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JENNIE BAXTER: JOURNALIST

BY ROBERT BARR.

VIII.—The Robbery in the Sleeping Car.

World's Russian authorities dare telegraph to the frontier to have her searched, or would the big official who had



She jerked the letter from the amazed and frightened man.

planned the robbery suspect that she, by legendeism, had become possessed of the letter so much sought for? Even if he did suspect her, he would certainly have craft enough to admit it. His game would rather be to maintain that this was the veritable document found in the Englishman's dispatch box, and it was more than likely, taking into consideration the change of room at the last moment, which would show the official the existence of suspicion in the messenger's mind, or in the minds of those who sent him, that the natural surmise would be that another messenger had gone with the real document, and that the robbed man was merely a blind to delude the Russian police. In any case, Jennie concluded, there was absolutely nothing to do but remain awake all night and guard the treasure which good luck had bestowed upon her. She stood up on her bed, about to stuff her handkerchief into the hole bored in the partition, but suddenly paused and came down to the floor again. No; disconcerting as it was to remain in a room under possible espionage, she dared not stop the openings, as that would show she had cognizance of them, and arouse the conductor's suspicion that, after all, she had understood what had been said, whereas, if she left them as they were, the fact of her doing so would be strong confirmation of her ignorance. She took from her bag a scarf, tied one end round her wrist and the other to the door, so that it could not be opened, should she fall asleep, without awakening her. Before intrenching herself thus she drew the eyelids down over the lamp, and left her room in darkness. Then, if any one did spy upon her, they would not see the dark scarf which united her wrist with the door.

In spite of the danger of her situation she had the utmost difficulty in keeping awake. The rumble of the train had a very soporific effect, and once or twice she started up, fearing that she had been slumbering. Once she experienced a frightening sensation in her throat, and sprang to the floor, seeing the rising gas, somehow made visible, the color of blood. The scarf drew her to her knees, and for a moment she thought some one clutched her wrist. Panting, she undid the scarf and flooded the room with light. Her heart was beating wildly, but all was still, save the ever present rumble of the train rushing through the darkness over the boundless plains of Russia. She looked at her tiny watch; it was 2 o'clock in the morning. She knew then that she must have fallen asleep in spite of her strong resolutions. The letter was still in the inside pocket of her jacket, and all was well at 2 in the morning. No eye appeared at either of the apertures, so she covered up the light once more and lay down again, sighing to think how rumpled her costume would look in the morning. Now she was resolved not to go to sleep, if force of will could keep her awake. A moment later she was startled by some one beating down the partition with an ax. She sprang up, and again the scarf pulled her. She untied it from her wrist and noticed that daylight flooded the compartment. This amazed her. How could it be daylight so soon, in northern Russia? After a breathless pause there was a rap at her door, and the voice of the conductor said: "Breakfast at Lugsa, madame, in three-quarters of an hour." "Very good," she replied in English, her voice trembling with fear. Slowly she untied the scarf from the door and placed it in her hand bag. She shivered notwithstanding her effort at self-control, for she knew she had slept through the night and far into the morning. In agitation she unbuttoned her jacket, and there was the letter, just where she had placed it. She dare not take it out and examine it, fearing still that she might be watched from some unseen spot. "Thank God," she said to herself fervently, "this horror is night is past. Once over the frontier I am safe."

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IX.—An Unlooked For Encounter.

At 9 o'clock the long train came to a standstill, 17 minutes late, at Lugsa, and ample time was allowed for a leisurely breakfast in the buffet of the station.

Jennie found a small table and sat down beside it, ordering coffee and rolls from the waiter who came to serve her. Looking round at the cosmopolitan company and listening to the many languages whose clash gave a babel air to the restaurant, Jennie felt to missing on the strange experience she had encountered since leaving London. It seemed to her she had been taking part in some ghastly nightmare, and she shuddered as she thought of the lawlessness, under cover of law, of this great and despotic empire, where even the ruler was under the surveillance of his subordinates, and could not get a letter out of his own dominion in safety were he so minded. "Ah, lost princess!" She placed her hand suddenly to her throat, for the catch in her breath seemed to be suffocating her, then looked up and saw Lord Donal Stirling, in the ordinary everyday dress of an English gentleman, as well groomed as if he had come not from a train, but from his own house. There was a kindly smile on his lips and a sparkle in his eyes, but his face was of ghastly pallor.

"Oh, Lord Donal!" she cried, regarding him with eyes of wonder and fear. "What is wrong with you?" "Nothing," the young man replied with an attempt at a laugh, "nothing, now that I have found you, princess. I have been making a night of it, that's all, and am suffering the consequences in the morning. May I sit down?" He dropped into a chair on the other side of the table and went on: "Like all dissipated men, I am going to breakfast on stimulants. Waiter," he said, "bring me a large glass of your best brandy."

"And, waiter," interjected Jennie in French, "bring two breakfasts. I suppose this is not your breakfast that you ordered just now, Lord Donal?" "He said, 'Still, it pleads in my favor that I do not carry brandy with me, as I ought to do, and so must drink the vile stuff they call their best here.'"

"You should eat as well," she insisted, taking charge of him, as if she had every right to do so. "All shall be as you say, now that I have found you, but don't be surprised if I have but little appetite."

"What is the matter?" she asked breathlessly. "You certainly look very ill."

"I have been drugged and robbed," he replied, lowering his voice. "I imagine I came to close quarters with

death itself. I have spent a night in hazy and this morning am barely able to stagger, but the sight of you, princess, oh, well, I feel once more that I belong to the land of the living!"

"Please do not call me princess," said the girl, looking down at the tablecloth. "Then what am I to call you, princess?" "My name is Jennie Baxter," she said in a low voice. "Miss Jennie Baxter?" he asked eagerly, with emphasis on the first word. "Miss Jennie Baxter," she answered, still not looking up at him. He leaned back in his chair and said: "Well, this is not such a bad world, after all. To think of meeting you here in Russia! I have been in St. Petersburg, then?" "Yes, I am a newspaper woman," explained Jennie hurriedly. "When you met me before, I was there surreptitiously, fraudulently, if you like. I was there to write a report of it for my paper. I can never thank you enough, Lord Donal, for your kindness to me that evening."

"Your thanks are belated," said the young man, with a visible attempt at gaiety. "You should have written and acknowledged the kindness you are good enough to say I rendered to you. You knew my address and etiquette demanded that you should make my acknowledgments."

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from her. In fact, if you had opened the door of the inner room at Mr. Cadbury Taylor's little quaker, you would have come upon me, for I was the assistant who tried to persuade him that you really met the Princess von Steinheimer."

Lord Donal for the first time laughed heartily. "Well, if that doesn't beat all! And I suppose Cadbury Taylor hasn't the slightest suspicion that you are the person he was looking for?" "No, not the slightest."

"I say, that is the best joke I have heard in ten years," said Lord Donal, and here, breakfast arriving, Jennie gave him his directions. "You are to drink a small portion of that brandy," she said, "and then put the rest in your coffee. You must eat a good breakfast, and that will help you to forget your troubles—that is, if you have any real troubles."

"Oh, my troubles are real enough!" said the young man. "When I met you before, princess, I was reasonably successful. We even talked about embassadships, didn't we, in spite of the fact that embassadships were making themselves unnecessarily obtrusive that night? Now you see before you a ruined man. No, I am not joking. It is true, I was given a commission, or, rather, knowing the danger that was in it, I begged that the commission might be given me. It was merely to take a letter from St. Petersburg to London. I have failed, and when that is said, all is said."

"But surely," said the girl, "you could not be expected to ward off such lawless robbery as you have been the victim of?" "That is just what I expected and what I supposed could ward off. In my profession, which, after all, has a great similarity to yours, except that I think we have to do more lying in ours, there must be no such word as fail. The very best excuses are listened to with tolerance, perhaps, and a shrug of the shoulders, but failure, no matter from what cause, is felt deep. I have failed. I shall not make any excuses. I will go to London and say merely, 'The Russian police have robbed me.' Oh, I know perfectly who did the trick and how it was done. Then I shall send in my resignation. They will accept it, with polite words of regret, and will say to each other: 'Poor fellow! He had a brilliant career before him, but he got drunk, or something, and fell in the ditch.' Ah, well, we won't talk any more about it!"

"Then you don't despise the newspaper profession?" "I don't despise it, but I look up to it, belonging myself to a profession very much lower down in the scale of morality, as I have said. Don't, princess," he added, leaning toward her, "will you resign from the newspaper if I resign from diplomacy?" The girl slowly shook her head, her eyes to the tablecloth before her. "I will telegraph my resignation," he said impetuously, "if you will telegraph yours to your paper."

"You are feeling ill and worried this morning, Lord Donal, and so you take a pessimistic view of life. You must not do that." "Oh, but I must! I have failed, and that is enough."

"It isn't enough. You must do nothing until you reach London."

"I like your word most, Jennie," said the young man audaciously. "It implies something, you know." "What, Lord Donal?" she asked, glancing up at him. "It implies that you are going to leave the 'Lord' of my name."

"That wouldn't be very difficult," replied Jennie. "I am delighted to hear you say so," exclaimed his lordship, "and now that I may know how it sounds from your dear lips, call me Don."

"No, if I ever consented to omit the title, I should call you Donal. I like the name in its entirety."

He reached his hand across the table. "Are you willing, then, to accept a man at the very lowest ebb of his fortunes? I know that if I were of the mold that heroes are made of I would hesitate to proffer you a bright life. But I loved you the moment I saw you, and, remembering my fruitless search for you, I cannot run the risk of losing you again. I have not the courage."

She placed her hand in his and looked him for the first time squarely in the eyes. "Are you sure, Donal?" she said. "That I am not a mere effigy on which you are hanging the wornout garments of a past affection? You thought I was the princess at first."

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IX.—An Unlooked For Encounter.

"I am not a mere effigy on which you are hanging the wornout garments of a past affection? You thought I was the princess at first."

"No, I didn't," he protested. "As soon as I heard you speak I knew you were the one I was destined to meet."

"Ah, Donal, Donal, at lower's perjuries they say Jove laughs! I don't think you were quite so certain as all that. But I, too, am a coward, and I dare not refuse you."

"What an unbloody spot for a proposal," he whispered, "and yet they call Russia the Great Lone Land. Oh, that we had a portion of it entirely to ourselves."

The girl sat there, a smile on her pretty lips that Lord Donal thought most tantalizing. A railway official announced in a loud voice that the train was about to resume its journey. There was a general shuffling of feet as the passengers rose to take their places.

"Brothers and sisters, kiss each other, you know, on the eve of a railway journey," said Lord Donal, taking advantage of the confusion. Jennie Baxter made no protest.

"There is plenty of time," he whispered. "I know the leisurely nature of Russian trains. Now I am going to the telegraph office to send in my resignation, and I want you to come with me and send in yours."

"No, Lord Donal," said the girl. "Aren't you going to resign?" he asked in surprise. "Yes, all in good time, but you are

not resigning, are you, Lord Donal?" "No, I am not resigning, but you are

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CHILD UNIONS IN THE SILK MILLS OF THE MINING REGIONS.

An extract from an article on the "Children of the Coal Shadow" by Francis H. Nichols, published in McClure's Magazine for February.

"I'll do it," replied the young man.

One would hardly expect an injunction to be issued against men forbidding their quitting work individually. Yet the order should be issued against them—quitting work in a body. Yet this St. Louis injunction does the latter in effect, and if it can do the latter it is absurd to suppose it cannot do the former. If it may lawfully prohibit one man from advising another to stop work, it may lawfully forbid the other's stopping work, or else Dickens' old maxim was right when he denounced the law as an ass. When an injunction forbids the "ordering," "persuading," "inducing," or "otherwise causing" a strike, it certainly does forbid striking. For striking consists not merely in the coincident-quitting of work by individuals; it consists in a co-operative quitting of work by individuals; it is impossible unless some one "orders," "persuades," "induces," or "otherwise causes" it. Such an injunction being lawful, an injunction forbidding individual quitting of work would soon be forthcoming, even if it is not practically involved in the timely marked with the characteristics of revolutionary usurpation, that much allowance may be made for the opinions of men who advise revolutionary resistance. But inasmuch as regular methods of resistance are still open, the intention of strikers have doubtless adopted the better course.

Observe the nature of this injunction. It does not in terms prohibit any employees of the road from quitting work, and all might quit at once, provided they did so without concerted agreement. For men have as much right to discharge their employer as he has to discharge them. So, at least, the injunction order is generally construed, though we fear the lawyer who should advise the strikers to that effect would be a bold man. But inasmuch as the law is now under review, the legal relations of master and servant would be fairly adjusted for this era of revived feudalism. It would be rounded out in accordance with the principles of law that originated in the institution of villeinage from which some American judges are drawing their legal principles.

It is instructive to learn from New York despatches that in financial circles there the opinion prevails that "if the

Walsh Railroad Company can sustain its position the death knell of strikes on inter-State railroads has been sounded. The opinion seems to be well formed. But those who congratulate themselves upon this method of ending railroad strikes are curiously oblivious to the fact that great bodies of workmen who strike don't do so for the fun of the thing. They do it because they have grievances. Even a child in intellect and experience ought to know what happens when opportunities for redress of grievances are arbitrarily denied to large numbers of people. A very serious question occurs, therefore. When the death knell of railroad strikes is sounded by arbitrary oppression under government sanction by injunction, then what?—Chicago Public.

DECISION OF UMPIRE P. J. DOWNEY FAVORS WOODWORKERS.

P. J. Downey, umpire of the dispute between the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America and the Amalgamated Woodworkers' International Union, yesterday submitted his decision to the committee of five large numbers of people. A very serious question occurs, therefore. When the death knell of railroad strikes is sounded by arbitrary oppression under government sanction by injunction, then what?—Chicago Public.

The man who purchases the product of child and cheap female labor is as bad as, if not worse than, the manufacturer who compels said child and female labor to work at low wages.—Charles L. Davis, Fourth Vice-President International Tobacco Workers' Union.