

The Toronto World

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THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 14.

The Sugar Embargo.

Our Canadian Board of Commerce is the Handy Andy, or should we call it the Happy Hooligan of Canadian politics. Appointed to bring down high prices and reduce the cost of living, it rushes gallantly to the front with an embargo upon the importation of sugar. Wholesalers are forbidden to buy except from the domestic refiners. The Canadian consumer will therefore have to keep on paying 19 or 20 cents a pound, although sugar in the United States is now selling around 10 cents and may go even lower. Reason there for is showing our domestic refiners some consideration, but the government should state its position and deal with the situation as a question of public policy. It cannot pass the buck to the board of commerce, which has long been considered merely a joke in Canada.

Some government control was exercised for a time over the export and price of sugar. If by this governmental interference the sugar refiners were prejudiced in their property rights, they should look to the government for redress. They cannot impose a tax of seven or eight cents upon every pound of sugar purchased by the housewives of Canada. The effort of the board of commerce to impose this tax under color of public authority will arouse a storm of protest under which that unfortunate body may well cower. The board found it did not amount to much when it tried to discipline a big pulp and paper profiteer like Sir William Price; it will find that it amounts to less than nothing when it tries to bully the people of Canada.

Unfortunately the people will look upon the board as a mere tool, and hold the government responsible. It is therefore up to the government to suspend the order of the board, to act on its own responsibility, and then make its own defence, if defence be needed, to the people of this country. The government can no more pass the buck on an issue like this to the preposterous board of commerce than could Premier Meighen pass the buck on the tariff issue to a stenographer. Two members of the board are government employees, at the mercy of the government in every way. The board is in no respect an independent tribunal, and would no more dare run counter to the wishes of the government than would a sessional messenger or a Dominion policeman.

We are not saying that the sugar refiners may not have some equity worthy of financial redress by the government. As to that for the moment we express no opinion. We do know that it is a serious matter for any government to embargo the importation of a necessary food used by every family in the land every day of the year and essential to their health if not to their existence, when such necessary food is being sold by a combination of Canadian producers at nearly double its value as that value is measured in the open markets of the world. We further say that if such action be taken it must be taken by the government and on the responsibility of the government. It cannot be done upon the responsibility of government employees.

People are aroused on the sugar question to a greater pitch of indignation than the government realizes. To keep them at bay with the board of commerce as a buffer would be as difficult as Mrs. Partington's heroic but misguided effort to turn back the on-rushing tide of the Atlantic Ocean with a broom and a mop. The broom and mop were engulfed in the flood as we recollect, and Mrs. Partington had to confess herself unequal to the Atlantic Ocean!

The Press and Sugar.

Globe editorial, Oct. 13: Curiously enough, some of the very people who are now shouting the loudest for cheap sugar have for years stoutly supported a fiscal policy that helps to keep the prices up. It would be interesting to learn what so ardent a protectionist as Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., thinks of sugar duties as a means of raising revenue for Canada.

The World is for letting in the American sugar. It agrees with The Mail that if the refiners have made losses (on their whole transactions since the year began) they must take them like the rest of us. If, however, the government misled them in any way the government should make recompense, not the consumer.

As for W. F. Maclean, M.P., grant that he supports a tax on sugar to keep the refining in this country of raw sugar and desires to see a beet root sugar industry created here as it has been in France and in Germany, there must be reason in the duty and in the application of the subsidiary laws, such as the anti-dumping

clauses. They must not be of a character as to make the tax and the associated laws a burden on the people. Until the war the sugar industry in this country was a source of strength to the Canadian commonwealth. It helped to develop our trade with the West Indies and other sugar countries. The late John Maclean did more than any other protectionist writer in Canada to get the first refineries started here. The day came as to that policy that twenty-five pounds of sugar was sold in Canada for a dollar. And it can be made to come back. But not by any such order as that of the Board of Commerce.

The World agrees with The Mail of yesterday:

If 11 cents is generally quoted in the United States, it is the fair market price, and the fact that the Canadian refiners are seeking to hold their prices up to about nineteen cents does not make it less so. The spread between the United States and Canadian price is obviously too great, and cannot last. The Canadian refiners were restricted to lower prices than American refiners were getting when sugar was on the up-grade, but even if the decline means a loss to them of large sums, the taking of that loss seems the only course. Sugar refiners have had large profits in the last two or three years.

The World and The Mail are for the old N.P. and if dislocations are caused by the war, the government rather than the consumer should take up the burden.

The Globe of yesterday declared against any tax on sugar: that a family on a thousand dollars a year with a ten thousand income. And that wasn't fair.

Then it took a lot of space to give the arguments of our sugar refiners against any interference with their prices. The Globe put more apparent fairness in the case of the sugar men than it did in its call that cheaper sugar be let into Canada from the States. It was the uncertain ring in The Globe's articles and its news items friendly to the refiners that paved the way for the action of the Board of Commerce. And so with the Backus pulp wood concession!

Remarked in Passing.

"Heads I win, tails you lose," is the favorite motto of the Canadian sugar refiners in their game with the consuming public.

It now appears that life is being kept in Lord Mayor MacSwiney by the administration of grape juice. William J. Bryan please note.

Be careful how you break the news of the sugar men's win to your wife this morning. You are likely to spoil a perfectly good day.

President Wilson cannot keep his favorite "may I not" even out of a few words congratulatory telegram to the manager of the Cleveland baseball team.

New York bootleggers have established a curb market for the disposal of their wares. Looks as if the Rev. Spracklin of the U. S. had a life job ahead of them.

Wall street brokers have started a luncheon club. Good idea. Perhaps Toronto white-collar boys who just won't be seen carrying their dinner to town can beat the restaurant gougers that way.

The Thanksgiving edition of The Christian Guardian has a special illustration of a harvest scene and quoting a verse of Scripture that reads: "And your threshing shall reach until the vintage, and the vintage shall reach until sowing time, but what's the use of a vintage if somebody comes along and effectively puts a ban on the use of its product?"

ALBERTA TRAIN BANDIT SENTENCED TO HANG

Macleod, Alta., Oct. 13.—Tom Bassett, one of the train bandits who held up the C. P. R. train at Sentinel on August 2, was sentenced by Justice McCarthy here this afternoon to hang on Wednesday, December 22, at the Lethbridge Jail, for the murder of Constable W. F. E. Bailey, of the Alberta police, at the Bellevue Cafe, Bellevue, on August 7. He was found guilty by the jury after an hour's deliberation.

TO FORCE RECOGNITION OF SOVIET ON ITALY

London, Oct. 13.—The leaders of the Italian Socialist party and of the General Confederation of Labor in Italy have published a joint manifesto in The Avanti of Rome, ordering demonstrations in every town in Italy on Thursday, says a despatch to the Central News from Rome. The object of the movement is to force the Italian government to recognize Soviet Russia.

The manifesto adds that a general strike of the railway workers is assured for Thursday.

Attention!—Projectors of New Companies

We invite enquiries as to the terms on which we are prepared to act as Stock Transfer Agent and Registrar.

The Canada Permanent Trust Company

Paid-up Capital \$1,000,000
DIRECTORS: W. G. Gooderham, R. S. Hudson, John Massey, J. J. G. Gooderham, H. G. Hargreaves, J. S. C. F. Gordon Oaker, George H. Smith, William Mulock, E. R. O. Clarkson, George W. Allan, K. O. M.P., Manager, Ontario Branch, A. E. Heslin.



BEAU MEIGHEN: I recognized you in spite of the mask.
MISS FREE TRADE KING: But you should not have pulled it off. I promised not to unmask until after the election.

WANT NEW POLICY REGARDING TIMBER

Northerners Coming to Seek Government Action—Situation Serious.

Port Arthur, Ont., Oct. 13.—Timber operators from the Thunder Bay district, backed up by the Port Arthur city council and the Independent Labor party, will shortly besiege the Ontario capital in an effort to induce the government to change its policy in respect to the granting of licenses to bona fide timber operators.

The timber situation, as far as the district is concerned, is a serious one, and timber men state that the recent action of the government has created a position where it is doubtful "if an ax will be put into a stick of timber this winter."

The timber industry means more than a million dollars a year to this district besides the employment of thousands of three thousand men, who will be seeking jobs when the layoff occurs.

INTIMATES BIAS IN TIMBER PROBE

(Continued From Page 1.) Government upon the top and stamp out the timber industry. The Rev. Spracklin of the U. S. had a life job ahead of them.

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Settlement Is Effected At Prince of Wales' College

Charlottetown, P.E.I., Oct. 13.—The Prince of Wales College, which was closed for a week owing to a strike of the teaching staff, reopened yesterday with the former staff. Settlement was effected by the teachers asking permission of the government to withdraw their resignations, at the same time repeating their request that the increases in salaries asked for be given.

BLIND PIG IN CITY IS QUICKLY CLOSED

(Continued From Page 1.)

again no drinks could be bought. "They thought we were a bunch of detectives," said Scotty.

One more step was made. Scotty said he knew of a place where nine months ago he had obtained a drink, and volunteered to try to get some for the crowd. The Spracklin's stopped at the curb on Dundas street, some distance west, but opposite 977.

And here was explained how the squad watched a house. Two specially adjusted reducing mirrors upon the car enabled the men to keep a close watch on the Stanney house and Scotty's movements as he entered the house in quest of some bottles.

Hallam gave Scotty twenty-dollar Bank of Nova Scotia bill and Scotty returned with two bottles of Scotch Heather Dew whiskey and ten dollars change. Hallam drove around the corner, stopped the car and then . . .

"We might as well break the ice, Scotty," said Hallam, and Rev. Mr. Spracklin uncovered his provincial officer's badge.

Scotty was struck dumb. He had no idea that he had been hoodwinked into giving away his friend's practices. He and Joel Young in town for a few days' holiday, were visibly shaken on discovering they were but victims of Hallam's ruse.

Hidden Treasures.

At the Stanney residence twenty-three bottles of whiskey of the same brand that Scotty had purchased were uncovered in the attic. In the rear yard there were tables and benches under an arbor, evidently the scene of a few "tea parties" in the summer. In Stanney's cellar perhaps a hundred bottles—empty, a few kegs, and a packing case of straw that had once covered wine or whiskey bottles, were collected, and in one was debris including pieces of boxes plainly marked "Scotch Heather Dew, 12 bottles, Montreal," and several dozen tin-foil tips for "tea parties" in the summer.

Rev. Mr. Spracklin turned the case over to the provincial board of license commissioners, and Plainclothesman Montgomery escorted the whiskey in Stanney's house and took it to police station No. 1. The case will be brought to court when Stanney's wife, who yesterday was ill in bed, will permit Stanney's absence. Scotty was not held.

Rev. Mr. Spracklin explained that it was difficult to catch a "blind pig," and that the only way they could be gotten was thru some sort of frame-up such as Hallam worked with Scotty yesterday. "This is a distasteful end of the ram running game, inasmuch as it is often the case, as it was yesterday, that the go-between is innocent that he is arranging the downfall of his friend."

Backing Spracklin Fully.

The provincial authorities charged with enforcement of the O. T. A. are wholeheartedly behind the work of Rev. Mr. Spracklin and his squad, whose headquarters are in the parsonage of Rev. Mr. Spracklin's Methodist church in Sandhurst. The squad now comprises five men, but plans are under way for enlarging this force to twelve or thirteen, including Provincial Officer Spracklin. The government has recently presented Rev. Mr. Spracklin with a new high-powered motor car for his work, and consideration is now being given to turning over also a \$3,500 motor boat, which Rev. Mr. Spracklin says is an absolute necessity for efficient work along the border waters.

The Spracklin squad have been away from the Windsor district for three days, and according to Mr. Spracklin, the bootleggers are taking advantage of this relief, and word has been received here by the men to get back to Windsor as fast as possible. The bombing squad left town late last night.

PROBING TRAGEDY AT EDMUNSTON, N.B.

Court Investigates Death of Miss Minnie Stevens—Attacked Enroute Home.

Edmundston, N.B., Oct. 13.—The first session of coroner Cyr's court, investigating the death of Miss Minnie Stevens, the young telegraph operator, who came here some weeks ago from Middleton, N.S., to act as assistant operator at the Western Union Telegraph Company office, and whose body was found in the Madawaska River by chief of police Savage, who followed a trail of blood to the riverbank from where a set of false teeth and some bits of hair had been found, has revealed that after she left her office soon after eight o'clock on Monday evening, she went for a walk for a short time with Miss Johnston, an employee at the Fraser Pulp mill, and left her about nine o'clock to go to her lodging place.

Brutally Murdered.

It is now believed that she was attacked while enroute home and that she was brutally murdered by some man who made criminal assault upon her. The only clue there is, points to two rough looking strangers who arrived here in an old automobile on Monday afternoon and disappeared suddenly yesterday afternoon about the time the body was found.

"I have formed a hazy idea of Mrs. Stevens from various remarks dropped by her brother and you," said Scotty, "and I am surprised that she ever let you leave Chester on such an errand."

"She didn't. I came away without her knowledge!"

"Ah!"

THE HOUSE 'ROUND THE CORNER

By GORDON HOLMES

CHAPTER IX. (Continued.)

"Ay, the story is that the man who dug the first sod out of the foundations broke ground on the fifteenth of June, an' some learned owd codger said the 15th was 'Black Prince's birthday'!"

"It seems to be rather a slight excuse for such an elaborate window," Burt looked around cautiously, lest he should be overheard.

"There was queer folk livin' when that house was built," he muttered. "Happen there's more 'n one sort of Black Prince. I'm thinking meself that mebbe some fascal of a pirate had Owd Nick in his mind when he planned yon article."

Armthwaite laughed. He was aware that a belief in witchcraft still lingered in these remote Yorkshire dales, but he was not prepared to find traces of devil-worship so far afield.

"It's a very interesting window," he said, "and, when I've got the invalid off my hands, I'll inquire further into the historical side of it. You see, the style of coloring and craftsmanship should enable an expert to date the window within very few years of its actual period. Ah, here's your man! I hope he found the bicyclist at home!"

Assurance on that head was soon forthcoming. Armthwaite returned to the Grange, and while going to Whittaker's room, he glanced curiously at the wall near the clock. The sufficiency of light still came thru the window, and the mellow colors in a vignette border were surprisingly bright, there was not the slightest semblance of an apparition in the hall.

But, such was the force of suggestion, after Burt's hint at bygone practices of the black arts within those ancient walls, he found now that the face framed in the open visor was cadaverous in the extreme, and had a sinister and repellent aspect.

Cynic though he was in some respects, as he mounted the creaking stairs, he wondered.

CHAPTER X.

Armthwaite States a Case.

After endeavoring, with no marked success, to console a fretful invalid with promises of alleviation of his sufferings by a skilled hand—promises made with the best of intent, but doomed to disappointment, because the immediate use of a tight bandage was precisely the treatment which any doctor would have recommended—Armthwaite joined Marguerite in a belated meal.

The spirit of an infuriated cook must have sagged in Mrs. Jackson's breast when she bade Betty "tell 'em to mak' the best of it, because everything is spilt." Nevertheless, they dined well, since Yorkshire love of good fare would not permit a real debacle among the eatables.

Marguerite was utterly downcast when Armthwaite informed her that Percy Whittaker would be lucky if he could trust his weight on the injured ankle within the next month. "What a load of misfortune I carried off my feet yesterday over the moor!" she cried bitterly. "Yet, how could I foresee that an interfering woman like Edith Suarez would send Percy boobyfoot in pursuit?"

"I have formed a hazy idea of Mrs. Stevens from various remarks dropped by her brother and you," said Scotty, "and I am surprised that she ever let you leave Chester on such an errand."

"She didn't. I came away without her knowledge!"

"Ah!"

"You needn't say 'Ah!' in that disapproving way. Why shouldn't I visit Edith and this house if I wanted to?"

"You have quite failed to understand my exclamation. It was an involuntary tribute to my own powers."

"If you mean that Edith is a cat, I agree with you. When she hears that Percy has fallen downstairs and lamed himself, she won't believe a word of it. Before we know where we are she will be here herself."

"We have two bedrooms. The house will then be full," he said placidly.

"Five? Oh! you include my mother in your reckoning. Bob, don't you think I ought to telegraph early in the morning and tell her not to come?"

"No. If you adopt the scheme I have evolved for the routing of all Walkers and the like, the arrival of your mother will be the one thing requisite to insure its complete triumph."

Then he laid bare his project. Stephen Garth was dead and buried. Let him remain so. Marguerite would be the first to approve of any fair means which would save her husband from the probing and prying of the police. There was always the probability that he was innocent of any crime. Even if, from the common-sense point of view, they must assume that he knew of the ghastly secret which the house could reveal sooner or later, it did not necessarily follow that such cognizance was a guilty one. Thus did Armthwaite juggle with words until his hearer was convinced that he could secure her a respite from the tribulations of the morrow, at least, the graver problem would remain to vex the future.

"They were just talking earnestly when the iron heep of the gate clicked in its socket."

"Dr. Scaife!" cried Marguerite, rising hurriedly. Then she bethought herself. "I suppose it doesn't really matter now who sees me," she added, "and I should so much like to meet him. He is one of our oldest friends in Yorkshire."

"Meet him, by all means; but don't forget your new role. In fact, it would be well if you rehearsed it at once. The doctor will be a valuable factor in the undoing of Walker."

The bell rang. Armthwaite himself went to the door. A slightly-built, elderly man, wearing a bowler hat and an overcoat, was standing there. In the lane beyond the gate gleamed the lamps of a dog-cart, and a groom was holding the horse's head.

"I'm Doctor Scaife," announced the newcomer. "I'm told you have had an accident of some sort here?"

"Yes," said Armthwaite. "Come in, doctor. You've probably heard my name—Armthwaite. I've just rented this place for the summer, and a young friend of mine, who arrived unexpectedly today, had the ill-luck to slip on the stairs and sprain his ankle. I've done what I could by way of first-aid. I hope you received my message correctly?"

"About the india-rubber bandage, do you mean? Yes, I've brought one. Lucky your man caught me. I was just starting for another village, but I can make the call on my way home. Where is the patient?"

At that minute the doctor set eyes on Marguerite, who had come to the door of the dining room. Her face was in shadow, because the lamp on the table was directly behind her.

Continued Tomorrow Morning.

O'Keefe's Ginger Ale

Out on the Road

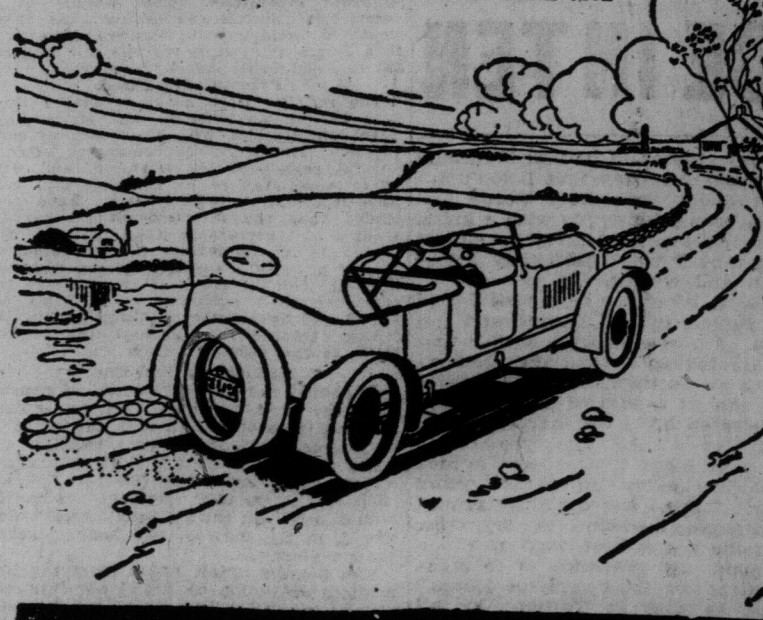
Motoring is not always pleasant—at times, it becomes tiresome and tedious. But, on your next trip, take along a few bottles of O'Keefe's Dry Ginger Ale, and notice the difference.

This ideal thirst-quencher will make you feel glad to be out on the road.

A few of the delightful beverages bearing the O'K label are—

Belfast Ginger Ale
Ginger Beer
Lemon Sour
Special Soda
Orangeade
Cream Soda
Sarsaparilla
Cola, etc., etc.

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JOHN C.

Ladies' Gentler

of all kinds. Work extra. Phone N. 51.

THE

Meteorology. 12—(8 p.m.) from Texas in northern part of the States coast fair today.

Minimum. 43. Maximum. 50. Wind. S. by E. 4 to 6 m.p.h. Rain. 0.01 in. Fog. 0.01 in. Snow. 0.01 in. Ice. 0.01 in. Clouds. 0.01 in. Visibility. 0.01 in. Barometer. 30.0 in. Humidity. 60%. Wind direction. S. by E. Wind speed. 4 to 6 m.p.h. Rain. 0.01 in. Fog. 0.01 in. Snow. 0.01 in. Ice. 0.01 in. Clouds. 0.01 in. Visibility. 0.01 in. Barometer. 30.0 in. Humidity. 60%.

Mean of 4 days. 6 above.

FL. FOR F. AND EVER OCCASION.

Sim.

Yonge. Sim.

RATE.

Notices of October. Additional. Notices of. In Memoriam. Poetry. A line. For each fraction. Cards of T.

SUTHERLAND. October. 26. villo. 26. late T. J. Funeral on Friday thence to TRIMMER. Western. on of the. brother of. avenue. Funeral from 665 at the New WILLMOT. the residence. met. 50 P. in. Funeral day. 10th. James. C.

McQUAIG. Capital. Canadian. by loved. and. who died. toria. 140. see.

FRED. W. FUN. 665 S. TO.