By FREDERIC S. ISHAM. Author of "Under the Rose" ...

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morrow moretag early, before re neeks but fat e-force bright and pur-hearsal?" and dwint Presper finally. as expligate?" "Yes," recurred the manager in sor

"A foolish piece of business. The die: gravely states used but fairs need but

Enroes uttered an exclumistion of anappared and apprehension. Here what is be doing here?" he said. "I ight we had seen the last of him is to followed. Constance?" "I don't know. We met today, at the

"It is strange she did not tell me about it," remarked the manager with out endeatoring to coneval the auxiety this anexpected information afforded

"She does not know he is here." And of Prosper briefly related the cirland boron, to which the manager lismed attentively.
"And so she must be dragged into it?"

acisimed Barnes at length rescribilly. Her name must become public propfroms darkened the se'dier's face.

but he replied quickly: "Na teny one know? The land baron has not been "No, but you have," externed the

ddenly pansing and look-

The silence between them lasted for ome moments. Barnes stood with his hands to his pockets, his face down-cast and moody. He felt that events were happening over which be had no control, but which were shaping the destiny of all he loved best. In the dim light the rugged lipes of his coun-tenance were strongly decisively out-lined. Turning to the trunk with a quick, mervous step, he filled a pipe binnelf. Ster be bed fighten it he sare more contempated the solder, thinking deeply, reviewing the post. "We have been together for some time, Mr. Saint Prosper," he said at

time, Mr. Saint Froncer," he said at length. "We have gone torough fair and rough weather and"-he paused a moment before continuing—"should un-derstand each other." Ton asked me when you came in if you were inter-rupting me, and I told you that you were not. As a matter of fact, you were.

And, walking to a table, Barnes took

np the notebook.

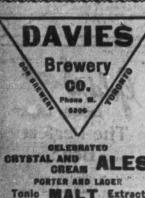
"A garnious single win must tell his fittle secrets somewhere," he continued. "Will you look at the pages I was writing when you came in?" Raint-Prosper took the book, and while he was turning the leaves that were hardly dry the manager relighted his pipe, over which he glanced nerrously from time to time at his companion. Finally, when the soldier had finished the perusal of the diary.

maios. Finally, when the soldier had inished the perusal of the diary. Burnes turned to him expectantly, but the other silently laid down the little volume, and after waiting some mo-ments for him to speak, the manager, as though disappointed by his reticence, as though disappointed by his reticence, cathed a sigh. Then, clearing his coat, in a voice somewhat busky he

ent on sulkily:
You will understand new why she
to much to me. I have always much as possible; to have her world, her art! I have tried to keep the shadow of the past from her. Ap actress has a pretty face, and there's

Dominion Brewery Company





the cause of the meeting," said the fairs need but firmsy pretexts.

"Flimsy preteris" cried Burner "! woman's reputation her good name"-"Hush!" said Snist-Prosper.

From the door at the far end of the flowing pown of an early period mu-counded her like a cloud as she pause before Barnes' apartment. At the throat a deep falling collar was closed fusioned the siceres were gothered in

at elbow and wint, and from a "cor-erchiet" set upon the dunky hair, fell a long sell of ample proportions With the light shimmering on the folds of her raiment she stood looking through the open door, regarding the manager and Saint-Prosper "Oh, you are not alone?" she said to

the former. "You look as though you were talking together very seriously," she added, turning to Saint-Prosper "Nothing of consequence, Miss Ca-rew" he replied, flushing beneath her

clear eyes. "Only about some scenery?" interposed the manager so hastily that she glanced, slightly surprised, from the one to the other. "Some sets that

"'Filmsy pretexts." I caught that red spot. much! I only wanted to ask you about this costume. Is it appropriate, do you think, for the part we were talking about?" turning around slowly, with arms balf raised.

answered enthusiastically,
"If I only thought that an unblawed
criticism?" Her dark lashes lowered;
she looked toward the solder half shyly, half mockingly. "What do you

think, Mr. Saint-I'rosper?".
At that moment her girlish grace

"I think it is not only appropriate, but"-looking at her and not at the costome-"beautiful."

A gleam like laughter came into her eyes, wor did she shun his kindling "Thank you," she said and couriested

CHAPTER XX.

HE mist was lifting from the earth, and nature lay wrapped in the rost peace of daybreak as the sun's shafts of gold plerced the foliage. Illumining the historic ground of the Oaks.

Beneath the spreading trees were assembled a group of persons variously disposed. A little dapper man was bending over a case of instruments, as merry a soul as ever adjusted a limture or sewed a wound. Bermbound and bemedsled the Count de Propriac, acting for the land baron, and Barnes, who had accompanied the soldier, were consulting over the weapons, a mag-nificent pair of raplers with costly steel guards, set with initials and a coronet. Member of an ancient society ver, passing beneath his arm and inof France which yet sought to perpetuficting a slight flesh wound. Someate the memory of the old judicial com-bat and the more modern duel, the count was one of those persons who think they are in honor bound to bear a challenge without questioning the cause or asking the "color of a reason."

"A superb pair of weapons, count!"
observed the doctor, rising
The count laughed and turned away with a businesslike air.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?"

At his words the contestants imme-



He surveyed his prostrate antagor paron, liths and supple, presented a pic-ture of insolent and conscious pride, his glance lighted by disdain, but smoldering with flercer passions as he ex-amined and tested his blade.

"Engage!" exclaimed the count. With HI concealed eagerness Mauville began, a vigorous, although guarded, attack, as if asserting his supremacy and at the same time testing his man. The buzzing switch of the steel be-came angrier; the weapons glinted and gleamed, intertwining silently and aep-erating with a swish. The patreas a

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Yestures glowed, his movements he carry, he lumped with a throst so stentily his binds was heaten down only as it touched the soldler's breast

Maurille waddenly followed his mo-mentary advantage with a dangerous lungerfrom below. Involuntarily Barnes looked away, but his wandering atten-tion was immediately recalled. From the lips of the land baron burst an exciamistion of mingled poin and anger. Saint-Prosper had not only parried the threat, but his own blade, by a rapid riposte, had grazed the shoulder of his

Nor was the manager's surpris greater than that of the count. The latter, amazed that this unusual strata gem should have failed when directed by a wrist as trained and an eye as

quick as Maurille's, now interposed,
"Enough" be exclaimed separating
the contestants "Honor has been sat-

Sercely. His binde hardly touched me." In his exaspegation and disap-pointment over his fullure Mauville was scarcely conscious of his wound "I tell you it is nothing," he repeated. What do you say, Mr. Saint-Pros-

per?" asked the count.
"I am satisfied," returned the young But I'm not?" reiterated the patroon.

restraining bimself with difficulty. "It was understood we should rentings until both were willing to stop." "No." interrupted the count snavely, was understood you should continue

if both were willing." "And you're not?" excisimed the land baron, wheeling on Saint-Prosper, "Did you leave the army because"-

"Gentlemen, gentlemen: let us ob-serve the proprieties" expostulated the count. "Is it your intention. sir"—to Saint-Prosper—"not to grant my prin-cipal's request?"

A fierce new anger gleamed from the soldier's eyes, completely transforming his expression and bearing. His glance quickly swept from the count to Matville at the studied insult of the lat ter's words; on his cheek burned a dark "Let it go on?"

The count stepped nimbly from his position between the two men. Again the swords crossed. The count's glance bent itself more closely on the figure "The balf raised.

"Charming my dear; charming?" be of the soldier, noting now how superbaswered enthusiastically, by poised was his body, what reserves of a long thought that an unbiased of area, h were suggested by the white, muscular arm! His wrist moved like a machine, lightly brushing aside the thrusts. Had it been but accident that Mauville's unlooked for expedient bad failed?

But the land baron's zest only appeared to grow in proportion to the resistance he encountered the lust for fighting increased with the music of the blades. For some moments he feinted and lunged, seeking an opening, bowever slight. Again be appeared bent upon forcing a quick conclusion, for suddenly with a rush be sought to break over Saint-Prosper's guard and succeeded in wounding the other slight-ly in the forehead. Now, sure of his

man, Mauville sprang at him savagely.

But, dashing the blood from his eyes
with his free hand and without giving way, Saint-Prosper met the assault with a wrist of iron, and the land bar on failed to profit by what had seemed a certain advantage. The wound had the effect of making the soldier more cautious, and eye, foot and hand were

equally true.
In his fury that his chance had alipped away, after wornding and, as he supposed, blinding his opponent Mau-ville, throwing prudence to the winds. recklessly attempted to repeat his rash expedient, and this time the steel of sion crossed the land baron's face. "I have underestimated him?" be thought. "The next stroke will be driven nearer

H. felt no fear, however; only mute. the lept no rear, nowever; only mute, helpess rage. In the soldier's hand the dainty weapon was a thing of marvelous cunning. His vastly superior strength made him practically tireless in his play. Not only tireless; he suddenly accelerated the tempo of the experiment of the leaf o denly accelerated the tempo of the ex-ercise, but behind this une period, even passionate, awakening the spec-tators felt an unvarying accuracy, a steely coldness of purpose. The blades clicked faster; they met and parted more viciously; the hard light in Saint-Prosper's eyes grew brighter as he slowly thrust back his antagonist. Mauville became aware his own vices

Mauville became aware his own vigor was slowly failing him. Instead of pressing the other he was now obliged off the lethargy irresistibly stealing over him, to shake the leaden movements from his limbs. He vainly endeavored to penetrate the mist failing before his eyes and to overcome the dizziness that made his foeman seem diziness that made his freman seem like a figure in a dream. Was it through loss of blood or wentress, or both? But he was cognizant his thrusts had lost force, his plunges vitality, and that even an element of chance prevailed in his parries. But he uttered no sound. When would that mist become dark and the golden day fuse into inky night?

fuse into inky night?

Before the mist totally eclipsed his sight he determined to make one more supreme effort and again sprang forward, but was driven back with case, The knowledge that he was continuing a futile struggle smote him to the soul. Gindly would be have welcomed the fatat thrust if first he could have sent his blade through that breast which so far had been impervious to his efforts. Now the scene went round and round. The goklen day became crimson, scarlet, then gray, leaden, somber. Incon-tiously he bent his arm to counter an imaginary lunge, and his antagonist thrust out his rapler like a thing of ifa, transfixing Mauville's sword arm.

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it come? Then the state colored bues were swallowed in a black cloud. But were strailoused in a binek cloud. But the while his mind passed into unconscious his broast was openly presented to his antaponist, and even the a sixth sense.

The marquis and General Saint-wave warm friends?" asked

count shuddered.
With his blade at guard Saint-Prosper remained motionless. The land haron staggested feebly and then sank the expression of a duelist, vanished from the soldier's face, and, allowing ground, he surveyed his prostrate an-

"Done like a gentleman" cried the ount breathing more freely. "You ad him at your merry, sir"-to Saint-Prosper-"and spared him.

response, as without a word he turned bostoquely-gway. Meanwhile the doctor, hastening to Mauville's side, opened

"He is bodly burt?" asked Barnes

"No; only fainted from loss of blood," replied that gentleman cheer-fully. "He will be around again in a

The land baron soon regained condousness and walked, with the assistance of the count, to his carriage. As they were about to drive away the actual of a vehicle was beard drawing near, and soon it appeared followed by another equipage. Both stopped at the couldnes of the Oaks and the friends of the thickset man. Sussn's admirer, and the young lad on whom she had smiled slighted.

"Ha!" exclaimed the doctor, who had accompanied the count and his com-panion to the carriage. "No. 2!" 'Yes," laughed the count, as he lean-

ed back against the soft sushions. "it promises to be a busy day at the Oaks! Really," as the equipage rolled on, "New Orleans is fast becoming a civilized center!"

CHAPTER XXI.

HE land baron's injuries did not long keep him indoors, for it was his pride rather than his body that had received deep and bitter wounds. He chafed and fumed when he though how in all "You have no comp within likelihood the details of his defeat selling a reputation Francois?" could not be suppressed in the clubs

"I played him too freely." be groaned to the Count de Propriac as the inter sat contemplatively nursing the ivory handle of his cane and offering the land baron such poor solace as his company afforded. "I misjudged the attack, besides exposing myself too graveled walk, decapitating the bego-much. If I could only meet him again."

"It would be the same," retorted the Passing into the Rue Royale, the facount brutally. "When you lost your temper, you lost your cause. Your work was brilliant, but he is one of the best

swordsmen I ever saw. Who is be, "All I know is, be served in Algiers," said Mauville moodily.
"An adventurer, prebably!" exclaim-

ed the other. "I'd give a good deal to know his record." remarked the patroon contemplatively. "Tot should be pretty well acquainted with the personnel of the lift the diplomatic interest

army? "It includes everybody nowadays," replied the diplomat. "But it seems to me I did know of a Saint-Prosper at the military college at Saumur; or was it at the Ecole d'application d'état-ma-jor? Demmed se grace, if I am not jor? Demmed se grace if I am not mistaken; sent to Algiers; must be the

Here the count closed his eyes and seemed almost on the point of drop off, but suddenly straightened him

past forty-eight hours, did not improve Mauville's temper, and he bore his own reflections so grudgingly that inaction became intolerable. Besides, certain words of his caller concerning Saint-Prosper had stimulated his cariosity, and, in casting about for a way to confirm his suspicions, he had suddenly determined in what wise to proceed. Accordingly, the next day he left his rooms, his first visit being to a spa-

and lime with green veranda palings and windows that opened as doors, with a profusion of gausy curtains hanging behind them. This house, the hanging behind them. This house, the present bome of the Marquis de Ligne, stood in the French quarter, contrasting architecturally with the newer brick buildings erected for the American population. The land turon was ushered into a large reception room, sending his card to the marquis by the

neat appearing colored maid who answered the door.

Soon the marquis' servant, a stolid. sober man of virtuous deportment, came downstairs to inform the land

came downstairs to inform the land baron his master had suffered a relapse and was unable to see any one. "Last night his temperature was very high," said the valet. "My master is very ill, more so than I have known him to be in twenty years."

"You have served the marquis so long?" said the visitor, pausing as he was leaving the room. "Do you remember the Saint-Prosper family?"

"Well, monsieur. General Saint-Prosper and my master were distant kinsmen and had adjoining lands."

"Surely the marquis did not pass his

"Surely the marguis did not pass his time in the country?" observed Mau-

"He preferred it to Paris—when my indy was there," added Francois softly. In spite of his ill humor the shadow of a smile gleamed in the land haron's gaze, and, encouraged by that questioning look, the man continued: "The marquis and General Saint-Prosper were aiways together. My lady had her own friends." "So I've heard," commented the lis-

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He stood his ground bravely for a mo-ment, playing feebly into space, ex-cast. Why did the visitor wish to learn perting the fatal stroke. When would about the Saint-Prosper family? Why. instead of going, did be linger and eye

was a severe shork to the Maronis de Ligne; but, Mon Dieu"-lifting his eyes-"it was as well be did not live to witness the disgrate of his son."
"His son's disgrate," repeated the land baron eagerly. "Oh, you mean

ning in debt - gaming - some such

"He certainly called him that," words, but the expression of the old nobleman's face, recurred to him. What did it mean unless it confirmed the deliberate charge of the valet? The over his inability to see the marquis and began to look with more favor on

hold," continued the servant softly: "not through fear; oh, no; but for am-Moorish leader. My master has the a "Why has the matter attracted no public attention if a board of inquiry was appointed?"

"The board was a secret one, and the report was suppressed. Few bare seed it except the late king of France and

good company I confess curiosity to look at it myself. But your master is ill. I cannot speak with him. Perhaps

lynx's.

"Reputative is that?" said the man, contemptuously snapping his fingers. emboldened by his compact with the caller. "France and sous are every-

ous thoroughfares with French-English nomenclature into St. Charles street.

would soon own the earth.

off, but suddenly straughtened in meet, drawled a perfunctory farewell and departed in a brown study. The count's company, of which he Union Made Clothing

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the land baron at length. "Yes, monsteur; the death of the lat-

"If betraying his country is a fash-iomable virtue," replied the valet. "He

on's features; then coincident with the assertion came remembrance of his conversation with the marquis.

bition, power, under Abd-ei-Kader, the Moorlsh leader. My master has the re-

my master."
"Since it has been inspected by such

"Lord, how servants imbibe the ideas of their betters!" quoth the patroon as be left the bouse and strode down the

vorite promenade of the creole-French, the land baron went on through varireaching his apartments, which ad-joined a well known club. He was glad to stretch himself once more on his couch, feeling fatigued from his ef-forts and having rather overtaxed his

If the diplomatic interests of this country were entrusted to widows, we

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"For five hundred frances, Francois?" To oblige monsieur? he answered softly, but his eyes gleamed like a lynn's.

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C. COMMISSIONER'S REPORT CRITICISED.

The Victoria Trades and Labor Co cil has forwarded throughout Canada a report presented to that body dealing with the re ort of the commission which avestigated labor troubles in that Prov-

The report reads as follows:

Victoria, November 3, 1993,
On report of the Boyal Commission on Industrial Discuss in the Province of British Columbia, we, your Legislative Committee, bey to report as follows:
Having cerefully read and examined the report we have come to the conclusion that it is grossly one-sided and unfair, evidence of which may be found on almost every page of the same.

But as we deem it unnecessary to go

But as we deem it unnecessary to go brough the whole report to establish our harge, we will mention only a few of

many glaring instances. First —In mentioning the work of the corret Service of the C. P. R. a great tress is laid on the proof it affords of he corruptability of union officials, but little is said of the contemptible methods of the company in employing men to spy upon the actions of its employees even outside of working hours, or the unre-liability of the evidence given by men liability of the evidence given by man who lend themselves to such despicable service. The organizer who betrays no trust is held no to deserved and the company that uses its funds and systematically employs menafor corrupt purposes goes practically uncensured.

Mrs. Nettie Harrison, 73 Geary street.

Boston, Mass.—"Cuticura, 12. Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation; Redelifie Shee Company, Dept. 2; 1 vinol, 14. Chester, Kent & Co., 68 Chauncey.

Rochester, N.Y.—Duffy's Malt Whister of the company of the company warner's Safe Cure.

Armour & Co., Chies Company of the co

pany is not mentioned.

Fourth.—Pages of evidence are published to show officials of unions in a bad light, but Mr. Donsmuir's evidence which showed so conclusively the arbitrary and despotic menner in which he treated his men is entirely excluded.

The Commission seems to have been appointed to report, among other things, mpon the causes of the distribunces but it fails to mention any specific cause or causes, although the civilence points strengly in one direction, viz.

The men under both the C. D. The men under both the cause of the distributions of the distributions of the decrease amounts to 245 columns and the cause of the distributions of the distributi The men under both the C. P. R. Co. and Mr. D nampir were subjected to the most tyrannical interference with their rights as citizens of a free country. They were prohibited from joining the union of their choice, and in Mr. Duna muir's cose, from joining any union at all under pain of dismissal; and we submit they would not have been true to their manbood had they not resented such treatment.

That they were capable of fair dealings with? their employers if approached in a reasonable manner is amply proved by the evidence of Mr. Robins, who bad for many years employed the same class of

This astounding unfairness on the part, est ignorance, of learning is the great-This astounding unfairness on the part of the Cormissioness may in the head of the Cormissioness may in the head of the Cormissiones may in the head of the resistion we often included by signal men toward laborina men in general as well their importance of the rights for which we are contending. Their environment, education and association all making it so difficult for them to understand the meny core tries to which workingmen are daily subjected.

Therefore, we feel that the practice

Anti-Times Committees

Have Reduced the Advertising Patronage 245 Columns and 18 Inches.

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 17.—(Special Correspondence.)—Thanks to the activity of the various anti-Times committees, the original list of over 200 for eign advertisers in the Los Angeles Times has been reduced to the following, who have stubbornly ignored or refused to accede to the requests of organized labor:

New York- 'Beecham's Pills, " Thos. New York— Beecham's Pilla, Thos. Beecham, 565 Canal street; E. & W. Collar, Earl & Wilson, 32 East 17th street; 'Glycozone,' Prof. Charles-Marchand, 614 Prince street; 'Hunyadi Janos,' Andreas Saxedhners, 129 ruiton street; Marvet Company, Boom 86 Times Building; Royal Baking Powder Company, 100 William street; Wright's Indian Vegetains "rill Company,"

pany. San Francisco—"Cupidene," Davol Medicine Com, any, Box 2076, Dr. and Mrs. Dr. Chamley, 23-25 Taird street; "Mormon Bishop's Pilla," Bishop Remedy Company; "Hair Restorer," Mrs. Nettie Harrison, 73 Grany street.

and syster aticity employs mens for corrupt purposes goes practically uncensured.

Second.—The Commission spent days in trying to find connection between the trouble in the coal mines and the railway strike, but the charry that the C. P. R. was privy to a blacklisting scheme in common with other railway companies they found no time to investigate.

Third.—The unlawful conject of the strikers by boycotting, intimidating and picketing is much spoken of; but the fact that a union man met violent death at the hands of a hireling of the company, Highland, Ill.; Hostetter Bitters Company, Butters a vacue, Pittsburg, Pa.; Lauxive Bromo pany is not mentioned.

Fourth.—Pages of evidence are published to show offic als of unions in a bad light, but Mr. Doussmur's evidence which showed so conclusively the arbitrary and despotic mouner in which he tray and despotic mouner in which he treated his men is entirely excluded.

Bochester, N.Y.—Dully's Malt Whis key Company; Watner's Saic Cure.

Amour & Co., Chicago, Ill; 'Big G,'' The Evans Chemical Company, Pulfalo, N. Y.; ''Dr. Williams' Pink Pills,'' Dr. Williams' Punk Pills,'' Dr. Williams' Punk Pills,'' Dr. Williams' Punk Pills,'' Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills,'' Dr. Miles' Medicine Company, Ekhart, Ind.; ''Fig Brand Evaporated Cream,'' Hefteetia Milk Condensing Company, Highland, Ill.; Hostetter Bitters Company, Water street and First avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.; Lauxit'e Bromo quinine, Paris Medical Company, St. Louis, Mo.; ''Pennyroyal Pilis,' Chichester Ciemical Company, Madison square, Philladeiphia, Pa.; Postum Gereal Company, Battle Creek, Mich.; ''Stuart's Remedies,'' P. A. Stuart, Marshall, Mich. Longer, Pills with the Allie of the Paris Medical Company, Mich.; 'Water Baker & Co., Dorchester, Marshall, Mich. Condensing Company, Battle Creek, Mich.; ''Stuart's Remedies,'' P. A. Stuart, Marshall, Mich. Condensing Company, Battle Creek, Mich.; ''Stuart's Remedies,'' P. A. Stuart, Marshall, Mich. Condensing Company, Battle Creek, Mich.; ''Stuart's Remedies,'' P. A. Stuart, Mar

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