

RAILWAY UNION NOT VOTE TO QUIT

Simply Yielded to Ho-
pirt, Says Alderman
Gibbons.

Street Railwaymen's Union
and in the decision of the
the employ of the Toronto
to take a day off," said
Joe Gibbons, business
the union, last night. "The
to the unions, and I suppose
it they would celebrate
when they discovered all
fete," added the alderman.
vinced, too, that their ex-
that day of false rumors
street cars were bombarded
climbed atop to see the
delicate traffic generally,
inductors and movement to
it would prove unduly
work to operate street cars

use to celebrate the occa-
with every other class of
the only reason Control-
could give for the lack of
the civic employees were
unjustly placed, and the
lines were kept in oper-
ing to the statement of P.
assistant manager of the
street railway. The car-
battered yesterday owing
not turning up.
venue road, Yonge and
cars ran for a few trips in
morning, but the crowd
and joined in the gen-
rejoicing.

CELEBRATES NEWS.

Nov. 11.—Bathed in the
sun, draped in gay bunting
age of the allies floating
reeze, Quebec woke up to-
news that the war was
new editions of the papers
the tidings, while thou-
people forgot that there was
is business. The streets
capital were crowded with
monster parade was held

LEND MORE

BONDS AND CHEERS GO HAND IN HAND

Toronto Celebrates Peace
News by Investing in
Victory Loan.

BOUGHT TO THE LIMIT

Several Big Individual Sub-
scribers Help Swell
Total Receipts.

Victory Loan Total to Noon	
Toronto	\$1,166,050
Ontario	153,885,350
Canada	315,128,500
Toronto Summary:	
Forenoon's subscriptions:	
Canvassers	\$310,000
Specials	\$90,000
Saturday's totals:	
Canvassers	\$1,166,050
Specials	1,100,000
Previously reported:	
Canvassers	\$10,034,200
Specials	40,491,250
	50,425,450

Toronto grand total	
Ontario's Summary	\$62,511,500
Yesterday's returns (Toronto only)	\$10,000
Previously reported	150,323,400
Total	\$150,333,400
Other Provinces:	
British Columbia	\$17,006,300
Alberta	3,553,550
Saskatchewan	3,021,100
Manitoba	26,903,450
Quebec (outside Montreal)	14,040,300
New Brunswick	1,500,000
Nova Scotia	16,315,500
Prince Edward Island	977,700
Dominion total last year, same period	\$315,128,500
Ontario total last year, same period	101,126,800
Toronto total last year, same period	40,555,000

Do Rushing Business.
The last totals given out for the city were the ones compiled at noon yesterday, as the teams were doing such a rushing business in bond selling that they did not stop at 5 o'clock as usual, but kept right on selling bonds into the night. The result when totaled up today is expected to give some idea of Toronto's joy at the wonderful news of "peace with victory."

The crowds that were gathered at every possible corner of the downtown section were great hunting grounds for the salesmen, and the people were in just the proper happy spirit to buy bonds to the limit of their purses in some cases. Open wide was the heart of Toronto yesterday, and if ever the Queen City was in a free-handed mood it was the day that the happy news reached the citizens that the world war was ended and that peace was about to reign on the earth once more.

It was hopeless for the canvassers to attempt to do their regular routes in the residential parts of the city, for there was no one at home that could get up town, so the most of them concentrated their efforts on the crowds gathered in celebration up town.

There was no report yesterday at all from the employees' end of the campaign, as might be expected, as there were but few employees of any concern at work. Wednesday is to be employees' day, when the results from all firms and manufacturing plants or factories are expected to be in, so that

a statement may be issued on what the firms in Toronto have done for the Victory Loan. Sir Edmund Walker announced last night that the Equitable Life Insurance Co. had subscribed for one million dollars' worth of the Victory Loan thru the Canadian Bank of Commerce. The Toronto Carpet Manufacturing Co., Ltd., and the Barrymore Cloth Co. have subscribed for \$275,000 of the Victory Loan.

Montreal Gate Credit.
Sir Edmund Oiler, a Toronto director of the Canadian Pacific Railway, announced yesterday that he had made an effort to have the \$16,000,000 contribution of the C.P.R. split up so that a part would come to Toronto, but in view of the enormous number of places where the C.P.R. does business this was found to be impossible and Montreal had to be credited with the whole amount.

Victory Day proved a golden opportunity for the bond salesmen and they took every advantage of it. All afternoon, except when the parade was passing, a varied entertainment was going on near King and Yonge. A large motor truck carrying a piano occupied the centre of the street, and from this elevated spot, songs, dances and other vaudeville stunts took place. When the crowd was densest a bond salesman would come forward and pound into the ears of the mob the fact that all their joy was as nothing if the war were sold during the afternoon and as the day waned into twilight the program continued. Volunteer artists from the crowd amused the people between times and one dainty miss even offered kisses to bond buyers. Her offer stimulated sales considerably, and her rosy lips enriched the loan by \$3000. "It doesn't hurt me, but it hurts the Hun," she said laughingly.

The most critical period in the history of the Dominion finds Canada in a prosperous condition and her people with hands full of money to finance any scheme for the bringing home and taking care of the khaki-clad heroes who so joyfully welcomed the glad tidings of yesterday morning. Those who fought for the peace of the world must be cared for and transported safely to their native shores yet, even if the war is over, and in the midst of the joy of the cessation of hostilities the people of Canada must lend gladly and freely of the wealth gained during the times of prosperity.

Tomorrow has been designated by the Victory Loan committee as Employees' Day. J. W. Mitchell, chairman of the Toronto executive, makes this announcement and specially asks that employers working in co-operation with the employees' organization concentrate their efforts today and tomorrow in making the grand sweep of their firms, so that the largest possible amount of money may be subscribed and a spectacular result be announced on Thursday morning. "The executive feels that the efforts of the employees of Toronto will mean many millions for the loan," said Mr. Mitchell yesterday. "All district chairmen are being similarly urged to ensure the completion of the canvass or organization of the firms and employees within their territory. Only five days remain for the completion of the loan, and all efforts must be redoubled during that time if Toronto is to reach her new objective of \$100,000,000."

PUT IT OVER

RECIAT WAS POSTPONED.

Owing to conditions yesterday, the recital which was to have been given at the new Masonic Hall by Ernest Hutchison was postponed until Wednesday. The artist gives a recital to night at Convention Hall for the soldiers of the city.

PUT IT OVER

LIEUT. J. HODGSON DIES OF PNEUMONIA

Pte. W. V. Ramsay, Son of
Dr. Ramsay, Succumbs
to Illness.

Lieut. J. E. H. Hodgson, previously reported ill, is now reported to have died of pneumonia in London, England, while on leave. He was the son of the late J. E. Hodgson and Mrs. Belle Hodgson, 431 Brunswick avenue. He went overseas as paymaster of the 52nd Highlanders, but served at the front with the Princess Pats.

Pte. Wm. V. Ramsay, a returned soldier, son of Rev. Dr. Ramsay, 75 Ho-garth avenue, died in Plenty, Sask. He was formerly on active service at the front with the 5th University Company, Princess Pats. Two brothers are on overseas service.

A large motor truck carrying a piano occupied the centre of the street, and from this elevated spot, songs, dances and other vaudeville stunts took place. When the crowd was densest a bond salesman would come forward and pound into the ears of the mob the fact that all their joy was as nothing if the war were sold during the afternoon and as the day waned into twilight the program continued. Volunteer artists from the crowd amused the people between times and one dainty miss even offered kisses to bond buyers. Her offer stimulated sales considerably, and her rosy lips enriched the loan by \$3000. "It doesn't hurt me, but it hurts the Hun," she said laughingly.

SAVE THE BABY

THE CRY OVER BELGIUM.

The "maternity canteens" in occupied Belgium endeavor to improve as much as possible the food conditions for mothers and prospective mothers. Unfortunately, the value of the meals served in these canteens has decreased owing to the continual increase in the price of foodstuffs, and the diminution of help from individuals who are less and less able to divert anything from their own already scanty stores. The communes of Greater Brussels are trying to remedy this situation, and some of them have already granted the "maternity canteens" a subsidy of 40 centimes (8 cents) a meal.

The cry in Canada and America has long been "Save the baby," and if this be true here, then what must it be in Belgium, not only in the occupied regions, but the regions devastated by the hand of the German and now gradually being reclaimed by the allied armies? "Save the Belgian baby" is a cry that the people on this side of the Atlantic, whose homes and families know nothing of the horrors of war, might well heed, for should the cry of those suffering Belgian mothers and little children fall on deaf ears, their last state would truly be worse than their first, and their liberation an empty and useless thing.

Many Belgian families today are without a shelter of any kind, and even for their food they are dependent upon the charity of the other allied peoples, whose soldiers went to fight to right their wrongs, and if help is refused them now liberation will be worse than subjugation, and starvation shall be their portion. "They shall not pass," cried the French at Verdun. "They shall not starve" should be the cry of all who, through the four years of war, have known what it is to enjoy the comforts of home and who have never for one moment had to go hungry even for a day.

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help, and need it in the worst way. There is a specially appointed commission who are looking after the needs of the Belgian people, the Belgian Relief Commission, whose funds are all voluntary contributions and who know how and where money can be spent to the best advantage in Belgium to stave off further suffering. There may be a local committee in your locality, but if not, any donation you can give of your plenty may be sent to the central committee, 59 St. Peter street, Montreal, Que.

PUT IT OVER

POLAR EXPLORERS WERE MEN OF NOTE

Stefansson Expedition's Discover-
eries Should Prove of Value
to Science.

Despite many counter-attractions, a good-sized audience heard Vilhjalmur Stefansson at Massey Hall last night when he told something of his experiences during his five years of life in the Arctic regions. It was in May, 1913, that the noted explorer set out in charge of the expedition, which was financed by the Dominion Government. The importance of the undertaking was impressed on the audience by the statement that the men engaged were all scientific experts, and almost every country in the world had to be communicated with in order to get the men necessary. Three were obtained in Great Britain, one in Denmark, one in New Zealand, one in United States, and so on.

The specific work which the expedition was to try to accomplish was to explore 1,000,000 square miles north of Alaska and west of the known Canadian Islands. In carrying out the work there were six different vessels operating in different parts, but early in the first year one of the vessels—the Carlov—which carried much of the equipment and the men who were to do the work, was lost.

Dr. Stefansson gave an interesting account of the journey with dogs and sled and of the method of catching the seal, upon which during a good deal of the time the food of the party depended. When food was just sufficient to cover 50 days, the men consented to travel 50 days and then return. They also asked \$25 a day on account of the risk. The speaker recalled the time in 1914 when it was thought the expedition was lost, when in the house Mr. Oliver inquired about the men of the expedition, and Mr. Hazen declared there was no chance of their being alive.

The three things of importance to the Polar Sea, said Dr. Stefansson, were the questions of food, sufficient clothing and houses, just as in Canada. One of the most interesting parts of the address was that which told of the making of the snow-house, which, when properly built, is warm and comfortable, the temperature being 50 or 60 degrees Fahrenheit. The men when living in these houses removed their outer garments in the porch and before going into their sleeping bags took off their underwear. Among the things done during the expedition was that of traveling 2000 miles in 156 days, living meanwhile on what they shot. They traveled were thrown on the screen. The sled to the North Pole.

Pictures of the Esquimaux and the regions thru which the expedition traveled were thrown on a nite screen. The Esquimaux were described as contented, knowing nothing but their own life, and greatly reduced by the process of civilization and the diseases which in their case had followed.

LEND MORE

PEACE

Flow, flag, in the soft wind; blow, bugle, blow;
The day we dreamed of through the years is here.
Lowered is Mars' red spear;
And the shot-peopled air,
Tired of the wild trumpet's blare,
Tired of the upturned, glassy eyes of men,
Is quiet again.
Discord has fled with her gigantic peals,
And, at her heels,
Walks the old silence of the long ago.
Flow, flag, in the soft wind; blow, bugles, blow.

The upturned faces of the world today
Are like the laughing waves of a sea in May.
Tears are a lost art of a hateful dream;
Laughter is King, is King.
Blow, bugles, blow; let the wild sirens scream,
Let the mad music ring,
Until the very flowers shall nod and sing.
I hear the lusty cheers of youth whose years
Were blown to the crag's black edge;
I see the Hours quaff up a mother's tears
As the sun drinks dew upon a Devon hedge.
No more shall the sad wires transmit the dose
That gnaws into the soul.
And that vast company we call the dead
Shall know the flag of Peace flies overhead
Because of the new lightness of our tread.

In Flanders now the birds find their first wonder
Since that loud August thunder
That shattered the blue skies like broken glass.
The wonder now is that the thing is dead
That passed, with crimson tread,
Over the silken floor of fragrant grass—
The screaming, blatant woe
That turned his plowshare in the flowers and sowed,
By the quiet, dreaming road,
His crop of gleaming crosses, row on row.
Flow, flag, in the soft wind; blow, bugles, blow.

Like as a river dries up in the light
Our tears have blown to vapor.
The airplanes drop down in their droning flight
Like floating paper.
The gun that camouflaged her brutal throat
In Bourlon's thicket
Shall dream tonight in wonder at the note
Of some lone cricket.
And, where a maddened cuirassier grew gory
In that wild, sudden clash of yesterday,
Some docile, blue-eyed youth will sing a story
And laughing, dancing children's feet will play.

The world is blown with color like a flower
In this triumphant hour.
The great procession grows, their shining feet
Sandalled with dewy peace.
I watch them passing up the city street;
Gaining on life a new and wondrous lease.
Old men who pick up life like a broken rose
Which they had thrown away;
Old women who unwind their temple snows
And comb them up for a new holiday;
Young maidens, all their spirits like the flow
Of the new melted snow;
Flow, flag, in the soft wind; blow, bugles, blow.

This that we hear is but a shining drop
In the glad sea of mirth.
The tide flows round the world and will not stop
Until it brims the earth.
The Bedouin Arab now invites his dance
Where the sandstorms croon;
And a mad company in lilting France
Unwind a rigadoun.
Down a soft English lane
Wild, happy, blue-eyed children chase the rain.
They wrap their throats in song from Maine to where
The Golden Gate unwinds her mist of hair.
One grief alone we have; blow, bugle, blow;
The crosses stand in Flanders, row on row.
They shall not watch with us tonight nor fare
On our bright bugle's blare.

Flow, flag, in the soft wind; blow, bugles, blow;
And then tonight, when all the lights are dim,
Let us pour out our thanks in praise to Him
Who gave the peace we know.

Toronto, November 7, 1918.

WILSON MACDONALD.

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