

The Toronto World

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SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 6.

Pain Talk About the "Key" or Essential Industries of Canada.

Hon. T. A. Crerar, leader of the Farmers' party, finds the weak joint in the armor of the Canadian Protectionist when he says that the National Policy as administered up to date has failed to develop as it should the basic industries of Canada. By this phrase, "basic industries," he appears to mean those industries which are native or indigenous, such as farming, fishing, mining and lumbering. These are indeed basic in so much as people must have food, clothes, fuel and houses in which to live. All of them have been developed on a large scale in Canada, and, indeed, would be in any country from the necessity of the case. It is true, however, that much of our mineral wealth is shipped out of the country as ore or matte to be refined by the workmen of other nations. It is also true that we have abjectly failed to appreciate the powerful weapons placed in our hands by providence for our defence against external unfairness or aggression.

One need not be a member of the Farmers' party to agree with Mr. Crerar in thinking that we have neglected to develop a number of key or essential industries. This is not the fault of the National Policy. The trouble is the National Policy was never applied to nickel or asbestos, or for that matter any other intelligent policy. No one outside of a madhouse would defend the way in which we have allowed all the nickel ore mined in Ontario to be refined in other countries. No one outside of a prison could find an audience ready to believe that the asbestos, of which Quebec has a monopoly, should be owned, exploited and refined in the United States.

Key industries are not only those which permit a country to successfully carry on a war, but rather those that enable a country to prevent war, and to enforce fair dealing in political and economical affairs. Such industries should be in some way unique and such industries we can have in Canada.

Take for example nickel. We have a virtual monopoly of nickel. The great war could not begin until Germany got a nickel she thought she needed from Canada, and could not have continued so long had not Canadian nickel found its way, via the United States, to Germany during the war. A war tomorrow would scarcely be possible anywhere in the world unless Canada consented to the same by furnishing the required nickel. The government of Canada could do much more than the entire League of Nations to regulate war and preserve peace. In the commercial world nickel has a value commanding and unique. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been made by foreign financiers who left our coal purchases until they paid the province only \$40,000. The situation is not so bad today as it was, but it is still incredibly bad. We not only have a monopoly of cobalt, but we have a monopoly of cobalt, fast coming into great demand throughout the world. We have platinum, palladium, iridium, polonium, some of them recovered in no inconsiderable quantity from the nickel ore of Sudbury.

Then there is the asbestos fibre, of which our neighboring province, Quebec, has a monopoly. That fibre is grubbed out of quarries by the cheapest labor and then sent to the United States. During the war we had interned prisoners grubbing out this asbestos fibre for the American owners. For our asbestos and nickel deposits alike we got nothing for years except the privilege of running a few boarding houses for poorly paid laborers of foreign birth.

Then there is pulp wood. Of late we have begun to manufacture paper on a big scale, but this advance has been largely due to the enterprise of foreign capital. For a long time the pulp wood was shipped to the United States and was there ground into pulp and made into paper. There is every reason why the exportation of pulp wood should be prohibited. In our ability to generate electric current from water power we are not unique except in the matter of magnitude. This development must be on a great scale unless we are to remain dependent for much of our fuel upon the United States. The generation of electricity will become more than ever one of our essential industries whether in war or peace. The war justified our building up the steel industry for without it we could not have manufactured munitions. The war justified our national

railways, for without the Intercolonial we could not have sent troops to Europe for more than six months out of the year.

To the extent that the essential industries could be developed in the national interest and in a scientific way we admit that our fiscal system needs a considerable shaking up. Such unique and valuable deposits as nickel, asbestos, etc., should not be exploited by malefactors of great wealth. The free flow of the National Policy in regard to many of these deposits has been checked by corrupt exploiters, uninformed public men and a more or less subsidized press. The Farmers' government in Ontario might take a hint from Mr. Crerar and consider a great boon upon this province by ripping wide open the hidden history of nickel. The government of Quebec can render a similar service in respect to asbestos. Both these unique and wonderful deposits should long ago have received Dominion guardianship and National Policy administration.

The Blow That Killed Father.

Governor Cox, Democratic candidate for President, was credited on Wednesday with having lost every state it was possible to lose and with having had rolled up against him the most tremendous majority in the political history of the world. But even his friends underestimated the disaster. It now appears that the Governor did not even carry the solid south, and most unlikely of all, he was defeated in Tennessee!

It will be remembered that Mr. Cox persuaded his fellow-Democrat, the Governor of Tennessee, to call an extra session of the legislature which ratified the nineteenth amendment and enfranchised all the women of the country in time for the presidential election. Yet the women are responsible for the extent of the Democratic disaster. It is explained that they voted against Cox on the issue of prohibition.

Sir William Hearst gave votes to the women of Ontario and then ran upon his record as a prohibitionist, but he fared no better than did Governor Cox in Tennessee. We have always taken it for granted that Hon. N. W. Rowell had the woman vote, not in his vest pocket, but on his arm, so to speak. But who can tell? The ambitious politician should read the story of Frankenstein.

Remark in Passing.

Leut.-Col. Burton has by now probably decided that mud-throwing is a much dirtier job than he had anticipated.

While the city is looking over the Bell Telephone Company books, why not go a little farther and glance over those of the Consumers' Gas Company, and find out if there really is a need for another increase in rates.

The great decision for Ald. Honeyford seems to be: "Shall I run for the board of control on a single tax platform or allow the people to express their views on a single tax by means of a referendum?"

Ex-Controller McBride has fired his first shot in his campaign for the mayor's chair, and directs his shrapnel at the mayor's policy of control of school expenditure. The aspirant evidently takes it for granted that Mr. Churchill will be his chief opponent again.

Some say the profiteers are beginning to drop some of the easy money they picked up in war time. Worst of it is they're not losing it to us common people, from whom they got it.

Already they've started the "shop-every" campaign in New York. Those of us who left our coal purchases until recently will need no such caution this year.

Canadian free traders have a new nut to crack in the fact that the U. S. elections resulted in a decided approval of such protection, including Canadian products.

Judging from the prevalence of talk about snakes up in Northeast Toronto, one would almost think that something more invigorating than talk were making its appearance in the campaign.

Northeast Toronto long ago decided that it is three soldier candidates were good soldiers. What they want to know is, which will prove the best legislator.

In Buffalo, it is said, they need a doctor's prescription to get coal. In view of this fact and the cold winter that is coming, Ontario's voters have been listening to hear what members and prospective members of the legislature have to say about it.

PRINCE PUTS IN WORD FOR EX-SERVICE MEN

London, Nov. 5.—The Prince of Wales paid a visit to the Mansion House today to receive a welcome from the city of London on his return from his Australian and New Zealand tour. The prince, in reply to the address of welcome tendered him by the lord mayor addressed a stirring appeal to the people of Great Britain "on behalf of his old comrades in the field." The prince said: "Since armistice I have had special opportunities of seeing and talking to thousands of ex-soldiers in various parts of the empire. I cannot help telling you how impressed I was by the energy with which the dominions are grappling with the problems of repatriation and settlement. In no way am I contrasting their problems with ours, because their numbers are smaller than ours, but it is up to us in the old country to see that we do not fall behind the dominions in our treatment of the ex-service men."

THE HORRIBLE EXAMPLE.



Yellow and White in a Canadian City

Chinese Sunday School Classes With White Girl Teachers and Their Effect Upon the Great Question of the Intermingling of the Two Races—An Interview With a Clergyman.

By BILLEE GLYNN.

(Continued From Page 1).
The system in the Sunday school's which reference is made is that of giving every Chinaman an individual girl teacher, usually unmarried, and young, to teach him English. A class of 25 Chinese commands 25 such teachers. In fact, they demand them for a Chinaman refuses to attend Sunday school unless he is given his individual teacher and she is of the feminine sex. As Byron said:

"Tis pleasant to be schooled in a strange tongue
By female lips and eyes; that is, I mean
When both the teacher and the taught are young—
At least it has been so where I have been."

A Chinaman knows what he wants, and the churches do not hesitate to yield to him. His virtues are pulled over, also his ancient civilization, which consisted chiefly of torture, child-stealing and superstition, till the white girl is made to think him an equal.

In short, the church, which is the basis of society, puts its stamp of acceptance and approval on him, grants him the privilege of close association with its girls—and on this plane he goes out to other white girls, besides.

If his teacher is strong, there are others who are weak who are poor, who may need what he is willing to buy. At least, he has been taught his own worth. His Great Ambition need not go unfilled. If no other way offers, he can, or could until three days ago, the provincial government at last forbade it. The church has inspired his hunger—it is being appeased in far too many instances.

In this detail I did like a gentleman for the sake of Canadian womanhood. I take the stand that a Canadian mother must stand that she is the wife of a Chinaman or his mistress. I wanted the real story, the intimate attitude of these men, and I chose the only way to get it.

In view of the fact that they did not know I was a journalist I shall give them numbers instead of setting down their names. The names can be printed later if too much from wishes in or no disposition is shown to rectify a virulent evil. The churches can be wrong, as well as anybody else, and in the present issue they are startlingly wrong.

I shall now set down my interview. Questions and answers, and transcribed exactly from notes taken at the time, with Minister No. 1, a Presbyterian, the real story, the intimate attitude of these churches of Toronto. He has had much experience as a missionary in foreign lands. He is a man of extreme mind and severe countenance, a John Baptist breathing the present hour.

He told me of his experience with dignity when I had explained my mission. Then I asked him:

"How are the Chinese treated in Toronto?"

"They are treated very well and with respect, except for the discriminatory raids of the police."

"What do the police raid them for?"

"For gambling. You don't deem the raids as deserved, then?"

"No. If it comes that I think there are other races more of a menace than the Chinese."

"(Rather impatiently.) 'Oh, I have got past the standards of ethnology and have no prejudice against color. I have found that human hearts of whatever color are pretty much the same.'"

"Would you be in favor of reducing the head-tax on the Chinese?"

"Some years ago, at the time a bill increasing the head-tax on Asiatics was pending, I spoke against it emphatically in Ottawa from the pulpit of a minister. I was visiting there. As a result, one of the Ottawa newspapers made a scurrilous criticism of my speech. However, the law failed. I had even a more disagreeable experience in my advocacy of the Chinese in my work in British Columbia. The newspapers attacked me there, and I was told on one occasion that I ought to be thrown into the sea along with a Chinese who was in my company at the time. While white prostitutes are shipped to and from the port without question, I was unable to get permission, even with my personal guarantee, from the captain of a ship to take a Chinese man to go ashore with me to address a meeting. I was told—courteously enough, I will admit—that while the captain himself recognized the worth of my guarantee, the procedure would be against the law of the country, and he could not indulge it."

"You do not believe in the head-tax, then?"

"I believe in the protection of western civilization as such as is needed, but not in the head-tax against the Asiatic. Discrimination in numbers would be better."

"Do you think the Chinese make good Canadians?"

"I think they have the potentials of good citizenship if given the opportunity."

"Do you consider the Chinese measure up well in the matter of morality?"

"I consider them better morally than Canadians. When the Chinese are evil it is a result of the white attitude toward them."

"The Rev. Mr. ... who sent me to you, informed me that there were at least twenty-five classes of Chinese in the Sunday schools of Toronto, and between two and three hundred teachers from twenty years old up."

"He is directly connected with the work and would know. I expect there is that many. I have a class in my church. Also about twenty Chinese, mostly young men, are members of the church and take communion with the rest of the congregation."

"Your Chinese members and those belonging to the Sunday school class are allowed to mix freely with your congregation—there is no restriction on them?"

"No restrictions whatever. They are allowed to mix as freely as they choose. Our Chinese members are treated just like white members."

"What system is employed in teaching in the Sunday school classes for Chinese in Toronto?"

"Usually one girl to one Chinese—

some of the advanced classes one girl to two Chinese."

"The Chinese in these classes are all adults, I suppose?"

"Yes, principally young men."

"You find the feminine sex more successful in teaching the Chinese than the masculine—more sympathetic with them, probably?"

"Yes, the Chinese greatly prefer them."

"There is a certain criticism against the Chinese held by some people who say they are always after white girls and women. Is there any truth in it?"

"No; there is no immorality among Chinese and white women except for those who go after Chinese. I have been told by Chinese of white women who tried to force themselves on them."

"A minister, I suppose, would be in a position to know such things if they did occur?"

"Certainly."

"I have seen a great many white-Chinese couples since I have been in Toronto. Would these be fellow church members?"

"I don't know of such a thing. I do not think there are many such couples" (rather perturbed, apparently, at having claimed to be in a position to know and not knowing).

"Oh, yes, I have seen quite a number. Perhaps I noticed it more on account of being a stranger. The people on the streets are probably accustomed to it and do not give it any attention. Toronto seems to be very broadminded in this respect, much different than they are in British Columbia, which are, perhaps, due to her ministers. A Toronto minister, I suppose, would not hesitate marrying a Chinese and white girl if they came to him?"

"I do not advocate it."

"But you wouldn't refuse to marry them?"

"Oh, no! I have married them. I investigate them first. I was very sorry for one Chinese I married. He was well-to-do, and I knew the girl was married. He was married to her."

"This ends the interview. There is no need to comment on its concluding statement sets it if anything could. The white minister in charge for the white girl who went into a Chinese restaurant to earn a meagre living but for the yellow man and his money made in Canada."

[A further installment of this series of articles will appear at an early date in this paper.]

Britain and France Agreed Over Constantinople Troops

Paris, Nov. 5.—A convention has been concluded between France and Great Britain to govern the military relations of the allies at Constantinople. It was announced today. The government of the two countries have reached an agreement on principles relating to a number of points for execution of the Turkish peace treaty, the announcement added.

CONDUCTOR DISCHARGED.

After a half hour's deliberation, a jury in the sessions, before Judge Denton, yesterday returned a verdict of not guilty in the charge of theft against Charles Simpson, a G.P.R. conductor. Simpson is the third G.P.R. conductor who was charged and acquitted.

WINTER IN THE HIGHLANDS.

That wondrous reserve known as Algonquin Park has now become an all-year-round resort. The region provides a winter holiday ground that is beyond compare, and is in accord with the ideas of medical science. Two thousand feet above the level of the sea, it has invigorating climatic conditions and anyone needing rest or recuperation will find this the ideal resort. November is a pleasant month to pay a visit to the park. When December comes with its cold, bracing days and snow, visitors spend their days in snowshoe tramps thru primitive forests, in tobogganing or skiing, in skating or by the enjoyment of fishing thru the ice. The Highland Inn, the largest of the park hotels, is now open throughout the year for the reception of guests. Here in the centre of the reserve overlooking Cache Lake will find all the comforts associated with first-class hotel service. Charming public and private rooms, excellent cuisine and the companionship of guests who have a common aim to enjoy the healthful sport that this great unspoiled wilderness affords. The hotel is owned and operated by the Grand Trunk Railway, who have issued an interesting illustrated booklet, entitled "Enjoy Winter in Ontario Highlands," a copy of which will be sent free to anyone requesting same. For all information, and copy of booklet, write to Grand Trunk ticket agents, or C. E. Horning, district passenger agent, Toronto.

THE HOUSE 'ROUND THE CORNER

By GORDON HOLMES

CHAPTER XIV. (Continued.)

"A death-bed confession, too," said Morand. "It was a fortunate thing that both men lived long enough to reveal that they had concocted the whole story of the Maharajah's pearls in order to get shelved. Your administration was too honest. They played on your well-known carelessness in trivial matters of detail, and bribed your native secretary, Muncherji, to include in your correspondence the letters which seemed to prove your complicity in a serious breach of trust. Muncherji, by rare good chance, was not in Barapur when the Maharajah and Chialwah Singh were riddled with bullets, so he waited before he knew of the affair. He, too, has confessed. In fact, I can convey everything in a sentence. The government of India has reinstated you in its right commissionership, and you are gazetted as absent on leave. I am the bearer of ample apologies from the India office, which will be tendered to you in person by my chief when he meets you in London. Meanwhile, I am to request you to allow the announcement to be made public that you will return to India on a native ship, and that the pointment of your deputy is left open for your recommendation."

Dalrymple paled slightly, which was the only evidence he gave of the effect such a statement was bound to produce on the proud and ambitious nature, but Sir Berkeley Hutton was irrepressible.

"By gad!" he roared, "somebody's gold lace has been rolled in the dust of Calcutta before the India department climbed down like that. I never heard of anything like it—never! Pon me soul! Won't Mollie be pleased?"

Yet the man to whom the path of empire was again thrown open spoke no word. It was good to have his honor cleared of the stain put on it by a scheming Indian prince and his henchmen. As a matter of public interest, he was pleased to inform the honorable questioner that Sir Robert Dalrymple, only that day, had put forward the name of Mr. Mortimer Collins, I.C.S., to act as his deputy in Barapur until he returned from short leave granted on "urgent private affairs."

The motor was already trumpeting its way thru a mob of Elmdale urchins, who seldom saw a car, and had never before seen two in one day, when Dalrymple found himself regretting he had not inquired how Morand contrived to get on his track so easily. Some weeks elapsed before he learned that the only friend in London who knew his whereabouts thought it a duty to speak when the hue and cry went forth from the India office.

Dalrymple was with his friend, a retired general, in his club when the news administrator announced his intention to retire from the arena and take a well-earned rest.

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given back my spurs. Tell your chief that I'll come to him soon, within a week, if possible. I have business on my hands here that calls imperatively for settlement. I'll deal first with that; then I'll come. Are you returning to town at once?"

"By the first available train. More than that, I am to telegraph your decision to Whitehall. Between you and me, some people are in a howling din. I don't want to preach."

"Won't you come in?"

"If you'll pardon me, I'll hurry back to Nuttonby. That telegram is called for urgently. What about your deputy?"

"Collins was transferred to Oudh because he supported me. Send him to Barapur. The natives will understand that better than a dozen gas cones."

"Thanks. That clinches it, Sir Robert. Mr. Dobb, do you mind if we start immediately?"

"Mr. Dobb did mind. For one thing, he had not spoken a word to Sir Robert Dalrymple yet. For another, Nuttonby loomed larger in his mind than some warlike far-away Hindustan, and Nuttonby was seething with rumors anent present and past inhabitants of the Grange."

"We, like the State of Barapur, have our little troubles," he said guardedly. "Sir Robert has shown already that he appreciates their gravity. My car will take you to Nuttonby, Mr. Morand, and come back for me."

The representative of the India Office was only too pleased to get away on any terms. He knew that a reassuring message was wanted in Whitehall. There were wheels within wheels. A question was put in the House that night, and an under-secretary scoffed at the notion that Sir Robert Dalrymple, only that day, had put forward the name of Mr. Mortimer Collins, I.C.S., to act as his deputy in Barapur until he returned from short leave granted on "urgent private affairs."

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Up Against Our Own Record

THE achievements of the telephone in the past have fixed the quality of service you expect to-day.

If telephone users had not learned to rely so completely on the telephone, the demands upon us to-day would be far easier to meet.

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