

INDUSTRIAL TORONTO--Continued

Central Business College.

There is no agency at the present time which does more towards moulding the character and standing of our young men and women than does a well equipped commandable business college.

Mr. W. H. Shaw, its Principal, has always exhibited the most ardent attitude towards labor and his excellent college has proved a boon to thousands of artisans in providing a means for their sons and daughters to qualify for good positions at nominal cost.

The Manufacturers Life Insurance Company.

Labor should spare no effort to make the business of an enterprise such as that of the Manufacturers Life Insurance Co. a greater and more progressive success.

Canada Paper Company.

No concern in Toronto has been more thoroughly public-spirited and more thoroughly interested in the welfare of our city than the Canada Paper Co.

The Standard Fuel Company, of Toronto, Limited.

A concern which is of vast importance to the commercial life of Toronto is splendidly exemplified in that of the Standard Fuel Co.

The York Manufacturing Co.

It is one of the broad underlying principles of unionism to foster and encourage the development of a deserving and creditable home enterprise.

United Factories Limited.

We wish to call attention to this industrial issue to one of Toronto's leading enterprises that has been a prominent factor in its commercial growth.

Mason & Risch Piano Company.

The name of the Mason & Risch Piano Co. is well known in this section, not only because of the fair and honorable manner in which they deal with their customers.

The Bruce Manufacturing Co.

A concern such as the Bruce Mfg. Co., which has always exhibited a most friendly attitude toward labor, is certainly worthy of the hearty support and co-operation of the many workmen of Toronto and throughout this section of the province.

ment of all who have the best interests of the city's welfare at heart, as their presence in our city adds materially to our commercial prosperity.

An Investment.

With the element of risk entirely eliminated appeals to conservative people. A policy of life insurance in a reliable company like the North American Life makes just such an investment.

The policy holders of this company, besides desiring to know that it is a thoroughly sound, well managed institution, are mainly interested in the net surplus, because from this source alone can be derived the most desirable investment.

The Ontario Wind Engine and Pump Co.

The growing business of the Dominion and the expanding trade gives opportunity for such a concern as the Ontario Wind Engine & Pump Co., manufacturers of wind engines and pumps.

Queen City Mills.

Organized labor recognizes the firm as an enterprise which is a positive benefit to the masses of workmen throughout the province, not only because of the material benefit which it brings to business generally, and consequently to labor, which constitutes so large a percentage of the population, but also because of the fair and consistent manner in which it has always treated the cause of labor.

Imperial Life Assurance Co.

In Toronto there are a number of important concerns which are directly to the welfare, prestige and prosperity of our city. A concern such as the Imperial Life Assurance Company, located at 24 King St. East, for example, should receive the hearty support of the people of Toronto and the general public of the city.

The Patterson Manufacturing Co.

The Patterson Mfg. Co. commends itself directly to our people, as its proprietors have always shown true regard for the interests of organized labor.

The Canadian Bell Telephone Co.

In looking carefully among the large concerns represented in Toronto we find that a number of its principal branches of enterprise are especially well represented. The wages paid are, as a rule, higher than ever before, and there are more large concerns which aim to be fair and reasonable in their relations with employees than ever before.

The Ontario Bell Telephone Co.

We are pleased to note that the Canadian Bell Telephone Co. places itself in this issue among the other enterprises favorably disposed toward labor.

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The members of this firm are broad-minded and public-spirited citizens, who, during both the war and the peace, have always been uniformly considerate and honorable.

D. G. Douglas & Co.

Among the reliable tailoring firms of Toronto there is more worthy of patronage than that of D. G. Douglas & Co., located at 345 Queen Street West, and succeeding to a trade Mr. Douglas established in 1887 and still holds the confidence and esteem of pleased patrons, who rely on this firm to be reasonable in price and certain in fit and satisfaction-giving clothes.

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THE STROLLERS By FREDERIC S. ISHAM, Author of "Under the Rose"

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PROLOGUE

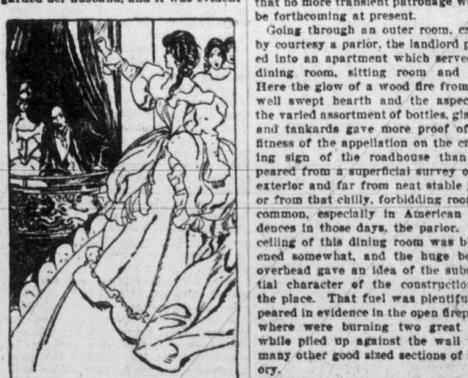
OLD Drury Lane rang with applause for the performance of "The Strollers" by Frederic S. Isham. The play, a comedy in three acts, was a recognized part among the favorite attractions on the English stage and a woman whose attractions of face and manner were of a high order.

The play had every stimulus to appear at her best on this particular evening, for the audience, frivolous, volatile, taking its character from the loose, weak king, was unusually complaisant through the presence of the first gentleman of Europe. As the last of the Georges decayed himself in good humor, so every toothy grained and every courtly fop swore in the billingsgate of that profane eloquent period that the actress was a "monstrous fine woman."

With rare discretion and spirit had the latter played a queenly figure in that ritual, gross gathering. She had reached the scene where the actress turns upon her tormentors, those noble ladies of rank and position, and launches the curse of a soul beyond the endurance. Sweeping forward to confront her adversaries, about to face them, her troubled glance chanced to fall into one of the side boxes where were seated a certain foreign marquis, somewhat notorious, and a lady of insolent, patrician bearing.

Not long thereafter the player left for America, where she procured an engagement in New York City, and so far as London was concerned, she had called out rest and retirement in the waters of Lethe.

It was a drizzly day in the Shadown valley. A mist had settled down upon the old inn; lost to view was the landscape, with its varied foliage. Only the immediate foreground was visible to a teamster who came down the road, the trees with dripping branches and the inn behind him, which water fell from the ground with depressing monotony the collection of rents and had inaugurated an aggressive anti-tenant war against tyrannical landlordism.



The bitter words flowed from her lips, that the ties of affection which bound these two travelers together on life's road were neither strong nor enduring.

Seated at a respectful distance from this cheerful conflagration was a young man of perhaps five and twenty, whose travel stained attire indicated he had been recently on the road. Upon a chair near by was a riding whip and hat, the latter spotted with mud and testifying to the rough character of the road over which he had come. He held a short pipe in his lips and blew clouds of smoke toward the fire, while upon a table, within arm's length, rested a glass of some hot mixture. But in spite of his comfortable surroundings the expression of his face was not that of a person in harmony with the John Bullian conclusion. "A chair in an inn is a throne of felicity." His countenance, well bronzed as a weather-trod trooper's, was harsh, gloomy, almost morose; not an unwholesome face, but

set in such a severe cast the observer involuntarily wondered what experience had indicated that scowl. Tall, large of limb, muscular, as was apparent even in a restful pose, he looked an athlete of the most approved type, active and powerful.

Mine host, having found his guest taciturn, had himself become genial, and now remarked as he entered: "I hear things are kind of unsettled in France. I see in a Syracuse paper that Louis Philippe is no longer king; that he and his queen have fled to England. Perhaps now," inwardly congratulating himself on his shrewdness, "you left Paris for political reasons?"

"The stranger deliberately emptied his pipe and thrust it into his pocket, while the landlord impatiently awaited the response to his pointed query. When it came, however, it was not calculated to allay the curiosity of his questioner. "At your practice," said the young man coldly in slow but excellent English, "to bark contumaciously at the heels of your guests?"

"Oh, no offense meant! No offense! Hope none'll be taken," stammered the landlord. Then he recovered himself and his dignity by drawing forth a huge wig of white polka-dots and ostentatiously and vigorously using it. This ear-splitting operation having once more set him up in his own esteem, he resumed his attentions to the stranger.

"I didn't know," he added, with an outburst of honesty, "but what you might be some nobleman in disguise. A nobleman!" said the other, with ill-concealed contempt. "My name is Saint-Prospere, plain Ernest Saint-Prospere. I was a soldier. Now I'm an adventurer. There you have it all in a nutshell."

The inkeeper surveyed his guest's figure with undesignated admiration. "Well, you look like a soldier," he remarked. "You are like one of those soldiers who came over from France to help us in the Revolution."

This tribute being silently accepted, the landlord grew voluble as his guest continued reserved. "We have our own troubles with lords, too, right here in New York City," he said confidentially. "We have our land holders and holders of thousands of acres, and we have our bolters, too, who are making a big stand against feudalism."

Thereupon he proceeded to present the subject in all its details to the soldier-how the tenants were protesting against the enforcement of what they deemed unjust claims and were demanding the abolition of permanent tenements, how they openly resisted the collection of rents and had inaugurated an aggressive anti-tenant war against tyrannical landlordism.

"Some trapper, I guess," commented the landlord in a tone which indicated the coming of these guests was not entirely welcome to him. "Yes," he added discontentedly, "they're stage folk sure enough."

The wagon, which contained several persons, was driven into the stable yard, where it was unloaded of "drops" and "wings," representing a street, a forest, a prison, and so on, while the landlord, with a rattle and a jerk and a flourish of the driver's whip, stopped at the front door. Springing to the ground, the driver opened the door of the vehicle and at the same time two other men, with their heads muffled against the wind and rain, leisurely descended from the top. The landlord now stood at the entrance of the inn, a sour expression on his face. Certainly the travelers had expected in him the traditional glowing countenance with the apostolic injunction "use hospitality without grudging" written upon it they were doomed to disappointment.

A rustle of skirts and there emerged from the interior of the coach, first a little, dried up old lady whose feet were inclosed in prunella boots, with Indian embroidered moccasins for outside protection; second, a young woman who hastily made her way into the hostelry, displaying a trim pair of ankles; third, a lady resembling the second and who the landlord afterward learned was her sister; fourth, a graceful girl above medium height, wearing one of those prevailing quilted silk hoods of the day, with cherry colored lining, known as "kiss me if you dare" hoods.

Then followed a dark, melancholy individual, the utility man, whose waistcoat of figured worsted was much frayed and whose toothpick collar was the worse for the journey. He preceded a more dainty person, a bottle-green, "shad belly" coat, who strove to carry himself as though he were fashionably dressed instead of wearing clothes which no longer could conceal their shabbiness. The driver, called in theatrical parlance "the old man," was a portly personage in a blue coat with velvet collar and gilt buttons, a few of which were missing, while the ruffles of his shirt were in sad plight, for instead of protruding elegantly a good three or even four inches, they glory had gone and they lay ignominiously flattened upon the bosom of the wearer. A white choker rivaled in hue the toothpick collar of the melancholy individual.

The tavern's stable boy immediately began to remove the trunk into the main hallway. This overgrown, husky lad evidently did not share his employer's disapproval of the guests, for he gazed in open-eyed wonder at the

glance strayed to the young girl. To his juvenile imagination an actress appeared in the glamour of a veritable goddess. But she had obviously that tender consideration for others which belongs to humanity, for she turned to the old man with an affectionate smile, removing from his shoulders the wet Petersburg overcoat and, placing it on a chair, regarded him with a look of filial anxiety. Yet their appearance belied the assumption of such relationship. He was hearty, bold and sturdy, of English type, while she seemed a daughter of the south, a figure more fitting for groves of orange and cypress than for this rugged northern wilderness.

The emotion of the stable boy as he gazed at her and the forbidding mood of the landlord were broken in upon by the tiny old lady, who in a large voice remarked: "A haven at last! Are you the landlord?" "Yes, ma'am," testily replied that person. "I am pleased to meet you, sir," exclaimed the melancholy individual as the shivers ran up and down the back of the host when he took it gingerly. "We are having the tragedy weather, sir?" "A fire at once, landlord!" commanded the would-be beau. "Refreshments will be in order," exclaimed she of the trim ankles. "And show me the best room in the house," remarked her sister. "Mine host, bewildered by this shower of requests, started from one to the other in helpless confusion, but finally collected his wits sufficiently to usher the company into the taproom with a: "Here you'll find a fire, but as for the best room, this gentleman," indicating the reticent guest, "already occupies it."

of mist ascended, his face lit through the vapor with benign Then he turned and toasted the side, and the kettle reigned until he thawed once more clouds ascended, surrounding Jupiter on the celestial mount and the old gentleman's face with satisfaction. "A snug company, sir," he said, glowing upon the impassable before him, "like a tight weather a little bad weather, but you noticed our troupe lady is Mrs. Adams. She is neat, but can dance a hornpipe reel with the best of them. There are Kate and Susan, two coquettes of the first water. Our ole man is a young Irishman, thinks much of his dress and

"The young man at the fire, thus forced prominently into notice, arose slowly. "You are mistaken, landlord," he said curtly, hardly glancing at the players. "I no longer occupy it since these ladies have come."

"Your complaisance does credit to your good nature, sir," exclaimed the old man. "But we cannot take advantage of it." "It is too good of you," remarked the elder sister, with a glance replete with more gratitude than the occasion demanded. "Really, though, we could not think of it."

"Thank you; thank you," joined in the wiry old lady, bobbing up and down like a plumed cockatoo, by the unseen hand of the showman. "Allow me, sir," and she gravely tendered him a huge snuffbox of tortoise shell, which he declined, whereupon she continued: "You do not use it? New fashions, new habits! Though whether for the better is not for me to say."

She helped herself to a liberal portion and passed the box to the portly old gentleman. Here the landlord in a surly tone told the stable boy to remove the gentleman's things and show the ladies to their rooms. Before going the girl in the provoking hood, now unfastened and freeing sundry rebellious brown curls where the moisture yet sparkled like dew, turned to the old man. "You are coming up directly? Your stock wants changing, while your ruffles--laughing--are disgraceful!" "Presently, my dear; presently!" he returned.

The members of the company mounted the broad stairway, save he of the disordered ruffles, who wipes his way boots on a door mat and smokes the fashion, with his coat tails under his arms, rubbing his hands and drying himself before the flames. "A disagreeable time of year, sir," he observed to the soldier, who had returned to his seat before the table. "Twice on the road we nearly broke down, and once the wench dumped our make matters worse, the ladies heaped reproaches upon these gray hairs. This, sir, to the man who was considered one of the best whips in old Devonshire county."

The other did not answer immediately, but regarded the speaker with the look of one not readily disposed to make acquaintance. His suspicions were apparently vouchsafed, however, for he presently vouchsafed the remark: "You are the manager, I presume?" "I enjoy that honor," returned the loquacious stranger. "But my duties are manifold. As driver of the stage I endure the constant apprehension of wrecking my company by the way-side. As a stage carpenter, when we cannot find a stage it is my task to erect one. As billposter and license procurer, treasurer and stage manager my time is not so taken up, sir, as to preclude my going on and assuming a character."

"A life of variety," observed the young man politely, if indifferently. "Very full of ups and downs, as the driver of the property wagon said when we entered this hilly district," replied the manager, with the contentment of a man who has found a snug haven after a hard ride in a comparatively unbroken country. "Affluence we may know, but poverty is apt to be our companion."

To this the other deemed no response necessary, and a silence fell between them, broken only by the sizzling water in the iron kettle, the spluttering of the sap in the burning logs and the creaking without of the long balancing pole that suspended the moss covered bucket. The wind sighed in the chimney and the wailing flames sprang to meet it, while the heart of the fire glowed in a mass of coals between the andirons.

The old gentleman before the blaze began to outlive the kettle in steaming. From his coat tails at this well

"The lovely little monster!" admiringly. "Monster!" cried Susan. "ub!" "So young and tender for fete!" exclaimed Hawkes, the choicely individual, with knife held in midair. "But worthy of the bearing," remarked Adams, so that the landlord's daughter, whined with confusion, nestled the platter, miniature pot all. Whereupon Kate cast a glance at the offender, who could not abide," yet regarded certain proprietary way, and henceforth became less open voiced.

These other aromas which ager had mentally classified and substance and were attempting variety around the ring and well brewed suckling were bolted and baked ham with cloves, platters and sauce, and before each of the guests stood a wooden apple in his mouth. The manager, posing the knife, replied: "Your suggestion is starry will obviate the possibility of transformation."

And he cut the "ambrosian lean" with a firm hand, knocking steadfastly the whirring, any exhibition mysticism, while the buxom daughter of the boniface, arms bared, bore sundry of from place to place until were heaped with an ass's vlands. "Well, my dear, how are you?" said the manager to actress, Constance, as he self. "Have you everything?" "She nodded brightly, and who was seated some dis

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