

Ontario Workman.

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

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TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1873

NO. 55

Labor Notes.

The strike of Crispins and gas men at Cincinnati, O., has substantially ended.

A National Association for the prevention of strikes has been established at Chippenham.

The strike of the Halifax Acadia Coal Company's, miners is at an end. The company have advanced the rate of wages.

"The Colliers Strike" has been played at the Royal Alfred Theatre, London, and the "South Wales Strike," at the Theatre, Hanley, Staffordshire.

The *Weekly Mail* of Cardiff, states that as a consequence of the recent strikes, tens of thousands of new members have joined both the Colliers and Iron-workers' Unions.

The plasterers' laborers of Leeds have struck work in consequence of the masters refusing to accede to their demand for an increase of pay from 5½d. to 6d. per hour.

Twenty-seven delegates from various Trades Unions in the United States, met in secret session in New York, on the 26th April, and after discussion, resolved to postpone any attempt to enforce the eight hour rule till 1874.

A sailors' strike commenced at Cleveland, on Friday afternoon, for an increase of wages from \$2 to \$2.50 per day. Many of the loaded vessels from which men had struck will be towed to their destinations by tugs. The captains of vessels express their determination to resist the strike, and are confident of success. Measures have been taken by the city authorities to prevent any disturbance.

About seventy laborers on Lady Lyon Stephens' estate, and fifty on the estates of others, are, we are informed, now "locked-out" simply because they are unionists. They are all members of the Lincoln Labor League, and Mr. Banks, secretary, Boston, is arranging for an extensive migration of the "locked-out" men. The farmers in Norfolk, are bitterly opposed to the union, and fears are entertained by the leaders of the men that they may be driven to commit acts of violence through the persecution they are undergoing.

The differences between the master painters of Liverpool and the operatives have been adjusted. The men claimed 7½d. per hour for 54 hours' work per week, which was rejected by the masters, who offered 7d. per hour for a week of 55 hours, being an advance of a halfpenny per hour on the existing wages. The men declined these terms, and after several meetings of joint representatives, it was decided to refer the matter to the arbitration of Mr. Clarke Aspinall, the borough coroner, and a local magistrate. Mr. Aspinall's award was on Saturday received by Mr. Shimmis, the Secretary to the Master Builders' Association. It is in favor of 7½d. per hour for a week of 55 hours. This finally settles the matter.

The colliery engine-men of Northumberland have just been granted higher wages and shorter hours of labor, notwithstanding the fact that the present fine weather is having a tendency to bring down the price of household coals through the district. Final arrangements have been made for the monster demonstration in favor of manhood suffrage, which was held on Newcastle Moor, on Easter Monday. The men from 95 collieries in Northumberland and Durham, as well as those belonging to 31 trade organisations, have signified their intention of joining the procession, and resolutions will be simultaneously moved from six platforms.

The 54 hours system is quietly working its way throughout the English coach trade. This month's report announces that the whole of the employers in Belfast have conceded the time, and they deserve the warmest thanks of all for the promptness and courtesy with which they have upon all occasions met the wishes of their men. Last year they raised each man's wages 2s. per week. Messrs. Hibbins and Painter (late Robertson,) Stamford, have also granted

the 54 hours, the reduction being six hours per week, and Mr. Stevens, Market Harborough, have reduced the working time from 60 to 56½ hours per week.

The members of the United Kingdom Society of Coachmakers have been furnished with their quarterly report. It includes the three dull months of November, December, and January, and, as a rule, the income in those months does not meet the expenditure, but the March report for 1873 has announced a saving on the quarter of £725 1s. 4d., which clearly shows the prosperity of the trade and with it the society. The progress made in the past twelve months will be seen by the following:—In the March report of 1872 the members numbered 6,070, with a capital of £5,424 5s. 1½d. The members now number 6,439, with a capital of £8,903 5s. 5d., showing an increase of 369 members and £3,479 0s. 3½d. in capital. There has also been some liberal changes made in the rules, which came into force in March.

A general lock-out in the tailor trade in nearly the whole of Scotland is threatened. The men have asked an advance of a half-penny per hour, and that the employers shall enter into an obligation that this rise shall extend over 12 months. The masters have offered a rise of a farthing, but declined to enter into the time obligation which the men consider the principal portion of their demand. An association has been formed by masters, with a central executive at Edinburgh. A strike has occurred in Dundee, and on account of this the masters' association have called upon all employers to give out no new work until a satisfactory adjustment is agreed to. In compliance with these instructions upwards of 100 men were locked out in Aberdeen lately, and another instalment of men are to be refused work in a couple of days. Edinburgh and Glasgow are expected to follow, and if the men do not comply with the terms offered by the masters, nearly every tailor in Scotland will be locked out.

During the past year we have opened 14 new branches, eight in England, one in Scotland, four in the United States, and one in Canada. From Lowestoft in the east, to San Francisco in the far west, the traveller will continually find branches of this Society. The rapid progress which the Society has made in America is very cheering; and the recent amendments which have been made in our rules, giving to our American branches a system of self-government, will tend to firmly establish the fraternal feelings which already exists, and to make our society a power on both sides of the Atlantic.

THE AMALGAMATED CARPENTERS AND JOINERS.

The 13th annual report of this association for 1872 has just been issued, and from it we take the following extracts:—

Our operations during the year 1872 have not, it is true, been attended with that steady, uninterrupted prosperity which many societies of a kindred character have experienced. During the past year we have been compelled to resist an opposition which imperilled the future of our organization; and when we find ourselves at its close, victorious in the law courts, victorious before a board of arbitration, and victorious in many a hard-fought fight in the cause of labor, I think we may fairly find cause if congratulation in the fact that our society is now more numerous, wealthy, and influential than it has been at any previous period in its history.

From table No. 1, it will be seen that our increase during the past year is 1,472 members, and £3,020 0s. 5d.; making our total number of members 11,236, with 226 branches, and an available fund of £19,849 8s. 6½d. This table does not, however, fairly represent the financial progress or real worth of the Society. During the past year we have expended large amounts, in improving the machinery of the Society, and as we are now under the provisions of the Trades Union Act, we have power to acquire landed property, and to invest our accumulated capital in various remunerative investments from which we were formerly debarred. Consequently, the amount of funds in hand is no real criterion from which to judge of the true value of the property possessed by the Society, which at the end of last year amounted to £22,068 3s. 6½d.

The number of branches has been reduced during the year from 242 to 227. This, however, does not involve a loss, but a positive gain. No outpost has been abandoned which could be profitably retained, but in our large cities and towns a number

of small branches have been united, and thus greater efficiency has been attained, and a great reduction in our working expenses has been effected.

Table II. shows that we have expended in relieving our unemployed members the sum of benefit, £128; benevolent grants, £444; grants, £3,458; in tool benefit, £381; sick benefit, £5,566; funeral benefit, £1,102; accident benefit, £700; superannuation and loans to other trades, £80. Our largest item of expenditure, however, has been that of trade privileges, which has cost us £4,595. I am not aware that the demands of the building operatives have been more extravagant than those of other trades; they have certainly been more than justified by the extraordinary increase that has occurred in the cost of living. We have been anxious to secure an amicable settlement wherever it could be attained, but in many districts we have had to encounter a determined opposition on the part of our employers.

In those districts in which our trade is well organised, employers and employed have learnt the folly of resorting to strikes as a method of settling their differences, and by means of boards of arbitration and conciliation, satisfactory arrangements have been made, and the evil resulting from a dispute have been averted.

The registration of the Society under the Trades' Union Act will, I am convinced, prove very advantageous to us. It gives to our funds the full protection of the law, enables us to institute summary proceedings against fraudulent officers and members, and empowers us to hold land and to purchase property whenever we deem such a course to be desirable.

"The number of new members admitted during the year has been 2,686, making our total numbers 11,236.

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"In conclusion, permit me to express the extreme satisfaction with which I review the Society's operations during the past year. Our object has been, not to accumulate vast sums of money, but to utilise the funds at our disposal in the best possible manner, so that our organization may be made the means of raising its members in the social scale, of improving their condition as skilled artisans, and of providing for their wants in the hour of sickness and distress. In this good work we have been earnestly engaged, and great success has attended our labors. That the prosperity with which we have been favored during the past year may long continue is the earnest hope of

JOHN D. PRIOR, Gen. Sec.

THE LONDON BUILDING TRADES.

The reply of the committee of the London Master Builders' Association, refusing to accede to the request of the masons to raise their wages from 8½ to 9 per hour, has occasioned considerable disappointment. The clause that suggests that if the men require more money they should be allowed to work during longer hours in the summer months, has been met with especial dissatisfaction, and an aggregate meeting of the trade will be held shortly to consider the course to be pursued under the circumstances. The memorial of the carpenters and joiners, asking for the same advance in wages and a clearly defined code of working rules was acknowledged by the secretary of the masters' committee on Saturday morning, but no hopes were held out that the results of their applica-

tion would be more favorable than that of the masons.

The memorial of the London laborers for an advance has been placed by the men's committee in charge of the Labor and Capital Committee of the Social Science Association, who are using their good offices with the masters' committee, on behalf of the laborers.

The bricklayers, plasterers, and painters are about sending in memorials to the masters also requesting an advance of ½ per hour.—*English Exchange.*

WAGES ARBITRATION IN THE IRON TRADE.

The question of wages which has agitated the iron trade in the north of England, was settled at Darlington on Wednesday, by the arbitration of Mr. Rupert Kettle, in connection with the board of arbitration.

After two days' deliberation, and hearing the arguments on both sides, Mr. Kettle decided that all the claims for extras and all allowances be included in the price to be awarded, and in connection with disputes at local works, and all claims to be withdrawn on both sides. Relating to the general wages question, the award was as follows:—

That the system of a sliding scale, either upon the former or any other basis, shall not again be adopted without the consent of both masters and operatives. That the rate of wages for puddlers be raised 9d. per ton from the 31st March till the 4th of October next, and that all other iron workers be paid an advance of 7½ per cent. upon present prices. As the Staffordshire ironworkers offered to be guided by the decision in the north of England, it is expected that the dispute there will be arranged on the same basis.

TRUE REFORM.

The evil inherent in the existing monetary arrangements of society may thus be briefly pointed out:—All the surplus profits acknowledged under the name of dividends, &c., over and above the costs of production or management go to sustain more or less in idleness classes or individuals who do not part of the work implied; these favored individuals again at their death leaving their claims in the hands of successors, and thus keeping up in perpetuity a mass of idleness (I am not using the term individually) which ever weighs like an ill-advised mortgage on the energies of the really industrious portion of the community.

Now such surplus profits over and over again always repay the original outlays of those who appropriate them, and yet these parties are allowed continually to exact them, despite all the wrong, all the evil, their so doing inflicts on the rest of society.

But look closer to the case. A. B. C., &c., suppose, represent successive generations of men lineally and legitimately descended the one from the other. A. was a man, let us admit, great in his generation—the source of a vast deal of good in the world while he lived in it. For this, of course, he deserved well of society, and society not without reason rewarded him amply for what he did, endowing him with not only enough for himself to eat on to the end of his days, but with enough for him to bequeath something also for B. C., &c., to live on a long while after he was gone. Now, had A. been paid for what he did, in potatoes, for instance, or in any other perishable commodity, or commodities, the good intentions of society would probably not have been of much avail as we descended lower in our alphabet of generations, some of the later letters not only benefiting nothing, but even remembering haply nothing of the huge pile of potatoes once publicly granted to the great head of the house still bearing the common name. But this is nature's way of dealing with the posterity of all the great public benefactors the world has ever seen. Artificially, however, we endeavour to show

ourselves wiser than nature. We compute the original natural potato to a potato that A. may bite at all his life through, and then be able to pass it, subject to a similar process to B., who, after filling his mouth with it again and again, at last remits it to C., who again, in common with all his long line of successors, sends it generation after generation, with like liabilities, yet further down in the hereditary alphabet—a veritable miracle constantly—since it continues not only the same original natural potato it was when first consigned to A., but frequently a great deal larger, and therefore presenting much more to bite at than it did when the gift was thus originally made. But when we have done this, have we been wise? have we not been paying a great deal too much for our whistle? What amount of good could A. have done to entitle him to this extraordinary amount of everlasting wealth, thus abundant through so many interminably successive generations. Would it not have been better if society, before committing its great folly, had said, "A. indeed has done us good, and we are grateful for it;" let us, therefore, give him enough for his own days, together with something also for the days of B. and C., whom he knows and loves, without thinking of D. E., &c., whom he does not know, nor will perhaps have an opportunity of loving, and who, therefore of necessity, will neither know nor love him, leaving it to the said B. and C., &c., to act as B. has done before them, and successively to extend the beneficial effects of their works farther and farther down our great alphabet of existence as they all in turn appear on the great stage of life.

Now many persons profess to believe indeed in the mistake that has been made, but have no other remedy to offer but a redistribution of the potatoes about which the mistake has been made, amongst a larger number, instead of a few only of the contemporaries of any given age. This, however, is simply believing that twenty hundred weights would be much easier to endure than a ton, or enacting over again the boy's creed that a pound of lead must be infinitely in excess in its weight above that of a feecy pound of feathers.

THE GENERAL UNION OF CARPENTERS.

The Bishop of Manchester lately attended a meeting in the Hulme Town Hall, of the General Union of Friendly Operative Carpenters and Joiners, over which Mr. Alderman Bennett presided. The object of the meeting was to present £100 each to two of the society's members who had been permanently disabled by accident from following their employment as joiners. After addresses had been delivered by the Chairman, Mr. R. Last, general secretary of the society; Mr. Clark, representative of the master builders; and others.

The Bishop made the presentation on behalf of the society, and said, that as long as trade unions kept within the fair limits of the law, and exercised their rights in such a spirit as not to interfere with the rights of other men, he conceived that they were exercising a right which belonged to them as English citizens, and which no Act of Parliament and no force of public opinion could fairly attempt to take away. He would have them remember, however, that a great many things that were lawful were not always expedient. No more fatal idea could take possession of the mind of any body of men than that they were to push the advantage of their own position to the utmost limit, and that they were, in order to secure their own interests, to be perfectly indifferent to the interests of others. If that idea ever took possession of any large class, the great commercial prosperity of the country would be doomed.

The presentation was suitably acknowledged, and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman and the Bishop.

Ed. Cards, Programmes, Bill-Heads, and Mammoth Posters, (illuminated or plain), executed at this office, 124 Bay St.

Poetry.

LIFT A LITTLE.

Lift a little! lift a little!
 Neighbor, lend a helping hand,
 To that heavy laden brother,
 Who for weakness scarce can stand.
 What to thee with thy strong muscle,
 Seems a light and easy load,
 Is to him a ponderous burden,
 Cumbering his pilgrim road.

Lift a little! lift a little!
 Effort gives one added strength;
 That which staggers him when rising,
 Thou canst hold at arm's full length.
 Not his fault that he is feeble,
 Not thy praise that thou art strong.
 It is God makes lives to differ,
 Some from wailing, some from song.

Lift a little! lift a little!
 Many they who need thine aid;
 Many lying on the roadside,
 'Neath misfortune's dreary shade;
 Pass not by like priest and Levite,
 Heedless of thy fellow-man;
 But, with heart and arms extended,
 Be the good Samaritan.

THE WEAVER'S DREAM.

He sat all alone in his dark little room,
 His fingers weary with work at the loom,
 His eyes seeing not the fine threads, for the
 tears,
 As he carefully counted the months and the
 years
 He had been a poor weaver.

Not a traveller went on the dusty highway,
 But he thought, "He has nothing to do but
 be gay,"
 No matter how burdened or bent he might be
 The weaver believed him more happy than he,
 And sighed at his weaving.

He saw not the roses so sweet and so red
 That looked through his window; he thought
 to be dead
 And carried away from his dark little room,
 Wrapt up in the linen he had in his loom,
 Were better than weaving.

Just then a white angel came out of the skies,
 And shut up his senses, and sealed up his eyes,
 And bore him away from the work at his loom
 In a vision, and left him alone by the tomb
 Of his dear little daughter.

"My darling!" he cries, "what a blessing
 was mine!
 How I sinned, having you, against goodness
 divine!
 Awake! O my lost one, my sweet one, awake!
 And I never, as long as I live, for your sake,
 Will sigh at my weaving!"

The sunset was gilding his low little room,
 When the weaver awoke from his dream at
 the loom,
 And close at his knee saw a dear little head
 Alight with long curls—she was living, not
 dead—
 His pride and his treasure.

He winds the fine thread on his shuttle anew,
 (At thought of his blessing 'twas easy to do),
 And sings as he weaves, for the joy in his
 breast,
 Peace cometh of striving, and labor is rest—
 Grown wise was the weaver.

S. S. L.

Tales and Sketches.

ONE WOMAN'S RESOLUTION.

BY MRS. DENISON.

"Until, driven by the neglect of society, and the avarice of the rich, she consents to a life of crime and humiliation."
 "Is that the end?" asked Hannah, quietly, not looking up from the work she was busy upon.
 "That is the end, and a very well written thing it is, too," observed placid Mrs. Martyn, folding up the paper.
 "Well! I'll tell you what I think," said Hannah, in a suppressed voice, coming out of her dreamy languor, her cheeks crimsoning, her eyes flashing, "the author is simply an idiot—the driveller! Do you suppose any fate could lower me to such a depth as that?"
 "You?" cried Mrs. Martyn, aghast.
 "Me! Hannah Martyn, aunt. You glance around; yes, a spacious room like this, gloriously dowered with the fruits of genius—the home of Mark Martyn, one of the foremost merchants of his time, do not seem compatible with the idea of penury, of utter destitution. But it might come—this wretched time of loneliness and despair, even to Mark Martyn's daughter, and I be driven to the very streets without a shelter or a friend. But do you think," and her scissors snapped defiantly, "that I could for a moment forget my self-respect?"
 "Of course you wouldn't," said Mrs. Martyn, her weak nerves a little startled; "oh, no, of course no, but then—you might starve."
 "No, and I wouldn't starve," cried Hannah, another energetic snap giving force to her speech.
 "What in mercy would you do? Not take your life, I hope!"
 "That would be as weak and cowardly as

the other," replied Hannah. "Aunt, I haven't been tried yet—I trust in Heaven I never may be—but if I am, God give me grace to show to the world, as far as my example can reach, that women need not be driven by the neglect of society and the avarice of the rich, or for any other reason, to consent to a life of crime and humiliation."
 "Haddy, you'd better get up that face when Fletcher comes. I'll be bound he never saw you when you were so near being a positive beauty as you are at this moment."
 Hannah turned, laughing, as the pert little blonde came over to her lounge and threw herself down, shaking yellow ringlets, that the wind had disarranged, into their place.
 "What system of philosophy have you discovered? Has she been fighting any of your pet theories, Mrs. Martyn? She always was a belligerent," rattled the pretty little lady. "She came near choking a girl, once, for telling a falsehood about her; yes, she did, Mrs. Martyn; she got her fingers in, this way, and tightened her collar till the poor girl thought, I verily believe, that her hours were numbered. I shall never forget that time," continued Minnie Moore, laughing till she almost lost her breath, "nor how she turned on grim Miss Grim, the teacher, that was her name, though, and cried, with a stamp of the foot, 'This girl has lied about me, and if she is not punished—for the creature was a toady and a favorite—I shall make her so afraid of me that she won't dare to come to school.'"
 "That was years and years ago," murmured Hannah, laughing at the recollection, "and I was a little child."
 "Ah! but the child is mother of the woman, I presume I may say, changing the old saw a little, and I confess if I did do anything to deserve your wrath, I should look out for my throat. But do you know that Fletcher Chase is going to India?"
 Hannah's face whitened a moment, even to the lips. Something was wanted that had fallen on the carpet, and she stooped needlessly long, to recover it; then her face was natural again. Meantime, Mrs. Martin the elder had made all the exclamations and enquiries needful.
 "Yes, he has a splendid chance they say, to make his fortune—that is if he isn't wrecked on the way, or don't die of fever after he gets there. I'm so provoked at it; we shall all miss him terribly, for he was always on hand for us girls. There never was such a fellow for sport, and what shall we do these long winters, coming, I'm sure I don't know. Isn't he foolish, utterly silly? There's not the least need of it, not the least. His uncle is enormously rich, and he never needed to do anything."
 "Pleasanter to stand on the steps of the 'Continental,' I presume, and stare at the ladies," said Hannah, still pursuing her work.
 "There! isn't that just like her? Almost a sneer, if not quite. I don't believe Fletcher Chase ever did stand on the 'Continental' steps for that particular purpose; he isn't that kind of a man. But, Hannah, I came to consult you about the Haggood's party. It's got up in such a sudden way, you know, because John is going off, I suppose. There's a foreign fever, one would imagine, and all our beaux are attacked with it. Well, you see I've worn my blue silk twice—though to be sure, once at a wedding—and mamma complains about getting another; besides, there isn't time, and—"
 "Well," said Hannah, smiling, for the pretty blonde had talked herself out of breath again, "can't you change the trimming?"
 "Yes, if I had anything decent, or a set of pearls, or—"
 "Why, my dear, you shall have my pearls." Minnie Moore looked up quite glowing, her bright eyes dancing. "Oh! I wouldn't have dared to ask you, and I hardly dare to accept now, they are so beautiful and costly."
 "You needn't mind at all," replied Hannah, quietly; "I don't care for the pearls myself. Come into my room, and see if there is anything else."
 "You darling!" murmured the delighted girl, rising and following her into a richly furnished boudoir. Hannah looped aside the curtains so exquisitely frosted with the daintiest needle-work, and opened the drawer in which she kept her jewels, all the time moving, and looking, and talking, with a pre-occupied, absent manner, with just the thought of a smile flitting from eye to lip.
 "Oh, what it is to be rich!" cried the little blonde, her face growing luminous, as if from the reflection of the many-colored, scintillant jewels lying in their dainty nests, and yet seeming the very incarnation of restlessness, as they trembled in flashes and sparkles with the least touch of the vibrant light; "why, how can you ever choose?"
 "Because I know that garnet is becoming, and it is safe to wear diamonds; the rest I never use, except in defiance of my better judgment, because aunty gets so set on it, as she says."
 "But, dear me," cried Minnie, in an excess of self-love, "they would all become me."
 "Yes," Hannah responded, smiling, "I have no doubt they would; because—the smile seemed further to say, your pretty lifeless face is so dependent upon glitter and color."
 "And oh, what a lovely berth! Why, I never saw you wear it in my life."
 "No, you never did; I don't like it, and aunty beguiled me into buying it. I never shall wear it. It's a pity it should lie there, getting yellow. If I thought a little lady of

my acquaintance would take it kindly—my giving her what I do not prize myself—I would make her a present of it."
 The little blonde face looked up eagerly. "Meaning me?"
 "Meaning you."
 Minnie shook her head. "I'm not a bit proud that way," she said, "and you know it, Hannah Martyn. But to take such a costly thing! Why?"
 "Fifty dollars! That's a trifle, my dear."
 "And it's just perfection," sighed Minnie. "It's what I've been sighing for, and longing for. It would match, oh, so splendidly! with the pearls. If mamma would only buy it now!"
 "Mamma could not buy it for any money," said Hannah, smiling again, to see of what value such trifles (to her) seemed in the sight of the widow Moore's pretty daughter. "I would take it as a favor if you accept it," she said, folding it; "for it is sheer shame to keep it lying there so utterly useless. You are welcome entirely, and heartily welcome."
 "I know I am, you darling. Oh, how kind you are to me! If I ever do get a rich husband—and of course I shall—but then I couldn't give you anything you haven't got."
 Hannah made some merry reply, and a few moments after was alone with her jewels. Alone, to think—to triumph, that any little seed she dropped might bear fruit—and such fruit! She moved about the room restlessly, touching this and that in an uncertain, smiling way, murmuring, with a fond intonation in her rich voice, "Then he is going; can it be he heeded what I said?"
 Her cheek flushed brightly; her lips parted tenderly, giving her again that almost beautiful look; she glanced straight before her into the great oval mirror, and yet seemed not to see the rich crimson of lip and cheek, for she stood again in that curtained recess—heard the trembling, throbbing sighs of the Strauss waltz—looking along the far vista of splendid coloring and graceful motion—watched the appearing and disappearing of happy, beautiful, youthful faces, the light seeming to revolve about them in shining circles, and yet, withal, heard but one voice, saw but one face—for Fletcher Chase stood beside her.
 A combination of indolence and strength, from whom one, well skilled in physiognomy, might look for great faults or great virtues; a handsome man, the slow movements of whose eyes, and the little conventional drawl of speech which never seemed to quicken into enthusiasm, proclaimed a thorough mastery over himself, as far as any exhibition of feeling ever went.
 Strange that to such a man as this Hannah Martyn should bow down. But she loved him; she never disguised the fact to herself, she could not. With her intense hatred of deception it was difficult to conceal it from stranger eyes, perhaps from his.
 And he liked her, because she was so different from other women; because she was never afraid of him, never petted his self-love, which threatened to be inordinate. Although in her heart, as I have said, she bowed down to him, in her outward correspondence she made him bow down to anything but himself.
 "And so you don't wonder that I am enraptured?" he was saying, as she looked far off at the throng.
 "Not at all. What have you to keep you from stagnation? One unvaried round of ease and pleasure, none of the excitements that stir the mind healthily. I'd run off. I know I should be tempted to change conditions with some hard-working man, and earn one right down fatigue—one good, hearty shoulder-ache, if it was only for a day, only to feel some sympathy with these nameless men who are of more use to the world than"—she stopped short—blushes always became her.
 "I am. Go on," he said, bringing his eyes slowly to bear on her face.
 "Well, Fletcher Chase, you know in your soul what I have said is true: that idleness is vice and slow self-murder. Don't you now, honestly?"
 "This dance with me," he said, coolly, as if completely ignoring her question, as he led her out.
 She was trembling, she hardly knew why, almost cheerfully, half angry with herself, and distressed at his nonchalance—but before the dance was through her mind recovered its usual tone. Since then she had heard nothing of Fletcher Chase, till Minnie Moore told her that he was going to India to make his fortune.
 That same night she learned it from his own lips; learned that she need no longer smother her love; learned that among all the attractions he had seen at home and abroad, her almost beautiful face had been the brightest.
 Fletcher had been gone a month when aunt Martyn died. Then Mark, the tall, hale old merchant, her father, after a few months of mourning, hurried her off to Washington. A feverish season of excitement, in which Hannah's heart was not, and then Mark said that business called him to Buffalo, to which city he took his daughter, seeming for the first time in his life to feel pleasure in her society, even preferred staying along with her to going down into the brilliant parlors of the great hotel.
 All this time Hannah had noticed that there was something amiss with her father. His actions and speech were abrupt, at times almost incoherent. She watched him anxiously, saw that his letters caused him great suffering—and, alas! one fatal day, news was brought to her, while she waited for him to

come down to breakfast, that her father was dead! It was hard that all had to be bruted about so publicly, very hard.
 The little bottle of prussic acid held tightly in the cold hand, the strange fits of depression, the haunting dread in his eyes, all were accounted for when news came that Mark Martyn was utterly bankrupt—that besides the few dollars in the pocket-book he carried with him, amounting to all but little over a hundred, not a cent was left for the petted daughter of luxury.
 The time of her trial had come. Some mercantile friends, mostly creditors, came on to Buffalo, nobly offering assistance, but in the first days of her anguish, Hannah refused to be comforted, and sat alone and tearless in the little room of the plain home she had chosen after the funeral was over.
 (To be continued.)

A HURRIED COURTSHIP.

I was a young man possessed of sufficient means to enable me to live at my ease, and refrain from labor of any kind, when suddenly there came a blow that scattered my prosperity to the winds, and forced me to employ my labor and wits in the general struggle of gaining a living. The blow came in the shape of the failure of a large firm in which my capital was invested.
 After securing a clerkship in the house of a creditor of our late firm, my first care was to look up a less expensive boarding house than the fashionable one in which I was living. I inserted an advertisement in several widely circulated city papers, asking for reasonable board in a strictly private family, and of course received a multitude of answers by the next post. Out of the motley installment of epistles there was but one which pleased me, and that one I decided to answer immediately.
 Grace Kingsley was the name of the favored landlady writing to me, and the letter stated that her house was entirely private, having no boarders whatever. I was much pleased with the fair, delicate handwriting, and an idea took possession of me that Grace was a young and fascinating widow. I was not disappointed when I reached the house, and my ringing at the door-bell was answered by the lady herself. She invited me into the parlor in a manner so courteous, and yet so modest, that I had fallen desperately in love with her before I could cross the threshold.
 I enjoyed a very pleasant chat with Mrs. Kingsley. During the conversation she informed me that her late husband had been in a fair way of business, and at his death, a year previous, had left her in pretty comfortable circumstances. They had but one child; and this item of mortality I was most graciously permitted to look upon, as it lay peacefully slumbering in its cradle. I also learned that the lady was living in the house quite alone, and desired a male boarder more as a means of protection than as a source of revenue. In conclusion, the landlady looked so pretty (she was quite young, not more than two or three and twenty), and the board so moderate, her companionship so inviting, and she seemed to trust in me and look upon me so favorably, that I would have been a heathen, dead to all charms and inducements of the sex, if I had not engaged board on the spot.
 The next day I had my trunk removed to my new boarding place, and permanently established myself there. Before leaving my boarding house, a letter was handed me by the postman, but I did not find time to examine it until I was comfortably ensconced in the parlor of Mrs. Kingsley's cozy house.
 Opening the letter, I discovered it to be from a wealthy uncle of mine, residing in Vermont, who regularly sent me a letter once a year; but whom I had never seen. His epistles were always short and to the point, generally consisting of an account of the weather in his locality, and good advice to me to take care of my money, as I might be burdened with some of it before I was much older. I was always very glad to get this advice from him, as I regarded it as an intimation that I was to inherit his wealth on his decease.
 One day, however, about a year previous, I received a letter from him which contained another topic besides those I have mentioned. My uncle made some pressing inquiries respecting my matrimonial prospects, and stated that if I was not already married, I should at once enter into the wedded state, and let him know of it, or he would nevermore be an uncle of mine.
 Now, as my uncle lived in Vermont, and I in Philadelphia, and I never anticipated that he would pay me a visit and discover the falsehood, I wrote and informed him that I was not only married, but the father of a bouncing baby. This intelligence so pleased my uncle that he sent a gold goblet and silver pap-spoon to be presented to my child. I at first sat down and wrote a very romantic letter to my uncle, thanking him for the presents, and then visited the nearest jewelry store and turned both the goblet and spoon into cash, which I pocketed.
 I had received no further letters from my uncle until the one which I read in Mrs. Kingsley's parlor. The postscript to this not only astonished, but absolutely frightened me. It read as follows:
 P. S.—I have never visited Philadelphia, so

I have decided to do so at once, and get a look at you and your wife and child. You may expect me about the 10th of the month.
 "Good gracious! My uncle is coming to visit me," I exclaimed, "and it's past the 10th of the month, now! I don't know at what moment he may pop in. What am I to do for a wife and child?"
 At that moment there came a terrible pull at the door bell, as if the man who owned it imagined that he owned the house and could make as much noise as he pleased. A sickening sensation took possession of me, for I had a misgiving that it was my uncle. Now, as good fortune would have it, Mrs. Kingsley had gone out to a neighboring store for a few moments, and had requested me to have an eye on her child while she was gone, so that it wouldn't fall out of the cradle, and thought of my uncle at the door, a bright idea entered my mind. I determined, in case the visitor was my uncle, to claim the youthful occupant as my own.
 The visitor proved to be my uncle. I knew him by the pictures of him I had seen, and he likewise knew me by my photograph. After a mutual recognition and hand-shaking, I ushered my honored relative into the parlor and introduced him to my newly-claimed offspring.
 "There uncle," said I, "is the first pledge of our married life. I assure you I take pleasure in presenting to you my child."
 "It is a fat little youngster," said my uncle, gazing at it admiringly. "By the way, what is it, boy or girl?"
 That was a knotty question for me to answer, for he was just as much acquainted with its gender as I was. But it would not do to show ignorance on the subject, so I answered at hap-hazard that it was a boy.
 "I am sorry it is a boy," said my uncle; "there are too many boys in the family. Now if you had only produced a little blue-eyed girl, it would have been more sensible."
 I assured him I was sorry the gender did not suit, but hoped in the future his wishes would be gratified.
 So far I had succeeded in deceiving my uncle, but the worst I feared was that, when Mrs. Kingsley returned, she might object to my claiming ownership in her child. Besides, to carry out the deception, I must find a wife as well as infant, and Mrs. Kingsley was the only one I could conveniently claim. The only difficulty was to get her consent to the deception, and this might be done if I could only secure a private conversation with her before I introduced her to my uncle, then it would be all right.
 I watched my opportunity, and gained an interview with her before she entered the room. I told her, in a few brief and hurried words, the extent of my difficulty, and how I had taken the liberty of acting as papa for her little one. I then told her I must find a wife somewhere, and begged her to allow me to introduce her in that capacity. She laughed very heartily at my suggestion, said she could comprehend my difficulty, and consented to the proposal, and very roguishly warned me not to presume upon the occurrence.
 We then entered the parlor, and I introduced her as my better half. My uncle was very much pleased with her, and complimented me upon my good choice in the selection of a wife. Mrs. Kingsley, of course, colored most charmingly at this compliment, and I could scarcely refrain from laughing.
 "You have a fine boy here," said my uncle to Mrs. Kingsley, pointing to the cradle.
 "Excuse me, sir," said she, coloring up again, "it is a girl."
 I was dumbfounded. I was exposed in my iniquity. Would my uncle believe me after this? He looked from me to my pretty landlady, with a puzzled countenance.
 "Your husband told me it was a boy," he said, and rather suspiciously too, I thought.
 "Well, I always took it for a boy," was my reply, putting on a bold face, "but I suppose my wife knows best."
 Here Mrs. Kingsley fairly screamed with laughter, and my uncle's stern face assumed an ironical smile.
 "You are a nice father, ain't you?" he said, touching me with the point of his umbrella, "not to know the sex of your own child. Why, I knew it was a girl the moment I looked at it."
 "But, Charlov," he said, again addressing me, "what did you do with the goblet and pap-spoon I sent to the little one?"
 "Oh, they are perfectly safe, I assure you," I replied; "I have taken good care of them."
 "Yes, but where the deuce are they. I would like very much to take another look at them."
 "Well, I have deposited them in a bank for safe keeping, but I can readily produce them—that is—in the course of a week's time."
 He told me to do so, as he wanted to see them, and then I got out of the room, for fear that he might ask me some more perplexing questions.
 A short time afterward, Mr. Kingsley came to me, when I was alone, in an adjoining room, and I saw immediately that something very humorous must have happened, for the corners of her lips were breaking into smiles.
 "Do you know, sir, into what an awkward predicament you have got me?" she inquired, as she took a seat on the lounge by my side.
 "Explain yourself," I said.
 "Why, your uncle came to me a short time ago, and asked to see my marriage certificate, and he said he had some money to settle upon

us immediately, but wanted to be sure that everything was right first."

"Did you expose me?" I enquired anxiously.

"No sir, I did not, for I never enter into a deception, or anything else, by halves."

I was so elated that I could not withstand the temptation of embracing her. This did not make her angry, for she nestled her head cozily on my shoulder and smiled serenely.

"What answer did you make him?" I then asked.

She hesitated for a moment, and then said: "I promised to produce the marriage certificate."

"But we haven't got any," I then remarked.

She indulged in a quiet little laugh to herself, but said nothing.

Mrs. Kingsley—nay, my dear, madam—no, I will call you darling—we are both in a scrape, and there is but one way for us to get out of it. We must go and get married immediately. Will you be my wife?"

"I shall be delighted," she answered frankly, and seizing both my hands, said that she was ready for a frolic of any kind.

We lost no time, I assure you. I don't think Mrs. Kingsley ever got into her Sunday clothes in such a hurry in her life before, while I spoiled two pair of suspenders in my frantic endeavors to be on time. We quite astonished the parson by our haste, and at the conclusion of the ceremony I would have forgotten to give him the usual "fee," if he had not reminded me of it.

We had secured the coveted marriage certificate, signed and sealed, and were not safely out of our difficulties, as we thought. We had omitted one precaution, as we presented the certificate to uncle. It was all right with exception of the modern date.

"Why, how is this?" said my uncle gazing at the document through his specs; "I thought you were married over a year ago."

"So we were, uncle," I answered very solemnly.

"How comes it, then, that the certificate is dated to-day?" he asked in a voice of thunder.

We were struck speechless, both my wife and I.

"Come," said my uncle, "I see there has been some trickery here. Own up to it, or I will never forgive you."

I did own up to it, and told him the whole story. I expected it would make him angry, but it did not; for he laughed heartily, and said I was a clever rascal, and he was proud of me.

"But how about the gold goblet and pappoon? You haven't been drawing the wool over my eyes about them, too, have you—eh?"

I told the truth about the goblet and pappoon.

"Why you are a regular trickster," said my uncle. "I believe you would deceive Satan himself. But I won't get angry with you, for I used to play the same games myself when I was young."

In a word, we became reconciled, and my uncle settled on me a sufficient income to enable me to quit my irksome duty as a clerk. He has gone back to Vermont, and I can but say in conclusion, that when he pays us another visit, I can show several "little people" that I call my own, and without telling a falsehood.

A TASTE FOR READING.

We cannot linger in the beautiful creations of inventive genius, or pursue the splendid discoveries of modern science, without a new sense of the capacities and dignity of human nature, which naturally leads to a sterner self-respect, to manlier resolves and higher aspirations. We cannot read the ways of God to man as resolved in the history of nations, of sublime virtues as exemplified in the lives of great and good men, without falling into that mood of thoughtful admiration, which, though it be but a transient glow, is a purifying and elevating influence while it lasts. The study of history is especially valuable as an antidote to self-exaggeration. It teaches lessons of humility, patience and submission. When we read of realms smitten with the scourge of famine or pestilence, or strewn with the bloody ashes of war; of grass growing in the streets of the great cities; of ships rotting at the wharves; of fathers burying their sons; of strong men begging their bread; of fields untilled, and silent workshops, and despairing countenances—we hear a voice of rebuke to our clamorous sorrows and peevish complaints. We learn that pain and suffering and disappointment are a part of God's providence, and that no contract was ever yet made with man by which virtue should secure to him temporal happiness.

In books, be it remembered, we have the best products of the best minds. We should any of us esteem it a great privilege to pass an evening with Shakespeare or Bacon, were such a thing possible. But were we admitted to the presence of one of these illustrious men, we might find him touched with infirmity, or oppressed with weariness, or darkened with the shadow of a recent trouble, or absorbed by intrusive and tyrannous thoughts. To us the oracle might be dumb, and the light eclipsed. But, when we take down one of their volumes, we run no such risk. Here we have their best thoughts, embalmed in their best words; immortal flowers of poetry, wet with Castalian dews, and the golden fire of wisdom that had long ripened on the bough before it was gather-

ed. Here we find the growth of the choicest seasons of the mind, when mortal cares were forgotten, and mortal weaknesses were subdued; and the soul, stripped of its vanities and its passions, lay bare to the finest effluences of truth and beauty. We may be sure that Shakespeare never out-talked his Hamlet, nor Bacon his Essays. Great writers are indeed best known through their books. How little, for instance, do we know of the life of Shakespeare; but how much do we know of him!

For the knowledge that comes from books, I would claim no more than it is fairly entitled to. I am well aware that there is no inevitable connection between intellectual cultivation, on the one hand, and individual virtue or social well-being on the other. "The tree of knowledge is not the tree of life." I admit that genius and learning are sometimes found in combination with gross vices, and not unfrequently with contemptible weaknesses; and that a community at once cultivated and corrupt is no impossible monster. But it is overstatement to say that, other things being equal, the man who has the greatest amount of intellectual resources is in the least danger from inferior temptations—if for no other reason—because he has fewer idle moments. The ruin of most men dates from some vacant hour. Occupation is the armour of the soul; and the train of idleness is borne up by all the vices. I remember a satirical poem, in which the Devil is represented as fishing for men, and adapting his baits to the tastes and temperaments of his prey; but the idler, he said, pleased him most, because he bit the naked hook. To a young man away from home, friendless and forlorn in a great city, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bedtime, for the moon and stars see more of evil in a single hour than the sun in his whole day's circuit. The poet's visions of evening are all compact of tender and soothing images. It brings the wanderer to his home, the child to his mother's arms, the ox to his stall, and the weary laborer to his rest. But to the gentle-hearted youth who is thrown upon the rocks of a pitiless city, and stands "homeless amid a thousand homes," the approach of evening brings with it an aching sense of loneliness and desolation, which comes down upon the spirit like darkness upon the earth. In this mood, his best impulses become a snare to him; and he is led astray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic, and warm-hearted. If there be a young man, thus circumstanced, within the sound of my voice, let me say to him, that books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is the home of the homeless. A taste for reading will always carry you into the best possible company, and enable you to converse with men who will instruct you by their wisdom, and charm you by their wit; who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times.—George S. Hillard.

CATCHING A TARTAR.

A correspondent of the London Telegraph in an account of the Liverpool races, gives the following description of a swindling game practised there:—"As far as I could see, card sharpening was not extensively practised in Aintree, but the nimble young fellows who worked the purse trick were doing a roaring business literally. In one case—as it was my good fortune to witness—there was a rawboned lad who had the appearance of a boilermaker, and who was an attentive listener to the persuasive discourse of the gentleman on the stool. 'It's all right this time, and no gammon about it,' said the latter; 'there's half a crown in the purse. I tell you I am obliged to chuck in a sweetener sometimes, and a poor lad like you may as well have it as them that don't want it.' The rawboned lad was tempted, evidently. 'I ain't got on'y tenpence,' said he, wistfully. The gentleman on the stool was not a hard dealing person, however. 'Aye, I thought you was some poor devil down on his back,' said he, pityingly. 'Well, never mind; I'll lose twopenny by you. Give me the tenpence.' 'But what'll I do if I'm took in like the rest?' 'Do what you like,' said the gentleman on the stool. 'I shan't grumble.' 'Then I think I shall have a go at un,' remarked the young ironworker, at the same time landing up his only tenpence and receiving the purse. He opened it and there were three halfpence in it. The young ironworker didn't swear; he whipped off his jacket as calmly as though he was about to begin an ordinary job of riveting. His next movement was to kick the stool from beneath the first swindler's feet, so as to bring him something nearer his own level. 'Now,' said he, 'look out, and recollect what you said about not grumbling,' and before the dodger could recover from his amazement, a row of knuckles, hard as buckhorn, smote him between the eyes, and he measured his length on the turf. He must have been an awfully plucky young fellow. Two of the pursenun's confederates made a hasty step forward to the rescue of their comrade, but the formidable fist came full tilt against their visages, and there they were all three sprawling among the spilled money and the scattered purses. 'There's twopenny'orth for you,' said the young ironworker; 'fourpenny'orth for him, and threepenny'orth for each of you,' and, so saying, he put on his jacket and strolled away, striking a match for his pipe against a cart-wheel by way of conclusion."

Christian graces, like the stars, shine brightest in the darkest hour.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

For thousands of years, the hearts of animals had been beating before it was discovered that the purpose of the continuous action of that organ was to bring the supplies required for international repair to the remotest members of the animal body, and at the same time to carry off the waste which had been replaced by fresh material. For thousands of years, human hearts had been beating, and, misled by superficial observation, the heart was supposed to be the seat of thought and passion, the centre of good and evil, devotion and love; and it was even compared by poets to an altar on which flames were burning, etc.

But modern biologists have changed all this. The human heart is no longer the seat of the noble feelings of generosity, charity, and of love; all these functions have been transferred to the brain, while the heart has been degraded to a simple hydraulic apparatus, in fact, to a machine to all intents and purposes equivalent to a pump.

If, after having fully realized the stupendous change in our estimate of this noble organ, we make it our task to investigate its operation, our admiration and delight concerning its exquisite construction compensates us fully for the disappointment which at first we may have felt when poetry had to make room for reality. During the life of a man, this little pumping machine performs some 104,000 pulsations every twenty-four hours, 37,000,000 per year, and, in a life of 80 years, nearly 3,000,000,000 of pulsations without ever stopping, as a stoppage would be at once fatal to the individual. Every pulsation projects six ounces of blood with a force which has, by experiment, been determined to be equivalent to a power of three foot pounds for every pulsation, and 72 x 3 or 216 foot pounds per minute; estimating the power of a strong man at 4,320 foot pound per minute, it is seen that the little muscle which we call the heart exerts at every contraction a power equal to one twentieth part of the power which his whole body is capable of exerting; but then this power works night and day without his will, even without his knowledge, while man can only work one third of the time. The whole amount of blood propelled by the heart is 27 lbs. per minute, 1,620 lbs. per hour, 38,000 lbs. per day, 14,000,000 lbs. per year, 1,000,000,000 lbs. in a life time. Are we not then justified in asserting that there is nothing lost to the eye of the intellect, by the transfer of the heart from the domain of imagination and speculation to that of positive science?

The heart with the regular musical rhythm of the contraction of its four chambers, the never failing opening and closure of its admirably constructed valves, sends the blood, which is a most mysterious metamorphosis of the food consumed, through the arteries, which by their elasticity equalize the rhythmic impulses into a steady current, when the blood reaches the capillary vessels; here the blood is propelled further by capillary action, by the forces of endosmosis and exosmosis; the blood thus reaches every recess, either in muscle, skin, nerve, or even bone, and, replacing every organic molecule which has become obsolete, carries the latter through the veins towards the liver, kidneys, and spleen to be purified, and lastly to the lungs to undergo the main purification, the throwing off of all gaseous matter, especially carbonic acid and the absorption of the vital oxygen. Then it returns to the heart, to be again and again propelled through the body.

The absorbing power of the capillaries is proved by the fact that after death the arteries are always found empty; this deceived the ancient anatomists, who therefore considered them as air ducts, wherefore they gave them the name of arteries; when the heart stops beating, this capillary absorption goes on till the arteries are emptied. For the beating of the heart the stimulus of the oxygenized air is necessary, as proved by vivisection of animals, which shows that when, by the opening of the chest, the lungs collapse the heart at once ceases to beat; if, however, respiration is restored by an artificial periodical inflation of the lungs by air, the pulsations of the heart are at once resumed, and may thus be kept up for a considerable time.

With our present knowledge of all these positive facts, it appears surprising that it is only two hundred years ago that the circulation of the blood was first discovered by Harvey, and that it was only after opposition and discussion of many years duration that it was accepted by the doctors.

The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures, consists in promoting the pleasures of others.

Love, which is only an episode in the life of men, is the entire history of women.

Grant graciously what you cannot refuse safely, and conciliate those you cannot conquer.

I hate to see a thing done by halves, if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong have it undone.

Nothing is less in our power than the heart, and far from commanding it we are forced to obey it.

Love for men is not a sentiment—it is an idea; as soon as theirs is stale, love dies.

Red Cards, Programmes, Bill-Heads, and Mammoth Posters, (illuminated or plain), executed at this office, 124 Bay St.

LABOR VS. CAPITAL IN THE UNITED STATES.

The labor question which has received new life in New York from the recent troubles of the New York Gas Company, seems likely to again be the cause of considerable agitation. So long as the strikes are unorganized and the movement not a general one little will be accomplished. When one branch of industry in a certain locality by a 'strike' announces itself as the redresser of all the wrongs from which the laboring classes suffer, there are always men enough from other regions to supply the vacant places. If, for instance, the masons in New York strike, it is only a question of twenty-four hours to obtain others from the country towns. If the brass workers in Brooklyn quit work those in Jersey city will do just so many hours of extra labor. Thus it has been in the past, with very few exceptions, and, as a consequence nearly all efforts in the way of strikes have failed. It has long been conceded that this arbitrary means of bringing capital to the feet of labor can only be successfully exercised by skilled tradesmen—men who have served apprenticeships which make them the superiors of common day laborers.

It is evident that there will eventually grow up a great labor party, and that this will result in a direct clash between capital and labor. As a basis of a most extensive movement there already exists, besides International Societies, the following

LABOR ORGANIZATIONS.

NATIONAL — National Labor Union; Bricklayers, and Carpenters, and Joiners' National Unions; Grand Lodge of Plasterers; Grand Lodge of the Daughters of St. Crispin; Building League and the Workmen's Union.

TRADES UNIONS IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK. Bakers', Boiler Makers', Bookbinders', Bricklayers', Brushmakers', Cabinet Makers', Carpenters', Ship Joiners', Cartmen's, Carvers', Cigar Makers', Coachmen's, Crispins', (six lodges) Derrickmen's Engineers', Ferry Engineers', Gas Fitters', Gasmen's, (two lodges) Gas Metre Makers', Horse Shoers', House Smiths', Iron Molders', Laborers', Machinists and Blacksmiths', Marble Cutters', Marble Polishers, Packing Box Makers and Sawyers' (three lodges), Painters' (six lodges), Fresco Painters', Paper Hangers', Piano Makers', Plasterers', Plumbers', Printers', Stone Masons', Sugar Refiners', Tailors', Tin Cornice Makers' and Slate Roofers', Upholsterers and the Workwomen's Protective Unions.

A MASS MEETING CALLED.

The national organization is not in any way openly moving at present, but is strengthening itself throughout the country. The International, on the contrary, while it claims to be conservative, does not deny that it means, if necessary, to call for the use of force as a last resort. It asserts that as one great class of reformers was forced into the extremity of accepting a great civil war to free the colored race, so the Internationals will not shrink from the responsibility of a revolution to secure the rights of white labor. They are, evidently, desperately in earnest. The following circular will be issued:

International Workmen's Association, American Federation, N. Y., April 15, 1873.

To the Officers and Members of the Various Trades Organizations in the City and State of New York:

You are hereby requested to send two delegates to a convention to be held at Germania Assembly Rooms, (Bowery,) on Tuesday evening April 22, 1873, at eight o'clock, having in view the testing and enforcement of the eight hour law in this State.

First—The providing of ways and means for the prosecution to all violations of the eight hour law in this State.

Second—The framing and laying before the present Legislature a bill providing for the enforcement of the eight hour law.

Trusting that you will recognize the importance of holding said Convention by sending your delegates, clothing them with the power to co-operate both morally and materially,

We remain, yours, &c., C. OSBORNE WARD, GEO. BLAIR, W. A. CARSEY, HUGH HALBERT, JOHN HALBERT, T. K. KINGETT, J. W. MADDOX, Committee.

By order of Fed. Council.

THE SITUATION

at present is rather difficult to understand. There appears to be no reason to fear a general strike this Summer unless the employing carpenters are determined to force their men back to the ten-hour system. It is claimed that this will be the last question, and should such an action seem probable

a general uprising of labor will take place. The scenes of last Summer will be again repeated. It is claimed however that on this occasion the strikes will be so general as to affect every branch of industry throughout the country. There is the guarantee of the National Labor Union. All that the laboring men intend to do this season is to try, by legally testing several cases of the infraction of the eight hour statute, to quietly establish their rights. There is an eight hour statute in existence in the State of New York, but it amounts to nothing so far as the laboring men are concerned. Even the general law of the United States was disregarded by the contractors of the new Post Office now erected in City Hall Park, and it was not until an additional bill was passed by Congress for the special relief of these individual workmen that the government law became operative.

Should the law fail the movement will quietly go on by perfecting the union through the numerous organization of the entire labor element of the land. Then it is asserted in the Spring of 1874, there will be such a strike as was never seen in all the world before. This plan will be worked out to the bitter end and the heads of the movement seem very confident of ultimate victory.

STUPIDITIES.

Under this head, Dr. Hall, in his *Journal of Health* for March, 1873, humorously discourses on the tendency of the times, as follows:

It is really a great wonder that everybody is not dead and buried, and the world itself used up entirely, if the thousandth part of what is told us about microscopic and other "discoveries," so called, is true. One man will have it that the glorious Union over which the stripes and stars float so proudly will soon become depopulated, because respectable people don't have children; another has discovered myriads of bugs in the chateaines and waterfalls of the ladies, boring into their skulls and sucking out all the remaining brains of the dear delightfuls. A German *sarav* now tells us that every sip of tea we take is full of oily globules which get into the lungs direct, weaken them, set up a cough, and the person dies of consumption. Another man has found that the purest spring water, clear as crystal to all appearance, if let alone will deposit a sediment which generates typhoid fever; hence he proposes that everybody shall quit drinking water. Another says that bread has so much lime in it that it is turning us all to bone, and makes us stiff in the joints, that being the reason we have no lithe, sprightly old men now-a-days; hence we are full of limps and rheumatics long before our time, therefore we had better quit eating bread altogether, and live on rice and sago and tapioca. The water cure folks assure us that pork and beans and ham and eggs are full of abominable trichinae, an that, if one is swallowed and gets fairly nestled into the system, he, she or it will breed a million more in a short time, and that roast beef has juvenile tape worms in it. And here come Tom, Dick, and Harry, all in a row, loaded down with microscopes and spy glasses which show as plain as day that the air is swarming with living monsters and putrid poisons, which fly into the mouth and crawl up the nose and creep into the ear; hence it is death to breathe such pestilential air, and that the best way is to keep the mouth shut, plug up the nose, and ram cotton into the ears.

Ever so many learned professional gentlemen have been torturing poor figures for years to make them tell the stupendous fib that everybody is either crazy or soon will be; that the annual increase is ten per cent., consequently in eleven years everybody will be crazy, and more too.

The fact is that the people who spend their time in hatching out these tomfooleries, ought to be put to work and be made to earn an honest living. This world has been pretty well taken care of for some thousands of years, increasing in comfort and wealth and life, the average length of which last has doubled within two centuries, and the population increased perhaps three fold; and the presumption is that the Great Maker of all will so arrange all the antagonistic forces of life for the future as eventually to make "the wilderness and solitary place to be glad, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose," and the race be happy still.

The WHITE HART, cor. of Yonge & Elm sts., is conducted on the good old English style, by Bell Belmont, late of London, Eng., who has made the above the most popular resort of the city. The bar is most elegantly decorated, displaying both judgment and taste, and is pronounced to be the "Prince of Bars." It is under the sole control of Mrs. Emma Belmont, who is quite capable of discharging the duties entrusted to her. The spacious billiard room is managed by H. Vosper; and the utmost courtesy is displayed by every one connected with this establishment.

NOTICE.

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

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

We wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of 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, 124 BAY STREET.

Trades Assembly Hall.

Meetings are held in the following order:—
Machinists and Blacksmiths, 1st and 3rd Mondays.

- Painters, 1st and 3rd Monday.
- Cochmakers, 2nd and 4th Monday.
- Carpenters, (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.

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The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1873.

THE WORKINGMAN'S CURSE.

The old dispute as to the color of the chameleon is constantly renewed in regard to the character of the working classes. Those who dread their combinations, and who, therefore, condemn such united efforts as they make for the attainment of common objects, give them a character that is anything rather than pleasant; whilst it very frequently happens that their good natured, candid friends occasionally put in a touch when the process of blacking is going on, that they may not, we presume, be suspected of being influenced by the unfairness of prejudice.

These thoughts are suggested by recent occurrences in the Old World. Not long since, Mr. Roebuck, at Sheffield, as the candid and courageous friend of everybody, was good enough to say that the workingman was very simple-minded, but that his trusted leaders were knaves of the worst description, who, according to his idea, deserved the "execration of the world"—that, in short, workingmen were a well-meaning, but credulous and silly lot, who followed "conscienceless rascals" to the injury of their employers, who are their best friends, and upon whose wise benevolence they should implicitly rely. However good natured this may be on the part of Mr. Roebuck, certainly it is not very flattering to the working people.

Then from another source—a Mr. Dickinson, inspector of the Manchester district—the colliers of England are given an incidental touch as to their extravagant habits. This gentleman

being questioned as to the extravagant habits of the colliers, before the committee on "coal," recently sitting, stated that he had heard "stories about the men drinking champagne." He had not seen any such thing; but as a writer in an English exchange humorously remarks:—

The story is not well told; it is too bald in incident. The champagne ought to have been drunk at a colliers' feast consisting of pottage au lievre, fillet de soles a la Orly, Spring Lamb, roasted, and mint sauce, roast capons, stuffed with truffles, snipe and teal, plum pudding, quince pies, cream kisses, and tutti-frutti ice cream. When a story of this sort is started, it is always best, as the vulgar say, "to go the whole animal."

True, as the writer says, "the story is too bald." A little artistic working up would have made it much pleasanter in the committee-room of the English Parliament House, and far more suggestive to those who write leading articles for the newspapers, and who understand so thoroughly the habits and ways of the working people, that when they undertake to libel them, they know to a nicety how to keep clear of the truth!

But the most serious thing of this kind of mischievous mis-statement is a declaration recently made by the Earl of Shaftesbury:—

"He remembered," he said, "thirty years ago there was a committee appointed by the House of Commons, in connection with the principles of combination, and Sir Archibald Allison laid it down as a truth that high wages were the curse of the workingmen. He (Lord Shaftesbury) could not help thinking the statement a correct one. Of course where economy and prudence were practised, the condition of the workingman should be improved by higher wages, but where there were recklessness and improvidence, the sudden increase of money was productive of the greatest possible mischief, and so long as these habits continued he could not but think on increase of wages was a positive infliction to the workingman, his wife, and children. He had been lately told by one of our greatest engineers, that when a demand was made by his men for an increase he had given them an extra half-a-crown each week. That half-a-crown he invariably found was spent in the public-house, and instead of the wives and children benefiting, they were rather worse off than before."

Now, we would ask what other deduction can be drawn from this assertion, than that high wages should be deprecated, and that employers, in paying low wages, are not only benefitting themselves financially, but are, at the same time, conferring a personal blessing on Society? It follows as a matter of course, then, that trade societies, in seeking to raise wages, are simply endeavoring to promote improvidence and intemperance; and that instead of improving the condition of those living by labor, they are practically inflicting the worst evils on women and children by degrading and brutalizing their husbands and fathers! Those who are acquainted with the life of the Earl of Shaftesbury, and remember his noble efforts on behalf of the factory children, could not think for a moment of questioning the purity of his intentions when dealing with any question affecting the laboring population; yet there can be no doubt that these words will be more evil in their effect than if, instead of coming from a well meaning friend, they had been uttered by the most inveterate enemy the workingmen of England ever had at any period of their struggle for the advancement of the cause of labor reform.

There is, however, a vulgar error amongst workingmen, that high wages, as a rule, mean more comfortable homes, and many other things pleasant to the hearts of the toilers. While it is unfortunately true that sometimes well paid mechanics spend their money foolishly and wickedly; yet the opinion is gaining ground, that while most of what is earned is thus spent foolishly, yet very, very much more is spent in bringing cheerfulness and comfort to their homes; and it certainly is a general, indisputable truth, that the well-paid workers, as a rule, are much better off than the ill-paid; and whatever else high wages may be to workingmen, they are decidedly anything but a "curse."

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THE INSOLVENCY LAW.

The Insolvency Act now on the statute book expires this year. In the Dominion Parliament Sir John A. Macdonald called the attention of the Committee of the House on Expiring Bills to the fact, and if they decide to bring in a bill to extend the operations of the Act over another year, and the bill is passed, the Government will take steps during the recess to prepare a measure which they will submit to Parliament next session. It may not be forgotten that last session the House of Commons voted in favor of the repeal of the present law,—and that the law was saved by the action of the Senate. A short time will prove whether or no the present House of Commons is of the same opinion as its predecessor. It is necessary that a proper insolvency law should be in operation; though we have reason to question whether the present one has altogether accomplished the purposes that were designed by its enactments. We believe that while it may have, in some instances, been the means of assisting an unfortunate tradesman into a better position, yet it has, perhaps, more frequently been taken advantage of by sharpers and dishonest persons to defraud creditors. We have in our mind's eye, at the present moment, almost a score of persons, who, during the past four years, have undergone the "whitewashing" operation; and yet, strange to say, in the course of a very little time after they had received their discharge, were able to build themselves magnificent dwellings, from the ample bow windows of which they can with complacency look down upon their less unfortunate creditors, who probably had to content themselves with twenty-five cents, or even less, in the dollar. Should another bill be matured, it ought to be of the most stringent character, so that the possibility of such sharp practices may be altogether removed.

WORKINGMEN AT THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

On the Continent the workingmen would appear to be becoming a vexation and a trouble to those above him in society, who have imposed upon themselves the duty of looking after him, and taking care that he imbibes no dangerous ideas. A certain sum of money was asked in the French Assembly for the purpose of sending a few workingmen to the Vienna Exhibition, that they might make themselves acquainted with such improvements in their several trades as might be exhibited there from various parts of the world. Of course the idea is not new; and it may be added that the visit of French workmen to the London Exhibition in 1862, appears to have resulted in much practical usefulness. The idea however, was opposed on the ground that the men sent might be indoctrinated with dangerous ideas—international heresies calculated to injure the future repose of France. The money was refused by a not very large vote—but it was refused; and in the meantime, it is to be hoped, with so much paternal care and watchfulness exercised over them, that the minds of French workmen will be kept free from all moral and political contamination. In the opinion of M. Thiers' Government it may be well to keep workingmen from travelling; but as ideas travel, we are very much interested to know how those are to be stopped at the frontier. We suppose, however, the Government will be equal to the occasion!

While we are upon this subject, we might ask whether it would not be a good idea for our Government now in session, to depute a few practical workingmen from our largest centres of industry, to attend the Vienna Exhibition, and report on matters pertaining to their respective branches of industry. The English Board of Arts, with the assistance of the Government, sent some eighty men to the last French Exposition, and their visit resulted in a series of very valuable reports. The recognition of industrial skill which such action on the part of our Government would imply, would alone be of great value; whilst

we have little hesitation in saying that from a financial point of view, the gain would be indisputable. We understand it is the intention of one of the members to bring the matter forward; and we shall watch with interest for the result. We shall probably return to this matter on a future occasion.

CAPTURING EMIGRANTS.

The Mail, on Wednesday of last week, took occasion to warn the authorities at the emigrant sheds, in this city, against allowing newly landed arrivals from the old country to be engaged by employers of labor here at prices inconsistent with the general tariff of wages in force in various parts of the Province. The Emigration Agent, Mr. Donaldson, denied that any such case had occurred at the Emigration Depot. The Mail returned to the charge, and gave the proof of the case; and the offender turns out to be no other than the Hon. George Brown, who is accused of picking up recruits for his farm at Bow Park, in the manner indicated; and the Mail concludes its article thus:—

"A bucolic crimp is an outrage on the proverbial simplicity of country life; and, inasmuch as the accusation has been brought home to the camp of the Grits, it affords one more instance of the divergence of practice and preaching. If we are to believe Grit professions, their friendliness to the workingman is on the confines of communism. If their practices are to be regarded, the workingman has too often in a Grit employer had reason to recognise a money-seeking, tyrannical slave-driver."

It is well, if such practices as spoken of above, be indulged in, that publicity be given to them, in order that public opinion may prevent their repetition. But we may, perhaps, inform the Mail that not alone is it true, that "too often in a Grit employer has the workingman had reason to recognise a money-seeking, tyrannical slave-driver," but the same remark may apply with equal force, with the word "Tory" substituted for that of "Grit." Too often is it the case that it is six of one and half a dozen of the other.

HOME.

(CONTRIBUTED BY R. H. F.)

The homes of people are the landmarks of civilization. They are the standard by which we may measure their moral and social greatness. What is a nation but a large family possessing rights and duties, interests and privileges? The influence of each member of that family, for good or evil is reciprocal. As the shock of electricity vibrates and expands, so the influence of the human action is diffused from the center to the circumference of human society. Hence how cold that heart must be that does not beat so quickly at mention of the word "Home." What delightful associations and fond recollections are connected with that peaceful spot! What soothing influences—what bright dreams of rest and repose, does this one sacred word suggest to the wanderer! Tossed about upon the stormy billows of adversity—never rested; no one near him to care for the poor unfortunate; no one to condole with or offer him sympathy in the dark hour of misfortune. How gratified, then, should he be that a good Providence has guided and safely moored his distressed bark upon the sunny shores of Friendship and Love!—for it is here that virtues and charity, the blessings of human life, are enjoyed. Here the sympathies of the heart and affection of the mind are nourished and developed, and all that is good and great in our nature is brought to maturity.

THE LABORERS' UNION.

On Saturday night the Assembly Hall was well filled by the laborers of this city, and the work of organization goes bravely on. The following have been elected for the current term:—President, Mr. Wm. Draman; Vice-President, Mr. J. Fields; Treasurer, Mr. T. O'Grady; Recording Secretary, Mr. Wm. Giles; Financial Sec., Mr. Ryan; Tyler, Mr. P. Madden.

AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE.

We are constantly hearing of the war between labor and capital, of the exactions of employers, of the discontent of workingmen, and of the occurrence of strikes. These are the disagreeable features of modern industry which are brought to our notice by the press of this and other countries.

It is only in exceptional cases that the "hands" in any great industrial establishment are on the best of terms with their employers, and work with them harmoniously, in the assurance that thus the mutual interests of all parties are most satisfactorily subserved.

It is a pleasant thing to meet with such an incident as that which is just reported from one of the great Pennsylvania iron manufactories, located at Pittsburgh. It appears that the owners of this concern have been overtaken by financial embarrassments, which made it necessary for them to close up, made it impossible for them to pay their men, and threatened them with irretrievable ruin. What course did the men take under the circumstances? Did they try to impose the hardest terms upon their employers? Did they denounce them as tyrants and swindlers? Did they thus attempt to increase their embarrassments, and hasten their ruin? Did they attempt to seize this chance of pressing the war of labor upon capital? We have heard of such things being done in other cases. If the men had been fools, they might have thus conducted themselves, to the injury of all concerned. But they took a far wiser course. The telegraph says that when the workingmen of this establishment learned that their employers were about to succumb under misfortune, they held a meeting and adopted resolutions of respect and sympathy. But they did more and better than this. To the number of one thousand they offered their services in the workshops for two or three months, on the simple condition that the necessary supplies to sustain themselves and families be furnished from the store, agreeing to ask no wages until such times as their employers were able to pay them. This was certainly a noble offer, and one which the employers of these men could accept with pride and gratitude.

We say it is pleasing to see such action on the part of a thousand workingmen in an industrial establishment. These men may be said to have held the fate of their employers in their hands. They might have sullenly determined to enforce the letter of the law, whoever was injured by it. They had it in their power to avert the impending ruin. They wisely did so. The noise of their industry will again be heard. It will be music in their own ears and in the ears of their employers. It will mean mutual respect and mutual helpfulness. The men, we may be sure, will work harder than ever. The employers, we have no doubt, will manage things more carefully and sagaciously. We may feel very certain that such employers will have no difficulty in securing credit for the supplies needed by their workingmen, or of securing material for their establishment on easy terms. We can hardly doubt that the creditors to whom they are indebted will themselves relax the severity of their demands, when they see the conduct of these workingmen. One good deed gives birth to many others, and sheds its influence far and wide.

Let us say, in the first place, that there must be something honorable and trustworthy in the character of employers who can secure such devotion and such sacrifices from a thousand workingmen. They must have impressed the men with a sense of their integrity and justice, as well as of their sagacity and discretion. Character is worth something in this world. It will often save a man when all else is lost.

In the second place, these workingmen evidently understood that there were certain mutual interests between capital and labor, between the employer and the employed. It was their interest, as well as that of their employers, to keep up, and not to break down, the industrial establishment in which they were both represented. If the men lost work in

one place, they could probably have found it in another; but it would not have been so easy for the employers to again set themselves up in business and secure control of capital. In time of trouble, labor and capital may render unusual service to each other.

In the third place, it is evident that there had been no such animosities in this establishment as often exist between workmen and their employers. These men can never have looked on their employers as selfish, greedy and unprincipled tyrants, "ready to screw the life out of them," and reckless of their interests and feelings. In like manner, these employers can never have looked on their men as enemies, or as banded conspirators who had no regard for the rights of capital, but determined to secure the largest amount of pay for the smallest amount of work, as nearly worthless as possible. There must have been mutual respect between both parties, before the action occurred of which we are speaking. There must have been a mutual consideration of each other's interest. There must have been a mutual understanding of each other's duties. The thing which these workmen did was assuredly the natural growth from many other things which had gone before. It does not indicate such a relation as exists between slaves and tyrants.

We might make many more reflections on this interesting incident, but we rather think we will stop with the few broad lessons we have drawn from the consideration of all concerned. — *Scottish American Journal.*

Communications.

TORONTO.

CONVICT LABOR.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

In New York the Prison Commission put under oath John J. Bradshaw, shoemaker, who stated that he was assistant keeper in King's County Penitentiary, and had held converse with prisoners there, and found that nearly all claimed to have been inmates of the Randall's House of Refuge, and had been there taught criminality. They complained of not being treated right in the House of Refuge, alleging that they were punished on the complaint of contractors' employees, and that older boys who had been thieves, taught the younger ones thieving, and created a sentiment in favor of crime.

Thomas P. Crowne, shoemaker and instructor in the House of Refuge, had some experience in outside labor. A man could last from fifty-five to sixty pairs of shoes per day. In the House a boy was required to last forty pairs per day, and if he fell short, he was punished. They were punished by the superintendent and keepers. Had seen a keeper strike a boy on the complaint of an instructor, so hard that it produced bleeding of the nose. Had seen boys, while their nose was bleeding, sent to the hydrant to wash, and if their work was not made up they were punished again. Had often seen red stripes on the boys' backs, and a common saying was, "You will get the stars and stripes." Had also seen instructors, when a keeper was around, and they dare not strike, to tread on the boys' toes, so as to make them "squirm all around."

George W. Coffin was employed as book keeper by the shoe contractor in the House of Refuge. After testifying as to price paid for labor and work done, he said, as far as he could see, and he had fifteen or twenty under his charge, there seemed to be no attention paid to their reformation. Had known boys sentenced for some trivial offence, who became in a short time as thoroughly hardened as any in the institution.

Valentine Feldman worked as a free laborer in the House of Refuge. Had "often and often" seen boys abused by contractors' employees. They did not call it abusing a boy to give him a kick or a blow on the head. Had seen boys punished until the blood ran down into their boots. There were two ways of punishing reported boys. In a small office connected with the shop there was a box; the boy's pants were taken off, the boy laid across the box, and whipped with a cane, so that the welts could be counted by the blood. The other way was to take the boy to the stairs, take down his pants and whip him in the same manner. Knew a boy to be punished so that he died in about four days. — "The assistant superintendent, Mr. Halleck, carried him down to the office by his collar, and

there punished him for about fifteen minutes with his cane, so that the blood ran down the boy's back. Then the assistant superintendent brought him back and struck him on the side of the head, telling him if he did not do his work right he would give him more yet. Then the boy cried out, 'For God's sake, don't! I am not able to do it!' So he took him to the office again and caned him. The boy could not speak a word, yet he was caned a third time. After this caning the boy could not come upstairs, and they took him to the hospital, where he died in about four days. After his death a correspondent wrote to the New York Tribune, stating the facts and asking for an investigation, which took place. The punishment of Mr. Halleck was his deposition from his office as assistant superintendent, and installation as teacher of the school. The eye-witnesses were not examined, but the whole matter was settled in the office of the institution."

John Riley, Benj. F. Dymock, and Thomas Barber were examined to rebut the above evidence, on the same principle as the advocate who introduced six witnesses to prove that they did not see the prisoner steal.

Israel Jones, the superintendent, admitted two punishments of the boy Frank Stevens, one on the 15th of July, and the other on the 18th.

On examination of the punishment book two punishments were recorded for the week ending the 15th of July, and no entry for the 18th. He was admitted to the hospital on the 26th, and died on August 2nd.

I am tired of these sickening details, and here close my evidence of the demoralization of the prisoners, and cruelty to the same, by the inhuman contract system of prison labor.

It is refreshing to turn from these horrible accounts, and recite the evidence of Z. R. Brockway, superintendent of the Detroit House of Correction:—

"The pecuniary advantages of our system of prison labor are manifest in the increased income of the institution, the profits of the labor accruing to it instead of to contractors. The effect of the discipline is not so marked, but can readily be inferred from what will be immediately stated as to the superior advantages of ours over the contract system in a reformatory point of view. It facilitates the introduction of reformatory agencies as occasion may require; obviating the necessity for routine in this department, which the contract system renders imperative. It divests the establishment of a mercenary spirit, and sheds over all the inmates a kindly, curative air, putting labor where (in the prisoner's mind) it ought to be, viz., as the means to an end beneficial to himself. It enables us to organize a department, or a whole prison upon the co-operative idea, granting to good prisoners some participation in the profits derived in the industries of the establishment."

I earnestly hope that these items will be duly considered, and also treasured up for the time when our deputies shall come before the people for re-election to the post of honor as law-makers and executors of the law.

In that day let every honest man obtain a pledge from the candidates to Parliament to put down, as speedily as possible, the cruel system of contract labor.

Yours, truly,
J. W. LEVESLEY.

Toronto, April 28, 1873.

OSHAWA.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

Sir, — Having been misled by statements regarding Canada, both as to the rate of wages and the cost of living, and as I am about to return the Old Country, I beg to request the favor to insert this letter, in order to let the workmen of Canada know the means employed in order to get workmen from the Old Country to come to Canada.

Having worked in Glasgow for 9 years consecutively in the one shop up till last year, and having been informed that carpenters were wanted to go to Canada, by a gentleman who was staying at Drummonds Hotel, in that city, I waited upon him in order to see what inducements there would be for a married man with a large family to emigrate to Canada. He informed me that carpenters received from eight to nine shillings sterling per day, in the work with which he was connected, viz., the Joseph Hall Works, Oshawa.

Having been informed by some of the workmen in the shop, that a number of the workmen in the above works were invariably discharged every fall, I went again to the party and told him what I had heard. He assured me of twelve months work. Believing his statements to be true, I came to Canada to find that I had been deceived, as I could only get \$1.50 or 6 shillings sterling per day, and I had only worked three months when I was discharged. From

the manner of speaking and use by the party referred to above, of the pronoun "we," I was under the impression that I was certain of at least twelve months work, or I would not have risked coming, as I had to provide for my family while absent from them.

I may mention that on my arrival here, I found out that the individual above mentioned was foreman of the general department in the Joseph Hall Works.

Yours respectfully,
WILLIAM RAMSAY.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

Sir, — Allow me to make a correction in my last letter, I stated that the three carpenters who had been led to believe that they could obtain \$2.50 per day in Oshawa, were working for \$1.50, but they were only paid with \$1.37½ per day, at the Joseph Hall Works. And what makes the matter worse, they were told in London, Eng., that they would get \$2.50 in Canada, and left £1 17s. 6d. sterling, and nine hours a day to come here and work ten hours and get less money for their work. However, they are going to acquaint the society in London of the way they have been treated here.

To show the necessity that exists for the Ballot, one of the employees in the Cabinet Factory, who voted against Mr. Gibbs at the last election, has reason to regret the want of it, as the sons of Mr. Gibbs are endeavoring to get a man to supplant him in his situation. But Mr. Gibbs would say his sons "are of age and he is not responsible for their actions."

Quite a number of workmen are leaving the Joseph Hall Works, wages being under the average elsewhere; but doubtless there will be enough dupes from the Old Country to fill their places.

I should like much to know who is to blame for the lying statements of the Canadian agents in the Old Country; the intention evidently is, to get a surplus of labor, and then we will get the nine hours; the Government agents are not playing into the bosses hands, oh, no!

I believe that the M. P's. have increased their own pay to \$1,000 from \$600, but in order that the country may not suffer, I hear they are cutting the allowance of post masters, I would like to see the Oshawa M. P's. raise their employees' pay, but I am afraid that will not be till the millennium if ever then.

"Work! work! work!
In poverty, rags and dirt."
Yours, &c.,
HEATHER JOCK.

THE AMALGAMATED ENGINEERS' SOCIETY.

In our last issue, we referred to a case that had occurred in connection with the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. Mr. Allan, Secretary of the Society, has addressed to the Editor of the *Lee Hire*, London, the following explanations, which we reproduce, as it satisfactorily accounts for an action which, without the explanations, looked very suspicious:—

Mr. Headlam's question, addressed last Thursday night to the Attorney-General, relative to a presumed case of hardship suffered by a member of the Society of Amalgamated Engineers, in Newcastle, and which has been made the subject of general comment in the press, requires a few words of explanation, which, with your permission, I take the liberty to supply, and trust you will insert the same in your next issue.

The facts are these: David Young, some months ago, made a claim on the Society for superannuation benefit, and produced a medical certificate in support of his claim. The circumstances of the case, however, were of such a nature as to cause the council of the society to have them examined by Dr. Gregson, one of the most eminent professional gentlemen in Newcastle, who refused to supply a certificate; whereupon the council declined to grant the benefit claimed.

On this refusal, Mr. Young commenced proceedings against me, as Secretary of the Society, in the Newcastle County Court. I appeared in December last, when the plaintiff was non-suited on the ground that he had not availed himself of the mode of procedure prescribed by the rules of the society. Notwithstanding this, he again instituted proceedings a few weeks since; and on appearing in Court, in consequence of certain expressions made use of on the first occasion, I was led to believe that the judge considered himself competent to deal with the case. The plea put in of non-registration was not against the plaintiff's claim but against the Judge, seeing that our rules make provision for the settlement of all disputes by arbitration, when their conditions are fully complied with.

Notwithstanding what has been stated in

the press, had we been registered—which we intend to be—the decision must have been the same according to the Trades Union Act of 1871, which strictly precludes the interference of magistrates and judges; in fact, we objected to be placed in a worse position than we should have been had the society been registered. If Mr. Young's claim was valid before the decision of the judge, it is equally valid now; but what ever it amounts to, it must be preferred in the manner prescribed by our rules. We are prepared to do justice impartially to all our members, but in the interest of all we must resist any and every attempt to force us before tribunals to which we are not amenable. We are now paying nearly £9,000 a year to superannuated members, and we have at all times willingly responded to every valid claim made; but that we may continue to do so, it is necessary that we should conduct the affairs of our society in accordance with the rules made and accepted by the body of our members, from which the Executive Council is determined not to deviate.

WM. ALLAN,
General Secretary Amalgamated Society of Engineers.

COMBINATIONS OF WORKMEN.

A meeting of the trades unionists and workmen generally of the north-eastern district of London was held on Tuesday evening, 18th ult., in the Shoreditch Town Hall, for the purpose of protesting against the special penal legislation affecting trades unionists. Mr. Daniel Guile, Secretary of the Ironfounders' Association, occupied the chair.

The Chairman, in opening the proceedings, said the object of the meeting was to advocate the total repeal of the Criminal Law Amendment Act passed a few sessions ago, to protest against the inflictions of imprisonment of working men for a breach of civil contract, and to obtain an amendment of the law of conspiracy, which had recently been so unjustly brought to bear against the unfortunate gas stokers. He proceeded at some length to point out the injustice and inequality of the law as it now stood, and its capability of being turned into a monstrous oppression by an ignorant magistrate or an unjust judge. As an example of the gross inequality of the law as contained in the Masters and Servants' Act, he instanced a case where a young woman who was working under a three months' contract for a manufacturer, was charged before a magistrate for leaving her work before the time of her contract had expired. For this offence she was sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labor. The same manufacturer was summoned by one of his workpeople for discharging him before his contract time had expired; but the only punishment the magistrate had the power to inflict upon the employer was to order him to pay the wages due to the worker up to the end of the time for which the contract had to run. The law, therefore, punished a breach of contract on the part of the worker with imprisonment, but the employer could only be punished by a small fine. As working men they were determined this gross injustice should be put an end to.

Mr. George Howell moved the first resolution:—

That this meeting indignantly protests against the Criminal Law Amendment Act as partial and unjust; against the criminal clauses of the Masters and Servants' Act, as contrary to the equity of contract; and against the elastic and undefined common law doctrine of conspiracy; and this meeting calls upon the Legislature to at once amend these laws, with a view to bringing them into harmony with the spirit of the age, and of placing employers and employed upon the same footing of perfect equality before the law.

He claimed no special immunity for members of trades unions when they violated any law; but at the same time he protested against their being subjected to special laws that could not be enforced against other classes of the community. He detailed the action that was being taken by the Trades' Congress Parliamentary Committee to obtain an amendment of these objectionable laws, and stated that Messrs. S. Morley, Mundella, and Vernon Harcourt had undertaken to bring the whole question before the House of Commons on the first opportunity.

Mr. George Potter seconded the resolution in a speech well received. He defended the action of trades unions, and contended that the legislation of the last few years in relation to trades unions had been reactionary, and virtually re-enacted some of the worst portions of the old combination laws.

Mr. Lungridge supported the resolution, strongly denouncing the late speech of Mr. Roebuck at Sheffield. The resolution was unanimously adopted.

Mr. Mackenzie, barrister-at-law, moved the following resolution:—

That in view of the approaching general election, this meeting calls upon workmen in every constituency to organize themselves to secure the return to Parliament of men pledged to the repeal of these laws; and especially to promote the return of labor candidates.

Mr. Ryan seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously. A vote of thanks to the chairman, moved by Mr. Broadhurst, closed the proceedings.

THE NINE HOUR MOVEMENT.

A crowded meeting of the members of the United Wheelwrights, Saddlers, and Painters' Nine Hours League has been held in the large hall of the City Cerminus Hotel, London, England. Nine hundred men were present, and the proceedings throughout were most enthusiastic. The hours of labor in these trades have hitherto been fifty-eight per week. The chair was taken by Mr. Gaywood, and the proceedings commenced by Mr. Rider, the hon. secretary, reading a list of twenty leading firms which had granted the nine hours, and correspondence which had been received from secretaries of similar trade associations at Birmingham, Blackburn, Rochdale, Bury, Hanley, Tunstall, and other places. The writers all expressed earnest wishes for the success of the movement, and promised all the assistance in their power to that end, assuring the league that none of the men in the provinces would come up to London to take the places of the men there employed, inasmuch as trade was very brisk and they were already enjoying the nine hour movement and advance of wages. The reading of the correspondence frequently elicited hearty cheers. The chairman briefly reviewed the circumstances under which the employers had been memorialised to grant the nine hours movement. They had three months to consider the matter. The league had endeavored to obviate any ill-feeling between employers and employed in promoting the success of the movement. (Cheers.) Workmen were justified in endeavoring to improve their moral and social condition, but at the same time they must be careful, whilst endeavoring to benefit themselves, not to injure others. (Hear, hear.) Any success obtained under such circumstances could not be lasting. (Hear, hear.) He believed that to be the feeling of every member of the executive council and of the league. (Cheers.) It had been asserted that the league had been agitating for a strike. He denied it. They detested strikes, and had done everything to avoid one, but when a reasonable request was made to the employers and treated with contempt, if a strike ensued it was clearly provoked by the employers. (Hear, and cheers.) Mr. Rider said that the league numbered upwards of 900 members, and the movement had their unanimous support. He urged that the shorter hours of labor were required for mental improvement and the culture of social and domestic enjoyment. At present all their time was spent in labor, going to and from their workshops, and sleep. The advance of wages requested was not sufficient to compensate the workmen for the increased cost of living, &c. One pound now was not more than equal fifteen shillings ten years ago. He contended that a general rule ought to be established throughout the trade for working hour, and for the wages paid, either by the week or by the piece. (Hear, and cheers.) Messrs. Shaw, Bishop, Green, Carstairs, Wright, and Tomkins, also addressed the meeting, and a series of formal resolutions were passed and carried amid acclamation, expressive of regret that, after three months' notice, some of the employers had not conceeded the fifty-four hours per week and 10 per cent. advance on piece work; approving the steps taken by the league, and announcing the determination of the men to be firm in their demands by taking such action as the committee might require, in order to obtain the terms memorialised for on the 2nd of December last, expressing hearty thanks to the employers who had acceded to the terms of the memorial, and pledging the hearty assistance of the meeting to the United Wheelwrights, Saddlers, and Painters' Nine Hours' League in any movements which they might make. The proceedings terminated with cordial votes of thanks to the chairman and to the executive council of the league.

Business Cards.

S. McCABE, FASHIONABLE AND Cheap Boot and Shoe Emporium, 59 Queen Street West, sign of "THE BIG BLUE BOOT." 54-5b

J. & T. IREDALE, MANUFACTURERS of Tin, Sheet Iron and Copperware, dealers in Baths, Water Coolers, Refrigerators, &c., No 57 Queen Street West, first door West of Bay Street, Toronto, Ont. 54-5b

Queen City Grocery & Provision Store.

WM. F. ROBERTSON, DEALER IN CHOICE GROCERIES, WINES, LIQUORS, &c., 320 Queen Street West, Toronto.

SUGAR! SUGAR!

Just received, a large consignment of pure Cuba, all to be sold at 10c per lb. It is to the advantage of mechanics and others to see this beautiful Sugar. 507 Goods sent to all parts of the city. 55-5b

EATON'S NEW DRESSES Extraordinary Bargains this Week COME AND SEE. CORNER YONGE & QUEEN STREETS. 42-4e

The Home Circle.

MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured riotous baby
Against the cottage wall;
A lily grew at the threshold,
And the boy was just as fall.
A royal tiger lily,
With spot of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jeweled chalice,
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without the blackbird whistled,
High up in the old roof trees,
And to and fro at the window
The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of baby
Were never a moment still,
Snatching at shine and shadow
That danced at the lattice still.

Ah! mo in a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like bitter rain,
We measured the baby to-day.
And the little bare feet that were dimpled
And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together,
In the hush of a long repose.

Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,
A fair little face lay smiling
With the light of heaven thereon;
And the dear little hands, like rose leaves
Drooped from the rose, lay still,
Never to catch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded bill.

We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow,
For the sunshining rosewood casket
That waited him below,
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan;
For to the height of the sinless angels
Our dear little one had grown.

WHO WILL CARE WHEN I AM GONE?

When my heart has ceased its yearning,
For the joys that will not stay,
And my rested feet are roaming
In the angel's shining way,
Who will sigh for words of greeting—
Who will mourn for smiles withdrawn?
Nevermore my welcome greeting,
Who will care when I am gone?

When with still and painless bosom,
I am lying, fast asleep,
Underneath the dew and blossoms,
In the grave so dark and deep,
Who will grieve for words unspoken,
Tender greeting at the dawn,
From the lips by death o'er-taken—
Who will care when I am gone?

When the birds have hushed their music,
At the twilight dim and gray,
Who my name will softly whisper,
Who for me will kindly pray?
Gazing at the dew-wet blossoms,
Leaning o'er my narrow bed—
Who will breathe a word in blessing
For the soul from sorrow fled?

MEMORY'S HEARTACHES.

And as the shadows of the lamp flicker and
play strange freaks across the carpet, we bend
down our heads and turn aside from the merry
games and bright smiles that wreath the face
of Hope, to call memory from the corner of
our heart where we too often bid her linger.

She comes up at our call, and, though stray
lines of sunshine linger here and there, her
stray lines of welcome is a sad one, and speaks
to us of friends dead and hopes crushed.

We are going back now, down the shady
alley that entombed the old red farm-house;
we are looking away back years and years at
hills, and tops, and hoops, and young lads
souting in their sports and games. We see
mother at the door, and the footfalls of her
companion echoes up the graveled walk. We
follow with our eye the finger of Memory, and
so see the cold, ghost-like tombstones grouped
together in the hillside grave-yard. We see
the sighs and tears that Hope has never blotted
out; we follow each step from boyhood to silver
locks. Years ago, a baby voice rang through
the parlor and kitchen; a baby laugh rippled
out in little waves, the chubby white foot
pattered over the floor; baby smiles welcomed us
at the door, and the little fingers felt in our
pockets to grasp a reward. Hope told us of a
life for him that should, in the gray locks of
our life, cheer and bless us. We unlock the
sacred drawer, and take out the wooden
horse, the ball of string, two little brown
marbles, and a great pain tugs at our heart.
We see a snowy cot, hear little groans of pain
and anguish, see the death angel stand in the
door and weep with us while she bids him
come. A little coffin, a stillness in the house,
a tiny grave. Oh! Memory, you bring up
hot, bitter tears; you wrench down with
ruthless hand the wall which hope had built
to prevent us from looking over the desert
spots of life!

"Turn backward, oh! time." Give us again
the bounding step of youth, the merry laugh,
the bright spots of sunshine that clouds have
since turned into funeral pall! We are grow-
ing old. We are groping in the darkness that
leads us along the unknown shore. We smile
sadly at the beckonings of Hope. We wish to

be young again; to have no heartaches and
wrinkles of care. We want to see the coffin'd
forms start into life, and hear a mother's kind
good-night, and feel her soft hands on our locks
as she prays that He may guide our young feet
in the right way. We want the kind words of
a father, to hear the merry laugh of a sister,
to feel that some one sighs at our wanderings
and smiles at our better deeds. Take back
our gray hairs and our burdensome years!
Give us our life to begin again. Sweep away
these tokens, wet with tear-falls, and tell us
that Memory has guided us wrongly.

Have pity, Father Time! You were never
young; you never grow old; there is no one to
mark your faltering steps, no one to laugh
at your gray hairs. We love the clear sun-
light, the green trees, the beautiful earth.
Men have used us ill, and we must live to
forgive them; we have not always done right,
and we must live to repent. Tell us that we
shall live a score of years—ten—five—even one
year more. Tell us that another sun will not
set on our open graves.

Alas! you will not. You brush away poor
memory, solbing in her pity, and you strike
another hour of the bell of the great clock to
tell us the grave is so much nearer the shroud-
ed form, our footsteps so much nearer the
turbid waters. You add another line of care,
sprinkle more tokens of your presence among
our locks, and the weird shadows dance in
glee that our life-lamp must flicker and grow
pale before the approach of that mysterious
dawn whose light shall close our eyes in the
long stillness of the narrow home.—Selected.

LOVE YOUR WIVES.

Husbands, love your wives. Nothing bright-
ens a true woman's life like love. She will
do anything, bear anything, suffer anything,
for the sake of a husband who truly and ten-
derly loves her, and whose heart is one with
hers. Where such love ends, widowhood be-
gins. The woman who has a husband who is
not worthy her, mourns the loss of a compani-
on, and endures the presence of a mummy.
But when conjugal fidelity exists, poverty,
privation and toil are welcomed gladly for the
joy of love. But this love must be more than
mere words; it must be in heart and life, in
deed and truth. It must be endured as well
as demanded. It must be self-denying as well
as self-desiring. Love beareth all things, and
endureth all things, but never faileth. And
when in her weakness, weariness and sorrow
a woman can feel that she does receive from
her husband such a self denying love as this;
when his strength bears with her weakness,
his patience with her petulance, and when his
calm courage soothes her frights and fears,
what gratitude swells up within her heart.

Woman seeks in a husband truth, nobles-
sness and uprightness. And if a man will
show his manhood in his daily life, he will
find a blessing in his heart and in his home
such as tongue cannot describe.

Wives need love. Their hearts yearn for it
as much as in the days of girlhood when life
itself was love. They often pass their woman-
hood in anxious cares and wearing labors. In
the anguish of maternity they enter into new
spheres of existence, whose only life is love.
Whether woman's course is to be sadness or
joy, sunshine or gloom, depends upon love.
All her cares are borne with patience if love
sweetens her bitter cup. A long, hard, weary
day of toil is amply paid for with a smile;
and one tender, loving clasp makes her forget
a whole lifetime of care and conflict, and bless
the day she found a husband with a heart so
true and hand so strong. An unexpected fa-
vor touches her to the soul. A gift in secret,
an appreciating word, a pitying, soothing
glance, a kindly, sunny smile, a little self-
denial to afford her pleasure or spare her pain;
and these are sunbeams of gladness to the
heart of the true and toiling wife.

Her husband and her children are her treas-
ures. She lives if they stand fast. She is
proud of their honor, and joyous in their pros-
perity. And every token of their care and
love for her in sickness or in health, is laid up
as a treasured memory, a kindness which she
cannot forget, and which she is only too happy
to repay.

Husbands, love your wives. A harsh word
from you is worse than a poisoned arrow from
an outside foe. Your sneer turns life to bane
and blackness, while your smile alone brings
sunshine to her soul. One selfish meanness
in you, one little, contemptible thing, robs
you of your crown of honor, and leaves her
to bewail her loss.

The wife must reverence her husband, but
your love must beget that reverence. We
reverence the Heavenly Father, "we love Him
because He first loved us." So let husbands
love their wives, even as Christ loved the
Church, and gave himself for it, and that
love shall plant in her glad heart such seeds
of blessing and reverence as shall cause flowers
radiant as those of paradise and full of heav-
enly fragrance, to bless and brighten all your
journey in this wilderness of sin and pain.

MOTHERS.

Some one has said that a young mother is
the most beautiful thing in nature. Why qualify
it? Why young? Are not all mothers beau-
tiful? The sentimental outside beholder may
prefer youth in the pretty picture, but I am
inclined to think that sons and daughters, who
are most intimately concerned in the matter,
love and admire their mothers most when they
are old. How suggestive of something holy

and venerable it is when a person talks of his
"dear mother." Away with your mincing
mamas, suggestive of a fine lady, who deposes
her duty to a nurse, a drawing-room maternal
parent, who is afraid of handling her offspring
for fear of spoiling her fine new gown. Give
us the homely mother, the arms of whose love
are all-embracing, who is beautiful always,
whether arrayed in satin, or modestly attired
in calico. The dear old mothers! Heaven
bless them!

SHALL WE MEET AGAIN.

The fiat of Nature is inexorable. There is
no appeal for relief from the great law which
dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade as
the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that
bloom and wither in a day have no frailer
hold upon life than the mightiest monarch
that ever shook the earth with his footsteps.
Generations of men will appear and disappear
as the grass, and the multitude that throng
the world to-day will disappear as the foot-
steps on the shore. Men seldom think of the
great event of death until the shadow falls
across their own pathway, hiding from their
eyes the faces of loved ones whose living
smile was the sunlight of their existence.
Death is the antagonist of life, and the cold
thought of the tomb is the skeleton of the
feasts.

We do not want to go through the dark val-
ley, although the dark passage may lead to
paradise; we do not want to lay down in the
damp grave, even with princes for bed-fellows.
In the beautiful drama of "Ion," the hope of
immortality, so eloquently uttered by the
death-devoted Greek, finds deep response in
every thoughtful soul. When about to yield
his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his
Clemantha asks if they should meet again, to
which he replies, "I have asked that dreadful
question of the hills that look eternal; of the
clear streams that flow forever; of the stars
among whose fields of azure my raised spirits
have walked in glory. All were dumb; but
upon thy living face I feel there is something
in the love that mantles through its beauty
that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet
again, Clemantha."—George D. Prentice.

REMARKABLE CURES.

By working on the imagination many cures
have baffled the skill of the most scientific
physicians, have been effected by some igno-
rant quack, some boasting charlatan. Even
under peculiar circumstances the genuine
medical men resorts to artifice. He adminis-
ters some inert article—a bread pill for in-
stance—and trusts to the workings of imagina-
tion for a cure. Now, we have heard a very
singular and amusing circumstance connected
with this. A lady had been treated for some
time by a doctor for a nervous disorder. She
did not, in her own estimation, improve, and
she wished the doctor to give her more medi-
cine, but he advised her to the contrary, and
would not prescribe for her. But still she in-
sisted that something more must be done for
her, and was about sending off for a quack,
when the physician, learning her determina-
tion, adopted the following course. He told
her that he had just thought of a remedy
which had never failed in curing a case like
hers. He gave her an oddly shaped vial, with
directions to smell it at certain hours. To
bring her imagination into play, he told her
that the first day she would have a headache;
the second day an itching about the head; the
second day an itching about the breast; and
on the third day would be perfectly well. On
each day she complained of the effects which
he described, said the remedy operated pre-
cisely as he had stated, and that she was get-
ting much better. On the third day she de-
clared herself perfectly well. This is certainly
a very remarkable circumstance, but it is true,
nevertheless.

But there is a more extraordinary one on
record of the imagination curing the most
fatal disease. During the siege of Breda, in
Holland, in 1525, when the garrison was on
the point of surrendering to the enemy on ac-
count of the ravages of the scurvy, Prince of
Orange ordered a few vials of sham medicine
to be carried into the fortress and distributed
among the scorbutics. It was stated to be an
infallible specific, most valuable, and that one
or two drops would effect a cure. It was then
shared among the soldiers in doses of a few
drops. Those who had not moved their limbs
for months were seen walking in the streets,
sound, straight and whole. Many who declared
they had been rendered worse by other reme-
dies, recovered in a few days.—Exchange.

BOUND TO DO A FULL DAY'S WORK.

Mr. M., of Oxford, doesn't object to having
a hired man to do a full day's work—at least,
so we judge from the following story:
A short time ago a man went to his place
for work. Mr. M., set him plowing round a
forty acre field. After he had plowed faith-
fully all day until the sun was about half an
hour high, he expressed his opinion that it
was about time to quit.
"Oh no," replied Mr. M., "you can plow
round six or eight times more just as well as
not."
So the hired man plowed around six or eight
times, then went to the house, took care of
his team, milked nine cows, ate his supper,
and found ten o'clock staring him in the face
from the old time piece.

Said the hired man to Mrs. M., "where is
Mr. M.?"

The good woman answered, "He has re-
tired. Do you wish to see him?"
He replied that he did. After being con-
ducted to the bed-room, he said:
"Mr. M., where is the axe?"
"Why," said Mr. M., "what do you want
with the axe?"
"Well," said the hired man, "I thought
you might like me to split some wood till
breakfast is ready."

A GOOD TEMPER.

Good temper is the sunshine of the domes-
tic circle, and must be prized and cultivated
accordingly. Fretfulness, peevishness, sullen-
ness, bitterness and anger, must be viewed as
so many hissing snakes, and driven from
every heart that claims the distinction of be-
ing happy. When tempted to give way to
any ill-feeling, self-restraint must be exercised
and mutual forbearance shown. Much will
be accomplished by carrying out the deter-
mination that both shall never lose their tem-
per at the same time—one bringing water
where the other brings fire.

"Let them treat each other's feelings," it
has been well said, "with lenity, and learn to
be, as occasion serves, blind, deaf and dumb
—especially dumb. Not sullenly dumb, but
serenely dumb. Not moodiness and passions,
but silent from reason and affection looking
out the while like a mariner in a dark night
for the first streak of the dawn, and hailing
it with a grateful welcome."

A gentle contrast, a well arranged diversity,
gives a relish to married life. It is the neces-
sary condition, however, of such a diversity
that the parties should view things occasion-
ally from a different point of view, and wis-
dom will be required, therefore, by mutual
concessions, gentleness, good humor, and for-
bearance, to prevent such diversities of taste
and opinion becoming the source of quarrel and
irritation, or, to use a phrase of modern coin-
age, "naggle."

A clergyman, who had tied the marriage
knot for many a couple, was careful always to
whisper to the bride as his parting council,
"Be sure never to have the last word," an ad-
vice which is excellent, but which is surpassed
by the recommendation that neither party
should take the first one.

A LITTLE ANGEL.

A little brother is sometimes more agreeable
when he becomes an angel over yonder. Bar-
ker knows a little brother whom he would gladly
waft at once over to the thither shore, if society
had not such an absurd prejudice against pre-
meditated murder. Young Barker loved Miss
Clamm, the sister of the said babe, and a few
evenings ago he called upon the lady for the
purpose of proposing to her. They sat upon
the sofa in the parlor alone. As the evening
wore on, Barker plucked up courage, nudged
up to Miss Clamm's side of the sofa, and began
some preliminary remarks about his "eternal
happiness," his "heart's longings," his "soul's
idol," his "love's young dream," &c., &c.
Just as he had taken Miss Clamm's little hand
in his, and was about to explain himself, a
terrific sneeze was heard from beneath the sofa.
Barker and Clamm both sprang to their feet;
Barker dragged the sofa away from the wall,
and there lay young Clamm, chuckling and
snickering as if he had rich things stored away
in his memory. And when Miss Clamm flew
at him and boxed his ears, he remained silent,
but escaping, he ran to the door, and standing
there with his hand on the knob he exclaimed,
"Never you mind! I am a-going right up
stairs to tell ma that you and old Barker hev
been a-sittin' down yer a-kissin each other and
squeezein' one another's hands and huggin' like
mad—a carry'n on seand'us! I'm a-going to
tell ma—certain! And you just wait till pa
comes home, and if he don't boot that Barker
fellow onto the front door quicker'n lightning,
my name's not William Henry Clamm. Oh!
he'll go for you mister. He'll root around here
like a maniac when he knows you've been
kissin' sis! Never you mind!" And then W.
H. Clamm faded into the entry.

THE LION IN LOVE.

A FREE TRANSLATION OF A FABLE OF AÆSOP.

A lion once fell in love with a woodman's
daughter. Pleased at first with her appear-
ance, he at length was enamored of her skill
on the sewing machine, and fascinated with
her engaging way of doing general house-work.
He offered her his paw in marriage, but she re-
ferred him to the old man, who spurned his
offer, not wishing to have his family lionized
in any such manner. But the lion insisted,
threatening to make sausage meat of the whole
family unless they at once prepared for the
marriage ceremony. (No cards.)

The woodman, seeing that so formidable an
addition to a traveling menagerie was not to be
trifled with, pretended to accede to the demand.
He really felt flattered, he said, by the pro-
posal. It was an opportunity to convert his
premises into a zoological garden which might
not occur again in a lifetime.

"But what great teeth! and what great
claws you have got!" said the woodman.
"Where is the damsel that would not be
frightened at such things as these in a young
husband? You must have your teeth drawn
and your claws pared off before you can be a
suitable bridegroom for my daughter. After
marriage you can show your teeth and claws

as much as you please. Other husbands do."
The lion agreed to the proposition, for love
makes jackasses of lions as well as men. A
skilful dentist was sent for, who administered
chloroform to the lion, and extracted his teeth
by the aid of nitro-glycerine. His claws were
then pared by a chiropodist, who afterwards
had them silver-mounted, and placed on ex-
hibition in a velvet-lined case, together with
numerous eminent corns and distinguished
bunions, removed with his patent corn-sheller.
Minus teeth and claws, the lion called upon
the woodman to accept him as a son-in-law.
But the woodman, no longer afraid of the tam-
ed and disarmed bully, seized a prostrate sap-
ling and belabored him soundly, regardless of
his entreaties.

He slunk away into the thicket, never again
to undertake the task of making a woodman's
daughter play the part of Paulean, the Lad-
y of Lion's, to his Claw'd.

MORAL.—This fable teaches the advantages
of chloroform in affairs of the heart, and the
important part the chiropodist plays in our
modern civilization.—Fat Contributor.

Grains of Gold.

For a man to run a long race through the
world and to have no token of good behind
him, it would have been better if he had never
been born at all.

A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life
the best philosophy; a clear conscience the
best law; honesty the best policy, and tem-
perance the best physic.

Every desire is a viper in a bosom, who,
while he was chill, was harmless; but when
warmth gave him strength, exerted it in poi-
son.

Great souls attract calamity as mountains
the thunder-cloud; but while the storm bursts
upon them, they are the protection of the
plain benefit.

None are so seldom found alone, and are so
soon tired of their own company, as those ox-
combs who are on the best terms with them-
selves.

A heart-truly Christian is open, generous,
and ever ready to make allowances for the in-
firmities and weaknesses of poor woe-worn
humanity.

The best rules to form a young man are to
talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon
what has been passed in company, to distrust
one's own opinions and value others that de-
serves it.

It is a mistake to expect to receive welcome,
hospitality, words of cheer, and help over rug-
ged and difficult passes in life, in return for
selfishness, which cares for nothing in the
world but itself.

To Father Taylor is attributed the saying
that Christianity, if it means anything, means
sixteen ounces to a pound, three feet to the
yard, a just weight and a just measure. Rather
a crude way of expressing it, but it certainly
covers the ground.

The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat,
drink, and sleep—to be exposed to darkness
and light—to pace round in the mill of habit,
and turn thought into an implement of trade
—this is not life. Knowledge, truth, love,
beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality
to the mechanism of existence.

Look most to your spending. No matter
what comes in, if more goes out you will al-
ways be poor. The art is not in making mo-
ney, but in keeping it; little expenses, like
mice in a barn, when they are many, make
make great waste. Hair by hair heads get
bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the
cottage, and drop by drop the rain comes into
the chamber. A barrel is soon empty, if the
tap leaks but a drop a minute.

Language is the amber in which a thousand
precious and subtle thoughts have been safely
embedded and preserved. It has arrested ten
thousand lightning flashes of genius, which,
unless thus fixed and arrested, might have
been as bright, but would have also been as
quickly passing and perishing as the light-
ning.

When I could not obtain large pleasures, I
put together as many small ones as possible.
Small pleasures lie about as thick as daisies;
and for that very reason are neglected, trul-
den under foot, instead of being worn in our
button-holes. We cannot afford to buy roses
at Christmas, or carnellias at any time; and
so we couple buttercups with vulgarity, and
things that grow in the hedge-side we let
withier where they grow, for no other reason
than that the king's highway is not a royal
garden.

It is hard to resist the temptation to be
drawn into the vortex of showy, fashionable
life. To live simply, to keep within one's
means, to hold indulgence within safe bounds,
to be content with such pleasures as may be
innocently enjoyed, to make friends of the
plain and unpretending, is not easy. It de-
mands a long discipline in patience and self-
denial, but the discipline is of utmost value.
The most sterling and gracious qualities spring
from it—tranquility of mind, ease of consci-
ence, peace of heart, temperance, sobriety,
chastity, satisfaction with common joys, del-
ight in humble pleasures, the taste for good
books, the appreciation of good people, the
uncomplaining and grateful temper, the moral
integrity that is proof against corruption. In
many cases the struggle with vanity is the
providential way by which such qualities are
gained.

Sawdust and Chips.

The bed to be avoided, next to an omen-bed, probably the bed of the river—unless one is partial to sheets of water.

Boxes, it is said, govern the world—the cartridge-box, the ballot-box, the jury-box, and last, though not least, the bonnet box.

What is the difference between a mischievous mouse and a beautiful young lady?—One harms the cheese, and the other charms the he's.

An inquiring man thrust his fingers into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth he had. The horse closed his mouth to see how many fingers the man had. The curiosity of each was satisfied.

"How shall we settle the labor question?" exclaimed a member of the Georgia Legislature in the midst of his speech—"By all going to work and earning your living honestly!" thundered a spectator in the gallery.

A shrewd old Yankee said he didn't believe there was any downright cure for laziness in a man. "But," he added, "I've known a second wife to hurry it some."

A beau of much experience says that "the time for a fellow to leave is when a young lady asks him how the walking is."

The father of Darabella recently found that little girl's chubby little hands full of the blossoms of a beautiful rose tree, on which he had bestowed great care. "My dear," said he, "did I not tell you not to pluck one of these flowers without leave?" "Yes papa," said Darabella, "but all these had leaves."

"You are the dullest boy I ever saw," crossly exclaimed a bald-headed old uncle to his nephew. "Well, uncle," replied the youth, with a glance at the old gentleman's bald-head, "you cannot expect me to understand things as quickly as you do, because you don't have the trouble of getting 'em through your hair."

An inquisitive young man visited the State prison in New York and among other questions asked a girl the cause of her being in such a place. Her answer was, that she "stole a water-mill, and went back after the stream that turned the wheel, and was arrested. The young man left immediately."

A pretty girl of Chicago recently got married. The day following, she returned to her father's house. When he inquired what was the matter, he was informed that "Frank's hair didn't curl naturally, but that the curls were the work of the barber." She has applied for a divorce. Undoubtedly she will get it, for Frank was guilty of most cruel deception.

INSUFFICIENT REASON.—In an English church recently, after the publication of the banns of marriage by the minister, a grave elder, in a stentorian voice, forbade the banns between a certain couple. On being called upon for an explanation, "I had," he said, pointing to the intended bride, "I had intended Hannah for myself." His reason was not considered sufficient.

A SUCCESSFUL RUSE.—A wag went to a station of one of the railroads one evening, and finding the best carriage full, said in a low tone "Why, this carriage isn't going!"—Of course this caused a general stampede, and the wag took the best seat. In the midst of the indignation the wag was asked: "Why did you say this carriage wasn't going?"—"Well, it wasn't then," replied the wag, "but it is now."

A shoemaker of Aberdeen had fallen into a fortune, after having fallen into several misfortunes, chiefly of feminine causes. He sought to divorce his wife, and she sought to divorce him, and in the various suits some £2,000 or £3,000 was spent. Lord Deas during a dispute about the wife's expenses, asked, "How would this shoemaker have got justice if he had been obliged to stick to his last?"—The Lord President instantly answered. "He would have required to have spent his awl."

Getting the best of him by long chalks—(Scene. A fire at a beer shop): Ancient individual (impudently): "Oh, Mr. Fireman, do go and play on the back of that door, will you please, do!" Fireman (surprised): "What for?—the fire is all out now." Ancient: "Yes, I know; but the landlord has got a long score against me there; and, don't you see, a little water might put that out along on it?"

The bridesmaids at a recent wedding are thus described by a local paper: "It is no idle compliment to say they are like three Graces, their face mirroring back the purity and softness of the skies, their eyes floating in a light of dewy tenderness, or throwing radiant flashes from the inner shrines of thought like jewel-tinted sparkles caught from broken rain-bows."

"Humph!" said an Englishman to a Scotchman, as they were walking over the fields, "oats are all very well in there way; but in England we feed them to our horses, while here they are food for men." "Ay, Ay!" said the Scotchman; "an' just see what fine horses there are in England, and what fine men we have in Scotland!"

"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK."—Scene—District Court in a colony.—Scotch Judge (with a very marked pug-nose): "Weel, now, Sir, if ye gae along the ro'd in question, were'll ye gang tae?"—Scotch Witness (deliberately): "That a depends, yer Honor, on how far ye gae!"—Judge (snappishly): "Ye understan' vara weel, Sir. If ye foller yer nose, mun'

where'll ye gang till?"—Witness (after a pause): "Ah've always heer-ed it said, yer Honor, that if ye foller yer nose too far, it'll tak' ye t' the moon!"—Judge: "Step Doon, Sir!"—(In an angry tone aside).—"Tae moon's a Fule!"

A physician wishing to instruct his pupil in the mysteries of medicine, took him to see a patient who was confined to his bed.—"Sir," said the physician to the sick man, "you have been imprudent; you have eaten oysters."—"The patient confessed that he had. When the physician returned home, the pupil asked him how he came to discover that the man had eaten oysters.—"Why," replied he, "I saw some oyster shells under the bed." Shortly after this he sent his pupil to pay a visit to the same person; but he soon returned, saying that he had been turned out of the house.—"Why so?" asked the physician.—"Simply sir," replied the pupil, "for saying that Mr. A. had been imprudent—that he had eaten a horse."—"A horse, you blockhead; and how could you say so?"—"Because of the symptoms, sir."—"What symptoms, you ignoramus?"—"Why, I saw a saddle and stirrups under the bed!"

For first-class Book and Job Printing go to the office of the ONTARIO WORKMAN, 124 Bay street.

Miscellaneous.

D. WOOD,

PROPRIETOR OF THE

OTAWA CANCER CURE,

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The Cure will be guaranteed, and, as a proof of this, no pay is required until the Cure is complete. The moment a Cancer is discovered, it should be cured, as it will cost less and is more speedily cured than when of longer standing, and there is nothing to gain, and everything to lose, by delay. What now seems a harmless lump in the breast, neck, eyelid or elsewhere, or small wart or sore on the lip, may, in a few short months, become a hideous, disgusting, destroying mass of disease. If required, references can be given to parties who have been cured many years since, and who are now sound and healthy. All communications promptly answered. No money required in advance, and none until the Cure is complete. 52-oh

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. 48-td

THE JOURNEYMEN FREE STONE CUTTERS' ASSOCIATION, of Ottawa City, and immediate vicinity, hold their meetings in the St. Lawrence Hotel, corner of Eldon and Nicholas streets, on the first and third Monday in each month. The officers elected for the present quarter, commencing Monday March 3, 1873, are as follows:—President, Robert Thomson; Vice-President, Joseph Hugg; Financial Secretary, William Gould; Recording and Corresponding Secretary, George Bissett; Treasurer, Robert Poutie, Tyler, James Walker; Trades Council, Donald Robertson, James Kelly, James Walker, Joseph Hugg; Trustees, Donald Robertson, John Casey, William Clark.

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F. G. CALLENDER, DENTIST. OFFICE—Corner of King and Jordan Streets 27-hr TORONTO.

R. G. TROTTER, DENTIST, 53 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONT. Opposite Toronto Street. RESIDENCE—172 Jarvis Street. 25-oh

W. C. ADAMS, DENTIST, 95 King Street East, Toronto, Has given attention to his profession in all its parts. 25-oh

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124 Bay Street,

One door South of Grand's Horse Bazaar.

FOREMEN IN UNIONS.

The propriety or impropriety of admitting foremen as members of trades, is, we fear, with too many, still a disputed point. While we admit the reasons afforded by those who are opposed to their administration as entitled to careful consideration, we believe they are neither so cogent or as self-evident as the arguments presented by those who favor a different line of policy. The expediency, not to say justice, of excluding the class of men, who, above all others, are capable of thwarting the designs of unprincipled employers, who, in fact, might become the very pillars, the sentinels of our union organizations, and placing them, *volens volens*, in a hostile attitude, may well be called in question.

We believe there are few of our readers who were ever engaged in a "strike," who have not realized that the failure or success of the movement depended in a great measure on the attitude assumed by the foreman. In many establishments the routine of business, the work on hand, when promised, or the abilities of the various employees, are known only to him. If he refuses to direct, or if he makes common cause with the employees, no one can fill his position, especially at such a time. If, however, as is too often the case, he is made to realize that he is looked upon with suspicion or distrust, that he is placed without the pale of union organizations no matter how his sympathies run, thus creating a barrier between himself and fellow-workmen which virtually says: "We are satisfied that you cannot or will not do justice to both; your interests or preferences will be on the side of the employer, consequently the safest plan is to refuse admission to every foreman," the result may be anticipated.

If the societies who reason from these premises would reflect for a moment that the foreman, by their own action, is placed in antagonism to their interests; that he has no fealty or pledge of honor to break, no bond of sympathy to rupture, and he is made to realize where his interest is centered, simply because his fellow workmen have drawn a line of demarcation, a more comprehensive view would be taken of the matter.

If we look at the results, we find that when a foreman is in league with an employer, he is invariably made the confidant that a change is impending, and instructed to figure accordingly. Now, go where you may, men will be found who are lick-spittles, or cave-droppers, who are union men because it is profitable or popular to be so; who are always the defenders of the action of foreman or employer; who are ready, whenever it is demanded, to sever their connection with a union, if thereby their situations may be retained. These men are invariably known to such a foreman, and "booked" for the emergency. The employer, therefore, is prepared by the knowledge of these facts to commence his "aggressive" policy. The slack season is generally selected, or when a surplus stock is on hand. The test is now applied—cautiously at first—the weak-kneed acquiescing in the necessity for the change. The foreman is also the apologist, and by this means the clique is strengthened and the union weakened. And when, at last, the mask is thrown off, the tools, after a feigned resistance, resume work under the plea that necessity compelled them, or that the "strike" was unjustifiable. The employer thus accomplishes his purpose. The foreman and the "recreants" form a nucleus for future operations, and a sufficient force to run the establishment till the busy season returns, when it is expected the funds of the "strikers" will have become exhausted, and they be compelled to resume work on the terms offered. This, we have reason to know, has been the *modus operandi* recently adopted by more than one firm in the city of Chicago.

Ever since the organization of the Typographical Union, these truths have been recognized and acted upon, and the result is that its firmest, staunchest

members may be found among the foremen of the union offices. As an evidence that such is the case, we will state that the only unsuccessful strike ordered by that body was owing to the fact that the "foreman," imported for the occasion, proved recreant to his obligations, while it was admitted on all hands if he had made common cause with his fellow workmen the employers would have been compelled to accede to the request.

Let union mechanics give these facts a careful consideration, and we believe many of them will see that a more suicidal policy than the exclusion of these men could not possibly be adopted.—E.E.

THE HONOR OF LABOR.

There is the war of the idle. There is an old but true adage, "The devil tempts all other men, but idle men tempt the devil." There is nothing base in honest toil! Angels are workers! God himself built the world for His glory. Labor has been ennobled by the Divine Author of our holy religion. The great Ulysses built his own house and carved his own bed. The loveliest and gracefulest of heroines warred, drove their clothes cart, and washed their own linen with their own beautiful hands. Among the early Romans labor was free; among the Israelites it was honorable; among the Greeks it was beautiful.

Labor has produced many great and illustrious names in science, poetry, law and theology. From the farm started the astronomers Rittenhouse, Herschel, and Newton, and the poets Coleman, Beatty, Burns and Goldsmith. The anvil gave to the world such shining paragons as Robert Sherman, George Stephenson and Elihu Burritt. Dry goods sent out Blackstone, Littleton, Blair, the great rhetorician, and Stewart, Cardinal Wolsey, Shakespeare and Kirk White were butchers. Massillon, the preacher, and Scott, the novelist, were book-binders. Franklin, the philosopher of liberty, and Greeley, the great journalist, were printers. Roger Williams, Kitto and Drew were shoemakers.

When I reflect how much genius, how much wisdom, how much virtue and how much valor, and how many great statesmen, great writers, great thinkers, great speakers and surpassing soldiers have issued from the workshops of the world, I cannot withhold my condemnation and contempt for the narrow prejudices against labor which unhappily prevails to some extent among young men.—Exchange.



TORONTO AUCTION MART.

SALE

The undersigned have been instructed by the

Department of Public Works,

To sell by Public Auction on THURSDAY, the 1st of MAY next, the Iron Railing and Gates and Cut Stone work to which they are attached, on line of Front and Yonge streets; also, Iron Safe and Iron Outer Doors of the old Custom House, about to be taken down.

Materials above mentioned to be paid for at time of sale, and taken down and removed at expense of purchaser, on or before the 12th of MAY next.

F. W. COATE & CO., Auctioneers.

Toronto, April 26th, 1873.

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Hams, Bacon, Pork, Sausages, Boiled Ham, and Rolled Beef, Lard, Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Vegetables, &c., always on hand.

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Coal and Wood.
GREY & BRUCE
WOOD YARD,
BAY STREET,
(Opposite Fire Hall.)
Beech, Maple, Mixed, and Pine Wood constantly on hand.

ALL KINDS OF CUT AND SPLIT WOOD IN STOCK

HARD AND SOFT COAL
Of every description, promptly delivered, at lowest prices.

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OPPOSITE BAY STREET FIRE HALL.
WM. BULMAN,
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COAL HOUSE.

First Arrival of Blossburg and Lehigh Lump Coal.

Full Assortment of other
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Office corner Bathurst and Front streets.
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MUTTON, HUTCHINSON & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
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IMPORTERS OF ALL KINDS OF
STEAM AND DOMESTIC COAL,
DEALERS IN
CORDWOOD, CUT AND UNCUT.

OFFICE AND YARD—Corner Queen and Sherbourne Streets. WHARF: Foot of Sherbourne St., Toronto.
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Dry Goods and Clothing.
CHOICE STOCK OF
Ready-Made Clothing,
FOR SPRING WEAR.

THE QUEEN CITY
CLOTHING STORE,
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(OPPOSITE W. M. CHURCH.)

H. J. SAUNDERS,
Practical Tailor and Cutter,
Begs to inform the numerous readers of the ONTARIO WORKMAN that he will do his utmost to make his establishment one of the best Clothing Houses in the Western part of the city, and hopes by attention to business to merit a large share of public patronage.
Gentlemen's own materials made up to order.
49-1k

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N. McEACHREN,
MERCHANT TAILOR, &C.
191 Yonge Street,
Has just received a large and good assortment of SPRING GOODS for Ordered Work.
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JOHN KELZ,
MERCHANT TAILOR
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Has just received a large and good assortment of SPRING GOODS for Ordered Work.
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LARGE ASSORTMENT OF HAIR NETS
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Special attention given to Shampooing, Cutting, and Dressing Ladies' and Children's Hair. Price lists and instructions for self-measurement of wigs sent on application—either wholesale or retail.
41-1c

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,
Wednesday, 2nd day of April, 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 31 Vic., Cap. 6, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the place known as Jordan Bay, in the County of Shelburne, Nova Scotia, 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 Shelburne.

W. A. HIMSWORTH,
Clerk Privy Council.
April 7th, 1873.

Boots and Shoes.
SIGN OF THE "GOLDEN BOOT."
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OUR SPRING STOCK
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GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,
Wednesday, 2nd day of April, 1873.

PRESENT:
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

On the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Customs and under the provisions of the 8th section of the Act 31 Vic., cap. 6, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order and it is hereby ordered, that the Town of Lindsay, Ontario, be and the same is hereby constituted and erected into a Port of Entry and Warehousing Port.

W. A. HIMSWORTH,
Clerk Privy Council.
April 7, 1873.

Miscellaneous.
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GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,
Wednesday, 2nd day of April, 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 31 Vic., Cap. 6, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order and it is hereby ordered, that the Village of New Glasgow, in the County of Pictou, Nova Scotia, be and the same is hereby constituted and erected into an Out Port of Customs with warehousing privileges, and to be attached to the Port of Pictou.

W. A. HIMSWORTH,
Clerk Privy Council.
April 7th, 1873.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,
Monday, 7th 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 8th section of 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 Stratroy, 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 of the Port of London.

W. A. HIMSWORTH,
Clerk Privy Council.
April 3, 1873.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,
Wednesday, 12th day of February, 1873.

PRESENT:
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

On the recommendation of the Hon. the Secretary of State for the Provinces and under the provisions of the 37th section of the Act 31 Vic., cap. 42, His Excellency in Council has been pleased to order that the following regulations for the protection of the timber on the lands of the Six Nation Indians and on the Reserve of the Mississauga Indians of the New Credit Settlement, and to provide for the mode of determining the location of lands to be held, used and enjoyed by the said Indian under the provisions of the Acts of the Parliament of Canada relating thereto: be, and the same are hereby made and established.

REGULATIONS.
No. 1.—No timber or firewood, railway ties, staves, shingle wood, or other description of timber or wood shall be taken from, or cut on, the lands of the Six Nation Indians or those of the Mississaugas of the New Credit Settlement without either a special license issued by the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, or otherwise by the Superintendent within whose agency or jurisdiction the said lands are situated; and such Superintendent shall in no case issue such a license except with the approbation and consent as respects the Six Nation lands, of the council of chiefs; and as respects the lands of the New Credit Settlement, with the joint concurrence of the head chief and the Local Superintendent; and this regulation shall apply to all lands whether located or otherwise.

No. 2.—Any timber or wood removed, taken or cut without such license shall be seized by the Local Superintendent, or the Forest Warden, or by any person duly authorized in writing by the said Superintendent or Forest Warden so to do, and wherever found, whether on or off the said reserves, may be seized and sold for the benefit generally of the land or bands, to whom the reserve may belong.

No. 3.—And whereas, it is desirable to provide for the mode of determining the location of lands, to be held, used and enjoyed by the said Indians, under the provisions of the Acts of the Parliament of Canada in that respect, it is therefore declared that in respect to the lands set apart for the use of the Six Nation Indians, the Local Superintendent, acting in concert with the council of chiefs of the Six Nation Indians; and in respect to the lands set apart for the Mississaugas of the New Credit Settlement, the Local Superintendent, acting in concert with the head chief of the said Mississaugas, is hereby authorized to allot and locate to the various members of the bands for whose use respectively the lands or reserves so held, as the case may be, the various lots in such lands or reserves; and acting in concert, or with the concurrence aforesaid, as the case may be, to settle, readjust and re-arrange such allotments and locations where disputes may arise, as to the original or subsequent allotment or location of any such lands or reserves.

W. A. HIMSWORTH,
Clerk Privy Council.
April 7, 1873.