

The Toronto World

FOUNDED 1890
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WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 5.

The Gauge of the Street Railway

Now that Toronto has decided to take over the franchise of the Toronto Railway Co., and has already a municipal system of public owned street car lines from various terminals of the former company, and as we have still further decided to take over certain radial lines at present within the city limits, the question of these three have to be co-ordinated into one system, the question arises, how is the question of gauge to be settled, inasmuch as the private company's tracks and the tracks of the municipal system are of a gauge out of the ordinary and wider than the standard railway gauge of 4 feet 8 1/2 inches.

This question must be settled by the transportation commission now in office, and having in its service a competent managing engineer and associates, and soon will be taking over the staff managed by the Commission. Here and there some of the staff of the radial lines. The World has been urging the settlement of this question for a good many years. We saw the radical mistake made in continuing the gauge of the Toronto Railway system when it was taken over thirty years ago. What would have cost a hundred thousand dollars to change at that time will cost us ten times that amount now, and still more if we delay a final decision.

The World believes that it would be good policy to build all the new lines of standard gauge, and as soon as possible get at least one set of tracks of standard gauge across the city from the radial in the east to the radial in the west, and to lay the new tracks, the upper Yonge street as far as St. Clair avenue of standard gauge, and then have a standard gauge track by St. Clair and Avenue road and Bay street to the new Union Station.

Perhaps the engineers may suggest a rail with a flange that will carry a standard or larger gauge car on the flange. That is an engineering detail, but the World is in no doubt as to the advisability of starting to make the change and letting the engineers work it out as best they can. That is their business. But those who know anything about railroading know that a mistake of this kind has eventually to be corrected, and the sooner the correction is undertaken the better for everybody.

Paper Following Sugar.

St. Catharines, Jan. 3.—The plant of the Riddell Pulp & Paper Co. at Riddell has closed for an indefinite period. Only what staff is absolutely necessary is being kept at work. The Riddell mill makes sulphite only, and the warehouses are filled to the roof with this product. Several hundred men are thrown out of work.

New York, Jan. 3.—Canadian International Paper Company has been incorporated under the laws of Quebec, with a capital stock of \$20,000,000. The new company is a subsidiary of International Paper Company, operating the new mill at Three Rivers, Que. The mill, when completed in the fall of 1921, will have a capacity of 240,000 tons of newsprint daily. It is now turning out 60 tons of sulphite pulp daily, having commenced operations two weeks ago.

Bonds and preferred stocks were in good demand on the Canadian exchanges yesterday, but weakness was apparent in the paper issues. The strength which was characteristic of the market at the end of the old year was not being maintained through the list, and there was a feeling of uneasiness as to the course the paper stocks might take. At one part of the day the weakness became quite pronounced, but there was partial recovery, which in some instances began before noon, but was more general in the afternoon, keeping pace with the firmness exhibited by Wall street. The afternoon rally reduced the losses on several of the papers, which are now beginning to feel the prospective lower prices for paper as a commodity.

The above three items from yesterday's Globe shed more light on the Canadian newspaper situation, and it begins to look as the paper and pulp are in the same position as sugar prior to the collapse in that commodity.

After having loaded up its readers with paper stocks at many times their real value, the Globe is now compelled to tell the true situation. The Globe, however, studiously refrains from giving its view of the numerous increases in capitalization and particularly of the financial morality of the no par value shares. Perhaps Mr. William Jaffray, chief owner of the Globe, who was formerly considered an expert stockbroker, will take sufficient time from his theological studies to discuss the ethics of making values for stocks where no values exist. In the meantime the

THE ARTISAN'S STAND



paper manufacturers and the promoters of the paper shares will have the time of their lives trying to hold up the price of paper and the price of the paper stocks. Does the Globe still hope to pull the investors in a second time? Is Brother Jaffray buying any of the no par value shares and does he believe these stocks help the public who buy newspapers, Is Brother Jaffray more of a broker than a newspaper publisher, or is he both?

Another Street Railway Problem.

Notwithstanding the increased business of the municipal car system there will be a deficit therefrom of about two hundred thousand dollars on last year's business, caused by the exceeding low fares. The fares netted half a million and the deficit, another \$200,000, leaves \$200,000 to be provided for.

How is this to be met when the old company's service, the municipal system and the radial services within the city limits are consolidated into one public-owned system. There will be a big saving in overhead, in wages, in re-routing of cars, in making the cars go longer trips and by using better equipment and appliances. And there will be cheaper power charges. But will that cover the deficit that a single fare involves? Experience will tell. We may have to readjust the fares, or make a slight increase, or there may be a new source of income from night freight earnings or the like.

This is a question for the experts in the management and the transportation commission to decide. And there may be other economies like that of power to be attained in the old-fashioned ways of the Toronto Railway Co. No one yet knows what the interlocking of three or more propositions with the Toronto street car service involved. Mr. Fleming and Mr. Hubbard may be able to suggest improvements and savings that could be called up under the changed conditions.

Remark in Passing.

Chicago barbers have called on the dollar rate on hair cuts. That city will probably spruce up some now.

Thousands of peasant are on the move to get away from starvation in Russia. Can it be that they do not like Bolshevik government?

Looks as tho the Russian Soviet government had decided it could only exist so long as it kept its adherents busy in making war.

If that Scottish alderman, Donald MacGregor, should consent to burst into song at the farewell meeting of the old council on Friday, perhaps he might favor with "The March of the Cameron Men."

Practically the first business of the new board of control will be to vote \$30,000 additional for unemployment relief. The next step should be the reorganization of the supervision of charities in the city.

In order to avoid jealousies in council, Mrs. Aid. Small should be given the seat to be vacated by Aid. Hiltz, instead of Aid. Nesbitt's seat, to which she naturally

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Rhyming Views On Daily News

By GEORGE H. DIXON.

"The old gives way to the new."

This sage remark is always true. It's always been a golden text and gets in action Friday next. That day we'll have a mournful heart as some old-timers lose their seat when last year's city council bunch together hold their final lunch. That all things come unto an end is a remark that's often penned, and none will find it true so strong as those who failed to come along and make a good successful run to win in nineteen twenty-one. While weird and waiting chimes are knelled the funeral service will be held on Friday at the city hall, where we will stand around as sad departing bells are tolled away, no more to grace that city council in that place. It is a sad pathetic sight to see those men who bravely fought defeated in the yearly fray and then sent on their weary way. The only bright redeeming sight is that we have another lot who'll keep the battle raging on when Cameron, Ramsden both have gone.

We say there is no cause to hawl for Mrs. Hamilton and Small will grace the vacant, empty chairs and give the council many airs which otherwise would not appear if they had lost the fight this year. Those "aldermen" will cause no grief, but will afford an eye relief spread a little happy shenan upon a rather homely scene. Thus the breaking up we see, we're always ready from time to time and we'd have no cause for rhyme. There's no change around that joint the more we'll hear Bob Cameron's law, and we'll have no cause for rhyme. These partings always seem so sad, but later on we find we're glad because, of course, you know, old ban, a broom that's new will sweep more clean.

Saskatchewan to Have Better Law Observance

Prince Albert, Sask., Jan. 4.—That the government of Saskatchewan proposed to inaugurate an educational campaign for better observance of the laws with regard to the control of intoxicants is the statement given out here by the Hon. W. F. A. Turegon, attorney-general. The campaign will be under the direction of the Rev. Dr. J. C. Nichol of Saskatoon, to whom the post has been offered Mr. Turegon said that up to the present forcible export trade will be enforced, some of the laws in the enforcement of the liquor laws. The government had considered the time opportune for the adoption of a campaign to create a public spirit in favor of law observance.

Should Make Business Better.

The action of the United States Congress in re-establishing the war finance corporation over President Wilson's veto will lessen the strain under which business has been laboring in the United States. Establishing credits in the United States, some of the billion dollars, means a big shipment of agricultural and manufactured products from the United States. The United States government may lose money on the transaction, some of the credits may turn out bad, but the man with something to sell finds a market. The United States government has artificially expanded, but it means a lot of ready money for a lot of people in the United States.

LAKE LOUISE REGION NOW OPEN TO MOTORISTS

Ottawa, Jan. 4.—(Canadian Press).—The Dominion parks branch of the department of the interior officially announced today that the Castel-Leggan highway has been completed and will be open to motor cars. The new highway makes the Lake Louise region, recognized as one of the most beautiful in the Rockies, accessible to motorists of the prairie provinces and the United States.

Tenders for Capital Stock

OF THE CONSUMERS' GAS COMPANY OF TORONTO

Sealed Tenders, addressed to The Consumers' Gas Company of Toronto, 19 Toronto Street, Toronto, Ont., and marked "Tender for Capital Stock," will be received by The Consumers' Gas Company of Toronto until 12 o'clock noon of the 5th day of January, 1921, for the purchase of twelve thousand seven hundred and eighty-six (12,786) shares of the unissued capital stock of the said Company (each share having a par value of \$50.00), subject to certain conditions and terms of sale, the particulars of which, together with the form of tender to be used, may be had on application at the office of the Company at the above address.

Dated at Toronto, this 10th day of December, 1920.
By order of the Board of Directors.

ARTHUR HEWITT,
General Manager.

Tenders may be for the purchase of ten shares or any multiple of ten shares. Tenders may be for the purchase of the one lot of six shares.

The Toronto World's THE LAST STRA

Weekly Novel

By Harold Titus

Copyright, 1920, Small, Maynard & Co.

Continued From Yesterday's World.

"The longer you stay the more you will lose."

Beck worried about the enemy that worked from cover, that shot at sleeping men, that broke dishes and turned property and sent unaimed threats to women. That made his light a battle in the darkness, and his strength was the strength of light, of frankness, of honesty. His mind was not adapted to scheming and skulking.

To drive his foe into the open was his first objective, and that night he set out. It was dark, and when he had progressed a mile he halted his horse, dropped off, loosened the cinch on the leather would not creak when the animal breathed, and stood listening. Aside from the natural noise of the night, the world was without sound.

He drew his gun from its holster and waited the cylinder. Usually he carried the trigger over an empty chamber; to-night it was filled. And inside his shirt was another gun.

The fire in Webb's cook stove was not all that furnished warmth to the two men sitting before it. Usually he carried the trigger over an empty chamber; to-night it was filled. And inside his shirt was another gun.

The animal leaped the half-lowered bars and Beck flung himself far down over the horse's shoulder as the window opened. The animal leaped the half-lowered bars and Beck flung himself far down over the horse's shoulder as the window opened.

"Work Among the Heavens."

THE chuck wagon had gone, followed by the bed wagon and the camp wagon. The last wagon was a small one, and it was loaded with a lot of things.

Outwardly the departure was not so different from other of its sort. There were rifles on saddles, to be sure, but there was banter and fun. Still, a spirit prevailed which told the men were not wholly concerned with the normal business of the range. There were other things more grim and more serious.

Tom Beck, a revolver in each hand, stood framed in the doorway, bending forward, his eyes fixed on the horse. He was waiting for the horse to come out.

"Get on your rattles, you snakes, and put up your hands!"

With an oath Heburn sprang to his feet, faced about and raised his arms. He was waiting for the horse to come out.

"I don't know who it is that's been sent to kill me, but it wouldn't take many guesses," he said. Again his eyes were fixed on the horse.

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the same ball that tore his fingers, spun clinking to earth.

But even as it struck, before Beck could turn to cover the room behind, a swinging palm sent the lamp crashing to the floor. He sprang clear of the doorway. An instant before he had dominated the situation, now he was a fugitive.

Inside, darkness; out in the doorway, starlight. Inside, ruthless enemies who had listened to a declaration that preceded quarter-out, their target who could not hope to live before the fast-flying bullets.

"Put up your hands!" Beck gasped, jabbing a gun into Hilton's stomach and springing behind the easterner's body, screening himself.

Crouched there, peering over the other's shoulder, one gun against Hilton's trembling body, the other thrust past it to cover the doorway, he paused. He heard quick, unsteady footsteps, an oath, a hurried word and then the man before him cried huskily:

"For God's sake, don't shoot, boys! You've got me!"

After that there passed a moment in which Hilton's breath made the other's name sound like Beck's ears.

"I'm going to back up to my horse," he said slowly, "you fellows, add a threat. Enough threat in the situation!"

He sprang back a pace from Hilton, raised both guns and fired, one at the window, one at the doorway. As he opened the great rear door, his body was spurned the ground in the impatience of flight, and Beck, shouting again to the house, turned and fled with a start.

He cried sharply as the animal swung even wider in his circuit, toward the gate, sprang forward in long strides, dropped the gun from his right hand, (saw) fastened his fingers about the horn, took two quick strides and vaulted into the stable.

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was in the laugh a queer relief, as the he had anticipated other things.

"Now who's been talking to you?" "My man have seen you come and go. They have seen you with the girl. One of them came to me and begged that I send for you and try to talk you out of this. They know, Dick. These men understand me. . . . like you."

"Because they see me with her and because I'm not considered fit by you to stay beneath their roof, even when it is night and storming, they think I'm damned beyond do they? They think I'm mending her happiness, do they?"

"But aren't you?" she countered. "I know her. I have talked to her and she's a lonely, pathetic creature with the world against her. There have been just two things left in her life: her own splendid self-respect and her devotion to her father. Why, she hasn't even had the respect of the people about her."

"And now she is facing loss of the biggest thing she possesses, the loss of her belief in herself, for you force her to listen to you. . . . to what I suppose you still call love-making?"

"It's not what you think," he protested, "without looking at her. I'm not."

"No, Dick, not philanthropic, because that is too gentle a word. It is something worse, something darker, which will bring more shame to you and to all who once knew and trusted you."

"Would you marry her?"—leaning closer to him as his manner told of the effort he was making to restrain himself.

"Of course."

"You'd take her east, to your friends?" "Why, yes, I'm shifting uneasily."

"Dick, look at me!" Tears in her eyes, she put her hands on his shoulders and begged him to turn away.

"You can't mean that? I can see you don't. Dick, oh, Dick! For the love of God, turn away from me. Turn away from the sake of the manhood you can regain, don't do this thing!"

And close about his shoulders, fingers gripping his shoulders, appeal in every tense line of her body.

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