

# The Toronto World

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MONDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 1.

## Page Mr. King!

The Liberal voters of East Elgin must be ill at ease. A federal by-election is to be held in that constituency on the 22nd inst. The supporters of the government have been enthused by the presence and cheered by the speeches of the prime minister and members of the cabinet. The Farmers' party is eagerly awaiting the arrival of Hon. T. A. Crerar, who is their leader in the federal field. Have the Liberals had any word from Hon. Mackenzie King?

Not long since, Mr. King, as leader of the Liberal party, made proclamation to the effect that no federal by-election should thereafter go by default. He would have a candidate, he said, in every riding that became vacant. Therefore, when the East Elgin by-election drew near, W. G. Charlton, who had made a spectacular run as Liberal candidate for the Dominion House in 1917, came forward as the nominee of the Liberal party at the coming by-election. The local Liberals may have thought it would be good politics to get behind the Farmers' party, but they knew what their leader expected of them and prepared for battle. To their consternation their leader did not appear. Like another deity who failed to respond, he was gone on a long journey. They heard of him threading his way thru the Arrowhead Lakes, addressing the fruit growers in the Okanagan Valley, and roaming at large thru the fair province of British Columbia, but showing no sign of any great desire to hurl himself into the battle of East Elgin.

Now, however, their hopes are reviving. Mr. King has recrossed the Rockies, has invaded Saskatchewan, and is bearing down upon Winnipeg. Once in Winnipeg he is only forty hours away from East Elgin. They may reasonably conclude that he is hurrying to them with the white plume waving and his sword already drawn.

But again they may be disappointed. Mr. King may feel that a Liberal candidate in East Elgin will be only a cat's paw to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for the government, and the government, he has told us upon many occasions, is a "usurping autocracy." The Farmers' party has a trick of winning by-elections which the Liberal party does not seem to possess. Mr. King wants to beat the government he will probably give East Elgin a wide berth and pray for the success of the Farmers' candidate.

But if the Farmers carry many more elections by having the Liberal party efface itself, the suspicion will gather around that the Farmers' party is quietly swallowing the Liberal party, and that Mr. Crerar, instead of Mr. King, is the real leader of the opposition. Mr. Crerar is so regarded by the government, and by a good many people all over the country. Mr. King should make himself heard even though he cannot make himself felt in the Elgin by-election.

## Tomorrow's Battle.

The United States presidential election occurs tomorrow and the political party which elects the president will undoubtedly control the next congress, because it will not be a close election. Unless all signs fail, the Republicans will have a large majority; if the signs do fail, the Democrats may sweep the country like a tornado.

It would obviously be impossible to guess how the votes of forty-five million men and women might be distributed, but no such task is before us. The voting is by states, and the result in at least four-fifths of these states is a foregone conclusion. Pennsylvania, for example, will go Republican as certainly as the sun rises and Texas will go Democratic as long as only one moon appears in the sky. Perhaps thirty-five other states can be as easily allocated in the Republican or Democratic column as the case may be, and the result, therefore, hinges on some half-dozen doubtful states.

Four years ago President Wilson defeated Hon. Charles E. Hughes by carrying the state of California. The result in that state was so close as to require the official count. Had the official count given the state to Hughes instead of to Wilson, Mr. Hughes would be today the president of the United States.

In tomorrow's election it is practically conceded that California will go for Harding. Hiram Johnson and his friends managed to lose the state for Mr. Hughes, but at the same election on the same day Mr. Johnson, as the Republican candidate for governor, rolled up a two hundred thousand majority. Johnson thus is for Harding, and so far as we can judge, the Democrats do not expect to carry California, Ohio,

four years ago, went for Wilson, but all indications point to Harding having a majority in that state tomorrow which will not fall much short of a hundred thousand.

It will, therefore, be seen that for the Democrats to succeed they must carry a number of states, or at least several states with a large vote in the electoral college which in 1916 voted for Mr. Hughes. They speak confidently of a coming landslide, but they do not commit themselves as to the particular states they expect to carry. Reduced to its last analysis, the political forecast is that Governor Cox must carry Ohio, Indiana and Illinois to be elected. All three are normally Republican and the Republican managers laugh at the notion of their being "doubtful." Should they all three go Democratic tomorrow no one can imagine what will be left for the Republicans. It would spell something like a political revolution.

## Remark in Passing.

Hamilton Times says there are 2000 schools in Ontario without teachers. Rather a hard lookout for several thousand future Canadian citizens.

Tomorrow is election day in the United States. When that's over watch the American papers turn their attention to Ireland.

Edison says if his apparatus that is intended to get into touch with the next world doesn't work, there isn't any next world. It is a human characteristic to acquire better proof than this, particularly in so important a matter.

With Dr. Watson publishing another volume of communications from the 20th plane there is need for Edison to hurry in his invention of a machine to communicate with the departed.

When the Hydro Association meets in the city hall on Thursday Mayor Church will ask for the fifteenth time whom does R. S. Robertson represent before the Drury Inquest on Hydro railroads.

The Milliken farmer who shipped four gallons of water to Toronto in twelve gallons of milk is being his time. He ought to be in Montreal organizing paper companies.

It is now in order for somebody to move in the board of control for an examination of the gas company's books with the object of finding out if the threatened increase in price is justified.

The Drury government is to take a neutral stand in the Northeast Toronto election. Considering the fact that the government's attitude towards Hydro is the chief subject of debate, it would look as though somebody were afraid to seek a battle in defence of that attitude.

## POLITICAL NOTES

(From The Toronto Sunday World.)  
Premier Meighen seems to be making a whirlwind tour thru the west, and is now in the constituency of Yale, B.C., made vacant by the appointment of Hon. Martin Burrell as librarian of parliament. The by-election for the choice of his successor is to be held on November 22 with every prospect in favor of the government candidate. On the same day, November 22, will also occur the federal by-election in East Elgin, and it promises to be one of the most exciting, as well as one of the most important, by-elections held for years in Ontario.

The fight in East Elgin is between the government and the Farmers' party, although the Liberal candidate, W. G. Charlton, remains in the field. His doing so should help the government by more or less dividing the opposition vote. The government has a good candidate in the person of John Stansell, a successful farmer and cattle breeder of Graham township. Premier Meighen and Sir George Foster have spoken in the riding, and Hon. S. P. Tominie, minister of agriculture, will hold several meetings before the election, and it is hoped that the prime minister may close the campaign on Saturday, the 20th, with a big meeting at Yarmouth Centre.

The Farmers' party expects to have two or three meetings to be addressed by their national leader, Hon. T. A. Crerar. Mr. Crerar is going on the trail of both Premier Meighen and Leader King in the west. He will hold the first of a series of meetings in Saskatchewan at Prince Albert on November 2. He will also speak in Manitoba before coming east, and will, therefore, probably not get into East Elgin until about November 15.

The East Elgin farmers have formed a political organization under the Ontario companies' act. They have found that they could not use their co-operative company's funds to carry on a political battle, hence this new corporation, which will be avowedly political and will, no doubt, be the model for other riding and provincial organizations. The cause of the new Dominion elections' act, which forces the East Elgin farmers to take this step, reads as follows:

No company or association other than one incorporated for political purposes alone shall, directly or indirectly, contribute, loan, advance, pay or promise to offer to pay any money or its equivalent to, or for, or in aid of, any candidate at an election, or to, or for, or in aid of, any political party, committee or association, or to, or for, or in aid of, any company incorporated or in aid of, any purpose whatever, or for the indemnification or reimbursement of any person for money so used.

There are two vacant seats in the senate from Ontario—that of Mr. Richardson of Kingston and Clive Fringle of Cobourg. It is said that Dr. Reid, minister of railways, may take the seat of the latter; others say that Sir William Hearst and Howard Ferguson are putting in a claim for either of both the seats.

Three of the Borden cabinet still in the house will be supporters of the



LITTLE WILLIE KING: I wish I dared to go in!

## GNASHING OF TEETH IN CIVIL SERVICE

Cabinet Refuses Holiday for All Saints' Day—Sets Example.

From The Sunday World.  
Ottawa, Oct. 30.—For the first time in years, All Saints' Day will not be observed as a public holiday in the Dominion civil service. At the last session of parliament an amendment to the civil service act was passed giving a number of church holidays, including All Saints' Day, which have always been observed.

When the amendment was being considered, Sir Robert Borden, stated special orders-in-council could be passed to authorize additional holidays if it were deemed necessary. An order-in-council to make Monday, Nov. 1 a holiday was prepared and submitted to the cabinet council on Friday, but it was learned this morning that the government had decided to observe the day as a business day. The ministers do not themselves propose to have a holiday on Monday as a cabinet council will be held, although an effort will be made to clear up all pending business previous to the general scattering of the government next week.

## MACSWINEY BURIED WITHOUT DISORDER

(Continued From Page 1.)  
died a hunger striker, and of two other Irish republican soldiers, Archbishop Presided.

Archbishop Hartley of Cashel occupied the throne in presiding over the solemn requiem mass in St. Mary's cathedral. Monsignor Cohalan, Bishop of Cork, was the celebrant. The clergy included Archbishop Hughes of Perth, Australia, and Barry, of Hobart, Tasmania; and Bishops Browne of Cloyne, O'Sullivan of Kerry, Foley of Ballarat, and the Sinn Féin colors, which they presented to Mr. De Valera.

Other speakers were, Governor Smith, Mayor Hyland, Dudley Field Malone, former Labor party candidate for Governor, and members of both the Catholic and Protestant clergy.

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Cobalt, Ont. Oct. 31.—One hundred and nineteen members were secured by the Y.M.C.A. in a drive which concluded last night.

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## THE HOUSE 'ROUND THE CORNER

By GORDON HOLMES

CHAPTER XIII. (Continued).

"You sug!" he breathed, using the bitterest term of contempt known to the east, for the Persian word means all that the Anglo-Saxon implies when he likens a fellow-creature to a dog, with the added force of an epithet which signifies "dog" in that despicable sense, and in none other.

Striding down the stairs, his fire-laden glance met the ghastly smile of the painted figure. With an active bound, he was on the window ledge, and the clenched fist which had ached to scatter some of the hapless Percy's features fell heavily on the scowling face in the window. The grass, which proved exceedingly thin and brittle, shattered into countless fragments, and with it, and without, and the inner sheet of transparent paper was so dry and tense that it shivered instantly when exposed to the air. Indeed, Armathwaite, despite his rage, was aware of a peculiar sensation. It seemed as though he had struck at something impalpable as air. His hand was not cut. It appeared to have touched nothing. He thrust straight and hard, and the only evidence of his destroying zeal was a quantity of powdered glass on the leading, some of which was flying, adhering to the leaden frame, and an oval of blue sky shining thru the visor.

As he leaped to the floor again, Mrs. Jackson screamed frantically, thinking that the Black Prince himself was springing from the window. But she was a stout-hearted old woman and quickly recovered her wits when she saw what Armathwaite had done.

"They've long wanted a man in this house!" she cried, in a voice that cracked with excitement, and it's glad I am to see they've gotten 'em at last! Eh, sir, ye med me jump! Ye did an' all! But ye'll never rue t' day ye've punched a hole in t' face of that image of Ow'd Nick!"

By this time Smith and his helpers, aware that something unusual was going on inside the house, were gathering at the front door, which had remained wide open since the early morning.

"Listen, all of you!" said Armathwaite, addressing the two women and five men as they were an army and he their emperor. "I am master here, and I expect you to obey my orders, or am I wrong? I am right, I may be away some hours, possibly all day. You, Smith, must put a padlock and chain on the gate and refuse anyone if for any except Dr. Scalfie and a nurse. You, Mrs. Jackson, must keep the doors locked while I am gone, and let no one enter, excepting as I have told Smith, Dr. Scalfie and the nurse who will accompany him. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you, Smith?"

"Yes, sir."

"Betty," put some thin slices of bread and meat between two small plates, and tie them in a napkin. Fill a bottle with milk. Quick! I have no time to lose."

He turned to the gapping boy who had brought the telegrams from Belberly, and asked:

"Did you ride here on your own bicycle?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Lend it to me for the day, and I'll give you a sovereign."

"Right you are, sir!" came the hearty response. "Is there anything to go back to the postoffice?"

"Nothing. Raise the saddle of your bicycle, and see that the tires are in good order. Here's your money!"

In an incredibly short time Armathwaite was pushing the bicycle up the steep road to the moor. He walked with long, swinging strides, and was soon lost to sight, because the trees behind the Grange hid the highway from any part of the house or grounds, and no one dared ask his way by going out into the road to watch him.

He climbed swiftly yet steadily, and conquered the worst part of the hill in fifteen minutes. Then he mounted the bicycle, and got over the ground rapidly. Thus, within less than an hour, after Marguerite Ogilvy had escaped from the Grange—in the first instance by taking refuge in her bedroom, and, while Betty was talking to Whitaker, by slipping downstairs and climbing thru a window in the library—Armathwaite saw her—a lonely figure in that far-flung moorland, walking in the direction of Leyburn.

Apparently, she had grabbed her hat and mackintosh coat when passing thru the hall, and was carrying them, because the sun was glinting in her coils of brown hair. No stranger who met her would take her for other than a summer visitor. Certainly, no one would guess the storm of grief and terror that raged in her heart.

The bicycle sped along with a silent speed that soon lessened the distance between the two. Armathwaite did not wish to startle her by a too sudden appearance, so he rang the bell when yet fifty yards in the rear.

She turned instantly. When she saw who the pursuer was, she stopped. Neither spoke until Armathwaite had alighted, and the two had exchanged a long and questioning look.

"I'm going to my father. My place is with him. He must be hidden somewhere. I dare not wait until my mother comes or writes. I'm sorry I could not even explain, the I should have telegraphed from York. Please don't ask me to say any more, or try to detain me."

"Any explanation is unnecessary," he said, smiling gravely into the sweet face with its aspect of unutterable pain. "I am aspect of unutterable pain. I am sorry I could not even explain, the I should have telegraphed from York. Please don't ask me to say any more, or try to detain me."

"Everything—even his threat?"

"Oh, Bob! What am I to do? I must go to dad!"

"Undoubtedly; but I don't see what you should walk for fourteen miles practically without food. I've brought some breakfast—a sort of. We'll go shares—half the sandwiches and half the milk. Then you'll ride on the permits, and trudge the remainder, and we'll be in Leyburn in half the time it would take you to walk. Here are the sandwiches, and this is the place for a picnic."

He spoke and behaved in such a matter-of-fact way that the almost persuaded the bewildered girl, they were the best of friends, and Percy Whitaker's was ruled and regulated by every-day conditions. Placing the bicycle by the roadside, he produced the package prepared by Betty, and was uncorking the milk when a startled sob caught his ear.

Marguerite had turned to hide her face, for a rush of emotion had proved too much for her self-control. Laying the bottle on a bank of turf, he caught the girl's shoulder, and turned her gently until her swimming eyes met his.

"There's nothing to be gained by hailing trouble half way, Meg," he said. "I don't wish to hide my face, but I am convinced that they will shape themselves differently to any forecast we can arrive at now. I followed you for two reasons. I wanted you to begin a long journey better prepared than was possible after flight on a moment's notice, and I did not want you to go away thinking I was in ignorance of your motives. I can tell you here and now that you will save your father, if his position is such that he needs safeguarding; father, who will never be compelled to marry Percy Whitaker."

"Bob," she whispered brokenly, "I would rather die!"

Then Armathwaite flung restraint to the winds. He gathered her in his arms and lifted the tear-stained face to his.

Continued Tomorrow Morning.

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Vil Holland told "THE GOLD GIRL": "A gun ain't made to bluff with. Don't pull it on anyone unless you go through with it. Only shorthorns an' pilgrims ever pull a gun that don't need wipin' before it's put back—I could show you the graves of several of 'em."

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