

The Toronto World

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WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 14.

Congested Population.

Congestion in New York is as bad as anywhere. Rents are proportionately high, and residence in Manhattan is a privilege that can only be maintained by the well-to-do. The remedy is dispersal of the population, advocated by all the authorities. Any town across the river can supply cheaper quarters, even with the commutation rate added, than can be had in New York proper.

But New York is well equipped for such suburban traffic. Ferries, under ground, and surface railways, and other devices for getting swift motion for passengers, who desire it, are everywhere available. In Toronto it's different.

Not only have we no suburban steam services, but the electric cars do not serve the people outside the city. There are swarms of people who would live outside Toronto in the suburban villages and towns for twenty miles around if there were such railway service as Montreal has, and as many other cities of the rank of Toronto have.

Might's Directory gives the population of Toronto as 547,000. Most of the city hall authorities assume that Toronto is considerably under 500,000 yet, but the pressure on house accommodation indicates a larger number of people than is usually figured on.

The organization of the housing commission at the present time will provide an active factor in the relief of the situation, and the amount of business acumen engaged in its preparation and now associated with its management assures its success.

London Looking Ahead.

Old London has embarked on a gigantic road improvement scheme, with the object of giving better facilities for communication from point to point without going directly thru the centre of the city. There are two series of more or less circular roads. The outer circular road is a magnificent circle of from twelve to fourteen miles from the centre, a stretch of over a hundred miles of thoroughfare. It runs from Hampton Court to Stanmore, away north of Edmonton and, sweeping away east miles beyond Barking and Woolwich, drops south by Bromley and well south of Croydon to Hampton Court again.

The inner north circle road touches Edmonton and Leyton, and the south inner road runs from Clapham Common in a curve to Woolwich. Great radial roads of course strike across these circumferential roads in every direction.

The constantly increasing bulk of motor traffic is restoring the road to its former importance, and London is preparing now for the next generation. Any city that fails to consider and provide for its inevitable suburban and rural expansion under the influence of motor traffic, will have a cost bill to meet for the repair of the oversight later on.

When Free From Alien Influence.

A number of small "nations" and dependencies have been stirred up by the idea of self-determination to make a bid for independence and to set up in business on their own account. There is a good deal to be said for their aspirations, but in most cases there is a good deal to be said on the other side also. The day of small nations, like that of small businesses, is not as easy as it once was. Economic conditions oppress the small nation that is not self-contained and self-supporting, as very few are. A nation like Ireland, largely agricultural, lives almost wholly on England, the agricultural exports during the war being almost incredibly large. An independent Ireland protected by a tariff would find a more difficult market in England, and if competition in manufactures were added it would not improve matters.

Egypt is making a plea for independence and presents another problem. Korea, the Philippines and a few other dependencies are also asserting their parallel condition. In the case of Egypt, and also to some extent in India, if the population could be relied upon to maintain the open door policy which Britain has established there might be no difficulty. But up till the present everyone is aware that most of the disturbance in these countries is the result of the agitation carried on by German emissaries. At one time in India it was French pro-sandists. Any of these semi-civilized nations if left entirely to their own devices would almost immediately become the prey of some foreign adventurers seeking their own or their nation's advantage. No sensible government wants to face the prospect of having to pacify and occupy Egypt, or India or the Philippines

again after having done it once. In all these places the growth of order and government is proceeding, and there is not the slightest doubt that when conditions justify it all these nations will be placed on the same basis as others with mature experience. A little patience is almost all that is needed on the part of these several states. When they can stand alone and refuse to be the tools of self-seeking alien powers they will be established in all their rights.

A Hoary Fallacy.

London, England, Daily News: When will the hoary fallacy that state control is bad because a comparatively small bookkeeping loss is shown on telegraphs die and be decently buried? It is rather surprising to find it used by such an able economist as Mr. Harold Cox in an argument yesterday against nationalization of coal mines. Surely the only proper way to look at this matter is to take the postoffice as a whole. In 1917-18 the postoffice contributed £5,848,285 to the exchequer and telephone £355,468. Even distinguished economists might perhaps sometimes recognize the principle of the swings and the roundabouts.

OTHER PEOPLE'S OPINIONS

The World will gladly print under this heading 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.

LABOR'S LOST LABOR

Editor World: John Chinaman's ax is a wonder indeed. Lately he swung it around and out off his pistol. Again John raised it with the fury of a Carrie Nation and his opium trade flew in all directions, finishing up with a \$24,000,000 bonfire of the wreckage. Once more John's eye flashes and his gun of thousands of letters and 39 simple signs take their place, and the last word from the Bible Society is now learning to read and write in less than a week. John Bull's labor people are still taking a year for the same job. Now labor can't afford to lose a year of each child's school time, costing millions, besides millions more in loss of trade from the same cause—a nonsensical way of spelling, such as "a" in "pay" or "eight." So let labor with her voice of thunder demand that John Bull send quicker for John C's ax and scrap this folly and cease to be a laughing stock of the nations, because of his "incredibly antiquated spellings," as the Germans say.

A CANADIAN GOVERNOR-GENERAL

Editor World: The great war has been remarkable for many things, but signally and above all else it has been remarkable for the wisdom, the foresight and the soldier-like ability with which Canada's troops were commanded. It is also remarkable for the discipline, the steadiness, the bravery and the unflinching good conduct of the men who comprised our army. I feel sure, therefore, that I am expressing the feelings of everyone who reads your valuable paper when I say that long years have passed away since we can remember a period when the army of the British Empire was more entitled than it is now to the respect, the gratitude, and the good feeling of its fellow-countrymen.

And do not let us forget the great debt of gratitude that we owe to the British navy, and the men of the merchant marine service, for without the combined services of those men and heroes of the silent deep, our fight would have been vain.

Therefore, sir, seeing that Canada's sons can be trusted to do their duty to the empire in a time of great national danger, does not this elicit the fact that one of the many sons of Canada could be chosen to fill the position with credit, that is now being held by a peer, chosen from the aristocracy of England? Are such proceedings as this a part of the democracy that is now so much boasted of, or is it, on the face of it, democratic for us to be lorded over by official dukedom? The sons of Canada have proved their value, and would do so again if needed. Then give unto the worthy that which is their due.

Trusting that someone more able to handle this all-important matter, and who will be better able to illustrate the cause of Canada's justice, will get busy and speak out like a man and a Canadian. This cannot be called a tendency to Bolshevism, as it is only asking for fair play, and for the distribution of honors where honors are justly due.

James Lindsay,
8 James street north, Hamilton.

A Line of Cheer Each Day of the Year

By John Kendrick Bangs.
(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

NO TIME FOR CARE.

One thing I find in thinking Cheer is that it lessens much my fear. For I've no time for fear when I am contemplating blue of sky. Am all the joyousness of day That's spread along my chosen way. And while, of course, I have my care, Cheer hides the fact that it is there.

EVERY MAN RECOGNIZES

the duty he owes to his wife and other members of his family to see that each one of them is provided for after his decease, and that before, but in many instances omits to make such arrangements as will ensure his and their affairs being properly managed after his demise. The appointment of this Company as Executor and Trustee under your Will will safeguard and relieve them of duties which might prove onerous to them. Interviews and correspondence invited.

The Canada Permanent Trust Company

Toronto Street, Toronto.
PAID UP CAPITAL \$1,000,000
Manager, Ontario Branch—A. E. Hessin.

A SUDDEN ATTACHMENT



THE DAY AT OTTAWA

By TOM KING

Ottawa, May 13.—The "wets" and the "dries" had their first clash in the house this afternoon, over the prohibition measure of the government. While the preliminary resolution was favorably reported from the committee of the whole, there was likely to be an acrimonious debate on the second reading of the bill. The Liberals, including the members from Quebec, sat tight this afternoon and let the Unionist forces do all the talking.

Contrary to expectation, Hon. Mr. Rowell took no part in the discussion. The proposed legislation was presented to the house and explained by Sir Thomas White, who appeared to be laboring heavily, and brought to his task no great enthusiasm. This was so evident that when concluded, Sir Sam Hughes observed, "I am not a drinking man myself, but I think the acting premier would have made a better speech if he had taken a couple of drinks. He had better turn this bill to that bright and shining light of temperance, the president of the privy council."

Sir Thomas said the legislation was intended to implement the order-in-council passed under the war measures act. The design was not to override, but rather protect provincial rights. Quebec had recently declared herself in favor of light wine and beer, and therefore the manufacture of wine and beer up to the strength prescribed by provincial legislation would be lawful in that province, Ontario permitted the manufacture and sale of native wine, and therefore such manufacture and sale would not be interfered with.

Mr. Frapp, Unionist member for Ottawa, asked if Ontario brewers would be allowed to manufacture and ship five per cent. beer into Quebec. Sir Thomas replied in the negative. He intimated, however, that the government's bill would be so amended as to permit the importation of native wine from Ontario.

Mr. Frapp may have been speaking for the Ottawa brewers, who are looking for a market in Quebec, and Major Hume Cronyn of London may

have remembered that some breweries exist in his own home town. He could see no sense in the discrimination between wine and beer. Why should not a brewery in Ontario ship 5 per cent. beer into Quebec? Why should the people of Ontario be restricted to 2-1/2 per cent. beer and at the same time be allowed to drink native wine containing 15 or 20 per cent. of alcohol? There was no limit upon the strength of native wine that might be manufactured, sold and consumed in Ontario under the Ontario temperance act, or under the proposed federal legislation.

Hon. W. S. Fielding, in short, an Ontario man can get as drunk as he pleases, provided he gets drunk on Ontario wine. Mr. Stewart, Unionist member for Lanark, said the proposed legislation was illogical. It professed to guard provincial rights, but the legislature of Ontario had never forbidden the importation of liquor into that province. The Debonair act permitted any province to prohibit such importation, but Ontario had never enacted bona fide prohibition. Mr. Stewart also pointed out that the Dominion order-in-council forbidding interprovincial traffic had been passed January, 1918, but did not become effective until April 1. This gave an opportunity for people who had money to lay up huge stocks of liquor. The rich men could drink all they pleased, but the poor people and returned soldiers were compelled by law to become total abstainers. He said he was not opposing the legislation, but he believed it did not go far enough. If we were to apply to every class in the community, let the government search the cellars of rich men in Toronto and confiscate their booze.

Sir Thomas thought this would be impracticable. He doubted if there any large stocks of liquor in the cellars of Toronto. His own cupboard in Queen's Park, he knew, was as bare as Mother Hubbard's, and this was of practically every home in Toronto.

Major Andrews, Unionist member for Centre Winnipeg, said he had been bombarded with petitions from W. C. T. U. and he had no doubt that

there was a big temperance vote in the country which he expected the government naturally wanted to catch. He had many temperance people in his constituency, but he declared himself to be unalterably opposed to prohibition. He did not believe that moderate consumption of liquor was deleterious. It had no appreciable effect except to act as a sedative and never had this "tormented world" so needed a sedative as now.

The Major said he was a father and a grandfather, and was old enough to know what agreed with him, and what did not. If he drank coffee for a week he was sick, if he took a little whiskey and water with his dinner, he felt first-rate. He thought it smacked of kaiserism for any government to tell a man what he should eat and what he should drink. Rum, he believed, had saved thousands of lives in the trenches. There was no question of morality involved, because the one total abstainer in the world was the unrepentant Turk. The debate was closed by Doctor Blake, Unionist member for North Winnipeg, who said he saw no reason why Ontario wine should not be exported to Quebec.

A stranger in the gallery this after-

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

By JANE PHELPS.

Barbara Angers Neil by Calling Him at Blanche Orton's

CHAPTER LXXXIV.
The clock had struck the half hour before I left the house. I did not care to wait in the station at that hour. Someone might see me and wonder why Neil was not with me. I hated to have anyone pity me because of his shortcomings.

Twelve o'clock came, and the train had not come in. I had waited some distance back of the crowd, hoping by doing so to be unobserved. Then I heard a murmur of horror and pressed forward to the crowd.

"An accident!" I heard a man say. "The train ran into a freight."

"What is it, please?" I asked the man who had spoken. "I have a relative coming on the train. Is anything serious the matter?"

"They don't know yet, miss, but if you wait here I will find out." The kindly man moved away, and I again stood a little apart from the crowd.

"It is quite bad, miss," his voice started me. I had not expected him back so soon. "Some of the people are badly hurt."

"Do you know if they are bringing them here?"

"Yes—it is the nearest place where they can get attention—the right kind of attention."

"How long before they can be expected?" I asked, my heart contracting as I thought that perhaps gentle, kind Mrs. Carrier, whom I had always known, might be among the injured or killed.

"No one knows, ma'am, if there is anything I can do for you—I am afraid my sister is on that train, altho I am not sure. I shall wait and see, however, so don't be afraid to ask me anything."

I didn't know what to do. If only I knew where Neil was, it was terrible noon might have thought that prohibition had a stormy sea to navigate. Those who spoke at all were against it, but they were few in number. They were applauded by many of their colleagues, who will vote the other way when the roll is called, and as much as the principle of provincial autonomy is recognized through.

Quebec is free to import wine and to manufacture beer. Wines may be brought into Quebec from France if they do not exceed the strength prescribed by the provincial legislation, a concession more sentimental than valuable, because wine of the Quebec standard would turn to vinegar before it could be gotten across the ocean. Quebec is also free to manufacture her own beer and it is just possible that she may be allowed to import beer from Ontario. The bill by its terms will cease to be operative one year after the proclamation of peace, and there was nothing said in the debate today about a plebiscite.

"I just got home, Bab, hurried right up here. Have they heard anything?" "No—I knew you only just got home. Blanche Orton told me you had left only half an hour ago."

"The devil she did—what business had you calling her? I won't have you meddling with me, and my business—and the sooner you understand it the better." She stalked over to one of the officials, leaving me standing alone, the man who so kindly had helped me eyeing me with obvious pity. He had said what Neil had said.

Tomorrow—An Accident—Delays the Train on Which Mrs. Carrier Arrives.

to wait here indefinitely alone. I thought of Mr. Frederick, if only he were with me. I went into the booth and called his hotel.

"No. Mr. Frederick doesn't answer." I left no message, and returned to my place of waiting.

"Is there any further news?" I asked the man who so kindly had offered to do what he could for me.

"Long wait. You see they had to send a wrecking train first. You better go inside and sit down. I will come and call you if there is any news."

I thanked him, but remained where I was. To sit quiet would be impossible and also intolerable. It was now 1 o'clock. I had left no word for Neil, supping I should be back directly, I called the house. It was some time before Ada answered. She had been asleep, she explained.

"No. Mr. Forbes has not come in." "If he does tell him to come at once to the station. The train upon which his aunt was to come has met with an accident. She may be injured. And, Ada, you better sit up. We may need you."

I waited until 2 o'clock. If you know what it means to wait in a railroad station until two o'clock in the morning, wait for someone who may have been injured—perhaps killed, you will realize something of my distress. I really could remain inactive no longer. I called Blanche Orton's house.

"May I speak to Mrs. Orton?" I asked.

"This is Mrs. Orton. What is it?" Suddenly it came to me that I would let her know who I was. I had not intended to say who was talking unless Neil came to the telephone. But I could show her that I knew of his visits.

"Is Mr. Forbes there? I should like to speak with him. The train upon which his aunt was to arrive has met with an accident. I waited a considerable time before she answered."

"No. Mr. Forbes is not here." There was something in her voice, the hesitating manner in which she spoke, which made me ask:

"How long ago did he leave?" "About thirty minutes."

"Thank you, he is probably on his way to the station by this time." I hung up the receiver trembling. I had received the information I wanted. But I returned to my place with the rest of the watchers just as Neil dashed up.

"I just got home, Bab, hurried right up here. Have they heard anything?" "No—I knew you only just got home. Blanche Orton told me you had left only half an hour ago."

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Capt. C. W. Warman, D.S.O., Canadian Airman, Dies Overseas

Reuter Cable. London, May 13.—Captain Clive Wilson Warman, D.S.O., Canadian Airman, died last night from injuries received in an airplane accident at Edmonton.



"I Wonder If It Would Help Me"

"NEARLY every place I go I hear someone talking about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. My friends advise me to try it, and yet I never have."

"I wonder why."

"Perhaps it is because I have suffered so much from nervous trouble and found so little benefit from the use of medicine."

"But they tell me that the Nerve Food is different. They say that it is not a mere relief from pain, but a restorative treatment, which will build up the depleted nerve cells and make me well and strong again."

"Goodness knows I have suffered enough from headaches, sleeplessness, hysteria and dread of the future. I want to get away from all this."

"Why cannot I enjoy life like other people do? Perhaps I have not tried to

get well. Perhaps I have been discouraged, and thought there was no use trying."

"Well, I am going to begin trying right now, and Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will have a thorough test in my case."

"The future has been all black to me. I have thought at times that I would lose my mind. But while I have been suffering and worrying others have been cured, and I can now see my mistake."

"If Dr. Chase ever had a faithful patient I shall be one, and believe that his Nerve Food will do for me what it has done for so many thousands of others."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. The portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., are on every box of his medicines.