

The Toronto World

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THURSDAY MORNING, NOV. 6.

Absent From Duty.

Aldermen who resort to stratagems to thwart the people's will must expect to be remembered. The expediency of refusing a quorum was adopted yesterday to block the submission of the assessment reform bylaw on January 1. It was to have come up at a special meeting of the council, called by the mayor. At the roll call Messrs. Church, Maguire, Robbins, Ball, Beamish, Blackburn, Hiltz, Honeyford, Maher, McMullin, Mordridge, Piewman, Ramsden and Sykes answered for their names. This made only 14 half an hour after the time for which the meeting was called, and being less than a quorum no business could be done. Ald. F. M. Johnston is ill and Ald. Birdsell is up north. The others have some explanations to make to the citizens.

The Coal Famine.

Mr. Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, has made a serious allegation against the coal mine owners of the United States. He says that for several years the coal miners have not had more than a half year's work, 160 to 180 days, each year. The miners are anxious to have regular and not intermittent employment, to work all the time instead of half time, and this is why they suggest a six-hour day and a five-day week.

Mr. Gompers states further that if the miners were allowed to work regularly on full time so much coal would be produced that the price would be forced down and the people could all be supplied. To this, however, the coal owners will not agree. It does not take a prophet nor the son of a prophet to interpret a situation of this kind. The coal resources of nature are given to humanity. Under a reasonable system of private ownership, and even under the feudal system, there was a reasonable supply of the necessities of life open to everyone. Under the latest developments of private ownership restrictions on the sale and delivery of the necessities of life have frequently become so exacting that great suffering has been caused.

The people are asking themselves why they should suffer. They wonder why they fought to free Europe only to find that at home the capitalist system has so little regard for liberty that it has doubled the price of fuel, and refuses supplies even at the exorbitant prices, so that people are in actual suffering for want of the supplies that lie in the bosom of another earth, and ought to be accessible to all.

Coal in our climate is as much an essential as water or air or food. When private ownership takes the step of not only overcharging, but actually depriving people of what they need, we are approaching a crisis to which there can be but one solution. Huge fortunes have been realized out of coal for a very long time. But those who benefited and their heirs were not satisfied. They watered their stocks and raised their prices. They combined with the railways and put higher transportation on top of higher prices, and laid the burden on the public. And not satisfied with this, they are now said to have been diminishing the output of coal to make it appear that scarcity required still higher prices. They behaved little worse than this in the cities of the plain.

Public ownership of such managed industries as the coal business is inevitable if the facts stated by Mr. Gompers are even approximately correct. In Britain the labor party is urging the nationalization of the coal mines. A good deal of talk is to be heard in the United States about it. It is bound to come in both countries, for the people have reached a stage of intelligence which teaches them that there is no sense or reason in submitting to tyranny at home after abolishing it abroad.

The whole question is of the utmost importance to Ontario, which would be in a serious position but for the possession of hydro-electric resources, now fortunately largely handled by the people for the people. The whole trend of public feeling and intention, stimulated by the success of the Hydro system, is towards the public ownership and operation of natural resources necessary to the national life.

Delaying a Certainty.

The Globe is rather uncertain in its support of the nationalization of the Grand Trunk Railway. At first it feared the stockholders would be robbed. When the conditions were stated it was afraid that the public would be robbed. Rejoicing by profession in the principle of public ownership, apparently The Globe strives to make friends with the Mammoth of avariciousness by giving currency to the views and criticisms of the opponents of public ownership.

The Montreal interests are steadily and determinedly against every form of public ownership. The reasons for

LAYING FOR THE PUBLIC OWNERSHIP SPECIAL



FROM TREASON TRIAL TO MASSEY HALL

Sketch of Col. Lynch, Who Passed From Fighting for the Boers to the British Parliament Via the Dock.

BY THE SPECTATOR.

THE gentleman who will lecture on the Irish situation in Massey Hall tomorrow night was sentenced on a charge of high treason, to be hanged, drawn and quartered 17 years ago in London, and I saw him in the dock. Many sizzling patriots would have ordered a similar fate for Mr. Lloyd George about that time if they could have stretched the law half as much as they would have liked to stretch his neck. Perhaps they would have liked to do as much for the electors of the Carnarvon Boroughs, who, during the Boer war, had voted for the Welsh soldier, and also to the electors of Galway, who had sent Arthur Lynch, the Australian, to the house of commons as a humble tribute for his fighting with the Transvaalers against the English.

Time certainly does work great political marvels. Lynch became a British recruiting leader in Ireland during the great war. They say wrongly, I think, that he was a member of the house of commons now. The Sir Feinians last December left fewer alive. Nationalist parliamentarians than the United Farmers have spared Hearst-Ferguson Conservatives.

Doctor, Electrician, Savant. A man who is elected to parliament and then tried for treason, unless he is a Hun spy, is almost sure to be a patriot—as history rather than contemporary journalism is apt to reckon patriots. Arthur Lynch, as I saw him in the dock, was a slim, good-looking, sharp-featured man in the prime of life, with a dark drooping mustache, and the eyes of an intellectual who was undecided between sarcasm and compassion. Born in Australia, he was educated in England and Berlin universities, in Parisian and London medical schools, and also in L'Ecole Supérieure d'Electricite of Paris. Medicine and electricity and a few other sciences were not enough for him—he turned to journalism and literature, and was Paris correspondent of the Jingo Daily Mail before the Boer war.

Like thousands of non-native-born Irishmen he idealized the cause of small nationalities. Having joined the Boer Irish brigade because he thought the English jingoism ought to be resisted to the uttermost. He did not fall deeply in love with every characteristic of the South African Dutch farmers. Some of them were as tender towards an outsider as if they had been U.F.O.'s, and he was a friend of a nascent Ontario cabinet. But like other Antipodeans whom I met in South Africa, Lynch conceived a profound respect for the deeper qualities of the big-boned, quick-seeing, slow-acting farmers who stood up against our U.F.O.'s, and led us to a deadly dance for nearly three woful years.

Trial Tried His Wife. Of course it was treason, just as all rebellion is till it wins. Lynch took his chances of death in the field, and when he was elected for Galway he took other chances, refused to stay in Paris and was arrested. He was a first man for centuries to be sentenced in London to the barbarous death and degradation which is prescribed by a statute of Edward the Third.

Lynch was married to a minister's daughter. While he was under the as yet unmitigated sentence I met her in a place where many who were victims of too much forward-looking were wont to find their way—in the offices of W. T. Stead. It was makes women suffer more than men do, so does a successful trial for treason. I think Mrs. Lynch was a cheerful and confident woman as everybody was—that the sentence would be commuted. But she was not robust. She was an admonition to all who thought of the feminine side of a too strenuous public life.

If you have never met the cultured wife of a cultured man who has been pronounced by a judge in a black cap, don't pray for the opportunity; because being sorry for her you may become sorry for your own helplessness. The disbarred member for London was respited to (I think) a few months, and the last time I saw him was on Fleet street, where he was the centre of a glad group of newspaper men.

Some of His Books.

He came into the commons six years later—in 1903. The old ban was lifted, and in due time, by his British-

ism was fundamentally as sound as Lloyd George's, and a good deal more sensible than that of certain men of whom Lloyd George, since he became premier, said that they handled the Irish recruiting situation with "malignant stupidity."

Col. and Dr. Lynch has written some poetry and many books, two of them in French. A few titles will suggest his range: "Modern Authors," (French, German, English); "A Koran of Love"; "Psychology, a New System"; "Religions of the Future"; "The Question of Representation Geometrique"; "Ireland's Vital Hour."

So this is some man. "Ireland as She is Today" is some subject, even for him.

Dual Control Must Be Abolished

BY IDA L. WEBSTER.

When the new attorney-general steps into office he will have many and various good acts to perform. Indeed, from the list it might well be imagined that the gentleman who is just leaving the position was anything but on his job.

Of course, the dual control system must be abolished. While it is in power the city and the citizens can hardly expect to receive a just return for the money spent.

For instance, at the jail and all farms men and women have been appointed by the government and paid by the city. The result is that when an order is issued by the city hall and it does not happen to fall in with their ideas they merely shrug their shoulders and say, "I am employed by the government. In fact, before he was when any censoring comes to them from the parliament buildings they retort, "I am paid by the city."

Not only is that detrimental to good work and results, but in the past there has been more or less patronage, which means the people are not getting the best of the city. In fact, before he was when any censoring comes to them from the parliament buildings they retort, "I am paid by the city."

John O'Neill, M.L.A.-elect, has been fighting this very menace for years in the city council and also the parliament buildings. Naturally, being merely a taxpayer he was given scant attention. Queen's Park, yet nevertheless he tried hard, without success, however.

Probably two instances of this dual control force strike nearer home than the ordinary appointments do, and those are the pensions which are being paid to an ex-governor of the jail and his deputy. The former is receiving \$1200 a year and the latter \$1000. It may not be a very large sum of money, yet it is coming out of the pockets of the taxpayers, and as they had nothing to do either with appointing the men in the first place or of discharging them in the second instance, it does seem a piece of impertinence for any government to expect them to hand out money to these men.

Mr. Chambers, the late governor, and the man who is receiving the pension of \$1200 a year, had been a Methodist minister. In fact, before he was appointed by the government he had resigned from his church, and as all ministers receive a pension upon retiring, Mr. Chambers, it is only reasonable to believe that he, too, was given and is given a pension. That being the case, why should the citizens of Toronto pay him also?

In fact, why should they pay him a salary now whether he receives anything from the Methodist Church or not?

Certainly it is high time for progressive blood at the parliament building, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Drury will announce his cabinet straight off and allow them to get busy, righting the wrongs of the citizens of Toronto, who are fast taking on the appearance of a crowd of Armenians after a Turkish invasion.

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.

SAVING ARMY CLOTHES.

Editor World: The letter published in your issue of this date regarding the high price of clothing prompts the writing of this. Can anyone inform us what reason there is for the ukase which forbids a discharged soldier from continuing to wear his uniform as long as it is wearable? Under existing conditions, including the cost of replacement, it is really a waste of money to replace clothing, including shoes, which would cost, say, \$100 to \$150, when there are 400,000 returned soldiers. This waste would amount to \$40,000,000.

It is well known to those who are old enough to remember the American civil war that the veterans of this war wore their "faded coats of blue" to the last tatter.

What superior brand of wisdom inspired our Union government, of unsavory repute, to pass such a measure, involving, as it does, this huge loss? J. W. G. Nov. 5, 1919.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS.

Brantford—Local members of the civil service were indignant today over the action of the senate in dating forward the reclassification budget, thereby depriving them of increased pay for a year.

Kingston—Dean Cappon, who has resigned from Queen's University, will leave Nov. 13 on a trip to Spain.

Kingston—A number of milk dealers have raised the price of milk from 14c to 16c per quart. Mayor Newman has asked the board of commerce to investigate.

Galt—With a record attendance at the collegiate the big school is overcrowded, and the board is faced with the problem of providing extra accommodation.

WILL OBEY PEOPLE'S MANDATE.

Walker Rollo stated emphatically yesterday as leader of the Labor Party in the Ontario Legislature that the present government was placed in power by the people, and that, acting in accordance with the principles of the Labor Party and the U. F. O. for the matter of that, the government would carry out the mandate of the people respecting the Ontario temperance act. He was a visitor in Toronto yesterday and spent some time with friends at the Labor Temple.

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MOONLIGHT AND MONEY

BY MARION RUBINCAM

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Two hundred dollars! Louise, still holding the bills tightly in her hand, walked on down the street, slowly and thoughtfully. She had intended to go straight home and use whatever money the necklace brought her in paying tradesmen's bills. But she thought it would not do any harm really to spend a little for things for the house. For instance, they needed dishes. The dozen large service plates, the fragile tea cups and a single fancy piece were all they had to eat from. She would buy an inexpensive set of china. There was still time before the shops closed. She turned into a store along Fifth Avenue and hunted the china department.

"We have a few specials in a set for six people," a polite attendant told her. "Really a great find. This is a copy of a famous old English design."

Louise looked at it and the spirit of temptation that was too much for her assailed this most modern of her daughters. Louise ordered the set sent home. It was the perfect thing for her dining-room, barren and empty of all but the hideous old wardrobe. She balked out of the shop and up the street, stuffing the money bag into her purse. There were five small bills as change from one of the fifty dollar bills she had given for the china, so her roll was really thicker than before. And Louise was apt to gauge money by its physical bulk.

Walking came to a window where a few pieces of exquisitely enamelled furniture were shown. She stopped in admiration of the soft moss green of the background and the effectiveness of the quaintly conceived garlands of flowers painted on it. Such a dining-room set would go beautifully in the new empty room. The dishes would be perfect with it. She went inside and asked the price. "Six hundred dollars," the clerk told her. And Louise went out feeling how insignificant after all was her roll of two hundred. She looked at the things again in the window. And gradually a marvelous idea took form in her mind. Then she hurried to the station to catch the train she knew Harry would take.

"Gee, but I'm glad to see you," was his boyish greeting as she slipped into the seat beside him. "What have you been doing? I left you a wreck this morning and you look now as though you never had a headache all your life."

"I'm feeling splendid," Louise answered, smiling at him and admiring, as thoughtfully. She had intended to go straight home and use whatever money the necklace brought her in paying tradesmen's bills. But she thought it would not do any harm really to spend a little for things for the house. For instance, they needed dishes. The dozen large service plates, the fragile tea cups and a single fancy piece were all they had to eat from. She would buy an inexpensive set of china. There was still time before the shops closed. She turned into a store along Fifth Avenue and hunted the china department.

"Where have you been calling on?" he asked. "You look like another person. Where have you been?"

"I don't think I'll tell you," she teased, her eyes crinkling up with her smile. "I was always did the way his hair waved back from his forehead. Except for this slight curl in the front, his hair was thick and straight. This little eccentricity added greatly to his good looks, and Harry was undeniably handsome."

"Wherever it is, go there again then," Harry answered happily, noting her improved appearance. "It's just made you over."

"I've been hunting ideas," Louise said. "and I've found some splendid ones. I'd like not to tell you, but I can't keep secrets from you yet, so I shall. I know a way to furnish our house completely by the end of the summer."

"I know a way, too, but I haven't the money," the man said with sudden gloominess.

"I have it," said Louise calmly, sensing the dramatic moment for her surprise. She opened her bag and showed him the little wad of bills.

"But, for the love of heaven, where did you get it?" he wondered. "Louise!" with sudden sternness, "you haven't borrowed it!"

"From whom would I borrow it?" she asked. "Mother and father are not at opposite ends of the earth. No, I just pawned my pearls."

"But, good Lord, I won't let you do that!" Harry began.

"Yes you will," she answered quietly. "I did think at first I would pay that awful grocery bill, but I shan't do that. We'll manage that somehow from your salary. This money is mine and I want to make our place the House Beautiful we planned."

"But your necklace—" Harry began again.

"I hate pearls," Louise replied. And that was the second lie she told him, and again a lie was done to spare his feelings.

Tomorrow—Hope Again.