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WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOV. 26.

Labor in Civic Elections.

There is likely to be a trial of strength on the part of the Labor party in the next municipal elections. The success of the Farmers' party in the recent provincial election has stimulated the hopes and the interest of Labor men in the cities, as well as of farmers in the country all over the Dominion. The effort to create dissension between the two groups will not affect the results in municipal elections, and the Labor men are sanguine that great progress can be made.

The contest in Winnipeg can scarcely be regarded as a straight Labor effort. Labor, as it is understood in Ontario, has never antagonized the people, and until recently has sought to find an outlet for its political energies thru the two old-line parties. The effect of this policy, however, has been seen to nullify the strength of labor as exhibited on both sides, and the party managers, satisfied with this settled cancellation of the Labor votes, largely ignored Labor's requests.

The organization of the Independent Labor party, composed of all who work with hand or brain, opened up new channels of action, and the old policy of cancellation of each other's votes is now practically abandoned. It is plainly seen, however, that if Labor refuses to identify itself with the general interests of the community and the public generally, the same error of getting the Labor vote cancelled may be made by antagonizing the people.

There is a tendency among certain labor elements to "damn the public" quite as recklessly as Phil Armour or Vanderbilt ever did, and this adds no strength to the Labor movement. The general voting public now includes women as well as men. It includes old and helpless people. It includes the unorganized classes of every description. It includes all the weak, inactive, and the savings, and the assistance of friends to help them to the end of the journey. Most of these people would be in sympathy with the Labor party if they were familiar with its platform and understood its aims. But all these people are alienated and disturbed by such attempts to overturn the established order as are advocated in some quarters.

In Canada our ordinary parliamentary and municipal procedure is quite sufficient to enable any important body of opinion to get itself represented in government. Labor has too long ignored the potentialities of the vote for united action. Now that the possibilities are realized, it is to be expected that the Labor forces will rally at the first opportunity.

The civic elections are likely to see a number of candidates put forward in the Labor interest. Both the Independent Labor party and the Canadian Labor party are interested in preparation for it. A joint committee will decide what candidates will run, and for what office. Mayoralty, controllerships and aldermanic seats are all likely to be contested.

Two candidates mentioned for the mayoralty are James Simpson and James Ballantyne. Mr. Simpson would arouse most opposition, and Mr. Ballantyne would gain most support outside Labor ranks, and this should have some effect in determining the choice. Mr. Simpson could probably succeed for a controllership. It is likely that an aldermanic candidate will be nominated in each ward, and if the Labor vote does not stay at home, but turns out and supports its own men, the result would be very much as in the legislature. Labor would hold the balance.

Council's Measless Way.

The city council seems incapable of seeing the broad bearings of a question that touches every dinner of every citizen. While outsiders plainly see that the public abattoir affords a chance to do something practical to reduce the high cost of meat, controllers see in it the excuse to beget a commission, and aldermen discover in it a chance to slumber until their next resurrection morning.

An abattoir manager, responsible to the controllers, is ordered, and provision to enter the dead meat trade is to be made in the 1920 estimates. But of an immediate, constructive, businesslike policy for putting the abattoir receipts up and the meat consumers' expenditures down, there was no glimmering in the city hall during Monday night. A darkness that could be felt was in the chamber; and no light was upon the members who didn't go home till morning.

A commission of three to run the municipal abattoir was the bright idea of the mayor. But the mayor and his brother controllers gave no hint of the policy on which the commission should proceed. If Mr. Church had

had his way the abattoir could have been told that the whole question was in hands which everybody could trust, and a possible source of opposition to a SIXTH TERM might have been dammed. The controllers produced the mayor's buck but the aldermen declined to pass it, for which a certain measure of gratitude is due to them. But, true to their somewhat form, the aldermen appeared to see no further into a first-class civic problem than a bat sees into the sun. To them the abattoir is a place in which the private butcher can slaughter his stock. That it is a place thru which the price of meat to the citizen can be as surely reduced as the cost of electricity can, by a civic Hydro Commission, is an idea that may seep in after awhile.

But seepage is not a rapid enough process when an important civic election is upon us. The board of control was given the chance to propose a civic meat policy. It muffed the chance as perfectly as muffing can be done! The chance was there for any alderman to pick up on Monday night. No alderman attuned his mind to it, or stretched forth his hand. The business of making a civic policy, not merely with regard to better government but the broad problem of better government for the city, is wide open for any prospective candidate who has an eye to see, a mind to devise, a tongue to expound, and a hand to execute.

At the basis of a civic policy is the universal desire to remove the cost of meat to the consumer entirely from the tender mercies of the packer. The packer is an efficient organizer, a proficient eliminator of waste in his own processes, and an ambitious server of the public. But his first and last object is to make money for himself. If he considers public service at all it is an incidental accident, and not as the fundamental reason for his business.

Hitherto the packer has been the master, more than the servant, of those he serves. With his own abattoir the citizen can master in his own house. He can become so by joint action with the growers of the meat—the United Farmers' Co-operative Company—and with the authority which is equally obligated to meat-grower and meat-consumer—the provincial government. How to procure that joint action is the most immediate problem in Toronto civics.

You can only beat the packer by being able to do what the packer does a little bit better than he can do it. The key to what has always been regarded as a locked door is in having a higher motive than the packer has. That motive is public service as against private gain. When the city and the United Farmers join in supplying meat to the retailers by a business organization which does all that is done thru the private packers' abattoirs here in Toronto, the cost of living will have been assured. What can be done in pork can be done in other commodities. Candidates are required who will learn the porcine way of salvation.

The Farmers' Club and Our Provincial White Elephants.

Some hardy tiller of the soil, probably in British Columbia, has suggested there should be established in Toronto a Yeoman's Club. It is pointed out that the yeomen returned to the Ontario Legislature find some difficulty in breaking into the exclusive clubs of Toronto and betray a coy reluctance, not to say a marked aversion, to putting up three hundred dollars for an entrance fee. The Yeoman's Club would be of a more social and less expensive character.

But the name is not to our liking. The word "yeoman" is not used in this country at all, and in modern England it is used to distinguish the small handowners from the landed gentry. Moreover, the primary meaning of the word smacks of servitude, for we find "yeoman" defined by the Century Dictionary to be "a gentleman attendant in a royal or noble household ranking between a sergeant and a groom, a butler."

Would it not be better to establish a Farmers' Club. We now have a farmers' government at Queen's Park and the farmers will be in control at the coming session of the legislature. The members of the legislature who are farmers, their wives and daughters, might constitute the charter members of the club, and rural visitors to Toronto would find one place at least in the city with "Welcome" on the doormat.

We do not, however, quite appreciate the suggestion that the Farmers should have a club room in or adjacent to some downtown hotel. We believe the Farmers' Club has a great public service to perform and should be recognized by the Farmers' government. The club should have a home of its own that will rank favorably with any club house in Canada.

In looking about for quarters we not unnaturally think of the provincial palace built for the residence of the lieutenant-governor in Rosedale. Government House as Government House, we understand, is to disappear. The fact that Sir John Hendrie's successor may be a widower without family makes the continuance of that colossal institution more absurd than ever. We also learn that it is impracticable to convert it into a soldiers' hospital, or at least that it would be much cheaper for the province to build such a hospital. What better use, then, could be made of our provincial white elephant than to turn it over to the Farmers' Club? Open house could be maintained at all reasonable hours of the

LET THE BABES BEWARE OF THE WICKED UNCLES



day—say from five a.m. until seven p.m.—and good hearty meals served to visitors and members at the old standard price of 25c.

Ethical and social uplift would be bound to follow. There could be conversations and stories, founders' nights and ladies' afternoons, musical evenings and literary programs, interesting messages and soul-stirring deliverances by leaders of thought in long-tailed coats with now and then a day for the young people with authors and dominos.

The skeleton at the feast will arise when it comes to settling the bills. Clubs are delightful places, but they are the playground of wealthy people. Even with the Government House completely furnished and rent free, the Farmers will find it uphill work to make both ends meet. But the idea behind the proposal for a Farmers' Club is so commendable that the provincial government should go far to encourage it. A substantial grant might be given the club in consideration of their boarding the lieutenant-governor.

But in caring for the lieutenant-governor, a lodging-place as well as a place to eat must be provided, and this recalls another white elephant—only a baby elephant, it is true, but still one that the Farmers' government intends to dispense with. The premier's private car is no longer to be used by the premier. Why, then, could it not be shunted to the siding near the Don Valley Brick Works, adjacent to the big white elephant? If that most democratic of knights, Sir George Foster, becomes lieutenant-governor, he would be only too glad to bunk in the private car instead of sleeping in a palace that consumes more than nine hundred tons of coal a year. He could sleep comfortably in the private car every night, and then have his three meals a day at the Farmers' Club. A generous province might even arrange for his being served with a foaming glass of buttermilk from the cafeteria should he at any time, in the language of Sairey Gamp, feel so "disposed."

Inside Advice or Outside?

In the great meetings held in Massey Hall in connection with the church forward movement one point, has been overlooked. All the addresses have been by men who have been eminent in the churches and have been devoting themselves all their lives to that service. It is under these men that it has been found necessary to organize the new forward movement and to seek a policy which will gain better results than the past has shown.

The point is whether these gentlemen are likely to discover the needed remedies, the necessary changes, the new approach to their work that appears to be necessary in order to interest the people in general.

It may not be grateful advice to suggest that it would be wise to go outside the churches and try to find out from intelligent and sympathetic independents who are not few in number what they think of the shortcomings and of the vital necessities of church life. Perhaps such a course is impracticable, but to outsiders there does not seem to be any great probability of a new line of action originating among those whose training leads them to venerate the old methods and object to any change in them.

When the Salvation Army adopted an entirely new policy and method of appeal it was roundly abused by practically all the churches. Yet it succeeded, perhaps by its novelty, perhaps by its earnestness and devotion. We do not suggest that the churches should adopt Salvation Army methods, but it is not probable that some change quite as radical in character, quite as

oblivious of old traditions, may be necessary to convey the church's message to the modern world?

If the leadership is to continue in the hands that are now gathered together to seek a way to more successful work, is any new light likely to arise from their effort? There are more people interested in the outcome of these church revivals than perhaps those inside the churches understand, but the outsiders get very little consideration in reality.

Stumbling Over Commissions.

What somebody called the dreary drip of distasteful factionalism is the normal condition of the Toronto city council when it is asked for civic statehood. Aldermen have a knack of becoming unanimous when they remark upon the public distrust of and contempt for their order. The board of control, if it were judged by its appearance at council meetings, would be likened to the fat man whom nobody loves, and who can scarcely tolerate himself. Citizens smile when they hear the death rattle in the throat of the 1919 council. The council, usually anxious to be with the crowd, displays a sickly contention of the risorous muscles as it confesses that weeping can not save its face.

When life has become one long mistake people are apt to be chiefly concerned for its disappearance. City hall life always lingers in hope of a January resurrection. There is scarcely an alderman or a controller who is not thinking of merciful oblivion—for some other fellows. It can be admitted that there are good controllers as there are fine aldermen, without too much trouble being taken to identify them.

On Monday night council twice damned the board of control by refusing to accept its proposals to set up two commissions—one to run the civic transportation when the Toronto Railway Co. has been thankfully interred, and one to manage the municipal abattoir. Mayor Church at different times has assailed Ottawa for its commissioning habit. But he is the supreme grand master of commissionism at home. He seems to think that a commission is a sort of patent medicine.

The council seems to think the mayor's prescriptions should be well shaken before taken—and frequently shaken out of the bottle.

The transportation committee, consisting of the city's most capable and best-paid officials, recommended an unpaid transportation commission of six to run the civic street railway. The

board of control rejected this, and proposed to ask the ratepayers to authorize a commission of three. The council, on the whole, was against the board of control, and against a commission of six, four of whom were to be appointed by interests that have no responsibility whatever to the whole body of the citizenry.

But council has no faculty of rallying to a sound principle, as steel flies rally to a magnet. The less effective mind the longer it takes to make it up. So the whole question of street railway management goes back to the board of control, and is to come to the council again at its regular meeting next week, when the death rattle will be more distinct, and the question to be offered the ratepayers, and in a referendum on the first of January will be decided upon.

The truth is that the referendum, like the commission idea, can be overdone as well as underdone. The proposal of a commission is the most showy way of getting rid of administrative difficulties, is often a mark of inefficiency in office, and is usually a confession of the failure of representative government. To take a popular vote on only one method of railway management isn't so much a referendum as an ultimatum. When the whole council goes out of office at the time a referendum on its policy is taken there is a loosening of the strings of responsibility, which can only be guarded against by ample public discussion that promotes interest in politics and discourages the flow of personalities which has been an outstanding product of the 1919 council.

Controllers and aldermen who hunt for the January resurrection will, no doubt, go their several vote-catching ways without combination of forces. The citizens are virtually unanimous for civic control of transportation. With the vote of city council we have had of late, a commission is popularly regarded as offering the best guarantee of efficiency. When the aldermen proclaim their own lack of confidence in themselves, they cannot expect to have confidence thrust upon them.

But the transportation commission may best meet the immediate situation, because the city long ago fixed its mind on the policy of public ownership and operation of street cars, there are as yet unaccommodated, and as to which new policies must be found. The civic side of the high cost of living has been pitifully under-appreciated. If the election campaign doesn't produce something practical here, civic statehood will be barren indeed.

Not One Secessionist is Met During Trip of Hon. B. Bowman
Cobalt, Nov. 25.—Returning from a two-day trip over the T. and N. O. Hon. Beniah Bowman, minister of lands and forests in the Drury cabinet, passed thru Cobalt this afternoon on his way to Toronto. The minister visited the provincial experimental farm at Monthey and made short stays at Timmins, Cochrane and Inigo Falls. He did not stop off here. Hon. Mr. Bowman told the Canadian Press he had met no secessionist during his trip thru Timiskaming, that he was greatly impressed with the country and that he thought there was a great future before the north. Mrs. Bowman accompanied her husband on his first tour of this section of the province, and Commissioner George Lee was also of the party.

RECEIVES HIGH POST
Ottawa, Nov. 24.—Announcement was made by the civil service commission this morning of the appointment of Col. Alfred Blake Carey of Vancouver, B.C., as collector of customs at Vancouver.



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MOONLIGHT AND MONEY

BY MARION RUBINCAM

MORE DEBTS.

CHAPTER 45.

For the few weeks following Harry's decision to go into business for himself, life was a curious combination of pleasure and worry for Louise. A happy Christmas came and went, and a New Year's Day that was wet and miserable, when Louise stayed in bed with a sick headache and a pain in her back, and Harry moped about restlessly, trying to be comforting and not succeeding very well.

Knowing her pet passion, Louise's girl friends gave her little things for her home, gifts that filled the few bare corners and made the pretty house still more a place of delight. Her father, who was in Canada on business, mailed her a cheque for a hundred dollars, which paid an advance in rent for the tiny office Harry was to take. Her mother, with rare thoughtfulness, sent Louise an exquisite gown that might be evening dress or house gown, and the growing maturity of her figure. Carol was home again and entertaining lavishly, and the young couple were invited to everything.

"We must go whenever we can," Harry said. "I met Mrs. Shaftsbury thru Breckenridge and Carol, and thru her I have had the courage to break into business for myself. Breck says he has a lot of friends who will be valuable to know."

"I'm beginning to feel self-conscious," Louise confided. "I'm afraid our Dear Secret won't be a secret from people much longer."

"Nonsense," was Harry's comment. "You must come with me to these places. Unless you don't feel well." Louise was silent for a time. She had taught herself to sew during the summer months when she was fixing up their home and she had acquired a certain amount of skill. But the tiny white garments she was working on now required great concentration and the embroidery, straining her eyes, so absorbed she paid no attention to the little ache between her shoulders.

She knew she was feeling badly, but thought it must be the natural thing under the circumstances. She was reading up on child care and health and hygiene and was trying to follow out the instructions, but her goal for work would not allow her to follow

out the two principal rules—not to worry and to keep herself well nourished. She spoke presently: "I do like to go to these parties and theatres, but I don't think we can afford it."

"We must," Harry answered impatiently. "It's good business, if it is nothing else."

"We've bought clothes and we've had to hire taxis, we've had to stand our share of restaurant suppers after the theatre, and we've had to have little teas and dinners here to keep up our end," Louise said.

"Don't you like it?" Harry asked, surprised. "You used to be the one who wanted frivolity, you know, not me."

"You used to be the one to worry over bills, not me," Louise retorted sharply, drawing a quire, but feeling she must know how they stood.

"I can't worry over grocers' bills and do good work," Harry took refuge in the first defence he could think of.

"But my dear," Louise tried to speak patiently. "I don't want you to. I only want to know how we stand. How much money have we borrowed altogether, since you decided to go into business independently?"

"I don't know," Harry answered, frowning, and supposed around six hundred dollars. I had to furnish the office, you know, and have my name lettered on the door and buy stationery. Then we've entertained here as you say, and I've had to take men to lunch now and then. Men I wanted as clients."

"You mean all that money has gone and still we run bills around the village here?" Louise was aghast. "I paid enough on each bill to keep them quiet for awhile. You can go on charging for a month or so yet and they won't object," Harry dismissed the subject this way.

"But how are we ever going to get straight?" "Oh, I'll catch up on my next two commissions," Harry said still more impatiently.

"But if you fail?" "Good Lord, Louise, you can find more things to worry about! I don't know what will happen if they fail thru," Harry jumped up and left the room.

Louise put down her work and stared, half frightened, into the fire. Six hundred dollars owed! She had seven cents in her pocketbook.

Tomorrow—Was Love Fading?

GIVE ALL CHANCE TO SEE THE PICTURES

BY IDA L. WEBSTER.

For many years it has been the hope of certain people that art would be patronized by all classes of citizens, as it is in Europe. It has also been well known and accepted that such is not the case in Canada. Indeed, only too few appear to be even half-way interested.

Last week the Dominion Exhibition opened here in Toronto. Artists from every hamlet in the country brought or sent their best works. These were ultimately for sale, but were more especially for show.

The academy is located at The Grange, which, in turn, is located in the innermost depths of that section of the city known as the "ward." You will admit that it is not the most convenient spot in the city, but with it the various artists were willing to be satisfied.

For the first few days, the academy was open during the day, and also during the evening until about 9 o'clock, thus giving all those who cared to go a chance to take their leisure in inspecting the productions, and those who wished to purchase had much time in which to decide.

Not only that, but people whose business kept them confined all day had an opportunity of seeing the pictures when their day's work was done. On Monday some wise person decided that the academy should close at 5 o'clock every day in the week, with the exception of Saturday, when it would be re-opened for a couple of hours in the evening. Sunday it is closed tight. This is owing to the activity of the Lord's Day Alliance, or some other equally strenuous body.

Now, it does seem that in a city like Toronto, where there are all classes of people, and when the town is getting so large, and is supposed to be so metropolitan, those in charge of the art exhibit might show a little more intelligence, and also have a little more consideration for the persons interested in art who are not free in the daytime to enjoy the pictures.

If there was any backbone in the business at all, the place should be opened on Sunday. Just because this person or other person says that it must be closed is no reason for closing it. If necessary, there could be a good-sized lawsuit over it. But to shut the thing up, and thus do many working citizens out of the opportunity of gaining a wider art education, as well as much keen enjoyment, is quite beyond comprehension. Then, on the head of that, to have it

ESTABLISH QUARANTINE AT DETROIT RIVER

Detroit, Nov. 25.—In an effort to prevent the spread of smallpox, said to be prevalent in certain interior Ontario cities, immigration authorities announced today that a strict quarantine will be enforced, beginning tomorrow on traffic across the Detroit River to this city.

According to the plans announced by the United States public health service, directing the quarantine, only such persons as can show recent vaccination certificates, or proof of residence in nearby border cities, will be permitted to land on this side of the river.

BRITISH SUBSIDIARIES ALONE ARE AFFECTED

New York, Nov. 25.—Reports from London to the effect that control of the International Mercantile Marine Company, by agreement between the shipowners and the board of trade and the admiralty, had been placed in the hands of British subjects, applies only to the British flag subsidiary companies of the parent organization, President P. A. S. Franklin of the International Mercantile Marine said here today.

The International Mercantile Marine remains, as it always has been, an American organization, Mr. Franklin said. The agreement refers only to the British subsidiaries which have always had British management.

U. S. Survey Party Discredits Cook's Claim About Mt. McKinley

Vancouver, B. C., Nov. 25.—N. B. Bodine, who was in charge of the United States survey party which surveyed the country surrounding Mount McKinley, brings word that their experiences proved conclusively to the experts that the famous claim of Dr. Cook that he had ascended the mountain was not founded on facts. That, indeed, his main camp was at least thirty miles from the foot of the mountain. The great glacier around the foot of the mountain would make it a difficult feat to camp on its slope, let alone do more than that. The members succeeded in getting over Mount McKinley and are quite satisfied with that accomplishment and have not tried it since.

The Proclamation of Peace

will create an interest in the new boundaries of Europe.

The Toronto World has obtained a limited supply of the NEW MAP OF EUROPE, size 41 x 54, printed in colors, and inset maps of Australasia, Asia and Africa, showing the new divisions.

Readers of this newspaper may obtain a copy by clipping this notice and sending same, together with fifty cents, to The Toronto World.

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