THE STROLLERS By FREDERIC S. ISHAM, .... Copyright, 1902. by THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY 

"He is playing the hero of a rosaid the land baron moodily. "I confess he has excellent taste, ikough. The figure of a Juno. eyes the stars on an August night, features groud as Diana, the voice of a siren-m a word, picture to yourself your fairest conquest, M. le Marquis, and you will have a worthy counterpart of this rose of the wilderness."

"My fairest conquest!" piped the istener. With lackluster eyes he re-mained motionless, like a traveler in the desert who gazes upon a mirage. "You have described her well. The features of Diana! It was at a revival of Vanbrugh's 'Relapse' I first met her Bressed after the fashion of the Count as of Ossory. Who would not wor-ship before the figures of Lely?" He half closed his eyes, as though

zing in fancy upon the glossy dra ries and rosy flesh of those volupta us court beauties.

"The wooing, begun in the wings, aded in an ivy covered villa, a retired ok, solitary walks by day, nightin-les and moonshine by night. It was pleasing romance while it lasted, but oy palls on one. Nature abhors same-The heart is like Mother Earthover varying. I wearled of this sur-feit of paradise and left her!" mere incident in an eventful life,"

"A more incident in an eventful life," and his companion thoughtfully. "Tes, only an incident." repeated the marguis. "Only an incident. I had almost forgotten it, but your conversa-tion about players and your descrip-tion of the actress brought it to mind. It had quite passed away. It had quite passed away. But the cards, M. Mau-wille, the cards!"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

OR several days after rebearsals

The second secon round of drives and rambles through stures and woodland to Carrolton; ong the shell road to Lake Pontchartrain: to Riloxi, the first settlement of the French, and to the battle grounds ce known as the plains of Chal-ette, where volunteer soldiers were encamped awaiting orders to go to front in the Mexican campaign. those who craved greater excitent the three race courses-the Lou-na, the Metairie and the Carrolton-

Biana, the Metairie and the Carrolton-offered stimulating diversion. Within sight of the Metairie were the old dueling grounds, under the oaks, where, it is related, on one Sun-day in 1839 ten duels occurred; where the coulestants frequently fought on barseback with sabers, and where the cowherds, says a chronicler, became so secustomed to seeing honor satisfied in this manner that they paid little at: in this manner that they paid little at-tention to these meetings, pursuing their own humble duties indifferent to the follies of fashionable society. The fencing schools fourished. What memis cluster around that odd, strange sizer of the blade, Spedella, a mel-choly enigma of a man, whose art bodied much of the finest shading

Shortly after the placers' arrival be gan the celebrated Leduc matches, at tracting noted men and women from all over the south. The botels wer crowded, the lodging bonses while many of the large bonnes l tably opened their doors to visitin friends. The afternoons found the di-almost deserted. The bartenders dis contentedly smoked in solitude, the hgion of waiters in the hotels and r sorts became reduced to a thinly scat tered array, while even the street vend-ers had "folded their tents" and silently stolen to the races. On one such memorable occasion most of the mem-bers of the Barnes company repaired

to the Metalrie. Below the grand stand, brilliant with color, strutted the dandles attending to their bets; above, they played a wining or losing game with the fair sex. Intrigue and lovemaking were the or-der of the hour, and these daughters of the south beguiled time-and mor tals-in a heyday of pleasure. In that mixed gathering burly cotton planters from the country rubbed elbows with aristocratic creoles, whose attire was distinguishable by enormous ruffles and light boots of cloth. The professional follower of these events, the impor tunate tout, also mingled with the crowd, plainly in evidence by the pronounced character of his dress, the size of his diamond studs or cravat pin and the massive dimensions of his finger rings. No paltry, scrubby track cadger was this resplendent gentleman. but a picturesque rogue, with impu-dence as pronounced as his jewels. Surrounded by a bery of admirers, Susan, sprightly and sparkling, was an example of that "frippery one of her sex is made up with, a pasticcio of gauzes, pins and ribbons that go to compound that multifarious thing, a well dressed woman." Ever ready with a quick retort, she bestowed her favors generously, to the evident discom-fiture of a young officer in her retinue whom she had met several days before and who ever since hed everal days before and who ever since had coveted a full harvest of smiles, liking not a little the first sample he had gathered. However, it was not Susan's way to in-trust herself fully to any one. It was all very interesting to play one against

another, to intercept angry gleams, to hold in check clashing suitors—this was exciting and diverting—but she exercised care not to transgress those bounds where she ceased to be mistress of the situation. Perhaps her limits in coquetry were further set than most women would have ventured to place them, but without this temerity and daring the pastime would have lost its charm for her. She might play with edged tools, but she also knew how te Near her was seated Kate, indolent

as of yore, now watching her sister with an indulgent, enigmatic expression, abon permitting a scentful glance to stray toward Adonis, who, for his part, had eyes only for his companion. a distinct change from country bol-dens, tavern demoiselles and dainty wenches with their rough hands and wences with their rough hands and rosy checks. This lady's hands were like milk, her checks ivory, and Adonis in bestowing his attentions upon her had a twofold purpose-to return the for the Wether Constitution for tat for Kate's flaunting ways and THE TOILER

followed the glances of Straws' que ioners, and a pallor overspre dark complexion is he looked at the object of their attention. "The stroiler!" he exclaimed balf audibly. "Her counterpart doesn't er-

He stepped back where he could see her more plainly. In that sea of faces her features alone shong before him clearly, insistently. "Do yop know her, Mr. Mauville?" asked the rhymester, observing that

steadfast glance. ingly. "Know her?" repeated the land baron

a, starting. "Oh, I've seen her act." Without definite purpose the patroon, who had listened with scant attention poet, began to move slowly to ward the actress, and at that moment the eyes of the soldier, turning to the saddling paddock, where the horses were being led out, fell upon the figure drawing near, recognizing in him the heir to the manor. Edward Mauville, Construing in his approach a deliberate flush of quick anger of spread Saint-Prosper's face, and he

AStan 

served the land baron, for at that moment she was looking in the opposite direction, endeavoring to discover Barnes or the others of the company in the immense throng.

Murmuring some excuse to his uncon-scious companion and cutting short the wiry old lady's reminiscences of the. first public troiting race in 1818, the soldier left the box and, moving with some difficulty through the crowd, met Mauville in the aisle near the stairway. The latter's face expressed surprise, not altogether of an agreeable nature, at the encounter, but he immediately regained his composure. "Ab, M. Saint-Prosper," he observed easily, "I little thought to see you

here.

The patroon gazed in seeming care-lessness from the soldier to the young girl. Saint-Prosper's presence in New Orleans could be accounted for. He had followed her from the Shadenge valley across the continent. The drive begun at the country inn, he looking down from the dormer window to withess the start, had been a long one, very different from his own brief flight, with its wretched end. These thoughts coursed rapidly through the land baron's brain; her appearance rekindled the ashes of the past; the fire in his breast flamed from his eyes, but otherwise he made no display of feeling. He glanced out upon the many

"Oh. I couldn't stand a winter in the north." resumed the patroon, turning once more to the soldier, "although

Offering no reply to this sally. Saint-

"Permit me." And he strove

The soldier did not move.

"This way or that way, how does it concern you?" retorted the land baron.

"If you seek further to anoy a lady whom you have already sufficiently wronged it is any man's concern." "Especially if he has followed her

ly, as though weighing each word, "and now show yourself a coward when you

malign a young girl without father.

"Or lover." interrupted the land bar

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brother"

"A thousand details pass through my you been at Spedelia's feacing rooms? Are you in practice?" mind, reminiscences of her girlbood lightening a lonesome life like glim Saint-Prosper hesitated a moment. merings of sunshine in a secluded wood; memories of her mother and the and the land baron's face feil. Was it possible the other would refuse to old days when she played in my New eet him? But he would not let him York theater, for Barnes, the stroller, was once a metropolitan manager! off easily. There were ways to force. and, suddenly the words of the mar-Her fame had preceded her, and every admirer of bistrionic art eagerly await-ed her arrival. Then this incomparaquis recurring to him, he surveyed the soldler dischinfully. "Gad, you must come of a family of woman fell ill.

ber as my child!

forgotten."

entered.

him to the center of the table.

across the city, breathed the perfume

of the flowers and then quickly van-

To be Continued.

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wards and traitors! But you shall fight or-the public becomes arbiter." said sadly And he half raised his arm threatencould reply.

The soldier's tanned cheek was now as pale as a moment before it had been flushed. His mouth set resolutely, as though fighting back some weakness With lowering brows and darkening glance he regarded the land baron. "I was thinking," he said at length, with an effort, "that if I killed you" Barnes,' she said softly. people would want to know the rea

The patroon laughed. "How solicitous you are for her welfare and mine! Do you then measure skill only by inches? If so, I confess you would stand a fair chance of dispatching me. But your address? The St. Charles, I

The soldier nodded curtiy, and, baying accomplished his purpose. Mauville had turned to leave when loud voices in a front box near the right aisle attracted general attention from those occupying that part of the grand stand. The young officer who had accompanied Susan to the races was angrily confronting a thickset man. the latest recruit to her corps of willing captives. The lad had assumed the arduous task of guarding the object of his fancy from all comers simply because she had been kind. And why should she not have been? He was only a boy. She was old enough to be-well, an adviser. When, after a brief but pointed altercation, he flung himself away with a last repreachful look in the direction of his enslaver. Susan looked hurt. That was her reward for being nice to a child!

"A fractious young cub!" said the thickset man complacently. "Well, I like cubs better than bears!"

retorted Susan pointedly. Not long, however, could the interest of the spectators be diverted from the amusement of the day, and soon all eyes were drawn once more to the track, where the horses' hoofs resound-ed with exciting patter as they struggled toward the wire, urged by the stimulating volces of the jockeys.

"How did you enjoy it, my dear?" asked Barnes, suddenly reappearing at Constance's box. "A grand heat, that, recovering himself and settling back in his chair. "Make yourself at home. though 1 did bet on the wrong horse! But don't wait for us, Saint-Prosper. You'll find some cigars on the mantel or if you prefer your pipe there's a jan of tobacco on the trunk. Do you find Mrs. Adams and I will take our time getting through the crowd. I will see you at the hotel, my dear," he added it? I haven't had time yet to bring order out of chaos. A manager's trunks are like a junk shop, with everything from a needle to an anchor." Filling his pipe from the receptacle as the soldier and Constance moved away with the desultory fag end of the procession. On either side of the road

waved the mournful cypress, draped by the heary tillandsia, and from the somber depths of foliage came the chirp of the tree crickets and the note of the swamp owl. Faint music, in measured rhythm, a foll to disconnect-ed wood sound, was wafted from a distant plantation.

"Wait." said Constance. He drew in the horses, and silently they listened. Or was he listening? His glance seemed bent so moodily. almost, on space she concluded he was not. She stole a sidelong look at him. "A penny for your thoughts," she

said gayly. He started. "I was thinking how soon I might leave New Orleans.

"Leave New Orleans." she repeated in surprise. "But I thought you intended staying here. Why have you changed your mind?"

Did he detect a subtle accent of regret in her voice? A deep flush mount-ed to his brow. He bent over her sud-

denly, eagerly. "Would it matter-if I went?



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What supports it. Pleading for Work. What a beautiful illustration of inde-pendent manh.od, to see a man erawling up to his fellow-man to sell his labor at bargain price so that he may have the privilege to earn bread and butter for himself and family! The New Library. The people of Toronto might be gen-erous enough when the new library is

The people of forome in the new library is erocted to reserve the basement for the wicked individuals who smoke, and if they could not afford to give them the new papers and magazines why the old ones would do. A Problem. If it is not right for a man to own and control another man's life, how can we prove that it is right for any man to own and control that by which an-other man's life is sustained?

Cradle to Grave. Which Will It Be? Which Will It Be? The employee makes the goods and the peor ple use them. The employer has a right to close his workshop. The em-ployee has a right to refuse to work, Why should not the people have the right to open workshops and employ the peo-ple and run the industry for the benefit of the people? Cradle to Grave. Cradle to Grave. Cradle to Grave. Cradle to Grave. The bell began to could be the severage man or woman longer than seventy years to travel from the cradle to tae grave, yet what a mise a le time the most of us have in gitting food to eat, clothing struggling and fighting just to make a living. A stranger came along. He told me that a father Was being buried by the son. If voters cast their ballots for prin-ciples instead of money, men of princi-ples would be elected and then this fair city of Toronto would be governed by principles instead of being governed by Where his wife for years had lain. I looked up to God, my Father, And asked Him to bless the son, For the kindness shown his father, And the noble way 'twas done. As I listened to the service, And heard the parson pray, And commit to God's mercy The one they left to him that day. work, My thought climbel up to heaven, And Ewondered if he was there-Aud I thought of God's great mercy And compassion beyond compare. As I wandered out of the churchward And thought of the solemn sight, All heaven burst before me In a radiance most bright. I thought of the final judgment, Over which Christ will preside: I thought of the soul now before Him, And I said in Christ's lore I'll cantide. —Paul Lineoln. Jan. 30th, 1904. Sometimes it is difficult to distinguish etween contenti nt and lazi In Hamburg a dog is taxed according to his size-a little tax for a little dog, I wondered if recopie liked to read about a man that was henest, because houest people are so scarce these days. Christianity. If Christian principles have done so much for us in the church, in the contry and the school, how it is that they would not do to run our factories, workshops and stores by?

"You are blocking my way, monsteur. gianced at the girl by his side. But her manner assured him she had not

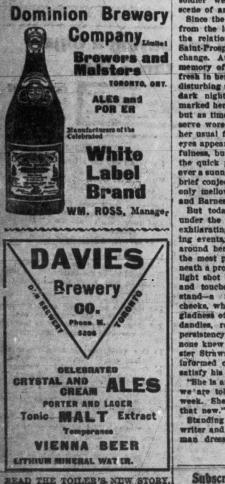
"Nor I you!" said the other bluntly.

faces below them, bowing to one woman and smiling at another.

the barn burners promised to make it warm for me!"

does it

whom even many of Bonaparte's dis-carded veterans were not above ac-quiring new technique and tempera-menti



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to gratify his own ever fleeting fancy. In a box, half the length of the grand stand removed, some distance back and to the left of Susan's gay party, Constance, Mrs. Adams and the young girl, the land baron sought to press forward. His glittering eyes met the other's. The glances they ex-

soldier were also observers of this scene of animation. Since the manager's successful flight changed were like the thrust and parry of swords. Without wishing to ad-dress the actress, and thereby risk a from the landlord and the constables the relations of the young girl and Saint-Prosper bad undergone little change. At first, it is true, with the public rebuff, it was nevertheless im-possible for the bot blooded southernmemory of the wild ride to the river fresh is ber mind and the more or less disturbing recollections of that strange, dark night, a certain reticence had marked her manner toward the soldier, but as time went by this touch of re-serves ware off and was succeeded by er to submit to peremptory restraint. Who had made the soldier his taskmaster? He read Saint-Prosper's purpose and was not slow to retaliate "If I am not mistaken, yonder is our divinity of the lane," said the patroon serve wore off and was succeeded by softly.

but as this went of this totich of re-serve wore off and was succeeded by her usual frankness or gayety. In her eyes appeared at times a new thought-tuiness, but for no konger period than the quick passing of a summer cloud over a sunny meadow. This half light of brief conjecture or vague retrospection only mellowed the depths of her gaze, and Barnes alone noted and wondered. But today no partial shadows lay under the black, shading lashes. The exhilarating scene, the rapidly succeed-ing events, the turbulence and flutter around ber, were calculated to dispel the most pronounced abstraction. Be-neath a protecting parasol-for the sun-light shot below the roof at the back and touched that part of the grand stand—a faint glow warmed her

across the country." success the Mauville. "Besides, since when have actresses become so chary of their favors?" In his anger the land baron threw out intimations he would have challenged from other lips. "Has the stage then come a boly convent?" "You stamped yourself a scoundrel ome time ago." said the soldier slow-

stand-a faint glow warmed her checks, while her eyes shone with the gladness of the moment. Many of the dandles, regarding her with marked persistency, asked who she was, and none knew until finally Editor-Rhyme-ster Straws was appealed to. Strawa, informed on all matters, was able to

satisfy his questioners. "She is an actress." said Straws. "So traveling to see the country." we are told. We shall find out next week. She is a beauty. We can tell

"Have you anything further with me?" interjected Saint-Prosper curtly. The patroon's biood coursed, burn-ing, through his veins. The other's Standing near the rhymester, story writer and journalist was a tail young man dressed in creole fashion. He contemptuous manaer stung him more

Bercely than language. "Tes." he said meaningly, his eyes challenging Saint-Prosper's. "Have

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Prosper's gaze continued to rest cold-ly and expectantly upon the other. She drew back at the abruptness of his words. Goaded by that arbitrary regard, an "How unfair to answer one question implied barrier between him and the

with another!" she said lightly. A pause fell between them. Perhaps she, too, felt the sudden repulse of he own answer and the ensuing con-straint. Perhaps some compunction moved her to add in a voice not entire ly steady:

"And so you think-of going back to France?"

"To France." he repeated quickly. "No," and stopped. Looking up, a balf questioning light

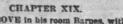
in her eyes took fight to his until suddenly arrested by the bard, set ex-pression of his features. Abruptly chilled by she knew not what, her lashes fell. The horses champed their bits and tugged at the reins, impatient of the prolonged pause. "You are blocking my way, mon-sleur," continued the other sharply. "Not if it lies the other way."

of the prolonged pause. "Let us go!" she said in a low, constrained voice.

At her words he turned, the harshness dropping from his face like a discarded mask, the lines of determinaon wavering. "Let us go!" she said again without

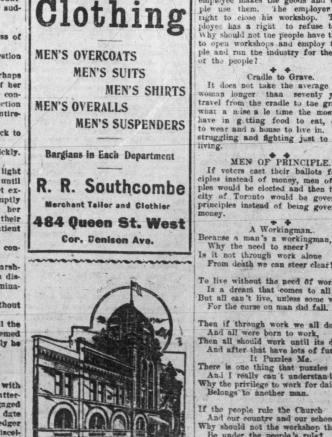
looking up. He made no motion to obey until the

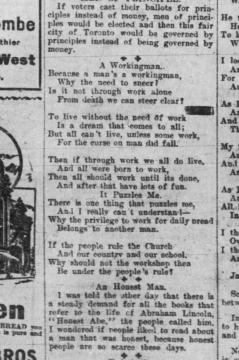
sound of a vehicle behind them seemed to break the spell, and mechanically be touched the horses with the whip.



A BOVE in his room Barnes, with plays and manuscripts scatter-ed around him, was engaged a cd around nim, was engaged in writing in his note and date book, wherein autobiography, ledger and journal accounts and such miscel-laneous matter mingled indiscriminate-ly. "Today she said to me, 'I am go-ing to the races with Mr Saint-Pros-per' What did Law? 'Yes' of meres." per.' What did I say? 'Yes,' of course. What can there be in common be tween Lear and Juliet? Naturally she sometimes turns from ap old fellow like me. Now, if she were only a slip of a girl agalu, with her short frock, her disorder of long ringlets, running and rombing-

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