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

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counts will be glad to see you" he co

down upon the master so indifferently, while the dog glared so viciously that

the land baron cried angrily:
"Why the devil don't you get out of
the way and call off that beast?"

The man pondered. "No one but the helr would give orders like that." he

said, so accustomed to speaking his thoughts in the solitude of the great

rooms that he gave way to the habit

Slowly the caretaker moved aside, the hound shifting his position accord-

ingly, and Mauville entered, gazing around with some interest, for the in-

terior of the manor realized the preten-

sions of its outward aspect. The floor of the hall was of satinwood and rose-

wood, and the mahogany wainscoting, extending almost to the ceiling, was black with age. With its rich carvings

the stefrway suggested wood, flotting in balustrades lifting up to the sup-

port of the heavy beams in the ceiling.

The furnishings were in keeping, but dust obscured the mirrorlike surface

of the malogany tables, the heavy dra-peries were in need of renovation, while a housewife would have viewed

with despair the condition of brass and

tries and pictures, well nigh defaced,

but worthy, even in their faded aspect, of the brush of Sir Godfrey Kneller,

ajamin West and the elder Peale. Having casually surveyed his new some, the heir was reminded of the

need for refreshment after his long journey and, turning to the caretaker, asked him what there was in the house. The servant smoked silently as though deeply considering this momen-

tous question, while the rear guard maintained unabated hostility between the man's firmly planted feet. Then

abruptly, without removing his pipe, the guardian of the manor ejaculated:

be shown to the library, where he would have these outlandish dishes

"Shortcakes and oly-koeks." The other laughed, struck his knee with his light cane and demanded to

"This must be the heir."

"Then I shall sleep on down. I haven't had a chance"—with a sigh—"to damage my conscience lately. But when I strike civilization again"-and Susan shook her head eloquently to conclude her sontence. "Oh. yes; if beds depend on conscience, boughs would be feathers for me tonight," with which half laughing, half defiant nclusion Susan tripped to the charot, pausing a moment, however, to cast a reproachful glance over her shoulder at Saint-Prosper before vanishing in the cavernous depths of the vehicle of

Her departure was the signal for the dispersing of the party to their respective couches. Now the fire sank wer, the stars came out brighter, and ally up the beavens, taking a brief but comprehensive survey of the habita-tions of mortals, and then, as if satisfied with her scrutiny, sailed back to the horizon and dropped out of sight.

CHAPTER VIII.

HORTLY after the departure of the strolling players from the tavern Mauville summoned his servant and ordered his equito and fro in the dining room. dismantled of the stage, by very ontrast to the temporary temple art turned his thoughts to the players. The barrenness of the room smote him acutely with the memory of those peranness, and he laughed ironically to himself that he should thus revert to them. But as he scoffed inwardly, his eyes gleamed with viracity, and the sensations with which he had viewed the young girl night after night were What was one woman ost to him? bis egotism whispered. He and parted from many as a gormand leaves one meat for another. Yes; but she had not been his, insipuated van-ity; another had whipped her off before

"Why the devil didn't you tell me be as going with turm." be demanded the landlord while settling his ac-

"He-who?" asked the surprised inn-"That adventurer you have been har-boring here. How far's he going with them?"

I don't know. The night after the performance I heard the manager ask

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rance play."

emperance play." sneered Mau-"Temperance play!" sneered Mau-ville. "The fool's gone with them on account of a woman."
"I did think he was mighty attentive be one of the actress's," said the land-lord reflectively. "The one with them melting eyes. Purty good looking! Quiet

and ladylike, too! So be's gallivanting her? Well, well, I guess actresses be all alike!

"I guess they are," added the heir savagely. "And this one took me in." he thought to himself. "Holding me off and playing with him, the jade!" Then he continued aloud, "Where are they

going?"
"Didn't hear 'em say," answered the other, "and I didn't like to appear too You didn't?" returned Mauville iron-

leally. "You must have changed lately."
"I don't know as I understand you
quite." teplied the laudlord with sudand display. "But here's your carriage and your things are all on. I guess von-

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AS ALDERMAN FOR 1904

"Where are the oly-koeks?" ex-Election, Jan. 1st (New Year's Day The watchman pointed to a great dish of dark blue willow ware pattern. "Oh, doughnuts!" said Mauville. "You POLLS GLOSE AT 5 P.M.

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bottle in delight, for when the cork was drawn a fragrance filled the musty

corked with marked solicitude.

man, Ten Breecheses, or whatever he is called, is at once cook and house-keeper. Although I don't think much of his bousekeeping," ruminated Mauville as he observed a herculean spider weaving a web from an old volume of Giraldus Cambrensis, antiquary, to the classical works of one Joseph of Exeter. There is a strong sympathy between wine and cobwebs, and Mau-ville watched with increasing interest the uses to which these ponderous tomes had sunk-but serving the blood-thirsty purpose of the nimble architect evolving its delicate engineering

oly-koeks are not bad. I suppose this

A great blundering fly had just bobbed into the net, and the spider, with hideous, carnivorous zest, was scramnued, not resisting a parting shot.
"Curse the tenants." muttered the bling for it when the guardian of the manor returned with the family solicit-or, a little man who bore in his arms a guest in ill humor, as he strode from the tavern without more ado.

He was soon on his way, partly for bundle of papers, which after the cus-tomary greetings he spread upon the table. He helped himself to a glass of getting his vexation in new anticipa-tions, and traveling with spirit to his burgundy and proceeded forthwith to enter into the history of his trust. destination, which be reached late that

Mynheer the patroon, Mauville's pred-cessor, a lonely, arrogant man, had the ponderous knocker, shuffling foot steps were finally heard within, the door was opened a few inches and held tenaciously to the immense tracts of land acquired in the colonial days by nominal purchase. He had never married, his desire for an heir being the gleaming teeth of a great, gaunt dog were thrust into the opening, fol-lowed by an ominous growling. Maudiscounted by his aversion for the other sex, until as the days dragged on he found himself bedridden and childville sprang back a step; the snarling resolved itself into a yelp as some one unceremoniously dragged the canine back; the door was opened wider and a brawny figure, smoking a long stemmed less in his old age. Unfortunately the miser cannot take his acres into paradise, and the patroon, with many an inward groan, cast about him for some remote relative to whom he would pipe, barred the way. The dog. but-partly appeased, peered from behind the man's sturdy legs, awaiting hostilireluctantly transfer his earthly here-ditaments. These were two-one a man tles. The latter, an imperturbable Dutchman, eyed the intruder askance. of piety, who prayed with the tenants when they complained of their lot; the other, Mauville, upon whom he had smoking as impassively in his face as one of his ancestors before William the Testy. From his point of vantage on the threshold the caretaker looked never set eyes.

When the earliest patroons had made known to the West India company their intention of planting co.onies in New Netherland they had issued attractive maps to promote their ccloui-zation projects. Among those who had been lured to America by these enticing advertisements was an ancestor of Edward Mauville. Incurring the pleasure of the governor for his god-less views, this Frenchman was sent to the pillory, or whipping post, and his neighbors were about to cast out the devil of irreverence in good old fashioned manner when one of the governor's daughters interceded, estied off the handsome miscreaz?, and, such was her imperious way, married him. He was heard in after years to aver that the whipping would have been bargain," muttered the beir as he casu-the milder punishment; but, be that ally surveyed the ancient deed and as it may, a child was born unto venturesome and graceless character. deserted his home, joined hands with some ocean rovers and sailed for that pasture ground of buccaneers, the Carlbbean sea. Of his subsequent history various stories may be found in the chronicles of New Orleans and Louisi-

have any pretensions to the estate was a reverend gentleman who had been a missionary among the Indians, preach ing from a stump, and called Little Thunder by the red men because of his powerful voice, a lineal descendant of the Rev. Dr. Johannes Vanderklonk, the first dominie of the patroons, who served for 1,000 guilders, payable in meat or drink, twenty-two bushels of wheat and two firkins of butter. He saved the souls of the savages, while the white men cheated their bodies. Now and then, in those early days, the children of the forest protested against this evangelizing process and carried off the good dominie to the torture stake, where they plucked out his finger nails, but he returned with as much zest to his task of landing these simple souls in paradise as those who employ-ed him displayed in making an earthly

"And bring with them, Mynheer Olykocks, a bottle of wine," be continued.
"At the same time chain up the dog.
"At the same with such hungry hostility that, gad, I believe he's an antirentthat been dropped from the modern swallower believe it.

"At the same time chain up the dog.

When by this shrewd system the savon the desert air." said the patroon on the desert air." said the patroon grimly to that disappointed worthy. Few Indians, Greasers an' dudes; but I "What's the use of tenants who don't never believe it. Mauville was ushered into a large room where great leather bound volumes filled the oak shelves to the celling. The caretaker turned and the celling that the caretaker turned and the celling that the celling th ing. The caretaker turned and with echoing footsteps slowly departed, followed by his faithful four footed relainer. It is true the latter paused, swung half around and regarded the laim to look up the life, deeds and characteristics.

landowper with the look of a suiky and rebellious tenant, but, summoned by a stern "Oloffe!" from his master, the here it is," waving a roll of "This I did," said the lawyer, "and here it is," waving a roll of papers be-

dog reluctantly pattered across the hardwood floor.

In surveying his surroundings the land baron's attention was attracted by a coat of arms deeply carved in the massive wood of the bookcase—on a pupil of the brilliant Jesuit, Abbe massive wood of the bookcase—on a saltire sable, a Beur-de-lis or. This head of heraldic flowers appeared to interest Mauville, who smiled grimly. "From what I know of my worthy an-cestors," he muitered, "and their pro-Moneau. Item: Morals; Exhibit A, the affair with Countess — in Paris, where he was sent to be educated after

pensities to orev on their cellow men,
a storage say a more fitting devicewould be that of Lovett of Astwell;

Gules, three wolves passant sable, in Pleased with his own humor, he threw himself upon a couch near the window, stretching himself luxuriously. Soon the man reappeared with the refreshments and a bottle of old fash-loned, substantial girth, which he unthe damaging facts, thinking doubtlessly how traits will endure for generations—aye, for agos, in spite of the plilory! The while Little Thunder was
roaring petitions to divinity by his bedside, as though to bluster and bully the
Almighty into granting his supplications. The patron glanged from his know where the family lawyer lives? Have my man drive you to his house and bring him here at once."

As the caretaker again disappeared the heir bent over the curiously shaped a coin still somewhat in use in Amer-ica. This be flipped thrice.

"Blessings on the ancestor who laid down this wine" he muttered "Mar "Ro his ghost wander in to sulff it! There time. "Roue or sham?" he said the first

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the second time.
"Devil or pharisee?" he cried the

third time. He peered over the coin and sent for his attorney. His soul passed away, mourned by Little Thunder until the will was read, when his lamentations ceased. He soundly berated mynheer the patroon in his coffin and refused to go to his burying. Then he became an ardent antirenter, a leader of "bolters," a thunderer of the people's cause, the devoted enemy of land barons in general and one patroon in particular, the

foreign beir to the manor.

"But let him thunder away, sir." said Scroggs soothingly. "The estate's yours now, for the eld natroon can't come back to change his mind. He's buried sure enough in the grove, a dark and sombrous spot as befitted his disposi-tion, but restful withal. Are, and the marble slab's above him, which reminds me that only a month before he took to his bed he was smoking his pipe on the porch when his glance fell upon the lifting stone. Suddenly he strode toward it, bent his back and raised it a full two inches. 'So much for age!' said he, scoffing-like. But age heard him and now he lies with a stone on him he cannot lift, while you, sir," to his listener deferentially, "are sole helf to the estate and to the feud." "A feud goes with the property?" re-

marked Mauville carelessly. "The tenants object to paying rent," place you on the defensive. This maid-replied Scroggs sadly. "They're a sorry on vintage, just springing into glorious

en vintage, just springing into glorious womanhood, comes over you like a "Evade their debts, do they?" said springtime dream." the land baron languidly. "What pre-sumption to imitate their betters! That Scroggs.

"She is not in the scroll you prethe land baron languidly. "What prewon't do. I need the money."
"They claim the rights of the land

lord originated in fraud"-"No doubt"—yawning—"my ancestors were rogues!"

"Oh, sir," deprecatorily. out," interrupted Mauville listlessly, "if you have to depopulate the coun-

Having come to an understanding with his client, the lawyer arose to take his departure.

"By the way," he said obsequiously, selecting a yellow, well worn bit of paper from his bundle of documents. self. It is the original deed for all these lands from the squaw Pewasch. You was see they were acquired for a few shillings' worth of 'wet and dry goods' and seventeen and a half ells of duf

"The old patroons could strike a rare then, folding it, placed it in his breast

"A vast principality," added the so-licitor, waving his hand toward the fields and meadows far in the distance.

CHAPTER IX.

AVING started the wheels of justice fairly moving, with Scroggs at the throttle, the new land baron soon discovered that he was not in consonance with the great commoner who said he was savage enough to prefer the woods and wilds of Monticello to all the pleasures of Paris. In other words, those rural delights of his forefathers, the pleasures of a closer intimacy with nature, awoke no responsive chord in Mauville's breast, and he began to tire be-fore long of a patriarchal existence and crullers and oly-koeks and playing the fine lord in solitary grandeur.

To further add to the land baron's

day," that all important day in the olden times when my lord's door had been besieged by the willing leasebeen besieged by the willing lease holders, cheerful in rendering unto. The pen may be mightier than the Cæsar what was due Cæsar, seemed to sword, but you can't make the sword have been dropped from the modern swallower believe it

"What's the use of tenants who don't never killed a human

That evening when the broad meadwhat evening when the broad meadwas were injundated by the shadow of
the forest that crept over it like an incompare that the lend become adverse

on to the football team this fall. the forest that crept over it like an in-coming tide the land baron ordered corporations on the lights for every room. The manor shone in isolated grandeur amid the gloomy fields, with the forest wall gloomy fields, with the forest wall around it; radiant as of old, when strains of music had been heard within and many figures passed the windows.

Strains of music had been heard within and many figures passed the windows. road regarded with surprise the un-

ual illumination.
"What does it mean?" asked Little Thunder, for it was he, waiting and watching as without the gates of para

where he was sent to be educated after the fashion of French families in New Orleans; Exhibit B"—

"Spare me," exclaimed Mauville, "Life is wearisome enough, but a blography"— He shrugged his shoulders. "Come to your point."

"Of course, sir, I was only trying to grary out his instructions the second of the space of beer the patroon had been a veritable bat for darkness; a few candles an-swered bis purpose in the spacious "Of course, sir, I was only trying to earry out his instructions, the same, sir, as I would carry out yours!" with an ingratiating smile. Whereupon the attoriev told how he had furnished the patroon this roll and fastened it to his bed so that he might wind and unwind it, perusing it at his pleasure. This the dying man did, sternly noting the damaging facts, thinking doubtlessible how traits will endure for genera-

side, as though to bluster and builty the Almighty into granting his supplications. The patroon glanced from his pensioner to the roil, from the kneeling man to the prodigious list of peccadillos, and then he called for a shilling.

The patroon glanced from his pensioner to the roil, from the kneeling baron and Seroggs, a surveyor's map between them and a dozen bottles around them. Before Mauville stood around them. several glasses containing wines of various vintages, which the land baron compared and sipped, held to the light and inhaled, after the manner of a

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"Rake or hypocrite?" he exclaimed connoisseur sampling a cellar. He was induly dignified and stately, but the

attorney appeared decidedly groggy. "Lord! How you go on!" exclaim Scrogs. "What with sampling this and sampling that, my head's going round like a top. If there's anything in the cellar the old patroons put down we haven't tried, sir, I beg to defer the sampling. I am of the sage's mind-'Of all men who take wine, the moderate only enjoy it,' says Master Bacon

"Pass the bottle!" answered the oth-"Gently, man! Don't disturb its repose, and remember it discalns the perpendicular."

So will I soon," muttered Scroggs. "I hope you'll excuse me, sir, but that last drop of Veuve Cliquot was the whipcord that started the top going, and, on my word," raising his hands to his hend, "I feel like holding it on to keep it from spinning off."

"Spinning or not, you shall try this vintage"—the young man's eyes gleam-ed with such fire as shone in the glass —"and drink to Constance Carew!" other, desperately swallowing the

"A balsamic taste, slightly piquant, but agreeable," he observed. "A danger-ous wine, Scroggs! It carries no warning. Your older kind is like a world

'Who - who is she?' muttered

pared for my lamented kinsman, eh? No title, man; not even a society lady. A stroller, which is next door to a vagrant."

"Well, sir, she's a woman, and that's "It the tenants don't pay, turn them enough," replied the lawyer. "And ut," interrupted Mauville listlessly, my opinion is it's better to have nothing to do with 'em."

With this sententious remark Scroggs gave a sudden lurch forward and quietly and naturally slid under the table

window, which he lifted, and the night air entered, fanning his hot brow. The leaves on high rustled like falling rain. The elms tossed their branches, striking one another in blind As he stood there the stars grew

pale. The sky trembled and quivered before the advent of morn. A heavy footstep fell behind him, and, tur-he beheld the carctaker. "Not in bed yet. Oly-kocks?" cheer-fully said the land baron. "I am just up.

koeks: no life, no variety. Nothing going on!" The servant glanced at the formida-

ble array of bottles. "And he calle this a quiet life!" thought the care taker, losing his impassiveness and blewing the table with round eyed

'Nothing going on?" he said aloud. "Mynheer the patreon complained of too much life here, with people taking farms all around. But, if you are duly, a farmer told me last night there was company of stroiling players in Vanderdonkville"-

To be Continued.

Every new force is born of a new idea. The only aim that some people seem to have is to live within a stone's throw of other people who occupy glass houses.

pay? Playing at feudal lord in modern Fond Mother—What does Henry say in

Mrs. De Style-That complexion wash But now there was light and not life. But I am going away, and you must tell and a solitary antirenter on the lonely me how to make it."

"Certainly,"
"What are the ingredients?"
"Soup and wafer."

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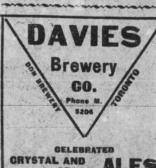
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