firmly on the floor.

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM,

Author of "Under the Rose"

Conveight, 1902, by THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY

CHAPTER X.

soon aware of it. Punchinello and his

companions never attracted more at-

tention from the old country peasants

than did the chariot and its occupants as on the day after their night in the

disconsolate looking teamsters.

though the house is rather full with

the fellers from the ark, or," he added, by way of explanation in answer

to the manager's look of surprise.

"Philadelphia freight wagons, I sup-pose you would call them. But we

porch. They're downhearted because they used to liquor up here and now

they can't, for the town's temperance."

"I trust, nevertheless, you are pre-pared for a season of legitimate

making a big fuss about show folks."

this accumulation he drew freely, frankly, in the light fingered fashion

of master playwrights and lesser the

Before the manager was a table—the stage—upon which were scattered mis-

cellaneous articles, symbols of life and

sented the leading lady, a pepper box

the irascible father, a rotund mustard pot the old woman, a long, slim cruet the ingenue, and a pewter spoon the

Barnes gravely demonstrated the action of the scene to Saint-Prosper, and the soldier became collaborator, "aban-

doning, as it were," wrote the manager

not with the inclination of Burgoyne

contrary, so foreign was the occupa-tion to his leaning that often a whim-

way I laid out an act reminded him of planning a campaign, with the outrid-ers and skirmishers before, the cavalry

arrayed for swift service and the in-fautry marching steadily on, carrying

with them the main plot or strength of

pepper box reunited, and the pewter spoon clasped in the arms of the loving

cruet, with the curtain descending, than Barnes, who, like the immortal Alcibiades Triplet, could turn his hand

to almost anything, became furiously engaged in painting scenery. A mar-

so faithfully reproduced that the paint-ed bottles were a real temptation, while on the pastoral green of a rural land-

"The Bottle," "Fruits of the Wine Cup," "Aunt Dinah's Pledge" and "Ten

In due time the drama was given in

the town hall, after the rehearsals had

been witnessed by a committee from the temperance league, who reported that the pla "could not but exercise a

good influence and was entertaining withal. We recommend the license to be issued and commend the dyama to

all Good Templars." Therefore the production was not only well attended but play and players were warmly received. The town hall boasted a fairly

Nights In a Barroom."

atrical thimble riggers.

forth inscrutable satisfaction.

were soon to appear.

<del>\*\*\*</del> "Strollers?" exclaimed Mauville, Little Thunder was too spry to wheeling around, "What are they caught by even a pursuing bullet. called? "Lord, I don't know, sir. They're show folks, and that's all"-

"Do many strolling players come this "Not for weeks and months some times! The old patroon ordered the school to arrest them if they entered who did not witness the arrival were

"Is Vanderdonkville in the Vanderdonkville in the wyck?" "No. It was separated from the wyck -

"Never mind the family genealogy! Have the coach ready at 9".
"Tonight?"

morning," replied Mauville "This shily. "And meanwhile put this to



"Drink to Constance Carete!" bed." indicating Scroggs, who was now snoring like a bagpipe, with one arm lovingly wound around a leg of the

caretaker hoisted the attorney on his broad shoulders, his burden still piping as they crossed the hall and mounted the stairway. Having deposited his load within the amazing depths of a Dutch feather mattress, where be tax well night lost to sight, but not unheard, the wachtmeester of the steyn eft bin to well learned slumber and

designified to the kitchen.
At the appointed hour the land baron, weekly shaven, not a jaded line in his be front porch, before which his car-

on shall I expect you back?" nakeed Oly-koeks, who had reappeared at the sound of his master's footsteps. "Any time or never!" laughed the pa-

roon springing into the vehicle.

But as he drove through a bit of wood, wrapped in pleasing reflections, be received startling proof that the warfare between landlord and tenants and indeed begun in earnest, for a great stone suddenly crashed through the window of the vehicle, without, however, injuring the occupant. Spring-ing from his carriage, Mauville dashed ugh the fringe of wood, discharghis revolver at what he fancied was a fleeing figure. But a fluttering the trees from the startled birds was the only result

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modious platform, which now served the purpose of a stage, and-note-worthy circumstance!-there were gas jets for footilghts, the illuminating fluid having at that early date been introduced in several of the more progressive villages. Between the acts these yellow lights were turned low, and, running with the current of popular desire, the orchestra, enlarged to four, played by special request "The Old Oaken Bucket.

The song had just sprung into popularity, and in a moment men, women and children had added their voices to the instruments. It was not the thrill of temperance fanaticism that stirred their hearts, but it was the memories of the old pioneer home in the wilderness; the rail splitting, read building days; the ancient rites of "raisings" and other neighborly ceremonies; when the farmer cut rye with a cradle and thrashed it out with his "HE show troupe has come to town," said the tail, lank postmaster to every one who flail; when "butter and eggs were pin money" and wheat paid the store-

"How solemnly they take their amusements in the north, Mr. Barnes." exclaimed a voice in one of the entrances. "What a contrast to the south -the wicked south."

The manager turned sharply.
"We are mere servants of the public,

woods they passed through the main thoroughfare of the village where they Mr. Mauville." "And the public is master, Mr. Barnes! How the dramatic muse is Dashing as in review before the rang and file of the village, the coach, with an extra flourish, rattled up to the howhipped around! In Greece she was, a goddese, in Rome a hussy, in England a sprightly dame, now a straig t eyes. tel, a low but generous sized edifice, with a wide, comfortable verauda. laced Priscilla. But you have a reupon the railing of which was an array

"You mean Saint-Prosper?" of boots and behind them . number of "Yes; and I can hardly blame him-under the circumstances," murmured the land baron, at the same time "You want to register, do you?" said the landlord in answer to Barnes' in-quiry, as the latter entered the office. glancing around as though seeking "We don't keep no register, but I guess we can accommodate you, al-

"Circumstances! What circumstanees?' demanded the manager.

"Why, the pleasant company he finds himself in, of course," said the visitor easily. "Ab, I see Miss Carew," he added, his eye immediately lightening, "and must congratulate her on her performance. Cursed dusty hole, isn't speak of them as arks, because they take in all creation. Them's the occu-pants making a Mount Ararat of the it?" Brushing bimself with his hand-

kerchief as he moved away.
"What business has he behind the scenes anyway?" grumbled the man-ager. "Dust hole, indeed! Confound his impudence!" But, his attention being drawn to the pressing exigencies of a first night. Barnes soon forgot his irritation over this unwarranted la-trusion in lowering a drop, hoisting a fly or readjusting a flat to his liking.

drama," suggested Barnes.

The other shook his head dublously.
"The town's for lectures clear through," he answered. "They've been The laud baron meanwhile crossed to the semidarkness at the rear of the stage behind the boxed scene, where he The manager's countenance did not fall, however, upon hearing this an-nouncement; on the contrary, it shed had observed the young girl waiting for the curtain to rise on the last act. No sooner were they settled in far from commodious quarters than prep-As she approached Manville, who stood motionless in an unlighted spot, the pale glow played upon her a moment, arations for the future were seriously begun, and now the drama proceeded apace, with Barnes the moving spirit, white on her neck, in sheen on the folds of her gown, and then she stepped Despite his assertion that he was no scholar, the manager's mind was the by a tall figure, with band eagerly out storehouse of a hundred plays, and in that depository were many bags of gold and many bags of chaff. From

"Mr. Mauville!" she exclaimed, drawing back at the suddenness of the en-His restless eyes held hers, but his

greeting was conventional.
"Did I not say the world was small,

and that we might meet again?"
"Of course, we are always meeting people and parting from them," she replied unconcernedly.

He laughed. "With what delightful

indifference you say that! You did not think to see me again?" "I hadn't thought about it," she answered frankly, annoyed by his per-

"I am unfortunate," he said. Beneath his free gaze she changed color, as though the shadow of a rose had touched her face

in his autobiographical date book and diary, "the sword for the pen and the "You are well?" be continued.
"Yes." glow of the Champ de Mars for the glimmer of a kerosene lamp." And yet "I need not have asked." His expression conveyed more, so much more or other military gentlemen who have courted the buskin and sock! On the she bit her lip impatiently. "How do

"It is hard to tell yet," she answered evasively.
"You would do justice to any role. sical light in his eye betrayed his dis-inclination and modest disbellef in his own fitness for the task. "He said the

but I prefer you in a historical or ro-mantic play, with the picturesque old costumes. I fear, however, I am detaining you.'

He drew aside with such deference to permit her to pass that her con-science smote her and she was half minded to turn and leave him more graciously, but this impulse was suc ceeded by another feeling, ill defined, the prevailing second thought. Had she looked she would have seen that her fluttering shawl touched his hand and he quickly raised it to his lips, releasing it immediately. As it was, she moved on, unaware of the gesture. The orchestra, or, rather, string quartet, had ceased; Hans, a bost in him-self, a mountain of melody, bowed his acknowledgments; the footlights glar-ed, the din of voices subsiding, and the ket place, with a huge wagon containing porkers and poultry, was dashed off with a celerity that would have mage a royal academician turn green with envy. The Tiddly Wink inn was

curtain rose.

Remaining in the background, the

land beron watched the young girl approach the entrance to the stage.

"How do you do. Mr. Mauville?" said a gay but hushed voice, interrupting his ruminations, and Susan. in a short skirt and bright stockings, greeted

on the pastoral green of a rural land-scape grazed sheep so lifelike that, as Hawkes observed, it actually seemed "they would eat the scenery all up." But finally sets and play were alike finished, and results demonstrated that the manager was correct in his esti-mate of such a drama, which became a forerunner of other pieces of this kind. "The Bottle." "Fruits of the Wine "The better for seeing you, Mistress Susan."
"Pooh!" courtesping disdalufully. "I
don't believe you! You came to see
some one else. Well"—lightly—"she is
already engrossed."

roguishly. Susan was never averse to straining the truth a little when it

served her purpose.
"I should tufer he was following her with more than his eyes." retorted the

master of the manor dryly.

Susan tapped the stage viciously with a little foot. "She's a lovely girl." she continued, drawing cabalistic fig-ures with the provoking slipper.

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"You are piqued," he said, watching ber skeptically "Not at all," quickly, startled by his blunt accusation

"Not a little jealous?" he persisted playfully "Jealous?" Then, with a frown, hesitatingly: "Well, she is given promi-nence in the plays and"-

"You would not be subordinated if she were not in the company? Apart. from this, you are fond of her?"

The foot ceased its tracing and rested

"I hate her!" snapped Susan, angered by this baiting. No sooner had she spoken than she regretted her outburst. "How you draw one out! I, was only joking, though she does have the best parts and we take what we can get." "But she's a lovely girl!" concluded the land baron

turn one's words about and give them a different meaning from what was inended. If I wanted to catch you up" "A truce!" be exclaimed. . "Let us take each other seriously bereafter. Is

"How clever of you! You twist and

Susan's eyes flashed angrily.

it agreed?" She nodded. riously, you can help me and help your-"How?" doubtfully. "Why not be allies?" 'What for?" "Mutual service."

"A woman's 'yes." "No," with affirmative answer to her

He believed the latter. And he bent over and saluted Mistress Susan on the lips. She became as rosy as the flowers she carried and tapped him playfully with them.
"For shame! La! What must you

think of me?" "That you are an angel." "How levely! But I must go." "May I see you after the play?"

"Do not fail me or the soldier will "Do not fall me or the sound with not transfer his affections to you."
"If he dared!" And she shook her head defiantly as she tripped away.
"Little fool!" murmured Mauville.
"The one his lips curling scornfully. "The one is a pastime; the other"-he paused and caught his breath-"a passion!" But he kept his appointment with be bade her good night with a lingering pressure of the band and ordered his equipage to the door.

"Hadn't you better wait until morn ing?" asked the surprised landlord when the young patroon announced his intention of taking an finmediate "There are the born burners, and traveling at night"-

"Have they turned footpads?" was the light reply. "Can't I drive through my own lands? Let me see one of their thieving faces"- And he made a sig-nificant gesture. "Not ride at night! These Jacobins shall not prevent me.'

Barring the possible danger from the leaseholders, who were undoubtedly ripe for any mischief, the journey did not promise such discomfiture as might have been expected, the coach being especially constructed for night traveling. On such occasions between the seats the space was filled by a large seats the space was flied by a large cushion adapted to the purpose, which in this way converted the interior of the vehicle into a sleeping from of limited dimensions. With pillows to neutralize the jarring, the land baron stretched himself indolently upon his couch and gazed through the window at the crystalline lights of the heavens, while thoughts of leaseholders and barn burners faded into thin air

morning star yet gleamed with a last pale luster. At the manor, which the patroon shortly reached, the ever wakeful Oly-koeks was already en-gaged in chopping wood near the kitchen door. The growling of the bound at his feet called the caretaker's at-tention to the master's coming, and, driving the ax into an obstinate stick of hickory, he donned his coat, drawing near the vehicle, where he stood in stupid wonderment as the land baron "Any callers, Oly-koeks?" carelessly

asked the master. heer, to ask you not to serve any more

with the lawmakers! But, there, carry my portmanteau into the library and" —as Oloffe's upper lip drew back—

"teach your dog to know me."

And, unpacking the vallse, Mauville took therefrom a handsome French

the patroon. be it known by these presents thou art summoned to appear before me! I have work for you—not to serve any one with a writ, assign, bring an action or any of your rascally. pettifogging tricks! Send me no denurrer, but your own intemperate

Which epistle the patroon addressed to his legal satellite and dispatched by

CHAPTER XL

EVERAL blesk days were followed by a little June weather in October. A somnolent influence rested everywhere. Above the undulation of land on the horizon were the clouds, like heavenly hills. reflecting their radiance on those earthly elevations. The celestial mountains "Reality?" said the land baron.

"Yes. You understand? He follows her with his every glance," she added atmosphere unreal and idyllic.

On such a morning Susan stood at a turn in the road gazing after a departing vehicle with ill concealed satisfac-tion and yet withal some dubiousness. Now that the plan suggested by Mauville had not miscarried, certain mis-givings arose, for there is a conscience ception of an act. As the partial real-ization of the situation swept over her

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he gave a gasp, and then, the vehicle having meanwhile vanished, a desper-ate spirit of bravado replaced her momentary apprehension. She even laughed nervously as she waved her bandkerchief in the direction the coach had taken, "Bon voyage."

But as the words fell from the smil-ing lips her eyes became thoughtful and her hand fell to her side. It occurred to Susan she would be obliged to divert suspicion from herself. The curling lips straightened. She turned abruptly and hastened toward the town. But her footsteps soon lagged and she paused thoughtfully.

"If I reach the hotel too soon," she

murmured, "they may overtake him."
So she stopped at the wayside, attracted by the brilliant cardinal nowers, humming as she plucked them, but ever and anon glancing around .The absurd thought came to that the bright autumn blossoms



were red the hue of sin and she threw them on the sward and unconsciously rubbed her hands on her dress. Still she lingered however, vaguely mindful she was adding to her burden of ill doing, but finally again started slowly toward the village, hurrying as she approached the hotel, where she encountered the soldier on the veran-Her distressed countenance and haste preclaimed her a messenger of

"Oh. dear! Ob. dear!" she exclaimed excitedly. "Where is Mr. Barnes?"
"What is the matter, Miss Duran?" suspecting very little was the matter, for Susan was nothing if not all of a twitter. "Constance has been carried off!"

"Carried off!" He regarded ber as if he thought she had lost her senses.
"Yes, abducted."

"Abducted! By whom?"
"I-I did not see his face." she gasped. "And it is all my fault! I asked her to take a walk! Ob, what shall I do?" wringing her hands in anguish that was half real. "We kept on and on-it was so pleasant-until we had bassed far beyond the outskirts of the village. At a turn in the road stood a coach, a cloak was thrown over my head by some one behind—I must have fainted—and when I recovered she was gone. ' dear! Oh. dear!"

To be Continued.

FREE AND INDEPENDENT WORK

Of late, and especially since President hero." we have heard much ade about the free and independent workman, and hours of labor the longest, their home is instructed in the neighborhood of the subject to the task of protecting him, from what they term the tyrannical influence of the trades union.

In one instance a clergyman, who had lever heep heard of outside his parish, some pany is store, and they live is the company is store, and they live is the company is store, and they live is the company is note. Their helplessness is so great and their empolyers have often lies blood, and when it falls to perform its office, ble accumulates and the blood becomes poisoned, causing many unpleasant symptoms, such as: dull, heary, hasging the company is the body, and when it falls to perform its office, ble accumulates and the blood becomes poisoned, causing many unpleasant symptoms, such as: dull, heary, hasging the body and when it falls to perform its office, ble accumulates and the blood becomes poisoned, causing many unpleasant symptoms, such as: dull, heary, hasging the body and when it falls to perform its office, ble accumulates and the blood becomes poisoned, causing many unpleasant symptoms, such as: dull, heary, handle symptoms.

of the trades union.

lu one instance a clergyman, who had never heep heard of outside his parish, gained momentary attention, through his effort to organize a non-union union of workingmen, one of the interesting features of this proposed organization being the features of this proposed organization being secure an education.

never beep heard of outside his parish, gained momentary attention, through his selfort to organize a non-union union of workingmen, one of the interesting features of this proposed organization being the fact that its members would be bound to obey the provisions of their constitution and by-laws, so long as they remained members. Unfortunately, the reverend rentleman's organization died a natural death before it was able to discard its swaddling clothes, and at last report the clergyman had returned to his theology. Let us discover this free and independent workman who has had his freedom of action curtailed and his welfare threat ened by organized labor! Where can he be found? What injurious restrictions has the trades union movement placed upon him? Has it reduced his wages of lengthened his hours of labor! Has it forced his children into the factories and workshops because of his inability to give them a common school education! Has it caused him to work in proximity to dangerous machinery that had not been properly guarded? His it forced him to dangerous machinery that had not been properly guarded? His it forced him to dangerous machinery that had not been properly guarded? His it forced him to dangerous machinery that had not been properly guarded? His it forced him to dangerous machinery that had not been properly guarded? His it forced him to dangerous machinery that had not been properly guarded? His it forced him to dangerous machinery that had not been properly guarded? His it forced him to dangerous machinery that had not been properly guarded? His it forced him to dangerous machinery that had not been feel to be found taking a most active part in the affairs of the organization, and the union moulder always receives higher wages and shorter hours of labor than his non-union felloweraftsman, except in rare cases, such as atrikes, or when a firm temporarily advances the wage rate in an endeavor to curb the moulders' desire to organize and this condition holds true in all other trades.

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