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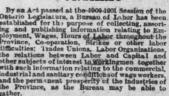
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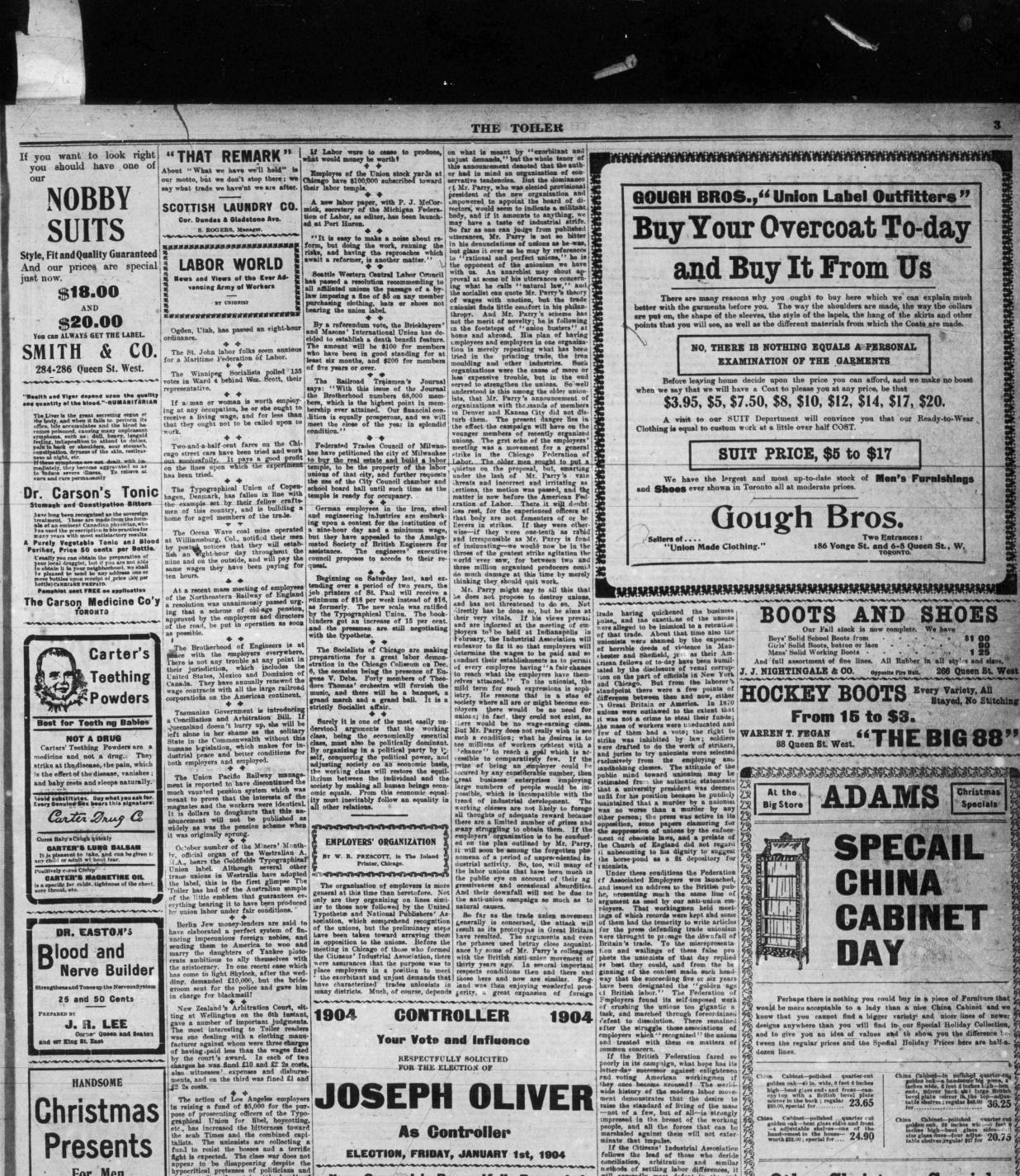
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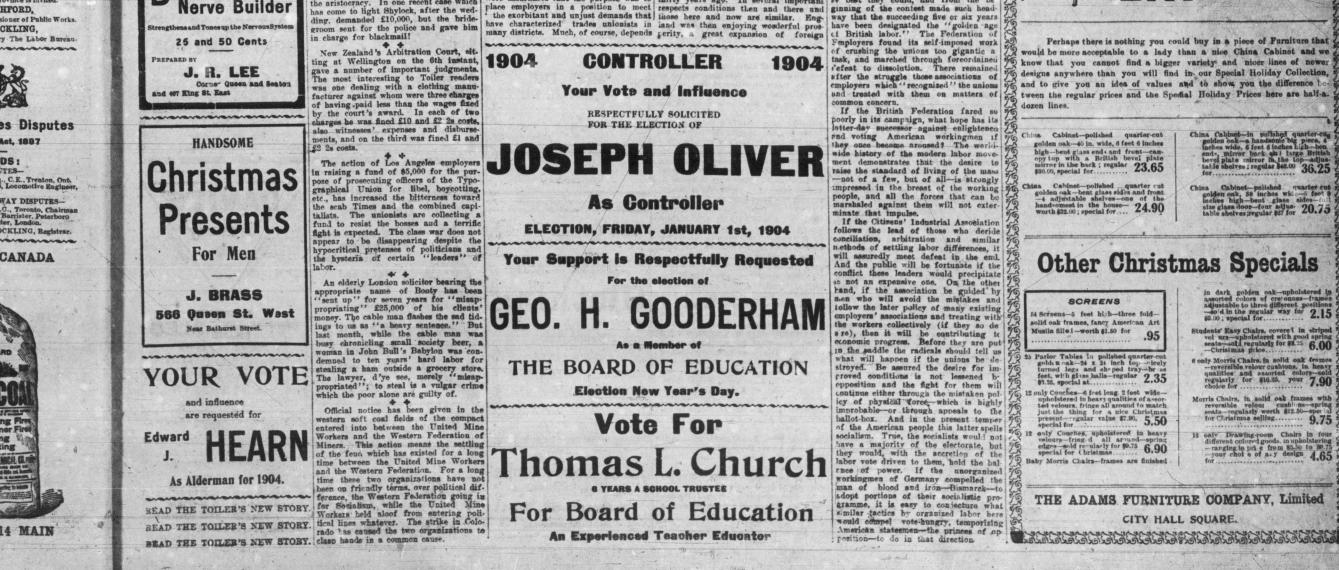
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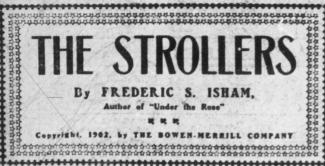


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**Thomas L. Church** 

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CABINET



"I was looking over a part, but I know it very well," she added, moving slowly from the border of willows.

ending his horse, he followed. His features, stern and obdurate in repose, relaxed in severity, while the ep set blue eyes grew less searching d guarded. This alleylation became him well, a tide of youth softening his on as a wave smoothes the

"What is the part?" "Juliana. in 'The Honeymoon.' It is one of our stock pieces.'

"And you like it?" "Oh, yes," lingering where a bit of sward was set with field flowers. "And who plays the duke?" he continued

"Mr. O'Flariaty." she answered suggestion of amusement in her glance. neath the shading of straight, black brows her eyes were deceptively dark until, scrutinized closely, they resolved themselves into a clear gray. "Ah," he said, recailing Adonis"

(O'Flarlaty's) appearance, and as he spoke a smile of singular sweetness lightened his face, "a Spanish grandee with a touch of the brogue! But I must not decry your toble lord," he added.

"No lord of mine!" she replied gayrd must have a velvet robe. not frayed, and a sword not tin, and its most sanguinary purpose must not be to get between his legs and trip him up. Of course, when we act in barns"-"In barns!

'Oh, yes; when we can find them to act in. e glanced at him half mockingly

"I suppose you think of a barn as only a place for a horse." The sound of carriage wheels inter-

rupted his reply, and, looking in the direction from whence it came, they ob-served a coach doubling the curve be-Berved a cosch doubling the curve be-fore the willows and aparonching at a rapid page. It was a handsome and imposing equipage, with dark crimson body and wheels, preserving much of the grace of ancient outline with the utility of modern springs. As they drew aside to permit it to pass, the features of its occupant ware seen, who, perceiving the young girl on the road-the showl, ball failen from her shoulder revealing the plastic grace of an erect figure-gazed at her

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grace of an erect figure-gazed at her with surprise, then thrust his head from the window and bowed with smilling. If somewhat exaggerated, po-liteness. The next moment carriage and traveler vanished down the read and traveler vanished down the trans in a cloud of dust, but an alert observer might have noticed an eye at the rear port hole, as though the person within was supplementing his brief observa-tion from the side with a longer, if de-

minishing, siew from behind. The countenance of the young girl's companion retrograded from its new

found favor to a more lnexorable cast. "A friend of yours?" he said briefly. "I never saw him before," she answered, with flashing eyes. "Perhaps be is the lord of the mnoor and thought I was one of his subjects." There are lords in this country. then?

"Lords or patroons, they are called,"

In the taproom the soldier enco tered the newcomer, seated not far from the fire, as though his blood flowed sluggishly after his long ride in the chill morning sir. Well built, al though somewhat slender of figure, this latest arrival had a complexion of taw ny brown, a living russet, as warm and glowing as the most vivid of Vandyke

He raised Ms eyes slowly as the sol dier entered and serveyed him deliber ately. From a scrutiny of mere phys-

ical attributes he passed on to the more important details of clothes, noting that his sack cost was properly loose at the waist and that the linttons were suffi lently large to pass muster, but also detecting that the trousers lacked breadth at the ankles and that the hat had a high crown and a broad brim. from which he complicently concluded the other was somewhat behind the

shifting changes of fushion. "Curse me, if this isn't a beastly fire" he exclaimed, stretching himself still more, yawning and passing a hand through his black hair. "Hang them they might as well shut up their guests in the smokehouse with the bacons and hatus! I feel as cured as a side of pig ready to be hung to a dirty rafter."

With which be pulled himself together, went to the window, raised it and placed a stick under the frame. "They tell me there's a theatrical oupe here." he resumed, returning to

troupe his chair and relapsing into its depths "Perhaps you are one of them?" "I have not that honor."

"Honor." repeated the new arrival with a laugh. That's good! That was ore of them on the road with you.

I'll be bound. You have good taste!

Heighe, he yawned again. "I'm an-chored here awhile on account of a lame horse. Perhaps, though." bright-ening. "It may not be so bad after all. These players promise some diversion At that moment his face wore an ex-

pression of airy, jocund assurance which faded to visible annoyance as he continued: "Where can that landlord be? He placed me in this kennel, yan-

tabed and left me to my fate. Ah, here be is at last?" as the host approached. respectfully inquiring "Is there anything more I can do for

"More!" exclaimed this latest guest ironically. "Well, better late than nev-er. See that my servant has help with

the trunks. "Very well, sir: I'll have Sandy look after them. You are going to stay.

then?" "How can I tell?" returned the new

omer lightly. The landlord looked startled.

"How far is it to Meadtown?" contin-

seeking the old patroon manor there. They say the heir is expected any day." gazing fixedly at the young man: "at least the antirenters have received information he is coming and are prepar-

The sprightly guest threw up his be enco

"The trunks; the trunks!" he exelaimed in accents of despair. "Look at the disorder of my attire-the pride of

sat facing the fire, with his back to the other guest. As he spoke he turned deliberately and bent his penetrating glance on his questioner. Really? Allow me to be skeptical. as

I have considerable acquaintance there. In the army there's that fire eating conthe ladles, Gen"-"My rank was not so important." interrupted the other, "that I numbered commanders among my personal friends."

"As you please," said the last guest carelessly. "I had thought to exchange a little gossip with you, but-n'importe! In my own veins flows some of the blood of your country." For the time his light manner forsook

"Her fumults have in a measure been mine," he continued. "Now she is without a king I am well nigh without a mother land. True, I was not born there-but it is the nurse the child turns to. Paris was my bonne-a merry abigail! Alas, her vicious brood have turned on her and cast her ribbons in the mire! Untroubled by her own brats, she could extend her estates to the El Dorado of the southwestern seas." He had risen and, with hands behind his back, was striding to and fro. Coming suddenly to a pause, he asked abruptly: "Do you know the Abbe Moneau?"

At the mention of that one time subconfidant of the deposed king, now the patron of republicanism, Saintsper once more regarded his com-Pro panion attentively.

"By reputation, certainly," he an-wered slowly. "He was my tutor and is now my

frequent correspondent. Not a bad sort of mentor either!" The new arrival passed and smilled reflectively. "Only recently. I received a letter from him with private details of the flight of the king and vague intimations of a scandal in the army, lately come to light." His listener half started from his seat, and had the speaker not been more absorbed in his own easy flow of conversation than in the attitude of the other he would have noticed that quick hange of manner. Not perceiving it, however, he resumed irrelevantly:

"You see, I am a sociable animal. After being cramped in that miserable coach for hours it is a relief to loosen one's tongue as well as one's legs. Even this smoky hovel suggests good fellow ship and jollity beyond a dish of tea. Will you not join me in a bottle of wine? I carry some choice brands to abviate the necessity of drinking the home brewed concoctions of the innkeepers of this district."

"Thank you," said the soldier, at the same time rising from his chair. "I have no inclination so early in the

"Early." queried the new comer. "A balf pint of Chateau Cheval Blane or Cru du Chevaller, high and vinous, paves a possible way for Brother Jona-than's dejeuner - fried pork, potatoes And, turning to his and chieory!" servant, who had meantime entered, be addressed a few words to him and, as the door closed on the soldier, exalmed with a shrug of the shoulders: "An unsociable fellow! I wonder what he is doing here."

CHAPTER III. ANCAKES grits homemade san-sage, and before each guest an

egg that had been proudly her aided by the clucking hen but hours before-truly a bountiful a few breakfast, discrediting the latest guest's

anticipations. Mr. Barnes, the ger. in high spirits, mercurial as the weather, came down from his room, a bundle of posters under his arm, boisterously greeting Saint-Prosper, whom tered in the hall:

"Read the bill - 'that incomparable comedy, "The Honeymoon," by a peer-less company.' How does that sound?" "Attractive, certainly," said the other.

though there are plenty of them upon the Atlantic and southern circuits Still we can usually rent a hall, erect a stage and construct tiers of seats. Even a barn at a pinch makes an acceptable temple of art. But our principal diffi-culty is procuring licenses to perform." "You have to get permission to play?"

"No. al

Barnes shook his head.

"That we do," sighed the manager. "From obdurate trustees in villages and stubborn supervisors or justices of the peace in the hamlets." "But their reason for this opposi-

tion?" asked his companion. They were now entering the little

hamlet, exchanging the grassy path for a sidewalk of planks laid lengthwise and the peace of nature for such signs of civilization as a troop of geese nois promenading across the thoroughfare and a peacock in its pride of pomp as a favored bird of old King Solomon crying from the top of the shed and proudly displaying its gorgeous train Barnes wiped the perspiration from his brow as he answered:

"Well, a temperance and antitheatrical agitation has preceded us in the Shadengo valley, a movement originated in Baltimore by seven men who had been drunkards and are now lecturing throughout the country. This is known as the "Washington" movement, and among the most formidable leaders of the crusade is an old actor, John B. Gough. But here we are at the supervisor's office. I'll run in and get the cense if you'll wait a moment.

Saint-Prosper assented, and Barnes disappeared through the door of a one-story wooden building which boasted little in its architectural appearance and whose principal decorations con-sisted of a small window garden containing faded geraniums and a sign with sundry inverted letters. Barnes speedily seappeared with dejection in his manner and, with no word of explanation to his companion. began to retrace his steps toward the

telry on the hill. "Going back so soon?" asked the

young man in surprise. "There is nothing to be done here. The temperance lecturer has just gone: are set against plays and players. The supervisor refuses the

into silence, rueful and melancholy. Their road ran steadily upward from the sleepy valley, skirting a wood where the luxuriance of the overhang-ing follage and the bright autumnal tint of the leaves were like a scene of

spectacular play. Out of breath from the steepness of the ascent, and with his hand pressed to his side, Barnes suddenly called a balt, seated himself on a stump, his face somewhat drawn, and spoke for the first time since he

and left the bamlet. "Let's rest a moment. Something catches me occasionally here," tapping his heart. "Ah, that's better! The pain has left. No; it's nothing. The machin-ery is getting old, that's all! Let me see-ab. yes!" And he drew a cigar from his pocket. "Perhaps there lies a

rumb of comfort in the weed!" The manager smoked contemplative-like a man pushed to the verge of disaster, weighing the slender chances of mending his broken fortunes. But as he pondered his face gradually lightened with a faint glimmer of sat sfaction. His mind, seeking for straw, caught at a possible way out of this labyrinth of difficulties and in a moment he had straightened up, puffing veritable optimistic wreaths. He arose

which now creaked in doleful doldrums the crumb of comfort had become a and again complained wildly as the lorf of assurance. wind struck it a vigorous blow At the tavern the manager immediwindows were bright from the fireplace and lamp. Above the door the light ately sought mine host, stating his desire to give a number of free performstreamed through the open transom up-on the swaying sign and the fluttering ances in the dining room of the hotel. The landlord demurred stoutly. He was an innkeeper, not the proprietor leaves of the vine that clambered Were not

uoyantly; before he reached the inn



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be replied, her face still dushed. From the window of her room Susan saw Salat-Prosper and Constance re-turning and looked surprised as well as a bit annoyed. Truth fo tell, Mistress Susan, with her capacity for admiring and being admired had sensetted and being admired, had conceived a momentary interest in the soldier, a fancy as light as it was ephemeral. That touch of melancholy when his face was in repose inspired a transi-tory desire for investigation in this past mistress of emotional analysis. But the arrival of the coach which had passed the couple soon diverted Susan's thoughts to a new channel.

thoughts to a new channel. The equipage drew up and a young man, dressed in a style forel in that locality, sprang out. He wore a silk hat with scarcely any brint, trousers extremely wide at the ankle, a walsh-cont of the dimensions of 1745 and here, stath thinke analytic scalar large watch ribbons sustaining pou

large watch ribbons snataining pouder-ous bunches of scala. The gallant (op touched the narrow brim of his bat to Kate, who was peep-ing from one window, and waved a kiss to Susan, who was surreptitionsly glancing from another, whereupon, both being detected, drew back hastiy. Overwhended by the annearance of Overwheimed by the appearance of a guest of such manifest distinction, the andlord bowed obsequionsly as the other entered the tavern with a superus nod.

To Mistress Susan this incident was while it lasted, but when the landy had disappeared her attention was again attracted to Coretance and Saint-Prosper, who slowly approached. He paused with his borse before the front door, and she stood a moment tear the little porch, on either side of which grew sweet williams, four clocks and larkspur. But the few nal words were scanty crui fair eavesdropper above. the re girl soon entering the house and roldier leading his horse in the diof the stuble. As the initer disaround the corner of the tav-

> suld, bonting a, mass us in one innd and defty col-her little head. "I believe carly to meet him." But www.d fasily.

The landlord boured.

ruffles leveled by the dew; my these wrist bands in disarray; the odor of the road pervading my person! The trunks, I pray you!" "Yes, sir: at once, sir! But first let

me introduce you to Mr. Saint-Prosper of Paris. Make yourselves at home. gentlemen.

With which the speaker hurriedly vanished, and soon the bumping and thumping in the hall gave cheering as surance of instructions fulfilled.

"That porter is a prince among his kind," observed the guest satirically wincing as so unusual bang overhead shook the ceiling. "But I'll warrant by man won't have to open my luggage after he gets through.

Then as quiet followed the meket above "So you're from Paris?" he ask ed half quizzleaily. "Well, it's a pleas ure to meet somebody from somewhere. As 1. too, have lived not in vain!-in

Paris we may have mutual friends?" "It is unlikely." said the soldier, who meanwhile had drawn of his riding

gloves, placed them on the mantel and

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"Do you think it strong enough? How theater inseparable, retorted Barnes? would 'unparagoned' do?" The country host had always been a "It would be too provincial, my dear: patron of the histrionic art. Beneath his windows the mask and interlude too provincial!" interrupted the queruus voice of the old lady.

an inco

"Very well, madam." the manager replied quickly. "You shall be 'peerless' if you wish. Every fence shall proclaim pothouse. it, every post become loquacious with

"I was going to the village myself." said the soldier, "and still join you, if you don't mind," he added suddenly. "Mind? Not a bit! Come along, and you shall learn of the duties of mana-ger, billposter, press agent and license

rocurer. An hour or so later found the two walking down the road at a brisk pace, soon leaving the tavern behind them and beginning to descend a hill that commanded a view to eastward.

"How do you advertise your perform-antes?" asked the younger man, opening the conversation "By posters, written announcements

in the taverns or a notice in the country paper if we happen along just be-fore it goes to press." answered Barnes. "In the old times we had the boy and the bell." "The boy and the bell?"

"Yes." assented Barnes, a retrospec-tive smile overspreading bis good natured face. "When I was a lad in Devonshire the manager announced the performance in the town market place. rang a cow bell to attract attention and he talked to the people: Ding-aling! 'Good people, tonight will be giv-"Love in a Wood" '-ding-a-long; norrow night, "The Beau's Strataen gem" -ding; 'Wednesday, "The Pro-voked Wife" -ding; Thursday, "The Way of the World."' So I made my debut in a noisy part and have since no role more effectively than that of the small boy with the big bell Incidentally I had to clean the lamps and fetch small beer to the leading hdy, which duties were perfunctorily performed. My art, however, I threw into the bell," coucluded the manager, with a laugh.

"Do you find many theaters hereabout?" asked the other thoughtfully.

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around the entrance. rn and In the parior, near a deteriorated pi ano whose yellow keys were cracked and broken, in almost the seventh stage of planodum, sans teeth, sans wire, sans everything, he saw the dark eyed girl and reined his horse. As he were born. The mystery, harlequinade and divertissement found shelter in a did so she seated herself upon the hair cloth stool, pressed a white finger to a discolored key and smiled at the not In a word, so indefatigably did he

ply arguments, appealing alike to clemunexpected result, the squeak of de-crepitude. While her hand still rested ency and cupidity-the custom follow ing such a course that the landle on the board and her features shon ord at length reluctantly consented, and soon strongly in relief against the fire like a after the dining room was transformed into a temple of art. stinted. it is true, cameo profile set in bloodstone, a figure approached and, leaning gracefully upon the palsied instrument, bent over her with smiling lips. It was the grand for flats, drops, flies and screens, but at

least more tenable than the roofless theaters of other days, when a downseignior, he of the equipage with silver trimmings. If the horseman's gaze pour drenched the players and washed out the public, causing rainy tears to rested not without interest on drip from Ophella's nose and rivulets pleasing picture of the young actress of rouge to trickle down my Lady Slip-away's marble neck and shoulders. In it was now turned with sudden and

greater intentness to that of the dash this labor of converting the dining room into an auditory they found an attentive observer in the landlord's ing stranger. a swift interrogation glancing from that look.

How had he made his peace with ber? Certainly her manner now bedaughter, who left her pans, plates and platters to watch these preparations traved no resentment While moti less the rider yet sat in his saddle an invisible band grasped the reins. with round eved admiration. To ber that temporary stage was surrounded

"Shall I put up your horse?" said a mall voice, and the soldier quickly disby glamour and romance, a world remote from cook, scullion and maid of small vo all work and peopled with well born mounted, the animal vanishing dames, courtly ludies and exalted printhe speaker as Saint-Prosper entered the inn. Gay. animated, conscious of

Possibly interested in what seemed his attractions, the fop hovered the you ing girl, an all pervading Hypean incomprehensible venture-for how could the manager's coffers be replenrion, with faultless ruffles, white hands ished by free performances? - Saint-Prosper that afternoon reminded Barnes he had returned from the viland voice softly modulated. That even-ing the soldier played piquet with the wiry old lady, losing four shillings to lage without fulfilling his errand. "Dear me!" exclaimed Barnes, his that antiquated gamester, and, when he had paid the stakes, the young girl face wrinkling in perplexity. "What have I been thinking about? I don't

"What was goue and the buoyant beau had I don't sought diversion in his cups. wkes or "Strike me." muttered the last named see how I can go now. Hawkes or O'Flariaty can't be sparsed, what with personage. "the little stroller has spirit, lamps to polish and costumes to get in How her eyes finshed when I first ap-order. Hum." he mused dublously. proached her! It required some tact

"If I can be of any use, command and acting to make her believe I took be," said the soldier unexpectedly. "If I can be of any det they ber for some one else on the road. "In thought al." "You!" exclaimed the manager. "I such an easy conquest as I thought al. "You!" and think"-

the other, with a satirical smile, "Was it not the billposters who caused the



To be Continued.

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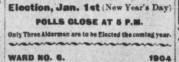
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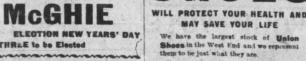
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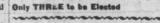
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