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ON THE TRAIL OF A VALENTINE

By LESTER GRAY

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Peace and harmony had descended a single braid was surreptitiously tweaked, nor did the usual feminine titter greet each masculine failure at the board. The reason was not far lind god-aided by natural vanity and the desire of excelling. It was St. Valentine's day.

Many an anxious eye was turned toward the canvas mail bag hanging beguarded its secrets jealously, but at the close of the afternoon session it would be opened and its contents distributed. The heads bent so studious-ly over books were filled with fancies ver garnered from their dull pages.

and threes, with mysterious whisperings and shy glances. The boys gathered in an awkward group in the vain effort to evince the usual interest in skating and the respective merits of each bobsled. Carson's head towered above them all. The largest and oldest boy in school, he felt that it behooved him to put aside childish things and take up the dignity of manhood. In this spirit he had declared that valentines were "plumb foolish-ness" and that he, for one, should not send any.

with derision. It was all very well for him to talk, but every one in school would send valentines, and every one would get them except perhaps Mely

Jack glanced over at the window. Yes; there was the foriorn little figure looking out wistfully. Mely never came out with the others, for she was practically friendless. It was not because she was homely, though the boys made many a sly gibe at her red hair and pale cheeks. But she was a stranger, who in the first shock of orphandom had come to live with her grandmother. In her grief and shyness she had withdrawn from the first advances, and Briarton, unused to being snubbed, had thenceforth left her strictly alone.

As the bell rang and they filed back into the classroom Jack again glanced at Mely. She was looking at the mail bag, and there was unusual color in her cheek. An unpleasant thought seized him. Everybody thought that they would get a valentine. Did Mely think

battle had be fought to release some tortured kitten or unhappy bird. He was afraid to see the misery in Mely's face when she alone was unremem-bered. By the time the bell had rung for nooning his mind was made up.

It was on the stroke of 3 when the teacher stood up and drew the first val-

entine from the bag. "Carol Roberts, Helen Wilkinson, Tom Brown," rapidly she read the names, and the recipients, blushing or sheepish, came up to claim their own. Jack Carson had quite a pile, but he still locked anxious-

At length teacher held in her hand a box of generous size. "Miss Amelia Anderson," she read slowly.

Mely rose mechanically and walked up to the desk. When she reached her seat again the fingers which opened the precious package trembled violently. The lifted lid disclosed the prize valentine, which had reposed in admired state in the drug store window for the last week. There was a general mur-

eyes, shining with joyful tears, encountered a pair of brown ones which sought to evade them. Jack blushed up to his ears. There were unspoken question and answer before Mely sank back in her seat with a little sigh of satisfaction. She knew, but somehow Jack did not mind her knowing Yet he had a boy's distaste of "scenes"

and so lingered behind the others with the ostensible purpose of helping teacher. But when he came out into the half light of the entry a little figure was waiting for him. Gratitude had overcome Mely's shyness. She stepped forward resolutely. It was Jack who faltered and backed away from the outstretched hands.

"I want to thank you," she said breathlessly, "though the words don't half tell what I feel. I know why you You are a kind, good boy, and

Jack gazed down into her shining eyes. Why had he never before noticed how blue they were? "I did it because I wanted to, Mely," he said gently. "I was glad to do it." An unusual emotion held him spellbound till teacher's steps on the stair filled him with the horror of discovery and sent him hurrying out into the frenty sit.

rying out into the fresty air.

That was the last St. Valentine's day for Mely in the Briarton school. In the spring her grandmother died, and she went to live with an uncle "in the city," as folks vaguely said. And it was the last for Jack too. He left school and bent all his energies to the farm and the happiness of his widowed mother. He stamped into the Briarton post office one afternoon in expectation of

nothing mere exciting than a pile of summer seed catalogues. When the postmaster handed him out a package addressed in a feminine hand he gave a low whistle of surprise. One of the bystanders ventured the surmise that

Jack laughed as he said easily: "I guess not. I'm not enough of a ladies' man to receive valentines. But tomor-

Something seemed to keep him from opening the package under the eyes of the curious. It was not till he was wel out of town that he cut the string and gingerly lifted out a card emblazoned with a wreath of forgetmenets. There was a pretty little verse, and he read it through wonderingly. But when he reached the end he gave a sudden ejac 'Mely Anderson.'

His heart beat strangely as he looked down at the wreath of forgetmenots. In their place he seemed to see a pair of blue eyes. Suddenly he realized the cause of his indifference to the Briar-

on girls. It was Mely. Mely! He would find her, and then But he did not even know her address. The package bore the postmark of the nearest city. That was all. But be could not fail. He must find her.

The next afternoon found Jack Carson hopelessly walking the city streets. He still scanned the faces of the pass-ersby, but the first enthusiasm of his search was gone. He had come in on the earliest train and had made straight for the nearest directory. In vain; it did not hold the name of Amelia Anderson. Inquiry in many Inquiry in many quarters had also falled.

And now he was undecided. Should he go home and leave the matter in the hands of some detective agency o should he stay and keep up the search in person? He was passing one of the great department stores. One window was gay with valentines of every size and shape. He sighed as he looked. Mely might have liked one of these. In his gloom even the thought of her brought a lifting of the clouds. He would buy a valentine and send it to her, care of the general post office de Perhaps it might find her.

It took but a minute to find the counter and he was fingering a dainty creation of painted satin and lace when a soft voice asked, "Can I wait on Jack started and looked down into

a pair of blue eyes. It was Mely. He stared dumfounded. It was Mely and yet not Mely. The angular figure had rounded out, and a neat well fitted dress of black revealed every curve of grace and beauty. Her red hair was a glory, piled up on the top of her small head. A laugh lurked in the corner of her red lips. Only her eyes were unchanged. They met his full of

gratitude. In their depths he found courage. "Mely," he cried rapturously, "I've been hunting for you all day till I was just about discouraged. I wanted," he hesi tated, "to thank you for the valentine."
The girl's cheeks flamed. "I-I was transferred to this counter the other day, and the sight of all these pretty things made me remember that day in the Briarton schoolhouse. Not that I have ever forgotten it," she added has-tily, while her blush grew deeper, "but it made me want to send you a valen-tine just to show you I hadn't forgotten. So I sent it, and you got it," she

finished breathlessly.

He had quite forgotten the probable presence of other shoppers. Fortunately it was late in the day, and the valen-

tine counter was deserted.

"And so I got it," he repeated tenderly. "That's why I came to—to ask you to go back to Briarton with me. I love you, Mely. I've been loving you ever since that day, only I've been too stu-pid to know it. Can't you find it in your heart to love me a little? The home

is all ready, and mother is waiting."

The girl caught her breath sharply. "It's so long since I've had a mother or a home," she whispered. And as Jack looked down into her blue eyes he knew that the battle was won.

"I occasiona" y get hold of a queer passenger," said a conductor on one of the suburban lines the other day, "but I had always managed to hold my own until a week ago. Then a regular Uncle Mely glanced about wildly. Her blue Josh took my car for the first trolley ride in his life. He sat up in a corner and watched things for a few minutes and then beckened to me and said: 'Conductor, you look like a smart

"Then tell me what makes this car

" 'Electricity, sir.' "That didn't satisfy him for more than three mirutes. I saw a doubtful, puzzled look spread over his face, and presently he beckened to me again and "Conductor, I should say you was

about as smart as they make 'em.' " 'Yes, sir."

"'And I guess you know it all.' 'About all, sir.' "'I asked you what made the car go, and you said electricity.'

'That's correct.' "'All right. If electricity makes the car go what in tarnation makes elec-

tricity go?"
"He had me there," smiled the conductor, "and I went out of business in half a minute, and the grin on the old man's face was something to be remembered for many days."-Detroit

Tragedy of a Glass Eye. From Odessa comes the story of a fragedy in which a glass eye was a most important factor. Two young people of good position were at the altar to be married. The ceremony had hardly begun when a woman's voice the property of the pork butcher sat down deferentially on the plane stool, presenting a singularly immunical spectacle. bardly begun when a woman-came from the back of the church, crying that the wedding must be stopped, as the bride was blind. The bride fainted and was revived, and the ceremony proceeded. Hardly had the priest given his blessing when the bride fell dead. It seems that the bride's sister was in love with the bridegroom. The artist was revealed. The colossal phrases of Resthoyen's lost sounds. bride had a glass eye which she in some mysterious way had concealed from her future husband. Therefore the bad sister went to church to break up the wedding and took the glass eye man to receive valentines. But tomorrow is Valentine's day, after all. I had some time as a pretext for so doing. As a fitting forgotten all about it."

to dut asset went to nation to receive valentines. But tomorrow is Valentine's day, after all. I had as a pretext for so doing. As a fitting forgotten all about it."

Tan Ogle Trepanowski leaned for retain us the services of their best ward in his chair and gasped for breath.

0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0 A MUSICAL NATION

By RAYMOND RAYNE O

Copyright, 1905, by T. C. McChure

which fall to the lot of a concert agent not the least difficult is to decline the empting offers of certain virtuosi without burting their very sensitive peared.

When Pan Ogle Trepanowski wrote to me from Poland in this sense, my first impulse was to indite a very firm refusal. Reading his letter a second "Yes, sir," answered Parkin, as placmixture of English and what appeared sods.
to be Volapuk, in which his intentions He were conveyed, that he was following bringing his violin. William followed on its heels with such truly artistic impetuosity that no reply could pos- of blacking boots, his hapds and armore. sibly reach him in time to prevent his

forth. Of course his hair (he inclosed a photograph) and his names were unone hand and his bow in the other.

terms: "Locomotive twelve hours permit that one encounters me to the station Trepanowski." On solving this—on his trousers before turning over the mit that on the find that the from a dictionary—I gathered that the from a dictionary—I gathered that the finger.

"It looks rather stiff but I'll have a you believe us." o be met at the station.

I went down myself and saw the

train in. Pan Ogle was there a private detective could not have missed him. He stood well over six feet and was road even for his height. Despite the warmth of a summer's day he wore an immense fur lined overcoat with collar and cuffs of sable.

He spoke English rather worse than he wrote it, but fortunately understood fairly well what was said to him. He was full of questions about the series of concerts which he supposed I had already arranged for him. I avoided giving any definite replies as well as I could until we reached the house.

During luncheon I was saved any trouble by the artist's appetite, which was well sustained and did credit to my housekeeping. We retired to the music room, and I got Pan Ogie behind big cigar before breaking to him that had not yet arranged any concerts. I told him that many most deserving in New York in playing for nothing at the functions of wealthy patrons of the art and in giving their services at charity concerts, or, in fact, wherever two or three could be gathered together to hear them. I said that was a popu lar error into which all Europe seemed to have fallen. I told him we were the most musical nation in the world. I sank my voice to a confidential whis-per. I said, "The real reason we cannot get audiences is that for some time past listeners have been to a man (or a wo-

man) better performers than those on the platform." Pan Ogle looked incredulous. It was time to lead trumps. I said, "I will wager anything you like that the first tradesman who calls at this house this afternoon will play you any one of afternoon will play you any one of "My friend what instrument do you Beethoven's sonatas you choose to blay?" he asked sadly.

Pan Ogle laughed aloud. "You make what you call ze fun, is habit and passed on. it not?" he asked.

man who calls to step up here.' "Mr. Blunt, the perk butcher, is down-trio. stairs now, sir," said Parkin.
"Well, ask him to spare me a mo-

ment or two." "Yes, sir," replied the impassive Par- fortune in America. kin and disappeared.

The door opened, and Mr. Blunt walked in. He was in his shirt sleeves and had on the blue apron which seems inseparable from the vending of pork. "What can I do for you today, sir?" he said. "I have just started a new line of sausages which I can thoroughly recommend. I call them the Diminuendo brand merely for They taper toward one end, you see.'

I suppressed a smile.
"It was not in connection with your -er-profession that I wanted to see you, Mr. Blunt. Do you play the pi-

"Well, I do, sir, or, rather, I did. In fact, I very much wanted to go in for skin. the music when I left school, but my there was no money in it. 'The music business is played out, he would say.
There are too many at it. But the art of making sausages will always provide a competency for the few."

"Now, the professor and I are at issue as to the tempo of a movement in one

tially on the piano stool, presenting a singularly unmusical spectacle.

months; still to oblige a customer," and met at different places.

Some friends called one evening to which begins the introduction.

phrases of Beethoven's last sonata were given out with a certainty, a restrained force, a nobility of tone, an all compelling rhythm, which took the lis-

When the last chord had died away there was a bushed pause. Then t professor burst forth into a torrent of, polyglot superlatives. He embraced the reluctant nork butcher. He demanded of me why such a player did not devote himself to the career of a virtuoso. I assured him that Mr. Blunt was a fair had to appeal in America.

Occident, 1905, by T. C. McChure of the on't know whether you are aware of it," said Blunt, speaking to me, "but Among the many unpleasant tasks your two servants are capital hands at the violin and cello. They come around to my house for a trio sometimes when

I rang the bell, and Parkin again ap-

Mr. Blunt tells me you play the vio

time, however, I gathered from the idly as if I had ordered whisky and He returned almost immediately,

bly reach him in time to prevent his eparture.

All his qualifications were duly set a large black smear down one side of

The technical difficulties of this ro mantic work of Smetana are extreme the freedom and abandon which it demands might fairly be deemed impossible. Nevertheless on this occasion the astounded professor heard a per-formance wherein the complete mastery of the several instruments was surpassed by the unanimity and poetry of the rendering.

Trepanowski declared he had never heard such an ensemble. His admiration was so frank and general that I pressed him to play. He declined po-

thanks for the exercise of their skill, the professor adding many compliments both intelligible and otherwise When we found ourselves alone Trepanowski remained silent

"It is merveilleux." he ejaculated at ngth. "What then are your public artists like?" "You have heard D'Eugen?" I inquired in turn.

"Ja, ja. He is magnifique!"
"Well, he left America." Why did he leave England? You shall answer the He gave another shrug.

"I shall think; I shall write to you; one thousand time thanks."

I insisted on seeing him to the station. On the way he was wrapped in a gloomy silence. Only when we arrived on the platform did he recover a little. A harsh voiced porter was calling out the various stopping places of the in-coming train. The professor touched

The porter looked at him in surprise. "Chicago express," he said from sheer

I parted from the professor with "I was never more serious in my life," I replied. I rang the bell, and the servant entered.
"Parkin," I said, "ask the first trades"

I parted from the professor with mingled feelings. I had begun to like him. When I returned home I found my three friends. H—S. F—H—, and T—W— (an intelligent public will fill) my three friends, H- S, F- H-, and an intelligent public will fill the blanks), engaged on a Beethoven

> I heard from Trepanowski in due time, but his letter was dated from Po-land. He had decided not to try his

Ideals of Beauty.
Famous men and famous judges of beauty have differed very greatly in their idea of what constitutes it Byron liked glossy hair clustering around a white, smooth brow; dell

cately arched eyebrows and glowing cheeks frequently suffused with Spenser very explicitly described his style of comeliness. It consisted in "eyes like sapphires, teeth like pearls, a forehead like lvory, hair like gold and hands of silvery whiteness."

Shakespeare's beauties always posessed a very white and alabasterlike

Scott's heroines were generally soft eyed and pensive, with sweeping eye-lashes and high, intellectual foreheads. Ben Jonson preferred a face charac-terized by simplicity of expression, flowing hair and "a sweet neglect." ide a competency for the few."

Cowper placed very high value on "Quite true, Mr. Blunt," I assented. cheeks of damask.

Applied Dictionaryitis Mrs. Mixitt, whose husband recently achieved wealth, and as a result bought 200 feet of books for his library, found Especially was she taken with the dic tionary, the study of which she found "I have not had any practice for with the cultured people whom she

Before he had played many bars the ter left for their European tour.

Online it is pain will yet the pork butcher had disappeared and the "Now," said one of the friends. Sons of sires, all united,



Chilly days make one think of Fall Hats and a photograph) and his names were unexceptional; the rest I did not go into.
It was quite out of the question for me
to run any planoforte virtuoso on my
own account, unless indeed it had been
the Paderewski himself.

On the morning of the 14th I received a telegram couched in these

in handed him the music which I had

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in which we take a first place. This week you'll secure on his trousers before turning over the the first pick of a very special line of Sable and Mink leaves with a glagerly thumb and fore Scarfs and Muffs. First choice is worth dollars to you, if

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It was too late to go back, however. I J. J. NIGHTINGALE & CO. Opposits Fire Hall. 266 Queen St. West.

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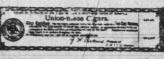
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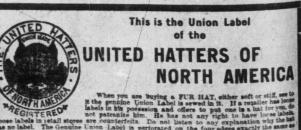
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Confident the path will yet be lighted.

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Editor Toiler: Kindly allow me a little space in your paper to make a few mecessary statements regarding an article which appeared in your issue of Sept. 18, entitled i Criticisms of Trade Unions' (by one who, etc.). This

intention of having it appear as a should be appeared by the fitte I had given to the article as a should be appeared by the appearance of Unionism.

"Some Problems of Unionism." A should be appeared by the appearance of the appearance while I may justly claim sympathy with the efforts

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