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DR. EASTON'S Blood and Nerve Builder Strengthens and Tones up the Nervous System 25 and 50 Cents PREPARED BY J. R. LEE

HANDSOME Christmas Presents For Men J. BRASS 566 Queen St. West

YOUR VOTE and influence are requested for Edward HEARN As Alderman for 1904. READ THE TOLLER'S NEW STORY.

THAT REMARK

About "What we have we'll hold" is our motto, but we don't stop there; we say what trade we haven't we are after.

SCOTTISH LAUNDRY CO. Cor. Dundas & Gladstone Aves. S. ROGERS, Manager.

LABOR WORLD

News and Views of the Ever Advancing Army of Workers

Ogden, Utah, has passed an eight-hour ordinance.

The St. John labor folks seem anxious for a Maritime Federation of Labor.

The Winnipeg Socialists polled 135 votes in Ward 4 behind Wm. Scott, their representative.

If a man or woman is worth employing at any occupation, he or she ought to receive a living wage, and for less than that they ought not to be called upon to work.

Two-and-a-half-cent fares on the Chicago street cars have been tried and will be discontinued. It pays a good profit on the lines upon which the experiment has been tried.

The Typographical Union of Copenhagen, Denmark, has fallen in line with the example set by their fellow craftsmen of this country, and is building a home for aged members of the trade.

The Ocean West coal mine operated at Williamsburg, Col., notified their men by posted notices that they will establish an eight-hour day throughout the mine and on the outside, and will pay the same wages they have been paying for ten hours.

At a recent mass meeting of employees of the Northeastern Railway of England, a resolution was unanimously passed urging that a scheme of old-age pension, approved by the employers and directors of the road, be put in operation as soon as possible.

The Brotherhood of Engineers is at peace with the employers everywhere. There is not any trouble at any point in their jurisdiction, which includes the United States, Mexico and Dominion of Canada. They have annually renewed the wage contracts with all the large railroad corporations on the American continent.

Tasmanian Government is introducing a Conciliation and Arbitration Bill. If Queensland doesn't hurry up, she will be left alone in her shame as the solitary State in the Commonwealth without this humane legislation, which makes for industrial peace and better conditions for both employers and employed.

The Union Pacific Railway management is reported to have discontinued the much vaunted pension system which was meant to protect the interests of the magnates and the workers were identical. It is dollars to doughnuts that this announcement will not be published as widely as was the pension scheme when it was originally sprung.

October number of the Miners' Monthly, official organ of the Westralian A.M.A., bears the title "The Typographical Union Label." Although several other trade unions in Westralia have adopted the label, this is the first glimpse The Toller has had of the Australian sample of the little emblem that guarantees every worker in the recent case that has been produced by union labor under fair conditions.

Berlin Jew money-lenders are said to have elaborated a perfect system of financing impetuous foreign nobles, and sending them to America to woo and marry the daughters of Yankee plutocrats ambitious to ally themselves with the aristocracy. In the recent case which has come to light Shylock, after the wedding, demanded £10,000, but the bridegroom sent for the police and gave him in charge for blackmail!

New Zealand's Arbitration Court, sitting at Wellington on the 6th instant, gave a number of important judgments. The most interesting to Toller residents was one dealing with a clothing manufacturer against whom were three charges of having paid less than the wages fixed by the court's award. In each of two charges he was fined £10 and £22 costs, and on the third was fined £1 and £2 2s costs.

The action of Los Angeles employers in raising a fund of \$5,000 for the purpose of prosecuting officers of the Typographical Union for libel, boycotting, etc., has increased the bitterness toward the aristocracy and the combined capitalists. The unionists are collecting a fund to resist the bosses and a terrific fight is expected. The class war does not appear to be disappearing despite the hypocritical pretence of politicians and the hysteria of certain "leaders" of labor.

An elderly London solicitor bearing the appropriate name of Booty has been "sent up" for seven years for "misappropriating" £25,000 of his clients' money. The cable man flashes the sad tidings to us as "a heavy sentence." But last month, while the cable man was busy chronicling small society beer, a woman in John Bull's Babylon was condemned to ten years' hard labor for stealing a ham outside a grocery store. The lawyer, d'ye see, merely "misappropriated"; to steal is a vulgar crime which the poor alone are guilty of.

Official notice has been given in the western soft coal fields of the compact entered into between the United Mine Workers and the Western Federation of Miners. This action means the settling of the feud which has existed for a long time between the United Mine Workers and the Western Federation. For a long time these two organizations have not been on friendly terms, over political differences, the Western Federation going in for Socialism, while the United Mine Workers held aloof from entering political lines whatever. The strike in Colorado has caused the two organizations to class hands in a common cause.

If Labor were to cease to produce, what would money be worth? Employees of the Union stock yards at Chicago have \$100,000 subscribed toward their labor temple.

A new labor paper, with P. J. McCormick, secretary of the Michigan Federation of Labor, as editor, has been launched at Port Huron.

It is easy to make a noise about reform, but doing the work, running the risks, and having the reproaches which await a reformer, is another matter.

Seattle Western Central Labor Council has passed a resolution recommending to all affiliated unions the passage of a by-law imposing a fine of \$5 on any member purchasing clothing, hats or shoes not bearing the union label.

By a referendum vote, the Bricklayers' and Masons' International Union has decided to establish a death benefit feature. The amount will be \$100 for members who have been in good standing for at least six months, and \$200 for members of five years or over.

The Railroad Trainers' Journal says: "With this issue of the Journal the Brotherhood numbers 68,000 members, which is the highest point in membership ever attained. Our financial condition is equally prosperous, and we will meet the close of the year in splendid condition."

Federated Trades Council of Milwaukee have petitioned the city of Milwaukee to buy the real estate and build a labor temple, to be the property of the labor unions of that city, and further requests the use of the City Council chamber and school board hall until such time as the temple is ready for occupancy.

German employees in the iron, steel and engineering industries are embarking upon a contest for the institution of a nine-hour day and a minimum wage, but they have appealed to the Amalgamated Society of British Engineers for assistance. The engineers' executive council proposes to accede to their request.

Beginning on Saturday last, and extending over a period of two years, the job printers of St. Paul will receive a minimum of \$18 per week instead of \$16, as formerly. The new scale was ratified by the Typographical Union. The bookbinders got an increase of 15 per cent, and the pressmen are still negotiating with the typothet.

The Socialists of Chicago are making preparations for a great labor demonstration in the Chicago Coliseum on Dec. 6, the occasion being the presence of Eugene P. Debs. Forty members of Theodore Thomas' orchestra will furnish the music, and there will be a banquet, a grand march and a grand ball. It is a strictly Socialist affair.

Surely it is one of the most easily understood arguments that the working class, being the economically essential class, must also be politically dominant. By organizing in a political party by itself, conquering the political power, and adjusting society on an economic basis, the working class will restore the equilibrium between the individual and the society by making all human beings economic equals. From this economic equality must inevitably follow an equality in all other relations.

EMPLOYERS' ORGANIZATION

By W. B. PRESCOTT, in The Inland Printer, Chicago.

The organization of employers is more general at this time than heretofore. Not only are they organizing on lines similar to those now followed by the United Typothetism and National Publishers' Association, which comprehend recognition of the unions, but the preliminary steps have been taken toward arraying them in opposition to the unions. Before the meeting in Chicago of those who formed the Citizens' Industrial Association, there were assurances that the purpose was to place employers in a position to meet the exorbitant and unjust demands that have characterized trade unionists in many districts. Much, of course, depends

1904 CONTROLLER 1904

Your Vote and Influence RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR THE ELECTION OF

JOSEPH OLVER As Controller

ELECTION, FRIDAY, JANUARY 1st, 1904

Your Support is Respectfully Requested For the election of

GEO. H. GOODERHAM

As a Member of THE BOARD OF EDUCATION Election New Year's Day.

Vote For Thomas L. Church

6 YEARS A SCHOOL TRUSTEE For Board of Education An Experienced Teacher Educator

on what is meant by "exorbitant and unjust demands," but the wholly tenor of this announcement denoted that the author had in mind an organization of conservative tendencies. But the dominance of Mr. Parry, who was elected provisional president of the organization, was empowered to appoint the board of directors, would seem to indicate a militant body, and if it amounts to anything, we may have a taste of industrial strife.

So far as one can judge from published utterances, Mr. Parry is not so bitter in his denunciations of unions as he was, but glass it over as he may by references to "rational and perfect unions," he is the opponent of the unionism as he had with us. An anarchist may shout approval at some of his utterances concerning what he calls "natural law," and the socialist can quote Mr. Parry's words of wages with emotion, but the trade unionist finds little comfort in his philanthropy. And Mr. Parry's scheme has not the merit of novelty; he is following in the footsteps of "union bustlers" of yore and abroad. His plan of organizing employees and employers in one organization is merely repeating what has been tried in the printing trade, the iron industry and elsewhere. Such organizations were the cause of more or less expensive trouble, but in the end served to strengthen the unions. So well understood is this among the older unionists that the proposal, even if it were organized with the assent of members in Denver and Kansas City did not disturb them. The present danger lies in the effect the campaign will have on the younger members of recently organized unions. The first echo of the employers' meeting was a movement for a general strike in the Chicago Federation of Labor. The older men sought to put a restraint on the proposal, but, smarting under the lash of Mr. Parry's vain threats and incorrect and irritating assertions, the motion was passed, and the matter is now before the American Federation of Labor. There it will doubtless rest, for the experienced officers of that body are not fomenters of or Levers in strikes. If they were otherwise, there would be no need for the younger members of recently organized unions. The older men sought to put a restraint on the proposal, but, smarting under the lash of Mr. Parry's vain threats and incorrect and irritating assertions, the motion was passed, and the matter is now before the American Federation of Labor. There it will doubtless rest, for the experienced officers of that body are not fomenters of or Levers in strikes. If they were otherwise, there would be no need for the younger members of recently organized unions.

Mr. Parry might say to all this that he does not propose to destroy unions, as has not threatened to do so. Not directly, but he aims at their very vitals. If his views prevail and are indorsed at the meeting of employers to be held at Indianapolis in February, the Industrial Association will endeavor to reach a settlement with the unions. To the unionist, the mild term for such expressions is sophistry. He reasons that in a state of society where all are or might become employers, there would be no need for unions; in fact, they could not exist, as there would be no wage-earning class. But Mr. Parry does not really wish to see such a condition; what he desires is to see millions of workers content with a "chance" to reach a goal which is accessible to comparatively few. If the prize of being an employer could be secured by any considerable number, then, of course, the business enterprises employing large numbers of people would be impossible, which is incompatible with the trend of industrial development. The working classes are not likely to forego all thoughts of adequate reparation because there are a limited number of prizes and many struggling to obtain them. If the employers' organization is to be conducted on the plan outlined by Mr. Parry, it will soon be among the forgotten phenomena of a period of unprecedented industrial activity. So, too, will many of the labor unions that have been much in the public eye on account of their aggressiveness and occasional absurdities. And their downfall will not be due to the anti-union campaign so much as to natural causes.

So far as the trade union movement generally is concerned, the attack will result as its prototypes in Great Britain have resulted. The arguments and even the phrases used betray close acquaintance with the British anti-union movement of thirty years ago. In several important respects conditions then and there and those here and now are similar. England was then enjoying wonderful prosperity, a great expansion of foreign

trade having quickened the business pulse, and the exactness of the unions were alleged to be inimical to a retention of that trade. About that time also the unionists were shamed by the exposure of horrible deeds of violence in Manchester and Sheffield, just as their American fellows of to-day have been humiliated by the disclosure of venal corruption on the part of officials in New York and Chicago. But from the labor standpoint there were a few points of difference between then and now, either in Great Britain or America. In 1870 unions were outlawed to the extent that it was an crime to steal their funds; the mass of workers were uneducated and few of them had a vote; the right to strike was inhibited by law; soldiers were drafted to do the work of strikers; and juries to try unionists were selected exclusively from the employing and nonholding classes. The attitude of the public mind toward unionism may be estimated from the authentic statement that a university president was deemed unfit for his position because he publicly maintained that a murder by a unionist was no worse than a murder by any other person; the press was clamoring for the suppression of unions by the enforcement of obsolete laws, and a prelate of the Church of England did not regard it unbecoming to dignify his sermons with the horse-pistol as a fit depository for unionists.

Under these conditions the Federation of Associated Employers was launched, and it issued an address to the British public, presenting much the same line of argument as used by our anti-union employers. That workmen held meetings of which records were kept and some of them had the temerity to make speeches for the press defending trade unionism were thought to pose the downfall of Britain's trade. To the misrepresentation and wallings of these false prophets, the British public responded as best they could, and from the beginning of the contest made such headway that the succeeding five or six years have been designated the "golden age of a British trade unionism." The Federation of Employers found its self-imposed work of crushing the unions too gigantic a task, and marched through foredoomed defeat to dissolution. There remained the struggle of the employers against the employers which "recognized" the unions and treated with them on matters of common concern.

If the British Federation fared so poorly in its campaign, what hope has its latter-day successor against enlightened and voting American workmen if they once become aroused? The working classes of the modern labor movement demonstrate that the desire to raise the standard of living of the mass—not of a few, but of all—is strongly impressed in the breast of the working people, and all the forces that can be marshaled against them will not exterminate that impulse.

If the Citizens' Industrial Association follows the lead of those who deride conciliation, arbitration and similar methods of settling labor differences, it will assuredly meet defeat in the end. And the public will be fortunate if the conflict these leaders would precipitate is not an expensive one. On the other hand, if the association be guided by men who will avoid the mistakes and follow the later policy of many existing employers' associations and treating with the workers collectively (if they do so), then it will be contributing to economic progress. Before they are put in the saddle the radicals should tell us what will happen if the unions be destroyed. Be assured the desire for improved conditions is not lessened by opposition and the fight for them will continue either through the mistaken policy of physical force, which is highly impracticable—or through appeals to the ballot-box. And in the present temper of the American people this latter spells socialism. True, the socialists would not have a majority of the electorate, but they would, with the secretion of the labor vote driven to them, hold the balance of power. If the unorganized workmen of Germany compelled the employers to adopt portions of their socialist programme, it is easy to conjecture what similar tactics by organized labor here would compel vote-hungry, temporizing American statesmen—the prizes of opposition—to do in that direction.

GOUGH BROS., "Union Label Outfitters" Buy Your Overcoat To-day and Buy It From Us There are many reasons why you ought to buy here which we can explain much better with the garments before you. The way the shoulders are made, the way the collars are put on, the shape of the sleeves, the style of the lapels, the hang of the skirts and other points that you will see, as well as the different materials from which the Coats are made. NO, THERE IS NOTHING EQUALS A PERSONAL EXAMINATION OF THE GARMENTS Before leaving home decide upon the price you can afford, and we make no boast when we say that we will have a Coat to please you at any price, be that \$3.95, \$5, \$7.50, \$8, \$10, \$12, \$14, \$17, \$20. A visit to our SUIT Department will convince you that our Ready-to-Wear Clothing is equal to custom work at a little over half COST. SUIT PRICE, \$5 to \$17 We have the largest and most up-to-date stock of Men's Furnishings and Shoes ever shown in Toronto all at moderate prices. Gough Bros. Two Entrances: 186 Yonge St. and 6-8 Queen St. W. TORONTO.

BOOTS AND SHOES Our Fall stock is now complete. We have Boys' Solid School Boots from \$1.00 Girls' Solid Boots, button or lace 90 Mens' Solid Working Boots 1.25 And full assortment of fine lines. All Rubber in all styles and sizes. J. J. NIGHTINGALE & CO. Opposite Fire Hall, 266 Queen St. West. HOCKEY BOOTS Every Variety, All Stayed, No Stitching From 15 to \$3. WARREN T. FEGAN "THE BIG 88" 88 Queen St. West.

At the Big Store ADAMS Christmas Specials SPECIALLY CHINA CABINET DAY Perhaps there is nothing you could buy in a piece of Furniture that would be more acceptable to a lady than a nice China Cabinet and we know that you cannot find a bigger variety and nicer lines of newer designs anywhere than you will find in our Special Holiday Collection, and to give you an idea of value and to show you the difference between the regular prices and the Special Holiday Prices here are half-a-dozen lines. China Cabinet—polished quarter-cut golden oak—40 in. wide, 4 feet 4 inches high—best glass end and front—canopy top with a British bevel plate mirror in the back; regular \$50.00, special for \$23.65. China Cabinet—polished quarter-cut golden oak—best glass sides and front—4 adjustable shelves—one of the hand-crafted in the house—regular \$22.00, special for \$24.90.

Other Christmas Specials in dark golden oak—upholstered in assorted colors of cretonnes—frames adjustable to three different positions—\$64 in the regular way for \$215. Student's Easy Chair, covers in striped and reversible velour cushions, in heavy material—regularly \$18.50—\$16.00—Christmas price. 6 only Morris Chairs in solid oak frames—reversible velour cushions, in heavy qualities and assorted colors—sold regularly for \$28.50—your choice for \$17.90. Morris Chairs, in solid oak frames with reversible velour cushions, in heavy quality—regularly \$28.50—\$17.90—your choice for \$17.90. 11 only Drawing-room Chairs in four different colored goods, in upholstering—ranging in price from \$5.50 to \$9.75—your choice of 8-7 design for \$4.65. THE ADAMS FURNITURE COMPANY, Limited CITY HALL SQUARE.

THE STROLLERS

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM.

Author of "Under the Rose"

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

His features, stern and obdurate in repose, deepened in severity, while the deep-set blue eyes grew less searching and guarded.

"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 sword was set with field flowers.

"And who plays the duke?" he continued.

"Mr. O'Flarity," she answered, a suggestion of amusement in her glance.

"Ah," he said, recalling Adonis' (O'Flarity's) appearance, and as he spoke a smile of singular sweetness lightened his face.

"No lord of mine!" she replied gayly.

"My lord 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."

"In barns?"

"Oh, yes; when we can find them to set in."

"I suppose you think of a barn as only a place for a horse?"

The sound of carriage wheels interrupted his reply, and, looking in the direction from whence it came, they observed a coach doubling the curve before the willows and approaching at a rapid pace.

It was a handsome and imposing equipage, with dark crimson body and wheels, promising much of the grace of ancient outlines with the utility of modern springs.

As they drew aside to permit it to pass, the features of its occupant were seen, who, perceiving the young girl on the road—the abash, half fallen from her shoulder revealing the plastic grace of an erect figure—glanced at her with surprise, then thrust his head from the window and bowed with smiling, if somewhat exaggerated, politeness.

The next moment carriage and traveler vanished down the road 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 observation from the side with a lozenge if diminishing view from behind.

The countenance of the young girl's companion retrograded from its new found favor to a more inexpressible cast.

"A friend of yours?" he said briefly.

"I never saw him before," she answered, with flashing eyes. "Perhaps he is the lord of the manor and thought I was one of his subjects."

"There are lords in this country, then?"

"Lords or patrons, they are called," she replied, her face still flushed.

From the window of her room Susan saw Saint-Prosper and Constance returning and looked surprised as well as a bit annoyed.

Truth to tell, Mistress Susan, with her capacity for admiring 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 transitory desire for investigation in this great mistress of emotional analysis.

But the arrival of the coach which had passed the couple soon diverted Susan's thoughts to a new channel.

The equipage drew up and a young man, dressed in a style novel to that locality, sprang out. He wore a silk hat with scarcely any brim, trousers extremely wide at the ankle, a waistcoat of the dimensions of 1745 and large watch ribbons sustaining ponderous bunches of seals.

The gallant poked his head over the brim of his hat to Kate, who was peeping from one window, and waved a kiss to Susan, who was surreptitiously glancing from another, whereupon, both being detected, drew back hastily.

Overwhelmed by the appearance of a guest of such manifest distinction, the landlord bowed obsequiously as the other entered the tavern with a supercilious nod.

To Mistress Susan this incident was exciting while it lasted, but when the dandy had disappeared her attention was again attracted to Constance and Saint-Prosper, who slowly approached.

He pushed with his forefinger before the door, and she stood a moment near the little porch on either side of which grew sweet williams, four o'clocks and larkspur. But the few conventional words were scanty crumbs for the fair eavesdropper's love.

The young girl, seeing the house and the soldier, leaning his horse in the direction of the stable, as the latter dismounted around the corner of the tavern, turned off the window and turned toward the door.

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In the taproom the soldier encountered the newcomer, seated not far from the fire, as though his blood flowed sluggishly after his long ride in the chill morning air.

He raised his eyes slowly as the soldier entered and surveyed him deliberately.

From a scrutiny of mere physical attributes he passed on to the more important details of clothes, noting that his sack coat was properly loose at the waist and that the buttons were sufficiently 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 complacently concluded the other was somewhat behind the shifting changes of fashion.

"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 bacon and ham!"

I feel as cured as a side of pig ready to be hung to a dirty rafter."

With which he pulled himself together, went to the window, raised it and placed a stick under the frame.

"They tell me there's a theatrical troupe here," he resumed, returning to his chair and relaxing 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 one of them on the road with you. I'll be bound. You have good taste! Helgob, he yawned again. "I'm anchored here awhile on account of a lame horse. Perhaps, though," brightly, "it may not be so bad after all. These players promise some diversion. At that moment his face wore an expression of airy, jaunty assurance which faded to visible annoyance as he continued: "Where can that landlord be? He placed me in this kennel, washed and left me to my fate. Ah, here he is at last!" as the host approached, respectfully inquiring: "Is there anything more I can do for you?"

"More?" exclaimed this latest guest ironically. "Well, better late than never. 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 newcomer lightly.

The landlord looked startled.

"How far is it to Meadown?" continued the guest.

"Forty odd miles. Perhaps you are seeking the old patron manor there. They say the heir is expected any day."

gesturing freely at the young man, "at least the antipaters have received information he is coming and are preparing."

"The sprightly guest threw up his hands.

"The trunks, the trunks!" he exclaimed in accents of despair. "Look at the disorder of my attire—the pride of

CHAPTER III

PANCAKES, grills, homemade sausage, and before each guest an egg that had been proudly heralded by the clucking hen but a few hours before—truly a beautiful breakfast, discrediting the latest guest's anticipations.

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

"Read the bill—that incomparable comedy, 'The Honeymoon,' by a peerless company. How does that sound?"

"Attractive, certainly," said the other.

"Do you think it strong market place, would 'unparagoned' do?"

"It would be too provincial, my dear; too provincial!" interrupted the querulous voice of the old lady.

"Very well, madam," the manager replied quickly. "You shall be peerless if you wish. Every post because loquacious with it."

"I was going to the village myself," said the soldier, "and will join you, if you don't mind," he added suddenly.

"Mind? Not a bit! Come along, and you shall learn of the duties of manager, billposter, press agent and license procurer."

As he 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 performances?" asked the younger man, opening the conversation.

"By posters, written announcements in the taverns or a notice in the country paper if we happen to long just before 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 retrospective smile overspreading his good natured face. "When I was a lad in Devonshire the manager announced the performance in the town market place. I rang a cow bell to attract attention, and he talked to the people: Ding-a-ling! Good people, tonight will be given 'Love in a Wood'—ding-a-ling; tomorrow night, 'The Bean's Stratagem'—ding; Wednesday, 'The Provoked Wife'—ding; Thursday, 'The Way of the World'—ding. So I made my debut in a noisy part and have since played 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 lady, which duties were, perfunctorily performed. My art, however, I threw into the bell," concluded the manager, with a laugh.

"No, you had many theaters here, about?" asked the other thoughtfully.

Barnes shook his head. "No, although 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 difficulty is procuring licenses to perform."

"You have to get permission to play?"

"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 opposition?" 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 noisily 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 anti-theatrical agitation has preceded us in the Shadogee 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 license if you'll wait a moment."

Saint-Prosper assented, and Barnes disappeared through the door of a open-story wooden building which boasted little in its architectural appearance and whose principal decorations consisted of a small window garden containing faded geraniums and a sign with sundry inverted letters.

Barnes speedily appeared with dejection in his manner and, with no word of explanation to his companion, began to retrace his steps toward the hamlet 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; the people are set against plays and players. The supervisor refuses the license."

With which the manager relapsed into silence, rueful and melancholy. Their road ran steadily upward from the sleepy valley, skirting a wood where the luxuriance of the overhanging foliage and the bright autumnal tint of the leaves were like a scene of a spectacular play. Out of breath from the steepness of the ascent, and with his hand pressed to his side, Barnes suddenly called a halt, seated himself on a stump, his face somewhat drawn, and spoke for the first time since he had left the hamlet.

"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 machinery is getting odd, that's all! Let me see—ah, yes!" And he drew a clear from his pocket. "Perhaps there lies a crumb of comfort in the wood?"

The manager smoked contemplatively 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 satisfaction. His mind, seeking for a way out of a possible way out of this labyrinth of difficulties and at a moment he had straightened up, puffing veritably optimistic wreaths. He arose buoyantly; before he reached the inn the crumb of comfort had become a loaf of assurance.

At the tavern the manager immediately sought mine host, stating his desire to give a number of free performances in the dining room of the hotel. The landlord, demurred stoutly. He was an innkeeper, not the proprietor of a playhouse. Were not tavern and theater inseparable, always Barnes? The country host had retained Barnes' windows the mask and identity were both. The mystery, harlequinade and divertissement found shelter in a pot-house.

In a word, so indefatigably did he ply arguments, appealing alike to clemency and cupidity—the custom following such a course—that the landlord at length reluctantly consented, and soon after the dining room was transformed into a temple of art, studded, it is true, for seats, boxes and screens, but at least more tenable than the roofless theaters of other days, when a downpour drenched the players and washed out the public, causing rainy tears to drip from Ophelia's nose and rivulets of rouge to trickle down my Lady Slip-away's marble neck and shoulders.

In this labor of converting the dining room into an auditory they found the attentive observer the landlord's daughter, who left her pen, plates and platters to watch these preparations with round eye-admiration. To her that temporary stage was surrounded by glamour and romance, a world remote from cook, scullion and maid of all work and peopled with well born dames, courtly ladies and exalted princesses.

Possibly interested in what seemed an incomprehensible venture—for how could the manager's coffers be replenished by free performances?—Saint-Prosper that afternoon reminded Barnes he had returned from the village without fulfilling his errand.

"Dear," exclaimed Barnes, his face wrinkling in perplexity. "What was gone and the buoyant beam had sought diversion in his eyes. 'Strike me,'" muttered the last named personage. "The little stroller has spirit. How her eyes flashed when I first approached her! It required some tact and acting to make her believe I took her for some one else on the road. Not such an easy conquest as I thought, although I imagine I have put that adventurer's nose out of joint."

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"In that case," laughed Barnes, with a sigh of relief, "go ahead and spread the inflammable dodgers. Paste them everywhere except on the tombstones in the graveyard."

Conspicuously before the post office, grocery store, on the town pump and the fence of the village church some time later the soldier accordingly nailed the posters, followed by an inquisitive group, who read the following announcement: "Tuesday, 'The Honeymoon'; Wednesday, 'The School for Scandal'; Thursday, 'The Stranger'; with diverting specialties: Friday, 'Romeo and Juliet'; Saturday, 'Hamlet,' with a Jig by Kate Duran. At the Traveler's Friend, Entrance Free."

Shaking the reins on his horse's neck, he continued his way, while the sun, like a searchlight to the church spire; the fields, marked by the plow; the gaunt stumps in a clearing, displaying their giant stumps. Then the resplendent rays vanished, the battlements crumbled away, and night, with its army of shadows, invaded the earth. As Saint-Prosper approached the tavern, set prominently on the brow of the hill, all was solemnly restful save the sign, which now creaked in doleful dolefulness and again complained wildly as the wind struck it a vigorous blow. The windows were bright from the fireplace and lamp. Above the door the light streamed through the open transom upon the swaying sign and the fluttering leaves of the vine that clambered around the entrance.

In the parlor, near a deteriorated piano whose yellow keys were cracked and broken, in almost the seventh stage of pianissimo, sans teeth, sans wire, sans everything, he saw the dark eyed girl and reined his horse. As he did so she seated herself upon the half-closed door, pressed a white finger to a discolored nail of the ring finger, an unexpected result, the squeak of decrepitude. While her hand still rested on the board and her features shone strongly in relief against the fire like a 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 signior, he of the equine mane's gaze and voice softly modulated. That evening the soldier played piquet with the wily old lady, losing four shillings to that antiquated gamester, and when he had paid the stakes, the young girl was gone and the buoyant beam had sought diversion in his eyes.

"Strike me," muttered the last named personage. "The little stroller has spirit. How her eyes flashed when I first approached her! It required some tact and acting to make her believe I took her for some one else on the road. Not such an easy conquest as I thought, although I imagine I have put that adventurer's nose out of joint."

"Oh, it's a notable occupation," said the other, with a satirical smile. "Was it not the billposters who caused the

downfall of the French dynasty?" he added.

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