

The Toronto World

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FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 16.

Premier Drury Must Decide.

Premier Drury cannot shift the responsibility for carrying on or killing off the provincial Hydro radial policy to a royal commission. Indeed, it has never been, and, under our system of government, can never be the province of a royal commission to determine the policy of the government. Sir John Macdonald thought it good policy to buy out the rights of the Hudson Bay Company in Prince Rupert's Land and transform a wilderness into fertile farms and happy homes for the Canadian people. He carried out that policy and staked the existence of his government upon its approval by the people. He inaugurated the national policy, carried through the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and put into force many other great policies, always upon his own responsibility as leader of a party and the head of the government. Sir Wilfrid Laurier decided, as a matter of policy, upon the construction of a second transcontinental railway. He made a bargain with the Grand Trunk and put thru the necessary legislation. He did not dodge the responsibility, but ran the risk of being turned out of office in 1904 in case the policy was not approved by the people. He did not pass the buck to an irresponsible commission.

The Hydro radial policy has been approved by one government and one legislature after another in Ontario, and without dissent from the people. At the last provincial election, Mr. Drury's party did not go to the people upon a platform demanding the repeal of that policy. The people took it for granted that the Farmers' party, if returned to power, would stand by Hydro and Adam Beck. If it be a bad policy, Mr. Drury should reverse it and take his chances with the legislature and the electorate. He must take the responsibility, no matter what his royal commission reports, and any information that commission could gather could be gathered more quickly and effectively by the government.

Hon. Manning Doherty could probably tell the prime minister more about construction cost than any member of the commission, and there are hard-headed farmers in the government, just as competent to pass on the project as the farmers appointed to the commission. As to the estimates of traffic and revenue from the roads when constructed, they can be sifted, scrutinized and appraised in the light of the data furnished by the Hydro Commission experts, and in the light of actual achievements by radial railways in the United States. It would, of course, be no standard of comparison to take the figures of a company like the Metropolitan, which has no private right-of-way, is not equipped for rapid transit and stops three miles from the waterfront and business centre of the city it is supposed to serve.

As the Hydro radial develops, the government, before underwriting fresh adventures, might and should check up the proposed expenditures, scrutinize the estimates and proceed in a prudent manner. But the policy itself must be the policy of the government, of whose soundness the government is convinced, and for whose result the government takes responsibility. That responsibility cannot be shifted to the royal commission, whose appointment has just been announced, and, after all, it is not a commission of experts. Not a man on it is intellectually the superior of Premier Drury. The commission as a whole is not as competent to deal with the question as is Mr. Drury's cabinet. But, competent or incompetent, they cannot assume the responsibility vested in the prime minister by the people of Ontario.

Bad Blood Between the United States and Japan.

Is war coming between the United States and Japan? The average man will reply in the negative because the cry of "Wolf!" has been heard so often. He will also dismiss as unlikely a war between two countries so far apart that they can scarcely set within striking distance of each other. The Japs might take the Philippines, but that would scarcely be regarded as an unfriendly act by many people in the United States. None the less a breach in diplomatic relations seems fairly imminent, to be followed by a commercial war, with its provocative tariff discriminations and embargoes. A war of blood might follow because the people of the two countries seem to thoroughly detest one another.

The spark to the tinder box will be the approval by the people of California at a referendum in the near future of the bill passed by the legislature of that state practically making it impossible for Japanese to acquire by purchase or lease any land in

the state of California. Their right to own real estate has been whittled down from time to time by unfriendly legislation, but this last act is destined to drive the Japanese truck gardener and farmer out of existence. How serious the situation is considered in Japan may be gathered from a carefully worded statement given to the Tokyo correspondent of The New York Times by Viscount Kato Kamekida, member of the privy council of the empire, which, among other things, says:

"The action of some people in California threatens to strain the relations between Japan and the United States to a critical point. Japan has borne patiently a long series of attacks on the legal rights of the 60,000 Japanese in that state, but the limit of endurance has been very nearly reached."

The viscount, in the course of his statement, says that the anti-Japanese feeling is largely the work of scheming demagogues and unscrupulous politicians. The same class of men, he says, stirred up as bitter a feeling against Irish and German immigrants years ago. The only objections they dare put into words against the Japanese immigrants in California according to the viscount are their inability to assimilate with the people, their isolation into communities, and their religious beliefs.

Differences in religious belief even among adherents of Christianity, lead to bitterness and exclusion, and there is always a prejudice against people who do not readily acquire the language, the customs, and even the prejudices of the land to which they migrate. We have had in our western provinces almost riotous outbreaks against the Hutterites, and the late minister of mines, lands and forests set his face as strongly against French Canadian colonization in northern Ontario as do the Californian people set their faces against Japanese colonization. But we have in the case of the Japanese a strong racial prejudice, and we have some reason to believe that the Japanese immigrants are themselves somewhat to blame for the strong anti-Japanese feeling now rampant in California, and scarcely less pronounced in British Columbia and Australia.

Since the Vancouver riots of 1907 we have heard little about the yellow peril in Canada, though it must be remembered that the Japanese government has permitted only a few hundred people a year to emigrate to Canada. So far as the Canadian law goes Japs are as free to come in as Europeans, but friction is avoided by a "gentlemen's agreement" with the government of the Mikado restricting immigration. The United States has the same kind of an agreement, but the Californian people say it is not observed by Japan.

The New Political Party.

The convention of radical groups at Chicago evolved a new party christened the Farmer-Labor party, and nominated Harley P. Christensen of Utah for president. Mr. Christensen was the permanent chairman of the convention of the Forty-eighths, nicknamed the "Intellectuals," the most conservative group at the convention. He is, however, unknown to the people, and unless he happens to be a man of remarkable personality, will probably remain unknown. It is the man rather than the platform which counts when a new political party endeavors to enter the political field.

Yet the new party will cut a wide enough swath to disturb both the old parties. The Farmers' Nonpartisan League is masterful in North Dakota and well entrenched in several other northwestern states. The Labor party will not hold the entire Labor vote by any means, but when joined up as it now is with the Farmers' League, is more formidable than could have been anticipated even a few months ago. The test of the party, however, will be the strength it draws from that large section of the electorate which is dissatisfied and disgusted with the two old parties, believe them to be tied up with the big interests, and look upon their electoral contests as merely sham battles. These people may vote with the new party, even though they do not agree with the ultra-radical planks of the party platform. They will figure that Mr. Christensen cannot possibly be elected president, and that a vote for him will be construed as a protest against existing economic and political conditions.

The press reports claim that the convention was not a bit like the old party conventions. Several delegates, we are told, tried to speak at the same time, and many motions were made which proved to be out of order. The proceedings did not develop with the stately precision of a minuet. The absence of horses and the failure to have a steam roller on hand made the whole affair look more like a mass meeting than a national convention. Quite possibly some of the delegates were in their shirt sleeves, but the reporter delicately refrains from noting any such gross breach of convention etiquette! There is a growing radical sentiment in the United States which sooner or later will find its vent in political action. The Farmer-Labor party may not prove to be that vent, but the two old parties in the United States are not likely to be long immune from the insurrections and new party movements which are giving the old parties the blind staggers in nearly every other country. Men have a way of going around in shirt sleeves when they are getting ready for a revolution, which is probably one reason why so many big revolutions have



MR. PUBLIC: "Anything new up to headquarters?"
OFFICER: "No, everybody's still 'actin' up there. The boss is still on holiday."

occurred in the month of July. The new party will bear watching. It may not prove after all to be the grotesque and erratic affair which the big interests and their big newspapers would lead us to believe.

ECREMENT GIVEN TIME TO PRODUCE PASSPORT

New York, July 15.—Deportation proceedings against Arthur Ecrement, former member of the Canadian parliament, who is alleged to have entered the United States from Canada without complying with the immigration regulations, were postponed today for one week, in order that he may send to Montreal for his "credentials."

Ecrement told the immigration court that he had been inspected and passed by United States officials, and that his passport, which he said, had been issued by the United States representative in Canada, was now in possession of his attorney in Montreal. The bond of \$10,000, under which Ecrement has been at liberty, was revoked. He is held at Ellis Island without bail.

A writ of habeas corpus in Ecrement's behalf was obtained in federal court today by Ecrement's counsel, Eugene P. McGee. McGee, in his application, asked Ecrement's release from Ellis Island, on the ground that his detention and deportation are illegal.

RESIGNS PRESIDENCY OF NOVA SCOTIA G.W.V.A.

Ottawa, July 15.—The resignation of J. W. Macdonald, of Pictou, N.S., as president of the Nova Scotia Command of the Great War Veterans' Association, has just been received. Mr. Macdonald has accepted the nomination of one of the parties in his own province to run in the coming election, and has given up his resignation for retiring from the veterans' organization. He is not running as a soldier candidate, nor under the colors of the G.W.V.A.

Ninety Per Cent. Special Sales Said to be Unsuccessful

Montreal, July 15.—F. W. Stewart, of Cluett, Peabody, in his address on "Better Merchandising With Reference to Special Sales," this morning before the National Shoe Retailers' convention, stated that ninety per cent. of this business, launched in Canada proved unsuccessful. The failure of a large proportion of these special sales he attributed to wrong accounting in circulating the ratio of profit to turnover. Mr. Stewart concluded by giving some useful formulae to assist the real merchant in making calculations.

Lightning Bolt at Northbrook Kills Boy and Burns Home

Kingston, Ont., July 15.—While Mr. and Mrs. George Loyat and their five young sons were seated in the kitchen of their home at Northbrook lightning struck the house, and a bolt passing down the chimney and pipes came out of the stove and hitting the eldest son, aged eight, killed him instantly. The others were unhurt.

The lightning set fire to the house, which was completely destroyed, although the members of the family saved most of the contents.

THIRTY MILE COAL AREA TAKEN BY DOMINION CO.

Halifax, N.S., July 15.—The Halifax Herald today carries a special despatch from its North Sydney correspondent, in which it is stated that the Dominion Coal Company has taken over a block of new coal areas in Cape Breton, embracing thirty square miles with five separate seams of coal, varying in thickness from seven feet to three. The new areas are situated in what is known as the Glenegany River basin, in South Cape Breton, and are some twenty miles distant from Sydney.

DONATE BIG SUM FOR A SANITARIUM

E. C. Whitney and Wife of Ottawa Give Victory Bonds to Defray the Cost.

Ottawa, July 15.—Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Whitney, of Ottawa, have given \$100,000 in Victory bonds to the corporation to be used for the construction of a tuberculosis sanitarium in connection with the City of Ottawa Sanitarium. Mr. Whitney has written to Mayor Fisher to this effect, and includes but one provision, that the city shall be responsible for the upkeep of the institution.

Hon. Justice Barron to Head Board Hearing Electrical Dispute

Ottawa, July 15.—Hon. Justice Barron of Stratford, Ont., has been named by the minister of labor as chairman of the board of conciliation which will enquire into the wage dispute between the Toronto Suburban Railway Company and its electrical workers. Other members of the board will be George D. Kelley, Ottawa, representing the company, and L. B. Baskin, Toronto, representing the men.

Charge Married Thorold Man With Abduction of a Child

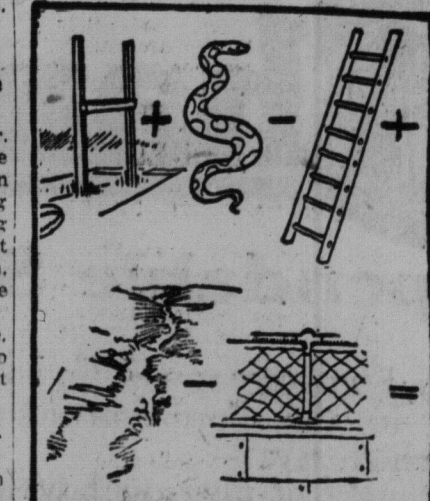
St. Catharines, Ont., July 15.—David McNeal, of Thorold, a married man with an adopted child, in arrest today on a charge of abduction. Little four-year-old Margaret Boucock, for whom a search has been in progress since Tuesday afternoon, was seen with McNeal at the Thorold public library on Tuesday afternoon. Before arrest McNeal stated that he had paid the child the price of an ice cream cone and told her to go home. The girl is still missing.

CHARGES OF CRUELTY.

Kingston, Ont., July 15.—(Special).—Serious complaints have been lodged with the Humane Society to the effect that many horses here are being ill-treated and starved. One veterinary states that many horses are not being properly fed, owing to the high price of oats.

WORLD'S DAILY BRAIN TEST

BY SAM LOYD.
7 Minutes to Answer This.
No. 247.



Spell out the names of the little objects. Then add and subtract as indicated by the signs and resulting letters will spell the name of a little animal which is accused of gastronomical eccentricities.

ANSWER TO NO. 246.
The second player should win in the Daisy Game, and the secret is to keep the petals divided into halves. If your opponent leads off with No. 1, you draw Nos. 7 and 8. But if he draws No. 1 and 2, then you draw No. 8, and in both cases you would leave for him two groups of five petals each. From that point you continue by imitating his play. If he draws two petals on the left side, you must draw the corresponding two from the right. If he draws a single petal on the left you draw a single from the right. By this system you keep the piles similar, and so eventually he will be presented with the "old maid" stump. (Copyright, 1919, by Sam Loyd.)

JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

BY JACKSON GREGORY.

CHAPTER XIII. (Continued).

"I'm real busy down at the bunk-house, Mr. Hampton," at last came his quiet answer, "where me an' Poker Face is figuring out something important. As for worrying about a man like Bud Lee or a girl like Judy, why, I just ain't going to do it a-tall. Most likely if you'll call up the Lower End—"

"I've done it!" Whirling in his impatient stride across the room, Hampton came swiftly to Carson's side. "They're not there. They left the lower end this afternoon and came on here. Then, both armed, they rode away again at four or five o'clock. I tell you, man, something has happened to them."

"Don't believe it," retorted Carson. "Not for one little half-minute, I don't. What's to happen? Huh?"

"You know as well as I do what sort of characters are about. The man who robbed Charlie Miller—who shot at Bud Lee—"

"Whoa!" grinned Carson. "Don't you go and fool yourself. That stick-up gent is a clean hundred miles from here right now an' still going real lively. If any other jasper lent him a hand, why, he's on his way, too. Not stopping to pick flowers. It's the way they kind plays the game."

Carson was so cheerfully certain, so amused at the thought of Bud Lee and Judith Sanford requiring anybody's assistance, so confident concerning the methods of outlaws, that finally Hampton sent him away, half assured, and went himself to his friends in the living-room. Here he found the major and Mrs. Langworthy reading and yawning. Marcia laughed at a jest of Farris', while Rogers sought to interest her in himself. The every-day, homelike atmosphere had its effect in allaying his picturesque fears. Hampton noted how her handful of days in the country had done Marcia a world of good, putting fresh, warm color in her rather pale cheeks, breeding a new sparkle in her eyes. She was good to look upon.

He let half an hour slip by in restless inactivity. For, no matter what Carson might say or these people in here, Judith had not yet come in. When Marcia addressed a bright remark to him, he started and stammered: "I beg your pardon!" They laughed at him, saying that Pollock Hampton was growing absent-minded in his old age. But their banter failed to reach him; he was telling himself that some accident might have befallen one or both of two persons whom he frankly admired for their efficiency.

By half-past eight they had caught his uneasiness. At every little sound they turned expectantly. Still no Judith. Mrs. Simpson, comfortable woman that she was, came in, bustling with apprehension. Mrs. Langworthy shook off for a little her listlessness and recounted how she had watched "that girl" riding like a wild Indian toward the Upper End. Perhaps her sun had gone off accidentally.

"Or," she concluded with a touch of venom, "it wouldn't be above her to run off with that long horse foreman."

"Eh?" said the major. "Don't believe it. A fine fig—ahem. Where should she run to? And why run at all?"

Marcia looked a quick distress to Mr. Hampton. "It is late," he said timidly. "Oh, Pollock! Do you think—"

No longer to be restrained, Hampton left them and went to his room for a rifle and cartridge belt. He intended to slip out quietly, feeling that he would get from Farris and Rogers only

the sort of disbelief he had from Carson. Marcia met him in the hall; she had heard his quick answer and guessed that he was going out. Now clearly, she was frightened. She was delighted with him. He had never thrilled her like this before. Hampton could be so stern-faced, so purposeful. She whispered an entrance that he be careful, then as he was out, ran back to the others, her eyes shining.

"Pollock is going to see what the matter," she announced excitedly. Whereat Mrs. Langworthy started to her and then indicated faintly her supreme disgust. The major supposed taking something, the occasion as playfully demanding it.

Hampton passed swiftly through the courtyard. He saw the light of the bunk-house gleaming brightly. On his way down the knoll he came upon Tommy Burkitt.

"Is it Mr. Hampton?" asked Tommy, coming close in the darkness to look at him.

"Yes. What is it? Who are you?" "I'm Burkitt, Tommy Burkitt. I'm afraid something has happened. I haven't come in yet; they tried to get him off once already, you know."

"Neither has Miss Sanford come in," said Hampton quickly, sensing how last a fear that was fellow to his own. "They rode toward the Upper End. You know the way, Burkitt?"

He moved on toward the corner. Burkitt turned and came with him. "Sure I know the trail,"

"You're going to see what's wrong with em? Miss Judy, too, is God?"

"Bring out a couple of horses," Hampton commanded crisply. "We've lost time enough already."

"I'll go tell Carson an' the boys," Burkitt had already told Carson. "I have already told Carson. He says it's all nonsense. Leave me alone."

Tommy, boy that he was, asked no further questions, but ran ahead and brought out two horses. In a twinkling he had saddled them, and the two riders, each with a rifle across his arm, were hurrying over the mountain trail.

In the darkness which lay along the upper river, Hampton saw his horse a free rein and let it follow Tommy's heels. The roar of the falling water, the pounding of hoofs, the whining creak of saddle-leaves were the only sounds coming to him of the night. When, finally, he drew rein under the cliffs at the ledge all was silent, save for the distant booming of the river below them.

"Now which way?" whispered Hampton, his voice eloquent of suppressed excitement and eagerness. Tommy was shaking his head in uncertainty, when suddenly from above there came to them the sharp rattle of a rifle. Then, like a dozen cats, they shot.

"Listen to that, Burkitt," muttered Hampton. "They're at it now—when on time—"

Tommy slipped from the saddle, wordlessly, came to Hampton's side and tugged gently at his leg, whispering for him to get down. Leaving his horses there, they slipped into the utter darkness of the narrow channel of the rocks, which gave access to the plateau above.

"Now," cautioned Tommy guardedly, as they came to the top, "be close to me if you don't want to be a head-batter with a thousand feet. Look! He nudged Hampton and pointed. "There are two horses across yonder Bud's an' Miss Judy's, most likely."

Continued Tomorrow Morning.

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Noon.
3 p.m.
4 p.m.
8 p.m.
Age, 5 and below:

STEAMERS.

St. Catharines.
Ammon.
Kingsbury.
St. Catharines.
Can. Sailor.
Grand Range.
Thunder Bay.
Domburg.
Can. Pioneer.

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