

the state, asking for a new trial for Mooney because of the evidence of fraud and conspiracy against him. The labor unions are arranging a general strike for December 9 if Mooney's sentence is not commuted before that date. The execution being fixed for the 13th. The appeals have all been refused on technical grounds, and if Mooney should be executed in the face of the evidence produced, the result will be to strengthen Bolshevism and L.W.V.'s to an extent that will constitute a real menace.

Affairs in Europe.

Fulfillment of the terms of surrender is going on steadily. The Germans have no option at present but to keep faith, and whether they do so reluctantly or willingly the result is the same. Reports that the Kaiser is plotting a renewal of the war do too much homage to his ability as a leader. There is an increasing sentiment among the allied nations in favor of getting the responsible German leaders into custody. The problem of knowing what to do with them after they got them appears to be the obstacle that delays the powers from any attempt to capture these transgressors.

It is generally agreed among specialists that if the object be to punish the Kaiser, the best thing would be to let him live. His vanity and conceit will drag him down and he will suffer far more from recalling his dreams and realizing their emptiness than anything else could make him. The whole of Europe is afraid of Bolshevism. The crop has undoubtedly been sown, and the governments who do not wish to reap the harvest, must hasten to grant the people those liberties which heretofore they have had to seek by conspiracy and revolution.

Russia is in the worst plight from the presence of disintegrative forces, but the lack of food, compulsory idleness, the terror of murder, and the lack of prospect ahead is beginning to have its effect, and in spite of the malign influence of Lenin and Trotsky and other German agents, the people are beginning to recover their reason. Admiral Kolchak has assumed control of the forces of order, and the approach of winter and starvation may tame the recklessness of those who seek to destroy all law and order. The worst spectacle in Europe today is the German treatment of the prisoners of war, who were to have been set free under the terms of the armistice. Turned loose without food or shelter or means of transport, their case would justify a renewal of bellicosity.

Appeals for clemency accompanied by accounts of the condition of returning prisoners, will meet with scant attention from the allied powers. The Germans have been liberally dealt with as it is, and the late Herr Bailin's letter acknowledges the fact. He declared that "the indicated military, economic and political conditions of the entente are much more moderate than might have been expected from our situation. We need only think what our terms should have been had we been the victors. We would have demanded the occupation of Paris and London. We would have dictated peace at Buckingham Palace, and annexed the entire continent from the Ural Mountains to the Bay of Biscay."

After this, let us hear no more nonsense about the hard terms imposed on Germany.

Time for a Change.

The War Railway Board is a poor substitute for government ownership of railways. Now that the war is over the latter ought to take the place of the first mentioned.

Political Notes

As predicted some weeks ago by The World, R. P. Halbert, president of the United Farmers of Ontario, has withdrawn from the federal field in North Ontario and will run as the farmers' candidate for the legislature in that riding. This will leave the field open for the present, at least for a contest between the two old parties, for the seat made vacant by the death of Colonel Sam Sharpe. The government has not yet put a candidate in the field. Frederick Hogg was the Liberal candidate last December and will probably carry the Liberal banner at the coming by-election. It is common talk that he refused to withdraw either in favor of Hartley Dewart, K.C., or of Mr. Halbert.

This is the Day.

Behold a winged creature,
Snowy-white,
Thru breaking clouds of war descends,
It is the Holy Ghost,
Embodied in the Form of Dove,
The Breath that gave it Life,
The Breath of God.

Peace leaves the Ark of Heaven,
And finding Earth dry
From the Flood of Blood,
Calls to the Living Man,
To take dominion.

Now God be praised
That we can join the gay,
And with the devout ones
Kneel down and pray;
We played our part
In this War-play,
We took our cue
From Honor's Prompter
Act One, Act Two,
Act Three, Act Four,
Each Act a year,
Until the Tragedy of War
Was over.

This is the day
For which we sacrificed,
Upon the crosses
Lining Flanders' Field
A Host of Saviours;
This is the day
Our dead shall all arise,
Victorious Sons of God.
—Ray Lewis in Canadian Moving Picture Digest.

The Case of Thomas J. Mooney.

No single case has ever caused so much comment or excited so much feeling as that of Thomas J. Mooney, tried in San Francisco for alleged participation in bombing outrages in that city some years ago. The whole trades union membership of the republic and much of Canada have been stirred up for many months over what is regarded as the plot of the state authorities to have Mooney executed. The evidence prepared by the labor people is very convincing, and the admitted bribery and conspiracy of several of the witnesses vitiate some of the most important allegations on which Mooney's conviction was based.

The pamphlets issued by the labor interests reviewing and confuting the evidence adduced by the state leave little doubt in the mind of the reader that Mooney had been unfairly dealt with. A photograph of the procession at which the bombs were thrown which happened to be taken at the time, shows a clock and Mooney also, also a witness for the state swore that at this time Mooney was elsewhere. It is not to the credit of California justice that the state authorities tried, it is stated, to destroy this evidence.

Now, after many appeals, the judge who tried the case, Franklin A. Griffin, has written to the governor of

GULLIVER BULL SEIZES THE LILLIPUT-HUN NAVY



THE WIFE

By JANE PHELPS

Ruth Plans a Surprise for Brian.

CHAPTER XXII.
That night Mollie and Brian talked of little else than the war. She was as enthusiastic as he was, and expressed the same desire—to be in the thick of things.

"Just think, Brian, of what is going on over there and we sit here in the old hum-drum way, doing the things we have done all our lives and doing them in the same way we have done them. No wonder we are uninterested. We have gone to sleep. It will take a great, big jar of some kind, like they are getting in Europe, to make us know that we are in it. I'd volunteer to go and dig trenches or scrub hospitals if we were in it. I must be glorious to fight when you are fighting for a principle."

"That's just the way I feel," Brian answered, looking with admiration at Mollie's shining eyes and thinking how very pretty she was. "The trouble with your going, Mollie, would be that all the Tommies would be in love with you and that would spoil them for fighting. They'd be afraid they'd get hurt and someone else would get you."

"Nonsense! Don't be silly," Mollie replied. "Brian's compliment had changed their attitude, and she laughed and chatted as usual, the war and all the glory they might have when you are fighting for a principle."

But when Brian returned home and as usual read a little before going to bed, he felt a queer, shivery feeling. He had found a wire from Ruth waiting him, in which she said she had received his letter, that she had feared he would be in the line and not written sooner, and sent him her love.

"If she'd send herself home and then stay here where she belongs it would be just as well," he thought, grumblingly. His guilty feeling—because he had spent the entire evening again with Mollie—making him want to throw the blame on someone—so on Ruth.

Brian had fully intended to caution Mollie not to telephone him again at the house. But he had forgotten all about it. They were having too good a time together. But now it once more occurred to him. He was annoyed that he had forgotten to tell her. She might cause him trouble if he should telephone when he was out. He sat down at Ruth's desk and wrote Mollie a little note.

"Don't call me at the house again, dear. Rachel might not understand and tell of it, and so make me a time together. But now it once more occurred to him. He was annoyed that he had forgotten to tell her. She might cause him trouble if he should telephone when he was out. He sat down at Ruth's desk and wrote Mollie a little note.

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IDA AT THE INDUSTRIAL FARM

By IDA L. WEBSTER.

Yesterday we took a trip to the all farm (by choice, not compulsion), in fact we visited both the women's and men's institutions. It might possibly be a good idea to tell you why we did this, other than the fact that every citizen should see all such places, so that they will always be able to speak with a certain amount of intelligence on the subject. We wished to satisfy ourselves that the Industrial farms in Toronto were equally as good as those in many parts of the United States.

You see so many people in this city have an idea that nothing is or around it is half as good as what is to be found in cities across the border. For instance, a lady who really should know better was deploring the fact the other day that there was not a suitable institution where women who have the misfortune to appear in the police court, could be sent.

At that time we mentioned the industrial farm, but she scoffed at it, and went so far as to say that it was nothing more or less than a huge joke. Having seen it, she would like to go to the lady in question that she is either extremely ignorant of the place, or she is not quite the type who should go in for the helping of the helpless.

To begin with, the men's farm, and were cordially by the deputy superintendent who is Sergeant Weir. He spared no pains to show us everything that there was to see, and we might also say that we did not attempt to cover anything. The entire place was gone through in a very short time, and the different buildings were visited with the one idea of finding fault if it was at all possible.

However, with the exception of a suitable barn for horses we could not find a thing to be desired. There is a new barn on the farm for the use of cattle, and it will accommodate something over a hundred head with every device known to practical farming for the bettering of the beast. Concrete floors, with running water, so that the troughs may be flushed automatically, also the floors. The stalls are splendid and what is more to the point the place can be aired at all times. It is also the personification of

But as for the poor horses they are now being accommodated in the worst way. They are in a stable which is seen. If a good wind storm was to come along it would blow the whole works away, and the forty odd horses would then have the pleasure of standing outside the stable, because no matter how genial the superintendent might happen to be, one could not expect him to take the animals into his own home during their hour of need. The city council hesitate about granting money enough for this improvement? It is not that the money is not available, but that the city council is not willing to make a better place at the next meeting, and any alderman or councillor who does not know enough about farming to know that up-to-date barns are essential, had better take a trip out there with someone who does know. There is a chance that in this way the institution will be provided with the necessary accommodations.

Now that we have found the only thing in the men's farm we will tell you about the nice things. First of all, it is absolutely immaculate in every department. The floors are waxed until you could see yourself in them. The tables from which the inmates eat their meals are scrubbed to look like white birch, and the kitchen utensils are pictured to the radiance of mirrors; if you have, then you have some knowledge of what the pots and pans at the men's Industrial Farm look like.

Several of the younger fellows were baking bread, and we might tell you that the bread was quite the whitest that we have seen since the coming of the food controller. Not only did it look good, but it tasted a lot better. In this larger kitchen there were possibly 12 inmates, and the doors were locked. There was not a guard in sight. It was the same all over the place with the exception of one small wing where some of the drug cases are kept.

Windows and doors are wide open, and the guards are almost as scarce as hens' teeth, but at the same time there is the strictest sort of discipline, and it is maintained because the men are on

their honor and are being trusted like even the worst criminal desires to be. There is good in the worst of us, and at the Industrial Farm this instinct gets a chance to grow, and blossom forth until the men become almost moral. It would be foolish to say that they all reform. They do not, but at the same time might they do, and what does it matter if only one in a year did, just so long as there was one? You might recall to mind the story of the ninety and nine, if you need a biblical instance.

As for the part of the building where the worst cases are kept, it is provided with the most up to the minute cells that you could imagine. The doors lock and unlock from the corridor, thus minimizing any danger in case of fire. The sanitary conditions are positively excellent, with all pipes being concealed, thereby doing away with the old-time trick of whacking the guards over the head with a piece of lead pipe.

There is also a system in vogue at both the women's and the men's institution which permits of the inmates being hired out. The wages earned in this manner are then handed over to the man's family, while the woman's are kept for her until she leaves. Yesterday there were 18 men out. In fact there had been 20, but two of the men got disgusted with their job, and left it. The reason was a good one from an honest standpoint, and it was because the men discovered that they could not make a good showing, or rather the men were asked to use a dull saw, but when they were told to give this farm a bad name for workmen and no hand being cut out wood with that there saw, so we come home.

And now for the hogs. There are 450 in all, with 300 of the number being small pigs. The pens where they are kept are models, or rather the pens which are finished here, and the others which are now in the course of reconstruction will be from a financial point of view this part of the farm is perhaps the best of all. In any case it does seem that the city might do worse than purchase more hogs, and go into the thing on a larger scale. There is any amount of room, because the pens are situated on about 724 acres of land.

Now for the women's part of it. Apparently they are on the same level, the only difference being that there are only 200 acres devoted to this section. However, what it might lack in land it more than makes up for in buildings. The main building is undoubtedly one of the finest of its kind on the American continent, and that is going some, we might say. Also instead of hogs, chickens are the chief attraction, and some birds that are.

The rooms, or cells, in this building are all on the same level, and each one could ask for. Each one has a window, and besides that there is not the prison atmosphere and smell which usually prevail. Indeed, after looking the entire place over you would be inclined to think of it more as a boarding school, or a high class sanitarium rather than an institution for female prisoners.

The meals, we might say, are excellent in both places, and everything is being done that could possibly be to help the people who are committed to get on their feet again. Miss Carson, who is the woman in charge at the female part of the farm, is quite a wonderful person in her own way, and one who will bring out the best virtues in the very worst prisoner. She laughingly informed us that she did not have "any worst cases," they were all very good and she had no complaint to make about them.

So that, taking it all in all, we really think that Toronto is provided with a good place for prisoners of either sex. The main thing seems to be to keep up the good work, and for the citizens to take an interest in it, so that it will not be the usual "blame" game. Most everything else taken up by the city turns out to be a good thing. This was one of the hardest workers to get this institution in the first place he may be relied upon to do his best to keep alive. The other members of the city council might take a leaf from his book and do likewise.

COL. HOUSE HAS "FLU."

Paris, Nov. 21.—Col. E. M. House, the special representative of the United States Government, is confined to his home here with influenza. He has cancelled his engagements.

GAS COMMISSION TO BE APPOINTED

Will Consist of Chairman and Four Members Representative of Interests.

Chatham, Nov. 21.—In an endeavor to cope with the many and varied problems which arise in connection with the natural gas situation in the province, the department of lands, forests and mines purpose appointing a natural gas commission to take over the responsibility hitherto shouldered by the Ontario Railway and Municipal Board in these matters. Instructions to this effect have been received by E. S. Estlin of this city, gas commissioner.

The natural gas commission will consist of four members, and a chairman, the latter to be appointed by the department. The four members limited, representing the producing interests, the distributors, urban and rural communities.

Gas Commissioner Estlin has called a meeting to be held here on Friday, November 29. Separate meetings will be held of the mayors and representatives of urban centres, the county limited, representing the producing interests, and the gas distributing companies of the district. Each meeting is requested to nominate three or four members, from among whom the department will choose one representative for each interest.

FROM BAGGAGE CLERK TO PASSENGER AGENT

Winnipeg, Nov. 21.—A circular has just been issued by W. M. Duperoy, general passenger agent of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway and Grand Trunk Pacific Coast Steamship Co., with jurisdiction over British Columbia, South of Rivers Inlet, including Vancouver Island, entire States of Idaho, Oregon and Washington, State of Utah as far south as Ogden and Salt Lake City, and that portion of the State of Montana west of and including Shelly Junction to Helena and Butte.

Mr. Jenney is widely known in railway circles and has been continuously associated with the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway since 1894, when he joined the company as a clerk in the general baggage department at Toronto. The following year he became directly associated with the passenger department, occupying consecutively the following positions: Soliciting passenger agent, Toronto; traveling passenger agent, Toronto, and Pittsburg, Pa.; city passenger and ticket agent, Grand Trunk Railway System at Toronto, from which position he was transferred to Vancouver to occupy the position of general agent passenger department in 1914. Mr. Jenney, with his largely extended field of activity, will continue to make his headquarters at Vancouver.

WILL BE BURIED IN CHATHAM.

Chatham, Nov. 21.—The death occurred in Toledo, Ohio, of Charles Nelson Pratt, aged seventy-four, a former Chatham man, prominent in railway circles in the United States, and president of a railroad in Ohio. The remains will be brought to Chatham for interment.

Pure L. Handkerchiefs

Our stock of Pure L. Handkerchiefs is assorted, cover possible require give a partial list.

Ladies' H.S. Handkerchiefs. In assorted sizes at all prices.

Ladies' Initial Handkerchiefs. Assorted letters. \$3.50, \$5.00 and \$6.00.

Ladies' Embroidered Handkerchiefs. Assorted designs. 20c, 30c, 50c and 75c.

Boxed Handkerchiefs. With embroidered designs. 4 and 12.50 per box.

Gents' H.S. Handkerchiefs. All pure linen. \$3.00, \$5.00, \$7.00, \$8.00, \$9.00.

Gents' Initial Handkerchiefs. Guaranteed pure linen. \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00.

Gents' Embroidered Handkerchiefs. Guaranteed pure linen. \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00.

Mail order received.

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