

The Toronto World

FOUNDED 1850.
A morning newspaper published every day in the year by The World Newspaper Company, of Toronto, Limited.
J. J. MACLEAN, Managing Director,
World Building, Toronto,
40 West Richmond Street.
Telephone Calls: Main 5308—Private exchange connecting all departments.
Branch Office—31 South John St., Hamilton, Telephone, Regent 1946.
Daily World—2c per copy; delivered, 50c per month; \$1.35 for 3 months; \$3.60 for 6 months; \$5.00 per year in advance; or \$4.00 per year, 40c per month, by mail in Canada (except Toronto), United Kingdom, United States and Mexico.
Sunday World—5c per copy; 12.50 per year by mail.
To Foreign Countries, postage extra.

FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 26.

How Are They Going to Succeed and Where to?

Francis Henry H. Keefe, M.P., and his associates should tell us how New Ontario is going to succeed and where it is going to succeed to. The mid-mannered M.P. for Port Arthur would shrink from the notion of civil war. He has never done anything more savage than give legal counsel to the food board, now defunct. We therefore ask him as a lawyer rather than a revolutionist how he proposes to go about this business of secession.

It is by no means a new problem. Every province in Canada except Ontario has threatened at one time or another to secede. Ontario, like an indulgent mother with a lot of unruly boys, has listened without number to threats of leaving home. She has been too kind to ask the boys where they were going to or how they expected to live without her; and now to have a part of Ontario itself, a part of the province, threaten to secede, is a new experience.

We think Canada has the right of self-determination, but we question the right of any province to step out of the confederation, and much more do we question the right of any district, county, town or village to step out of the province in which it is located. If Mr. Keefe claims this right for New Ontario as a district he cannot deny it to Fort William as a city, or, for that matter, to any ward in Fort William as a ward.

Joe Howe went up against Mr. Keefe's problem when he swept the province of Nova Scotia with his slogan of secession shortly after federation. The people of Nova Scotia wished to secede from their newly-formed partnership and the legislature would have passed any resolution Howe might have presented, but he found himself unable to move unless he was prepared to lead Nova Scotia as a state into the American union. The legislature of Nova Scotia could not dissolve the national constitution, the parliament of Canada could not amend the B.N.A. Act, the British parliament would not rip to pieces the Canadian federation unless petitioned so to do by all the provinces that had entered into the confederation.

But if a province be thus helpless what can be said of a part of a province? A province has at least some entity, some power to articulate, for it speaks thru a legislature and is presided over by a representative of the King. But a part of a province taken away from the rest is like an arm chopped from a man's body. Who would rule that district after it passed beyond the jurisdiction of Ontario and, therefore, of necessity beyond the jurisdiction of Canada? Would it automatically become a crown colony, or would it become a little kingdom of its own under the benevolent reign of Prince Henry the First? And until a new royal family could be selected or until a governor arrived from England what laws would this orphan country have; by whom could they be enforced and by whom interpreted? Because all courts and legal processes would cease to function when the seceded territory declared itself to be no longer bound by the laws of Ontario.

Thirteen years ago the dissatisfied in New Ontario wanted to have Sir Rodman Roblin annex them to Manitoba, but Sir Rodman begged off. For a time he always came east via Chicago to avoid being held up by Tooley street tailors at Port William and Port Arthur. We doubt if Premier Norris will take Mr. Keefe and his friends in. They have no desire, we suppose, to be annexed to Minnesota, and thus the gallant member for Port Arthur finds himself in the painful position of the gentleman who was all dressed up but had no place to go.

Trying to Find a Half-way House.

The Winnipeg Free Press, which like The Toronto Globe, opposes the return of Premier Meighen to power but stands with reluctant feet between the contending claims of Mr. Crerar and Mr. King, endeavors, we think vainly, to pick a flaw in the argument on the tariff question, which the present prime minister has made in every part of Canada. Mr. Meighen, who is a master in logical debate, forces his opponent to choose one of the two horns of this dilemma. He says, in framing your tariff you must either have as your primary purpose the encouragement of Canadian industry, or you must raise revenue without any regard to the fate of those industries.

If you have the first object in view you are a protectionist. If not, you must want to make Canada a free trade country like England.

England is called a free trade country, not because she levies no tariff duties, but because she levies them solely with an eye to revenue and with no design to protect home industries. The Free Press admits that England is a free trade country and that she has the kind of tariff we would not tolerate in Canada, and we read:

The people in Canada who believe that our tariff should be modeled upon that of Great Britain do not represent one per cent. of the voting population of the country.

Yet The Free Press seeks to seat itself between the horns of the dilemma by saying that a tariff for revenue should be framed which would incidentally give some degree of protection to Canadian industry. Such a tariff, The Free Press said, our country had under Alexander Mackenzie, and to that tariff it would fain return. Such a tariff Hon. Mackenzie King may have in view, as he declares himself to be neither for nor against protection.

Now it will be admitted that many industries in Canada could not withstand untrammelled competition from similar concerns in the United States. Certainly if the tariff went down nearly every American branch factory would disappear. The cotton mills, woolen mills, steel plants, and many other industrial concerns would have to close their doors if British and American manufacturers could bring their products duty free into the Canadian market. This would involve a dislocation of our whole industrial system. It would mean an immense transfer of capital and labor from Canada to the United States. It would mean the commercial if not the political annexation of Canada.

All this is so apparent that, according to The Free Press, not one per cent. of the entire population favors doing away with protection. Then how is this protection to be furnished? Shall we sit down and figure out just what a Canadian industry must have in order to live, or shall we in a haphazard way give it such protection as may be incidental to a tariff for revenue? Mr. Meighen says he favors a tariff so low that it cannot be reduced without ruining some Canadian industry, without throwing Canadian workmen out of employment, without driving capital and labor from Canada to the United States, Can Mr. King, or The Free Press, or anyone else suggest a lower tariff unless we are to discard the protective principle altogether?

We are not saying for a moment that abuses may not exist in the present customs tariff act, or that certain industries may not be receiving more protection than they actually need. At the coming revision those abuses should be ferreted out and unfair duties reduced. Mr. Crerar says he would go about this task if permitted to do so by examining manufacturers under oath before a parliamentary committee. Mr. Crerar, however, frankly declares that he would like to see the protective principle eliminated from the tariff altogether. This is intelligible, but the half-way house sought to be constructed by Mr. King and The Winnipeg Free Press is built upon sand. They would retain the protective principle and we take it for granted apply it in such a way as to obtain some beneficial result. They cannot do that unless they make a tariff at least as high as the one Mr. Meighen favors. Mr. Meighen has challenged Mr. King over and over again to say whether he does or does not favor such a tariff, and up to date has been unable to elicit a reply. He may have better luck when he meets him face to face at the coming session of parliament.

Remark in Passing.

That Oregon City copper found a small fortune in dough-ty.

The Canadian cent is much reduced in bulk, but is nevertheless growing daily more valuable.

Chicago aims to be the driest city in the States before long, but what about that little town that not long ago elected women to its every civic office?

Somewhere near Brockville two men were mistaken for a fox and shot. For goodness sake, what kind of foxes do they have down there?

Soft coal is plentiful, and has dropped four or five dollars a ton. It is predicted that there will also be plenty of soft soap between December 21 and election day.

It must have pained Dr. Noble to learn that Chicago, Pittsburg and other big United States cities were as big as Toronto with their school departments. They are even more so judging by the number of portable classrooms in use.

Why wait until next Wednesday to lay before the board of control the details of the Mackenzie deal? If a decision must be reached before Dec. 5, as the mayor says, he can't spring his information any too soon. Controllers and aldermen wait a little time to consider the proposition.

HAS THE CAT COME BACK?



had demonstrated to me, even the professional draw the line at the yellow race, but evidently the dollar is of more import here.

Any minister who unites yellow and white is a breath contempt.

—A Reader of The World.

Rhyming Views On Daily News

By GEORGE H. DIXON.

"We need a woman magistrate to sit upon the bench in state; to hand out justice firm and true and see offenders get their due. We feel that crime would fade away if women judges had the say about some cases brought to court and other things of grave import. A lot of wrong it sure would quench if women sat upon the bench, and we'd see justice win each time if women handled all the crime. An evolution would take place to help the whole human race." The women's council argued thus, and put their case without a fuse at Queen's Park buildings yesterday, from whence they mean to start the play. That was their stand—they would

not budge—they want at once a woman judge.

Of course we think their stand is right. It is a noble worthy fight. It may work out or it may not, but let the women have a shot at doing things like judging crime—this is the subject of our rhyme. They'd do as well as men have done, besides they might make lots more fun; enough to drive away the blues from all police court daily news. Suppose Red Clarke got on a stew or some police court habit and breathing out a whistle stench, faced a prim woman on the bench. When Ned shoots out his own sweet line, would he get jail or just a fine? And if there was a vagrant's rush, would she look stern or would she blush? There's lots of questions we could ask for being a judge is sure some task.

REFERRED TO COMMITTEE.

At the congregational meeting held last night to hear the report of the property committee in connection with the disposal of the Westminster Presbyterian Church situation on Bloor street, the matter was referred back to the committee.

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—and—
A Grafonola to Suit Every Home
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WILL DELIVER A GENUINE
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Be Purchased on the Club Plan

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This instrument is made in both mahogany and
fumed oak finish, and you can have your choice
of either. It is over 40 inches high, 13½ inches
deep (front to back). All the mechanical details
are of best construction. It has three-speed
motor, plays four records with one winding,
tone control leaves, graduated dial, speed
regulator, new bayonet-joint tone arm, Columbia
reproducer, piano hinged lid, with self-
adjusting support. All exposed parts heavily
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THE BEATTIE AGENCY, 231 Danforth Ave.	ELLIOTT'S MUSIC STORE, Dundas St., at Quebec Ave.	NEWCOMBE PIANO CO., 445 Yonge St.
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		W. TORONTO MUSIC CO., 282 Dundas St. W.

The Toronto World's Weekly Novel 'TRAILIN' By Max Brand

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Continued From Yesterday's World.

"Don't you see that the last thing I want is to keep you with me. A girl's reputation is a fragile thing, Sally."

"Meaning that they'd talk about me? Hard, they've already said enough things about me to fill a book—notes and all, with a bunch of pictures thrown in. What I can't live down I fight down, and no man never says the same thing twice about me. It ain't healthy. If that's all that bothers you, close your eyes and let me deal you out of this mess. I guess we can stay here tonight without no danger. And in the morning—well, the morning can take care of itself. I'm going to turn in."

He rose obediently and stood at the door facing the night. From behind came the rustle of clothes, and the sense of her followed and surrounded and stood at his shoulder calling to him to turn.

At length: "All right, Anthony. It's your turn."

She was lying on her side, facing the wall, a little heap of clothes on the foot of her bunk, and the litho lines of her body something to be guessed at, sensed beneath the heavy blanket. He slipped into his own bunk and lay watching the heavy drift of shadows across the ceiling. He strove to think, but the waves of light and dark boiled from his mind all except the feeling of her nearness.

He turned to the wall and shut his eyes. For a time he dared not move. He was feeling for himself like a man who fumbles his way down a dark passage dangerous with obstructions. All he knew was an overpowering will to see her. He turned, inch by inch, little degree by degree, knowing that if, when he turned, he looked into her eyes, and would rush upon them, overwhelm them, carry them along like straws on the flooding river. At last his head was turned, he looked.

She lay on her back, smiling as she slept. One arm hung down from the bunk and the graceful fingers trailed, palm up, on the floor, curling a little, as if she had just saved her grasp on something. And down past her shoulder, half covering the whiteness of her arm, tied the torrent of brown hair, with the freights playing thru it like a sunlit mist.

Finally he rose, and dressed with caution, for he knew that he must go at once. He stepped and smoothed down the blankets of his bunk, for no trace of him must be seen if any other man should come during the night. He went far away—see and be seen—apart from Sally Fortune. He picked up his saddle and stole step by step to the floor, to the door, to the night.

CHAPTER XXII.

Trapped.

It was not long after the departure of Bard that Sally Fortune awoke.

"How'd you sleep?"

"Well."

"You woke up in the middle of the night?"

"What awakened you?"

"Nash and Kilrain."

He sighed: "I wish I'd been here."

She answered: "I'll wash up; we'll eat, and then off on the trail. I've an idea that the two will be back, and they'll have more men behind them."

As he finished his coffee, he said, staring into a corner: "I don't know why I came back to you, Sally."

"You didn't mean to come back when you started?"

"Of course, not."

She flushed, and her heart beat loudly to hear his answer. "I know that," she said, "but he was thinking aloud; she felt that the bare between them were down again."

"In the first place, I went because I had to be seen and known by name in some place far away from you. That was for your sake. In the second place, I had to be alone for the work that lay ahead."

"Drew?"

"Yes. It all worked like a charm. I went to the house of Jerry Wood, told him my name, stayed there until Kilrain and several others arrived hunting for me, and then gave them the slip."

She did not look up from her occupation, which was the sidling cleaning of her gun.

"The next thing is Drew?"

"Yes."

"There's no changing you." She did not wait for his answer. "I know that," she said, "but he was thinking aloud; she felt that the bare between them were down again."

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