of the Act 31 Vic., Cap. 6, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the Town of St. Thomas, in the County of Elgin, Province of Ontario, be and the same is hereby constituted and erected into an Out Port of Customs, and placed under the survey of the Collector of Customs at the Port of London.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTICE. HOUSE OF COMMONS, THE CLERK'S OFFICE, Ottawa, Jan. 30, 1873. Pursuant to the 56th Rule of the House, notice is hereby given that the time for RECEIVING PETITIONS FOR PRIVATE BILLS will expire on Wednesday, the 20th day of March next.

CAUTION TO SMOKERS. The Imperial Smoking Mixture. Sold only in registered 2 oz. packets, 15c. GOLDEN BIRD'S EYE TOBACCO, Registered, 15c the 2oz. packet. Masters' Celebrated Virginia Shag, Registered, 10c the 2oz. packet. THE IMPERIAL, 384 YONGE ST., TORONTO. W. MASTERS, IMPORTER.