

The Toronto World

FOUNDED 1850
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MONDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 6.

Labor Day and Organized Labor.

A new feature has developed in organized labor; some union men are refusing to obey their chosen officials, and to order strikes—drop tools—Independent of their executives. These are known as "outlaw strikes." The great strike of the anthracite miners in the States is of this kind.

In Liverpool and Manchester, where the printing trades are on strike, the boot is on the other leg; the rank and file of the printers' union charge the officials with withholding from the men the reply of the employers to the demands of the union—also more or less of an outlaw act.

Adding charges are being made more and more to the effect that trade unions are breaking their time agreements. This in this case the rapid rise in the cost of living had something to do with it.

Men in unions must obey their leaders, and leaders must obey the facts before their members.

And the still greater public are entitled to an absolute square-dealing as between them and the unions in things of this kind. Organized labor must be fair to the public all the time; that is the only way to hold the sympathy—generally with the men—of the people at large.

Just One Man.

Cannot the attorney-general of Canada, the attorney-general of Ontario, our many crown attorneys and the board of commerce between them get just one profiteer behind prison bars? Certainly profiteering is going on surely it is against the law, and just as surely there must be a great many profiteers. But if you go to the crown attorney, he will probably shrug his shoulders and ask: "What happened to Curry?" If you go to the provincial attorney-general, he will refer you to Ottawa, and if you go to the attorney-general of Canada, he will send you back to Toronto.

The board of commerce is so stumped and bewildered by the bump it got when it attempted to lay the law upon Sir William Price, that it will probably gasp and say nothing at all.

Yet when men commit murder, theft, or even minor offenses, the hand of the law falls heavily upon them. The police arrest summarily all suspicious characters, and the crown attorney has no trouble in dealing with a man who gets drunk or fails to remove the snow from the sidewalk.

We have judges and lawyers, grand juries and petit juries, and all the machinery needed for the administration of criminal justice. It is a machinery that works neatly and with dispatch in the case of the porch climber or the pickpocket, but it does not seem to function in the case of the profiteer.

It is idle to say that grand juries will not indict or petty juries convict. We have no difficulty in imagining broad smiles upon a chance to bring in a verdict of guilty against a profiteer. But a case of this kind never gets to the jury, and the people are beginning to ask the reason why.

If our laws are of no account, put teeth in them. If they are of some account, enforce them. The countryside is fairly groaning under the burden of a bumper crop of cereals, fruits and vegetables. There has been a great falling off in the price of many basic raw materials, and yet the consumer is getting no relief. Not much of his money goes to the farmer or the retailer or the manufacturer. The greater part of it is absorbed by parasites and profiteers who openly combine to restrict trade and unduly enhance prices. Is there any way to deal with them? The people are asking this on Labor Day, and they are entitled to a reply. The attorney-general of Canada should be awakened from his slumbers; the attorney-general of Ontario should be on his job.

Unanswered Yet, But Do Not Say Ungranted.

The World has more than once asked Hon. Mackenzie King to answer a few questions quite relevant to his demand for a general election. Our request for this information has never been answered, but we venture to hope that our request will not be ungranted.

Does Mr. King favor a redistribution of parliamentary seats based upon the principle of representation according to population?

His reply to this question will be

quite interesting. A more interesting question relates to what Mr. King may do if he secures the boon of an early election.

Everyone admits that the Liberals will not have a clear majority in the next house of commons. They will be a powerful group if they retain a solid Quebec, and they might be able, in conjunction with the farmers' party, to form a government. Mr. King argues that the two parties have the same goal in view, altho he denies that the Liberals favor universal free trade. We therefore venture to ask:

Is Mr. King in favor of any policy which will bring about free trade with the mother country within five years? We can assure him that his answers to these questions will be given all possible publicity.

Remarked in Passing.

After the manner of Tommy Church, Mederic Martin announces he will be a candidate for the mayoralty of Montreal again next year. Is this sort of thing to spread all across Canada?

Thanksgiving Day is to be on the second or third Monday of October. The farmers started their day milk prices went up.

Mayor Church doesn't like stage references to his cellar, the same being quite innocent of liquid refreshment. Lots of people will understand and sympathize. It's a sore touch with many these days.

MacSwiney is dying because he hopes his suicide will remove still further the possibility of a peaceful solution of the Irish difficulty. Sinn Fein calls that patriotism.

Speaking of beer, think how those grand stand audiences would be moved to emotion if the leader were to start that prime old favorite: "Beer, beer, glorious beer."

Perhaps the reason why the singing at the Exhibition grand stand nights is not louder is because some of the people won't have it known they are old enough to know some of those old-time ditties.

A hundred and thirty thousand at the Exhibition Saturday; given good weather Toronto will beat last year's attendance yet.

Beer down and milk up, all in the same week. Who is behind this latest blow at prohibition?

Beer prices are down at the government dispensaries. Who says the Ontario government is not doing its bit to lower living costs?

Don't Sell or Trade Your Victory Bonds.

(From Sunday World.) There are people who have bought Canadian war bonds and paid for them in part or in full. Interest on them comes regular and sure. Keep them; pay off as best you can any balance still unpaid; a bank may help you do it.

But have a care getting them to buy or trading for stocks or other securities now being peddled all over the country, stocks that may or may not make good, that are full of water; that may never pay.

Well-to-do farmers all over Ontario are putting their savings in these bonds at the rate of fifteen millions a month. If you get hard up you can always raise a loan, almost up to its face value, on a Victory bond. It's the nearest thing to a hundred dollar bill there is. Let the stock promoters take their own good things! Hang on to your Victory bonds. Even if you buy one of these good-looking still keep your Victory bond. The great game these days is to part you and your Victory bonds. It's the game of the day.

WHEAT PRICES IN ONTARIO.

At the end of the week Ontario millers and others are willing to give \$2.50 a bushel for this year's wheat, clear of smut. They need it to keep the mills going. Ontario farmers are not so much in need of money as the farmer of the west, and they are in no hurry in marketing.

THE WOMEN AND THE SUGAR PRO-FITERS.

(From Sunday World.) The holder of sugar is most anxious to sell their piled up bags. There is a rush of other speculators to get in. They all are on the sell. And the women of Canada are banding together to tackle extortionate prices, among them sugar. This line-up of the women will be more effective in lowering prices than the board of commerce. They may be able to check the farmers' boost to the price of milk! They've got votes, too; and they are going to use them.

But why must we leave it to the women? Leave it to George, say the men in office.

REVERT TO STANDARD TIME.

Brockville, Ont., Sept. 5.—(By Canadian Press.)—Brockville will revert to standard time at midnight tonight, after having used daylight saving for the past three months.

Readers of The Morning World, who are not regular subscribers, are invited to take advantage of our early and regular delivery, which ensures a copy reaching your house address before breakfast each day. Brevity, without curtailment of the facts contained in the news events, enables World readers to be fully informed before the business day commences. Concise editorial comment on Dominion, provincial, municipal and business affairs, all obtained by a 20-minute perusal of The Morning World. No increase in price. Delivered to any address at 50c per month, 2c per copy; by mail, \$4 per year.



PRESS DELEGATES BACK FROM WEST

Attend Luncheon in Winnipeg—Percy Hurd, M.P., Suggests Conference.

Winnipeg, Man., Sept. 5.—By Canadian Press.—The delegates to the Imperial Press conference, who Saturday completed their tour of the Canadian west, yesterday afternoon attended their last function in the west. It was a luncheon tendered them by the Winnipeg Canadian club. The newspapermen left for the east at 10 o'clock Saturday night over the Canadian National Railway.

Following the luncheon, addresses were made by Percival Marshall, chairman of the British Association of Trade and Technical Journals, and by Percy Hurd, M.P.

Mr. Marshall urged Canadians to make the voice of Canada heard more extensively in Great Britain, and this would result, he was certain, in attracting men and money to this country.

Wants Home Rule Conference. Mr. Hurd expressed the hope that in the near future Irishmen, of all parties and creeds, would sit around a table and decide for themselves what form of home rule within the empire they desired. "If this is done," he said, "as it was done in Canada, Australia and South Africa, we may expect to see Ireland take its place in the commonwealth of nations."

SAY DEATH ACCIDENTAL IN CASE OF L. MEILLEUR

Montreal, Que., Sept. 5.—A verdict of accidental death was returned by the coroner's jury Saturday morning in the case of Ludger Meilleur, 49 years of age, of 320 Deslaurier street, in which the body of the deceased was found in a space in the rear of a fuel economizer in the boiler room of the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company, 250 Notre Dame street east, last Friday.

The evidence showed that there was no one with him at the time nor that there was any possibility of foul play.

JOS. HAIGHT, MT. PLEASANT, IS KILLED BY DYNAMITE

Belleville, Ont., Sept. 5.—(Special.)—A frightful accident occurred on Friday afternoon at Mt. Pleasant, in the case of Joseph Haight, 49 years of age, of 320 Deslaurier street, in which the body of the deceased was found in a space in the rear of a fuel economizer in the boiler room of the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company, 250 Notre Dame street east, last Friday.

The evidence showed that there was no one with him at the time nor that there was any possibility of foul play.

IRISH AMBASSADOR IS NOW IN BRUSSELS

London, Sept. 4.—George Gavan Duffy, who bears the title of ambassador of the Irish republic to France, and who was yesterday given 24 hours in which to leave that country by the French government, is believed to be in Brussels, says The Daily Mail. The London Times declares Duffy has been given three days of grace in which he may return to Paris and adjust his affairs.

Duffy was the solicitor for the defence chosen by Sir Roger Casement during the latter's trial on a charge of treason in the Bow Street police court in 1916, says The Mail.

HOPE TO HAVE EIGHT MILLS IN OPERATION

(From Sunday World.) "Baldwin's" Limited, hope to have eight rolling mills in operation within two months, all at Ashbridge's Bay, Sir George Wright, vice-president of the company, said Saturday, as he was leaving Toronto for England. Sir George has been in Toronto for several weeks organizing the plant.

We have sufficient electric horsepower from Niagara to run the eight mills, said Sir George, "and we have been assured by Sir Adam Beck that within the next year we will be able to obtain sufficient power to run any extensions that we may care to make."

"We intend to put down sufficient mills to supply the whole of Canada with black plates, tin plates, galvanized sheet metal, and black sheet."

KINGSVILLE ELECTRICIAN ELECTROCUTED AT WORK

Kingsville, Ont., Sept. 5.—Morley Ulich, son of W. C. Ulich of this town, was electrocuted Saturday evening at the power house of the Kingsville Electric Light and Power radial line, located at the lake.

Mr. Ulich, who was repairman on equipment and rolling stock, was working over the line of extra feed wire, receiving the full shock of sixty thousand volts. Death was instantaneous, the body being very badly burned.

Mr. Ulich was 35 years of age.

W. E. TURLEY ADDRESSES BELLEVILLE VETERANS

Belleville, Ont., Sept. 5.—(Special.)—W. E. Turley of Toronto, provincial secretary-treasurer of the Great War Veterans' Association, this evening, at Griffin's Opera House, addressed a large number of war veterans of the city and vicinity in reference to the aims and objects of the returned men. The G.W.V.A. Band provided selections, and vocal music was given.

A large frame residence, the property of Mrs. Charles I. Shavey township, was on Friday, with the greater portion of the contents, destroyed by fire. The loss is nearly \$3000.

Say Dominion Churches Should Not Need British Funds

London, Sept. 4.—Discussing the forthcoming visit to Winnipeg of the Bishops of Worcester and Oxford, to hand to the Anglican Church there £50,000 collected here for the endowment of missions in western Canada, hitherto supported mainly by the English Church people, the London correspondent of The Yorkshire Post remarks: "I have heard more than one Canadian churchman declare that such a fund ought not to be necessary. These critics assert that the church in the older portions of the Dominion is wealthy enough to do all that is necessary for mission effort in the newly settled portions, but lacks the imagination."

STEAMSHIPS ARRIVE

Montreal, Sept. 4.—Three liners reached port this morning—the Canadian Pacific ocean steamers Grampian and Minnedosa, the former from Antwerp and Southampton, and the latter from Liverpool, and the Fracanda liner Kamarrina, from Havre and Plymouth.

WORLD'S DAILY BRAIN TEST

BY SAM LOYD.
6 Minutes to Answer This.
No. 291.

In a walking match, Mike, the champion, who was slower than Dennis, the present holder of the belt, by one mile in two hours, was given two minutes' start in a four-mile contest. Now, supposing that the result of the race was a tie, what were their respective speeds?

Answer to No. 290.
Tailor, Infancy, Hasten, Main, Be-gone.
(Copyright, 1919, by Sam Lloyd.)

THE HOUSE 'ROUND THE CORNER

By GORDON HOLMES

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

Straight up the stranger went. The wide street was crisscrossed with stalls, farmers' carts, carriers' carts, dog-carts, even a couple of automobiles, for Wednesday, being market day, was also police court day and board of guardians' day. He passed unheeded. On Wednesday, Nuttonby was a metropolis; on any other day in the week he would have drawn dozens of curious eyes, peeping surreptitiously over short curtains, or more candidly in the open. Of course, he was seen by many, since Nuttonby was not so metropolitan that it failed to detect a new face, even on Wednesdays; but his style and appearance were of the gentry; the Nuttonby decided that he had strayed in from some "big" house in the district.

Walker & Son, it would seem, were auctioneers, hand valuers, and estate estimators as well as house agents. Their office was small, but not retiring. It displayed a well-developed, rasi of sale posters and notices, and one, in particular, was heroic in size. It told of a "spacious mansion, with well-timbered park," having been put up for auction—five years earlier. Whiteness of paper and blackness of type suggested that Walker & Son periodically renewed this aristocrat among auction announcements—perhaps to kindle a selling spirit among the landed gentry, a notoriously conservative and hold-tight class.

A young man, seated behind a counter, reading a sporting newspaper, and smoking a cigar, rose hastily when the caller entered.

"Yes, sir," he said, thereby implying instant readiness to engage in one or all of the firm's activities.

"Are you Mr. Walker?" asked the newcomer.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I am, if it comes to that. Do you want my father?"

Walker Jr. was a Nuttonby "nut"—a sharp young blade who did not tolerate chaff.

"I want to rent a furnished house in or near a quiet country village, where there is some good fishing," was the answer. "Now, you can determine whether I should trouble Mr. Walker sr. or not?"

"No trouble at all, sir! He'll be here in 10 seconds."

Walker Jr. had nearly made the same mistake as the ticket-collecting youth; however, the estimated time correctly, he went out, but his head thru the open window of the "Red Lion's" bar-parlor, and shouted: "Dad, you're wanted!"

He repeated his need, and there was a great parade of big-leaved books, while the elder Walker ascertained the prospective client's exact requirements. Whittled down to bare facts, they amounted to this: A house, in a small and remote village, and a trout stream. The absolute seclusion of the village and its diminutive proportions were insisted on, and property after property was rejected, tho the Walkers were puzzled to know why.

This distinguished-looking man wished to find a dwelling far removed from any social centre. His ideal was a tiny moorland hamlet, miles from the railway, and out of the beaten track of summer visitors. Suddenly, the son cried:

"Elimdale is the very place, dad!"

"Dad's face brightened, but clouded again instantly.

"You mean—the house 'round the corner?" he said, pursing his lips.

"Yes."

"I'm afraid it wouldn't suit."

"Why not?" put in the stranger. "I didn't mention any name, etc., and Walker sr. still looked glum."

"You described it as the house 'round the corner—an excellent name. It attracts me. Where is Elimdale?"

The head of the firm pointed to a map of the North Riding hanging above the fireplace.

"Here you are," he said, seizing a pen and running it along the meandering black line of a stream. "Eight miles from Nuttonby, and thousands from every other town—on the edge of the moor—about forty houses in the village—and a first-rate beck, with trout running from four ounces to half a pound—but—"

"But what?"

"The house, sir. You won't like the house."

"What's wrong with it?"

"Nothing. It's comfortable enough, and well furnished."

Yet again he hesitated.

"Why, it appears to be, as your son said, the very place."

Walker sr. smiled drearily. He knew what was coming.

"I can't recommend it, sir, and for this reason. A gentleman named Garth—Mr. Stephen Garth, some sort of professor, I understand—lived there many years, with his wife and daughter. Nice, quiet people they were, and the young lady was a beauty. No one could make out why they should wish to be buried alive in a hole like Elimdale, but they seemed happy enough. Then, two years since, in this very month of June, Mrs. Garth and the girl drove into Nuttonby in their governess car, and went off by train, sending the trap back by a hired man. Mr. Garth mooned about for a week or two, and then hanged himself one evening alongside a grandfather's clock which stands in the hall. That made a rare stir, I can tell you; since then, no one will look at the Grange, which is its proper name. I need hardly say that the villagers have seen Mr. Garth's ghost many times, particularly in June, because in that month the setting sun throws a peculiar shadow thru a stained-glass window on the hall landing. Last year I let the place to a Sheffield family who wanted moorland air. My! What a row there was when Mrs. Wilkins heard of the suicide, and of course, saw the ghost! It was all I could do to stave off an action for damages. 'Never again,' said I. 'If anybody else rents or buys the house, they take the ghost with it.'"

"Is it for sale?"

"Oh, yes! Neither Mrs. Garth nor Miss Marguerite have come near Elimdale since they left. They didn't attend the funeral, and I may add, in confidence, that Messrs. Holloway & Dobb, solicitors in this town, who have charge of their affairs—so far as the ownership of the Grange goes, at any rate—do not know their whereabouts. It is a sad story, sir."

The would-be tenant was apparently unmoved by the story's sadness.

"What kind of house is it?" he inquired.

"Old-fashioned, roomy, with oaken rafters, and a Jacobean grade in the dining-room. Five bedrooms. Fine garden, with its own well, fed by a spring. The kind of seventeenth-century dwelling that would fetch a high rent nowadays if near a town. As it is, I'd be glad to take £20 a year for it, or submit an offer."

(Continued tomorrow morning.)

AT THE EXHIBITION

O'Keefe's

A WELCOME SIGN

Six Booths

Where You Can Get O'Keefe's Ale, Lager and Stout

Near the South Entrance to Dairy Building.

In Manufacturers' Building, near South Entrance.

Near East Entrance to Process Building.

And three booths in rear of Grand Stand.

Remember these locations, because when tired with sight-seeing, you find here new zest and vigor in a glass of the popular and refreshing O'Keefe brews.

Those who prefer carbonated beverages will also find at the O'Keefe booths—O'Keefe's Pale Dry Ginger Ale and other favorite O'Keefe drinks on ice.

O'Keefe's
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ALE-LAGER-STOUT

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