

The Toronto World

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SAURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 4

Premier Drury and the Hydro.

Premier Drury evidently finds that in attacking the Hydro-Electric Commission and Sir Adam Beck he has bitten off more than he can chew.

Mr. Drury then, is the Paul preaching Adam Beck and his gospel of Hydro, while the rest of us are trying to shout him down.

It will soon be up to the scientists of the research bureau to produce synthetic milk.

Terence MacSwiney is making sure that his suicide shall be more than a nine days' wonder.

With twenty million women voters added to the United States voting lists candidates are beginning to devote more attention to their personal appearance.

The wireless phone looks to be a dangerous thing. First thing we know they'll be using it to make after-dinner speeches more deadly than ever.

World shipping today amounts to 54 million tons, a net loss since 1914 of 3 million tons.

world's shipping under construction today totals 7,721,000, of which 3,578,000, or nearly one half, is under construction in the United Kingdom.

In short, Great Britain has one-third of all the tonnage afloat, and one-half of the tonnage under construction.

Unless highly protected or subsidized it may be doubted whether American shipbuilding can withstand British competition.

With the decline which menaces the United States' marine and shipbuilding comes the question of what ought to be our policy in Canada.

Remark in Passing.

It will soon be up to the scientists of the research bureau to produce synthetic milk.

Terence MacSwiney is making sure that his suicide shall be more than a nine days' wonder.

The hand that rocks the cradle is expected to do considerable rocking next fourth of November when the U. S. election comes off.

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This wireless phone looks to be a dangerous thing. First thing we know they'll be using it to make after-dinner speeches more deadly than ever.

In these days of high prices many householders are envying Lord Mayor MacSwiney's ability to abstain from food.

Owing to an oversight the anthracite miners in the United States, who agreed to abide by the award of the commission, forgot to insert the words "if it suits us."

Congressman Britten of Chicago is a circumstantial liar. He not only charged that British gold was being poured into the Democratic campaign fund, but he specified the exact amount.

Some of Toronto's labor men profess to think Bolshevism is the sort of thing that should spread over the world for the good of humanity.

"If," says Mayor Church, "the farmers refuse to supply milk to Toronto, some way will have to be found to deal with them." This is characteristic of his worship. He will leave others to find the way, and then claim the credit.

The man who says the press is deliriously, purposefully lying when it says Bolshevism is rapine, piracy and murder gone mad, is either that kind of a fool it is not polite to mention, or is an out-and-out knave, and a menace to the safety of decent people.

It is not well that Toronto should lose sight of the Laurier monument fund, for which P. C. Larjick is acting as honorary treasurer. It is to be a popular memorial to a great man, who, now that the smoke of political battle has cleared away, is being recognized by his friends and foe alike as one of the outstanding figures in Canadian history, and the very flower of his race.

Contributions are limited in amount to five dollars from each individual.

HONOR BIRTHDAY OF SIR GEORGE FOSTER

Host of Friends Send Messages on His Attaining 73 Years of Age.

Ottawa, Sept. 3.—(By Canadian Press.)—Sir George E. Foster, minister of trade and commerce, is today receiving the good wishes of his cabinet colleagues and hosts of others, on the occasion of his 73rd birthday.



PREMIER DRURY: I think we had better turn on some Hydro and light up this office a bit.

CANADA WILL GET HER QUOTA OF COAL

Northern Ohio To Be Supplied, But Not at Expense of the Dominion.

Cleveland, Sept. 3.—An agreement was reached today at the conference of representatives of northern Ohio cities, coal men, railroad officials and the interstate commerce commission, whereby northern Ohio will obtain more coal for home use.

The plan adopted provides that the bituminous coal operators, thru a committee, will pledge themselves to furnish sufficient quantities of coal to take care of domestic needs, which are approximately one car daily to every five thousand population.

The distribution will be in the hands of local committees named by chambers of commerce, or other civic bodies.

The plan will first be submitted to the interstate commerce commission, Attorney-General Palmer and district attorneys in the territory affected.

Interstate commerce commission order number 10 was not modified. Under its provisions the most of coal will still be shipped to Canada and the northwest states daily.

The appeal for reunion made by the Anglican bishops at the Lambeth conference is a notable event. Will this appeal be endorsed or will it fall on deaf ears?

The league of nations has surely a laudable object in view, and it is to be hoped that Canada's in-laws will soon see her way clear to take her proper place. The stand taken by ex-President Taft at the recent meeting of the League of Nations is doubtless correct.

The American Republic is now standing at opportunity's gateway, and it is to be hoped that it will not squander the presidential election show her wisdom.

Moses H. Clemens. (Evangelical Catholic). Kitchener, Canada, Sept. 3, 1920.

BRITISH FREIGHT RATES LIKELY TO RISE AGAIN

Apparent Deficit for Fiscal Year is \$54,500,000.

London, Sept. 3.—(By Canadian Press.)—An announcement from the ministry of transport states that there is an apparent deficit of \$54,500,000 to accrue to the exchequer from the state control of railways in Great Britain and Ireland during the current fiscal year ending March 31, 1921.

Among the principal items of per annum increased expenditure, as figured from last October, when the question of rates revision was referred to the railway rates advisory committee, are: Cost of materials, \$12,000,000; coal, \$2,500,000; hire of rolling stock, \$2,750,000; rates, taxes and compensation, \$3,200,000, while \$24,300,000 are estimated for increased labor costs.

The ministry of transport has requested the railway rates advisory committee to suggest increases in tariffs for various railway services, which will wipe out the deficiency by the close of the following June. The last increase in rates was ordered in the latter part of December, 1919.

THE PAS VOTE SEPT. 28.

Winnipeg, Sept. 3.—It was officially announced yesterday that the deferred election for the Pas constituency will take place on Sept. 28, with nominations Sept. 14.

WORLD'S DAILY BRAIN TEST

By SAM LOYD. 15 MINUTES TO ANSWER THIS. Each of the following sentences may be completed by a word, duplicated in the two boxes.



OTHER PEOPLE'S OPINIONS

The World will gladly print under this heading any current topics. As space is limited they must not be longer than 200 words and written on the side of the paper only.

AIR FORCE AIDED POLISH VICTORY

Kosciusko Squadron is Now Pursuing Gen. Budenny's Retreating Troops.

Warsaw, Sept. 3.—Polish troops have entered the city of Suwalki, 19 miles north of Augustow, and have been an enthusiastic welcome.

General Budenny, the Russian Bolshevik commander, who has been attempting to break the Polish line in Galicia, and who has suffered what appears to be a decisive defeat, is rapidly retreating, it is said.

The Kosciusko squadron, the major aerial force, played a prominent part in the defeat of General Budenny. The official statement mentions "the splendid operation of the southern front of the flying escadrille," and it adds that it "must be recognized that the aviators contributed to a considerable degree to the favorable development of our counter action, and it is at present during the pursuit of the enemy rendering wonderful services."

Further south the Russians several times attacked the town of Busk, east of Lemberg, but were repulsed.

In the north, adds the statement, the Poles are continuing to advance into Poland proper.

FIRE AT NAPANEE.

Napanee, Ont., Sept. 3.—Fire broke out in the basement of the Lennox garage at 845 last night. Firemen got quickly to the scene and confined the blaze to the basement and fire escape.

A porter, whose name is not given, broke out again at four o'clock this morning and spread to the upper floors and stookroom; and caused very considerable damage.

Grand Trunk Railway Time Table Changes, Sunday, September 5, 1920.

Train No. 90, leaving Toronto 1:50 p.m., Saturdays only, for Lindsay, Haliburton and intermediate points, will make last trip on Saturday, September 4.

Train No. 96-91, leaving Haliburton 5:45 p.m., Sundays only, for Toronto and intermediate points, will not run on Sunday, September 5, but will be run on Monday, September 6, after which dates it will be canceled.

Train No. 48, leaving Lindsay 8:15 p.m., Fridays only, for Fenelon Falls, will make last trip on Friday, September 3.

Train No. 57, leaving Toronto 10:30 a.m. daily except Sunday for Muskoka Wharf and principal intermediate points, will make last trip on Saturday, September 4.

Train No. 41, leaving Toronto 10:30 a.m. daily except Sunday, for Orillia, Gundershew, Huntsville and Scotia Junction, will make last trip on Saturday, September 4.

Train No. 49, leaving Toronto 11:40 p.m. daily except Saturday, for Muskoka Wharf, Huntsville and Scotia Junction, will make last trip from Toronto on Friday, September 3.

Sleeping car for Algonquin Park handled on Sunday, September 5, but will be run on Monday, September 6, after which dates it will be canceled.

Train No. 55, leaving Toronto 10:00 a.m. daily except Sunday, for North Bay and intermediate stations, will run via Muskoka Wharf, commencing Monday, September 6.

Train No. 56, leaving Scotia Junction 9:30 a.m. daily except Sunday, for Toronto and principal intermediate points, will run via Muskoka Wharf, commencing Tuesday, September 7.

JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

By JACKSON GREGORY.

CHAPTER XXXI. YES, JUDITH WAS WAITING . . .

At the old cabin above the lake Bud Lee dismounted. His hand in its rude sling was aching him terribly, demanding some sort of first-aid treatment. Tomorrow he would take it to a doctor; perhaps in an hour or so he could get Tripp to look to it; just now he must do what he could for it himself with hot water and strips torn from an old shirt.

The hand treated first, it was slow, tedious business seeking to remove the traces of his recent encounter with Trevors; and, the boys could wash his face and manage a change of clothes, there was nothing dapper about the result. But at length, shaking his head at the bruised face looking at him from his bit of mirror, he went out to his horse and rode down the trail that led to the ranch headquarters.

He had been waiting for him—that was vastly more important than the fact that he had a crippled hand and a cut on his forehead. Night had descended, serene with stars. He wondered if the boys were back yet from the lumber camp. He had had them as a matter of fact, and he would riding in a close-packed, silent, ominous body. He felt assured that they would find no work for them to do at home tonight.

Greene had lost no time in finding the sheriff of the adjoining county at White Rock and in going with him to the cave. They had found Quilpin. He was dead, the manner of his death clearly indicated. For he lay at the foot of the cliffs straight below the cave's mouth, his face terribly torn and scratched by a mad woman's nails, the mad woman herself lying huddled and still close beside him. He had allowed the escape of her captives; she had accused him after the two of them had gone back to the cavern, had thrown herself upon him, tearing at his face, and she had fallen. Mother and son? Lee shuddered, hoping within his heart that Judith had been mistaken. It was too horrible.

But such is youth, such is love, Bud Lee promptly forgot both Chris Quilpin and Mad Ruth as he went thru the hills to the house. He remembered how Marcia had flown once to Pollock Hampton when he had made a hero of himself, and he had again just today she had gone so wildly. He had had her had a fool of himself, and because it seemed she loved him, in due time there was going to be a wedding at Blue Lake ranch. A wedding! Just one? Lee hurried on.

Yes, Judith was waiting for him. She was there in the living-room, curled up on a great couch, lifting her eyes expectantly as his step sounded on the veranda. A wonderfully good-natured, transcendently lovely Judith; a Judith of bare white arms, round and warm and rich in their tender curves, a Judith softly, alluringly feminine even in the eyes of Bud Lee, no longer a theorist, a Judith whose long-grown slung languorously to her like a sun-shot mist, a Judith whose tender mouth was a red flower, whose eyes were Aphrodite's own, glorious, dawn-gray, sodid with the light shining in them, the unhidden light of love for the man who came toward her swiftly; the Judith he had first held in his arms and kissed.

He came in quickly, his heart singing. The color suddenly ran up his neck and over her, he put out his hand. But she, smiling, shaking her head, said: "Good evening, Mr. Lee," said Judith brightly. "Really, you have taken your time in making your first call. Won't you shout to the boys? They'll be waiting for you."

"No," said Bud Lee gravely. "I'll take mine standing, please!" "Like a man to be shot at dawn?" cried Judith, "Dear Mr. Lee, that sounds so tragic. What, gray, are you taking?"

"A new job," said Lee. "I've come to see you about being horse foreman. Don't get me wrong, Mr. Lee, that you need and need right away is a general manager. That's what I want to be, your general manager, Judith. For I feel—"

Judith laughed softly, happily. Her hands flew out to him like two little homing birds, and she followed them. "You'll find your work cut out for you, Mr. Lee," she told him. "It's the kind of work I want," answered Bud Lee. "Then suddenly her arms went about his neck and tears sprang into her eyes, and she set her lips to the cut he had made on his forehead. She took his face, swathed hand tenderly into her own two hands, laying it against her cheek."

"Bud Lee, bud Lee," she whispered, her lips trembling all of a sudden. "He told me how Trevors fought . . . and how you fought! And he was half-crying over the telephone. He was so proud of you. And I'm proud of you! And—oh, Bud Lee, Bud Lee, I love you so!"

From without came the sound of the bell. Judith returned, Carson at their head. Riding close together, they were singing, their voices floating thru the night in an odd cowboy song. Mrs. Simpson heard and ran out into the courtyard to listen. Marvin and Pollock Hampton, lost to all save each other in the shadows far down the hill, were also listening. Carson clapped her hands. "The voices were to be heard from afar, the strange voices of a score of men. The strange thing is that neither had Mr. Bud Lee heard; that neither had Mr. Bud Lee heard; consciousness just then that there were in all the world any other mortals than—Judith and Bud Lee.

THE HOUSE 'ROUND THE CORNER

By GORDON HOLMES

CHAPTER I. WHEREIN THE HOUSE RECEIVES A NEW TENANT.

The train had panted twelve miles up a sinuous valley, halting at three tiny stations on the way; it dwelt so long at the fourth, that the occupant of a first-class carriage raised his eyes from the book he was reading. He found the platform packed with country folk, all heading in the same direction. Hitherto, this heedless traveler had been aware of some station-master or porter bawling an unintelligible name; now, however, the passengers seemed to know what place this was without being told; moreover, they seemed to be alighting there.

A porter, whose name is not given, and clothing were of one harmonious tint, suggesting that he had been dipped bodily in some brownish dye and then left to dry in the sun, opened the door of a first-class carriage, and inquired, and his tone implied both surprise and pain.

"Is this Nuttoby?" said the passenger. "Yes, sir." "Why this crush of traffic?" "It's market day, sir." "Thanks. I didn't expect to see such a crowd. Have you a parcels office, where I can leave some baggage?" "Yes, sir."

"Hang on to this bag, then. There are three boxes in the van. You'll need a barrow—they're heavy." By this time the man who knew so little of important Nuttoby—which held 3,005 inhabitants in the 1911 census, having increased by two since 1901—had risen, and was collecting a fisherman's outfit, and some odds and ends of personal belonging. He followed the porter, who, on eyeing the rods and panier, and with some knowledge of "county" manners, had accepted the stranger as entitled to hold a first-class ticket. Sure enough the boxes were heavy. The guard had to assist in handling them.

"By gum!" said the porter, when he tried to lift the first on to a trolley. "Books," explained the traveler. "I thought maybe they was lead," said the porter.

"Some books have that quality," said the other. The guard, a reader in his spare time, smiled. This owner of so much solid literature seized a stout leather handle.

"I'll give you a hand," he said, and the porter soon added to his slight store of facts concerning the newcomer. This tall, sparsely-built man had a face that was a study.

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MOTOR CAR BUSES

When he ran he was aged six years, or was injured in the accident.

THE WORLD

Observatory, Toronto. The barometer is in the time of the year.

Time. THE BAROMETER

Steamer

BRITISH AND

RATES FOR

Notices of Births, Deaths, etc.

Funeral on Monday

Funeral on Tuesday

Funeral on Wednesday

Funeral on Thursday

Funeral on Friday

Funeral on Saturday

Funeral on Sunday

Funeral on Monday

Funeral on Tuesday

Funeral on Wednesday

Funeral on Thursday

Funeral on Friday

Funeral on Saturday