

Ontario Workman.

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

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AMERICAN LABOR PORTRAITS.

The Workingman's Advocate, of Chicago, is publishing pen and ink sketches of men who have taken a prominent part in Labor Reform. The following sketch of Mr. John Fehrenbach, President of the I. U. M. & B. will prove of interest to our readers:—

John Fehrenbach, the President of the International Union of Machinists and Blacksmiths, and the subject of this sketch was born at Rochester, Monroe county, New York, on the 29th day of June, 1844. Left motherless at the tender age of three years, and compelled, through the poverty of his father, to enter the workshop in his eighth year, he entered that school of hardship and toil which has given to the world its ablest orators, statesmen, and leaders.

He first commenced work in a woolen manufactory, which was owned by Messrs. Douglass & Hollowell, being necessitated to commence work at six o'clock A. M., and continue until seven o'clock in the evening. He obtained the rudiments of a common school education by walking from the shop, two miles, to the night school, which was then located on High street, near the old Erie canal; after school, walking home, a distance of two miles more, and doing this without his supper, and after working hard for twelve hours each day. On the 11th of April, 1857, his father bound him as an apprentice to a blacksmith, whose shop was located on the banks of the Genesee river, on Stats street, between Rochester and Charlotte streets, towards Lake Ontario. He served out his time on the 10th of April, 1860, when he left his home for the first time, starting out in the world with four dollars in his possession. He went to Peterboro, Ontario, paying three dollars and a half for his passage across Lake Ontario, and landed in Peterboro with ten cents in silver as his worldly possessions.

Not liking the blacksmith trade, and desiring to be a machinist, he went to a machine shop owned by Messrs. Mowry & Son, where, through the intercession of a kind friend, he was taken as an apprentice to the machinist trade. Shortly after his time was out, he went to Ohio, arriving in Cleveland August 14th, 1863, and found employment in the shop of Chas. Winchel, in Cincinnati. He left Cincinnati, and went to Evansville, Ind., in February, 1864 accepting employment at the machine shop of Messrs. Cratz and Heilmann. Two weeks thereafter he connected himself with an organization for the first time in his life. This organization was Machinists and Blacksmiths Union, No. 5, of Indiana, which Union still lives, and is in a flourishing condition.

In July 1865, he was elected Special Corresponding Secretary of M. B. Union No. 4, of Indiana, with instructions to open a correspondence with the various trades organizations throughout the State, with a view to obtain mutual action on the eight-hour question. Three months from the date of his appointment, and subsequent to the opening of this correspondence, a State Convention was called to organize the Grand Eight Hour League of Indiana, Secretary of which he was elected. The agitation of the eight-hour question continued until nearly every city in the United States was organized. At the fall elections, nearly every prominent politician was converted into an eight-hour man. When the election was over the workingmen thought their work done and abandoned the movement; and as soon as their organizations were abandoned, every office-holder who had

pledged himself to use his influence in favor of the passage of an eight-hour law, repudiated his pledge. Here the eight-hour movement stopped in Indiana.

The next event of importance was his election as delegate to the Special Session of the National Labor Union, held in New York City, in July, 1868. In the fall of 1870, he returned to his old home, Rochester, N. Y., after an absence of ten years and a half. Here he remained six months, during which time he succeeded in building up M. & B. Union, No. 7, of New York, from a membership of 95 to a membership of 220. He returned to Indianapolis in April, 1871. In June he was elected as a delegate to represent M. & B. Union No. 4, of Indiana, in the Convention of the International Union, which convened in Cleveland, Ohio, in September of the same year. At the Convention he was elected President of the International body. When he accepted the office, the organization had scarcely a membership of 1,500 in good standing, 23 unions, an income for the International Union of about \$1,200, and an expense of about \$3,500 per annum. He started into the field, on an organizing tour, in April, 1872. The South was organized first, then a portion of the Middle States, then the Western States; and he closed the year with 68 new unions, which was a great success, considering the limited means placed at his disposal. His labors were continued until the meeting of the International Union, which took place in the capitol building, in Albany, N. Y., in September, 1872. Ninety-five delegates, while two years before only twenty-four attended; 132 Unions being represented against twenty-eight two years previous. Mr. Fehrenbach was re-elected by a vote that showed that his labors were duly appreciated.

Shortly after the Convention, in connection with M. A. Foran, President of the Coopers International Union, Wm Saffin, President of the Iron Moulders International Union, and Henry Walls, Secretary of the Iron Moulders International Union, he commenced the agitation of the organization of an Industrial Labor Congress, and on the 14th day of July, 1873, at Cleveland, Ohio, his arduous endeavors were consummated by the organization of the Industrial Congress of the United States, of which organization he was elected its first President.

From the adjournment of the Congress up to the present time, he has labored assiduously for the advancement of not only the interests and welfare of the machinists and blacksmiths of America, but to ameliorate the condition of all who seek a livelihood by honest industry.

In personal appearance, Mr. Fehrenbach is prepossessing and dignified, and possesses features that readily indicate the depth and power which glows from the earnest eyes and make themselves manifest in the eloquent utterances of his lips. As an orator, he is fluent and ready, his ideas original and fresh, and his ability purely natural. When we consider the many vicissitudes through which he has passed, and the fact that he is but 29 years of age, it is safe to predict for him a long career of success as a public agitator, and a defender and advocate of labor reform.

LORD SHAFTESBURY AND THE SCOTCH MINERS.

A special meeting of the miners of Scotland was held recently in Glasgow, to consider a letter from Lord Shaftesbury. The miners had asked his lordship to give them the name of the person who had made to him a statement which they considered had affected their interests and moral position.

The following is his lordship's reply:—
St. Giles House, Oct. 22, 1873.

GENTLEMEN,—I have this instant had the honor of receiving your letter dated 20th of this month. I am deeply gratified by the kind, though I fear undeserved language you use both towards myself, and in respect of the small services that I have been enabled to render; I should, indeed, to my last hour deplore the loss of your friendship and esteem. The zeal and determination with which you reject any statement that may seem to throw

a stain on the character and conduct of the miners as industrious and trustworthy men, are most striking, consolatory, and suggestive of the best hopes for the future—you will, I am sure, observe that the remarks I made were of particular and not of general application. I said, what several others have said, and those excesses occurred "in too many instances." You would, yourselves, unhesitatingly admit the same, and be the first to condemn the destructive habits to which I alluded. I mentioned a special instance, it is true, though not by any means as one representative of the whole trade. You now require me to give up the name of my informant—I very respectfully, but very decidedly decline to do so; and, indeed, you at any rate have no need of it, for your own position is made perfectly clear; nor, as regards others who have not signed the letter, will my unsupported statement be taken for more than it is worth—and so it will fade away from the recollection of the public. Doubtless, there are circumstances in which the disclosure you demand would be both justifiable and necessary—but, in the circumstances of the present case (pray pardon me for saying it), such a procedure would, I think, be altogether the reverse. With many hopes and prayers that this correspondence may not lead to a breach of the friendly feeling that has so long subsisted between us, I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

SHAFTESBURY.

Messrs. David Moffat and others.

The Conference agreed to reply to the letter of the Earl of Shaftesbury, and the letter, which was signed by twenty-four delegates, is as follows:—

To the Right Hon. Earl Shaftesbury, K. G. Allan's Temperance Hotel, Glasgow.

November 4, 1873.

My Lord,—We have just received the reply to our letter, addressed to you some time ago, and which we directed Alexander Macdonald, President of the Miners' National Association, to forward to you on our behalf. We are exceedingly sorry to find from the contents of yours of the 29th ult, that you refuse to give up the name of the party that so foully slandered a portion of the class to which we belong. We regret further to find that the one strong ground you take in not giving up the name of your informant is the special one that we claim it on. You say you mentioned a "special instance," and where is not given. We are stricken—we are all smitten by that, yet no spot or district is specified. In the circumstances, as you refuse to give up the name of the ignoble party, we feel we cannot by any means force it. One act if done by yourself, could not efface some of the services you have performed for us and ours, as also those that have passed away. One thing we feel constrained to say to you, that though the coal and iron master may shield himself under your powerful influence, under your honoured reputation, he does so branded as a false accuser of his fellow-men—men by whose exertions he has been, and is, deriving an existence,—no honoured position surely! We give the social and moral picture he gave to you a flat and unqualified contradiction in all its parts as applying to any body of men two or three thousand in number. A coward he evidently is, as he would run the risk of your sustaining damage to your reputation among the mining population rather than to disclose his name voluntarily, and acknowledge that he was wrong, or give the proof demanded by us in justice to the whole miners in Scotland. One thing more. Such a person may be fit to mingle among the upper classes and pass into their family circle, and may enjoy a name for hospitality or even philanthropy. Deprived as he would try to make the miners steeped in sensuality as he says they are—there is among them a rude sense of honour that would eject him from their society if he had slandered your class as much as he has done ours.

The Federal Council have accepted an official motion to Germany to participate in the Universal Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876, and have decided to leave the appointment of Commissioners to represent Germany at the Exhibition in the hands of Prince Bismarck.

This year has been more than unusually prolific in marine disasters, and its close is marked by the loss of the Ville de Havre, by which two hundred and twenty persons have perished. The Ville de Havre, a large and magnificently fitted steamer, plied between New York and Brest. At two o'clock on the morning of the 23rd of November she came into collision with the British ship Locke, near Glasgow, and sunk in ten minutes, there being only time to save eighty-seven persons. Special despatches to the Times and Standard, give particulars of the bombardment of Cartagena, on Wednesday. The arsenal and barracks were the chief marks for the besieger's artillery, but the cathedral and hospital were also struck. On Friday the theatre and Protestant church, and two entire streets were destroyed; two hundred persons were killed and wounded within the city. The insurgents have raised the black flag on the fort. At the last accounts, the fire around the city was subsiding. The loss of the besiegers was exceedingly small. The officers of the foreign squadrons succeeded in obtaining an armistice of four hours on Friday night.

Labor Notes.

The Waumbuck Manufacturing Company at Milton Mills, N.H., has reduced the wages of its operatives 15 per cent.

A general reduction of 10 cents per ton has been accepted by the miners throughout the Mahoning valley.

The Calico department of Garnier & Co.'s print works at Wappinger Falls, N.Y., resumed work on Monday, giving 250 men employment.

The Labor Party at Pittsburg, on Saturday, effected permanent organization. There are some eighteen or twenty Labor Associations in Allegheny county, and the Labor Party is a strong one.

A State Convention of the miners of Ohio will be held at Alliance on the third Wednesday in December, to frame a State Constitution, and also to officially connect themselves with the National Association.

Work was partially resumed on Monday, after a suspension of several weeks, in the Newburgh Steam Mills, in Newbury, N.Y., owned by Garner & Co., of New York, and employing 400 hands.

It is stated that one-half of the population of Chicago are now supported by manufactures, so that we may now term it a "manufacturing city," as well as the great grain, cattle and lumber city.

There are in Paterson, N.J., 4,000 men and 2,000 women out of employment, and 4,500 persons working on three-quarter time. The city has appropriated \$25,000 to furnish employment on the streets.

The Harmony Mills, at Cohoes, N.Y., employing nearly 5,000 persons, resumed work on Monday, on full time. Gilbert Bush & Co., car manufacturers on Green Island, employing 300 men, resumed work on three-quarter time. On Saturday evening, November 8th, a large number of the members of the Oldham branch of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, and their friends, assembled in Rock Street Schoolroom, to celebrate the prosperity of the branch, when tea and collation were served.

The Trades' Unions of Cleveland embrace the following: Two lodges of Knights of St. Crispin, two Printers', two Moulders', four Machinists' and Blacksmiths', two Iron and Steel Heaters', three Coopers', one Cigar-makers', and two Forges of the Sons of Vulcan.

A mass meeting of unemployed working people, of New York, was called at Cooper Institute, on Monday evening for December the 11th, to devise measures for relieving the needy. All labor organizations in the country are requested to hold meetings at the same time, for the same purpose.

On Monday night, November 3rd, a mass meeting of tinsmith workers, in Wolverhampton, resolved to seek an advance of 10 per cent. in their present wages scale. The Birmingham masters, it was announced, had consented to give the rise if the Wolverhampton masters would also consent. Six hundred operatives were present.

A mass meeting of workingmen and women in Philadelphia passed resolutions to the effect that, as the labouring people could not ward off the present panic, it is demanded of the City Council that employment be given to the unemployed, and supply depots be established. The resolutions praise the eight-hour system, and " hail with delight the organization of the Patrons of Husbandry."

Mr. Mundella's Factory Bill was discussed at a conference held at Dundee on Saturday, of representatives from the principal manufacturing towns of Scotland. It was resolved that the nine and a half hours daily should be wrought between six in the morning and six at night, and that no lad under 13 should work more than half time.

The printers troubles at Pittsburg, Pa., have culminated in a general lock-out against the proprietors. The Leader and Evening Journal attempted the publication of their paper with non-Union men. A meeting was called by the Typographical Union No. 7, and a resolution unanimously passed by that body in full session that no work be permitted by their members until the "rats" were discharged.

At a meeting of the wide branch of frame-work-knitters was held in the Co-operative large room, Mansfield, on Monday night, Nov. 3rd, to consider the question of the advance of 10 per cent. asked for in the above branch, the following resolution was carried.

That a large meeting be called as soon as possible and show the manufactures that it

was not only the delegates, but also the workmen who are agitating the question, and that they are determined to have the above advance and no less.

The Executive Committee of the National Agricultural Laborers Union of England, held their fortnightly meeting at Leamington on Monday. Mr. Russell in the chair. It was decided to carry out the rule that no delegate or officer of the society should institute legal proceedings in connection with union matters without previously submitting his case to the Executive. The question of the withdrawal of the unionist labourers of Gloucester district, in consequence of the charges made against their secretary, Mr. Yeates, by Mr. Henry Taylor the general secretary of the National Union, was again brought before the Executive who decided to offer to refer all matters in dispute to the decision of Mr. George Dixon, M.P., as arbitrator. The General Secretary announced that further facilities were offered to intending emigrants to New Zealand, the Agent-General for that colony requiring 20,000 families.—The committee directed their delegates to advocate still more strenuously the emigration principle.—Mr. Arch and Mr. Taylor were appointed delegates to the Trades Union Congress, to be held at Sheffield, in January next.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Mr. Cartwright was elected in Lennox by a majority of about eight hundred votes.

A despatch from Eureka, Nev., states that a volcano has broken out in the Panto Mountains, ten miles from that place. Dense columns of smoke are issuing from the crater.

A Convention of Granges, held at Atlanta, Ga., has adopted resolutions to establish direct shipment of cotton to Europe; to urge the refunding of the cotton tax to legitimate claimants, and the removal of all import duties except on luxuries. They also urged the construction of the Atlantic and Great Western Canal.

Despatches from Cape Coast report another engagement with the Ashantees near Dunquah, in which forty Englishmen and native auxiliaries were killed and wounded. The Ashantees boldly attacked the British position, but were driven off after an hour's fight, with the loss of thirty men. The British were protected by field works and their loss was trifling.

One hundred men, who were discharged by a contractor on a railroad between Tenco and Tuconia, Washington Territory, without being paid, have armed themselves and gone to the end of the track and notified the workmen that no more work shall be done until their claims are settled. Forty workmen were driven away, and it is reported that the men are doing considerable damage to the road by filling in cuts.

A review of the newspaper press of the United States, in reference to the question of war with Spain, shows a great predominance of ability on the side of peaceable settlement. Among the journals warmly advocating such a course are the Springfield Republican, the Chicago Tribune, the Cincinnati Commercial, the Cincinnati Gazette, the Louisville Courier-Journal, the Boston Advertiser, the Boston Journal, and the Providence Journal.

Alluding to the missing steamer Ismalia the New York World says:—The officers of the Anchor line have received no additional information of the whereabouts of the steamer Ismalia, which cleared at New York, September 29. On the 2nd ult. she was boarded by a boat from the barque Dorothea and found well. Since that time nothing has been heard of her.

After being taken to Blackwell's Island on Saturday, Tweed was asked the usual questions by the recording clerk, to which he answered that he was aged 50; occupation, a tradesman; no religion, but as his family are Protestants, he was entered as a Protestant. He weighed 263 lbs. He was taken to a bath thoroughly cleansed, then had his head shaved, and was arrayed in full striped uniform. He had two letters from New York city physicians, recommending that he be placed in the hospital, but after examinations by the penitentiary physicians he was remanded to a common cell like other felons. No. 34 jacket was given him to wear. It is known that the penitentiary as a larceny jacket. His son stayed by him till he was led away to his cell, when he and a few friends and reporters left the Island.

THE SMITHS.
 In the east,
 The stars were grey below,
 Spectral in the river mist,
 The ship's white timbers show,
 Then let the sound of measured stroke
 And grating saw begin;
 The broad axe to the gnarled oak,
 The mallet to the pin!

Hark! roars the bellows, blast on blast,
 The sooty smithy jars,
 And fire-sparks rising far and fast,
 Are fading with the stars.
 All day for us the smith shall stand
 Beside that flashing forge;
 All day for us his heavy hand
 The graining anvil scourge.

From far-off hills the panting team
 For us is toiling near;
 For us the raftman down the stream
 Their island barges steer;
 Rings out for us the axeman's-stroke
 In forests old and still;
 For us the century-circled oak
 Falls crashing down his hill.

Up! up! in nobler toils than our
 No craftsmen bear a part:
 We make of nature's giant powers
 The slaves of human art.
 Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
 And drive the trenails free;
 Nor faithless joint, nor yawning seam,
 Shall tempt the searching sea.

Where'er the keel of our good ship
 The sea's rough field shall plough,
 Where'er her tossing spars shall drip
 With salt spray caught below,
 The ship must heed her master's beck
 Her helm obey his hand,
 And seamen tread her reeling deck
 As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak
 Of northern ice may peel;
 The sunken rock and coral peak
 May grate along her keel;
 And know we well the painted shell
 We give to wind and wave
 Must float, the sailor's citadel,
 Or sink, the sailor's grave!

Ho! strike away the bars and blocks,
 And set the good ship free!
 Why lingers on these dusky rocks
 The young bride of the sea?
 Look! how she moves down the grooves,
 In graceful beauty now!
 How lowly on the breast she loves
 Sinks down her virgin prow!

Speed on the ship! but let her bear
 No merchandise of sin,
 No groaning cargo of despair
 Her roomy hold within.
 No Lethian drug for eastern lands,
 Nor poison-draught for ours;
 But honest fruits of toiling hands,
 And nature's sun and showers!

Be hers the prairie's golden grain,
 The desert's golden sand,
 The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,
 The spice of morning-land!
 Her pathway on the open main
 May blessings follow free,
 And glad hearts welcome back again
 Her white sails from the sea!

Tales and Sketches.

THE FAVORITE.

"I am heartily tired of the life I lead," continued the princess, with recovered animation; "I am tired of this objectless activity in an everlasting sameness that can offer me nothing new, nothing interesting. And I also hate the constantly conflicting plans of those who incessantly beset me for the possession of myself, or rather of my wealth and titles, for the promotion of their own interested and ambitious views. Thus stands it with me within the circle of my own family; without that circle the daily solicitations for my hands become insupportably wearisome. I already stand too high to need the aid of a foreign prince to raise me still higher. What can be offered me that I do not already possess? What can the first throne in Europe offer to compensate me for the desertion of my own fair native land, which insures to me all that a mortal can desire—power, rank, respect, and wealth?" The princess paused to give the count an opportunity to answer; but as the latter continued silent, she again resumed, "I am firmly resolved to be happy, if possible, in my native land, by blessing a being who loves me, and whose love I may return. I will marry, Count Lauzun, and will choose my husband among the exalted noblemen of my country—among the true servants of my loyal relative and master.

Lauzun felt the imperative necessity of replying to the princess; yet, deserted by his usual presence of mind, he could scarcely stammer out a few unconnected and almost unintelligible words. Happily the princess was, herself, too much agitated to notice his embarrassment; she was visibly struggling for the attainment of sufficient self-possession to continue her remarks.

"I am satisfied," she at length continued,

"that I cannot have done amiss in consulting upon this most important affair of my whole life, with the king, and advisor of him who is also my nearest and dearest friend."

"And the king?" at length ejaculated Lauzun, with a painful sigh.

"He knows and approves of my resolution, as well as of the reasons which have induced it," was the answer; "but he declines guiding my choice; and how hard it is, alone, to select the worthiest among so many who are worthy! Yet why should I desire to deceive you?" she added with downcast eyes, at a momentary silence.

"My choice, count, I believe, is made, and yet I trust my heart—I could say my penetration—too little—I desire the confirmation—I wish—it is you, Lauzun, you, whom I have chosen—to counsel and guide me; to you I breathe the name, never yet uttered even to the king."

She ceased speaking, her face suffused with blushes, while that of Lauzun was deadly pale. "Oh, no, no!" he cried, sinking upon his knees in the humblest posture; "in mercy do not tell me the name of the fortunate one. How is it possible for me to decide?" he continued, with difficulty commanding himself. "Should I venture so far, and my decision should have the misfortune to displease your royal highness—"

"This want of courage does not become you, Count Lauzun, and you are not as frank towards me as my full reliance on you deserves," replied the princess, with some haughtiness.

"Who can feel more deeply than myself the honor of this gracious confidence?" answered Lauzun; "still not the less deeply do I feel how difficult it is to prove myself worthy of it."

"You know not how much you lose by this evasion," said the princess, as, turning from him, she arose from her seat, and approached the open door of her room in which her ladies were whiling away the hours in sparkling conversation with some of the lords of the court. Lauzun followed her, scarcely knowing what he did; his visible agitation did not fail to increase the universal attention which his long *te-a-tete* with the princess had already excited; but he was too much occupied with his own feelings to observe it, and as soon as possible withdrew from the brilliant circle, that he might, in solitude, meditate over what had passed.

For a long time he vainly endeavored to control the wishes, hopes, and fears which arose in his bosom. He was at first alarmed by the thought that he might, perhaps, through his own fault, become an object of scorn to the noble lady; but this idea was soon rejected as unworthy of himself and her; this was succeeded by the fear that by his weakness and timidity he had trifled with her confidence; and thus he hovered long between happiness and misery, until, at last, he resolved to free himself from such tormenting uncertainty at any price, and to obtain, by entreaties and promises of perfect sincerity, an explanation from the princess.

He was not able to approach her until late in the evening. It was at a fancy ball at which the king, with some of his officers, appeared as Arcadian shepherds. In their stiff garments of gold brocade, embroidered with precious stones, with crooks of gold in their hands, their long flowing hair well covered with powder and pomatum, they would have made rather a ridiculous figure in our day, but seemed appropriate enough to the perverted taste of that age. Anna de Montpensier, in the costume of the country, not less richly but more tastefully arrayed than the ideal shepherds, excited universal admiration. The provincial dress gave an unusually charming softness to her appearance, which somewhat encouraged the count as he approached her.

"May a penitent dare hope to obtain what a few hours ago he blindly cast from him!" he whispered to her.

"Beware of the wolves, my gentle shepherd; do not forget your usual watchfulness and caution," was the half-earnest, half-playful reply.

"I fear nothing," answered Lauzun, "for, thanks to myself, I have nothing more to lose; but, oh, my princess!" he added, in a sad, beseeching tone, "permit me now to drop this assumed character—I do not feel able to sustain it. Did you but know what I have suffered since this morning! did you but know my repentance, my ardent desire to devote my whole life to your service? The confidence you reposed in me to-day, now that I have recovered from the surprise it gave me, has raised me above myself; I feel courage to serve you at any price. Restore to me your confidence, and, at every hazard, I swear to deserve it by frankness and sincerity."

Lauzun's voice trembled, and the princess was not less agitated. For a long time she silently and hesitatingly gazed upon him. "I no longer feel as I did this morning," she said, at length, "I was then frank;—your reserve, Count Lauzun, has made me also reserved." She was again silent; her beautiful blue eyes were for a moment, dimmed, a gentle sad smile played upon her lips; at that moment was heard the dull sound of the clock striking twelve, and he princess shuddered. "It is midnight, and Friday begins," she said, growing paler; "it is an unfortunate day, in which no good thing should be undertaken. I dare not tell you the name now. I feel as if half of my happiness was already taken away, because I only thought of it at this unlucky moment, and mournful forebodings fill my breast. Go now to the king; count, good night; on

Saturday, at the queen's," she hurriedly whispered, as she beckoned to the ladies, who were in the room.

Lauzun, after her retreating form, but she ventured to struggle against the almost universal superstition with which this day was regarded, and from which, perhaps, he himself was not wholly free. Slowly crept the hours until the evening, in which all his hopes and fears should end. Already hundreds of wax tapers, in the apartments of the queen, changed night into the most brilliant day; their rays were reflected in a thousand forms from the gilded walls, and the dazzling lustre of the jewels, the glittering embroidery, the numberless girandoles of rock-crystal, shed a peculiar rainbow-colored light through the perfumed air. The duchesses, seated upon their rather uncomfortable tabourets near the queen, formed an enviable circle, and looked proudly down upon the groups of countesses, marchionesses, and viscountesses, whom court etiquette required to remain standing, and who were almost too weary to sustain themselves in an erect position. Gallantry, intrigue, unmeaning court flattery, circulated through the saloon. Near the queen the conversation, as customary in such places, was quiet, gentle, and subdued; but more lively and interesting in proportion to the distance from her.

A little apart from the rest, near a large mirror, Anna de Montpensier sat thoughtfully upon the seat to which, as a French princess, she was entitled. Although the evening was already far advanced, she had not yet mentioned the name. Count Lauzun had not yet found a favorable opportunity to join her, notwithstanding she had placed herself, perhaps unconsciously, in a position best calculated to favor that object. Timidly glancing her eyes over the brilliant crowd, she saw him for whom she alone looked, intensely gazing upon her from a corner of the saloon not far distant. It seemed to her at this moment that friendly whispering spirits were advising her to conquer her maiden shyness; a deep blush, a slight hesitation, and quickly, as if to leave no time for reflection, she turned to the mirror, apparently to adjust the magnificent ornament on her breast; once more she looked in the glass towards the corner he occupied. There still stood Lauzun, watching her slightest movement. Gently like an angel kissing a sleeping child, she breathed on the mirror, and upon the surface, dimmed by her breath, with light fingers wrote, *It is you*. She then sank back upon her seat, while the writing disappeared as rapidly as it was formed.

The queen now rose to depart, and the consequent movement in the room happily gave the princess time to recover herself. She also was obliged to leave, with her ladies, for the Luxembourg palace. On departing, her eyes once more sought the happy Lauzun. Pale with joy, he still remained motionless in the same attitude; she saw that he had read and understood; she felt that his eye was upon her, but she could not meet his glance. Without approaching her he followed to the carriage in a delirium of happiness. "It is you" was written wherever he looked; "It is you" was engraved upon his heart; "It is you" was seen in the starry heavens. He thought of nothing—could think of nothing, but these three words; he fell asleep while murmuring them, and saw them in letters of light in all his dreams that happy night.

On awaking the next morning, he could not believe the events of the preceding evening to anything but an illusive vision. Again the old struggle returned. Now he blamed himself for his foolish presumptions—now he regarded himself as the happiest being on earth. "I will see her," he said, at last; "she will tell me if I have dreamed."

He found her attending high mass with the queen, at the chapel royal. Absorbed in her devotions, she did not appear to notice him; but never did a purer or more fervent prayer ascend to Heaven, than that of Anna de Montpensier in this important crisis of her life.

When the service was concluded, the princess rose to follow the queen to the royal nursery. For the first time Lauzun rejoiced in his situation at court, which gave him the privilege of attending them. With timid pleasure Anna de Montpensier listened, without looking up, to the sound of his footsteps; she scarcely knew herself, so changed did she feel, so deserted by her usual self-possession, and her embarrassment became even painful when the queen passed with the governess to another room, leaving her alone with the count.

Scarcely knowing what she did, she sank upon a couch which had been placed for the children near the fire, while the count, improving the opportunity, approached her. "I am frozen almost to death," she remarked, for the sake of saying something, fixing her eyes steadily upon the fire, and appearing to be warming her beautiful hands.

"And I! my gracious princess—and I! I have hardly deserved this punishment," said Lauzun, in great agitation. The princess looked inquiringly at him. "This mockery," continued he, almost inaudibly.

"And can you really believe that I would trifle with you?" asked the princess, rising and gazing at him with love, hope, and trustful confidence beaming in her face.

Their eyes met, and there was no longer need of words. Ecstasied, delighted, forgetting everything, Lauzun was on the point

of falling at her feet, when she warned him by a look that the queen was returning.

On the next Sunday evening the princess seized a favorable moment to reveal to the king the name of him she had chosen. "That he is your favorite," she said; "made me first prefer him, that he is your subject, a French nobleman, and one of your personal guards, has pleased him in my eyes, on a level with any prince. In future it will be my pride, the joy of my life, for which I daily thank Heaven that I am in a condition to elevate this distinguished and most noble man to such rank and wealth as will enable him to surpass in outward splendor, as far as he already does in inward excellency, those who, from selfish motives, have heretofore sought my hand."

The king listened to the outpouring of his cousin's feelings with attention and sympathy. "Heaven forbid that I should wish to deny so happy a destiny to any man who deserves it," he said; "but I would rather sacrifice all than give reason for a suspicion that I desired to advance a favorite at the expense of the happiness of a near and beloved relative! So, dear Anna, I will give no opinion as to your choice, but leave you to follow the dictates of your true heart and pure mind. I shall always remain your friend, dear cousin. May you find happiness for yourself in imparting it to others; but I advise you to be cautious, for Lauzun has powerful enemies."

"Whom can we fear if you be for us," said the delighted Anna, stooping to kiss his hand; but raising and affectionately embracing her, he withdrew.

Who can describe the wonder, the surprise, the amazement with which the whole of Paris heard the intelligence, that, on the approaching Sunday, the already settled marriage of the princess would take place? "If you are confounded," wrote Madame de Sevigne to her daughter in the country, while announcing to her Lauzun's surprising good fortune, "if you are overcome, if you declare that we are trying to make you believe something utterly improbable, in short, if you abuse us, and say everything against us, it is all right, for we have all done the same to each other here in Paris."

The whole nobility of France felt themselves honored by the distinction the princess had conferred on the by choosing one of their number. Crowds of congratulations from the first families poured into the Luxembourg palace; and some of the nobility, with the Duke de Richelieu at their head, even thanked her on their knees for the high honor shown to them in her choice of a husband. Lauzun's relatives and nearest friends of both sexes pressed around, full of joy and gratitude. They clasped her knees, kissed her hands—even the hem of her robe. Anna de Montpensier was full of love and happiness: "Love him," she said, "yes, love him sincerely, earnestly—the whole world has not love enough to reward him as he deserves."

(To be Continued.)

MY WIDOW.

Jones advised me not to marry her—he said she was too young and pretty.

Farnum advised me to be an old bachelor—told me a man past forty just made a fool of himself by matrimony.

Tewksbury, a man who is notorious for never minding his own business, told me she had had a love affair with Harry Birmingham before he went South.

Allen shook his head, and said Clara Meyers might be pretty, but he liked somebody maturer and more settled. (N.B.—He married his housekeeper the next week, and she is mature enough for Methuselah himself.)

Everybody thought I was trying a dangerous experiment; but I didn't pretend to suit everybody, so I simply suited myself. I went quietly to church with Clara Meyers, and married her one glorious January morning, when the old St. Paul's was fringed with glittering icicles, and the brisk wind was freighted with the particles of flying snow, like a battalion of diamonds on the double quick.

She was about nineteen and I about nine and thirty. She was as beautiful as a rosebud, with a shy, pretty way, like a timid child, and I am a rough old codger, sound enough at heart, but like a winter apple, unpromising on the exterior.

In short, we were unlike as May and November, and the good-natured world shook its head and said: No good could come of such an unequal match. But she said she loved me, and I believed her. Nobody could look into Clara's eyes and not believe her, you see.

And the next day I made a will and bequeathed all my property, unconditionally, to my wife.

"Are you sure you are doing a wise thing thing, Mr. Folliott?" said Mardyn, the lawyer, pushing his blue spectacles upon his forehead, until he looked like a bald old gnome, with a double pair of eyes. "You see she is very much younger than you are, and—"

"Please to be so kind as to mind your own business," said I, brusquely. "Don't be offended Mardyn, but really people seem to suppose I am not able to attend to my own affairs."

"Just as you please," said Mardyn, in a rage. "I am a tool at your hands."

"That's it exactly." So I signed the will and went home to Clara.

"Oh, Paul, you must not die!" said Clara, with a look, when I told her, what I had done. "Nobody has loved me as truly and generously as you have done, and I don't know what I should do if you were taken away."

"There was young Birmingham, if all reports were true," I mischievously began, but the curl on Clara's lip stopped me.

"A mere butterfly," she added, haughtily, "without brains or principle. Paul, Paul, I have found a shelter in your true, loving heart, and I mean to nestle there always."

And then she cried, this foolish, soft-hearted little wife of mine.

Jones and Tewksbury might have called this policy. Farnum would have said it was acting. But it was very pleasant, and I felt more than ever like a man who has found some precious jewel, and wears it like an amulet on his breast.

So things went on until the firm of which I was managing partner, needed to send some one to Calcutta to see after a turbaned scoundrel of an agent, who had absconded with more money than we could well afford to lose. Morrison was old and feeble, Hewett's wife lay very ill, so I was the one to go. I kissed Clara good-bye as cheerfully as I could, fully expecting to be back in three months or so.

I had to follow the agent up into the country mountains of India, and fell ill of one of those burning climate fevers in the bungalow of an old native priest, and the months flew by until it was more than a year before I found myself on the deck of the Blue Eyed Mary, steaming into New York harbor.

And all this time Clara had never heard a word from me.

I had written to her to prepare herself for what seemed almost like my rising from the dead, but I had afterwards found my letters in the pockets of the neglectful native servant who had undertaken to deliver the mails to the Calcutta office.

But it don't matter now so much, I thought, she will be the more delighted, poor girl!

And then a cold chill seemed to creep through my veins, like November's wind suddenly beating across a bed of flowers.

Clara had heard nothing of me for nearly fifteen months. What might not have happened in that time? What Tewksbury, and Jones, and Allen, and all the other prophetic ravens of my acquaintances had said, returned to my mind like the burden of an uneasy dream. I had been counting the days, the very minutes until we should touch port; but now that my feet rang once more upon the pavement of my native city, I actually dared not go home.

I turned into a down-town restaurant, where I had been wont to go in the days of my bachelorhood, and slunk in the dark corner—the twilight was just falling and I was sheltered by the partition.

Hush! That was Tewksbury's voice, harsh and jarring as of old.

"Just what I might have expected," said Tewksbury, "pretty and young widows don't go begging in this market."

"Folliott might have known it," growled old Farnum; "poor Folliott, there were some good points about him, too. Sad thing that—very sad thing!"

"We must all die," said Tewksbury, gravely.

"Yes, but a fellow would naturally prefer dying in his bed, to being carried off by an East Indian fever, and buried in the jungles."

I shuddered. Had I then come home to my own funeral as it were?

"And she is going to marry young Birmingham, after all," added Farnum.

The paper dropped from my hand.

"I could have told Folliott so when I found out what a confounded idiot he was," said Tewksbury. "So gold has fallen again; just my luck; I sold out to-night."

I stayed to hear no more, but staggered out into the darkness, with the idea whirling through my dizzy brain, that my Clara was mine no longer.

It was unquestionably what Tewksbury had said; I might have anticipated some such end. She was too young, too lovely for such a rough old fellow as I was. My widow—what a curious sensation the words gave me as I mentally pronounced them.

Under my own windows, with the ruby-red light shining through wine-colored damask curtains, I stood, feeling as Rip Van Winkle must have felt in the play—like a dead man walking on the earth once more. Voices and lights were within. I opened the door softly and crept into the hall.

The drawing-room door was ajar. Clara here, if seated before the fire, in deep black robes, with a frill of black crape on her auburn gold tresses—the awful sign and symbol of her widowhood. Directly opposite stood Harry Birmingham, looking diabolically young and handsome in the soft light.

"Clara, Clara," he cried, "you surely are not in earnest. You will reconsider."

"My answer is final," she responded. "The time might have been once when I fancied I had a childish liking for you, Harry Birmingham, but that time has long since passed away. I gave my heart to the noblest man that ever breathed—Paul Folliott—and in his grave it is forever buried. I loved him once; I shall love him on into eternity. I never was half worthy of him, but—"

And Clara's voice was choked with sobs. My love, my darling—my own precious wife!

How I ever got into the room—how I managed to make Clara comprehend that I was my own living self, and not a ghost that had arisen from the shadow of the pulchre, I cannot tell to this day, neither, as she, but I know that young Birmingham somehow disappeared, and I was standing with Clara clasped to my breast, the happiest man that ever breathed God's blessed air.

BEGINNING LIFE.

I began life by running away from home. Bolleau, we are told, was driven into his career by the hand of fate and the peck of a turkey. Attila started in life with no other cause and capital than an old sword, and which he palmed off for the divine weapon of Mars; and Robespierre owed his political career to wetting his stockings, and there heard "words which burn," which fired his soul, and determined his course in life. My running away from home arose from a minor mortification, caused by carrying a pretty girl over the brook.

Donald Lean and myself were good friends at fourteen years of age, and we both regarded, with little more than friendship, pretty Helen Graham, "our oldest girl at school." We romped and danced together, and this lasted for such a length of time, that it is with feelings of bewilderment that I look back upon the mystery of two lovers continuing friends. But the time was to come when jealousy lit a spark in my boyish bosom, and blew it into a consuming flame.

Well do I remember how and when the "green-eyed monster" perpetrated this incendiary deed. It was a cold October evening, when Helen, Donald, and myself were returning with our parents from a neighboring hamlet. As we approached a ford where the water ran somewhat higher than ankle deep, we proposed to carry Helen across as we were accustomed, with hands interwoven, "chair fashion," and thus carry our pretty passenger over the brook. Just as we were in the middle of the water—which was cold enough to have frozen anything like feeling out of boys less hardy than ourselves—a faint pang of jealousy nipped my heart. Why it was I knew not, for we had carried Helen across the brook ere now, without emotion, but this evening I thought, or fancied I thought, Helen gave Donald an undue preference by casting her arm around his neck, while she steadied herself on my side by holding the cuff of my jacket.

No flame can burn so quick, or with so little fuel as jealousy. Before we had reached the opposite bank, I wished Donald at the "opposite side of the sea." Being naturally impetuous, I burst out with— "You need na haud as gingerly, Helen, as if ye feared a fa'. I can aye carry you lighter than Donald can carry half of ye."

Surprised at the vehemence of my tone, our queen interposed with an admission that we were both strong, and that she had no idea of sparing my power. But Donald's ire was kindled, and he utterly denied that I was able to compete with him in the feats of moral courage. On such topics boys are generally emulous, and by the time we reached the opposite bank, it was settled that the point should be determined by our singly bearing Helen across the ford in our arms.

Helen was to determine who had carried her most easily, and I settled with myself privately in advance, that the one who had obtained the preference would really be the person who stood highest in her affection. The reflection stimulated me to exert every effort, and I verily believe to this day, that I could have carried Helen and Donald on either arm like feathers. But I must not anticipate.

We suffered all the rest of the party to pass along, and then returned. Helen, with the utmost care, I carried like an infant to the middle of the water. Jealousy had inspired a warmer love, and it was with feelings unknown before that I embraced her beautiful form. All went swimmingly, or rather wadingly, for a minute.

But, alas, in the very deepest part of the ford, I trod on a treacherous piece of wood which rested, I suppose, on smooth stone. Over I rolled, bearing Helen with me, nor did we rise till fairly soaked from head to foot. I need not describe the taunts of Donald or the most accusing silence of Helen. Both believed that I had fallen from mere weakness, and my rival demonstrated his superior ability bearing her in his arms a long distance on our homeward path. As we approached the house, Helen, feeling dry and better humored, attempted to reconcile me. But I preserved a moody silence. I was mortified beyond redress.

That night I picked up a few things and ran away. My boyish mind, sensitive and irritated, exaggerated the negation which it had received, and prompted me to a course which fortunately led me to better results than generally attend such irregularities. I went to Edinburgh, where I found an uncle, a kind hearted, childless man, who had gladly given me a place in his house, and employed me in his business. Wealth flowed in upon him. I became his partner, went abroad—resided four years on the continent, and finally returned to Scotland rich, educated, in short, everything but married.

One evening while at a ball in Glasgow, I was struck by a lady of unpretending appearance, but whose remarkable beauty and high toned expression indicated a mind of more than ordinary power. I was introduced, but the Scottish names had long been unfamiliar to my ear, and I could not catch hers. It was Helen something, and there was something in the face, too, that seemed familiar, something suggestive of pleasure and pain.

But we became better acquainted that evening. I learned without difficulty her history. She was from the country, had been educated, her parents had lost their property, and she was now a governess in a family of the city.

I was fascinated with her conversation, and was continually reminded by her grace and refinement of manner, that she was capable of moving with distinguished success in a far higher sphere than that which fortune seemed to have allotted to her. I was naturally not talkative, nor prone to confidence; but there was that in this lady which inspired both, and I had conversed with her as I had never conversed with any. Her questions of the various countries with which I was familiar indicated a remarkable knowledge of literature, and a vast store of information.

We progressed in intimacy, and as our conversation turned on the cause which induced so many to leave their native land, I laughingly remarked that I owed my own travels to falling with a pretty girl into a ford.

I had hardly spoken these words ere the blood had mounted to her face, and she succeeded by a remarkable paleuess. I attributed it to the heat of the room—laughed—and at her request proceeded to relate my ford adventure with Helen Graham, painted in glowing colors the amiability of my love.

Her mirth during the recital became irrepressible. At the conclusion she remarked: "Mr. Roberts, is it possible that you have forgotten me?"

I gazed an instant, remembered—and was dumbfounded. The lady with whom I had thus become acquainted was Helen Graham herself.

I hate, and so do you, reader, to needlessly prolong a story. We were soon married. Helen and I made our bridal tour to the old place. As we approached in our carriage I greeted a stout fellow working in a field, who seemed to be a better sort of a laborer, or perhaps a small farmer, by inquiring some particulars relating to the neighborhood. He answered well enough, and I was about to give him a sixpence, when Helen stayed my hand, and cried out in the old style: "Hey, Donald, mon, dinna ye ken yer old friends?"

The man looked up in astonishment. It was Donald Lean. His amazement at our appearance was heightened by its style; and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could induce him to enter our carriage and answer our numerous queries as to our old friends.

Different men start life in different ways. I believe, however, that mine is the only instance on record of a gentleman who owes wealth and happiness to rolling over with a pretty girl in a stream of water.

SCIENTIFIC.

THE OPEIOSCOPE.

This is a new and simple instrument, suggested by Professor A. E. Dolbear, for the purpose of demonstrating the pulsations of sound. Take a tube of any material, from one to two inches in diameter, and anywhere from two inches to a foot or more in length. Over one end paste a piece of tissue paper or a thin piece of rubber or goldbeater's skin; either will do. In the center of the membrane, with a drop of mucilage, fasten a bit of looking glass not more than an eighth of an inch square, with the reflection side out, of course. When dry, take it to the sunshine, and, with the open end of the tube at the mouth, hold the other end so that the beam of reflected light will fall upon the white wall or a sheet of paper held in the hand. Now speak, or sing, or foot in in. The regular movement of the beam of light with the persistence of vision presents very beautiful and regular patterns, that differ for each different pitch and intensity, but are quite uniform for given conditions. If a tune like "Auld Lang Syne" is tooted slowly in it, care being taken to give the sounds the same intensity, a series of curves will appear, one for each sound and alike for a given sound, whether reached by ascension or descension, so that it would be possible to indicate the tune by the curves; in other words, it is a true phonautograph.

By trials one can find some tone which causes the membrane to vibrate in a single plane, and of course a straight line will appear upon the screen. If, while the sound is continued, the tube be swung back and forth at right angles to the line, the sinuous line will appear, which may be either simple, representing a pure and simple sound, or it may be compounded sinuous, showing over tones, precisely as in König's manometric flames.

With the lecture room darkened and using the beam of light from a *porté lumière* or from a lantern, those may be projected of an immense size. There is no trouble in the world in making them eight or ten feet amplitude or more if needed. At a distance of but three or four feet, the curves will spread out to two or three feet in length, when a tone is made to which the tube can reasonably respond.

NEW COMETS.

The present year is marked by the discovery of quite a number of new comets, and the observations of others previously noted but since invisible. Particularly is this the case in comparison with 1872, when only one of these vagrant bodies, and that a fragment of Biela's comet, was seen. Up to the current date seven have been observed, which were found as follows: No. 1, on the 3rd of April, by Stephen at Marseilles. This comet is identical with No. 2 1867, originally discovered by Tempel. The second body is a new one, and of short period, and was noted by Tempel on July 3 at Milan. Another new comet was observed by Broelly at Marseilles on August 20, and a fifth, of considerable brilliancy, passing southwardly, by Paul Henry at Paris, on the 23rd of the same month. On September 1, Stephen, of Marseilles, obtained feeble views of Brorsen's, and on the 3rd of Faye's, comets. Another new discovery was made on November 10 by Le Verrier at Paris, of a comet which has a slight motion to the southwest, and the last new arrival has been found on November 11 by the Vienna Academy of Sciences.

Professor Kirkwood suggests that persons having the use of comet seekers will do good service to astronomy by searching for these wandering celestials at the present time. It may be added, as an incentive, that the Vienna Academy offers a gold medal for every new discovery.

SAGACITY OF BIRDS.

Certain facts render it probable that birds, in some manner, become aware of cholera infection in the air. Recent European journals state that Munich, where several cases of cholera have occurred, the rooks and crows, which flew about the steeples and through the trees of the public promenades, have all emigrated; and the same thing happened during the cholera seasons of 1836 and 1854. According to Sir Samuel W. Baker, the same phenomena occurred at Mauritius, where the martins, which exist in immense numbers the year round, wholly disappeared during the prevalence of the cholera.

THE NOVEL STEAMER.

The saloon steamship designed by Mr. Bessemer, to make sea sickness impossible, is well under way at Hull, England. The framing is nearly complete, and a good part of the outer plating has been put on. The steamer is 350 feet long, 40 feet broad inside of her paddle boxes, and of 2,774 tons burthen. She will be driven by two sets of paddle-wheels, situated 100 feet apart, the aggregate power of the engines being no less than 4,600 horse power. The two ends of the ship are alike, and each will be furnished with a rudder. Her most characteristic feature is her saloon, which will be 70 feet long and 30 feet wide, and suspended upon massive pivots at the center and at the extremities. Thus supported, it will be brought under the control of powerful hydraulic gear, worked by the principal boilers of the ship. The gear will be so arranged that it is expected a man will be able to impart to the saloon a rolling motion in relation to the ship herself receives. The engines it is anticipated, will drive the vessel at a speed exceeding 20 miles an hour.

BLACKSMITH'S MEASURING WHEEL.

Mr. Thomas R. Way, of Springfield, Ohio, is the inventor of a new device, for measuring the circumference of wheels and the length of the iron from which tyres therefor are to be made. The peculiarity of the apparatus consists in an extra pointer pivoted to the hand which indicates the wheel measure, for the purpose of deducting from the latter the amount to be allowed for expansion of the metal. The wheel revolves freely on its axle, to which, however, the hand is rigidly affixed. The pointer is secured to the hand, by a screw, so that its end may be set at any desired distance from that of its support. The device is applied and carried around the wheel to be measured, where the hand indicates the length of circumference passed over. The pointer is then fastened with its end at a distance to one side of the hand equal to the amount of expansion of the iron. The apparatus is afterward carried over the tyre, which is cut at the point indicated by the pointer.

The invention may also be employed by coopers for measuring hoops, in which case the extra pointer may be used to indicate the allowance for lap.

EMBALMING THE DEAD.

In the Vienna Exposition there were several specimens of the embalming of parts of the human body. Those exhibited by Dr. Marini, of Naples were particularly to be noted. One of these was a large round table made of muscles, sinews, etc., of a dark brown color, with a handsome polish. Among his other exploits he petrified Thalberg, the deceased pianist, and the widow is said to keep the corpse in her drawing-room. He also embalmed Mazzini, and so well that some of the more economical admirers of that statesman urged that the body should be set up in Rome as a statue, and thus save expense.

HUMOROUS.

SEWING ON BUTTONS.

It is bad enough, says the Danbury News, to see a bachelor sew on buttons; but he is the embodiment of grace alongside of a married man. Necessity has compelled experience in the case of the former, but the latter has always depended upon some one else for this service, and fortunately for the sake of society, it is rarely he is obliged to resort to the needle himself.

Sometimes the patient wife scalds her right hand, or runs a sliver under the nail of the index finger of that hand, and it is then that the man clutches the needle around the neck, and forgetting to tie a knot in the thread commences to put on the button. It is always in the mornng, and from five to twenty minutes after he is expected to be down street. He lays the button exactly on the side of its predecessor, and pushes the needle through the eye, and carefully draws the thread after, leaving about three inches of it sticking up for lee away. He says to himself,— "Well, if women don't have the easiest time I ever see."

Then he comes back the other way, and gets the needle through the cloth well enough, and lays himself out to find the eye, but in spite of a patient jabbing, the needle point persists in bucking against the solid parts of that button, and finally when he loses patience, his finger catches the thread, and that three inches he had left to hold the button shuts through the eye in a twinkling, and the button rolls leisurely across the floor. He picks it up with a single remark, out of respect for his children and makes another attempt to fasten it.

This time, when coming back with the needle, he keeps both the thread and the button from slipping by covering them with his thumb; and it is out of regard for that part of him that he feels around for the eye in a very careful and judicious manner; but eventually losing his philosophy as the search becomes more and more hopeless, he falls to jabbing about in a loose and savage manner, and it is just then the needle finds the opening and comes up through the button and part way through his thumb with a celerity that no human ingenuity can guard against.

Then he lays down the things with a few familiar quotations, and presses the injured hand between his knees, and then holds it under the other arm, and all the while he prances about the floor and calls upon heaven and earth to witness that there has never been anything like it since the world was created, and howls, and whistles, and moans, and sobs. After awhile he calms down, and pants, and fastens them with a stick, and goes to his business a changed man.

HE WOULDN'T TELL A LIE.

A party of soldiers was sitting together, talking of their adventures during the war, and, as is generally the case, some pretty hard yarns was told. The talk finally turned on promotions, when a tall Teutonic broke forth—"I'll tell you something about that, boys. When I joined the cavalry I had not been long in the country, and didn't understand much English. We were sent up the Valley, and at the battle of Winchester we were ordered to charge a battery. Well, the captain gave the order to charge, and away we went in fine style. The Johnnies opened on us with grape and canister. Many a horse tumbled over, and plenty of saddles were emptied. That didn't make any difference, we went straight ahead. Suddenly the captain gave the order to retreat. The whole company turned and went back except me. You see I didn't understand the order, so I kept on and charged right in among them, and, by Joe, I captured the whole battery and brought it off myself! Now, I'll tell you how it turned out. The next day the captain was made a major, the lieutenant was made a captain, and—" "Well, what did they do for you?" inquired a listener. "Why, they put me in the guard-house because I wouldn't tell a lie!"

A WICKED BOY "ASTRONOMIZES."

They say, writes Max Adeler, that the chief astronomer at the Washington Observatory was dreadfully sold a short time since. A wicked boy whose Sunday School experiences seems only to have made him more depraved, caught a firefly, and stuck it, with the aid of some mucilage, in the centre of the largest lens in the telescope. That night, when the astronomer went to work, he perceived a blaze of light apparently in the heavens, and what amazed him more was that it would give a couple of spurts, and the die out, only to burst forth again in a second or two. He examined it carefully for a few moments, and then began to do sums to discover where in the heavens that extraordinary star was placed. He thought he found the locality, and the next morning he telegraphed all over the universe that he had discovered a new and remarkable star of the third magnitude in Orion. In a day or two all the astronomers in Europe and America were studying Orion, and they gazed at it for hours until they were mad, and then they began to telegraph to the man in Washington, to know what he meant. The discoverer took another look, and found that the new star had moved about eighteen billion miles in twenty four hours; and upon examining it closely, he was alarmed to perceive that it had legs! When he was on the dome

the next morning, to polish up his face, he found the lightning bug. People down Alexandria, seven miles distant, heard him with the swearing, and they say he went out with whole souled sincerity, and vigorous energy. The bill for telegraphic dispatch amounted to \$2,600, and now the astronomer wants to find that boy. He wants to come with him about something.

AN EDITOR NO GENTLEMAN.

The editor of a certain paper strayed away from home recently, and on all routes was "passed froe." Among his adventures he relates the following:—

While on board a splendid steamer the beard on his chin grew rather longer than was agreeable, and he repaired to a barber's shop on board to have it taken off. The fellow did it up in first-rate style. After he had combed and oiled his hair, brushed his clothes, and slicked him up in fine style, the editor felt gratified, and he pulled out a dime and offered it to the barber as a reward for his services, when the barber drew himself up with considerable pomposity and said,— "I understand that you is an editor."

"Well, what of that?" "Because we never charge 'em, sir." "But, my colored friend, these are a great many editors travelling around now, and such liberality on your part will prove a ruinous business." "Oh, never mind," said the barber, "we makes it all off de gentlemen."

MORAL COURAGE.

That was a noble youth who, on being urged to take wine at the table of a statesman in Washington, had the moral courage to refuse. He was a poor young man, just beginning the struggle of life. He brought letters to the statesman, who kindly invited him home to dinner.

"Not take a glass of wine?" said the statesman, in wonderment and surprise.

"Not one single glass of wine?" echoed the statesman's beautiful and fascinating wife, as she arose, glass in hand, and, with a grace that would have charmed an anchorite, endeavored to press it upon him.

"No," said the heroic youth, resolutely, gently repelling the proffered glass.

What a picture of moral grandeur was that! A poor, friendless youth refusing wine at the table of a wealthy statesman, even though proffered by the fair hands of a beautiful lady!

"No," said the young man, and his voice trembled a little and his cheeks flushed, "I never drink wine; but" (here he straightened himself up, and his voice grew firmer) "but if you've got a little good rye whiskey I don't mind trying a snifter."

WHY CHUBB MOURNED.

When Chubb's wife died we called in to mourn with him, and, if possible, to console him in his affliction. The old man sat in the rocking-chair, with his eyes closed, chewing a toothpick, and rocking to and fro as he apparently mused over the years he had spent so happily in company with his late partner. We gently approached the subject of Mrs. Chubb's departure. We assured him that we sympathized with him in his deep affliction, and the more sincerely because we well knew the estimable qualities of his wife, and were familiar with the virtues with which she adorned her home.

"She was indeed," we said, "an excellent woman; a remarkable woman; a woman of sterling qualities and unaffected piety."

Chubb stopped rocking and looked at us mournfully. Then exclaimed,—

"Unaffected piety? That's just it. That's just what's the matter. I tell you, Adeler," said he, bringing his hand down emphatically on the arm of the chair, "the way that woman could roast a sugar-cured ham, would bring tears to the eyes of a graven image."

Then we went out and left him alone in his sorrow. There are some kinds of grief that are too sacred to be lightly intruded upon.

The chief partner of an energetic mercantile firm happened to be staying overnight at a famous hotel in London whilst travelling on business; and in the morning the "boss" on going his round, tapped at his bedroom door, and called out, "Are you up, sir?" to which the business man replied, having just awoke from a sound sleep, and evidently fancying he was somewhere else, "No, no, by Jove!—steady at former quarters."

A man in Ohio wrote to the editor of his horticultural paper, asking for the most advantageous address for writing horticulturists. The editor replied, "Acropolis, Greece." "Why not the globe?" and "Globe, where?" "When the rural man reads this, he is frightened with the idea, and immediately sends a note to the editor, ordering his paper to be discontinued. He said that he didn't wish to stay in that town, but because he was asked a question, he should have his support."

Ball Cards and Progress. Cards, in plain and colored ink, Business Cards, Bill-Heads, Circulars, and every description of Plain and Ornamental Job Printing executed in first-class style at the WORKMAN OFFICE.

NOTICE.

I shall be pleased to receive items of interest to the Trade Societies from all parts of the Dominion... TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

ADVERTISEMENTS. Mark 1. roar 15th insertion, ten cents per line. The 2000 Contract Advertisements at the following rates...

All communications should be addressed to the Bay Street, or to Post Office Box 1025. No columns are open for the discussion of all questions affecting the working classes.

WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MACMILLAN, 124 BAY STREET.

Meetings of Unions.

TORONTO. Meetings are held in the Trades Assembly Hall, King street west, in the following order: Painters, 1st and 3rd Monday. Tailors, 2nd and 4th Monday.

ST. CATHARINES. Meetings are held in the Temperance Hall, in the following order: K. O. S. C., 1st Monday. Tailors, 2nd Monday. Coopers, 4th Tuesday.

Messrs. LANCEFIELD BROTHERS, Newsdealers, No. 6 Market square, Hamilton, are agents for the WORKMAN in that vicinity.

Mr. D. W. TERNENT, Niagara Street, St. Catharines, will receive subscriptions and give receipts for the WORKMAN.

TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS. City subscribers not receiving their papers regularly, will oblige the proprietors by giving notice of such irregularity at the Office, 124 Bay street.

The Ontario Workman. TORONTO, THURSDAY, DEC. 4, 1873.

DIRECT REPRESENTATION OF LABOR IN PARLIAMENT.

The question of direct representation of Labor in Parliament has, from time to time, been discussed, and the advantages which would follow, pointed out.

exchange reaches us, but its columns tell of meetings being held with this one object in view, and if these persistent and earnest efforts are continued, there can be no possible doubt of their eventually succeeding—success being merely a question of time.

So far as we in Canada are concerned, the question of direct representation in Parliament has not received that earnest and close attention that the subject demands. It has been talked about—but if anything in this direction is really to be accomplished, something more than mere talking and arguing will be necessary.

For the past few weeks the question of bringing out a Workingman Candidate for the Dominion Parliament, to contest the Western Division of this city, has been mooted, but there are obstacles in the way at the present time, which cannot be overcome, though there is little doubt that such a candidate could be successfully returned were it possible to bring one forward.

In the meantime, though the workingmen have not a candidate of their own to support, it is not intended to let the present opportunity pass without improvement. A committee, on behalf of the organized workingmen, will wait upon the candidates in the field, and ascertain their views and opinions upon questions affecting them as a class.

IS IT TRUE?

We have frequently heard it asserted, during the past few days, that a large portion of the labor in connection with the Canada Car Company works is supplied by the Ontario Government, at the expense of the country.

A TORONTONIAN'S RECOLLECTION OF LORD BROUGHAM.

COMMUNICATED.

The promoters of the most beneficent movements are but too soon forgotten. Since, however, it fell to my lot some half century ago to make the acquaintance of the distinguished man above-named, (and it gives me pleasure to reflect upon my subsequent interviews with him,) I have thought it possible that by jotting down some of my reminiscences, I might thereby communicate a kindred sentiment to others.

The period to which I refer was that which witnessed the foundation of the London University, the distinguishing feature of which is that it repudiates all distinction of creed, and consequently maintains no barriers for the exclusion of merit wherever it may be found.

A less distinguished institution, and one which may be said to have contained within itself the seeds of dissolution, arose about this time, and although it owed its origin to the same active mind as did the University, yet even Lord Brougham could not withstand the effect of a fatal mistake.

I refer, and from the first it labored under the disadvantage of being of too utilitarian a character. The presidency of the present Earl Russell, and the co-operation of others of the same school, gave it no immunity from the attacks of the late Mr. Cobbett, the author of an English Grammar, "Legacy to Parsons," &c.

The advice thus tendered was so far accepted that books of entertaining knowledge were substituted for the so-called "useful," and all parties were, doubtless, edified accordingly. Efforts of this kind were the natural precursors of Mechanics' Institutes, which, with Dr. Birkbeck at their head in London, were indebted to the advocacy of Lord Brougham, to the lavish hospitality of the late Sir Benjamin Heywood, and to the coteries of such men as Dr. Dalton, of Manchester; Dr. Sheppard and James Yates, of Liverpool; Dr. Stanley, the late Bishop of Norwich, &c., for their existence.

It was at assemblies of the character of those just mentioned, where I had from time to time met Lord Brougham and other celebrities of the period which he adorned. The Manchester Mechanics' Institution was our gathering place, and as Christmas came round the season was duly celebrated by serving up the boar's head, by the burning of the yule log, by waives, cards and addresses suited to the occasion.

It was not a little refreshing to hear the man who, in 1802, could speak of himself as being "full of mathematics and everything relating to colonies," so recently as 1860 expressing a lively interest in our own beloved country, and advocating the maintenance of her connection with the parent stock.

On this occasion I called at Brougham Hall, near Penrith, and conversed for some two hours with its noble owner. Here was the man who had not only lived at time when "the horrors of the slave trade were tolerated" by Great Britain, but had contributed the whole weight of his influence towards its abolition, still debating the prospects of slavery on this Continent.

In the initiatory columns of the Edinburgh Review (to which he contributed more than any other writer), he systematically advocated the cause of the United States, but like most men who preceded him, and who will follow,

he realized the difference between the ardent assumptions of youth and the matured experience of his latter days.

He frankly confessed his deep disappointment at the result of the grand experiment involved by the political constitution of a neighboring Republic. Before bringing these remarks to a close, it may be of interest to observe that early in August, 1806, the English Government had received intelligence of the intention of Napoleon to invade Portugal, with an army of 30,000 men, then assembled at Bayonne.

General Simcoe was taken ill on his passage out, and became so much worse after his arrival in Lisbon, that he was compelled to return to England, where he shortly afterwards died.

I shall conclude these reminiscences with an illustration of Lord Brougham's practical wisdom. "Now I own," said he on one occasion, "my rule being before the moment of action, always to prepare for the worst, and in the moment itself, to listen to nothing but confidence and hopes."

It is a remarkable coincidence that on my arrival in Liverpool in 1863, the first intelligence that reached me was that of the decease of Henry Lord Brougham.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

By reference to our advertising columns, it will be seen that Mr. MALLON is a candidate for aldermanic honors for St. Patrick's Ward. Mr. Mallon has been long and favorably known to the electors of that ward, and will undoubtedly make an able representative in the City Council.

Mr. JOHN P. BOND has announced himself a candidate to represent St. Andrew's Ward at the ensuing term. His numerous friends are sanguine of his successful return, and we believe he would make a faithful and energetic representative.

Mr. E. DODDS, of the Sun, is a candidate for aldermanic honors. In the columns of his paper he has fought the people's battles, and he will no doubt be returned with a large majority for St. Andrew's Ward.

Mr. JAMES SPENCE is again out as candidate to represent the noble ward at the Council Board. Mr. Spence confidently relies upon his numerous friends for a triumphant return.

In St. Lawrence Ward, Messrs. Close, Britton and Wm. Hamilton, jr., have formed a ticket, and one, we think, it will be hard to beat. All the candidates are known as men possessing energy and ability, and two of the three have a past record in the service of the public that will assist them in the present contest.

MR. J. P. WAGNER is in the field as a candidate for aldermanic honor. An energetic canvas gives promise of a successful return.

MR. WM. THOMAS.—This gentleman is again coming forward for re-election as alderman for St. Andrew's Ward. It will be remembered that at the last election for Water Commissioner, Mr. Thomas was disqualified from running, as he was not a resident in the city, his residence being then outside the city limits.

past record is favorable, and his past faithful service should entitle him to a continuance of the support of the electors.

THE MAYORALTY.

Mr. A. M. SMITH has received a numerous signal requisition to allow himself to be put in nomination for the office of mayor at the ensuing election, to which he has yielded, and he is now seeking the suffrages of the electors for that position. Mr. Smith is well known to our citizens, having been a representative in Parliament for West Toronto, and in the performance of the duties devolving upon the chief magistrate of our city, his abilities will find ample scope.

MR. A. MANNING also solicits the votes and support of the electors for re-election as Mayor for the ensuing term.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The letters of D. J. O'D., Ottawa, and R. F., Toronto, came to hand too late for insertion in the present issue. They will both appear in our next.

Workmen began, on Wednesday, on the site of the centennial Exposition building at Philadelphia, to make sundry excavations, the operations being witnessed with unusual interest. The first work to be done is the sinking of wells, from which the water needed during construction will be taken.

Correspondence.

FALLACIES ABOUT WEALTHY MEN.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.) SIR,—There is no greater obstacle to human progress than established opinion. The creed of the multitude, whether of religion or politics is more potent than law. We may assent and violate an unjust law, if its injustice is admitted; but when an opinion is established, and accepted from generation to generation, without question or dissent, it becomes sacred, not because it is just, but because it is established.

It is this habit of belief in the established creed of political economists, that forms the greatest obstacle to the emancipation of Labor from its present dependence on Capital. We believe in rich men. We attach special virtues and talents to their order. We accept the creed that we cannot do without them, that they are a divine institution, and that the world would perish without their assistance.

The doctrine is a very satisfactory and consolatory one to the rich man. It is very comfortable to his conscience, and flattering to his vanity to believe that "heaven has blessed his store," and made him the patron and benefactor of his species—paying him very well for his work. But when that belief stands as an obstacle to human progress; when the great wealth-producing classes cling to the faith that God designed them to toil, and thencefully receive back from their masters a pittance out of the wealth they created, just enough to subsist upon, and wisely meted out and restricted, so as to make them for life bond-servants and dependent on the rich; the doctrine is false, selfish and detestable; unjust both to God and man, and standing in the way of every effort to elevate the condition and increase the happiness of the multitude.

Let us then without fear examine the fallacies springing from this false faith. The first fallacy is that the prosperity of a community is due to its rich men. Let us not deny the evidences of history. We admit the fact; we deny the truth. The leading merchants of commercial countries have been the active and successful agents of trade and commerce, and by their skill and knowledge have sustained the business transactions of the country. But they have not created the produce of any country, and they have not inspired the demand which causes trade. If, in any community there should be a boot and shoe merchant, buying and selling a certain quantity of boots and shoes; and another merchant with equal capital and another stock equal to the first should enter the coun-

munity, would the demand and assumption of boots and shoes be doubtless...

Again, there is the fallacy which keeps working men in error, that it is the capitalists who employ the laborer...

There is another fallacy which is often used to terrify men from co-operation. It is the opinion that rich men are more honorable and honest...

It would be easy to add to this exposition of fallacies about rich men; their common frauds upon the laborer...

GRACCIUS.

WEST TORONTO ELECTION.

A WORD TO WORKING MEN.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.) DEAR SIR,—Knowing your neutrality as regards party politics...

I was pleased in your last week's issue to notice that the working men were thinking of bringing out one of their own class...

to-day's Globe, I have been convinced that Mr. Bickford, and not Mr. Moss is the man that the working men should vote for.

The cry these last few days has been, who is Mr. Bickford? I would ask the working men to go with me to the leading columns of to-day's Globe...

What do they say, that Mr. Moss is the man, a respectable man, a man—or rather gentleman—who has never soiled his hand with hard work...

In conclusion, I would say that Mr. Bickford, having gone through the ordeal like Mr. McKenzie, of working his way up...

I am, sir, yours obediently, A WORKMAN.

Toronto, Dec. 2nd, 1873.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

Sir.—We are shortly about to enter on our Annual Municipal Elections and it may not be out of place to glance slightly at the events by which we should be directed in the choice of Candidates for the important post of Aldermen.

I think it is agreed on all hands that the present state of our City is far from satisfactory. In almost every branch of duty imposed on the Municipal authorities they are found to be more or less wanting.

In the choice of Aldermen for our various Wards it behoves the working man and voter of every class to look into the respective claims and qualifications of the Candidates thoroughly...

In the minds of many who offer themselves for election, the office of Alderman is only required of them as a stepping-stone to place and position...

In the many motions that are brought before the Council those only which materially affect the City ought to be adopted, those which subserve merely private interests should be unanimously thrown aside...

And lastly (not caring to trespass further on your space) I think it would be well if in Municipal Elections politics were not called in question. It matters not to a ratepayer whether he vote for Grit or Conservative...

Your's faithfully, F. W. T.

Toronto, Dec 2nd, 1873.

CO-OPERATION.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

Dear Sir,—As you have so generously opened your columns in the live interests of the workmen of Canada, and especially of this part of the country, I feel constrained to support the views—as it is a favorite one of mine in all its social bearings and benefits—of your previous correspondents...

Yours, very respectfully, R. FAIBURN

Delegate of the Lightermen and Watermen of London, Eng., on Emigration. Toronto, Nov. 29th, 1873.

ST. CATHARINES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

AMALGAMATED SOCIETY OF CARPENTERS AND JOINERS.

Since our last letter, it gives us great pleasure to inform your numerous readers that a branch of the above society has been formed in St. Catharines...

Mr. Ingledew stated that he always thought that the Carpenters and Joiners should take a leading part in union matters, they were a trade that contributed more than almost any other to the happiness of mankind...

TAILORS' UNION.

A meeting for the purpose of electing the officers for 1874, will take place on Monday, the 8th of December.

THEATRICAL.

The Herndon's open at the Town Hall, on Monday, 1st December, for a nine-night season, with a company of twenty artistes.

COAL AND WOOD SOCIETY.

The propriety of forming a society with the above title, is the topic of general conversation, and we have no doubt that such a society will be organized during the winter months.

Ball Cards and Programmes, Posters, in plain and colored inks, Business Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, and every description of Plain and Ornamental Job Printing executed in first-class style at the WORKMAN OFFICE.

LIBERAL CONSERVATIVE

CENTRAL

COMMITTEE ROOMS,

85 YORK STREET,

NEXT DOOR TO ROSSIN HOUSE.

TO THE ELECTORS OF WEST TORONTO.

GENTLEMEN,—

In accepting the nomination for the representation of the Western Division of this city, I am deeply sensible that to no personal merit, nor as a return for any past services rendered on my part, am I indebted for the compliment paid me.

Having first offered the nomination to Sir John Macdonald, as a tribute of your esteem, which circumstances have prevented his accepting, you now offer it to me in the belief, no doubt, that if elected by you I will hold the seat in his interest and in that of the Liberal Conservative Party which he so ably leads.

That trust I will never betray, and if the time should ever arise in which I cannot fully agree with your views, be assured I shall promptly resign the seat into your hands before giving one vote against the Party that will have placed me there.

But that contingency, I cannot think, will ever arise. I have cast my lot with the Liberal Conservative Party. It is my first public act, my first choice, well considered, and I shall never make another.

But it is with more than ordinary reluctance and diffidence that I accept your offer, unsolicited and unanticipated as that offer is. I have felt and have urged upon many of you that some gentleman, perhaps stronger or better known in the Division, and with a greater claim on your suffrages, should be selected.

I, therefore, do accept it, only saying that if, before nomination day, it should be the general wish that I should withdraw in favor of a stronger candidate, I will do so most cheerfully and work for his election as heartily as I would for my own.

But, if it should be your wish that I should continue in nomination, I will make the best fight of it I can, shrinking from no sacrifice except that of truth and honor.

If I secure the hearty co-operation of the whole Party, the seat is ours beyond a doubt. Without it I shall fail, and the seat will be lost, not only to me, but to the Liberal-Conservative Party. It rests with you to decide.

A passion subsidies, as calmer counsels prevail, Sir John Macdonald will show in a fairer light, and be judged in truer wisdom. When, by a revulsion of feeling, sure to come, the country again recognizes in him a leader above sectional feeling and prejudice, with a mind of more than Provincial range ready to grasp the least or greatest question of State, then will the destinies of the country be once more committed to his keeping.

In such a crisis West Toronto may be confidently expected to do its duty. I am, Gentlemen, Your obedient servant, EDWARD O. BICKFORD. Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1873.

ELECTION OF MAYOR.

TO A. M. SMITH, ESQ.

We, the undersigned electors of the City of Toronto, having the fullest confidence in your integrity and ability to properly fill the position of Chief Magistrate of this city request that you will permit yourself to be put in nomination for the office of Mayor at the election, and we pledge ourselves to support your votes and influence, and to use every honorable means to secure your election.

- Geo. W. Allan, Samuel Platt, John Worthington, Robert Jaffray, S. Northcote, Wm. Hewitt, C. W. Bunting, Robt. Davis, Daniel Spry, John Shea, Frederick Perkins, John Smith & Co., Sessions, Cooper & Smith, Walter S. Lee, Joseph Gearing, John Gardner, J. M. Wingfield, N. G. Bigelow, And 1,200 others.

REPLY:

To HON. G. W. ALLAN, SAMUEL PLATT, Esq., JOHN WORTHINGTON, Esq., JOHN SHEA, Esq., etc., etc., etc.

GENTLEMEN:—In reply to your requisition asking to become a candidate for the office of Chief Magistrate of this city for the ensuing year, I thank you for the expression of confidence and support which you promise to give me. And in placing my services at your disposal, permit me to say should my fellow citizens elect me to that responsible position, I shall enter upon the duties thereof fully determined to protect the interests of the city in every department to the best of my ability.

Every citizen is deeply interested in the completion of our new Water Works, and you can rest assured that being entirely free from all contracts, I will as Commissioner be opposed to all wasteful expenditures, with a proper regard for the early and efficient completion of the works.

Our city is rapidly rising in commercial importance, and I feel assured that too great care cannot be exercised in conducting our municipal affairs so as to attract to our city the trade which it is fairly entitled to.

And while the necessary expenditure must be incurred to make proper improvements, it should be done with a due regard to economy, so as not to bear unfairly nor too heavily on the already overburdened tax-payers.

I am, gentlemen, Your obedient servant,

A. M. SMITH.

MAYORALTY ELECTION FOR THE CITY OF TORONTO.

ELECTORS

I RESPECTFULLY SOLICIT YOUR VOTES AND SUPPORT FOR RE-ELECTION AS MAYOR FOR THE YEAR 1874.

I am, your obedient servant,

ALEX. MANNING.

Election.—Monday, January 5, 1874.

TO THE ELECTORS OF TORONTO.

GENTLEMEN:—

The time having now nearly arrived, when (by the Act of the Legislature) you will again have the privilege of electing from amongst yourselves one to fill the important office of Mayor, I have been requested, by a large number of citizens, to offer myself as a candidate for that position. In compliance with their request, and with a desire to see our common city prosper, I now ask for your suffrages at the coming election.

Let my former conduct be a guarantee for my future services.

I remain, Gentlemen, Yours, etc., etc.,

F. H. MEDCALF.

Toronto 17th November, 1874.

GEORGE ROGERS,

IS OFFERING

- Canadian Ribbed Shirts and Drawers at 85c each Do., do., at \$1 00 Scotch Lambs Wool Shirts and Drawers, at 1 00 English Ribbed Shirts and Drawers, at 1 25

GOOD VALUE.

White and Flannel Shirts, Gloves, Knit Mitts, Collars, Ties, Scarfs, Cardigan Jackets, Bras, Handkerchiefs, Wool Cuffs, Socks, &c.

AT LOW PRICES.

330 Yonge St., opposite Gould St.

GENTS' OVER-SHOES!

New Patent Clasp, the Best and Cheapest ever offered in the City.

ONLY \$1 20!

WM. WEST & CO., 200 Yonge Street.

ALSO,

A large stock of Fall and Winter Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, and House Shoes.

WE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD.

51-sh

TAILORS' STRIKE!

Strike in Toronto not yet settled. Workmen will govern themselves accordingly.

JOHN KELLY, President.

WM. MAIR, Secretary.

Toronto, Nov. 17, 1873.

For all kinds of Plain and Fancy Printing, go to the WORKMAN OFFICE. Call and see specimens of work.

Home Circle.

SECOND REVIEW OF THE GRAND ARMY.

BY BRET HARTE.

Last night of the Grand Review, Washington's chiefest avenue— hundred thousand men in blue they said was the number, seemed to hear their tramping feet, the blast and the drum's quick beat, satter of hoofs in the stony street, years of the people who came to greet, saw thousand details that to repeat old only my verse incur, I fell in a reverie sad and sweet, then to a fitful slumber.

an, lo! in a vision I seemed to stand, a lonely Capitol. On each hand stretched the portico, dim and grand, columns ranged like a martial band, sheeted spectre, whom some command called to the last reviewing! he streets of the city were white and bare, football echoed along the square, out of the misty mid-night air in the distance a trumpet blare, wandering night winds seem to bear sound of a far tattooing.

When I held my breath in fear and dread, into the square with a brazen tread, here rode a figure, whose stately head overlooked the review that morning. never bowed from its firm set seat when the living column passed its feet, now rode stately up the street he phantom's bugle warning! reached the Capitol Square, and wheeled, here in the moonlight stood revealed known form that in State and field our patriot sires, face was turned to the sleeping camp far through the river's fog and damp, but showed no flicker nor waning lamp wasted bivouac fires.

And I saw a phantom army come, With never a sound of fife or drum, but keeping time to a throbbing hum of wailing and lamentation! martyred heroes of Malvern Hill, Gettysburg and Chancellorville, men whose wasted figures fill patriot graves of the nation. here came the nameless dead, the men perished in fever, swamp and fen, slowly starved of the prison pen! marching beside the others, were the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight with limbs enfranchised and bearing bright; thought—perhaps 'twas the pale moonlight— they looked as white as their brothers.

And so, all night marched the nation's dead, with never a banner above them spread, nor a badge, nor a motto brandished! no mark—save the bare uncovered head the silent bronze reviewer,— with never an arch save the vaulted sky, with never a flower save those that lie on the distant graves,—for love could buy gift that was purer or truer. I night long swept the strange array, I night long till the morning gray looked for one who had passed away, With a reverent awe and wonder,— Till his blue cap waved in the lengthening line, And I knew that one who was kin of mine had come and I spoke,—and lo! that sign awakened me from my slumber.

DANIEL BRYAN'S OATH.

Daniel Bryan had been a lawyer of eminence, but had fallen, through intoxication, to beggary and a dying condition. Bryan had married in his better days the sister of Moses Felton. At length all hopes were given up. Week after week would the fallen man lie drunk on the floor, and not a word of real sobriety marked his course. But if, such another was known, too low for real conviviality, for those who would have associated with would not drink with him. All alone in his office and chamber, he still continued to drink, and even his very life seemed the offspring of his jug. In early spring Moses Felton had a call to Ohio. But before he set out he visited his sister. He offered to take her with him, but she would not go. "But why stay here?" urged the brother. "You are fading away, and disease is upon you. Why should you live with such a partner?"

"Hush, Moses, speak not so," answered the sister, keeping back her tears. "I will not leave him now, but he will soon leave me. He cannot live much longer." At that moment Daniel entered the apartment. He looked like a wanderer from the desert. He had his hat on, and his jug in his hand. "Ah, Moses, how are ye?" he gasped, for could not speak plainly. The visitor looked at him for a few moments. Then, as his features assumed a stern expression, he said in a strongly accented tone,—"Daniel Bryan, I have been your best friend for years. My sister is an angel, though much loved by a demon. I have loved you, Daniel, more than any other man before; you were generous and kind; but I hate you now, for

you are a perfect devil incarnate. Look at that woman. She is my sister—she now might live in comfort, only that she will not do it while you are alive; when you die she will come to me. Thus do I pray that God will soon give her joys to my keeping. Now, Daniel, I do sincerely hope that the first intelligence that reaches me from my native place, after I shall have reached my new home may be—that—you—are dead!"

"Stop, Moses, I can reform yet." "You cannot. It is beyond your power. You have had inducements enough to have reformed half the sinners of creation, and you are lower than ever before. Go and die, sir, as soon as you can, for the moment that sees you thus will not find me among the mourners."

Bryan's eyes flashed, and he drew himself proudly up. "Go," he said, in a tone of the old sarcasm. "Go to Ohio, and I'll send you news. Go, sir, and watch the post. I will make you take back your words."

"Never, Daniel Bryan, never."

With these words Daniel Bryan hurled the jug into the fire place, and while yet a thousand fragments were flying over the floor, he strode from the house. Mary shrank fainting on the floor. Moses bore her to a bed, and then, having called in a neighbor, he hurried away, for the stage was waiting. For a month Daniel hovered over the brink of the grave, but did not die. "One gill of brandy will save you," said the doctor, who saw that the abrupt removal of stimulants from the system, that for long years had almost subsisted on nothing else, was nearly sure to prove fatal. "You can surely take a gill and not take any more."

"Ay," gasped the poor man, "take a gill and break my oath. Moses Felton shall not hear that brandy and rum killed me. If the want of it can kill me, then let me die—I'll not die till Moses Felton shall eat his words." He did live. An iron will conquered the messenger death sent—Daniel Bryan lived. For one month he could not even walk without help. Mary helped him. A year passed away, and Moses Felton returned to Vermont. He entered the Court-house at Burlington, and Daniel Bryan was on the floor pleading for a young man who had been indicted for forgery. Felton started in surprise. Never before had such torrents of eloquence poured from his lips. The case was given to the jury, and the youth was acquitted. The successful counsel turned from the court-room and met Moses Felton. They shook hands but did not speak. When they reached the spot where no others could hear them, Bryan stopped. "Moses," he said, "do you remember the words you spoke to me a year ago?" "I do, Daniel."

"Will you now take them back—unsay them now and forever?"

"Yes with all my heart."

"Then I am in part repaid."

"And what must be the remainder of the payment?" asked Moses.

"I must die an honest, unperjured man. The oath that has bound me thus far was made for life."

That evening Mary Bryan was among the happiest of the happy.

SMALL TALK.

Never abuse small talk; nobody does unless he be a stranger to its conveniences. Small talk is the small change of life; there is no getting on without it. There are times when 'tis folly to be wise! when a little nonsense is very palatable, and when gravity and sedateness ought to be kicked down-stairs. A philosopher cuts a poor figure in the ball-room, unless he leave his wisdom at home. Metaphysics is intrusive in the midst of agreeable prattle, as a death's head on a festal board. We have met with men who were too lofty for small talk. They would never condescend to play with a ribbon, or flirt a fan. They were above such trifling, in other words they were above making themselves agreeable, above pleasing, and above being pleased. They were all wisdom, all gravity, and all tediousness, which they bestowed upon company with more than Dogberry's generosity. A man who cannot talk has no more business in society than a statue. The world is made up with trifles; and he who can trifle elegantly and gracefully is a valuable acquisition to mankind. He is a Corinthian column in the fabric of society.

THE FOUNDATION OF FRIENDSHIP.

In the matter of friendship, I have observed that disappointment arises chiefly, not from liking your friends too well, or thinking of them too highly, but rather from an over-estimate of their liking for and opinion of us, and that if we guard ourselves with sufficient scrupulousness of care from error in this direction, and can be content, and even happy, to give more than we receive—can make just comparison of circumstances, and be severely accurate in drawing inferences, and never let self-love blind our eyes—then I think we may manage to get through life with consistency and constancy, unembittered by that misanthropy which springs from revulsion of feeling. The moral is, that if we would build upon a sure foundation of friendship, we must love our friends for their sakes rather than our

MARRIAGE.

Marriage is conducive to longevity, and should therefore be called in to a man's assistance as soon as he has completed, or nearly completed, his studies—we say nearly completed, because, in many cases, the companionship of a wife is of great service in directing and giving a higher aim to the intellectual force. The intellectual element of man's nature, without the softening and humanizing effects of domestic love, might, at first sight, be expected to absorb the whole man, and render him a giant in mental achievements. Practically, it has, as a rule, no such effect. Few monks have distinguished themselves for original invention for great thoughts for expansive philosophy, or anything implying superiority in the qualities which raise one man above another. It is beneficial to the most active mind to have the current of thought occasionally broken in upon, and diverted from the channel of systematic investigation into the calm, sweet delights of home life, of wife, children, of playful sportiveness, which gives to man in his period of greatest force something of the careless frame of mind which gives freshness to his childhood. As a rule, early marriages are better than late ones, both morally and physically.

"SWEET CHARITY."

In very many cases, the former queens of England have been noted for their large charities. Indeed, some of them have robbed themselves of absolute necessities for the sake of their "poor." The unfortunate Catherine of Aragon, after her separation from Henry, beguiled her weary days by devotional acts, needle-work, and alms-giving. And her more hapless successor, poor Anne Boleyn, who was in so many respects thoughtless, and in many more blamable, shows a bright side to her character in her constant charities. She laid plans for bettering the condition of the poor artisans; she gave away immense sums in alms; out of her own pocket-money had alms distributed "to every village in England," for the poor. During her time as queen-consort of England, she accomplished much in this way. Though a spoiled beauty and court favorite, with better instincts perverted by her early associations, as maid-of-honor, she was domestic and industrious, and while she lived at Hampton Court as queen, divided her time between working at elegant tapestry with her ladies, and superintending the making of garments for the poor. It was a frequent practice with the early queens to found small hospitals, where a certain number of poor, infirm, or aged men or women, should be cared for; or to make provision for a different class of the needy who should receive a daily allowance for life, so much money, bread, meat, and beer—the arrangement to be perpetual, a vacancy to be filled as soon as it occurred. Some of the present charitable institutions of England owe their origin to some such kindly motive in the heart of a king or queen.

A RIGID DISCIPLINARIAN.

It is related of the late Duke of Wellington that he unceremoniously visited the house of his friend, Lord Derby, and at the door was arrested by a young man who, not knowing who he was, ordered him to assume slippers—a number of these articles being placed on the door seat—or leave the house. Afterward, it was explained that that the youth was a painter, and by the command of his employer was justified in his conduct, as he was engaged in decorating the centre hall. However, when Lord Derby heard of the circumstances, he summoned all the household and men at work into his study, and, seating himself beside the great warrior, demanded who had the impertinence to push the duke out of doors. The painter all of a tremble, came forward and said, "It was I, my lord." "And pray," rejoined the earl, "how came you to do it?" "By your orders, my lord." On this his grace turned round to Lord Derby, and, smiling, drew a sovereign out of his purse, and giving it to the astonished culprit, said, significantly, "You are right to obey orders."

"HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES."

Unfortunately, beautiful women are not always good and gentle, and a pretty face does not, as a general thing, inspire love and trust. But there are exceptions to all rules. I was once walking a short distance behind a very handsomely dressed young girl, and thinking as I looked at her beautiful clothes, "I wonder if she takes half as much pains with her heart as she does with her body?" A poor old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow, and just before he reached us he made two attempts to go into the yard of the house; but the gate was heavy, and would swing back before he could get in. "Wait," said the young girl, springing forward, "I'll hold the gate open." And she held the gate until he had passed in, and receiving his thanks with a pleasant smile as she passed on. "She deserves to have beautiful clothes," thought I, "for a beautiful spirit dwells in her breast."

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POWER OF INDIVIDUALS.

Ideas that sway the world are born of heroic souls, and uttered by individual lips. Great thoughts that have been the axes of society, on which nations poised and swung around, first sprang from single hearts. No army delivered the old Hebrews from bondage, but one man, Moses, did. No senate or statesman raised Israel to its height of unmatched national grandeur, but one kingly man, David, did. No school of divines first gave us the English Bible, but John Wickliffe did. No royal court discovered America, but Christopher Columbus did. No circle of social science interpreted the laws of the universe, but Galileo did. No sovereign or parliament saved English liberties, but Oliver Cromwell did. No combination or confederacy rescued Scotland from political and ecclesiastical enemies, but John Knox did.

MANNERS.

Manners are more important than money. A boy who is polite and pleasant in his manners will always have friends, and will not often make enemies. Good behavior is essential to prosperity. A boy feels well when he does well. If you wish to make everybody pleasant about you, and gain friends wherever you go, cultivate good manners. Many boys have pleasant manners for company and ugly manners for home.

We visited a small railroad town, not long since, and were met at the depot by a little boy of about eleven or twelve years, who conducted us to the house of his mother, and entertained and cared for us, in the absence of his father, with as much polite attention, and thoughtful care, as the most cultivated gentleman could have done. We said to his mother before we left her home,—

"You are greatly blessed in your son. He is so attentive and obliging."

"Yes," she said; "I can always depend on Charley when his father is absent. He is a great help and comfort to me."

She said this as if it done her heart good to acknowledge the cleverness of her son. The best manners cost so little, and are worth so much that every boy can have them.

MOTHERS, SPEAK KINDLY.

Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots, and it is a much more mischievous habit. But when an impatient mother sets the example, you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. They expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bid, while in many a home, where the low, firm tongue of the mother, or the decided look of her steady eye is law, they never think of disobedience, either in or out of sight. Oh, mother! it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in woman," a low sweet voice. If you are ever so much tired by the mischievous or wilful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot succeed. Anger makes you wrothed, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. Remember what Solomon says of them, and remember he wrote with an inspired pen. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens in any way; they make them only ten times heavier. For your own, as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the green sward. So, too, will they remember a harsh and angry tone. Which legacy will you leave your children?

HE LOST HIS MONEY BY INDORSING.

When I became twenty-one, my father began occasionally to divide around among his children a nice little sum in cash, always accompanying the gift with the assurance that if ever endorsed for others, or in any way became responsible for shortcomings, it was the last money we should ever get from him. This condition during his life was of great value to me, and since then I have been accustomed to view the invitation of my friend to indorse for him in true light, and my refusal rarely fails to be properly received. My neighbor is in active business, and I am only a farmer out of debt, with a little at interest, bringing up and educating a family of children. He comes to me, holding out a note for me to sign, saying:

"I wish you would just write your name on the back of this; I need the money very much; it will be an accommodation to me, and you will only have to write your name."

My answer is: "My friend, do you really understand what my position would be before the world and the law, if I were to do this? I should instantly proclaim that from a state of complete independence, and without the slightest reason for a similar favor from you, and for no consideration whatever except friendship, I had agreed to take upon myself the risk of your business, with the difference against me that if you lose I lose, and if you gain I do not. I share in your losses and not in your profit. Now, if this is true, ought I not first to ask the consent of my wife? Her interest in the risk is the same as mine; but judgment is as good, and her friendship for you, is the same. But not only this; I should affirm

before the public that you are responsible, when I really know nothing of your circumstances, and so far help you to deceive others. I give you a false credit. In short, I should do that which no honest man, true to himself and family, can do and be blameless. Wait any right-minded, real friend, with this view of the case, ask me such a possible sacrifice?"

Sawdust and Chips.

A Minnesota farmer got a gimlet three years ago. The other day he cut down a tree and found in it a three-quarter inch auger. So much for putting a gimlet out at interest.

A Parisian Musical Dictionary defines a shout to be "an unpleasant noise produced by overstraining the throat, for which great singers are well paid, and small children well punished."

A petrified negro was lately found in a garret over a law office in a village in Mississippi. It was supposed that he undertook the study of the law, and became absorbed in Blackstone.

A lady asked her doctor if he did not think the small bonnets the ladies wore had a tendency to produce congestion of the brain. "Oh, no," replied the doctor; "women who have brains don't wear them."

A lady returning from an unprofitable visit to church, declared that "when she saw the shawls on those Smiths, and then thought of the things her own poor girls had to wear, if it wasn't for the consolation of religion she did not know what she should do."

THE REASON.—"Professor," said a student in pursuit of knowledge concerning the habits of animals, "why does a cat, while eating, turn her head first one way, and then another?" "For the reason," replied the professor, "that she cannot turn it both ways at once."

Two men, disputing about the pronunciation of the word "either"—one saying it was eether, the other i-ther—agreed to refer the matter to the first person they met, who happened to be from the land of Emmet, Curran, and Moore, and confounded both by declaring, "It's nayther, for it's ayther."

"Most extraordinary," said Judge Warren, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," who was boasting of his visits at great houses! "I dined at the Duke of Northumberland's on Monday, and there were no fish for dinner." "No," cried Douglas Jerrold, "they had eaten it upstairs."

"How did it happen that your house was not blown away by that hurricane last week?" asked a scientific observer, who was following up the track of a tornado, of a farmer, whose house lay right in the line of destruction. "I don't know," replied the farmer, "unless it's because there's a heavy mortgage on it."

"What would our wives say, if they knew where we are?" said the captain of a Yankee schooner, when they were beating about in a thick fog, fearful of going ashore, "Humph! I shouldn't mind that," replied the mate, "if we only knew where we were ourselves."

Several months ago Cincinnati was proud of having the greatest number of large and stout policeman of any city in America; but now Cincinnati calls for "a body of small, light, active policemen, who can chase a thief three blocks without having to sit down four times to rest."

There was a Deacon in New York by the name of Day, by trade a cooper. One Sunday he heard a number of boys in front of his house, and went to stop their Sabbath breaking. Assuming a grave countenance, he said to one of them, "Boys, don't you know what day this is?" "Yes, sir, replied one of the boys: 'Deacon Day, the cooper.'"

An energetic young Yankee, who had been reported as among the "fatally injured" by a railroad accident, and afterwards reported as not among that unfortunate company, writes to the editor, saying:—"I tell you I was among the fatally injured, but the reason I didn't die was because I'm always temperate in my living and have a splendid constitution naturally."

An elderly lady who was handling a set of false teeth in a dental office, and admiring the fluency with which the doctor described them, asked him, "Can a body eat with these things?" "My dear madame, mastication can be performed with a facility almost equal to nature itself," responded the doctor. "Yes, I know, but can a body eat with them?"

"Now, then, ma'am, please look steadily at this place on the wall," said a photographer to good old Aunty Betsey, when he had put her in position and the plate in the camera. The dear old lady looked hard at the designated spot from her seat, then got up and walked across the floor and minutely inspected it, and then turning to the photographer, gently remarked, "I don't see anything there."

A young lady in Nashville is changing her views relative to the question of matrimony. She says that when she "came out" in society, she determined that she would not marry a man unless he were an Episcopalian. Time passed on, and she did not get married, and then modified her views, and concluded she would marry no man not a Christian. That young lady is still unmarried, and another now that all with equal capital and another doesn't to the first should enter the

City Directory.

Our readers will find it to their advantage to patronize the following firms.

Auctioneer.
JAMES BANKS, AUCTIONEER, AND APPRAISER. Sale-rooms, 45 Jarvis Street, corner of King Street East. Second-hand Furniture bought and sold.

Barristers, &c.
REEVE & PLATT, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, &c. Office—18 King St. East, Toronto. J. McPHERSON REVE, SAMUEL PLATT. 42-hr

LAUDER & PROCTOR, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c. Office—Masonic Hall, 20 Toronto Street. 38-hr

HARRY E. CASTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. Office—43 Adelaide Street, opposite the Court House, Toronto. 34-hr

HENRY O'BRIEN, BARRISTER, Attorney and Solicitor, &c., Notary Public, &c. Office—63 Church Street.

Dentists.
M. EDWARD SNIDER, SURGEON DENTIST, OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—84 Bay Street, a few doors below King Street, Toronto.

G. W. HALE, DENTIST, No. 6 TEMPERANCE STREET, first house off Yonge Street, north side. 34-hr

DR. J. BRANSTON WILMOTT, DENTIST, Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College. Office—Corner of King and Church streets, Toronto. 27-hr

F. G. CALLENDER, DENTIST, Office—Corner of King and Jordan streets, Toronto. 37-hr

W. C. ADAMS, DENTIST, 95 KING Street East, Toronto, has given attention to his profession in all its parts. 28-hr

J. A. TROUTMAN, D.D.S., DENTIST, Office and Residence—187 Church Street, Toronto, opposite Metropolitan Church. Makes the preservation of the natural teeth a speciality. 26-hr

R. G. TROTTER, DENTIST 83 King Street East, Toronto, opposite Toronto Street. Residence—172 Jarvis Street. 28-hr

Groceries.
CHARLES HUNTER, DEALER IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, WINES AND LIQUORS, 68 Queen Street West, corner Torontay Street, Toronto, Ont. 58-hr

Physicians.
N. AGNEW, M.D., (SUCCESSOR to his brother, the late Dr. Agnew), corner of Bay and Richmond streets, Toronto. 28-hr

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

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P. McGINNES, 129 YORK STREET.—All who wish to have good, neat, and comfortable BOOTS and SHOES, call at the WORKINGMEN'S SHOE DEPOT. 77-hr

Tinware, &c.
J. & T. IREDALE, MANUFACTURERS of Tin, Sheet Iron and Copperware, dealers in Baths, Water Coolers, Refrigerators, &c., No. 67 Queen Street West, first door West of Bay Street, Toronto, Ont. 54-hr

Groceries, Provisions, &c.
BARGAINS FOR MECHANICS! WM. WRIGHT, DEALER IN GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, WINES AND LIQUORS, FRUIT, OYSTERS, &c., &c. 277 Yonge Street, Toronto. 45-hr

Queen City Grocery & Provision Store. 320 Queen Street West.

WM. F. ROBERTSON, DEALER IN GROCERIES, WINES, LIQUORS, &c. In addition to his SUGARS, that have been before the public so long, has received his SUMMER LIQUORS:

Cook Port Wine	\$1 00 per gal
Old Port	2 50 "
Extra do	3 50 "
Unsurpassed Old Port	5 00 "
Sherry—Fine Old Sherry	1 50 "
Extra do	2 50 "
Splendid do	4 50 "
Dave's Montreal Stock Ale and Porter	1 25 per doz.

Goods sent to all parts of the city. 55-hr

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COAL AND WOOD,
 SCRANTON or PITSTON, all sizes, delivered at \$7 00 PER TON.

BEST HARD WOOD, BEECH AND MAPLE, uncut, delivered at \$6 50 PER CORD.

BEST HARD WOOD, BEECH AND MAPLE, sawn and split, delivered at \$7 50 PER CORD.

The public are invited to call and see my stock before buying in their winter supply.
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 Office and Yard, corner Bathurst and Front Streets. 77-hr

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 On Wharf, foot of Sherbourne street. Order Office, Corner Sherbourne and Queen Streets. On hand all kinds of

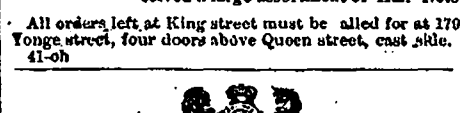
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The imitation goods are very fine, and cannot be detected from hair. Just received a large assortment of Hair Nets

All orders left at King street must be called for at 170 Yonge street, four doors above Queen street, east side. 41-hr



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We claim especial attention to our Vox Celeste Organs, No. 27 and No. 34. The Vox Celeste Reeds were first introduced in Canada by us in 1869, in a 6 reed organ, which took the first prize at the Provincial Fair held that year in London. We have since applied it successfully to our single and double reed organs, making our "Celeste Organs" the most popular instrument now before the Canadian public.

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REPRESENTATION OF LABOUR IN PARLIAMENT.

On Monday, Oct. 27th a public meeting was held at the Guildhall, Worcester, to promote the direct representation of the working classes in Parliament.

After the Chairman's speech, Mr. George Potter, of London, gave an address on the subject, which is fully reported in the local papers.

That in the opinion of this meeting, the time has arrived when all organized bodies of working men should unite for the purpose of returning to Parliament (at the next general election) men of their class; believing that by no other means can they obtain that fair and impartial legislation so necessary for the peace and welfare of the nation, and that this meeting heartily approves of the work now being done by the Labor Representation League.

Mr. J. Watkins briefly seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. George Edwards proposed the following resolution:—

This meeting is of opinion that Mr. Councillor Airey is a proper person to represent the industrial and general interests of this city in Parliament, and they pledge themselves to use their utmost influence to secure his return at the next general election.

Mr. Griffiths seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. Airey, in returning thanks, spoke in hopeful terms of his prospects of being next Saturday returned a second time as a representative of the ward of Claines in the Town Council.

The proceedings concluded with a vote of thanks to Mr. Potter, who suitably responded.

TO THE ELECTORS OF ST. ANDREW'S WARD.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR

E. KING DODDS, AS ALDERMAN FOR 1874.

Election takes place Monday, January 5th.

The principles I have advocated through the columns of the Sun newspaper against the present unjust method of collecting taxes, (whereby the people are fined 2 1/2 PER CENT PER MONTH TO ATONE FOR MUNICIPAL NEGLIGENCE), is the best evidence of my views on the Tax Collection Question. If honored by the confidence of the Electors I pledge myself to work energetically in the interests of the Ward of St. Andrew.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

Are respectfully solicited for

JOHN P. BOND AS ALDERMAN, FOR ST. ANDREW'S WARD

The election takes place JANUARY 5th, 1874.

ST. PATRICK'S WARD.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR

J. P. WAGNER, AS ALDERMAN FOR THE ENSUING TERM.

Election takes place, Monday, 5th Jan., 1874.

ST. ANDREW'S WARD.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR

WILLIAM THOMAS, AS ALDERMAN FOR THE ENSUING TERM.

Election takes place, Monday, 5th Jan., 1874.

ST. JOHN'S WARD.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR

JAMIES SPENCE, The Workingmen's Candidate, AS ALDERMAN FOR THE ENSUING TERM.

Election takes place, Monday, 5th Jan., 1874.

TO MECHANICS.

S. C. JORY, PHOTOGRAPHER, 75 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO. He is the place for Mechanics to get cheap pictures. All work done in the best style of the art.

TO THE ELECTORS OF ST. LAWRENCE WARD.

Your vote and interest are respectfully solicited for

Wm. Hamilton, Junr., P. G. Close, and James Britton

AS ALDERMEN FOR ST. LAWRENCE WARD, FOR ENSUING YEAR.

Election, Monday, 5th January, 1874.

ST. PATRICK'S WARD.

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

Are respectfully solicited for

JOHN MALLON, AS ALDERMAN FOR 1874.

The Election will take place on the first Monday in January, 1874.

TO THE ELECTORS OF ST. PATRICK'S WARD.

Your Vote and Interest are respectfully solicited for

JOHN BALL, AS ALDERMAN FOR ST. PATRICK'S WARD FOR 1874.

The Election will be held on Monday, January the 5th, 1874.

1874—ST. JAMES' WARD.—1874

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

Are respectfully requested for

R. H. OATES, AS ALDERMAN, For St. James' Ward, for the Ensuing Year.

Election takes place Monday, January 5, 1874.

ELECTION OF WATER COMMISSIONERS FOR 1874 & 5.

To the Electors of West Toronto:

GENTLEMEN,— I have been asked by many Property Owners and Ratepayers of West Toronto to offer myself as a Candidate for your suffrages as Water Commissioner, at the Ensuing Elections, (to be held January 5th, 1874.)

In cheerfully acceding to the request, I assume that the duties of the position call for some practical knowledge of the sanitary laws by which dense populations should be guided in obtaining unlimited and readily available supplies of water, and that the duties also demand from your Representatives an honest determination to so act and vote that you shall have undoubted security that the monies to be expended shall be scrupulously guarded and the disbursement thereof so faithfully managed that no reproach may rest on the shoulders of your Commissioners.

Having the privilege of personal acquaintance with leading Engineers of Great Britain and Ireland, and having had different opportunities of examining the thoroughness of their work, careful observation of their efforts has guided my judgment in matters that will of necessity be decided by your Representatives.

To the second requirement, I base my claim to general support on the fact that I have been for twenty-three years a resident ratepayer in Toronto, during which term I have so acted in your and my own interests, in the varied positions of Mechanic, Tradesman, and Ratepayer, as to entitle me to your confidence.

I am at liberty to state that my candidature has the approval of at least three gentlemen to whom the Citizens have heretofore given their confidence for the planning and execution of the work now to be done in our City.

I shall make it my duty to call on as many of you as possible. Should the limited time between the issue of this and "Election day" prevent me from seeing each voter in the West at his place of business or residence, I request that for this reason I may not be the less confident of your vote and support.

I am, Gentlemen, Yours most faithfully, J. EDWARDS.

In the city of Quebec the snow drifts are from eight to ten feet high, rendering the roads almost impassable.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

Are respectfully solicited for

ROBERT BELL THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE FOR WATER COMMISSIONER, FOR THE WESTERN DIVISION.

Election takes place on January 5th, 1874. Polls open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE WESTERN DIVISION OF THE CITY OF TORONTO

Your Vote and Interest are respectfully solicited for

JNO. GREENLEES, AS WATER COMMISSIONER.

The Election takes place January 5th, 1874.

Miscellaneous.

IN ORDER TO SUPPLY OUR MANY Customers in the Eastern part of the city with the BEST AND CHEAPEST FUEL,

We have purchased from Messrs. Hellwell & Sinclair the business lately carried on by them on the corner of QUEEN and BRIGHT STREETS, where we shall endeavor to maintain the reputation of the

VICTORIA WOOD YARD As the Best and Cheapest Coal and Wood Depot in the City. Cut Pine and Hardwood always on hand. All kinds Hard and Soft Coal, dry and under cover, from snow and ice.

J. & A. MCINTYRE, Corner Queen and Bright Streets, and 23 and 25 Victoria Street.

THE UNION

BOOT & SHOE STORE 170 King Street East, CORNER OF GEORGE STREET.

The undersigned respectfully informs his friends that he has opened

The Union Boot and Shoe Store, With a Large and Varied Stock of the NEWEST STYLES.

Best material and has fixed the prices at LOWEST LIVING PROFIT. Gentlemen's Boots made to order. An experienced manager in attendance. No penitentiary work. All home manufacture—the work of good Union men.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS!

A. RAFFIGNON, No. 107 KING STREET WEST, Is now prepared to supply Foster's Celebrated New York Oysters BY THE QUART OR GALLON.

An elegant Oyster Parlor has been fitted up to suit the most fastidious taste, where Oysters will be served up in every style. Remember the Address, No. 107 KING STREET WEST, Near the Royal Lyceum.

WE ARE SELLING

NEW AND SECOND-HAND ORGANS AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES FOR CASH. OR ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

Every working man, be he mechanic or laborer can purchase one of our Organs, without experiencing any inconvenience, as the payments are very low and within the reach of all.

N.B.—Second-Hand Organs taken in exchange. Musical Hall, 177 Yonge Street. J. F. DAVIS.

CHARLES TOYE, MERCHANT TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,

72 QUEEN STREET WEST. A large and extensive stock on hand. A good fit guaranteed.

JAMES BANKS, AUCTIONEER AND APPRAISER,

45 Jarvis, Corner of King Street East. Mechanics can find useful Household Furniture of every description at the above Salerooms, cheaper than any other house. Cooking and Parlor Stoves in great variety.

SALEROOMS:

45 and 46 Jarvis, Corner of King St. East. Furniture Bought, Sold, or Exchanged.

E. WESTMAN,

177 King Street East, DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF BUTCHERS' TOOL SAWS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. All Goods Warranted.

IN PRESS:

To be Published in November, 1873: LOVELL'S GAZETTEER OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA: containing the latest and most authentic descriptions of over six thousand Cities, Towns and Villages in the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, British Columbia, and the North-West Territories; and general information, drawn from official sources, as to the population, locality, extent, &c., of over fifteen hundred Lakes and Rivers, with Table of Routes showing the proximity of the Railroad Stations, and Sea, Lake, and River Ports, to the Cities, Towns, Villages, &c., in the several Provinces. Price in Cloth, \$2 50; Price in Full Call, \$3 75. Agents wanted to canvass for the work.

JOHN LOVELL, Publisher. Montreal, 9th August, 1870.

Miscellaneous.

L. SIEVERT, PORTER AND DEALER IN CIGAR, TOBACCO AND SNUFF, And by description of Tobaccoist's Goods, QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO. Sign of the "INDIAN QUEEN."

BREADS AND SUPPERS ATTENDED TO,

BY WILLIAM COULTER, On the first notice, and in a manner as to give entire satisfaction. Home-made bread always on hand. Remember the address—CORNER OF TERAULEY AND ALBERT STREETS

USE David's Cough Balsam

For Coughs, Colds, Tickling in the Throat, &c., acknowledged by all to be the best preparation in the market. PRICE 25c PER BOTTLE. Prepared only by J. DAVIDS & CO., Chemists, 171 King Street East, Toronto.

D. HEWITT'S

West End Hardware Establishment, 305 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO. CUTLERY, SHELF GOODS, CARPENTERS' TOOL

PETER WEST,

(Late West Brothers.) GOLD AND SILVER PLATER. Every description of worn out Electro-Plate, Steel Knives, &c., re-plated equal to new, Carriage Irons Silver-Plated to order.

POST OFFICE LANE, TORONTO STREET.

W. MILLICHAMP,

Gold and Silver Plater in all its branches MANUFACTURER OF Nickel Silver and Wood Show Cases and Window Bars, 14 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

J. YOUNG,

UNDERTAKER, 361 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. Funerals Furnished with every Requisite. AGENT FOR FISK'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES.



H. STONE,

UNDERTAKER, 337 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. Funerals furnished to order. Fisk's Metallic Burial Cases always on hand. Refrigerator Coffins supplied when required.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

THE COMMISSIONERS APPOINTED to construct the Intercolonial Railway give Public Notice that they are prepared to receive Tenders for the construction of a "Deep Water Terminal" at Father Point.

Plans and Specifications may be seen at the Engineer's Offices in Ottawa and Rimouski, on and after the 20th day of November next.

Tenders marked "Tenders for Harbor and Branch line," will be received at the Commissioners' Office, Ottawa, up to six o'clock, p.m., of the 20th day of December next.

A. WALSH, ED. B. CHANDLER, C. J. BRYDGES, A. W. MCLELAN, Commissioners

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