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of my own line of investigation, but I have understood such is the case."

"Very likely," assented Jennie.

"What is that you have at the buttom of your packet?"

"That," said the detective, drawing it forth and handing it to the girl, "is

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JENNIE BAXTER: JOURNALIST

BY ROBERT BARR.

IV - The Search For the Girl

[Copyright, 1900, by Robert Cor.]

"Because," said the detective, with the air of a map who knows whereof he speaks, "he is in love with her."

"What makes you think that?"
"I don't think it. I know it. Listen to his description of her."

The detective chose a paper from among his pile of documents, folded. labeled and docketed for reference.

"The girl is of average height, or perhaps a trifle taller than the average. carries herself superbly, like a born duchess. Her eyes are of a deep, velvety

"Dear me!" cried the girl. "He deecribes her as if she were a cat."
"Wait a moment," said the detect-

"I don't see much trace of love in "Wait a moment," repeated the de-tective. "They light up and sparkle with merriment, and they melt into the

most entrancing tenderness."

"Good gracious!" cried Jennie, rising. "The conceit of the man is illimitable. Does he mean to intimate that he saw tenderness for himself in the eyes of a woman he had met for an hour or

'That's just it." said the detective. laughing. "You see, the man is head over ears in lova Please sit down again. Miss Baxter, and listen. I know this sentimental kind of writing must be irksome to a practical woman like yourself, but in our business we cannot neg-lect even the slightest detail. Let's see, where was I?—'tenderness,' oh, yes! 'Her hair is of midnight darkness, in-Her hair is of midnight darkness, in-clined to ripple, with little whiffs of curls imperiously defying restraint about her temples. Her complexion is as pure as the dawn, touched now and then with a blush as delicate as the

petal of a rose."
"Abstrd!" cried Jennie impatiently. "The complexion of a woman at a ball! Of course she put it on for the

"Of course." agreed the detective. "But that merely shows you how deep-ly in love he is. Lord Donal is quite a young man. He came up to this room to consult with me, and of course he doesn't know the difference between a complexion developed in a Surrey lan and one purchased in New Bond street.

"Still the blushing would seem to indicate that the complexion was gen-uine." retorted Jennie, apparently quite unflattered by Mr. Taylor's agreemen with the theory she herself had put for "Oh, I don't know about that! I be

lieve modern science enables an enam-eled woman to blush at will. I would not be sure of it. because it is outside of my own line of investigation, but I

her glove."

Jennie picked up the glove—which.

alas, she had paid for and only worn on one occasion—and smoothed it out be-

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n Kararerrerrarakararakara

ween her fingers. It was docketed 'G. Made by Gaunt et Cie, Boulevard Ha mann; purchased in Paris by one alleging herself to be the Princess von Stein

Yes: it is our business to do so, but

the glove has not been of much assistance to us."
"How did he say he became possessed

clever woman in Paris who assisted me, and she found where the gloves were bought and where the dress was made. Did I read you Lord Doual's detailed that the property of the lady's costume?"

"Yes: the maid came down in ord:
"Yes: the maid came down in ord:
"Well, you know," murmured the
nary dress shortly after deeply veiled, girl, with a gasp, "that he met her last
and drove away in the bansom. The
in Washington, and the princess has
lady paid her bill next morning and
not been in America for five years; so, with carriage and pair, coachman and footman. Of course it struck me that it might be the lady herself who had gone off in the cab. but a moment's reflection showed me that she was not likely to leave the hotel in a cab at midnight and allow her-maid to take the carriage in state next morning."

"Oh. I was not aware that he had met her in America at all! In fact, Lord Donal said nothing much about the princess. All his talk had reference to this lady who impersonated her."

Jennie leaned back in her chair.

other glove, and now the princess will never admit that she was at the ball, so it seems to me that you are wasting your time in a wild goose chase. Why, it is absurd to think, if there had been back."

Jennic turned the picture over, and there under the inscription, "H-Supposed photo of the missing woman," was written in a bold hand. "Bosh! Read my description of the girl. This is evidently some Paris lady's maid."

"Well what did you do when you got this picture back?" said Jennie "I remembered you and went to the office of The Daily Bugle This brings us to the present moment. You have now the whole story, and I shall be very pleased to listen to any suggestions you are good enough to offer."

The girl sat where she was for a few moments and pondered over the situa-Attenion

The detective, resting his elbow on the table and his chin in his hand, regarded her with eager anticipation

The more Jennie thought over the situation that the matter that the more she was amazed of the more she was a more she w ter the more she was amazed at the man before her. who seemed unable to place two and two together He had already spoken of the account of the ball which had appeared in The Daily Bugle of its accuracy and excellence. He knew that she was a member of The Bugle staff, yet it had never occurred to him to inquire who wrote that description. He knew also that she had been a guest Beedin Bread Co., 160-164 at the Schloss Steinheimer when the in



vitation to the ball must have reached the princess. These facts were so plainly in evidence that the girl was afraid to speak lest some chance word would form the connecting link between the detective's mind and the seemingly pal-pable facts. At last she looked up, the color coming and going in her cheeks.
as Lord Donal had so accurately de-

"I don't think I can be of any assistance to you in this crisis. Mr. Taylor.
You have already done everything that uman ingenuity can suggest."
"Yes, I have—everything that my

human ingenuity can suggest But does

theory to put forward?"
"None that would be of any practical ing herself to be the Princess von Stein beimer."

"You have found out all about it."
said Jennie as she finished reading that there was really an impersonation.

'What do you mean, Miss Baxter?" "Well, you met Prince von Stein heimer. What did you think of him!

"I thought him an overbearing bully, if you ask me. I can't imagine what English or American girls see in those "How did he say he became possessed of the glove?" asked the girl innocent by "Did she give it to him?"

"No; he tore it from her hand as she was leaving him in the carriage. It seemed to me not a very gentlemanly cally ordered me out of the castle, spoke

seemed to me not a very gentlemanly thing to do, but of course it was not my business to tell Lord Donal that"

"So the glove has not been of much assistance to you? Tell me, then, what you have done, and perhaps I shall be the better able to advise you."

"We have done everything that suggested itself. We traced the alleged princess from the flotel Bristol in Paris to Claridge's in London. I have a very clever woman in Paris who assisted me, and she found where the gloves

"And a young woman—would naturally be very anxions to attend the Duchess of Chiselhurst's ball, wouldn't she?"

"One would think so."

"And a young woman—would naturally be very anxions to attend the Duchess of Chiselhurst's ball, wouldn't she?"

"One would think so."

made. Did I read you Lord Donal's use scription of the lady's costume?"

"No: never mind that Go on with your story."

"Well, Claridge's provided carriage.

"Well, Claridge's provided carriage.

"Well, Claridge's provided carriage. "Well, Claridge's provided carriage, coachman and footman to take her to the ball, and these returned with her some time about midnight. Now, here a curious thing happened—the lady ordered a hansom as she passed the night porter and shortly after packed off her maid in the cab."

"Her maid!" echoed Jennio.

"Yes: the maid came down in ordi:
"Yes: the maid came down in ordi:
"Well, you know," murmured the many dreas shortly after deeply vailed.
"Well, you know," murmured the

went to the 8 o'clock Paris express you see"—
with carriage and pair, coachman and "Oh, I was not aware that he had

midnight and allow her maid to take the carriage in state next morning."

"That doesn't appear reasonable."
murmured Jennie "You made no attempt, then, to trace the maid?"

"Oh, yes, we did! We found the cabman who took her from Claridge's, and he left her at Charing Cross station, but there all trace of her vanishes She stated that the princess herself at the Duchess of Chiselhurst's ball. The princess naturally would wish to mislead him regarding but there all trace of her vanishes She probably left on one of the late trains—there are only a few after midnight—to some place out in the country. The lady took a first class ticket to Paris and departed alone next morning by the 8 o'clock continental express. My assistant discovered her and took a raap shot of her as she was walking down the boulevard. Here is the picture."

The princess naturally would wish to mislead him regarding her identity, and so, if he had not met the ridentity, and so, if he had not met the ridentity, and so, if he had not met the ridentity, and so, if he had not met the ridentity, and so, if he had not met the ridentity, and so, if he had not met there is the prioress naturally would wish to mislead him regarding her identity, and so, if he had not met there identity, and so, if he had not met there identity, and so, if he had not met derived would wish to mislead him regarding her identity, and so, if he had not met derived would wish to mislead him regarding her identity, and so, if he had not met derived would wish to mislead him regarding her identity, and so, if he had not met derived would wish to mislead him regarding her identity, and so, if he had not met derived would wish to mislead him regarding her identity, and so, if he had not met derived would wish to mislead him regarding her identity, and so, if he had not met derived would wish to mislead him regarding her identity, and so, if he had not met iden The detective handed Miss Baxter and the outside of the door of the Duke of The detective handed Miss Baxter an instantaneous view of one of the boule vards taken in bright sunshine. The principal figure in the foreground Jennie had no difficulty in recognizing as her own maid, dressed in that chic fash ion which Parisian women affect.

"She seems to answer the description" said Jennie

000

The handle of the inner room turned. with all your experience and all your facilities, should not have unearthed her long ago. You said at the beginning that nothing was more difficult than to disappear. Very well, then, why have you been taffled? Simply because the princess berself attended the ball and there has been no disappearing lady at

The detective, with great vehemence, brought down his fist on the table.
"By Jove!" he cried. "I believe you are right. I have been completely blinded, the more so that I have the clew to the mystery right here under my own

He fumbled for a moment and brought forth a letter from his pile of docu-

"Here is a note from St. Petersburg, written by Lord Donal himself, saying the princess had sent him the companion glove to the one you have now in your hand. He says he is sure the princes have t cess knows who her impersonator was, but that she won't tell, and, although I had read this note, it never struck me

had not betrayed herself, although she nearly deserted her at one or two points in the conversation. When Mr. Hard-wick saw her, he asked how much space he would have to reserve for the ro-mance in high life. But she told him there was nothing in the case, so far as she could see, to interest any same

Here matters rested for a fortnight. Then the girl received an urgent note from Cadbury Taylor, asking her to call at his office next day promptly at 4 o'clock. It was very important, he said, and he hoped she would on no account disappoint him. Jennie's first impulse was not to go, but she was so anxious to learn what progress the detective had made in the case, feating that at last he might have got on the right track, that she felt it would be unwise to take the risk of not seeing him. If his suspicions were really aroused, her absence might serve as an excuse to confirm them. Exactly at 4 o'clock next afternoon she entered his office and found Here matters rested for a fortnight. them. Exactly at 4 o'clock next afternoon she entered his office and found
him, to her relief, alone. He sprang up
from his table on seeing her and said in
a whisper: "I am so glad you have
come. I am in rather a quandary. Lord
Donal Stirling is in London on a flying
visit. He called here yesterday."

The girl caught her breath, but said
nothing

nothing.
"I explained to him the reasons I JENNE BAXTER: JOURNALIST have for believing that it was actually have for believing that it was actually the Princess von Steinheimer whom he met at the Duchess of Chiselhurst's ball. He laughed at me: there was no convincing him. He said that theory was more absurd than sending him the picture of a housemaid as that of the lady he had met at the ball. I used all the arguments which you had used, but he brushed them aside as of no consequence, and somehow the case die not appear to be as clear as when you

not appear 10 be as clear as when you ore pounded your theory."
"Well, what then?" asked the girl.
"Why, then I asked him to come up here at 4 o'clock and hear what an assistant of mine would say about the

"At 4 o'clock!" cried the girl in ter-"Then he may be here at any mo-"He is here now; he is in the next room. Come in, and I will introduce you, and then I want you to tell him all the circumstances which lead you to believe that it was the princess herself whom he met. I am sure you can place all the points before him so tersely that you will succeed in bringing him round to your own way of thinking. You will try, won't you, Miss Baxter? It will be a very great oblige-

ment to me."
"Oh, no, no, no!" cried the girl. "I am not going to admit to any one that I have been acting as a detective's as-sistant. You had no right to bring me

here. I must go at once. If I had known this, I would not have come." "It won't take you five minutes." pleaded Cadbury Taylor. "He is at this moment waiting for you. I told him you would be here at 4."
"I can't help that. You had no right

to make an appointment for me without my knowledge and consent." Taylor was about to speak when the bandle of the inner room turned. "I say, detective," remarked Lord Donal in a voice of some irritation.

'you should have assistants who are

more punctual. I am a very busy man and must leave for St. Petersburg to-night, so I can't spend all my time in your office, you know."

"I am sure I beg your pardon, my lord," said the detective, with great ob-sequiousness. "This young lady has some objections to giving her views. but I am sure you will be able to per-

for refusing to bolster up an impossible case. We will consider the search ended, and if you will kindly let me have your bill at the Diplomatic club before 6 o'clock tonight I will send you a check. Good afternoon, Mr. Taylor.

An Awkward Blaze.

"It was this way," said the clerk
"A young lady came in and stood over
by the State street door, waiting for
somebody, I suppose. The plumes of
her hat curled down behind and the tip
of a plume touched the flame in the
cigar lighter over the counter. Next
moment the hat was aflame, women
were rushing for the door and the girl
who was on fire was shricking like an
Indian.

girl's head. Rudy did the best he could, but he hadn't calculated the range. He had read this note, it never struck me that the princess herself was the woman. Miss Baxter, you have solved the

was not blind to the fact that her escape was due more to good luck than to any presence of mind of her own, which had Follows the flag

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DON'T FAIL TO HEAR THE ELOQUENT PRIEST OF CHICAGO

REV. THOS. E. COX

Subject—The Religious Side of Theories of Taxation

SUNDAY, 11th JAN., 3 P.M. Toronto Opera House

COLLECTION. -

SINGING.

BY ROBERT BARR.

Y.—The Prime Minister's Indiscretion.

[Copyright, 1900 by Robert Barr.] As Jennie rapidly hurried away from arose in her mind some agitation as to what the detective would think of her sudden flight. She was convinced that, up to the moment of leaving him so abruptly, he had not the slightest sus-picion that she herself, to whom he was then talking was the person he had been searching for up and down Eu-rope. What must he think of one who. while speaking with him, suddenly, without a word of leave taking, di p without a word of leave taking, di p-peared as if the earth had opened and swallowed her, and all because the han-dle of the door to the inner room had turned? Then the accurate turned? Then the excuse she had given must have struck him as ridiculously inadequate. When she reached her desk and reflected with more calmness over the situation, she found no cause to censure herself for her hasty departure Although she had acted on sudden impulse, she saw there had been nothing else to do. Another moment and she would have been face to face with Lord

Next day brought a note from the detective which somewhat reassured her. He apologized for having made the appointment without her permission and explained that Lord Donal's unexand explained that Lord Donal's unexpected arrival in London and his stubborn unbelief that it had been the princess herself whom he met at the balk
seemingly left the detective no alternative but to call on the person who had
so persistently advanced the theory, to
explain it to the one most intimately
concerned. It had not occurred to him concerned. It had not occurred to him at the time to think that Miss Baxter might object to meet Lord Donal, who was an entire stranger to her, but now he saw where he was wrong, etc. This note did much to convince Jennie that, after all, the detective had Jenne that, after all, the detective had not seen the clews which appeared to be spread so plainly before his eyes. Cadbury Taylor, however, said nothing about the search being ended, and a few days later Jennie received a dis-

suade her"—

He turned, but the place at his side was vacant. The door in the hall was open, and the girl had escaped as she saw the handle of the inner door turn Taylor looked blankly at his client with dropped jaw. Lord Donal laughed

"Your assistant seems to have disappeared as completely as the lady at the ball. Why not set your detectives on her track? Perhaps she will prove to be the person I am in search of."

"I am very sorry, my lord," stammered the detective.

"Oh, don't mention it! I am sure you have done all that could be done with the very ineffective clews which unfortunately are our only possessions, but you are quite wrong in thinking it was the princess herself who attended the ball, and I don't blame your assistant for refusing to bolster up an impossible. pose that some one is making inquiries for you. It must be either Lord Donal Stirling or the Duke of Chiselhurst, but I rather think it is the former. I have written an indignant letter to Lord Donal, accusing him of having caused detectives to haunt the castle. I have not yet received a reply, but Lord Donal is a truthful person, and in a day or two I expect to find out whether or not he has a hand in this business. Meanwhile. Jennie, be on your guard, and I will write you again as soon as I have something further to tell."

The reading of this letter greatly in-creased Jennie's fears, for she felt as-sured that, stupid as the men undoubtedly were, they verged so closely on the brink of discovery that they were almost certain to stumble upon the truth if the investigation were continued. She wrote a hurried note to the princess, wrote a nurried note to the princess, imploring her to be cautious, and not inadvertently give any clew that would lead to her discovery. Her letter evidently crossed one from the princess berself. Lord Donal had confessed, said puzzle."

"I should be glad to think so," replied the girl, rising, "and I am very happy if I have enabled you to give up a futile chase."

"It is as plain as daylight," replied the detective. "Lord Donal's description fits the princess exactly, and yet I never thought of it before."

Jennie hurried away from the detect. a futile chase."

"It is as plain as daylight," replied the detective. "Lord Donal's description fits the princess exactly, and yet I never thought of it before."

Jennie hurried away from the detect; it is office happy in the belief that sh

word or two from my maid as a clew, but I unraveled the whole plot and at once discovered who was the instigator of it. So I think I wouldn't make a bad of it. So I think I wouldn't make a bad detective myself. I am tremendously interested in episodes like this. I believe if I had known nothing of the impersonation and if the case had been put in my hands I should have discovered you long ago. Can't you think of some way in which my undoubted talent for research may be made use of? You don't know how much I envy you in your newspaper office, always with some mystery on hand to solve. It must be like being the editor of a puzzle department. I wish you would let me help you next time you have something important to do. Will you promise? "When you write again, please send your letter to Vienna, as we are going into residence there, my husband having been unexpectedly called to the capital. He holds an important position in the government, as perhaps you remember."

the government, as perhaps you re

Jennie was delighted to know that Jennie was delighted to know that all inquiry had ceased, and she wrote a long letter of gratitude to the princess. She concluded her epistle by saying: "It is perfectly absurd of you to envy on; who has to work as hard as I. You are the person to be envied. It is not all been and skittles in a newspapes office, which is a good thing, for I don't like beer, and I don't know what skit.

omee, which is a good thing, for I don't like beer, and I don't know what akittles is—or are. But I promise you that the next time I have an interesting case on hand I shall write and give you full particulars, and I am sure that together we shall be invincible."

But one trouble leaves merely to give place to another in this life. Jennie was disturbed to notice that Mr. Hardwick was becoming more and more confidential with her. He sat down by her desk whenever there was a reasonable excuse for doing so, and he consulted her on matters important and on matters trivial. An advance of salary came to—her, and she knew it was through his influence with the board of directors. Although Mr. Hardwick was sharp and deciaive in business matters, he proved an awkward man where his affections were concerned, and he often came and sat by the girl's desk evidently wishing to say something and yet quite as evidently having nothing to say, and thus the situation became embaxcassing. Jennie was a practical girl and had no desire to complicate the situation by allowing her employer to fell in love with her, yet it was impose

There are miles of beautiful residences in the town of Wilkesbarre, occupied by the coal aristocracy. The forbears of these fortunate individuals became possessed of coal lands, and here themselves or their descendants sit and enjoy the benefits of that fortunate occurrence. Here they sit, toiling not nor spinning. They do not mine, coal. They do not risk any capital in coal mining. They simply make a bargain with some energetic personage that for every ton of coal he takes to the surface from their land they are to receive 20 cents or 30 cents or 40 cents, or whatever the amount may be. Right under their very residences, hundreds of feet below, grimy men are blasting down dollars into the pockets of the white-faced children of fortune. While they are lolling on soft couches or trifle over tables furnished, with costly viands, the man who virtually puts it all there is lying on his back in the wet ooze of the mine, buring patiently away or tamping home the charge that tumbles down the black diamonds that will presently be transmuted into white diamonds and shine at the throat of this languid and lovely society queen.—John A. Ewan's correspondence to Toronto Globe.

LABOR APHORISMS.

The labor movement is a thing not of jdealism, but of instinct.

In the case of the injunction in labor disputes cantempt of court is respect for