

THE TORONTO

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

Vol. IV. No. 11

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 19, 1904

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The Dirty Work Under Socialism

By R. B. Stebbins in The Clarion.

For some time I have had on my mind a burden, a secret which I have so far shared with a few favored friends only. Lately I have been harassed with remorseful and obstinate questionings as to the honesty of my motives in so acting, and after much inward struggle, I have decided to unshackle my tongue and let the world know the truth of my statement, and to let the world know the truth of my statement, and to let the world know the truth of my statement.

"MY COURT"

Likely to be a Controversy as to Whom the Police Court Belongs.

At some period in the past history of the country there arrived on its shores the root of a family tree which has grown and multiplied and gathered unto itself of the riches that are largely distributed by the governments of this and even other lands in the shape of government grants, governments jobs, etc.

SPECIAL MEETING

The Toronto District Council held a special meeting in Richmond Hall on Saturday evening, February 20th. The meeting was called to order by the President at 8.10 and by motion formed itself into a committee of the whole. Delegate Glicking being appointed chairman. At 11 p.m. the committee arose and reported progress, and a request to be permitted to meet again.

Notice of Meeting

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of THE TOILER PUBLISHING CO. LIMITED will be held at the Office of the Company, 63 Adelaide Street West, on the afternoon of Saturday, Feb. 27th, 1904.

WHY IS THE ADD WHICH WAS IN THIS SPACE IN IT NO MORE?

For the Best Answer to this query in an article of 500 words a prize \$5.00 will be paid at this Office.

Contest Closes Feb. 21st, 1904.

The Nasmith Baking Company

IS UNFAIR TO ORGANIZED LABOR.

A London school headmaster was once consulted by a visitor on the large number of scholars who were pupils and a question was put as to the danger of producing so many clever boys and girls. "Ah! there will always be plenty of boys of good and bad character," he replied. "The good are still comparatively few compared with the dulls."

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The largest can and best Baking Powder on the market, absolutely pure, guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or no charge. Price only 14c.

Best Potatoes, smooth and dry, per peck, 15c.
Fancy Dairy Butter, one lb. Prints, 19c.
Choice Large Roll Butter, very fine, lb., 18c.
Very Best Cheese, lb., 15c.
3 doz. Large Juicy Lemons for 25c.
3 doz. Sweet Oranges for 25c.
Best Bread in the City large loaf, 8c.
10c. New Pink Salmon for 7c.
12c. New Pink Salmon for 10c.
15c. New Red Salmon, very best, 12c.
30c. Packages Black or Mixed Tea, 22c.

2 packages Maltin Vita	25	25c. bottles Olives for	18
2 packages Grape Nuts	25	Great assortment of Olives from 10c to 60c	25
2 large packages Noodle Raisins	25	Cross & Blackwell's 25c. Pickles	19
7 lbs. best Tapioca for	25	10c. packages Ammonia for 3 for	25
1 lb. best Rice for	25	6 large packages Noodle Washing Powder	25
1 lb. best new Beans for	25	This is the largest package and best Washing Powder made. Try it.	25
10 lbs. Wheatmeal for	25	65c. bag Choice Family Flour	54
10 lbs. Corn Meal for	25	40c. bag	34
8 lbs. Roller Wheat for	25	10 lbs. Graham Flour for	25
3 packages Rolled Oats for	25	3.50-cent bags Table Salt for	10
1 lb. 25c. Tea, Coffee or Cocoa	25	15 lbs. Cooking Salt for	10
3 large cans Baking Powder for	25	16 large Kistons for	10
4 ten-cent packages Corn Starch for	25	4 ten-cent packages Jelly Powder for	25
3 cans new Pink Salmon for	25	2 fifteen-cent bottles Extracts for	15
2 cans very best Red Salmon	25	10 bars best Laundry Soap for	25
1 lb. best Boiled Ham for	25	6 packages Paraffin for	25
3 cans new Oil Sardines for	25	1 quart choice Maple Syrup for	25
2 fifteen-cent cans French Sardines	25	3 five-cent packages Blue for	10
2 lbs. Fancy Mixed Biscuits	25	1 gal. best 40c. Vinegar for	25
1 lb. White Lead per lb.	10	1 quart best Cooking Molasses	9
1 lb. best Boiled Ham for	25	1 quart choice Maple Syrup for	25
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THE WORKER'S FRIEND

The greatest friend a workingman can have is a good life insurance policy. It will befriend him in his old age. It will take care of his wife and children should he die. There is no better company to place the policy with than The Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company. It guarantees "Positive Protection to Policy-Holders." Write for rates, giving your age next birthday to THE MANUFACTURERS LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. Head Office, Toronto, Canada.

But we do hope to abolish the dullness and ignorance which are due to starvation, overwork, and slum dwellings. We think it possible to develop, even out of the degenerate masses of to-day, a people intelligent and cultured and moral enough to know that useful and necessary work can never be shameful or degrading, and that the only shame is in shirking. By such the question, "What is to be the dirty work?" would never be asked.

SOME INTERESTING LETTERS.

We have often spoken of the way in which news are brought to this country by a system of misrepresentation. This is the sort of thing which the trades unions wish stopped by the introduction of a law making it a criminal offence to bring men here in this manner: Shipping and Information Office, Theatre Buildings, Westgate.

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Official Organ of the Toronto District
 Labor Council

THE TOLLER
 Published Weekly in the Interests of
 the Workers.

Subscription Price
50 CENTS A YEAR

PUBLISHERS
THE TOLLER PUBLISHING CO.
 LIMITED
 875 Adelaide St. West, Toronto
 JAS WILSON, Manager.

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 Copy for the reading columns of the paper should
 be addressed to the Editor.
 NOTICE: To secure publication Copy for Ad-
 vertising should be in the office no later
 than Wednesday noon.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 19th, 1904.
 Good-bye to trial by jury.
 Hate off to the Car of the Police
 Court.

The much-wanted Sam Thompson may
 have gone to the war.

The thorn in Teddy's side is removed
 by the death of Senator Hanna.

This weather is cold enough to freeze
 the thoughts of the most fiery editor's
 brain.

William Randolph Hearst could just
 about trim Teddy and his open shop
 policy.

The Forman of the Assessment De-
 partment is at large with the
 owner of the City Hall.

Poor Deputy Chief Stewart must feel
 the shock caused by his dethronement as
 King of the Police Court.

It would be interesting to know just
 what caused Magistrate Denison to alter
 his opinion of the union man.

A little war about this time would be
 highly appreciated, providing it contain-
 ed sufficient fire to warm up this climate.

The City Hall is not very old, but it
 will require means more powerful than
 the charwoman's mop to remove the cor-
 ruption in it.

"My Court," according to the Mani-
 festo's own words, is no longer a court
 of justice. It is justice as understood
 by a prejudiced judge.

This civic investigation is making a
 few people think the old constitution about
 right—"money lies in the head that wears
 a crown," or a civic office.

Socialists speak of "class conscious-
 ness," but it will take generations be-
 fore they can develop it to the degree
 that a Denison possesses class prejudice.

Every week brings forth a new feature
 of the invention. It has been used
 recently to prohibit the Typo. Union in
 Boston from paying its members strike
 benefits. Next.

The claim is not made for trades union-
 ism that all its members always do
 the right thing. But the claim is made
 that a greater average of its members
 are addicted to doing this than the mem-
 bers of employers' associations.

A fop, snob, prig, and dogmatic
 know-nothing is a legitimate object for
 other persons' humor, and generally is
 used as such. Yet they are attacked with
 themselves, in the deluged, what, then,
 must be the unspiteable ecstasy of Col.
 Denison when he as a magistrate quietly
 ignores the law and speaks in contempt
 of a class who more than half of the
 citizens belong and of later pass, an occu-
 pies as "my court." His award con-
 tempt must almost approach that said
 to obtain in Nervana.

A so-called union man died a few days
 ago in an eastern city where a prominent
 labor paper is published, whose editor
 did not do the courtesy of an obituary
 notice, and was called to account. He
 was equal to the occasion and explained
 to those "A union man who does not
 take his union paper as dead, anyway,
 and his mere passing away is of no news
 value to anyone."—Sam Landers. If
 the movement for better conditions for
 a union man has not enough interest
 for the movement of the best of news
 help it along through the very best me-
 dium, he has no right to expect that me-
 dium to chronicle the demise of a man who
 is only a "member of the union" and
 not a union man.

WAR.
 The echoes of the wars between Amer-
 ica and Spain and the British and Boer
 have scarcely died away before we receive
 the news that war has been declared be-
 tween Russia and Japan.

Now will be the opportune time for
 us as organized workers to take a look
 at war through the spectacles of common
 sense. We know that war is a legalized
 robbery from the programme of orga-
 nized workers and that the state is not
 so much the Church and State have not
 yet decided to leave war out of their
 programme that the Great Inheritor may
 accomplish the abolition of our great
 evils and armies by the use of the
 brotherhood of man which is the foremost
 principle advocated by the organized to-
 day. It is most important that we see
 to it that our bond of brotherhood be
 one of heart and not of pocket.

We are all willing to admit that the
 home is the foundation of the nation.
 In being the case, we must also admit
 that the thought of the home should be
 the thought of the nation.

In our home life we are thoroughly
 convinced that it is detrimental to the
 raising of the home to allow the
 children to be physically force loose
 on one another, and the father and
 mother, while they admire his physical
 proportions in their children are never
 backward in teaching them that this
 power must be restrained and used for
 the purpose of protecting the brother-
 hood instead of abusing each other by
 fighting.

The home also has brought all its in-
 fluence to bear on the laws of our land
 to expel the old-time custom of prize
 fights and to a very large degree we have
 almost abolished the right of men to
 meet in a ring in order to test their
 physical powers and prowess.

But in reference to the influence
 of the home has not yet been successful
 in persuading nations that their disputes
 and quarrels can be settled by arbitration
 instead of war.

If the thought of the home should be
 the thought of the nation it would be
 wise for any nation to try and find out
 what are the thoughts of the home. Un-
 doubtedly every home would agree with
 us that war is a great lesson for the
 mankind, when we read that Japan has
 declared war against Russia it simply
 means that the bridge has been taken
 from the physical force of the men of two
 great nations.

Japan, we are told, owes its rapid
 growth to one of her great reformers
 whose modern virtues are pleased to
 speak of as the "Japanese Garibaldi."
 This reformer, we are told, conceived the
 idea that if Japan was to grow into a
 great and powerful state must forsake
 her old customs and ideas and
 adopt those of the Western nations.

It is very questionable if there ever
 has been a time in the history of the
 world when the individual has enjoyed
 such a large degree of independence as
 he does today. Yet this individual in-
 dependence does not guarantee national
 independence as is witnessed in our
 great empire and sister republic, for while
 the individual may never have been
 as free as he is today, yet the nation
 has been as free as the great national
 debts that we carry naturally make us
 very poor from a national standpoint,
 and the difference between a nation and
 a wealthy individual with a large national
 debt and a nation where the wealth is
 more equally distributed among the in-
 dividuals and the nation itself having a
 large reserve fund.

enemy, then as a nation we should try
 and discover a method whereby the per-
 manent sustenance of the life of every
 individual can be assured. Here is a
 field of exploration where the great
 intellects of any nation, both of
 thinkers, scientist, statesmen, generals
 and rulers.

"Unless we see with all our advanced
 civilization discover a method of per-
 manent sustenance to the individual we
 cannot have permanency of the home and
 unless our home life is permanent our
 national life cannot be secure.

DEFENCE OF TRADES UNIONS
 At the Holland Society banquet at
 New York recently Mr. Jas. M. Beck, a
 trust attorney, went out of his way to
 attack trades unions and their methods,
 and as the speaker of the evening was
 W. J. Bryan, he accepted the opportunity
 of putting in a defence for the working-
 man, after speaking for some time on the
 subject allotted him, viz., "Peace."

"Mr. Bryan's defence of trades unions
 was as follows: "The gentleman here speaks
 of dangers we are to meet I feel like sug-
 gesting another danger which we are to
 meet which is greater than the danger
 from workmen who earn their living
 by the sweat of their brow. The danger
 is the corporations that plan to rob the
 stockholders and the public and defy the
 law."

"A greater danger than any labor or
 organization is the abridgment of elections
 with money, the buying of franchises and
 the corruption of government. These are
 dangers far greater than any labor or
 organization present to this country."
 "I found in Keynes a personal philo-
 sopher, who preached the gospel of love.
 He lives in a land that has nearly a mil-
 lion soldiers. They don't allow his doc-
 trine to be published in that country,
 and they persecute him for it. He is not
 allowed to bring his doctrines. Yet will
 they punish those who circulate his pam-
 phlets they dare not let the hands upon
 the man himself. It is the power of
 thought, of a righteous idea.

"If you ask me if there is any prin-
 ciple that shall bring peace in this coun-
 try, I answer it is 'love thy neighbor as
 thyself.' You can't bring peace by at-
 tacking the labor organizations, by
 the relations between Labor and Capital
 and conscience dictates and not as his em-
 ployer direct.

"The workman is entitled to a
 man's chance; to the right to develop his
 mind and the spiritual side of his being.
 If you drive him from his home in the
 morning to his bench and from his bench
 in the evening to his bed he has no
 chance.

"The audience was cheering at every
 sentence. Turning again to Mr. Beck,
 the speaker cried:
 "These men are American citizens, and
 a man who is fit to live for his country
 ought to be permitted to live for it.
 These are the people who are the
 wealth of the country. These are the
 people who make this country great.
 These are the people who do the toil for
 the nation."

THE DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH.
 Editor Toller: Is wealth a "distribu-
 tion"? By whom is it distributed?
 Who apportions it out to its several
 owners? Is it apportioned to labor as wages,
 to the capitalist as interest, to the land-
 owner as rent, to the manufacturer as
 profit, to the landowner as rent, to the
 other to his share, or is it apportioned
 to the whole of the net product would
 go to one class? Is it true that the pro-
 viding and controlling of capital and land
 are the means of a monopoly and con-
 sequently the wages of labor are deter-
 mined by the "minimum of subsistence"
 or what "the man with a hoe"
 can earn for himself on land free from
 taxes?

Today's organized labor do not accept
 these theories, however, for the simple
 reason that it is not true in fact, nor
 applicable to modern times, neither does
 it regard the income of society as a
 "distribution." From his point of
 view wealth is not a distribution, but a
 contribution. He knows that each factor
 in production contributes its quota; that
 rent, wages and interest are the specific
 products of land, labor and capital, and
 each are additions to the wealth of a
 community.

He knows that labor has a prior claim
 on the product of industry and is the
 central factor in the production of na-
 tional contribution. And the more con-
 scious he is of that fact the more con-
 sidered will be to increase his contribu-
 tion and to insist upon collecting its
 full value. He also to claim for him-
 self and everything that will tend to
 reduce that value.

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 and Friends**
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Ontario Trades Disputes
 Amendment Act, 1907

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 R. GLOCKLING, Registrar.

**"THE LABOR
 BUREAU"**
 ONTARIO

By an Act passed at the 1900-1901 Session of
 the Ontario Legislature, a Bureau of Labor has
 been established for the purpose of collecting
 and publishing information relating to Em-
 ployment, Wages, Hours of Labor, and other
 conditions of labor throughout the Province.
 The Bureau is composed of representatives of
 industrial and agricultural employers, work-
 men, and the permanent prosperity of the
 Province, as the Bureau may be able to
 gather.

For which purpose the cooperation of the
 Labor Organizations and others interested in
 the general prosperity of the Province is invited.

F. R. LATCHEFORD,
 Commissioner of Public Works.
ROB. GLOCKLING,
 Secretary The Labor Bureau.

To be prepared for
 this weather you
 need warm

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 splendid fitter and
 an excellent wearer.

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overlooked one very important item,
 viz., that in Scotland the property
 qualification was abolished at least 50
 years ago, and that in all of their coun-
 tries they have a large and growing
 number of working men, able, willing
 and eager to criticize any little trisecy
 on the part of property owners, mar-
 chants and others with little sense of
 grind. The results are clean and effi-
 cient government. In the light of the
 above it is not rather refreshing to see
 a prominent doctor advocating the elec-
 tion of the Board of Control by property
 holders only, who are entitled to vote
 on money laws? Mr. Kilgour, some of
 us do not think the property owners fit
 to handle anything to advantage, ex-
 cept it be padding assessment rolls, etc.,
 at which some of them seem to be adepts.
 In the light of the revolution, made tri-
 ply of the use to which this property
 qualification has been put, we would
 rather say away with it, and let us fol-
 low the cautious, but progressive Sen-
 ators and secure men of courage—who will
 clean out our good city, say, by a new
 wretched ballot-box stuffers, but all the
 unholy crew of franchise grabbers, liquor
 sellers and, above all, the vile land specu-
 lators, and place the four million of
 ground rents in the public treasury,
 where it belongs by right, and let us
 cease this everlasting cant about
 handing over our affairs to commissioners,
 but place the responsibility and the profits
 on the people, not on a few, as at
 present. That is where the old country
 is gaining. Are we forever to be behind?
 Citizens.

Directory of Union Meetings

Unless otherwise stated all meetings
 take place at 8 p.m.
 Where only one name is given it is that
 of the Secretary.

Organizations changing Secretaries are
 requested to notify this office at once.
 TORONTO DISTRICT LABOR COUNCIL
 C. L. President, 125 222 Leach street,
 Albany ave., Secretary, D. W. Kennedy,
 15 Edward. Meets 2nd and 4th Thurs-
 days, Richmond Hall.

BUILDING TRADES
 CERAMIC MOSAIC AND EUCRAUSTIC
 TILE LAYERS, No. 27, J. W. Paton,
 47 Marlboro St. Meets 1st and 3rd Fri-
 days, Richmond Hall.
 BROTHERHOOD OF TEAMSTERS, No. 14,
 W. R. Paul, 122 Ross ave. Meets 1st
 and 3rd Wednesdays, Temple Building.
 BROTHERHOOD CARPENTERS AND
 JOINERS, No. 27, John Tread,
 Fallarwater ave. Meets 1st and 3rd
 Mondays, Richmond Hall.
 AMALGAMATED CARPENTERS, Branch
 No. 1, W. A. Ross, 271 Markham St.
 AMALGAMATED CARPENTERS, Branch
 No. 2, W. A. Ross, 448 Dufferin St.
 AMALGAMATED CARPENTERS, Branch
 No. 3, W. A. Ross, 125 Adelaide St.
 AMALGAMATED CARPENTERS, Branch
 No. 4, W. A. Ross, 125 Adelaide St.
 GRANITE CUTTERS, No. 16, A. E. Fre-
 derick, 122 Richardson ave. Meets 1st
 and 3rd Wednesdays, Temple Building.
 TEXTURAL IRON WORKERS, No. 4,
 Frank Malone, 127 York St. Meets
 1st and 3rd Tuesdays, Richmond Hall.
 STONE CUTTERS, A. W. Stewart, 25
 Howard Ave. Meets 2nd and 4th Wed-
 nesdays, Temple Building.
 PLUMBERS, STEAM AND GAS FIT-
 TERS, No. 46, Thos. H. G. Meets 1st
 and 3rd Wednesdays, Temple Building.
 BRICK TILER AND TERRA COTTA
 WORKERS, No. 19, Fred Munday,
 Carlton West P. O. Meets Heydon
 House, Toronto Junction.

PAINTERS AND DECORATORS, No. 2,
 J. W. A. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays,
 Heydon House, Toronto Junction.
 "JEWEL LABORERS, John M. Mac-
 Intosh, 45 Humbolt St. Meets every
 Tuesday, Heydon House, Toronto Junction.
 BRICK TILER AND TERRA COTTA
 WORKERS, No. 19, Fred Munday,
 Heydon House, Toronto Junction.
 MAINTENANCE WORKERS, No. 12, W. H.
 McMartin, 26 Edward St. Meets 2nd
 and 4th Thursdays, Strathcona Hall.
 SHEET METAL WORKERS, No. 130,
 J. F. Hough, 288 Bathurst St. Meets
 1st and 3rd Thursdays, Heydon House,
 Toronto Junction.
 WRESTLING, W. C. Meets 1st and 3rd
 Wednesdays, Heydon House, Toronto Junction.
 SAM COX, Fin. Secretary, R. Russell,
 Treasurer, J. Martin, Conductor, Geo.
 Welch, Warden, Meets 2nd and 4th
 Fridays, Temple Building.
 CONCRETE PAVERS, No. 10, 10-
 799, Frank Reeve, 95 Euclid ave.
 Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, So-
 cety Hall.

AMALGAMATED GLASS WORKERS,
 No. 11, Wm. E. South, 40 Arndale Ave.
 PLASTERERS LABORERS, B. Knowles,
 19 Shirley St.
PLASTERERS INTERNATIONAL, No. 48,
 D. A. Webber, 42 Manning ave.
LATHERS INTERNATIONAL, No. 10,
 Care of K. A. McMillan, 12 Adelaide St.
BRICK LAYERS INTERNATIONAL,
 No. 2, John Murphy, 44 Clarence St.
 Meets every Tuesday, Richmond Hall.
**STONEMASONS UNION, David Col-
 man, 268 Church St.**
**ELEVATOR CONSTRUCTORS INTER-
 NATIONAL, Notar, Meets 1st and 3rd
 Wednesdays, Heydon House, Toronto
 Junction.**
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 No. 97, Chas. Calhoun, 755 Euclid ave.
WIRE WEAVERS INTERNATIONAL,
 No. 71, Frank Hill, 25
 Oak St.
THEATRICAL STAGE EMPLOYEES, No. 58,
 W. H. Meredith, 17 Adelaide St.
 West.

METAL TRADES
SILVER AND BRITANNIA METAL
 WORKERS, No. 294, J. H. McInay,
 263 King St. West.
**METAL POLISHERS, No. 21, John Ache-
 son, 12 Adelaide west. Meets 2nd and
 4th Wednesdays, Cameron Hall.**
BROTHERHOOD OF BLACKSMITHS,
 No. 171, A. J. Smith, 27 Leach street,
 Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays, Richmond
 Hall.
MACHINISTS INTERNATIONAL, No. 22,
 D. T. Montgomery, 144 Shaw St.
 Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays, Temple
 Building.
**AMALGAMATED SOCIETY OF EN-
 GINEERS, No. 180, J. C. Clement, 10
 Bellevue Avenue. Meets alternate Mon-
 days, Dominion Hall.**
HORSE SHOERS INTERNATIONAL,
 No. 48, R. Roberts, 95 Ontario St.
 Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays, Strathcona
 Chambers.
BROTHERHOOD OF BOILERMAKERS,
 No. 128, N. Quenell, 21 Palmerston
 Ave.
**BRASS WORKERS, No. 23, Geo. Y.
 Montgomery, 21 Dundas street, Meets
 1st and 3rd Thursdays, Richmond
 Hall.**
**STEEL MOUNTAINERS, No. 14, C. Curtin,
 11 Palmerston Ave.**
IRON MOUNTAINERS INTERNATIONAL,
 No. 28, John Barrett, Meets 2nd and
 4th Thursdays, Richmond Hall.
**ALLIED METAL MECHANICS, No. 15,
 W. Cotter, 41 Brock Avenue.**
MACHINISTS INTERNATIONAL, No. 271,
 J. A. Reid, Box 909, Toronto
 Junction. Meets 1st and 3rd Thurs-
 days, Jays Hall.
MARINE ENGINEERS ASSOCIATION, R.
 STEAM ENGINEERS INTERNATIONAL,
 No. 152, J. G. Lawrence, 212 Dundas
 St. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays, 21
 Victoria St.
**MARINE FIREMEN, No. 22, E. Hen-
 gerson, Newmarket Hotel.**

WOODWORKING TRADES
**PIANO MAKERS, No. 24, Wm. Ward,
 237 Lippincott St. Meets 1st and 3rd
 Mondays, Richmond Hall.**
PIANO AND ORGAN WORKERS, No. 28,
 A. J. Smyth, 198 Argyle St.
PIANO AND ORGAN WORKERS, No. 41,
 F. W. Roche, 39 Camden St.
**CABINET MAKERS, No. 157, W. Jam-
 leson, 25 Alexander St. Meets 2nd
 and 4th Fridays, Richmond Hall.**
**BROOM AND BRUSH MAKERS, No. 25,
 Geo. Stanton, Downcourt P. O.**
**GILDERS PROTECTIVE, No. 8,890, J.
 Johnson, 123 McDougall Ave.**
**WOOD CARVERS ASSOCIATION, Gus.
 Mingeard, 481 Yonge St.**
**COOPERS INTERNATIONAL, No. 180,
 John T. H. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays,
 21 Victoria St.**

PRINTING TRADES
**STENOGRAPHERS AND ELECTROTYP-
 ERS, No. 12, J. G. Lawrence, 212 Dundas
 St. Meets 1st Thursday, Strathcona
 Chambers.**
**PRINTING PRESSMEN, No. 18, Ed. H.
 Randall, 55 Oak St. Meets 1st Monday,
 Temple Building.**
BROTHERHOOD OF BOOKBINDERS,
 No. 28, Secretary, Wm. Glocking,
 Ottawa St. President, C. H. Hurst,
 Vice-President, Geo. V. Young, Sec-
 retary, Thos. Barker, Treasurer,
 Glocking, Geo. McLean, Inspector,
 R. Thomas, Statistician, D. W. Young,
 agent-at-Arms, Wm. Wilson. Meets
 2nd and 4th Mondays, Strathcona
 Chambers.
**MAILLERS UNION, No. 1, W. S. Coe-
 per, 278 Lippincott St.**
**TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, No. 21,
 John Chubb, 8 Albany Ave. President,
 R. S. Burrows, Vice-President, J. F.
 Fitzpatrick, Treasurer, E. J. How. Fin.
 Secretary, J. C. Yoder, Chairman,
 Board of Relief, S. J. White, Secretary,
 Investigating Committee, Box 143,
 Union Room, 11 Richmond St. West,
 Room 2. Meets 1st Saturday, Richmond
 Hall.**

THE CHAS ROGERS & SONS CO., LIMITED
**Furniture and Upholstery
 Mantles, Grates, Tiles**
INTERIOR WOOD WORK
 97 YONGE ST.

LABOR
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Meetings

ESS FEEDERS, No. 1, 187 Marlborough Ave. Wednesday, Stratford. ...

LABOR WORLD

The workers in Zion City have suffered a reduction in wages owing to slackness of work, it is asserted. ...

Dealing With Crime

Cleveland, Ohio, Feb. 12, 1904.—Believing that the publicity given to the question of paroling prisoners from the workhouse would be of general interest to your readers, your correspondence called on Harris E. Colley, who has charge of the Departments of Charities and Correction under the Johnson administration, and asked for a statement from the standpoint of the administration, to which he replied in part as follows: ...

BRITISH LABOR POLITICS

The bill prepared by the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress for amending the Workmen's Compensation Act has now been issued. It provides for the extension of the act to all classes of workmen and all injuries caused to them in the course of their employment, whether the accident occurs on the employer's premises or not. ...

The Religion of Lincoln

Cincinnati, Ohio, Feb. 12, 1904.—The Religion of Lincoln, in discussing this subject in his pulpit at the Vine Street Congregational Church, the pastor, Herbert S. Bigelow, said in part: "What was Lincoln's religion? He who searches through the numerous biographies for an answer to this question will be reminded of Deerval's famous or infamous saying, 'All sensible men are atheists.' What is that sensible man never felt. ...

LABORERS' ASSOCIATION

The workers in Zion City have suffered a reduction in wages owing to slackness of work, it is asserted. ...

AFTER STOCK TAKING COMES THE BARGAIN GIVING. Realities not Pretence Deeds not Words. This special bargain offering would fail in its primary object and also in its great helpfulness and usefulness to you, if it did not supply "Union made" goods, that were equal in every particular of construction, finish and design to the best goods we have ever offered only we have not the full range of sizes to make a selection from, and the price difference your gain, a price reduction of from 35% to 40%. ...

BOOTS AND SHOES. Our Fall stock is now complete. We have Boys' Solid School Boots from \$1.00 Girls' Solid Boots, button or lace 1.25 Mens' Solid Working Boots 1.25 ...

HOCKEY BOOTS Every Variety, All Stayed, No Stitching. From 15 to \$3. WARENS T. FEGAN "THE BIG 88" 88 Queen St. West.

UNION MEN. Patronize the merchants who advertise in your paper. The Toiler is appreciated by those merchants who are in sympathy with the workers' cause, and they use its advertising columns. ...

When you are buying a Cigar Look for the Label. IT SIGNIFIES BEST WORKMANSHIP. UNDER BEST SANITARY CONDITIONS.

Carter's Teething Powders. Best for Teething Babies. RECOMMEND THEM. I have used your Teething Powders and find that they are all that can be desired, and are better than any other I have ever used. ...

Dr. Carson's Tonic. Stomach and Constipation Bitters. These are made from the formula of an eminent chemist in this country for many years with most satisfactory results. ...

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION Silver Collection. NOTICE. The Hon. and Factory Inspectors for the Province of Ontario. ...

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Gold Seal EXPORT LAGER. The Perfect Beer. The above is only general, but if any labor man thinks the remarks do not apply to his class, he should have a good glass, bath his eyes and read it over again. ...

THE STROLLERS

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

Copyright, 1922, by THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY

"He is playing the hero of a romance," said the land baron modestly. "I confess he has excellent taste. Though the figure of a Juno, eyes the stars on an August night, features as Diana, the voice of a siren—a word picture to yourself your fairest conquest, M. le Marquis, and you will have a worthy counterpart of this rose of the wilderness."

"My fairest conquest!" piped the listener. "With lackluster eyes he resembles motionless, like a traveler in the desert who gazes upon a mirage. You have described her well. The features of Diana! It was at a revival of Vanbrugh's 'Relapse' I first met her. Dressed after the fashion of the Countess of Osborn. Who would not worshipfully before the figure of Loly?"

"He half closed his eyes, as though gazing in fancy upon the glossy tresses and rosy flesh of those voluptuous court beauties."

"The wooing, begun in a retired, walled-in ivy covered villa, a wined room, solitary walks by day, nightingales and moonshine by night. It was a pleasing romance while it lasted, but for falls on one. Nature abhors sameness. The heart is like Mother Earth—ever varying. I wearied of this surfeit of paradise and left her!"

"A mere incident in an eventful life," said his companion thoughtfully.

"Yes, only an incident," repeated the marquis. "Only an incident. I had almost forgotten it, but your conversation about players and your description of the actress brought it to mind. It had quite passed away, it had quite passed away. But the cards, M. Mauville, the cards!"

CHAPTER XVII.

FOR several days after rehearsal were over the strollers were free to amuse themselves as they pleased. Their engagement at the theater did not begin for about a week, and meanwhile they managed to combine recreation with labor in nearly equal proportions. Assiduously they devoted themselves to a round of drives and rambles through pastures and woodland to Carleton; along the shell road to Lake Pontchartrain; to Hilo, the first settlement of the French, and to the little grounds once known as the plantation of Chalmette, where volunteer soldiers were once encamped awaiting orders to go to the front in the Mexican campaign. For those who craved greater excitement the three race courses—the Louisiana, the Metairie and the Carrollton—offered stimulating diversion.

Within sight of the Metairie were the old dwelling grounds, under the oaks, where, it is related, on one Sunday in 1839 two duels occurred; where the contestants, frequently fought on horseback with sabers and where the cowards, says a chronicler, became so accustomed to seeing honor satisfied in this manner that they paid little attention to these meetings, pursuing their own humble duties indifferent to the follies of fashionable society. The fencing schools flourished. What strange scenes ensued that odd, strange master of the blade, Spedell, a melancholy enigma of a man, whose art embodied much of the finest shading and phrasing peculiar to himself, from whom even many of Bonaparte's discarded veterans were not above acquiring new technique and temperament!

Dominion Brewery Company
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ALES and BEER
Manufacturers of the Celebrated

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WM. ROSS, Manager

DAVIES Brewery Co.
TORONTO
CELEBRATED CRYSTAL AND OREAM ALES
PORTER AND LAGER
Tonic MALT Extract
TEMPERANCE
VIENNA BEER
LITHIUM MINERAL WATER

READ THE TOLLER'S NEW STORY.

Shortly after the players' arrival began the celebrated Loly matches, attracting noted men and women from all over the south. The hotels were crowded, the lodging houses filled, while many of the large homes hospitably opened their doors to visiting friends. The afternoons found the city almost deserted. The bar-owners contentedly smoked in solitude, the legion of waiters in the hotels and resorts because reduced to a thin skeleton array, while even the street vendors had "folded their tents" and silently strolled to the races. On one such memorable occasion most of the members of the Barnes company repaired to the Metairie.

Below the grand stand, brilliant with color, strutted the dandies attending to their bets; above, they played a winning or losing game with the fair sex. Intrigue and lovelornaking were the order of the hour, and these daughters of the south beguiled time—and mortals—in a heyday of pleasure. In that mixed gathering buried cotton plantations from the country rubbed elbows with aristocratic creoles, whose attire was distinguishable by enormous ruffles and light boots of cloth. The professional follower of these events, the importunate tout, also mingled with the crowd, plainly in evidence by the pronounced character of his dress, the size of his diamond studs or cravat pins and the massive dimensions of his finger rings. No paltry, scruffy tradesman, but a picturesque rogue, with impudence as pronounced as his jewels.

Surrounded by a bevy of admirers, Susan, sprightly and sparkling, was an example of that "frivolous one of her sex is made up with, a pasticcio of gauzes, pins and ribbons that go to compound that multifarious thing, a well-dressed woman." Ever ready with a quick retort, she bestowed her favors generously, to the evident discomfort of a young officer in her retinue whom she had met several days before and who ever since had coveted a full harvest of smiles, liking not a little the first smile he had gathered. However, it was not Susan's way to intrust herself fully to any one. It was all very interesting to play one against another, to intercept angry gleams, to hold in check clashing suitors—this was exciting and diverting—but she exercised care not to transgress those bounds where she ceased to be mistress of the situation. Perhaps her limits in coquetry were further set than most women would venture to place them, but without this temperate and daring the pastime would have lost its charm for her. She might play with edged tools, but she also knew how to use them.

Near her was seated Kate, indolent as of yore, now watching her sister with an indolent, enigmatic expression, soon permitting a scornful glance to stray toward Adonis, who, for his part, had eyes only for his companion, a distinct change from country boldness, tavern demure and dainty wench with their rough hands and rosy cheeks. This lady's hands were like milk, her cheeks ivory, and Adonis in bestowing his attentions upon her had a twofold purpose—to return tit for tat, Kate's fawning ways and to gratify his own ever feeble fancy.

In a box, half the length of the grand stand removed, some distance back and to the left of Susan's gay party, Constance, Mrs. Adams and the soldier were also observers of this scene of animation.

Since the manager's successful flight from the landlord and the constables the relations of the young girl and Saint-Prosper had undergone little change. At first, it is true, with the memory of the wild ride to the river fresh in her mind and the more or less disturbing recollections of that strange, dark night, a certain reticence had marked her manner toward the soldier, but as time went by this touch of reserve wore off and was succeeded by her usual frankness or gaiety. In her eyes appeared at times a new thoughtfulness, but for no longer period than the quick passing of a summer cloud over a sunny meadow. This half light of brief conjecture or vague retrospection only mellowed the depths of her gaze, and Barnes alone noted and wondered.

But today no partial shadows lay under the black, shading lashes. The exhilarating scene, the rapidly succeeding events, the turbulence and flutter around her, were calculated to dispel the most pronounced abstraction. Beneath a protecting parasol—for the sun shot below the roof at the back and touched that part of the grand stand—a faint glow warmed her cheeks, while her eyes shone with the gladness of the moment. Many of the dandies, regarding her with marked persistency, asked who she was, and none knew until finally Editor-Rhymester Straws was appealed to. Straws, informed on all matters, was able to satisfy his questioners.

"She is an actress," said Straws. "So we are told. We shall find out next week. She is a beauty. We can tell that now."

Standing near the rhymester, story writer and journalist was a tall young man dressed in creole fashion. He

followed the glances of Straws' questioners, and a pallor overspread his dark complexion as he looked at the object of their attention.

"The stroller!" he exclaimed half audibly. "Her counterpart doesn't exist!"

He stepped back where he could see her more plainly. In that sea of faces her features alone shone before him clearly, insistently.

"Do you know her, Mr. Mauville?" asked the rhymester, observing that steadfast glance.

"Know her?" repeated the land baron, starting. "Oh, I've seen her act."

Without definite purpose the patron, who had listened with scant attention to the poet, began to move slowly toward the actress, and at that moment the eyes of the soldier, turning to the sizzling paddock, where the horses were being led out, fell upon the figure drawing near, recognizing in him the help to the manor, Edward Mauville. Construing in his approach a deliberate intention, a flush of quick anger overspread Saint-Prosper's face, and he



"You are blocking my way, monster," glanced at the girl by his side. But her manner assured him she had not observed the land baron, for at that moment she was looking in the opposite direction, endeavoring to discover Barnes or the others of the company in the immense throng.

Murmuring some excuse to his unconcerned companion and cutting short the wiry old lady's reminiscences of the first public trotting race in 1818, the soldier left the box and, moving with some difficulty through the crowd, met Mauville in the aisle near the stairway. The latter's face expressed surprise, not altogether of an agreeable nature, at the encounter, but he immediately regained his composure.

"Ah, M. Saint-Prosper," he observed easily. "I little thought to see you here."

"Nor I you!" said the other bluntly. The patron gazed in seeming carelessness from the soldier to the young girl. Saint-Prosper's presence in New Orleans could be accounted for. He had followed her from the Shadegate valley across the continent. The drive begun at the country inn, he looking down from the dormer window to witness the start, had been a long one, very different from his own brief flight, with its wretched end. These thoughts coursed rapidly through the land baron's brain; his appearance rekindled the ashes of the past; the fire in his breast flamed from his eyes, but otherwise he made no display of feeling. He glanced out upon the many faces below them, bowing to one woman and smiling at another.

"Oh, I could not stand a winter in the north," resumed the patron, turning once more to the soldier, "although the barn burners promised to make it warm for me!"

Offering no reply to this sally, Saint-Prosper's gaze continued to rest coldly and expectantly upon the other. Goaded by that arbitrary regard, an implied barrier between him and the young girl, the land baron sought to press forward. His glittering eyes met the other's. The glances they exchanged were like the thrust and parry of swords. Without wishing to address the actress, and thereby risk a public rebuff, it was nevertheless impossible for the hot blooded restraint to submit to pre-emptory restraint. Who had made the soldier his taskmaster? He read Saint-Prosper's purpose and was not slow to retaliate.

"If I am not mistaken, you are our divinity of the lane," said the patron softly. "Permit me." And he strove to pass.

The soldier did not move.

"You are blocking my way, monster," continued the other sharply. "Not if it lies the other way."

"This way or that way, how does it concern you?" retorted the land baron.

"If you seek further to annoy a lady whom you have already sufficiently wronged it is my man's concern."

"Especially if he has followed her across the country," sneered Mauville. "Besides, since when have actresses become so chary of their favors?" In his anger the land baron threw out intimations he would have challenged from other lips. "Has the stage then become a holy convent?"

"You stamped yourself a second-rate some time ago," said the soldier shortly, as though weighing each word, "and now show yourself a coward when you malign a young girl without father, brother—"

"Or lover," interrupted the land baron. "Perhaps, however, you were only traveling to see the country."

"If you say anything further with me," interjected Saint-Prosper curtly, "the patron's blood, consoled, hurrying through his veins. The other's contemptuous manner stung him more sorely than language.

"Yes," he said meaningly, his eyes challenging Saint-Prosper's. "Have

you been at Spedell's fencing room? Are you in practice?"

Saint-Prosper hesitated a moment, and the land baron's face fell. Was it possible the other would refuse to meet him? But he would not let him off easily. There were ways to force and, suddenly the words of the marquis recurring to him, he surveyed the soldier disdainfully.

"God, you must come of a family of cowards and traitors! But you shall fight or—the public becomes arbiter!" And he half raised his arm threateningly.

The soldier's tanned cheek was now as pale as a moment before it had been flushed. His mouth set resolutely, as though fighting back some weakness. With lowering brows and darkening glance he regarded the land baron.

"I was thinking," he said at length, with an effort, "that if I killed you people would want to know the reason."

The patron laughed. "How solicitous you are for her welfare and mine! Do you then measure skill only by prizes? If so, I confess you would stand a fair chance of dispatching me. But your address? The St. Charles, I presume."

The soldier nodded curtly, and, having accomplished his purpose, Mauville had turned to leave when loud voices in a front box near the right aisle attracted general attention from those occupying that part of the grand stand. The young officer who had accompanied Susan to the races was angrily confronting a thickset man, the latest recruit to her corps of willing captives. The lad had assumed the arduous task of guarding the object of his fancy from all comers simply because she had been kind. And why should she not have been? He was only a boy. She was old enough to be—well, an adviser. When after a brief but pointed altercation, he flung himself away with a last reproachful look in the direction of his enslaver, Susan looked hurt. That was her reward for being nice to a child!

"A fractious young cub!" said the thickset man complacently.

"Well, I like cub better than bears!" retorted Susan pointedly, draped by the hoary invalids, and from the somber depths of foliage came the chirp of the tree crickets and the note of the swamp owl. Faint music, in measured rhythm, a foil to disconnected wood sound, was wafted from a distant plantation.

"Well, said Constance.

"How did you enjoy it, my dear?" asked Barnes, suddenly reappearing at Constance's box. "A grand heat, that though I did bet on the wrong horse! But don't wait for us, Saint-Prosper. Mrs. Adams and I will take our time getting through the crowd. I will see you at the hotel, my dear," he added as the soldier and Constance moved away with the desultory tag end of the procession. On either side of the road lay the mournful cypress, draped by the hoary invalids, and from the somber depths of foliage came the chirp of the tree crickets and the note of the swamp owl. Faint music, in measured rhythm, a foil to disconnected wood sound, was wafted from a distant plantation.

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"Am I interrupting you?" asked the soldier, glancing at the littered table.

"Not at all," answered the manager, recovering himself and settling back in his chair. "Make yourself at home. You'll find some cigars on the mantel, or if you prefer your pipe there's a jar of tobacco on the trunk. Do you find it? I haven't had time yet to bring order out of chaos. A manager's trunks are like a junk shop, with everything from a needle to an anchor."

Filing his pipe from the receptacle indicated, which lay among old costumes and wigs, the soldier seated himself near an open window. "I looked out upon a balcony. Through a light stream from a chandelier a flight, playing upon the balustrade. Once the figure of the young actress stepped forward to lean upon the balcony. She leaned upon the balustrade, looked across the city, breathed the perfume of the flowers and then quickly vanished."

To be Continued.

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