

THE TOLLER

Official Organ of the Toronto District Labor Council. Published Weekly in the Interests of the Working Masses.

Vol. IV. No. 6

TORONTO, JANUARY 15, 1904

Price 50 Cents Per Year

THE HOME SAVINGS & LOAN COMPANY

75 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

In Business as a Savings Bank and Loan Co. Since 1880.

"THE HOME BANK OF CANADA."

Assets, \$3,000,000.00.

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OPEN 7 TO 9 EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT.

JAMES MASON, Managing Director.

The Walking Delegate

FOUNDED ON FACT.

By James Simpson.

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SOUP HOUSES AND HARD TIMES

Judge Says Stealing is No Crime—Police Court Scenes.

Cincinnati, Jan. 10.—At the Vine St. Congregational Church this evening, the pastor, Herbert S. Bigelow, discussed the return of hard times, taking for his text scenes in the local police court. He said in part:

"Hard times and free soup houses are with us again. Every day for months has brought us reports of factories closed and wages reduced. Despite the demagogue's assurance of continued prosperity, the depression which has been predicted is here. The ugly facts cannot be concealed even by the papers which have been preaching for so long that hard times is a Democratic malady."

Our daily papers are beginning to read like the history of ancient Rome. The hungry mob clamors for bread, and the political bosses vie with each other in their ostentatious charities. Here, for instance, is a news item:

"Councilman Michael Mollen, of the Eighth Ward, Wednesday morning established a free soup house at 43 E. Front street. It was instantly surrounded by poverty-stricken people, with baskets, broken-spout coffee pots, bottles and tin cans to carry away solid provisions, soup and coffee."

The condition of the unemployed has become so desperate and threatening so epidemic that our machinery of justice, which is usually so relentless in the prosecution of little criminals, has broken down. In our police court, we have had the remarkable spectacle of the callous slouch of the law pleading for the accused, and the judge, grown merciful, dismissing acknowledged thieves whose hunger drove them to crime.

Here is a scene in this court. A man is on the stand who has been caught with stolen bread. The officer who arrested him is called as the prosecuting witness. His address is the judge. But, behold! this lawyer abandons his role of sleuth. He speaks as a man and a brother. Listen:

"Judge, there are nearly two hundred people down there who are starving. This man Jones is a workman and not a thief. He was going to share what he stole with the others. To prevent worse crimes, such as burglary, we must arrest these men. They are out from three o'clock in the morning for what they can find to eat. A loaf of pork was stolen Monday morning, and the grocer told us not to look for it. Lord knows, they need it," he told us. In the buildings at 315, 320 and 322 there are many who have not a cent and who have nothing to eat."

What is the judge's reply to this politician's plea for mercy? The judge is not a preacher. Perhaps he is not a church member. He is a politician. He is a member of the "gang." Possibly he is worse than many he sends to prison. It is not without heart, and this is his verdict:

"The stealing of bread under such circumstances is no offence."

Another prisoner is arraigned. This is Charles Stevens, a white man. The night before he had gone to the jail, said he was out of work and hungry, and begged to be locked up. What crime has he committed? None. He is here to ask the judge for the privilege of being sent to the kitchen as a criminal. The judge says:

"You may go to jail, and when the sun begins to shine warm enough, go to the jailer and tell him you wish to be released. I will pocket him as your request."

Later the judge addressed a body of city officials before whom he defended these strange decisions. "Why," said he, "nearly every morning at one and two o'clock policemen on their beats find men picking potato peelings out of ash barrels. Why, gentlemen, even I would not hesitate to fracture one of the ten commandments if placed in this position."

A preacher's Confession.

And now listen to the words of a preacher who visited the politician's soup-house: "It is a sad picture. I have been studying this problem of human misery for 500 years at your own request."

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IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH.

If the trades and labor unions of Canada were to adopt the motto, "In union there is strength," and apply it to the ballot box at election time in the same way as they do when they decide to go on strike for higher wages and shorter hours, what could they not do?

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With every \$ Grocery Order, or 24 lbs. for One Dollar without Orders.

10c. New Pink Salmon for 7c.
12c. New Pink Salmon for 10c.
15c. New Red Salmon. very best, 12c.
1,000 lbs. Good Evaporated Peaches, per lb. 7c.
15c. Boxes New Table Figs for 10c.
30c. Packages Black or Mixed Tea 22c.

Fancy Dairy Butter, 1 lb. prints, 20c.
Gold Seal Creamery, best made, 23c.

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124 Queen West (Cor. Hackney)

J. J. CLARKE, Proprietor

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and then besides our prices are very close.

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The Taylor Hat & Fur Store

F. W. O'CONNOR, 632 Queen St. West

PATENTS FEATHERSTONHAUGH & CO

TORONTO, CANADA.

BEGIN RIGHT!

No man likes to make mistakes. Many do who get their clothing "a yard place" and you will find it better to call here and get your goods and style.

THE PRICES ALWAYS RIGHT

D. G. DOUGLAS & CO.

Custom Tailors 346 QUEEN WEST

STAR THEATER

Monday, Jan. 18th SAM DEVERE

And His Company

The greatest attraction of Vancouver talent and starting novelty and sensational features ever gathered together in one show. Presenting

School of Love and Bunch of Daisies.

PRINCESS THREE THEATRE NIGHTS

Commencing

THURSDAY, JAN. 21st

ROBERT HILLIARD

Don't you see that if you continue to Spend All You Make you will be Poor—All Your Life.

A Savings Account at the Bank of Toronto, King and Bathurst Streets Branch will help you to Save Money.

J. BRASS

556 Queen St. West

Carries a complete line of

Men's Furnishings

Everything Up-to-date

Don't Forget the Number

It is near Bathurst St.

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Meetings

RESS FEEDERS No. 1. 187 Marlborough Ave. Wednesday. Strathcona.

MIN. No. 34. Miss Jean... Meetings 4th Mon. Building.

ING TRADES ESSEBRO, No. 153. Frank... Queen St. West. Meets

ELLANEOUS OF LEATHER WORK... C. Hogarth, 45 Nassau

OWERS ASSOCIATION... Joseph Williams, 77

WAGON WORKERS... H. Hungerford, 25 E. 14th

ASSOCIATION... 142 Queen West

WAGONS... 142 Queen West

SUNDAY MEETINGS Under auspices of THE SINGLE TAX ASSOCIATION

Grand Opera House SUNDAY, JAN. 17th Dan. Board, of New York in a CHALK TALK

LABOR WORLD News and Views of the Ever Advancing Army of Workers

Hamilton Garment Workers' local 256 has an eye to business...

The Federated Trades and Labor Council of Quebec at a recent meeting...

The Hamilton Herald says: The program of the Hamilton Union at St. Louis...

Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue Gives Admirable Speech on the Subject.

The Free Press lial was well filled on Saturday afternoon by a gathering of workers...

Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue has done for the workingmen of Canada what he has done for the workers in this city...

The labor correspondent, after having perused John Mitchell's book, "Organized Labor," can say it is one of the best...

The Dally Trade Record takes umbrage at Cardinal Gibbons' sermon on sweatshops...

In addition to placing a series of six new signs in the cars of the principal cities in the United States...

The Herald is in receipt of a paper published in Haverhill, Mass. which is somewhat interesting...

The Kingston newspapers are persistent in declaring the strike at the locomotive works off...

The Boot and Shoe Workers' Union at St. Louis, Mo. was formerly in connection with the Boot and Shoe Workers' International Union...

During the interview of the Toronto labor leaders with Hon. Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior...

There is a set of men in this city that need organization very badly...

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As a result of Cardinal Gibbons' recent sermon on sweatshop clothing...

The paper mentions no less than 100 trades unions, and favors the opportunist in preference to the idealist...

The Federated Trades and Labor Council of Quebec at a recent meeting recommended the taking of steps to have a representative of the council upon the Board of Trade...

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In addition to placing a series of six new signs in the cars of the principal cities in the United States...

The Herald is in receipt of a paper published in Haverhill, Mass. which is somewhat interesting...

The Kingston newspapers are persistent in declaring the strike at the locomotive works off...

The Boot and Shoe Workers' Union at St. Louis, Mo. was formerly in connection with the Boot and Shoe Workers' International Union...

During the interview of the Toronto labor leaders with Hon. Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior...

There is a set of men in this city that need organization very badly...

There is a set of men in this city that need organization very badly...

THE TOLLER

Examples of Perfect Clothes. If you want to know what smartly dressed men will wear this season, ask to see Gough Brothers Smart Clothes Union Made.

GOUGH BROS. 186 Yonge Street 6-8 Queen St. West TORONTO.

BOOTS AND SHOES. Our Fall stock is now complete. We have Boys' Solid School Boots from \$1.00

HOCKEY BOOTS. Every Variety, All Stayed, No Stitching. From 15 to \$3.

DEMAND THIS LABEL ON ALL YOUR PRINTING. ALFRED PRINTING TRADES UNION COUNCIL

SOCIALIST CRITICISM. Of the Article on Their Action in Last Week's Paper.

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Dr. Carson's Tonic. Stomach and Constipation Bitter. Have long been recognized as the sovereign remedy.

THE STROLLERS

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

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"Strollers" exclaimed Mauville, wheeling around. "What are they called?"

"Lord, I don't know, sir. They show folks, and that's all." "Do many strolling players come this way?"

"Not for weeks and months sometimes! The old patron ordered the school to arrest them if they entered the wye."

"The Vanderdonkville in the wye?" asked the land baron quickly. "No. It was separated from the wye when Rickett Jacobus married."

"Never mind the family genealogy! Have the coach ready at 9." "Tonight?"

"This morning," replied Mauville lightly. "And meanwhile put this to bed, indicating Scroggs, who was now smiling like a bagpipe, with one arm looped round a leg of the library table."

"The caretaker hoisted the attorney on his broad shoulders, his burden still piping as they crossed the hall and mounted the stairway. Having deposited his load within the amazing depths of a Dutch feather mattress, where he lay well alighted to sleep, but not unheeding the watchman of the steyn left him to well earned slumber and descended to the kitchen."

"At the appointed hour the land baron, freshly shaven, not a faded line in his face and elastic in step, appeared on the front porch, before which his carriage was waiting."

Little Thunder was too spry to be caught by even a pursuing bullet. CHAPTER X. THE show troupe has come to town," said the tall, lank postmaster to every one who called, and the words passed from mouth to mouth, so that those who did not witness the arrival were soon aware of it.

Punchinello and his companions never attracted more attention from the old country peasants than did the chariot and its occupants as the day after their night in the woods they passed through the main thoroughfare of the village where they were soon to appear.

Dashing as in review before the rank and file of the village, the coach, with an extra flourish, rattled up to the hotel, a low but generous sized edifice, with a wide, comfortable veranda, upon the railing of which was an array of boats and behind them a number of disconsolate looking tenesters.

"You want to register, do you?" said the landlord in answer to Barnes' inquiry, as the latter entered the office. "We don't keep no register, but I guess we can accommodate you, although the house is rather full with the fellows from the ark, or," he added, by way of explanation in answer to the manager's look of surprise.

"Philadelphia freight wagons, I suppose you would call them. But we speak of them as arks, because they take in all creation. Them's the occupants making a Mount Ararat of the porch. They're downhearted because they used to liquor up here and, now they can't, for the town's temperance."

"I trust, nevertheless, you are prepared for a season of legitimate drama," suggested Barnes. "The town's for lectures clear through," he answered. "They've been making a big fuss about show folks."

The manager's countenance did not fall, however, upon hearing this announcement; on the contrary, it shed forth inscrutable satisfaction. No sooner were they settled in far from commodious quarters than preparations for the future were seriously begun, and now the drama proceeded apace, with Barnes the moving spirit, despite his assertion that he was no scholar, the manager's mind was the storehouse of a hundred plays, and in that depository were many bags of gold and many bags of chaff.

From this accumulation he drew freely, frankly, in the light fingered fashion of master playwrights and lesser theatrical thimble riggers. Before the manager was a table—upon which were scattered miscellaneous articles, symbols of life and character. A stately satirical representation of the leading lady, a pepper box, the irascible father, a rotund mustard pot the old woman, a long, slim cruet the ingenue, and a pewter spoon the lover.

commodious platform, which now served the purpose of a stage, and—note-worthy circumstance—there were gas jets for footlights, the illuminating fluid having at that early date been introduced in several of the more progressive villages. Between the acts these yellow lights were turned low, and, running with the current of popular desire, the orchestra, enlarged to four, played by special request "The Old Oaken Bucket."

The song had just sprung into popularity, and in a moment men, women and children had added their voices to the instruments. It was not the thrill of temperance fanaticism that stirred their hearts, but it was the memories of the old pioneer home in the wilderness; the rail splitting, road building days; the ancient rites of "raisings" and other neighborly ceremonies, when the farmer cut up with cradle and thrashed it out with his fall; when "butter and eggs were pin money" and wheat paid the storekeeper.

"How solemnly they take their amusements in the north, Mr. Barnes!" exclaimed a voice in one of the entrances. "What a contrast to the south—the wicked south!" The manager turned sharply. "We are mere servants of the public, Mr. Mauville."

"And the public is master, Mr. Barnes! How the dramatic muse is whipped around! In Greece she was a goddess, in Rome a hussy, in England a sprightly dame, now a straight-laced aristocrat. But you have a recruit, I see?"

"You mean Saint Prosper?" "Yes; and I can hardly blame him under the circumstances," murmured the land baron, at the same time glancing around as though seeking some one. "Circumstances! What circumstances?" demanded the manager. "Why, the pleasant company he finds himself in, of course," said the visitor easily. "Ah, I see Miss Carey. He added, his eye immediately lightening, and must congratulate her on her performance. Cursed dusty hole, isn't it?"

Brushing himself with his handkerchief as he moved away. "What business has behind the scenes anyway?" grumbled the manager. "Dusty hole, indeed! Confound his impudence!" But his attention being drawn to the pressing exigencies of a first night, Barnes soon forgot his irritation over this unwarranted intrusion in an unlighted spot, the land baron measurable crossed to the side of the stage, where he had observed the young girl waiting for the curtain to rise on the last act. As she approached Mauville, who stood motionless in an unlighted spot, the pale glow played upon her a moment, white on her neck, in sheen on the folds of her gown, and then she stepped into the shadow, where she was met by a tall figure, with hand eagerly outstretched.

"Mr. Mauville!" she exclaimed, drawing back at the suddenness of the encounter. His restless eyes held hers, but his greeting was conventional. "Did I not say the world was small, and that we might meet again?"

"Of course, we are always meeting people and parting from them," she replied unconcernedly. He laughed. "With what delightful indifference you say that! You did not think to see me again?"

"I hadn't thought about it," she answered frankly, annoyed by his persistence. "I am unfortunate," he said. Beneath his free gaze she changed countenance, the shadow of a rose had touched her face. "You are well?" he continued. "Yes."

"You are piqued," he said, watching her skeptically. "Not at all," quickly, started by his blunt accusation. "Not a little jealous?" he persisted. "Jealous?" Then, with a frown, hesitatingly: "Well, she is given prominence in the plays and—"

"You would not be subordinated if she were not in the company? Apart from this, you are fond of her?" The foot ceased its tracing and rested firmly on the floor. "I hate her!" snapped Susan, angered by this baiting. No sooner had she spoken than she regretted her outburst. "How you draw one out! I was only joking, though she does have the best parts and we take what we can get."

"But she's a lovely girl!" concluded the land baron. Susan's eyes flashed angrily. "How clever of you! You twist and turn one's words about and give them a different meaning from what was intended. If I wanted to catch you up—"

"A truce!" he exclaimed. "Let us take each other seriously hereafter. Is it agreed?" She nodded. "Well, seriously, you can help me and help yourself."

"How?" doubtfully. "Why? Be allies?" "Mutual service." "Oh!" dubiously. "A woman's best?" "No," with affirmative answer in her eyes. He believed the latter. "We will seal the compact then." And he bent over and kissed Miss Susan on the lips. She became as rosy as the flowers she carried and tossed him playfully with them.

"For shame! La! What must you think of me?" "That you are an angel." "How lovely! But I must go." "May I see you after the play?" "Yes." "Do not fall me or the soldier will transfer his affections to you!" "If he dared!" And she shook her head defiantly as she slipped away. "Little fool!" murmured Mauville, his lips curling scornfully. "The one is a pasture; the other—he paused and caught his breath—"a passion!"

But he kept his appointment with Susan, escorting her to the hotel, where he bade her good night with a lingering pressure of the hand and ordered his equipage to the door. "Hail'd you better wait until morning?" asked the surprised landlord when the young patron announced his intention of taking an immediate departure. "There are the barn burners, and traveling at night?"

"Have they turned footpads?" he was the light reply. "Can't I drive through my own lands? Let me see one of their thieving faces!" And he made a significant gesture. "Not ride at night! These Jacobins shall not prevent me."

Barring the possible danger from the horseholders, who were undoubtedly ripe for any mischief, the journey did not promise such discomfort as might have been expected, the coach being especially constructed for night traveling. On such occasions there is a large cushion adapted to the purpose, which in this way converted the interior of the vehicle into a sleeping room of limited dimensions. With pillows to neutralize the jarring, the land baron stretched himself indolently upon his couch and gazed through the window at the crystalline lights of the heavens, while thoughts of leaseholders and barn burners faded into this air.

He gave a gasp, and then, the vehicle having meanwhile vanished, a desperate spirit of bravado replaced her momentary apprehension. She even laughed nervously as she waved her handkerchief in the direction of the coach had taken. "Bon voyage!"

But as the words fell from the smiling lips her eyes became thoughtful and her hand fell to her side. It occurred to Susan she would be obliged to divert suspicion from herself. The curling lips straightened. She turned abruptly and hastened toward the town. But her footsteps soon lagged and she paused thoughtfully.

"If I reach the hotel too soon," she murmured, "they may overtake him." So she stopped at the wayside, attracted by the brilliant cardinal flowers, humming as she plucked them, but her and soon finding around gnat-like, she absently thought came to her that the bright autumn blossoms were red, the hue of sin, and she threw them on the sward and unconsciously rubbed her hands on her dress. Still she lingered, however, vaguely mindful she was adding to her burden of ill doing, but finally again started slowly toward the village, hurrying as she approached the hotel, where she encountered the soldier on the veranda. Her distressed countenance and haste proclaimed her a messenger of disaster.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" she exclaimed excitedly. "Where is Mr. Barnes?" "What is the matter, Miss Duran?" suspecting very little was the matter, for Susan was nothing if not all of a twitter. "Constance has been carried off!"

"Carried off!" He regarded her as if he thought she had lost her senses. "Yes, abducted!" "Abducted! By whom?" "I did not see his face!" she gasped. "And it is all my fault! I asked her to take a walk! Oh, what shall I do?" wringing her hands in anguish that was half real. "We kept on and on—it was so pleasant—until we had passed far beyond the outskirts of the village. At a turn in the road stood a coach, a cloak was thrown over my head by some one behind—I must have fainted—and when I recovered she was gone." "Dear! Oh, dear!" To be Continued.

FREE AND INDEPENDENT WORKMEN. Of late, and especially since President Eliot, of Harvard University, characterized the seab as "the highest type of American hero," we have heard much about his friends and admirers have set themselves to the task of protecting him, from what they term the tyrannical influence of the trades union.

In one instance a clergyman, who had never been heard of outside his parish, gained momentary attention, through his effort to organize a non-union union of workmen, one of the interesting features of this proposed organization being the fact that its members would be bound to obey the provisions of their constitution and by-laws, so long as they remained members. Unfortunately, the reverend gentleman's organization had a natural death before it was able to discard its swaddling clothes, and at last report the clergyman had returned to his theology.

Let us discover this free and independent workman who has had his freedom of action curtailed and his welfare threatened by organized labor! Where can he be found? What injurious restrictions have been placed upon him? Has it reduced his wages or lengthened his hours of labor? Has it forced his children into the factories and workshops because of his inability to give them a decent school education? Has it caused him to work in proximity to dangerous machinery that had not been properly guarded? Has it forced him to labor where unsanitary conditions would sap his vitality and plant the seeds of disease? Has it placed him in an unprotected position when his employer made the bargain for his labor?

Let us look around. In our own trade the highest skilled members are to be found taking a most active part in the affairs of the organization, and the union member always receives higher wages and shorter hours of labor than his non-union fellow-craftsmen, except in rare cases, such as strikes, or when a firm temporarily advances the wage rate in an endeavor to curb the members' desire to organize; and this condition holds true in all other trades.

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When you are buying a Cigar Look for this Label

IT SIGNIFIES BEST WORKMANSHIP UNDER BEST SANITARY CONDITIONS

THE GREAT CHARITY.

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, TORONTO. It Takes Care of Every Sick Child in Ontario Who Cannot Afford to Pay For Treatment.

The Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, is not a local institution—it is Provincial. The sick child from any part of Ontario whose parents cannot pay for treatment has the same privilege as the child born within sight of its walls.

This is the reason that the Trustees appeal to the fathers and mothers of Ontario—for as their savings go out to help the Hospital so the Hospital's mercy can go out to help the children.

This is the 24th year of the Hospital's life. The story of the years is a wonderful one. In that period 10,000 children have been treated, and over 3,000 cured and 3,000 improved.

Of the 338 patients 293 came from 219 places outside of Toronto. In these years the patients from different parts of Ontario, viz. Toronto, average 250—nearly a third of the entire number.

Money kept from the Hospital is mercy kept from the children. Please send your contributions to J. Ross Robertson, Chairman, or to Douglas Davidson, Sec.-Treas., of the Hospital for Sick Children, College Street, Toronto.

Your money means mercy to somebody's child. Your money can cheer some mother's heart by saving some mother's child. Health and wealth. You give wealth to the Hospital, and the Hospital gives health to the children.

Toronto does its share in the good work, and the Trustees ask you to do yours. The Newspaper Proprietors of Ontario have kindly helped the Hospital by inserting our appeals.

There are two newspaper pots, and boys and girls from the country are placed in the cuts founded by the newspaper men. Look at the pictures of the before and after. They tell their own story—surely you will help us in this good work.

If you know of a sick child—the club for boy or girl—send his parent's name to the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto.

Please send your contributions to J. Ross Robertson, Chairman, or to Douglas Davidson, Sec.-Treas., of the Hospital for Sick Children, College Street, Toronto.

Health and Vigor depend upon the quality and quantity of the blood—"HUMERARIAN". The Liver is the great secreting organ of the body, and when it fails to perform its office, bile accumulates and the blood becomes poisoned, causing many unpleasant symptoms, such as: dull, heavy, lagging feeling, indigestion to attend to dull, pain in back of the head, sour stomach, constipation, dizziness of the skin, restlessness at night, etc.

Dr. Carson's Tonic. Stomach and Constipation Bitters. Have long been recognized as the sovereign treatment. These are made from the formula of an eminent Canadian physician, who has used the prescription in his practice for many years with most excellent results.

The Carson Medicine Co's TORONTO. 484 Queen St. W. Union Made Clothing. MEN'S OVERCOATS. MEN'S SUITS. MEN'S SHIRTS. MEN'S OVERALLS. MEN'S SUSPENDERS.

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Advertisement for Union Made Clothing, featuring men's overcoats, suits, shirts, overalls, and suspenders. Text includes "484 Queen St. W.", "Union Made Clothing", and "Lawrence Bros.".

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Vertical advertisement on the right edge of the page, containing various notices and small ads, including "Vol. IV.", "THE HOL...", "PAT...", "Ridout Hotel", "Anything", "The Way you", "Fall H...", "The Taylor", "Sign of the Bear", "PAT...", "BEGIN...", "D. G. DO...", "STA...", "SAM...", "THURSDAY", "HIL...", "J. I...", "Me...", "Fu...", "Don't F...", "READ THE TOILER'S NEW STORY."