By FREDERIC S. ISHAM.

Author of "Under the Rose"

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CHAPTER XVI

rushing: hastily entered carriages, of which there was a limited supply, and were whisked off over the rough col-

blestones which constituted the princi-

what a unique hostelry it was! "Set

burg." commented a chronicler in 1846.

"and you would think it a palace; in Boeton, and ten to one you would

christen it a college; in London, and it

of the American tavern, the primitive

inn. instituted for passengers and way

faring men; the development of the to the metropolitan botel, of the rural ale room to the palatial sa-

"What a change from country hos-

the company were installed in commo-

Beneath the porch and reception hall

cluded he must be some one of no slight importance. This gentleman was

Voltairean in type, his hair scanty, his dress elegant and his satirical smile

like the "flash of a dagger in the syn-light." He was inspecting his bouffion with manifest distrust, adjusting his

eyeglass and thrusting his head close to the plate. The look of suspicion deepened and finally a grimace of tri-

The walter hurried off with the of-

"This sauce is not properly prepared.

A 64.00 . M.

spoiled in the importation!"

"The worst meal I've ever had " starve in this place. These truffles,

"What do I care about your paraffin?

Constable!" screamed

Conceiving it better to be gone withsteamed the packet bearing the company of players to New Or of the'r honorable intentions. Barnes was about to lasty the borses when Kate suddenly exclaimed: "Where's Constance?

"Isn't she inside?" asked the maneral bustle and confusion; burried; disembarked, rushed about for the luggage, because every one else was ager quickly.

'No; she isn't here."

"Oh. I sent her back to get some-thing for me I had forgotten." spoke up Mrs. Adams, "and she hasn't repal pavements of the city.

The hotel was finally reached, and

"Sent her back!- Madam, you have ined everything!" burst out Barnes "Mr. Barnes. I won't be spoken to

"Child, indeed"-

querulous words were not uttered, for as the manager was about to leave the box in considerable perarbation there, gazing down upon nem at a window next to that occu-ted by the landlord, stood Constance!

For a tippet or a ruff or some equally wretched frippery, carelessly left by the old lady, all their plans for deliverance appeared likely to miscarry.

Presumably Constance, turned from her original purpose by the noisy alter-cation, had hurried to the window, where now the landlord perceived her nediately availed himself of the advantage offered.
"So one of you is left behind," he

shouted exultantly. "And it's the lead-ing lady too! I'll take care she stays until after a settlement. I'll stop you yet! Stealing away in the middle of the night, you—you vagabonds!"

His voice, growing louder and louder, ended in a shricking crescendo. Disheartened, there seemed no niterna-tive for the players save to turn back and surgender unconditionally. Barnes breathed a deep sigh; so much for a tippet! Their dash for freedom had been but a sorry attempt! Now he saw visions of prison bars and uttered a groan when the soldier, who was riding his own horse, dashed forward eath the window and stood upright bis stirrups.
"Do not be afraid, Miss Carew," he

Fortunately the window was low and the distance inconsiderable, but Barnes held his breath, hoping the bazard would deter her.

"Do not, my dear!" be began.
But she did not hesitate. The sight of the stalwart figure and the strong arms apparently reassured her, and she stepped upon the sill.
"Quick!" he exclaimed, and at the

"Quick!" be exclaimed, and at the word she dronped into his upstretched arma. Scarcely had she escaped, however, before the landlord was seen at the same window. So astonished was be to find her gone surprise at first held him speechless; then he burst into a voiley of oaths that would have shamed a whaler's master.

"Come back!" he cried, "Come back gravity and seriousness attending so momentous an investigation.

"You are blind!" exclaimed the old

engeful imprecation.

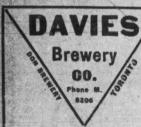
Holding Constance before him, the

soldier resumed his saddle. "Drive floating in the bouillon, and there another he cried to Barnes as past the chariot sped his horse with its double "archipelago of Greece!" This wittle

fending dish, and the old man looked immensely satisfied over the disturb-Dominion Brawary ance he had created. "Well has it been said." thought the manager. "that the destiny of a nation depends upon the digestion of its first minister! I wonder what he'll do Company Malsters was rejected, the guest keeping up a TORONTO, ONT. running comment: PORTAR This saind is not well mixed. I shall

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WM. ROSS, Manager



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Abominable, abominable—idiot of a waiter—miserable piace, miserable and this dyspepsia

Thus running on, with snatches of caustic criticism, the old gentleman shambled out, the waiter holding the door even for him and howing obse-

Barnes to the waiter. "Is he stopping

"No. monsieur. He has an elegant house near by. The last time he was here he complimented the cook and praised the sauces. He is a little-

what you call it?—whimsical?"
"Yes; slightly inclined that way. But is he here alone?"

'He is, monsieur. He loses great sums in the gambling rooms. He keeps a box at the theater for the season. He is the marquis a prince—a great lord".

"Even if he calls you "liar" and "blockhead?" "Oh, monsteur," displaying a silver

dollar with an expressive shrug of the shoulders, "this is the—what you call it?—balm." Still grumbling to himself, the maronis reached the main corridor, where the scene was almost as animated as in the bar and where the principal topic of conversation seemed to be horses and races that had been run or

were about to be run. Sitting mordily in a corner with lega-crossed and but upon his knee, was a young man whose careless glance wandered from time to time from his cigar to the passing figures. As the marquis would remind you of an exchange." It represented at that day the evolution slowly hobbled along, with an effort to appear alert, the young man arose quickly and came forward with a conventional smile, intercepting the old obleman near the door.
"My dear M. le Marquis." be exclaim-

ed effusively, "it is with pleasure I see you recovered from your recent indis telries!" soliloquized the manager after

"Recovered!" almost shricked the "I'm far from recovered. marquis. I'm worse than ever I detest congratulations, monsieur: It's what a ly-ing world always does when you are extended the large barroom, where several score of men were enjoying their liquors and lunches, and the hum on the verge of dissolution."
"You are as discerning as ever," mur-

of conversation, the clinking of glasses and the noise made by the skillful mixer of drinks were as sweet music mured the land baron, for it was Edward Mauville. "I'm not fit to be around. I only to the manager when shortly after he strode to the bar. "becau."
"Why, it's Utopia," thought Barnes. fatal." came out"-with a sardonic chucklebecause the doctors said it would be "Every one is happy!"

But even as he thus ruminated his

"Surely Tou do not desire"-"To show them they are impostors?

glance fell upon an old man seated Yes.' at a table whom the waiters treated "A with such deference the manager conpleas "And does New Orleans continue to please you?" asked the other, with some of that pride southerners entertained in those days for their queen thin, wrinkled and worn, with a face city.

"How does the exile like the forced land of his adoption?" returned the no-bleman trritably. "My king is in exile. Why should I not be also? Should a stay there, herd with the cattle, call every skipjack 'citizen' and every clod she were a duchess?' "There is, indeed, a regrettable tend-

umph illumined his countenance as he ency to delfy common clay nowadays," assented the patroon soothingly. Walter, waiter, do you see that soup?" he almost shouted.
"Yes, M. le Marquis," was the hum-

"Why, your 'citizen' regards it as ondescension to notice a mun of condition!" said the marquis violentiv. "Look at it well!" thundered the old "When my king was driven away by gentleman. "Do you find nothing ex-traordinary about it?" the rabble the ocean was not too broad to separate me from a swinish civilization. I will never go back. I will live there no more!

"That is good news for us," returned the land baron.

"Your politeness almost reconciles me to staying." said the old man more af-fably. "But I am on my way to the What do you say to a rubber?" "You are blind!" exclaimed the old nan. "See there: a spot of grease

CHAPTER XVII.

O the scattering of the antirenters by the rescue party that memorable night at the manor the land baron undoubtedly owed his safety. Beyond reach of per-sonal violence in a neighboring town, without his own domains, from which be was practically exiled, he had sought redress in the courts, only to find his hands tied, with no convincing clew to the perpetrators of these outrages. On the patroon lay the burden of proof, and he found it more discult Course after course that followed than he had anticipated to establish satisfactorily any kind of a case, for alibis blocked his progress at every

At war with his neighbors and with little taste for the monotony of a north-ern winter he bethought bim of his native city, determined to leave the locality and at a distance wait for the turmoil to subside. His brief dream of the rehabilitation of the commonwealth brought only memories stirring bim to restlessness. He made inquiries about the strollers, but to no purpose. The theatrical band had come and gone like gypsies.

Saying a sthing to any one except scroggs, to whom he intrusted a load of litigation, he at length quietly departed in the regular stage until he reached a point where two strap rails proclaimed the new method of convey-ance. Wedged in the small compartment of a little car directly behind a smoking monster, with an enormous chirancy, fed with cord wood, he was borne over the land, and another puffing marvel of different construction carried him over the water. Reaching the Crescent City some time before the strollers, his progress expedited by a locomotive that ran full twenty miles an hour, the land baron found among the fatest floating population, comprised of all sorts and conditions, the Marquis de Ligne. The blood of the "Oh. M. le Marquis"—clasping bis patroons flowed sluggishly through the hands in despair—"they were preserved in melted paraffin." being. After learning the more impor Never mind anything more, waiter, I tant and not altogether discreditable could not eat a mouthful. What is the circumstances about the land baron's bill? Very well, and there is some successors—for if every gentleman were thing for yourself, blockhend." whitpped for godlessness how many

"Thank you, M. le Marquis," defer striped backs would there be?-the "The worst meal I've ever had! And Subscribe for The Toiler.

marquis, who declined intimacy with Tom. Dick and Harry and their bonest

of the liquid consolation before him, more than analous that everyone might which seemed to brighten his spirits.

the ranks of the well barn angels. But the population are in abject poverty. I for an accident I should now be a 1897 the statistics of the United Kin.

To be Continued.

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SINGLE TAX.

Sunday last was the banner day for al. butchers, bakers and candlestick makers of forefathers, permitted an acquaintance that accorded with his address from Louis F. Post, of Chicago, quaintance that accorded with his views governing social intercourse.

"This is a genuine pleasure. M. le Marquis." observed the land baron suavely when the two found them selves seated in a card room with brandy and soda before them. "To meet a nobleman of the old school is indeed welcome in these days when New Orleans harbors the refugees of the world, for, strive as we wilk outsiders are creeping in and corrupting

the world, for, strive as we will outsiders are creeping in and corrupting
our best circles."

Muttering something about, "bourgeoisic-epicier," the nobleman partook
of the lively covalation before him. "If my doctor could see me now! and understand it. I will ke he she to bolts! Quacks!"
"It's a good joke on them," said Manville ironically.

"It is a good joke on them," said Manville ironically. ville ironically.

"Isn't it? They forbid me touching stimulants. Said they would be fatal! Impostors! Frauds! They baven't concentration of wealth without an equal concentration of potenty, and there is a labor problem. You cannot have a great concentration of upsterity and there is a labor problem. stimulants. Said they would be fatal! Impostors! Frauds! They baven't silled me yet."

"I have been north to look after certain properties left me by a distant relative, peace to his ashes!" observed Mauville.

"My dear sir, I congratulate you!" exclaimed the nobleman enthusiastically.

"Thanks! But I came near joining the ranks of the well barn angels. But for an accident I should now be a cherub of quality"

"And low, monsieur, did you escape such a felicitous fate?"

The land baron's face clouded.

"Through a swanger, a Frenchman, a silent faciturn fellow, more or less an adventurer, I take it. He called himself Saint-Prosper"

1897 the statistics of the United Kingdom showed but one-third of one per cent. of all the land, leaving eight naine and two-thirds per cent. You have but to look around you it you want to never the see poverty. The assertion that the people are better off than they were decades back is not correct or just. The 

"How did he deviate from the line of duty?" asked Mauville, with in creasing interest and an engerness his creasing interest and an engerness bis is a necessity, but it can be used to distinguistic manner did not disguise. "A sin of omission or commission?"

"Eh? What?" mumbled the old nobleman, staring at his questioner and on a sudden becoming taciturn. "A family affair!" he added finally, with dignity. "Not worth repeating! But what was he doing there?"

"He play islund a strailing hand of the complete for a man, is one-sided ness. Now, what is profits? I can well understand interest on labor or machines a surplus and some one appropriated it that had not earned it, I claim then there is an injustice being performed. In the what was he doing there?"

"He had joined a strolling band of players." said the other, concealing his disappointment as best he might at his companion's evasive reply.

"A Saint-Prospes necome an actor!" shouted the marquis. "Le anger again breaking forth. "Has he not already draaged an honored name in the dust? A stroller! A player!" The marquis fairly gasped at the enormity of the offense. For a moment he was speechless and then asked feebly, "What take they were enjoying was in making millionaires. The few have ridden the many. The labor problem is ten men for nine jobs. Nine men for ten jobs, then it is solved. One man out of a job then it is solved. One man out of a job then it is solved. One man out of a job then it is solved. One man out of a job then it is solved. One man out of a job then it is solved. One man out of a job then it is solved. One man out of a job then it is solved. One man out of a job then it is solved. One man out of a job then it is solved. One man out of a job then it is solved. One man out of a job then it is solved. One man out of a job the indicate the many struggle for awhile updated the many. The labor problem is ten men for its problem. E. J. HENRY General supply Merchant of the land and mines would find opportunities for his labor. Labor is mobile, and nature is the best nas.er. There are only two questions, labor and land, and the monopolizing of the land is the cause of the labor problem. Land in the United States is scarce, made scarce by being held. When in New York alone the population is but a single person to the acre. The land value of New York alone, that is for the opportunity to build upon it, is twice the value of the whole of Canada. Tax land so that it will be unprofitable to hold. Tax land value and not labor through improvements. J. G.

The land value of the whole of Canada. Tax land value and not labor through improvements. J. G.

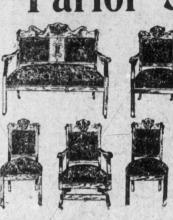
DISGUSTED DETECTIVE.

DISGUSTED DETECTIVE.

The following communication speaks largely for itself, and shows the disgust of one of those creatures whom the employers use upon occasions to delve into the secrets of trades unions. This individual has been in the employ of one of those beautiful institutions known to modern trade unionists as the nest of traitors and spies, and one would be inclined to believe that the treatment he received must have been of a very low order to disgust a man low enough to spy upon his fellows while being one of their associates. We cannot offer him our sympathy, because we believe he is getting his just deserts. The letter was received by the business agent of the Machinists, and is offered herewith as a warning to all those contemplating a like sort of action. This is what he says:

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ther wouldn't keep you home—the bargains were more of a magnet than deep snow and storm was a hindrance, and that is why the second day of the Sale shows one of the biggest one day in any special sale we've

ever had. We give you credit for being quick to know values and to take advantage of chances to save money & and this is a reason for big trade. Special mention of Parlor Suites.

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3-piece Parlor Suite, in polished mahogany fir ished frames, with ma hogany veneered backs and hand carved; they are covered in assorted colors of silks, February Sale price.... 28.75 -piece Parlor Suite, in polished mahogany finished frames, uphol-

stered in best assorted silk covers, frames very nicely 33.50 carved, February Sale price..... -piece Parlor Suites, upholstered seat and backs, buttoned borders, are mahogany finish, February Sale price.....

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288 Welsely, 5. Jan. 1964.
Dear Sir and Bro.—Reply to your left of the Go. L. I see from my pass-book I am only two months in arrestra, and we have I for sealing the paid October fees into the London only keep a machinist III they are alead; I have decided to quit the trade alorg scheme, Frees of work has prevented my only keep a machinist iII they are alead; I have decided to quit the trade alorg scheme, Frees of work has prevented my only keep a machinist, heckness they excelled the feet of the machinist, heckness they excelled hand to decide the proposal of the state of the month of the month of the month of the state of the month of th

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