

BOUR
J
ONTARIO
1909-10 season of the
of Labour has been
of collecting, and
Labor through the
and Capital, and
workings, together
to the community,
of wage work
of the industrial
may be able to
co-operation of Labor
in the general
is invited.
CHURCH,
Director of Public Works
LING,
The Labour Bureau
with any of the Labor
above address.
D. DRYDEN,
Minister of Agriculture
is invited.
CANADA
4 MAIN
Drank Always
ave's
ALE!
RTER
HALF
your XXX PORTER
stimulating effect,
has not an equal
out or porter. Physi-
cians and druggists
bottoms has it. It is a
up. It is a de-
pup.
We spare no expense,
best for you. Ask
TRUST SALE for
RAVE
ny, Toronto
Telephone Park 140
Brewery
ny Limited
owers and
isters
TORONTO, ONT.
SALES and
PORTER
turers of the
White
Label
Brand
ROSS, Manager
NES
IGNS
SCRIPTION
ion Lael on your
Hanners
reet, Toronto
of Queen
Terre Haute Ga-
the authority of the
of the works of
occurred in Paris;
rolide a writer was
ry. No sewer de-
should fail to se-
dirty a paragraph
n it as the above,
to an ill-natured,
called for, pusillim-
man. Zola was a
of human nature as
itor of the Terre
read the works of
man, he should
ange, might induce
the working people
a trifle more re-
mitted with—South

THE TOILER

3

MAIN 3269 & 4546 New Method Laundry

Rough Dry 5c. per pound.
Townsend Laundry Co.
PROPRIETORS
187 & 189 Parliament
We are Union

Forbes Roofing Company

Successors to D. FORBES
State Tile, Felt and Gravel-Roofers and Galvan-
ized Iron Workers. Office Telephone, Main 35. Resi-
dence Telephone North 1678. Medical Council
Charters 125 Bay St., Toronto. Established 1905.

Merchant Tailors

Using this Label are
fair to organized labor.



Tailors Union ask that
you patronize the follow-
ing firms.

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------------|
| James Sim | 343 Queen St. W. |
| D. C. Douglas & Co. | 346 |
| Alex. Ross | 1134 |
| Geo. Ward | 825 |
| J. Smilie | 216 |
| J. J. and Co. | 1288 |
| Smith & Co. | 236 |
| Martin Ward | 26 Maple Grove |
| J. Dunken | 164 Queen St. E. |
| Geo. Barnes | 723 |
| H. N. Morrison | Toronto Junction |
| Warren & Ham | Victoria Chambers |
| A. J. J. | 19 Richmond St. E. |
| G. McClure | Room 10, 115 Richmond W. |

Unfair Employers mean
Unfair Dealers.

CAREFUL DETAILS

give to all work that comes
to our Laundry. We guaran-
tee perfection in our work and claim
we cannot be surpassed.

TEL. MAIN 4317

The Perfection Laundry Co.

607 Queen West Don't Forget It.
Phone Main 4404 Phone Park 373

Albert Jacks

..CATERER..
CAKES AND PASTRY
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

270 and 660 Queen St. West.

Nordheimer Piano

THE REPRESENTATIVE PIANO OF CANADA

Fine Clothing

25 Cents per Dozen
For Family Washing Ruff Dry
Men's fine finish a specialty. No Chemicals
used.

SCOTTISH LAUNDRY CO.
25 Dundas Street (Near Queen)

Unoin Men Attention

The following Firms have recognized
the Bakers Union—Local 304—and
are entitled to the use of the Label.
Demand it.

G. Lawrence, 38-44 Denison ave.
The Model Baking Co., cor. Soho &
Phoebe sts.
R. B. Birrell, caterer, 7204 Queen
st. east.
The Beedin Bread Co., 160-164
Avenue road.
W. Carlyle, Delaware ave.
Union Baking Co., 142-144 Euclid
ave.

Gerrie Bros., 333 King st. west.
Dale & Harris, cor. Woosley &
Hackney sts.
Borthwick Baking Co., 90 Queen W.
W. H. Harper, 161 Manning ave.
Hilton Bros., 615 Gerrard st. east.
R. Jose, 695 Queen st. west.
A. W. Carrick, 172 Bay st.
J. D. Sloan.
H. Reuben, 176 York st.
H. P. Borthwick, 351 Queen st. east.
A. S. Whealey, 351 Wilton ave.
Peters Bros., 106 Augusta ave.
E. Dempsey, 465 Gerrard st. east.
J. E. Jeandron, 212 Carlton st.
Coleman Baking Co.
A. Luccina, 13 Denison ave.
J. Regan, 1 Sullivan st.
Johnston & Little, 140 Spadina ave.
Ramsden, 345 Yonge st. and 394
Riparian ave.
Hugh Watson, 38 Lippincott st.
G. C. Tomlin, 420-422 Bathurst st.

SMOKERS

Briar Plug
5c.

All Goods Lowest Price
ALIVE BOLLARD,
OLD STORE 190 YONGE. NEW STORE 125 YONGE.

484 QUEEN ST. W.

Look at the PRICES and then
EXAMINE THE GOODS. MEN'S OVER-
COATS MADE TO YOUR MEASURE
in the SWAGER, RAGLANETTE,
or any other style.

12.50 and 15.00
worth 16.00 and 20.00.

Men's Tweed or Worsted Suits,
made to your measure, 10.00,
12.50, and 15.00.

FIT GUARANTEED

R. R. SOUTHCOMBE
Tailor & Clothier
484 QUEEN STREET WEST
Cor. Denison Ave.

JENNIE BAXTER: JOURNALIST

BY ROBERT BARR.

IV.—The Search for the Girl.

(Copyright, 1909, by Robert Barr.)

"Because," said the detective, with
the air of a man who knows whereof
he speaks, "he is in love with her."

"What makes you think that?"

"I don't think I know it. Listen
to his description of her."

The detective chose a paper from
among his pile of documents, folded,
labeled and docketed for reference.

"The girl is of average height, or
perhaps a trifle taller than the average,
carries herself superbly, like a born
duchess. Her eyes are of a deep, velvety
black."

"Dear me!" cried the girl. "He de-
scribes her as if she were a cat."

"Wait a moment," said the detec-
tive.

"I don't see much trace of love in
that," continued Jennie breathlessly.

"Wait a moment," repeated the de-
tective. "They light up and sparkle
with merriment and they melt into the
most entrancing tenderness."

"Good gracious!" cried Jennie, ris-
ing. "The conceit of the man is illimit-
able. Does he mean to intimate that he
saw tenderness for himself in the eyes
of a woman he had met for an hour or
two?"

"That's just it," said the detective,
laughing. "You see, the man is head
over ears in love. Please sit down again,
Miss Baxter, and listen. I know this
sentimental kind of writing must be
irksome to a practical woman like your-
self, but in our business we cannot neg-
lect even the slightest detail. Let's see,
where was I—tenderness," oh, yes, her
hair is of midnight darkness, in-
clined to ripple, with little whiffs of
curls imperiously defying restraint
about her temples. Her complexion is
as pure as the dawn, touched now and
then with a blush as delicate as the
petal of a rose."

"Alas!" cried Jennie impatiently.
"The complexion of a woman at a ball?
Of course she put it on for the oc-
casion."

"Of course," agreed the detective.
"But that merely shows you how deep-
ly in love he is. Lord Donald is quite a
young man. He came up to this room
to consult with me, and of course he
doesn't know the difference between a
complexion developed in a Surrey lane
and one purchased in New Bond street."

"Still, the blushing would seem to
indicate that the complexion was genu-
ine," retorted Jennie, apparently quite
unflattered by Mr. Taylor's agreement
with the theory she herself had put for-
ward.

"Oh, I don't know about that! I be-
lieve modern science enables an em-
bezzled woman to blush at will. I would
not be sure of it, because it is outside
of my own line of investigation, but I
have understood such is the case."

"Very likely," assented Jennie.
"What is it you have at the bottom
of your pocket?"

"That," said the detective, drawing
it forth and handing it to the girl, "is
her glove."

Jennie picked up the glove—which,
alas, she had paid for and only worn on
one occasion—and smoothed it out be-
fore her.

"Well, what did you do when you
got this picture back?" said Jennie.

"I remembered you and went to the
office of The Daily Blade. This brings
me to the present moment. You have
now the whole story, and I shall be very
pleased to listen to any suggestions you
are good enough to offer."

The girl sat where she was for a few
moments and pondered over the situa-
tion. The detective, resting his elbow
on the table and his chin in his hand,
regarded her with eager anticipation.
The more Jennie thought over the mat-
ter the more she was amazed at the man
before her, who seemed unable to place
two and two together. He had already
spoken of the account of the ball which
had appeared in The Daily Blade of its
accuracy and excellence. He knew
that she was a member of The Bugle
staff, yet it had never occurred to him
to inquire who wrote that description.
He knew also that she had been a guest
at the Schloss Steinheimer when the in-

between her fingers. It was decided.
Made by Gant et Cie, Boulevard Ha-
mann, purchased in Paris by one al-
ling herself to be the Princess von Stein-
heimer.

"You have found out all about it,"
said Jennie as she finished reading the
label.

"Yes, it is our business to do so, but
the glove has not been of much assis-
tance to us."

"How did he say he became possessed
of the glove?" asked the girl innocently.
"Did she give it to him?"

"No, he tore it from her hand as she
was leaving him in the carriage. It
seemed to me not a very gentlemanly
thing to do, but of course it was not
my business to tell Lord Donald that."

"So the glove has not been of much
assistance to you? Tell me, then, what
you have done, and perhaps I shall be
the better able to advise you."

"We have done everything that sug-
gested itself. We traced the alleged
princess from the Hotel Bristol in Paris
to Claridge's in London. I have a very
clever woman in Paris who assisted me,
and she found where the gloves were
bought and where the dress was made.
Did I read you Lord Donald's de-
scription of the lady's costume?"

"No, never mind that. Go on with
your story."

"Well, Claridge's provided carriage,
coachman and footman to take her to
the ball, and these returned with her
some time about midnight. Now, here
a curious thing happened—the lady
ordered a hansom as she passed the
night porter and shortly after packed
off her maid in the cab."

"Her maid!" echoed Jennie.

"Yes; the maid came down in ordi-
nary dress shortly after, deeply veiled,
and drove away in the hansom. The
lady paid her bill next morning and
went to the 8 o'clock Paris express
with carriage and pair, coachman and
footman. Of course it struck me that
it might be the lady herself who had
gone off in the cab, but a moment's re-
flection showed me that she was not
likely to leave the hotel in a cab at
midnight and allow her maid to take
the carriage in state next morning."

"That doesn't appear reasonable,"
murmured Jennie. "You made no at-
tempt, then, to trace the maid?"

"Oh, yes, we did! We found the cab-
man who took her from Claridge's, and
he left her at Charing Cross station,
but there all trace of her vanishes. She
probably left on one of the late trains—
there are only a few after midnight—
to some place out in the country. The
lady took a first class ticket to Paris
and departed alone next morning by
the 8 o'clock continental express. My
assistant discovered her and took a
snap shot of her as she was walking
down the boulevard. Here is the pic-
ture."

The detective handed Miss Baxter an
instantaneous view of one of the boule-
vards taken in bright sunshine. The
principal figure in the foreground Jen-
nie had no difficulty in recognizing as
her own maid, dressed in that chic fash-
ion which Parisian women affect.

"She seems to answer the descrip-
tion," said Jennie.

"So I thought," admitted the detec-
tive, "and I sent the portrait to Lord
Donald. See what he has written on the
back."

Jennie turned the picture over, and
there under the inscription, "Sup-
posed photo of the missing woman,"
was written in a bold hand, "Boh!
Read my description of the girl. This
is evidently some Paris lady's maid."

"Well, what did you do when you
got this picture back?" said Jennie.

"I remembered you and went to the
office of The Daily Blade. This brings
me to the present moment. You have
now the whole story, and I shall be very
pleased to listen to any suggestions you
are good enough to offer."

The girl sat where she was for a few
moments and pondered over the situa-
tion. The detective, resting his elbow
on the table and his chin in his hand,
regarded her with eager anticipation.
The more Jennie thought over the mat-
ter the more she was amazed at the man
before her, who seemed unable to place
two and two together. He had already
spoken of the account of the ball which
had appeared in The Daily Blade of its
accuracy and excellence. He knew
that she was a member of The Bugle
staff, yet it had never occurred to him
to inquire who wrote that description.
He knew also that she had been a guest
at the Schloss Steinheimer when the in-

nothing occur to you? Have you no
theory as to what forward?"

"None that would be of any practical
advantage. Is Lord Donald certain that
it was not the princess herself whom he
met? Are you thoroughly convinced
that there was really an impersona-
tion?"

"What do you mean, Miss Baxter?"

"Well, you met Prince von Stein-
heimer. What did you think of him?"

"I thought him an overbearing bully,
if you ask me. I can't imagine what
English or American girls see in those
foreigners to cause them to marry them."

The prince was very violent—practi-
cally ordered me out of the castle, spoke
to his father-in-law in the most per-
emptory manner, and I could easily see
the princess was frightened out of her
wits."

"A very accurate characterization of
his highness, Mr. Taylor. Now, of
course, the princess being a woman—
and a young woman—would naturally
be very anxious to attend the Duchess
of Chiselhurst's ball, wouldn't she?"

"One would think so."

"And, as you have just said, she has
a bear of a husband, a good deal older
than herself, who does not in the least
care for such things as the function to
which the princess was invited. Is it
not just possible that the princess ac-
tually attended the ball, but, for rea-
sons of her own, desired to keep the
fact of her presence there a secret? And
you must remember that Lord Donald
Stirling had not seen the princess for
five years."

"For five years?" said the detective
sharply. "How did you learn that,
Miss Baxter?"

"Well, you know," murmured the
girl, with a gasp, "that he met her last
in Washington, and the princess has
not been in America for five years; so,
you see."

"Oh, I was not aware that he had
met her in America at all. In fact,
Lord Donald said nothing much about
the princess. All his talk had reference
to this lady who impersonated her."

Jennie leaned back in her chair,
closed her eyes for a moment and
breathed quickly.

"I am afraid," she said at last, "that
I do not remember with sufficient in-
tenseness the details you have given me
to be able to advise. I would merely
suggest that Lord Donald met the prin-
cess herself at the Duchess of Chisel-
hurst's ball. The princess naturally
would wish to mislead him regarding
her identity, and so, if he had not met
her for some time—say two years, or
three years, or five years, or whatever
the period may be—it is quite possible
that the princess has changed greatly in
the interval, and perhaps she was not
reluctant to carry on a flirtation with
the young man, your client. Of course
she could not allow it to go further than
her side of the door at the Duke of
Chiselhurst's town house, for you must
remember there was her husband in
the background, a violent man, as you
have said, and Lord Donald must have
thoroughly angered the princess by
what you term his rudeness in tearing
off her glove, and his insistence that
she admit that she was at the ball, so
it seems to me that you are wasting
your time in a wild goose chase. Why,
it is absurd to think, if there had been
a real disappearing woman, that you,

had not betrayed herself, although she
was not blind to the fact that her escape
was due more to good luck than to any
presence of mind of her own, which had
nearly deserted her at one or two points
in the conversation. When Mr. Hard-
wick saw her, he asked how much space
he would have to reserve for the ro-
mance in high life. But she told him
there was nothing in the case, so far as
she could see, to interest any sane
reader."

Her matters rested for a fortnight.
Then the girl received an urgent note
from Cadbury Taylor, asking her to
call at his office next day promptly at 4
o'clock. It was very important, he said,
and he hoped she would on no account
disappoint him. Jennie's first impulse
was not to go, but she was so anxious
to learn what progress the detective had
made in the case, fearing that at last
he might have got on the right track,
that she felt it would be unwise to take
the risk of not seeing him. If his sus-
picions were really aroused, her absence
might serve as an excuse to confirm
them. Exactly at 4 o'clock next after-
noon she entered his office and found
him, to her relief, alone. He sprang up
from his table on seeing her and said in
a whisper, "I am so glad you have
come. I am in rather a quandary. Lord
Donald Stirling is in London on a flying
visit. He called here yesterday."

The girl caught her breath, but said
nothing.

"I explained to him the reasons I
have for believing that it was actually
the Princess von Steinheimer whom he
met at the Duchess of Chiselhurst's
ball. He laughed at me; there was no
convincing him. He said that theory
was more absurd than sending him
the picture of a housemaid as that of
the lady he had met at the ball. I used
all the arguments which you had used,
but he brushed them aside as of no
consequence, and somehow the case did
not appear to be as clear as when you
propounded your theory."

"Well, what then?" asked the girl.

"Why, then I asked him to come up
here at 4 o'clock and hear what an as-
sistant of mine would say about the
case."

"At 4 o'clock?" cried the girl in ter-
ror. "Then he may be here at any mo-
ment."

"He is here now; he is in the next
room. Come in, and I will introduce
you, and then I want you to tell him
all the circumstances which lead you to
believe that it was the princess her-
self whom he met. I am sure you will
place all the points before him so terse-
ly that you will succeed in bringing
him round to your own way of think-
ing. You will try, won't you, Miss
Baxter? It will be a very great oblige-
ment to me."

"Oh, no, no, no," cried the girl. "I
am not going to admit to any one that
I have been acting as a detective's as-
sistant. You had no right to bring me
here. I must go home. If I had known
this, I would not have come."

"It won't take you five minutes,"
pleaded Cadbury Taylor. "He is at this
moment waiting for you. I told him
you would be here at 4."

"I can't help that. You had no right
to make an appointment for me with-
out my knowledge and consent."

Taylor was about to speak when the
handle of the inner room turned.

"I say, detective," remarked Lord
Donald in a voice of scornful irritation,
"you should have assistants who are
more punctual. I am a very busy man
and must leave for St. Petersburg to-
night, so I can't spend all my time in
your office, you know."

"I am sure I beg your pardon, my
lord," said the detective, with great ob-
sequiousness. "This young lady has
some objections to giving her views,
but I am sure you will be able to per-
suade her."

He turned, but the place at his side
was vacant. The door in the hall was
open, and the girl had escaped as she
saw the handle of the inner door turn
Taylor looked blankly at the client with
dropped jaw. Lord Donald laughed.

"Your assistant seems to have disap-
peared as completely as the lady at the
ball. Why not set your detectives on
her track? Perhaps she will prove to be
the person I am in search of."

"I am very sorry, my lord," stam-
mered the detective.

"Oh, don't mention it! I am sure you
have done all that could be done with
the very ineffective clues which unfor-
tunately are our only possessions, but
you are quite wrong in thinking it was
the princess herself who attended the
ball, and I don't blame your assistant
for refusing to bolster up an impossi-
ble case. We will consider the search en-
ded, and if you will kindly let me have
your bill at the Diplomatic club before
6 o'clock tonight I will send you a
check. Good afternoon, Mr. Taylor."

An Awkward Blame.

"It was this way," said the clerk
of the State street door, waiting for
somebody, I suppose. The plumes of
her hat curled down behind and the tip
of a plume touched the flame in the
cigar lighter over the counter. Next
moment the hat was aflame, women
were rushing for the door and the girl
who was on fire was shrieking like an
Indian.

"Rudy, the soda clerk, grabbed a
seltzer bottle and let go at the hat just
as big Martini, the policeman, rushed
in and tried to wrench the hat from the
girl's head. Rudy did the best he could,
but he hadn't calculated the range. He
hit Martini in the eye, the girl in the
nose and the door. The hat went to
the floor and Martini fought the
seltzer till the supply ran out."

"Nobody was hurt, but the girl acted
as though she was irritated. Really, it
was only a trifling accident, and Rudy
will be in training next time with a
bigger bottle."—Chicago News.

First European Book in Japanese.

The first European book that ever ap-
peared in the Japanese language was a
translation of Heine's German songs.

Ogilvie's Flour Follows the flag

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON OGILVIE'S FLOUR

Be sure you always get
Ogilvie's Hungarian and Ogilvie's Glenora Patent

The World's Best Bakers and Family Flour. J. F. MacLAREN,
Toronto Manager

Post Office Box 281,
Telephone Main 2396.

DON'T FAIL TO HEAR THE ELOQUENT PRIEST OF CHICAGO

REV. THOS. E. COX

Subject—The Religious Side of Theories of Taxation

SUNDAY, 11th JAN., 3 P.M.

Toronto Opera House

COLLECTION. SINGING.

JENNIE BAXTER: JOURNALIST

BY ROBERT BARR.

V.—The Prime Minister's Indiscretion.

(Copyright, 1909, by Robert Barr.)

As Jennie rapidly hurried away from
the office of Mr. Cadbury Taylor there
arose in her mind some agonizing ques-
tions. What would the detective think of
her sudden flight. She was convinced that,
up to the moment of leaving him so
abruptly, he had not the slightest suspi-
cion that she herself, to whom he was
then talking, was the person he had
been searching for up and down Euro-
pe. What must he think of one who,
while speaking with him, suddenly
without a word of leave taking, dis-
appeared as if the earth had opened and
swallowed her, and all because the han-
dle of the door to the inner room had
turned? Then the excuse she had given
for not wishing to meet Lord Donald
must be struck him as ridiculously in-
adequate. When she reached her desk
and reflected with more calmness over
the situation, she found no cause to
censure herself for her hasty departure.
Although she had acted on sudden im-
pulse, she saw there had been nothing
else to do. Another moment and she
would have been face to face with Lord
Donald himself.

Next day brought a note from the
detective which somewhat reassured
her. He apologized for having made the
appointment without her permission
and explained that Lord Donald's un-
expected arrival in London and his stub-
born refusal to meet Lord Donald, who
was an entire stranger to her, but
now he saw where he was wrong,
etc. This note did much to convince
Jennie that, after all, the detective had
not seen the clues which appeared to
be spread so plainly before his eyes.
Cadbury Taylor, however, said nothing
about the search being ended, and a
few days later Jennie received a dis-
quieting letter from the Princess von
Steinheimer.

"My dear Jennie," her highness
wrote, "I am sure the detectives are
after you, and so I thought it best to
send you a word of warning. Of course
it is only surmise on my part, but for
days there has been a woman hovering
about the castle, trying to get informa-
tion from my servants. My maid came
directly to me and told me what she
knew. The woman detective had spoken
to her. This inquisitive person, who
had come from Paris, wished particu-
larly to know whether I had been seen
about the castle during the week in
which the Duchess of Chiselhurst's ball
took place, and so this leads me to sup-
pose that some one is making inquiries
for you. It must be either Lord Donald
Stirling or the Duke of Chiselhurst, but
I rather think it is the former. I have
written an indignant letter to Lord
Donald, accusing him of having caused
detectives to hunt the castle. I have
not yet received a reply, but Lord Donald
is a truthful person, and in a day or
two I expect to find out whether or not
he has a hand in this business. Mean-
while, Jennie, be on your guard, and I
will write you again as soon as I have
something further to tell."

The reading of this letter greatly in-
creased Jennie's fears, for she felt as-
sured that, stupid as the men undoubt-
edly were, they verged so closely on the
brink of discovery that they were almost
certain to stumble upon the truth if
the investigation were continued. She
wrote a hurried note to the princess,
imploping her to be cautious and not
inadvertently give any clue that would
lead to her discovery. Her letter evi-
dently crossed one from the princess
herself. Lord Donald had confessed, said
the letter, and promised never more
to do it

