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59 Edward
115 Borden
278 Adelaide
101 Simpson
111 & 12th
2 Simcoe
11 Victoria

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For which purpose the co-operation of Labor Organizations and others interested in the general prosperity of the Province is invited.

F. R. LATCHFORD,
Commissioner of Public Works

B. GLOCKLING,
Secretary The Labour Bureau

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JENNIE BAXTER, JOURNALIST

BY ROBERT BARR.

VII.—The Wizard in His Magic Attic.

By Robert Barr.

Jennie, interested in so rude a man, smiled, drew up the least decrepit chair she could find and sat down, in spite of the angry mutterings of her irritated host. Then she opened her satchel, took out the small bottle of gold and handed it to him without a word. The old man took it somewhat contemptuously, shook it backward and forward without taking out the cork, adjusted his glasses, then suddenly seemed to take a nervous interest in the material presented to him. He rose and went nearer the light. Drawing out the cork with trembling hands, he poured some of the contents into his open palm. The result was startling enough. The old man fung up his hands, letting the vital sparks into a thousand pieces on the floor. He staggered forward, shrieking, "Ah, mein Gott—mein Gott!"

Then, to the consternation of Jennie, who had already risen in terror from her chair, the old man plunged forward on his face. Jennie had difficulty in repressing a shriek. She looked round hurriedly for a bell to ring, but there evidently was none. She tried to open the door and cry for help, but in her excitement could find neither handle nor latch. It seemed to be locked, and the key, doubtless, was in the professor's pocket. She thought at first that he had dropped dead, but the continuing moans as he lay on the floor convinced her of her error. She beat over him anxiously and cried, "What can I do to help you?"

With a struggle he muttered, "The bottle—the bottle—in the cupboard behind you." She hurriedly flung open the doors of the cupboard indicated and found a bottle of brandy and a glass, which she partly filled. The old man had with an effort struggled into a sitting posture, and she held the glass of fiery liquid to his pallid lips. He gulped down the brandy and gasped: "I feel better now. Help me to my chair."

Assisting him to his feet, she supported him to his armchair, when he shook himself free, crying angrily: "Let me alone! Don't you see I am all right again!" The girl stood aside, and the professor dropped into his chair, his nervous hands vibrating on his knees. For a long interval nothing was said by either, and the girl at last seated herself in the chair she had formerly occupied. The first words the old man spoke were, "Who sent you here?"

"No one. I came of my own accord. I wished to meet some one who had a large knowledge of explosives, and Herr Feltz, the chemist, gave me your address."

"Herr Feltz! Herr Feltz!" he repeated. "So he sent you here?" "No one sent me here," insisted the girl. "It is as I tell you. Herr Feltz merely gave me your address."

"Where did you get that powdered gold?" "It came from the debris of an explosion," she said. "I know; you said that before. Where was the explosion? Who caused it?" "That I don't know."

"Don't you know where the explosion was?" "Yes, I know where the explosion was, but I don't know who caused it."

"Who sent you here?" "I tell you no one sent me here."

subject to such attacks, and I ward them off with brandy. Some day they will kill me. Then you won't learn any secrets from a dead man, will you?" "I hope, Professor Seigfried, that you have many years yet to live, and I must further add that I did not expect such a reception as I have received from a man of science, as I have told you were. If you have no information to give to me—very well, that ends it; all you have to do is to say so."

"Who sent you here?" "No one, as I have repeated once or twice. If any one had, I would give him my opinion of him when I got back. You refuse to tell me anything about the explosive that powdered that gold?" "Refuse? Of course I refuse! What did you expect? I suppose the man who sent you here thought, because you were an engaging young woman and I an old dotard, I would gable to you the results of a life's work. Oh, no, no! But I am not an old dotard. I have many years to live yet."

"I hope so. Well, I must bid you good morning. I shall go to some one else."

The old man showed his teeth in a forbidding grin. "It is useless. Your bottle is broken, and the material it contained is dissipated. Not a trace of it is left."

He waved his thin, emaciated hand in the air as he spoke. "Oh, that doesn't matter in the least," said Jennie. "I have several other bottles here in my satchel."

The professor placed his hands on the arms of his chair and slowly raised himself to his feet. "You have others," he cried, "other bottles? Let me see them—let me see them!"

"No," replied Jennie. "I won't." With a speed which, after his recent collapse, Jennie had not expected, the professor ambled round to the door and placed his back against it. The glasses over his eyes seemed to sparkle as if with fire. His talonlike fingers crooked rigidly. He breathed rapidly and was evidently laboring under tense excitement.

"Who knows you came up to see me?" he whispered hoarsely, glaring at her. Jennie, having arisen, stood there, smoothing down her perfectly fitting gloves and answered with a calmness she was far from feeling.

"Who knows I am here? No one but the director of police," she said. "Oh, the director of police!" echoed the professor, quite evidently abashed by the information. The rigidity of his attitude relaxed, and he became once more the old man he had appeared as he sat in a heap in his chair. "You will excuse me," he muttered, edging round toward his chair again. "I was excited."

"I noticed that you were, professor. But before you sit down again please unlock that door."

"Where? When?" exclaimed the old man, placing his hands on the arms of his chair, as if he would rise to his feet. "Sit where you are," said Jennie firmly. "And I shall tell you all I can about it. The government, for reasons of its own, desires to keep the fact of this explosion a secret, and so very few people outside of official circles know anything about it. I am trying to discover the cause of that disaster."

"Are you—are you working on behalf of the government?" asked the old man eagerly, a tremor of fear in his quivering voice. "No, I am conducting my investigations quite independently of the government."

"But why? But why? That is what I don't understand."

"I would very much rather not answer that question."

"But that question—everything is involved in that question. I must know why you are here. If you are in the employ of the government, in whose employ are you?"

"If I tell you," said Jennie, with some hesitation, "will you keep what I say a secret?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" cried the scientist impatiently. "Well, I am in the service of a London daily newspaper."

"I see, I see, and they have sent you here to publish broadcast over the world all you can find out of my doings. I knew you were a spy the moment I saw you. I shall never have let you in."

"My dear sir, the London paper is not aware of your existence even. They have not sent me to you at all. They have sent me to learn, if possible, the cause of the explosion I spoke of. I took some of the debris to Herr Feltz to analyze it, and he said he had never seen gold, iron, feldspar, and all that, reduced to such fine impalpable grains as was the case with the sample I left with him. I then asked him who in Vienna knew most about explosives, and he gave me your address. That is why I am here."

"But the explosion—you have not told me when and where it occurred?" "That, as I have said, is a government secret."

"But you stated you are not in the government employ. Therefore it can be no breach of confidence if you let me have full particulars."

"I suppose not. Very well, then. The explosion occurred after midnight on the 17th in the vault of the treasury."

The old man, in spite of the prohibitive rose uncertainly to his feet. Jennie sprang up and said menacingly, "Stay where you are!"

"I am not going to touch you. If you are so suspicious of every move I make, then go yourself and bring me what I want. There is a map of Vienna pinned against the wall yonder. Bring it to me."

Jennie proceeded in the direction indicated. It was an ordinary map of the city of Vienna, and as Jennie took it down she noticed that across the southern part of the city a semicircular line in pencil had been drawn, and examining it more closely, saw that the stationary part of the compass had been placed on the spot where stood the building which contained the professor's studio.

"Don't look at that map!" shrieked the professor, beating the air with his hands. "I asked you to bring it to me. Can't you do a simple act like that without spying about?"

Jennie rapidly unfurled the paper from the wall and brought it to him. The scientist scrutinized it closely, adjusting his glasses the better to see. Then he deliberately tore the map into fragments, numerous and minute. He rose, and this time Jennie made no protest, went to the window, opened it, and the fluttering bits of paper, out into the air, the strong wind carrying them far over the roofs of Vienna. Closing the casement, he came back to his chair.

"Was—was any one hurt at this explosion?" he asked presently. "Yes; four men were killed instantly; a dozen were seriously injured and are now in hospital."

"Oh, my God—my God!" cried the old man, covering his face with his hands, swearing from side to side in his chair like a man tortured with agony and remorse. At last he lifted a face that had grown more pinched and yellow within the last few minutes.

"I can tell you nothing," he said, moistening his parched lips. "You mean that you will tell me nothing, for I see plainly that you know everything."

"I know nothing of any explosion until you spoke of it. What have I to do with the treasury or the government?" "That is just what I want to know."

"It is absurd. I am no conspirator, but a scientist."

"Then you have nothing to fear, Herr Seigfried. If you are innocent, why are you so loath to give me any assistance in this matter?"

"It has nothing to do with me. I am a scientist—I am a scientist. All which is to be left alone with my studies. I have nothing to do with governments or newspapers or anything belonging to them."

Jennie sat tracing a pattern on the dusty floor with the point of her parasol. She spoke very quietly. "The pencil line which you drew on the map of Vienna passed through the treasury building; the center of the circle was this garret. Why did you draw that penciled semicircle? Why are you anxious that I should not see you had done so? Why did you destroy the map?"

Professor Seigfried sat there looking at her with dropped jaw, but he made no reply.

"If you will excuse my saying so," the girl went on, "you are acting very childishly. It is evident to me that you are no criminal, yet if the director of police had been in my place he would have arrested you long ago, and that merely because of your own foolish actions."

"The map proved nothing," he said at last, haltingly, "and, besides, both you and the director will now have some difficulty in finding it."

"That is further proof of your folly. The director doesn't need to find it. I am here to testify that I saw the map, saw the curved line passing through the treasury and saw you destroy what you thought was an incriminating piece of evidence. It would be much better if you would deal as frankly with me as I have done with you. Then I shall give you the best advice I can—if my advice will be of any assistance to you."

"Yes, and publish it to all the world!" "It will have to be published to all the world in any case, for, if I leave here without full knowledge, I will simply go to the police office and there tell all I know."

"And if I do speak you will still go to the director of the police and tell him what you have discovered?"

"No, I give you my word that I will not!"

"What guarantee have I of that?" asked the old man suspiciously. "No guarantee at all except my word."

"Will you promise not to print in your paper what I tell you?" "No, I cannot promise that."

"Still, the newspaper doesn't matter," continued the scientist. "The story would be valueless to you, because no one would believe it. There is no use in printing a story in a newspaper that will be laughed at, is there? However, I think you are honest. Otherwise you would have promised not to print a line of what I tell you, and then I should have known you were lying. It was as easy to promise that as to say you would not tell the director of police. I thought at first some scientist had sent you here to play the spy on me, and as you say quite truly, my actions have been childish."

The old man in his excitement had risen from his chair and was now pacing up and down the room, running his fingers distractedly through his long, white hair and talking more to himself than to his auditor.

Jennie edged her chair nearer to the door and had made no protest against his flow of talk and again aroused his suspicions.

"I have no wish to protect my inventions. I have never taken out a patent in my life. What I discover I give freely to the world, but I will not be robbed of my reputation as a scientist. I want my name to go down to posterity among those of the great discoverers. You talked just now of going to the police and telling them what you know. Foolish creature! You could no more have gone to the central police office without my permission, or against my will, than you could go to the window and whistle back those bits of paper I scattered to the winds. Before you reached the bottom of the stairs I could have laid Vienna in a mass of ruins. Yes, I could in all probability have blown up the entire empire of Austria. The truth is that I do not know the limit of my power, nor dare I test it."

"Oh, this is a madman!" thought Jennie as she edged still nearer to the door. The old man paused in his walk and turned fiercely upon her.

"You don't believe me," he said. "No, I do not," she answered, the color leaving her cheeks. The aged scientist gave utterance to a hideous chuckle. He took from one of his numerous shelves a hammer head without the handle and for a moment Jennie thought he was going to attack her, but he merely handed the metal to her and said: "Break that in two. Place it between your palms and grind it to powder."

"You know that is absurd; I cannot do it."

"Because it is defaced."

"That is no reason. Why can't you do it?"

He glanced at her fiercely over his glasses, and she saw in his wild eye all the enthusiasm of an instructor enlightening a pupil.

"I'll tell you why you can't do it, because every minute particle of it is held together by an enormous force. It may be heated, red-hot and beaten into this shape and that, but still the force hangs on as tenaciously as the grip of a giant. Now, suppose I had some sub-

portance of this boundary question arises principally from the fact that the United States claims a strip of land across which Canadians must pass in order to reach the Yukon Territory. In making the transit across this ribbon of land the traveler or merchant is intercepted by a customs house and held up by the pirates of Tariffa, from which we derive the word "tariff." The simple process of abolishing the tariff will settle the whole difficulty, and a number of other difficulties at the same time.

It is a little remarkable the amount of trouble this question has caused between two great nations. The United States claims to have absolute control over a small tract of land, and expensive commissions have been appointed to enquire into the question. It matters not to the rights of labor in what way it is settled. Just as soon as possible either the Canadian or the U. S. Government will win the land for a mere trifle to some men who will "hold up" everyone who comes to that territory, and no objection will be raised. If Shagway were to become a port like New York the owners of the land there would intercept every dollar's worth of business and lay it under tribute. The charge would be somewhere in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars for the occupation of a single acre, and hardly a baker's dozen of papers on this continent would ever call attention to this iniquitous tribute.

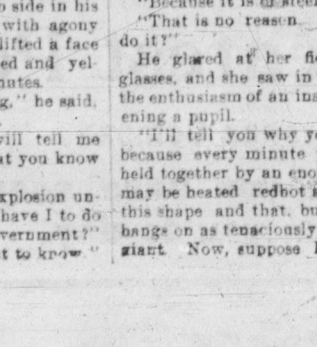
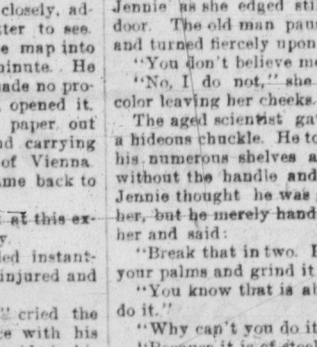
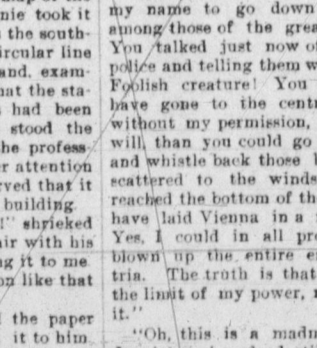
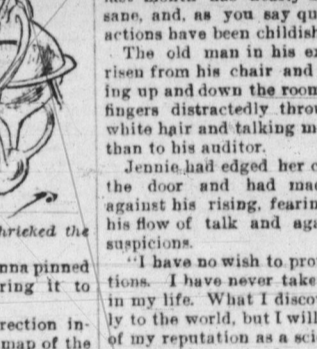
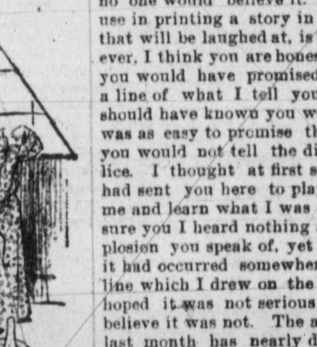
The Rev. Dr. Newell, who has been conducting the large meetings in Massey Hall for Bible study, has been attacking with great vigor the higher critics. He accuses them of making infidels. We would like to tell the doughy doctor that he may be very much mistaken. There is something vastly worse than the higher criticism, and that is to profess belief in a bible that teaches in the most emphatic manner, and with repeated emphasis, the doctrine of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and then to maintain, without protest or enquiry, laws and institutions which utterly ignore this all-important and essential doctrine. We would like to know how the doctor would answer the question which is now put prominently before the public: Where is the Lord thy God? Dr. Newell must have some theory of the creation. Does he believe that God made this earth for the equal enjoyment of everyone, or did He make it for the special benefit of the Astors and the Westminsters? We could multiply questions of this kind indefinitely. Let the reverend doctor look a little more closely, and he will see that it is not in the interpretation of the higher critics, but in the misinterpretation of the true spirit of religion in our social adjustments, that makes infidels.

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