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

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CHAPTER IV his height a conspicuous figure in the O well advertised in the village gathering. bad been the theatrical compa-"I don't exactly know, Ezeklel," re-

ny and so greatly had the crusade against the play and play-ers whetted public curiosity that on the evening of the first performance every bench in the dining room-auditorium -of the tavern had an occupant, while in the rear the standing room was filled by the overflow. Upon the counter of the bar were seated a dozen or more men, including the schoolmaster, an itinerant pedagogue who "boarded around" and received his pay in farm products, and the village lawyer, at-tired in a claret colored frock cost. who often was given a pig for a re-tainer, or knotty wood, untit for rails. From his place well to the front the

owner of the private equipage surveyed the audience with considerable amusement and complacency. He was fastidlously dressed in double breasted waist-coat of figured silk, loosely fitting trousers, fawn colored kid gloves, light pumps and silk hose. Narrow ruf-fes edged his wristbands, which were fastened with link buttons, while the lining of his evening coat was of im maculate white sath. As be gazed around upon a scene at once novel and incongroous he took from his pocket a little gold case bearing an ivory miniaand, with the eyes of his neigh-bent expectantly upon him. extracted therefrom a small white cylin-

"What may that be mister?" in quired an inquisitive rustic, placing his band on the other's shoulder.

The latter drew back as if resenting that familiar touch and by way of an-ower poised the cylinder in a tiny holder and deliberately lighted it, to the emazement of his questioner. Cigarettes were then unknown in that part of the state, and the owner of the coach enjoyed the dubious distinction of being the first to introduce them

The lighting of the aboriginal American eignrette drew general attentior to the smoker, and the doctor, not a man of modern small pills, but a lib-eral dispenser of calomel, jainp, castor oil and quinine, whispered to the land

Azeriah, who might he he?" "The heir of the patroon estate, Ezesiel, I found the name on his trunss, Edward Mauville."" "Sho! Going to take possession at

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the manor ?"

the manor?" "He callates to, I gness, ef he can." "Yes; ef he can." significantly re-peated the doctor. "So this is the for-rign heir? He's got wristhands like a woman and hands just as small. Wears gloves like my darter when she cose to meeting house. And sik socks! goes to meeting house. And silk socks! Why, the old patroon didn't wear none and corduroy was good enough im, they say. Wouder how the or him, they say. barn burners will take to the slik socks. other stranger. Azeriab icating with his, thumb the soldier. standing against a window case-

shone in her glances, defiant ried impersonations, from the lightness though willing, lotty though humble, joyous though shy. It did not know how it happened as

The play jogged on its blithesome course to its wonted end, and the well pleased audience were preparing to group and voices were singing: leave when Barnes, in a drab jacket "There he stands, the booby and trunks trimmed with green ribbon bows, came forward like the clown in the circus and addressed the "good people.

"In the golden age," said the father of Juliana. "great men treated actors like servants, and if they offended, their ears were cut off. Are we in brave America returning to the days when they tossed an actor in a blanket or they tossed an actor in a binket or gave a poet a biding? Shall we stiffe an art which is the purest inspiration of Athenian genius? The law probibits our performing and charging admis-

sion, but it does not debar us from taking a collection if"-with a bow in which dignity and humility were ad-.rably mingled-"you deem the la-borer worthy of his hire?" This movel epilogue was received

with laughter and applause, but the audience, although good natured, contained its proportion of timid souls who retreat before the passing plate. The rear guard began to show faint signs oralization when Mauville sprang of di to his feet.

"I am not concerned about the ethics of art." he said lightly. "but the ladies of the company may count me among their devout admirers. I am sure," he added, bowing to the manager with ready grace, "if they were as charming in the old days, after the lords tossed the men they made love to the women."

"There were no actresses in those days, sir." corrected Barnes, resenting the flippancy of his aristocratic auditor.

"No actresses?" retorted the beir. "Then why did people go to the thea-ter? However, without further argument, let me be the first contributor. "The prodigal!" said the doctor in an aside to the landlord. "He's holding up a piece of gold. It's the first time ever patroon was a spendthrift!" But Mauville's words, on the whole,

furthered the manager's project, and the audience remained in its integrity. while Balthazar, a property belinet in hand, descended from his palace and trod the alsies in his drab trunk hose and purple cloak, a royal mendicant, in whose pot soon jingled the pieces of silver. No one shirked his admission fee, and some even gave in excess. The beimet teemed with riches. Once it had saved broken heads, now It repaired broken fortunes, its proper ties magical, like the armor of Pallas. "How did you like the play. Mr. Saint-Prosper?" said Barnes, as he ap-

proached that person. "Much, and as for the players," a gleam of humor stealing over his dark

features, "'peerless' was not too Your approbation likes me most,

my lord." quoted the manager, and passed quickly on with his tin pot in a futile effort to evade the outstretched hand of his whilom helper. Thanking the audience for their generosity and complimenting them on their intelligence, the self constituted lord of the treasury vanished once more behind the curtain. The orches tra of two struck up a negro melody, the audience rose again, the women lingering to exchange their last innocent gossip about prayer meeting or about the minister who "knocked the theologic dust from the pulpit cushions in the good eld orthodox way." when some renegade exclaimed, "Clear the room

laughing encouragement from the young women, whose feet already were

the minister who robbed the king who robbed the people. A happy thought that, turning the helmet into a collec-tion box. It tided us over, it tided us be stood there watching her, but the next moment he was imprisoned by the

as clean as the pans in the kitchen and

hearty maids not averse to frisk and

But now in the face of the manager's

a hopefulness ill warran.ed

buoyancy at the success of a mere ex-

by his short purse and the long future

before him, the young man's manner changed from one of indifference to friendliness. If not sympathy, for the

oversanguine custodian of players. Would the helmet, like the wonderful

was emptied? Or was it but a make-

EPAL

"To the success of the temperance drama!

porarily elated, was not oblivious to the precarious character of "free perform-

dramatists hereabout, unless," jocu-larly, "you are a Tom Taylor or a Tom

Robertson in disguise. Are you sure you have never courted the divine muse? Men of position have frequent-

"Quite so. I was expelled for writing

"Well." retorted Barnes drrelevantly,

To be Continued.

The megazines that have been zealously searching for the "secret of success" will observe that it consists in getting the other fellow's money without giving

him an equivalent. Provide for the worst-the best will

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Where are you going

ly been guilty of that folly, sir

"Was it successful?"

satire."

save itself.

The manager's next remark

frolic in wholesome rural fashion

Saint-Prosper returned the manager's "There he stands, the booby! Who glance in kind. Barnes' candor and simplicity were apparent antidotes to will have him for his beauty? Who? His eye swept the group-the the other's taciturnity and constraint merry, scornful glances fixed upon bim; the joyous, half inviting glances; the During the country dance the soldier had remained a passive spectator, disred lips parted as in kindly invitationwho? His look kindled. He had playing little interest in the rustic merrymaking or the open glances cast upon him by bouny lasses burned in the sunlit fields, buxom serving maids

made his selection, and the next moment his arm was impetuously thrown around the actress' waist "Kiss her quick and let her go!" Amid the mad confusion he strove to

obey the command, but a panting voice murmured "No, no!" a pair of dark eyes gazed into his for an instant, defantly, and the pllant waist slipped from his impassioned grasp; his eager lips, instead of touching that glowing cheek, only grazed a curl that had be come loosened, and before he could re peat the attempt she had passed from pitcher, replenish itself as fast as it his arms with laughing lips and eyes. "Play fair!" shouted the lads. "He

shift? should 'kiss her quick and let her go.' ' seemed a reply to these queries, denot "Oh, let her go first " said the others. "'Kiss her quick.'" reiterated the ing that Barnes himself, although tem bors

"He can't now." answered the girls. The voices took up the refrain, "Don't you muss the ruffles, O!" and the game went on. The old clock gossiped gleefully, its tongue repeating as plainly as

"Let her go!-ho!-bo!-one-twothree Three o'clock! Admonishingly rang out the bour, the jovial face of the

clock looking sterner than was its wonth It glowered now like a preacher in his pulpit upon a sinful congregation. Enough of snap and catch 'em, whough of Hull's Victory or the opera peel; let the weary fiddler descend trota the bulrush chair, for soon the touch of dawn will be seen in the eastern sky! The merrymaking began to wane and already the sound of wagow wheels rattled over the log road away from the tavern. Yes, they were sing-ing, and as Hepsibeth leaned her head on Josiah's shoulder they uplifted their voices in the good old orthodox hymn. "Come. Ye Sinners." for thus they courted and worshiped in olden times. "Good night, every one!" said a sweet

voice, as Constance passed caimly on with not a ruffle mussed. "Good night." answered the patroon, ances," with voluntary offerings. "What we need." continued the man-ager, "is a temperance drama. With a sparkle in his eyes. "I was truly a what intemperate eagerness would the people flock to see it! But where is it "What can you mean?" she laughed.

"There's many a slip 'twixt-ilp and lip!" exclaimed Susan. to be found? Plays don't grow on bushes even in this agricultural dis-trict. And I have yet to discover any With heightened color the young girl

turned, and as she did so her look rest ed on the soldier. His glance was cold, almost strange, and, meeting it, she half started and then smiled, slowly mounting the stairs. He looked away, but the patroon never took his eyes from her until she had vanished. Afar, rising and falling on the clear air,

"But once." answered the other in the same tone; "at college, a political sounded the voices of the singers: "Praise God from whom all blessings" Praise him all creatures here below."

It. and finally, softer and softer, until the melody melted into silence: "Praise him above, ye heavenly h-o-s-i"-"One good turn deserves another."

said Barnes to Saint-Prosper, when Su-san and Kate had likewise retired. The greenroom is a fashi rendezrons. Where are you san and Kate had likewise retired. rendezions. Where are you going "Follow me, sir-to the kitchen! No And what-if I may ask-is your busi questions, but come!"

CHAFTER V.

Jerusha's shawl straightway fell from her shoulders. Hannab's bonnet was whipped from her bead. Nathaniel pansed on his way to the orbit. KEEN observer might have no-ticed that the door of the inn pansed on his way to the stable yard to in the audience had stolen cautiously bring out the team, and a score of will- but repeatedly in and out of the cullbring out the team, and a score of will-but repeatedly in and out of the cul-ing hands obeyed the injunction amid nary apartment while the dancing and other festivities were in progress. The itinerant pedagogue was prominent in tapping the floor in anticipation of the these mysterious movements, which Virginia reel, Two Sisters, Hull's Vic-fory or even the waitz "lately imported er being askew and his disposition to



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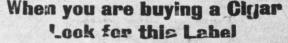
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plied the landlord regretfully. "Not that I didn't try to find out." he added hon-

estly. "but he was so close I couldn't

get nothing from him. He's from Paris, France; may be Louis Philippe himself

cause I seen his likeness in the mag-

"Might be the dolphin, then," sug-

"Dolphin" retorted the other con-

There hasn't been no dolphin since the

'a' been," said the landlord vaguely. From mouth to mouth the informa-

tion gleaned by the village doctor was

"Ob. I didn't-know but there might

"There ain't no dolphia.

gested the boniface. "He's so mighty

turned the doctor, with

he ain't Louis Philippe." re-

decision.

for all I know.

mysterious."

emptuously.

azine

Came forguest and uddressed the "good

circulated. Speculation had been rife ever since the demise of the last pa-troon regarding his successor, and, although the locality was beyond the furthermost reach of that landholder, their interest was uone the less keen. The old muster of the manor had been like a myth-much spoken of, never scen without the boundaries of his acres-but the new lord was a reality. creditable creation of tallor, hatter, nosier, cobbler, which trades had not flourished under the old master, who bought his clothes, cap and boots at a country store owned by himself. Anticipation of the theatrical performance was thus relieved in a measure by the presence of the heir, but the delay incident to a first night on an impro-vised stage was so unusual that the audience at length began to evince signs Finally, however, when the land-

lord's daughter had gazed what seemed to her an interminable period upon the lady and the swan, the lake and the greyhound, painted on the curtain, this picture vanished by degrees with an exhilarating creaking of the rollers and was succeeded by the representa-tion of a room in a cottage.

Kate was Volante-not Tobin's Voned out of her own characteristics; supine, but shapely;

heavy, but handsome; slow. but spe-clous Susan. with hair escaping in

roguish curis beneath her little cap,

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Election, Jan. 1st (New Year's Day

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nly Three Aldermen are to be Elected the coming y ar

WARD No. 5 1904

Your Vote and Influence for the Election of

PETER B.

WHYTOCK

As Alderman.

her taper waist encompassed by a page's tunic, the trim contour of her Daily a tunic, the trim contour of ner fighter frankly revealed by her vest-ment, was truly a lad "dressed up to cozen" any lover who preferred his friend and his bottle to his mistress. Merry as a sand boy, she danced about in russet boots that came to the knee. lithe and lissome in the full swing of **Union** Men immunity from skirts, mantle and petticoats. ee ti at the LABEL is on the BREAD you se. Lawrence's Bread, which is pure and balances, lears this label. Conscious that his identity had been divined and relishing perhaps the ef-LAWRENCE BROS.

fect of its discovery, the young patroon gazed languidly at the players until the Phone Main 2837 38-40-42-44 UENISON AVENUE entrance of Constance as Juliana, when he forgot the pleasing sensations of elf thought in contemplation of the actress. He remarked a girleb form of much grace attired in an attractive gown of white satin and silver, as be-1904 WARD 5 1904 ame a bride, with train and low, shimmering bodice, revealing the round arms and shoulders, which arose, ivorylike, in whiteness. Instead of the cus-tomary feathers and other ornaments of the period, specified in the text of the play, roses alone softened the ef-fect of her dark hair. Very different she appeared in this picturesque Span-ish attire from the lady of the ane, with the coquettish cap of muslin and its "brides." of strings. The light that burned within shone

No. 5 1904 from her eyes, proud yet gay; it inrked in the corners of her month, where gravity followed merriment as slience follows laughter when the brook sweeps from the purling stones to the deeper pools. Her art was unconscious of itself and scene succeeded scene with a natural charm, revealing unexpected resources, from pathos to sor-row, from vanity to humility, from corn to love awakened. And when the transition did come every pose spoke skirts. Joyous, merry, there was no of the quickening heart; her move hint now in her natural, girlish ways ments proclaimed the golden fetters; of the capacity that my within for va-

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from the Rhine." A battered Cremona appeared like magic, and

In his shirt of check and tallowed hair The fiddler sat in his bulrush chair. while "'Twas Monnie Musk in busy

feet and Monnie Musk by heart"-old fashioned "Monnie Musk" with "first couple join right hands and swing." "forward six" and "across the set." an nest dance for country folk that only left regrets when it came to "good Light for aye to Monnie Musk," al-though followed by the singing of "Old Hundredth" or "Come. Ye Sin-ners, Poor and Needy," on the home-

ward journey. In the parlor the younger lads and ses were playing susp and catch 'em and similar games. The portly Dutch clock gazed down benignly on the scene, its face shifting good humoredly like the round visage of some comfort-able burgher. "Green grow the rushes, O!" came from many merrymakers. "Kiss her quick and let her go!" was followed by scampering of feet and laughter, which implied a doubt wheth er the lad had obeyed the next injunc-tion. "But don't you muss her ruffle, O!" Forming a moving ring around a young girl, they sang, "There's a rose in the garden for you, young man." A rose indiced, or a rosebud, rather, with ruffles he was commanded not to "muss," but which nevertheless suf-

fered sadly. Among these boys and girls the patroon discovered Constance, no longer to the life a duchess," with gown in keeping with the "pride and pomp of exalted station." but attired in the simple dress of lavender she usually wore. though the roses still adorned her hair. Shunning the entrancing waits, the inspiring "Monnie Musk" and the cotillon, lively when set to Christy's melodies, she had sought the more juvenile element, and when seen by the land bar on was circling around with futtering

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cut a dash not by declining Greek verbs, but by inclining too attentively toward Miss Abigail. a maiden lady with a pronounced aversion for frivol-

The cause of the schoolmaster's frol icsome deportment was apparent to the soldier when he followed Barnes into the kitchen, where in a secluded cor ner near the hospitable oven. In the dim light of a tallow dip, stood a steaming punch bowl. A log smoldered in the fireplace, casting on the floor th long shudows of the andirons, while a swinging pot was reflected on the cell ing like a mighty eclipse. Numerous recesses containing pans and plates that gleamed by day were wrapped in

vague mystery. Three dark figures around the bowl suggested a scent of incantation, especially when one of them threw some bark from the walnut log on the coals and the flames sprang up as from a pine knot and the eclipse danced among the rafters overhead, while the pot swung to and fro.

As the manager approached the bowi-the trio, moved by some vague, im-pelling impulse, locked arms, walked toward the side door, crossed its thresh-old in some confusion, owing to a unan-imous determination to pass out at one and the same time, and went forth into the tranquil night, leaving Barnes and Saint-Prosper the sole occupants of the kitchen. The manager now helped himself and his companion to the bererage, standing with his back to the tiny forks of flame from the shagbark. His face expanded with good fellow ship: joviality shone from his eyes beaming upon the soldler, whom he un consciously regarded as an auxiliary "Here's to our better acquaintance. be said, placing his hand with little ceremony on the other's shoulder, billposter!" Ruising his our

billposter!" Raising his cup. "You gathered them in"-"And you certainly gathered in the contents of their pockets." "A fair robbery." laughed Barnes, "as Dick Turoin said when he robbed

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