

The Toronto World

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FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 3.

Canada's Dead Meat and Wheat Markets.

Two articles in the August number of The Agricultural Gazette of Canada, published in the Ottawa department of agriculture, are enlightening on current conditions. The "Live Stock Situation Dull," by H. S. Arkell, M.A., B.S.A., live stock commissioner, is an analysis that reveals the fact that the North American continent is receding from the advantageous position which it held during the war as a source of supply for European markets. The statistics given for the first five months of the present year show that on imports of beef to Great Britain of 3,470,430 cwt., the United States contributed only 94,551 cwt., and Canada none, while Argentina sent in 2,434,000 cwt. Canada and the United States, however, head the list for bacon, and of a total of imports of 2,404,800 cwt., the United States contributed 1,774,565 cwt., and Canada 454,592 cwt. The writer points out that Canada is in a favored position for future exports of bacon and dairy products because of abundance of feed. Denmark, which is a strong competitor with Canada in the British markets, is still unable to import even a fair proportion of her normal feed requirements, and is consequently handicapped.

The import of the article is to the effect that the British markets for beef will be largely monopolized by the South American republics, for mutton by Australia and New Zealand, and that Canada stands high as regards the bacon imported. But we have a big local beef trade, and we can also sell some in the States.

On the world's wheat situation, an article in the same number by T. K. Eberts provides statistics to show that there is a shortage. The production for the year from all the countries from which information could be obtained, is given as 2,355,950,000 bushels, against 2,752,558,000 bushels in 1919 and a five-year pre-war average of 2,824,474,000 bushels. The probable import demand by European countries is placed at 594,000,000 bushels, and the probable export supplied from countries with surplus crops is given at 600,000,000 bushels. Canada's export surplus is put at 150,000,000 bushels.

From the Canadian standpoint the two reviews should be comforting. With the more even world distribution of fresh meats, the Canadian consumer should be able to get supplies below the famine prices that have ruled for the war years. The farmer is assured of a market for his wheat at a paying price, and he has a great opening to expand development in the hog industry.

Come Back to Earth, Mr. Raney.

Attorney-General Raney was sailing in the clouds at Ottawa. Excited by the presence of a noble lord, and the only living ex-president of the United States, Mr. Raney rushed in where angels fear to tread. He may be right in saying that Canada, like Australia, should have the power to amend her own constitution. He was undoubtedly right in saying that we should have more to say in selecting the governor-general, and that Canadian judges should interpret the laws that are made in Canada. But when he talks of the Canadian parliament having power to declare war and make peace, with the concomitant power to make treaties of every kind with foreign nations, he gets on dangerous ground. Such powers, under the British constitutional system, are vested solely in the crown. When his majesty, upon the advice of the British government, declares war, the entire British Empire is at war, although a portion of the empire may not be in the conflict. And even Mr. Raney will scarcely say that our Dominion parliament can abolish the throne or regulate the royal succession. Perhaps he is doing propaganda work for what he'd like to see.

A Britanic league of nations in which Canada will be a sovereign member bound only to the United Kingdom and the overseas dominions by a treaty of alliance, with some international council or Britanic supreme court to adjust their differences, may come to pass. But it will come by gradual evolution.

In the meantime let us suggest that Mr. Raney leave the British Empire to work out its own great destiny while he devotes a little time to the discharge of his official duties as attorney-general of Ontario. It may be a comedown for a gentleman of such world-wide vision to bother his head about one province, but after all the people of this province are paying him a salary, and he is still a minis-

ter of the crown. While Mr. Raney was battling above the clouds some things were happening in the county of Essex. Rev. Mr. Spracklin may be a bad marksman, but he seems to be an energetic license inspector. He has run down a motor launch and a motor car both openly engaged in illegal traffic. Are these to be confiscated, or has the Ontario government the power to confiscate them? Mr. Raney may well spare his labors upon international law and pay some attention to the Ontario temperance act and provincial legislation. Is the act, as many believe, full of holes and is there any intention of summoning the provincial legislature to pass proper amendments? And what about enforcing the law against combines—sugar and other necessities of life? Mr. Raney is eloquent on the banks of the Ottawa, but had he not better turn his attention to enforcing the Ontario temperance act on the banks of the Detroit River?

Premier Melchen is not devoting so much time to international affairs. He probably realizes that the people are more concerned about the price of sugar than they are about a new constitution. He should be diligent in proceeding against the profiteers, and if the Dominion laws are not what they should be, let him summon parliament and make them better. Let him also join our good friend the minister of justice and remind him that he is the attorney-general of Canada.

The Paper Stocks.

A confidential letter was received by Toronto investors from Montreal yesterday offering a new paper stock at \$40 a share. The circular says in part: "In order to give those on our mailing list an opportunity to secure this stock before it becomes subject to speculation on the street we are taking the precaution of writing them in advance so that we may be better able to reserve their requirements."

It might be better to reserve requirements until the paper stocks have gone thru the inevitable relapse following the boom. The paper stocks have been in the height of speculation on the Montreal exchange for over a year, and the paper shortage and high prices for the commodity have no doubt been discounted months ago. The paper output is being increased by additions to the old mills, and many new ones are now in process of construction. Boom days are always losing ones for the outside speculator and it will be strange if the paper stocks are any exception to past records. Pulpwood is getting cheaper in line with cheaper logs and lumber.

The Price of Coal.

The price of coal is not altogether within the control of the Dominion government, a large quantity of it being imported from the United States. But the government can determine the percentage of profit to be charged by the middlemen in Canada, thru whom the coal passes to the consumer. The railway commission, the chairman of the railway commission, has succeeded in securing priority orders from the interstate commerce commission, which will greatly facilitate the speedy and constant flow of American coal to this country. The government, thru another commission, has obtained most favored treatment from our neighbors in the matter of this coal supply, notwithstanding vigorous protests from western states at various times, who suffer acutely from coal shortage. The government, moreover, will use its resources, as far as may be, in bringing coal from the maritime and western provinces to central Canada, and we would not be surprised if parliament were asked to foot the bill, or a large portion of it, for this highly expensive transportation. The Dominion government, therefore, has the moral duty, as well as the legal right, to see that no extortion is practised in the sale and distribution of coal, and a fuel controller may be as necessary in peace as in war.

The Montreal Star tells us that practically no Nova Scotia coal has come up the St. Lawrence so far, and views with alarm our continued dependence for fuel upon the United States. The Star wants a national policy for this national necessity, but is careful to go into no details. A large percentage of the coal deposits of this country are vested in the crown, either in the right of the Dominion or provincial governments. The government can open and work mines without resorting to expropriation, and it has the railways necessary for the transportation of the coal from mine to market. But any national policy will miss the mark which does not regulate the distribution and the sale of coal. Fuel we must have, or perish, and there is something ghastly in the thought of the necessity of our people being exploited for his own gain by the profiteer. The government must take an active hand in distribution.



OLD MAN ONTARIO: Better get off that horse and do something useful.

tributing the coal and regulating its price. It should, we believe, take a more active part in stimulating production. A national policy on this subject is needed, and we trust Mr. Melchen has one less nebulous than the one so gingerly put forward by The Montreal Star.

Remark in Passing.

So some Canadian sugar speculators have been caught by the slump. Well, ain't that too bad!

From the look of the despatches it would seem as the Polish regiments that were trained here in Canada must be well up in the firing line.

Given one or two more battles such as the Poles put up yesterday, the Bolsheviks will begin to think the Poles don't want 'em in their country.

It does not take a baker long to raise the price of bread, but it requires careful and protracted thought before he will lower it.

Motor League president says seventy-five per cent. of accidents are due to carelessness of pedestrians. Certainly, what right have they on the streets anyway, these days?

The two-thirds majority necessary to call a strike of British miners was obtained largely thru the votes of irresponsible boys, who will enjoy a holiday at the expense of the employees of the coal, or all of the industries of the country.

Lindsay Crawford is again. Says he's going to hold the British cabinet responsible for MacViney's death. Lloyd George had better be careful. Mr. Crawford and his half dozen friends, "the people of Canada," are a bad lot to tamper with.

Only about 23 days now to the end of daylight saving when the youngsters will consent to go to bed at a decent time. Speaking of daylight saving we don't know that it's quite so popular with the young folks as some say. Seems to us there are a lot of them very fond of moonlit nights.

New York's painters and plumbers are going to strike for \$3 and \$10 a day respectively. Brooklyn street car men are out and the furniture movers are also going to quit. But New York prohibition detectives yesterday raided 100 bars and collected \$75,000 worth of liquor, so one supposes there is still somebody busy in that city.

WORLD'S DAILY BRAIN TEST

By SAM LOYD.
5 MINUTES TO ANSWER THIS.

Here is an old-style rebus of the sort our granddaddies were wont to employ in clothing bits of philosophy. Can you find in the sketch an adage that it might be well for all of us to follow?

Answer to No. 228.
If we call the day's wage of the mason X and the day's pay of the laborer Y, then we have the following equation from the facts given: 15X plus 30Y plus \$60 equals \$177. Then we know that X equals Y plus \$3. Eliminating one of the two unknown quantities, we learn that a mason's daily wage was \$4.60, a carpenter's \$3 and a laborer's \$1.60.
(Copyright, 1919, by Sam Loyd.)

Watch for the thrilling new mystery serial story—
The House 'Round the Corner
—By Gordon Holmes—
It begins on this page in a day or so.

OTHER PEOPLE'S OPINIONS

The World will gladly print under this head letters written by our readers dealing with current topics. As space is limited they must not be longer than 200 words and written on one side of the paper only.

FOR CERTIFIED MILK.

Editor World: There should be a decrease in the price of milk in place of an increase. The City Dairy's telling us the price in the United States is no argument. But when we take the Cornwall reports of the first week in May last we find dairy milk selling at 11 and 12 cents at a time when food stocks were higher and scarcer than they now are. Now when food stocks are the most productive that have been known for many years the increase in price of milk is a conspiracy of agreement among the dairy farmers as to price.

"The people of Toronto can smash the price of milk by allowing us certified milk from the farmers, say, from October 1 to April 1, and by suspending the old bogus policy of the health board."

Look at the children coming in from the country at the present time. The forcing of the people to drink the so-called pasteurized milk which I have to do with either I keep upon as a public crime. I feel it would be a godsend to get normal milk to drink. Another thing, we seek but one dairy to deliver under the block system, doing away with the heavy expense incurred in handling the milk should test \$25.00 per 100 lbs. for the farmer to show that milk is worth from 10 to 20 cents a quart by making comparisons under certain conditions. For instance, the college professor looking to efficiency in scientific methods will want increased food stocks. The farmer and the light man want commercial fertilizer at the expense of the consumers. But, on the other hand, the farmer is unconscious of low pasture land that is not arable. It costs no more to grow pasture than it did ten years ago.

Secretary Danforth, R.A. Hanna.
Sept. 1, 1920.

ANNUAL REVIEW VALUABLE WORK

J. Castell Hopkins Has Produced Storehouse of Timely Information.

The rapidly with which events bearing on important issues have occurred during the past year, places a heavy burden upon the chronicler who would record them in single volume. To say that J. Castell Hopkins has succeeded in this, is to pay the best possible tribute to his book, "The Canadian Annual Review," the 1920 number of which is just off the press.

With the problems now pressing for solution, the average business man, who has been absorbed in taking full advantage of the era of prosperity thru which we have come, is likely, with the slowing up of industry, to have considerable use for a concise reference work which will point him on problems industrial, labor and international.

The labor section of the Review is particularly full, and contains a comprehensive account of the Winnipeg strike, prefacing it with a history of the I.W.O. and O.B.U. movements, with which it was connected. The labor legislation of the Dominion and provincial governments is also detailed and its general trend explained.

A considerable section is devoted to a document which the work emphasizes in view of Canada's enhanced position as a world nation. The League of Nations is advocated in a lengthy chapter, which the author follows with a criticism of the action of the U.S. senate in failing to give its endorsement to the League. The section concludes with a general survey of the peace treaty, its effect upon labor, and its influence in establishing Canada in the councils of the nations.

Other features for which this year's review is particularly valuable include an intelligent presentation of the Irish question, a discussion of the present state of imperialism in the British Empire, and a survey of all sectional questions at present prominent in any part of Canada. The volume contains, as usual, the mass of data regarding trade conditions and commercial transactions generally for which it is noted, and which has made it in the past a book of constant reference to the modern business man.

PRESS DELEGATES WILL TOUR NORTH

They Will Visit Gold and Silver Fields and See Muskoka's Beauties.

Montreal, Sept. 2.—H. R. Charlton, chief of the publicity department of the Grand Trunk System, who had charge of all the arrangements for the movement of the imperial press party into Ontario, is leaving for Northern Ontario to accompany them on the latest stages of their transcontinental tour through Canada.

The party will arrive at Cochrane, Ont., from Winnipeg, over the Canadian National Railways on Monday, Sept. 6, proceed over the Timiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway to Timmins to inspect the gold fields at that point, thence to New Liskeard and Cobalt arriving early on Tuesday morning, Sept. 7, at North Bay, whence they will go Grand Trunk to Huntsville, spending a day in the beautiful Lake of Bays region, and lunching at the largest summer hotel in Canada, the Bigwin Inn.

Leaving Huntsville on the evening of Tuesday, Sept. 7, they will proceed to Toronto, arriving there Wednesday morning, Sept. 8, and will spend the day at the Canadian National Exhibition, dining at Government House in the evening. They will leave Toronto about midnight for Prescott, where they will board Canada Steamship Line steamer for Quebec, reaching the latter city early Friday morning, Sept. 10.

Now Bud Lee's left arm, defying the agony of a broken hand, was around him. Lee's legs were about his neck, fighting body, and at last Lee's

JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

By JACKSON GREGORY.

CHAPTER XXX. (Continued.)

Lee didn't answer. He was thinking dully that Bayne Trevors was near telling the truth, that Bud Lee was almost beaten—almost. That was as far as a gentleman ever went—just to that desperate "almost beaten." Not quite. No, not quite. Never that.

Both men were nearly spent; Carson saw that while he cursed softly in his corner, Melvin saw it and watched for the end, wondering just how it would come. Trevors should swing for the point of the jaw, put all that was in him into a final, smashing blow, beat thru an insufficient guard, do it now, quickly. For both Carson and Melvin saw another thing, a thing which both had sensed at the outset: Bud Lee was harder than Bayne Trevors. Lee, slipping away at every step, was getting something back which had nearly gone from him; Trevors was breathing in noisy jerks; save for the vital fact that he now had two hands to Bud Lee's one, Trevors was showing more signs of weariness than Lee. "Bud'll get him—somehow," whispered Carson. "Good old Bud. Somehow."

What Carson and Melvin sensed, Trevors knew. He saw that Lee was having less trouble in eluding him, fighting than his, that Lee was beginning to strike back viciously at him, and when the blow landed, Trevors' big body rocked, shot thru with pain. There came to him the thought which was Melvin's, but it came in Trevors' way: Now, quickly, before Lee's ready hand could strike him, he must strike first, for the third time that day Bayne Trevors, with much at stake, resorted to "what weapons God gave him, what weapons he could use at his hand, his eyes to his hands to his feet. Resorting to the old trick which came up from South American ports in disreputable wind-jammers, which is known to the San Francisco waterfront, he raised a heavy boot, striking for Lee's stomach, seeking with one low, horrible blow to double up his already handicapped antagonist in writhing pain on the floor.

"An I gave my word!" bellowed Carson, the sweat on his own tortured brow. "Oh, my Gawd!"

But just that one brief instant too late did Bayne Trevors lift his foot. For Bud Lee had expected this, never had forgotten it, had prayed within his soul that the man he fought would use it. Just by that fraction of time which has no name was he quicker than Trevors, and he knew it. Now, as he read the sinister purpose in Trevors' glaring eyes, as he glimpsed the raised boot as it left the floor, he lowered his own head, saved it ever so little, stooped—and his hand closed like locked iron about the calf of Trevors' leg. A stifled cry from the bulkier man, a little grunt of effort from Lee, Lee straining, heaving mightily, and Trevors went back, toppled, fought for his slipping balance, and fell. As he went down, Lee was upon him, Lee's arm about his neck, Lee's weight flung upon him, Lee holding his body between a powerful pair of knees which rode him as they rode daily some struggling Blue Lake colt.

Now Bud Lee's left arm, defying the agony of a broken hand, was around him. Lee's legs were about his neck, fighting body, and at last Lee's

right hand went its sure way to the thick, bared, pulsing throat. Trevors' right arm was caught at his side, held there by the body upon him. His left hand beat at Lee's face, struck and battered again only to come back like a steam-driven piston to hammer again. But Bud Lee's pain-racked body clung on, his thumb and fingers sank and sank deeper into the corded muscles of the heaving throat, crooked like talons, white and hard and relentless.

Trevors' eyes were terrible, filled with hatred, red-flecked with rage. He sought, with a great sudden heave, to roll over. But he could not shake off the legs which were like stubborn tentacles about him, could not free his throat of the tensing clutch. He tore at the wrist, emote again at Lee's head, set his own hand to Lee's throat, in an instant his hand was back at the hand worrying him, but he was unable to drag it away.

His face went white, flamed red, grew purplish. His eyes bulged up as Lee's, his deep chest convulsed spasmodically, Lee, summoning all of the force within him, drove thumb and fingers deeper.

"Got enough?" he panted.

For the last time Trevors strained with him and they rolled like death-locked mountain lions. But still Lee's left arm was about Trevors' neck, his legs about the tensing body, his hand at Trevors' throat. Trevors' breath caught, failed him.

Then and then only did a new look come into the bulging eyes. A look of more than fear, of utter, desperate terror. Trevors threw up his hand weakly, then let it fall, so that it struck the floor heavily, a dead weight.

Lee's grip at the strangling throat relaxed. But he did not move his hand.

"Got enough?" he panted again.

The answer came brokenly, weakly, almost inarticulate. But it did come, and the men drawn close heard it: "Yes."

"You'll get out of the country?" "Yes."

Bud Lee drew back and rose, going to the door swiftly. He stooped for his hat and passed out. And as Bayne Trevors got unsteadily to his feet and sank slumping into the chair offered him, two big tears formed in his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. The first tears in many a year, the tears of a strong man broken for the first time in his life.

"Sand did it!" grunted Melvin. "Just sand, Carson."

"I'll stick around 'n' see he moves on," Bud Lee said. "Carson followed Lee to say, 'Oh, he'll go. But I'll just tell him how the boys is headed this way by now 'n' it's tar 'n' feathers for him if he don't mosey right along. That's something he couldn't stand right now. An', Bud."

He put out his hand and locked Lee's in a grip that made the sore fingers wince. Then, swinging upon the heel of his boot, he went back to collect a hundred dollars from Melvin and help Bayne Trevors shape his plans.

But Bud Lee did not wait. He was on his horse, swaying a little, an arm caught in a rude thorn, glad to be out in the late sunlight.

"Fog along, little horse," he was saying dully. "Fog right along, she's waiting. Little horse, Judith is waiting. Think of that. That's right—fog right along."

Continued Tomorrow Morning.

AT THE EXHIBITION

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models in Fine
Barges, Triclini
Chevrons, etc., all
for autumn wear
every garment.

Ladies' Coat
Are displayed in
authentic style
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large convertible
The range of co
popular shade.

Silk Dresses
Our collection of
silk dresses, ex
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Cloth Dress
Of Fine All-wool
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Dresses in varied
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JOHN CATTOL
219-221 Yonge St.,
TORONTO

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Largest Photo
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RATES FOR

Notices of Births, M
Deaths, etc., for in
Additional notices each
Notice to be in
Announcements
In Memoriam Notice
Funeral and burial
Lines, additional
For each line, 10c
fraction of 4 lines
Cards of Thanks (30c)

MARRI
RADLEY—KINGSTO
2nd September, 1920
Church, Huron str
Stuart, Florence
daughter of Mr. A.
Radley, of London,
of Mrs. William H.
Toronto, to Harold
only son of Mr. A.
Kingston, of Chesh

DEAT
DOWN—Suddenly on
Sat. 1920, at 534 Kin
Down, dearly loved
A. Bueby.

Funeral from the
at 3 p.m., Internem
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FLAHERTY—At Ge
Thursday, Sept. 2n
in his 78th year.
Funeral notice lat
Dearly loved copy.

FRASER—At Toront
on Sept. 2nd, 1920, o
loved husband of
his 65th year.
Funeral from his
residence, 187
to Park Lawn Ce
at 3 p.m., Internem
her eldest-in-law,
stop 11, Lake St.
Beach, Helen J.,
Lieut. John Gilmo
B.C., and youngest
John C. Bailey, C.P.
Funeral at 3 p.m.
address.

HOPKIRK—On Sept
late residence, 187
beloved husband of
and second eldest
Thomas and Mary
Funeral service at
Saturday, Sept. 4th

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