

# The Toronto World

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WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 11

## The Reign of King Log.

The frogs having petitioned Jupiter for a king, he threw a big log into the pond where they were located. The log landed with a big splash, and the frogs scattered in all directions. They thought for a time they had some king, but when the log never moved about, or did anything, they first lost their fear and then their respect, and drew closer, and finally perched upon him and eventually sent up a petition for a king with a little more ginger. They got King Stork, who was a little too energetic—but that was another story.

The people of Ontario at the last election, weary of the Seven Sleepers at Queen's Park, dismissed Sir William Hearst from the premiership. Unfortunately they did not designate any successor, and by roundabout methods and many conferences a new premier had to be chosen. Finally Ernest Drury, Esquire, was called to the vacant throne, and there was much splashing and activity in all directions. The new premier made speeches morning, noon and night, and the people of Ontario, like the frogs in the fable, thought they had some king. But after the first shock it was discovered that the new premier was inert and inactive. It was some day ago with him no matter what happened.

Take, for example, the temperance question, and the Ontario temperance act. The Drury government practically says that it cannot enforce, that act even in one county if any considerable number of residents therein desire to violate it. Yet they have a big staff at their disposal; they have the youthful and energetic provincial secretary, not to mention the agile attorney-general, and they have that white elephant, the board of license commissioners. Chairman Flavell draws down \$6500 per annum, and Vice-Chairman Dingman \$6000, and Commissioner Smith \$4000, not to mention \$4000 apiece to Inspectors Saunders and Aveyard. No less than \$250,000 was appropriated for the enforcement of the O.T.A., and the government has been collecting \$300,000 from the racing associations, and as much more from fines imposed upon persons convicted of violating the O.T.A. The legislature at its last session passed the Sandy bill, which gives wide and sweeping powers to the government to deal with the liquor evil, but unfortunately it is not to be put into effect unless and until the referendum is carried by the temperance people under the Canada temperance act. At the last session of the legislature, Premier Drury moved and Mr. Raney seconded, and the house without division carried a resolution declaring:

That, in the opinion of this house, it is desirable that there should be a thorough enquiry into the operation of the Ontario temperance act, with a view to ascertaining what, if any, improvements should be made in the provisions of the act, or in its administration.

And thereupon the house named a committee which was to sit during the recess of the legislature, to examine into the workings of the O.T.A., and to report any amendments that should be made thereto. And of this committee Hon. E. C. Drury is chairman and Hon. W. E. Raney is vice-chairman, and also nearly three months have passed since its appointment. The committee has never been called together. How idle is it to expect our worthy premier to call a special session of the legislature when he cannot rouse himself sufficiently to call together a legislative committee. The vigilant Mr. Raney should rouse his chief and get this committee to work. For fear they have forgotten, we may remark in passing that the committee consists of Messrs. Drury, Raney, Nixon, Watson, McCreary, Sandy, Lethbridge, Casselman, Hicks, Swayze, Heenan, Dewar, Marshall, Curry, Tolmie, Hay, Clarke, Plumb, Godfrey, Ross (Kingston), Henry, Eccleston, Thomson (Toronto) and Warren. Perhaps the government is of the opinion that the act needs no improvements—that the farmers of Essex are quite satisfied with its provisions and protection.

## He Doesn't Want Much.

Hon. Mackenzie King wants Premier Meighen to dissolve parliament and bring on a general election. In this demand he received some support from The Toronto Star, which says there was an agreement, that the Union government should dissolve a year after the war, and permit the two old parties to run an election. Yet the war ended in November, 1918, and Hon. N. W. Rowell continued to hold office until July 1, 1920. Other

Liberals like Hon. J. A. Calder still retain their positions, and the many Unionist Liberals in the house of commons make no objection. It is understood that a majority of the members of the house were Liberals before 1917, so that it is hard to figure out how Mr. Meighen as leader of the Conservative party could be putting anything over parliament. If he be a "usurper" parliament also, in some mysterious way has usurped its position, then we know it is the same parliament that the people returned for a five-year term only about two and a half years ago.

Mr. King's anxiety for an election would be more intelligible if it were based upon a conviction that he himself would be returned to the house of commons at the next election. But apparently he has no such conviction. He is wandering up and down the concessions of King, Whitechurch, and Gwillimbury telling the farmers that Mr. R. W. E. Burnaby, the U. F. O. candidate for parliament, in North York, should retire from the contest in favor of Mr. King. Possibly Mr. Armstrong, the sitting member, will be called upon to go and do likewise, and there are people who believe that Mr. King might be elected in North York if no political party put up a candidate against him. According to his faithful journalistic friend, The Toronto Star, Mr. King became almost plaintive in his appeal at Aurora yesterday, and we read:

The whole country, he said, was watching North York. A Liberal fighting a U.F.O. in North York he described as being a frightful disaster. "It is the last thing I want to see."

We doubt if people are sitting up late at night in Saskatchewan waiting to hear what Mr. King said at Stouffville or Aurora. We fear that only a few people out of our vast population know that Mr. King expects to run for parliament a couple of years hence in the north riding of York. But to spare their feelings would it not be well for Mr. King to withdraw in favor of Mr. Burnaby and thus avoid the disaster he dreads so much. Mr. King will find it difficult to make the government fix the election on the day or even in the year of his choice; he will find it no less difficult to order all the other candidates off the field, no matter in which riding he may decide to run.

## OTHER PEOPLE'S OPINIONS

The World will gladly print under this heading any letters written by our readers, dealing with current topics. As space is limited they must not be longer than 200 words and written on one side of the paper only.

## NIAGARA COMMISSION.

Editor World: The appointment of Hon. F. C. Biggs, minister of public works and highways, to the Queen Victoria Niagara Falls park commission may be accepted as indicating that the government of Ontario takes an active interest in the Niagara park and boulevard system, and that it will freely back the development of that system as a great public playground for the use of the people of Ontario. Premier Drury and his colleagues have from the outset been warmly sympathetic towards the commission and its work.

I may take this opportunity of saying that the commission has ambitious plans under way. It wishes to make the best possible use of the 1,200 acres of park and boulevard areas under its jurisdiction. It proposes to make every yard of these areas available for the use of the public so that the men, women and children of Ontario may enjoy them to the full.

I wish to express the keen appreciation of the park commissioners for the co-operation afforded by Sir Adam Beck in arranging for the full illumination of the Horseshoe Falls. As a result of this action by the chairman of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission the whole Canadian cataract is nightly flooded with light from the power house at the bottom of the gorge and from Table Rock. The result is a spectacle thus furnished every evening is certainly worth a long journey to Niagara Falls. The work of illumination is cleverly carried out, and the source of the light is not discernible. The great cataract thus appears to radiate its own light.

I wish to thank the newspapers for the generous support which they are giving the Niagara Falls park commission. The press is rendering the commission and the public a great service by drawing the attention of the people to one of the great public owned playgrounds of this continent. Permit me to mention, incidentally, two or three small facts which illustrate the manner in which the commissioners are trying to serve the public. The Fountain Pond in Queen Victoria Park has lately been stocked with goldfish of several different and beautiful varieties. This new attraction is drawing a great many young people and their parents to this part of the park.

It is certainly worthy of mention that in these days of high living costs the commission provides picnicking facilities at 30 cents per quart, this price including jugs, cups, cream and sugar.

Thanking you in advance for giving this communication space in your columns, I am,

Yours sincerely,  
P. W. Ellis.

## A WASTE OF TIME

Editor World: I wish to protest against the needless delay imposed upon excursionists at Queenston dock on the Niagara river. On disembarking from the steamship, they are asked to stand in line before boarding the electric cars for Queenston Heights and points beyond. In many cases, the excursionists have at their disposal only a few minutes. If they wish to spend that time picnicking at the foot of Brock's monument, they should not be compelled to waste



half an hour in front of a ticket booth.

For myself, I have lately dispensed with the ticket booth altogether. I go direct from the boat to the electric car and pay my fare to the conductor when he comes along. He cannot refuse to accept fares thus tendered. My advice to the public is to follow my example.

M. L. W.  
Toronto, Aug. 10, 1920.

## NOT TO SEE MOTHER BUT MAKE SPEECHES

(Continued from Page 1.)  
he continued, "It shows to what a panic condition the government has been reduced."

Archbishop Mannix denied the report published in London that he had stated the primary purpose of his visit to Ireland was to see his 30-year-old mother.

"Of course, I want to tell the Irish people what the Australians are doing. Americans think of their cause and that's the reason the British government prevented me from going," said the archbishop.

Father Vaughan, describing the voyage from New York, said it was uneventful until the destroyers arrived, except that one day there was a rumor on the ship that parts of three airplanes had been found in the cabin of Archbishop Mannix.

"The rumor," he added, "soon subsided, but not until many people had a lot of fun out of it."

Further details of the circumstances surrounding the arrival on the Baltic of the naval officer and the Scotland Yard men and the subsequent removal of the archbishop were learned today.

Most of the passengers on the Baltic had remained up late to watch the destroyers hovering about the vessel. About four in the morning a small boat with an officer from one of the destroyers and two plainclothes Scotland Yard men aboard, approached the Baltic and climbed aboard.

The trio soon found Archbishop Mannix on the deck. The officer presented orders forbidding him to go to three English cities mentioned.

"How can I conform, as the boat only touched at Liverpool?" inquired the archbishop.

"You must leave the ship," said the officer.

"I desire to leave the ship except under compulsion," declared the archbishop, whereupon the officer laid his hand on the prelate's shoulder, technically placing him under arrest.

Father Vaughan's request that he be allowed to accompany Archbishop Mannix was cheerfully granted.

Both of them with their luggage were put into the small boat and proceeded immediately for the destroyer, which headed for Penzance.

## WORLD'S DAILY BRAIN TEST

BY SAM LOYD.

11 Minutes to Answer This.  
No. 269.

Insert a word in the first blank space which, with the first letter omitted, can be placed in the second space:

The cannibal told the missionary that his wife looked so — she was fit to —  
Our — thought the water was too deep for the horses to wade thru the —  
Madam, you should understand that when you sold, what was — became —  
The gate was held — for the prisoners to enter, then the — was closed for the night.  
When one goes to the — nothing is — than that he is financially going to the dogs.  
Answer to No. 268.  
If the odds are 7 to 3 against Apple Pie, then we receive back \$10 for an outlay of \$3; or would get back \$11 for outlay of \$5 on Bumble Bee. Therefore to balance the book we must place \$27 to \$33 on Cucumber, as proven by the following: \$38 on A would bring \$110, or \$50 on B would bring \$110, and \$27 to \$33 on C would bring \$110. So if you place \$33, \$50 and \$27, which amounts to \$110, no matter which horse wins you just get your \$110 back.

(Copyright, 1919, by Sam Loyd).

## POLICE CHASE FOR MURDER SUSPECT

No Real Clue Yet to Fiend Who Killed the Boy, Philip Goldberg.

A well organized man hunt took place yesterday afternoon in the Humber valley, from Casselman avenue to Bloor street, the quarry being a man believed to be connected with either the murder of Philip Goldberg or the assault on the sainted Saturday afternoon upon two young girls in High Park.

Fifty citizens of Lambton Mills assisted in the chase under the guidance of Detective Inspector Guthrie, Detectives Wickett and Carter, Detectives McMahon and Elliott, three constables from No. 3 police district and County Constable King. The man is reported to have worn a blue suit and dark cap, was a thin man of medium height and between 25 or 30 years of age, wearing white running shoes.

After an exciting chase he disappeared into the huge swamps in the vicinity of Lambton Mills.

No further arrests in the case have so far taken place, but the police are making every possible effort to apprehend the perpetrator of the dastardly crime.

## DECLINES TO JOIN ALLIED CONFERENCE

(Continued from Page 1.)

of the allied powers to bring about a peaceful solution of the present difficulties in Europe, and will support any justifiable steps to that end. It cannot see, however, that a recognition of the Soviet regime would promote this object.

"Without any desire to interfere in the internal affairs of the Russian people, or to suggest that kind of government they should have, the government of the United States does express the hope that they will soon find a way to set up a government representing their free will and purpose. When that time comes the United States will consider the measure of practical assistance which can be taken to promote the restoration of Russia, provided Russia has not taken herself wholly out of the pale of the friendly relations of other nations by the pillage and oppression of the Poles."

The Bolsheviks of Russia, the note continues, have made it quite plain that they are very existence depends on revolutions in other countries, they intend to use every means in their power to bring about the overthrow of the United States, therefore, cannot find any common ground with a power whose conceptions of international relations are so entirely alien to its own and so utterly repugnant to the moral sense. "We cannot recognize, hold official relations with, or give friendly reception to the agents of a government which is determined and bound to conspire against our institutions; whose diplomats will be the agitators of dangerous revolt; whose spokesmen say that they sign agreements with no intention of keeping them."

What U. S. Would Require.  
To summarize the position of this government, I would say, therefore, that it would regard with satisfaction a declaration by the allied and associated powers that the territorial integrity and true boundaries of Russia shall be respected. These boundaries should properly include the whole of the former Russian Empire, with the exception of Finland proper, ethnic Poland, and such territory as may by agreement, form a part of the Armenian state. The aspirations of these nations for independence are legitimate. Each was forcibly annexed and their liberation from oppressive alien rule involves no aggression against Russia's territorial rights, and has received the sanction of the public opinion of all free peoples.

Such a declaration presupposes the withdrawal of all foreign troops from the territory embraced by these boundaries, and in the opinion of this government, should be accompanied by

the announcement that no transgression by Poland, Finland, or any other power of the line so drawn and proclaimed will be permitted.

## Has Support of Government.

"Thus only can the Bolshevik regime be deprived of its false but effective appeal to Russian Nationalism, and compelled to meet the inevitable challenge of reason and self-respect which the Russian people, secure from invasion and territorial violation, are sure to address to a social philosophy that degrades them and a tyranny that oppresses them."

"The policy herein outlined will command the support of this government."

The note is signed by Bainbridge Colby, secretary of state.

## Convenient Train Service to Montreal and Ottawa from Toronto

"Yonge St. Station."  
Toronto "Yonge St. Station" is situated in the heart of the great residential section, and is reached from downtown by the Yonge street cars. Excellent train with sleeping cars for Montreal and Ottawa leaves 9:30 p.m. daily, except Saturday. Further particulars from Canadian Pacific ticket agents.

## ALLEGED PICKPOCKET DEALT SWIFT JUSTICE

Montreal, Aug. 10.—Swift justice was dealt out today to David Alpert, 27 years old, who claimed to come from Boston, Mass., and who was charged with the theft of a pocket-book from the person of Harry Hyson of Regina of the Canadian Mounted Police. Alpert was arrested this morning early, arraigned and heard in enquete and will be heard in voluntary statement and tried tomorrow.

## For the Picnic

Whether your canoe floats idly past the river's shady banks; your sail boat bends to the fresh lake breezes; or whether your motor carries you to cool, sweet-scented woods,—the picnic is perfect only if you have remembered to take along enough O'Keefe's Dry Ginger Ale for everybody.

Delicious and refreshing, nothing else satisfies thirst on a Summer day; like the O.K. Ginger Ale and other O.K. soft drinks such as,

Belfast Ginger Ale  
Ginger Beer  
Lemon Soda  
Special Soda

Orangeade  
Cream Soda  
Sarsaparilla  
Cola, etc., etc.

Sold by all grocers and at restaurants, cafes and hotels

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GINGER ALE  
TORONTO

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## JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

By JACKSON GREGORY.

## PLAYING THE GAME.

CHAPTER XXII.  
Pollock Hampton, foreman-at-large, came and went on the ranch, carrying orders, taking always a keen interest in whatever work fell to hand, an interest of a fresh kind, in that it was born of a growing understanding. The men grew to like him; Bud Lee tactfully sought to acquaint him with many ranch matters which would prove of value to him. Carson, however, grown nervous over the new method in stock-raising still in its experimental stage, was given to take any suggestion from Hampton in the light of a personal affront.

"Damn him!" he growled deep in his throat when Hampton had ridden out with word to shift one of the herds into a fresh pasture, an act on which Carson had already decided, "some damn fool!"

The greater bulk of the stock had been steadily shifted higher in the hills. The hogs grazed on the slopes at the north of the Lower End; cattle and horses had been pushed eastward to the little valleys in the mountains about the lake. Even the plateau where the old cabin stood, was now stocked with Lee's prize string of horses. Then one day Hampton came galloping thru the herds of shorthorns, seeking Carson.

"Crowd them down to the lower end again," he shouted above the din. "Cut out the scrawny ones and haze the rest into the pens."

Carson's steel-blue eyes snapped, his teeth showed like a dog's. "What's eating you?"

"Do as you're told," retorted Hampton hotly. "Those are orders from headquarters and it's up to you to obey them. Get me?"

"If ever I do get you, sonny," grunted Carson, "there won't be enough of you left for the dogs to quarrel over. Orders or no orders, I ain't going to do no such fool thing."

Hampton reined his horse in closely staring frowningly at the old cattleman. The purplish color of rage mounted in Carson's tanned cheeks.

"You'll do what you're told or go get your time," he announced tersely. "We've got an order for five hundred beef cows and we're selling immediately."

Carson's jaw dropped. "What?" he demanded, not quite believing his ears. "Say that again, will you?"

"I said it once," retorted Hampton. "Now get busy."

"Who are we selling to? I ain't heard about it."

"An oversight, my dear Mr. Carson," laughed Hampton, his own anger risen. "Quite an oversight that you were not consulted. We are selling to Doan, Rockwell & Haigh. Ever heard of them?"

"Who says we're selling?"

"I say so. And, if you've got to have all the news, Miss Sanford says so."

"She does, does she? Hm-m?" said Lee, looking at him. "What's that?"

"Really, does that concern you? If the price suits me and Miss Sanford, who own the stock, does it in any way affect you? I don't want to quarrel with you, Carson, and I do appreciate that you are a good man in your way. But just because you have worked here a long time, don't make the mistake of thinking that you own the ranch."

With that he whirled his horse and

was gone. Carson, with puckered brows, stared after him.

But orders were orders, and Carson, the heart was sore, barked out his commands to his herders to turn the cattle back toward the lower fields. He had been converted to the new way, he had grown to dream of the fat prices his cow brutes would fetch in the winter market, he knew that prices now were rock-bottom low, that Doan, Rockwell & Haigh were close buyers, who before now had cut the throat of the Blue Lake ranch in sacrifice sales when Bayne Trevors ran the outfit.

Being standing to lose thousands of dollars, he told himself in disgust. "All we've spent on irrigation an' fences an' silos an' ditches, all gone to heck in a hand-basket. Not counting thousands of more dollars lost in selling at what we can get this time of year. It makes me sick, damn throwin'—up sick."

Being down a long, winding trail, out thru a patch of chaparral into a rocky gorge, Hampton turned east again toward the higher plateau. Taking the roundabout way which led from the far side of the lake and along the flank of the mountain to the table-land, he came to a scattering band of horses and Tommy Burditt, who had been pushed eastward by the new plan.

"Where's Lee?" called Hampton. Burditt grinned at him by way of greeting, and then pointed across the plateau to a ravine leading to a still higher, smaller, shut-in valley. Hampton galloped on, and a quarter of an hour later came up with Lee. The horse foreman was sitting still in his saddle, his eyes taking stock of a fresh lot of pasture into which he planned turning his horses a little later. It was one of a dozen small meadows on the mountain crests where the canon walls widened out into a half-mile long, where there was much rich grass.

"Hello, Hampton," called Lee pleasantly. "Those are orders from headquarters, aren't they?"

"The perspiration streaming down Hampton's face had in no way dampened his ardor.

"Big doings," he cried warmly. "We are cutting loose. Bud, at last, and piling up the shining ducats! You're to gather up a hundred of the most likely cayuses you've got and shove them down to the Lower End. We're selling pretty heavily to Doan, Rockwell & Haigh."

A new flicker came into Lee's eyes. They went hard as polished agate.

"I didn't quite get you, Hampton," he said softly. "You say we're selling a hundred horses? Now?"

Hampton nodded, understanding nothing of what lay in Lee's heart. "On the jump, just as fast as we can get them on the run," he said, unprompted. "Judith wanted me to tell you."

"His eyes," answered Lee slowly. "His eyes left Hampton's flushed face and went to the distant cliffs. It was no way of Bud Lee's to hide his eyes from a man, and yet now he did hide them. He did not want Hampton to see what they showed so plainly in spite of his attempt to master his emotion. He was hurt. Long ago he had offended Judith, and she had waited until now to repay his rude insult with this cool bit of slap in the face. She had not consulted him, and now she sent Hampton and did not even come to him with a word of explanation. It was quite as if she had said:

"You are just a servant of mine, like the rest. Bud Lee, and I treat you accordingly."

Continued Tomorrow Morning.