

Meetings... Richards... Main 3289 & 4546... New Method Laundry... Townsend Laundry Co... Merchant Tailors... THE LABOUR BUREAU... THE CHAS. ROGERS & SONS CO... Furniture and Upholstery... Dominion Brewery Company... White Label Brand... REED & HYNES... Nordheimer Piano

MAIN 3289 & 4546  
New Method Laundry  
Rough Dry 4c. per pound.

Townsend Laundry Co.  
187 & 189 Parliament  
We are Union.

Merchant Tailors  
Using this Label are fair to organized labor.

Table with columns for names and addresses: James Sim, D. G. Douglas & Co., Alex. Ross, Geo. Ward, J. Smilie, J. J. Ward & Co., Smith & Co., Martin Ward, J. Dunkin, Geo. Barnes, H. Morrison, Warren & Ham, G. McClure.

THE LABOUR BUREAU  
ONTARIO  
By an Act passed at the 1903 session of the Ontario Legislature a Bureau of Labor has been established for the purpose of collecting, ascertaining and publishing information relating to Employment, Wages, Hours of Labor throughout the Province, Occupations, Strikes, and other labor difficulties.

Furniture and Upholstery  
Mantles, Grates, Tiles  
INTERIOR WOOD WORK  
97 YONGE ST.

Dominion Brewery Company  
Brewers and Malsters  
ALES and PORTER  
White Label Brand  
WM. ROSS, Manager

484 QUEEN ST. W.  
Look at the PRICES and then EXAMINE the GOODS. MEN'S OVERCOATS MADE TO YOUR MEASURE in the SWAGER, RAGLANETTE, or any other style.

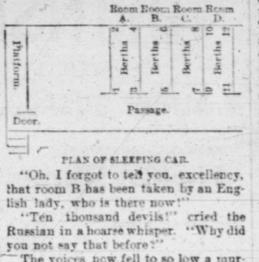
12.50 and 15.00  
Men's Tweed or Worsted Suits, made to your measure, 10.00, 12.50, and 15.00.  
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R. R. SOUTHCOMBE  
Tailor & Clothier  
484 QUEEN STREET WEST  
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REED & HYNES  
SIGNS  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION  
See that you get the Union Label on your Signs and Banners  
122 Victoria Street, Toronto

JENNIE BAXTER: JOURNALIST  
BY ROBERT BARR.

VIII.—The Robbery in the Sleeping Car.

Copyright, 1900, by Robert Barr.  
"Yes, excellency; but I bored one at the bottom also."  
"Oh, very well! We can easily stop the one at the top. Have you fastened the window? For the first thing these English do is to open a window."



"Oh, I forgot to tell you, excellency, that room B has been taken by an English lady, who is there now!"  
"Ten thousand devils!" cried the Russian in a hoarse whisper. "Why did you not say that before?"  
The Russian now fell to so low a murmur that Jennie could not distinguish the words. A moment later there was a rap at her door, and she had presence of mind enough to get in the farther corner and say in a sleepy voice:

"Come in!"  
The conductor opened the door.  
"Voire billet, s'il vous plait, madame."  
"Can't you speak English?" asked Jennie.  
The conductor merely repeated his question, and as Jennie was shaking her head the big Russian looked over the conductor's shoulder and said in passable English:

"He is asking for your ticket, madame. Do you not speak French?"  
In answer to the direct question Jennie, fumbling in her purse for her tickets, replied:  
"I speak English, and I have already shown him my ticket."  
She handed her broad sheet sleeping car ticket to the Russian, who had pushed the conductor aside and now stood within the compartment.  
"There has been a mistake," he said. "Room C is the one that has been reserved for you."  
"I am sure there isn't any mistake," said Jennie. "I looked over the 3 and 4. See, there are the numbers"—pointing to the metallic plates by the door—"and here are the same numbers on the ticket."

The Russian shook his head.  
"The mistake has been made at the office of the sleeping car company. I am a director of the company."  
"Oh, are you?" asked Jennie innocently. "Is room C as comfortable as this one?"  
"It is a duplicate of this one, madame, and is more comfortable because it is nearer the center of the car."  
"Well, there is no mistake about my reserving the two berths, is there?"  
"Oh, no, madame! The room is entirely at your disposal."  
"Oh, well, then, in that case," said Jennie, "I have no objection to making a change."  
She knew that she would be compelled to change, no matter what her ticket recorded, so she thought it best to play the simple maiden, abroad and naive as little ones as possible about the train. She had rearranged the car in her mind. She was now in room C, which had been first reserved by the British embassy. It was evident that at the last moment the messenger had decided to take room A, a four berth room at the end of the car. The police then would occupy room B, which she had first engaged, and from the bit of conversation she had overheard Jennie was convinced that they intended to kill or render insensible the messenger who bore the important letter. The police were not to protect, but to attack. The amazing complication in the plot concentrated all the girl's sympathies on the unfortunate man who was messenger between two great personages, even though he traveled apparently under the protection of the British embassy at St. Petersburg. The fact, to put it baldly, that she had intended to rob him herself if opportunity occurred rose before her like an accusing ghost. "I shall never undertake anything like this again," she cried to herself, "never, never!" And now she resolved to make reparation to the man she had intended to injure. She would watch for him until he came down the passage and then warn him by relating what she had heard. She had taken off her hat when she entered the room. Now she put it on hurriedly, thrusting a long pin through it. As she stood up there was a jolt of the train that caused her to sit down again somewhat hurriedly. Passing her window she saw the lights of the station. The train was in motion. "Thank heaven!" she cried fervently. "It is too late! These plotting villains will have all their trouble for nothing. She glanced upward toward the ceiling and noticed a hole about an inch diameter bored on the thin wooden partition between her compartment and

next—Turning to the wall behind her, she saw that another hole had been bored in a similar position through to room B. The car had been pretty thoroughly prepared for the work in hand, and Jennie laughed softly to herself, as she returned the discomfiture of the conspirators. The train was now rushing through the suburbs of St. Petersburg, and Jennie was startled by hearing another voice say in French:  
"Conductor, I have room A. Which end of the car is that?"  
"This way, excellency," said the conductor. "Every one seemed to be 'excellency' with him."  
A moment later Jennie, who had again risen to her feet, horrified to know that after all the messenger had come, heard the door of his room click. She stood there for a few moments tense with excitement, then bethought herself of the hole between her present compartment and the one she had recently left. She sprang up on the seat and, placing her eye with some caution at the hole, peered through. First she thought the compartment was empty. Then she noticed there had been placed at the end by the window a huge cylinder that reached nearly to the ceiling of the room. The lamp above was burning brightly, and she could see every detail of the compartment except toward the floor. As she gazed a man's back slowly rose. He appeared to have been kneeling on the floor, and he held in his hand the loop of a rubber tube. Peering downward, she saw that it was connected with the cylinder and that it was undoubtedly pouring whatever gas the cylinder contained through the hole into room A. For a moment she had difficulty in repressing a shriek, but realizing how perfectly helpless she was, even if she gave the alarm, she repressed all exclamation. She saw that the man who was regulating the escape of gas was not the one who had spoken to the conductor. Then, fearing that he might turn his head and see her eye at the small aperture, she reached up and covered her lamp, leaving her own room in complete darkness. The double covering, which closed over the semicircular lamp like an eyelid, saved her eye of light from penetrating into the compartment.

As Jennie turned to her espionage again she heard a blow given to the door in room A that made it clatter. Then there was a sound of a heavy fall on the floor. The door of room B was flung open, the head of the first Russian was thrust in, and he spoke in his own language a single gruff word. His assistant then turned the cock and shut off the gas from the cylinder. The door of room B was instantly shut again, and Jennie heard the rattle of the keys as room A was being unlocked.  
Jennie jumped down from her perch, threw off her hat, and with as little noise as she could slid her door back an inch or two. The conductor had unlocked the door of room A, the tall Russian standing beside him saying in a whisper:

"Never mind the man! He'll come to the moment you open the door and will get the box! Hold your nose with your fingers and keep your mouth shut. There it is—that black box in the corner."  
The conductor made a dive into the room and came out with an ordinary black dispatch box. The policeman seemed well provided with the materials for his burglars' purpose. He selected a key from a jingling bunch, tried it, selected another, then a third, and the lid of the dispatch box was thrown back. He took out a letter so exactly the duplicate of the one Jennie had that she clutched her own document to see if it were in its place. The Russian put the envelope between his knees and proceeded to lock the box. His imagination had not gone to any such refinement as to open the door and win- drow open, the head of the first Russian was thrust in, and he spoke in his own language a single gruff word. His assistant then turned the cock and shut off the gas from the cylinder. The door of room B was instantly shut again, and Jennie heard the rattle of the keys as room A was being unlocked.

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opened in a tenth of the time taken to tell it.  
"Oh, pardon me!" cried Jennie. "I'm afraid a lurch of the car threw me against you."  
The Russian, before answering, cast a look at the floor and saw the large envelope lying there with its seal unperforated. He quietly placed his huge foot upon it and then said, with an effort at politeness:  
"It is no matter, madame. I am afraid that I am so bulky I have taken up most of the passage."  
"It is very good of you to excuse me," said Jennie. "I merely came out to ask the conductor if he would make up my berth. Would you be good enough to translate that to him?"  
The Russian smiled and the conductor to attend to the wants of the lady. The conductor uttered a reply, and that reply the Russian translated.  
"He will be at your service in a few moments, madame. He must first make up the berth of the gentleman in room A."

With that she retired again into her compartment, the real letter concealed in the folds of her dress, the bogus one on the floor under the Russian's foot. She looked thoughtfully at the envelope lying there with its seal unperforated. He quietly placed his huge foot upon it and then said, with an effort at politeness:  
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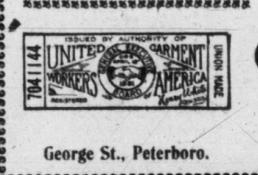
any other anarchist agitator that I can now think of and is thus doing more to endanger the future success and perpetuity of our republican institutions than all the so-called labor agitators combined. After playing on the fears and arousing the prejudice of the capitalists to the highest pitch, he concludes with a plea for a big contribution to fight the unions. His knowledge of organization seems to be limited to the methods of his own combination. He organizes the manufacturers, but denies the right to the worker to do likewise.—Cigar-makers' Journal.

WAGE RATE NOT THE SAME TO ALL.  
One of the favorite themes for criticism of the trade union and its methods by those who are at a loss for better expression is the old cry that we compel the employer to pay the same rate of wages to each employee. That is, that we ask as much for the bad workman as we do for the good one, which they claim is an outrage. The facts are that the unions ask a minimum price, and have never been known to stop the boss from paying his fine workmen as much more as his plagues. The very fact that there is a minimum is a protection to the better class of workmen. If it was not for the union the good workmen would receive far less for his wages than he does under any conditions. We hold that the earning capacity of the great bulk of the men in a given shop where the day pay prevails is just about the same. We hold that in a shop of 100 men that the earning capacity of 90 of them is about the same, five may be a little faster and better workmen than the rest and five may be a little slower and poorer workmen than the rest. Hence it will be seen that there is nothing to the cry repeated charge that we force the employer to pay the same rate of wages to good and bad alike. It is sometimes claimed that unions stifle ambition—the ambition of men from raising up from the ranks. There is only one job as president at the head in any industry, great or small. Each industry has one superintendent, one foreman, etc. Hence there is only room at the top for a very few and the unions never did a thing to prevent anybody from getting up there if they had the necessary talent and ability to do so. The unions do not get a brake on brains or special talent, and never did a thing to prevent anyone possessing either from going to the top. While we admit that there is a difference in the earning capacity of men we submit that the difference in the muscle earning capacity does not exist to such an extent that it becomes a factor in wages paid in large factories.—Cigar-makers' Journal.

President Hungerford, of the local Carriage Workers, addressed the Oshawa strikers last Saturday night.  
A bill has been introduced into the Alabama Legislature making a boycott a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment.  
New York butchers and other employees in the meat trade to the number of about 12,000, will make a demand for higher wages.  
Trade unionists in the United States have decided to boycott each other's periodicals as Judge and Puck, owing to their constant caricature attacks on trades unionism. In some places unionists will refrain from patronizing a saloon or barber shop where a copy of either of these papers is found.  
A press despatch records the cancellation of Robert Thoms and A. C. Cowley, of the Winnipeg Labor party, for provincial—parliamentary honors in that city. Delegates to the Berlin Dominion Trades Congress session will remember these two gentlemen, especially the latter. At the congress Thoms represented Winnipeg Typographical Union, and Cowley the Winnipeg Trades and Labor Council.

A Minister of the Gospel

NEW, NEAT AND NATTY HATS IN ALL THE UP-TO-DATE SHAPES, STYLES AND COLORS. PRICES THE LOWEST.



George St., Peterboro.

In Glasgow, upon one occasion met an inebriate old woman on the street and in solemn tones he said to her, "Margaret, dae ye ken where the drunkards gang?" "Aye, dae I dae," she replied. "We just gang where we can get it cheapest and best." However deplorable may have been this old body's condition she struck the key note of our trade in Hats. Cheapest and best! In some places you can get cheap hats, and in others you can get good ones at high prices. Here you can get the very best makes and the very latest shapes at lower prices than any other dealer could think of. And when we make this offer what should you do about it. You're not going to wear that old hat this Spring. You have got to buy somewhere. Why not save a dollar or so in the transaction, and get a hat with the Union Label in it. Be consistent, ye Labor Union men of the city. Ask for it! Insist on it! We have it! Nuff sed.

GOUGH BROS.  
Union Outfitters from Top to Toe  
186 Yonge Street Toronto.  
6 & 8 Queen St. W.

to remain with her. She cogitated over the situation and tried to work out the mental arithmetic of it. Trains were infrequent on the Russian railways, and she had no means of estimating when the burly ruffian who had planned and executed the robbery would get back to St. Petersburg. There was no doubt that he had not the right to open the letter and read its contents, that privilege rested with some higher official in St. Petersburg. The two men had got off at the first stopping place. It was quite possible that they would not reach the capital until next morning, when the Berlin express would be well on its way to the frontier. Once over the frontier she would be safe, but the moment it was found that the envelope merely contained a copy of an English newspaper, what might not happen!

(To be continued.)  
NATIONAL MANUFACTURERS.  
David M. Parry, president of the National Manufacturers' Association, recently delivered an address at the Chicago Club, in which he appeals for funds to fight the trades unions of the country. He exultantly exclaims: "The Manufacturers' Association succeeded in defeating the 'eight-hour bill,' and the fact was found that the envelope merely contained a copy of an English newspaper, what might not happen!"

any other anarchist agitator that I can now think of and is thus doing more to endanger the future success and perpetuity of our republican institutions than all the so-called labor agitators combined. After playing on the fears and arousing the prejudice of the capitalists to the highest pitch, he concludes with a plea for a big contribution to fight the unions. His knowledge of organization seems to be limited to the methods of his own combination. He organizes the manufacturers, but denies the right to the worker to do likewise.—Cigar-makers' Journal.

A call for a convention to be held at San Francisco, June 15, for the purpose of forming an international union of cement workers, has been issued.  
President John Mitchell, of the United Mine Workers, has declined to appear on the Chautauque circuit, for which he had been booked for twenty nights at \$200 a night. He feared the engagement might conflict with his work for the miners. Nothing seems to tempt John away from his miners as breaker boys, not even an offer of the presidency of the A. F. of L., or the vice-presidency of the United States.

The New York Mail and Express, after lauding the method of conciliation in the settling of labor disputes, expressed itself thus on compulsory arbitration: "However willingly we may concede that compulsory arbitration is preferable to repeated coal famine or other famines involving any of the necessities of life, we believe that public opinion in this country is not yet quite ready to submit disputes between employers and their employees over wages to courts of arbitration. That means of settling disputes will be adopted reluctantly if at all, and only as a last resort."  
The trades union movement seems to know no cessation in Toronto. The Cigar-makers' union voted \$25 to the striking Carriage Workers; Oshawa; a Brickmakers' union with 48 charter members was organized; the Butcher Workers' union installed 51 new members at their last meeting; and the Garment Workers held a most successful concert. The district Trades and Labor Council is asking the City Council for a grant of \$500 to entertain the A. F. of L. Executive delegates during their session. An effort is on foot to have some financial men erect a large temple with halls, meeting rooms, library, gymnasium, etc. The Toller, the official organ of the workers, is improving weekly under the management of James Wilson.—Sam Laigler.

The following little reminiscence of Hamilton trades unionism will be of especial interest to the members of local 129, Typographical Union. In the year 1844 occurred the case of Oshawa; a Brickmakers' union with 48 charter members was organized; the Butcher Workers' union installed 51 new members at their last meeting; and the Garment Workers held a most successful concert. The district Trades and Labor Council is asking the City Council for a grant of \$500 to entertain the A. F. of L. Executive delegates during their session. An effort is on foot to have some financial men erect a large temple with halls, meeting rooms, library, gymnasium, etc. The Toller, the official organ of the workers, is improving weekly under the management of James Wilson.—Sam Laigler.