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

mosthenes stood in a corner near the

On the outskirts of the gathering.

"Dinna ye ken I'm listening?" impa

tiently retorted the other with a fierce

The soldier's impatience and anger

tile. "The Honeymoon."

actress.

down the road.

in the breeze had startled the horse

and incidentally attracted the atten-tion of his master. Across the somber

itation, thrust the pamphlet inside his

coat, flung himself on his horse and, turning from the market place, dashed

CHAPTER XII,

troon's jackal as the coach in which he found himself sped rap-

as much an abductor as my lord who whipped his lady from England to the

colonies!" gloomily regarding a motion-less figure on the seat opp "e and

dark

a face like ivory against

driven snow-almost as if"-

If it hadn't been for smothering

Settling back in his seat, he watched her discontentedly, alternately protest-

ing against the adventure and consoling himself weakly with the remem-brance of the retainer, weighing the

risks and the patroon's ability to gloss over the matter, now finding the for-

mer unduly obtrusive, again comfort-

ed with the assurance of the power pre-empted by the land barons. More-

over, the task was half accomplished, and it would be idle to recede now.

that's the end of it."

dividual whom Saint-Prospers address

Copyright, 1902, by THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY

When did ft happen?" As he spoke the young man left the yeranda. Graz-Ing condentedly near the porch was his borse, and Saint-Frosper's hand now rested on the bridle.

"I can't tell how long I was uncon-

scious," said the seemingly hysterical young woman, "but I burried here as soon as I recovered myself." "Where did it occur? Down the road

Saint-Prosper vaulted into the sad near the road stood a tall, be

drate," he said.

"But you're not going to follow them can which answered for a fence. istrate," he said. alone?' began Susan "Oh, dear, I feel quite faint again! If you would please

By way of answer the other touched his horse deeply with the spur, and were ready to leap forth at a word. the mettlesome animal reared and He wheeled flercely upon the weedy plunged; then, recalled by the sharp Scot to demand peremptorily the inplunged; then, recalled by the sharp voice of the rider, galloped wildly down the road. Susan observed the down the road caused his horse to shy

"How quixotie!" she thought discon-entedly. "But he won't catch them." what had frightened the animal. After a brief scrutiny he dismounted quickly and examined more attentively the object, a pamphlet with a red cover. upcame the consoling afterthought as

she turned to seek the manager. Soon the soldier, whose spirited dash flown the main thoroughfare had awaktown, was beyond the precincts of village scrutiny. The country road was hard, although marked by deep cuts from traffic during a rainy speil, and the horse's hoofs rang out with ex-hilarating rhythm. Regardless of all save the distance traversed, the rider yet forbore to press the pace, relaxing only when, after a considerable interwal, he came to another road and drew in at the fork. One way to the right ran gently through the valley, apparently terminating in the luxuriant fo-liage, while the other, like a winding. murky stream, stretched out over a

Which thoroughfare he Which thoroughfare had the coach taken? Dismounting, the young man hastly examined the ground, but the earth was so dry and firm and the fracks of wheels so many it was imposing the highway. "Here am I the new. Even signpost there was none. The roads diverged, and the sol-dier could but, blindly surmise their

destination, selecting after some hesitation the thoroughfare running into the gorgeous autumnal painted forest. He had gone no inconsiderable distance when his doubts were abruptly confirmed. Reaching an opening, bright as the chapel of a darkened monaster. as the chapel of a darkened monastery, he discerned a furmer in a buckboard approaching from the opposite direc-tion. The swift page of the rider and

the leisurely jog of the team soon brought them together. "Did you pass a coach down the

road?" asked the soldier. "No-a," said the farmer deliberately as his fat horses instinctively stood

stock still; "dldn't pass nobody."
"Where does the other road at the

reform orator there today and a barn burners' camp fire."

Without waiting to thank his inform-Saint-Prosper pulled his horse

After impatiently riding an hour or re, a cluster of houses amid

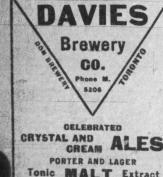
Dran

Compression of the control of the co

Dominion Brewery Company Woman gage." Brewers and Malsters TORONTO, ONT. ALES and

> White Label Brand

WM. ROSS, Manager



Tonic MALT Extract

Temperance VIENNA BEER

LITHIUM MINERAL WATER.

BEAD THE TOILER'S NEW STORY.

ing of this outrage; your smothering Subscribe for The Toiler.

"Well, ma'am, am I a bugbear?"

her position came to her, she uttered a

"You asked where we were driving?

Across the country. What is the meaning of this-outrage, I believe you called it? All actions spring from two sources—Cupid and cupidity. The rest of the riddle you'll have to guess." "But you have told me nothing," she

me-forcing me into this coach-and

"Do you call that nothing? You have the approximate cause causa causans. Was it Cupid? No, for, like Bacon, your sex's 'fantastical charms

This saily put him in better temper with himself. She was helpless, and he experienced a churlish satisfaction in her condition.

As he watched her out of the corner of his eye, weighing doubt and uncer-In the filstoric market place, as Saintrosper rode down the street, were astainty, new ideas assailed him. After all she had spirit, courage! Moreover, she was an actress, and the patroon maker. This forum of the people was shaded by a sextet of well grown elms. The platform of the local Dewas mady in love with her.
"It'll come out all right, madam; all

right for both of us!" was his thought. She believed him un-settled, bereft of reason, and, although he was manifestly growing less hosunbearable. At every moment she felt him regarding her like a lynx and en-denvored therefore to keep perfectly What would her strange warder do next? It was not an alarming act, however. He consulted a massive watch, remarking:

"It's lunch time and over. With your permission, I'll take a bite and a

drop. Will you join me?"

She turned her head away, and, not disconcerted by her curt refusal, he drew a wicker box from beneath a seat and opened it. His reference to a "bite and a drop" was obviously figurative, especially the "drop," which grew to the dimensions of a pint, which he swallowed quickly. Perhaps the flavor of the wine made him less at-tentive to his prisoner, for as he lifted on which appeared the printed design of the conventional Greek masks of tragedy and comedy, and beneath the the receptacle to his lips she thrust her arms through the window and a play book dropped from her hand, a possi-The bright binding, albeit solled by the dusty road, and the fluttering of the leaves ble clew for any one who might follow awaiting this opportunity, and when it came the carriage was entering a village.
Scroggs finished his cup. "You see,

mask of melancholy was traced in buoyant hand the name of the young we're provided for," he began. Here the bottle fell from his hand. The soldier, without a moment's bes-

"The patroon village!" he exclaimed a consternation. "I'd forgotten we in consternation. "I'd forgotten we were so close! And they're all gathered in the square too!"

He cast a quick glance at her. "You're all ready to call for help, he succeed, "but I'm not ready to part company yet." OR a man who can't abide the sex this is a predica-ment." muttered the pa-

Hastily drawing up one of the wooden shutters, he placed himself near the window, observing fiercely: "I don't propose you shall undo what's being done for you. Let me hear from you"
-jerking his finger toward the square "and I'll not answer for what I'll do." But in spite of his admonition be read such determination in her eyes he felt himself baffled.

cushions. "Curse the story reling it led to this! How white she is—like "You intend to make trouble!" he cried, and, putting his head suddenly through the window, he called to the driver, "Whip the horses through the And Scroggs, whose countenance lost a shade of its natural flush, going from market place!

As the affrighted animals sprang for-ward he blocked the window, placing flame color to salmon bue, bent with sudden apprehension over a small band which hung from the seat. one hand on her shoulder. He felt her "No; it's only a swoon," he continued, relieved, feeling her wrist with his knobby fingers. "How she struggled! escape from his grasp; but, not daring to leave his post, he leaned out of the window when they were opposite the square and shook his fist at the antithe cloak-but the job's done, and renters, exclaiming:

"I'll arrest every mother's son of you! I'll evict you-jail you for stealing rent!"

Drowned by the answering uproar, "The patroon's dog! Bullets for deputles." the emissary of the land baron continued to threaten the throng with his fist until well out of earshot and. thanks to the level road, beyond their resentment. Not that they strove to follow him far, for they thought the jackal had taken leave of his senses. But there was no defiance left in him Why couldn't the patroon have re- when they were beyond the will mained content with his bottle?" he grumbled. "But his mind must needs now ash colored.

he opened a second bottle, dispensed



• I'll arrest every mother's son of you!" with the formality of a glass and set the neck to his lips, repeating the op-eration until it was empty, when he tos ed it out of the window to be shat-tered against a rock, after which he loud cry, sprang toward the door and, with nervous fingers, strove to open it. The man placed a detaining hand on sank again into a semblance of medi-

her shoulder and roughly thrust her Disappointed over her ineffectual eftoward the seat.
"Make the best of it" be exclaimed forts, overcome by the strain, the young girl for the time relaxed all further attempt. peremptorily. "I'm not to be trifled

Despairingly she observed how the sun dipped and ever dipped toward the west, when suddenly a sound afar "Who are you?" she demanded That's an incriminating question, rekindled her fainting spirits. Listen-ing more attentively, she was assured ma'am." he replied.
"Perhaps you will tell me the meanimagination had not deceived her. It was the faint patter of a horse's hoofs, how

Subscribe for The Toiler.

Nearer it drew. Quicker beat her pulses. Moreover, it was the rat-a-tat of gall ping. Some one was pursuing

coact on horseback. mersed in his own grapevine casthe her jailer was unmindful of the pproaching rider, and she turned her face from him that he might not read her exultation. Closer resounded the

Who was the horseman? Was it Barnes? Saint-Prosper? The latter's name had quickly suggested itself to

Although the rider, whoever he might be, continued to gain ground, to her companion the approaching clatter was inseparable from the noise of the vehicle, and it was not until the horseman was nearly abreast and the ca-dence of the galloping resolved itself into clanger that the dreamer awoke with an imprecation. As he sprang to his feet, thus rudely disturbed, a figure on horseback dashed by and a stern voice called to the driver: "Stop the coach!"

Probably the command was given over the persuasive point of a weapon. for the animals were drawn up with a quick jerk and came to a standstill in the middle of the road. Menacing and abusive as the vehicle stopped, the warder's hand sought one of his pockets, when the young girl impethously caught his arm, clinging to it tenn

"Quick, MA Saint-Prosper!" she cried, cognizing, as she thought, the voice the soldier.

"You wildcat!" her jailer exclaimed, struggling to throw her off. Not succeeding, he raised his free arm in a flurry of invective.
"Curse you! Will you let go?"

ing him more tightly.

A flood of billingsgate flowed from

"Let go, or" But before he could in his blind passion strike her or otherwise vent his rage a revolver was clapped to his through the window, and, with a look of surprise and terror, his valor oozing from him, he crouched back on the cushions. At the same time the carriage door was thrown open, and Edward Mauville, the patroon, stood in the entrance!

Only an instant his eyes swept her. ng the flushed cheeks and disordered attire, reading her wonder at his unexpected appearance, and to his satisfaction-her relief as well; only an instant, during which the warder stared at him open monthed, and then his glance rested on the now thoroughly sober limb of the law "Get out!" he said briefly and harsh-

"But," began the other with a sickly grin, intended to be ingratiating. "I don't understand—this unexpected manner-this forcible departure from' Coolly raising his weapon, the pa-

troon deliberately covered the hapless jailer, who unceremoniously scrambled out of the door. The land baron laughed, replaced his revolver and, turning to the young girl, removed his bat. "It was fortunate, Miss Carew, I ned along," he said gravely. With your permission I will get in. You can tell me what has happened as we drive along. The manor house, my porary home, is not far from here.

If I can be of any service command The jackal saw the patroon spring into the carriage, baving fastened his horse behind, and drive off.

HE afternoon was waning. Against the golden western sky the old manor house loomed in solemn majesty, the fields and forests emphasizing its isolaa coach, with jaded horses, passed through the avenue of trees and approached the broad portico. A great string of trailing vine had been torn from the walls by the wind and now waved mournfully to and fro with no hand to adjust it. In the rear was a huge timbered barn, the door of which was unfastened, swinging on its rusty hinges with a creaking and moaning

As gayly as in the days when the eriwigged coachman had driven the elaborate equipage of the early patroons through the wrought fron gate this modern descendant entered the historic portals, not to be met, however, by servitors in knee breeches at the front door, but by the solitary caretaker, who appeared on the portico in considerable disorder and evident state of excitement, accompanied by the

"The deputies shot two of the ten-ants today," hurriedly exclaimed the guardian of the place, without noticing Manville's companion. "The farmers fired upon them; they replied, and one of the tenants is dead."

"A good lesson for them, since they were the aggressors!" cried the heir as he sprang from the coach. "But you have startled the lady."

An exclamation from the vehicle in

an unmistakably feminine voice caused the "wachtmeester" now to observe the occupant for the first time, and the servant threw up his hands in conster nation. Here was a master who drank all night, shot his tenants by proxy, visited strollers and now brought one of them to the steyn. That the strange lady was a player Oly-koeks immediady was a player Oly-kocks immediately made up his mind, and he viewed her with mingled aversion and fear, as the early settlers regarded sorcerers and witches. She was very beautiful, he observed in that quick giance, but therefore the more dangerous. She appeared distressed, but he attributed her apparent grief to artfulness. He at once saw a new source of trouble in at once saw a new source of trouble in without the introduction of a woman and she a public performer-into the complicated mesh!

"Fasten the iron shutters of the

Subscribe for The Toiler.

"Then belp this man change borses and put in the grays."

Oly-kocks, with a final deprecatory glance at the coach expressive of his estimate of his master's light conduct and his apprehension of the outcome, disappeared to obey this order

"May I assist you, Miss Carew?" said the land baron deferentially, offering his arm to the young girl, whose pale but observant face disclosed new mur and inquiry.

But you said we would go right on?" she returned, drawing back with in plied dissent. "When the borses are changed. If

you will step out the carriage will be driven to the barn." Reluctantly she obeyed, and as she did so the patroon and the coachman exchanged pithy glances.

"Look sharp." commanded the master sternly. "Oh, he won't run away." added Mauville quickly in answer to her look of surprise. "He knows I could find him and"-fingering his reolver-"will not disoblige me. Later we'll hear the rogue's story."

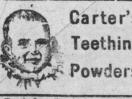
The man's averted countenance smothered a clandestine smile as he touched the horses with his whip and turned them toward the barn, leaving the patroon and his companion alone on the broad portico. Sweeping from a distant grove of slender poplars and snowy birches a breeze bore down upol. them, suddenly bleak and frosty, and he shivered in the nipping air.

"You are chilled" he cried. "If you ployees as well as employers end to be cried to be cried. The cried to be cried to be cried. The cried to be cried t she shivered in the nipping air.

would but go into the house while we are waiting! Indeed, if you do not I A friend wants to know if I, do not think the world would et on very well without religion. To this question I say les and No. The religion of man crucified the Christ and has been engaged in shedding blood ever since. But the religion of Christ has no taint upon it. shall wonder how I have offended you. It will be something to remember"half lightly, half seriously—"that you have crossed my threshold."

"Quick! Quick!" she called out, bold-He stood at the door with such and undissembled smile, his accents so regretful, that after a moment's hesitation Constance entered, followed by the patroon. Sweeping aside the beavy draperies from the window, he permitted the golden shafts of the ebbing day to enter the hall, gleaming on the polished floors, the waluscoting and the furniture, faintly illuminating the faded pictures and weirdly revealing the turnings of the massive stairway. sion seized the young actress in spite entered the solemn and mournful place, where past grandeur offered nothing save morbid memories and where the frailty of existence was significantly vritten! After that Indian summer day the sun was sinking, angry and fiery, as though presaging a speedy re-form in the vagaries of the season and an immediate return to the legitimate surroundings of October.

Involuntarily the girl moved to the window, where the light rested on her brown tresses, and as Mauville watched that radiance, shifting and changing, her hair alight with mystic color, the passion that had prompted him to this end was stirred anew, dissipating any intrusive doubts. The veering and flickering sheen seemed but a web of



Best for Teething Babies

When baby is teething the health is so easily affected that it should be the mother's first aim to bring it through that period with as little risk as possible. Meny mothers at this period of Baby's life use Carter's Teething Powders with good results.

trold substitutes. Buy what you ask for Every Genuine Box bears this signature Carter Drug Co

GARTER'S LUNG BALSAM is bleasant to take, and can be given child or adult without fear. 25cc

CARTER'S MAGNETINE OIL heat etc. Mr. a bottle.

UNION MEN Chew the BEST

BRITISH NAVY

STRICTLY UNION MADE

MCALPINE TOBACCO CO., TORONTO, CAN.

When you are buying a Cigar Look for this Label

IT SIGNIFIES BEST WURKMANSHI

forth a gospel with a lie in her righ hand, afraid to rebuke the rich and fear

hand, afraid to rebuke the rich and rear-ful of betriending the poor. Too much millinery, mummery and sensational ribu-al. What is really wanting is the unadul-terated teaching of Christ, for I am as-sured that nothing will ever set this aid world right but the carrying out of the true principles of religion laid down by the divine reacher of Nazareth. Men need

dany have not seen it in this light be one, but nevertheless it is enternal truth. There is an imitation religion, as lave said, that apologizes for the spirit, devil and precahes a qualifying gospe 6 different classes of men, but surely by its fruit men know it. Its followers dea

world: O, Almighty Dollar, the acknowledged

and temptation, we may be accused crime and brought before magistrate Thon. Almighty Dollar, canst secure



INDER BEST SANITARY CONDITIONS

484 Queen St. W. Union Made Clothing

MEN'S OVERCOATS MEN'S SUITS MEN'S SHIRTS MEN'S OVERALLS MEN'S SUSPENDERS

Bargians in Each Department

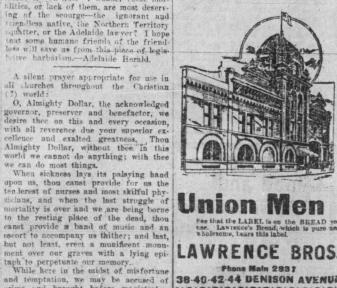
religion of Christ has no taint upon it. brute force is unknown to it. It bears, is suffers, it teaches; and once touched by he spirit of Christ, the thief becomes a hief no more, the harlot drops her calling; the debauchee ceases to be reproduct, and all alike manifest the change by ministering to others instead of expecting others to minister to them. Perhops Lamp have not seen it in this light before, but nevertheless it is enternal truth. R. R. Southcombe Merchant Tailor and Clothler in oppression, extortion, and usury, ever make their fellows minister to them, and absolutely refuse to make any sacrifice. Let fouch these same spurious gentlemen with the true spirit, and lo, their hands exatter gold and their hearts melt with the duese. This is the reason I saw that 484 Queen St. West Cor. Denison Ave.

catter gold and their hearts melt with kindness. This is the reason I say that the everlasting truth of God needs preaching and men want altering more than measures. Reform man, and you have reformed all that he was once responsible for.

The moral side of a man that my friend talked about really has no existence outside of true Christism. Circumstances desolate the hearthstone. But when thou, alm journe out may keep, him law. side of true Christism. Circimstances desolate the hearthstone. But when thou, and environment may keep him law-abiding, but enable his circumstances and you will find the old Adam unmasked. The Chief Justice himself, with the fortunes or misfortunes of yonder old of fender, would have made a very fair yearrant, and vice versa. This is withme and all powerful argument for compassionate and merciful prison treatment. I think? I have convinced my friend that

this end was stirred anew, dissipating any intrusive doubts. The verying any intrusive doubts. The verying and fickering sheen seemed but a web of entanging irradiation. A span of sile ferce became an interninable period to be with the very horse of the very in or sight of fresh borses or entanging irradiation. A span of sile for the bone four any preparation for the bone four any.

"What takes him so long?" she said mail, with impatience. "It is getting a will always have a bias, and the unpire that icaides, had made and the proposed and oney will be until Christingly of the said and the provision and single, Christengian of paratised is recognized as the only man which to build a common time of the proposed and oney will be until Christingly of the said and the provision and phaser diseased finite instead of the case of the provision and by a status to the soil at the root of the time, is often waste of sime, and can only interesting and timbering of one of the case of the soil at the root of the time, is often waste of sime, and can only interesting and timbering of one of the soil at the root of the time, is often waste of sime, and can office factor will be a broaded to strength to the soil at the root of the time, is often waste of sime, and can office the soil at the root of the time, is often waste of sime, and can office the soil at the root of the time, and the soil of the root of the time, and the soil at the root of the time, and the soil at the root of the time, and the soil at the root of the time, and the soil at the root of the time, and the soil at the root of the time, and the soil at the root of the time, and the soil at the root of the time, and the soil at the root of the time and oblicately and present the soil of the root of the time and oblicately and the soil of the christens and plaster diseased finite situation of the soil at the root of the time and oblicately and the soil of the roo



Union Men See that the LABEL is on the BREAD you use. Lawrence's Bread, which is pure and wholesome, lears this label.

LAWRENCE BROS.

Phone Main 2837 38-40-42-44 DENISON AVENUE READ THE TOILER'S NEW STORY

Vol. IV.

HO

Ridout 103 Bay Hote

24 Queen We firictly Union Anythi The Way yo

Fall The Taylo

Sign of the Boa

PAT FETHER' TORO

BEGI

D. G. D

DRING Commenci

50 THE P By Justin

SALE OF

ST Harr

40 CLE Imperial Ja Risley Act. To new departure interior of a

J. 556 Carr Me

> Fu Evarythi Don't