

The Toronto World

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FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 21.

Premier Drury, His Old Friends and His New Lights.

The Globe and The Star are busy sewing the shroud and preparing for the funeral of the Liberal party. As between E. C. Drury and Hartley Dewart, both journals are strong for Drury. The Star has long given the Drury government consistent and unwavering support. For months a Star reporter hovered every week-end over Crown Hill, eager to seize the pearls beyond price that might fall from the premier's lips. With uncovered head he stood while Mr. Drury got between the handles of the plow to think. The Globe, on the other hand (frankly detesting Mr. Dewart and by Mr. Dewart as frankly detested), did not worship without ceasing at the Drury shrine. It complained of the run-running on the Detroit frontier, it slapped Mr. Drury's wrist, the playfully, over the Backus deal. It assumed the role of a candid friend.

Of late, however, no camouflage is attempted. The Globe and The Star are supporting Mr. Drury and will formally join the Farmers' party as soon as it is re-christened with a more becoming name. No wonder the leaders of the Farmers' party are dismayed at the prospect. These new recruits are apparently looked upon as Jonahs, and the practical politicians in the Farmers' party will not have them at any price.

Our journalistic neighbors during the past four years have been dancing the political Lancers in a most enlivening way. It has been a "grand right and left, change your partner, swing the lady, back to your partner, change again and swing the lady." They were Liberals, then Unionists, then Liberals again and now U.P.O. How many Liberals they carried over to Sir Robert Borden in 1917 is problematical. How many they took away from him in 1920 is even more problematical. How many will follow them into the Farmers' party remains to be seen. Our own impression is that there are a good many more Liberals in Ontario, and even in Toronto than people suspect. They are perforce inarticulate, The Globe and The Star do not speak for them. That the Farmers' party will eventually swallow the Liberal party no unbiased observer can doubt, but the Farmers may take over the firm name of the defunct party together with the other assets. The forces leading to this end are as irresistible as those which enabled the newly-created Republican party in the United States to swallow bodily in a year or two every other opposition party or group. What Mr. Drury has in mind will be accomplished, but not in his way. The tide will carry him without any exertion on his part to the landing place he has in view. The Globe and Star cannot impel any more than they can retard that incoming tide. Hence Mr. Drury's oldest and best friends are trying to save him from the "new lights." They complain that "a body of designing and unscrupulous men by their wily syncretism and blandishments have secured the premier's ear."

Why the Delay in Absorbing the Grand Trunk Into the National Railway System?

The disastrous railway policy of this country, with its burden of debt and over-construction, was due almost solely to the failure of the Laurier government to compel the amalgamation of the Canadian Northern with the Grand Trunk Railway system. In 1906, when the contracts were let for the construction of the National Transcontinental, the Canadian Northern was firmly established in the prairie provinces, while the Grand Trunk fairly girdled Ontario and a considerable portion of Quebec. The two railways brought into one system would have been a powerful competitor to the Canadian Pacific after it had constructed, with government aid, a line between North Bay and Port Arthur and a line from Edmonton to Vancouver. As it was, two enormously expensive lines were constructed thru the regions north of Lake Superior and two more across the mountains. A lot of money was spent without greatly changing the situation. The Grand Trunk continued to be the main road in Eastern Canada with a long, snakelike, branchlike extension from Winnipeg to Prince Rupert, and the Canadian Northern continued to be a big system in the west, with a spearlike projection into eastern Canada.

When the Dominion government took over the Canadian Northern it had no choice but to proceed and take over the Grand Trunk. It is now in a position to make the two roads into one system and give the Canadian Pacific real competition.



MR. DRURY: "I have been thinking, dear lady, that since we have so many ideas in common, there is really no reason why we should not prove the old adage that two can get along so much better than one."

Why, then, should there be any delay in co-ordinating and amalgamating the National Railways with the old Grand Trunk? True, arbitrators have to fix the amount of money to be paid by the government, but it cannot exceed a certain sum, and that sum the government is prepared to pay. Why, then, does it not take over the old Grand Trunk, root and branch, and merge it into the national system? If any more legislation is needed that legislation can be secured in a few weeks from parliament. The delay is dangerous, because government ownership and operation of railways will not have a fair chance until the Grand Trunk is so co-ordinated with the National Railways that the management can give the better service and better rates to which the public are entitled.

The Cost of Street Widenings.

In view of the fact that street widenings and street openings may be quite frequent with the reorganization of the city street car service. The World again adverts to the question, and suggests that a new and up-to-date method be undertaken in these projects so that there be no further piling up of big debenture debts for such works. The old method of putting out debentures for 10 or 20 years for the entire improvement should be discarded. Portions of any properties taken in a street widening have to be paid for if damage is shown, but the balance of the property left ought to pay its entire share of the improvement out of the award, and when the award is paid. Owners of properties in the past have secured big wads of money for supposed damages, and have then left the city to collect the amount thru a long period of years. Often the original owner has got his cost out for the street widening or opening, then sold his holding at a high price and left the unsuspecting buyer to foot the bill. Legislation should be sought at the present session to make owners commute their share of the award at the time the improvement is done. Premier Drury will not take long to see, the point.

Remark in Passing.

During 1920, Great Britain reduced her national debt by 247 million pounds. No other country in the world can show anything like that record.

Our idea of an optimist is seen in "Fussfoot" Johnson, who says Scotland will yet go dry.

Mayor Church is back on the job filled with vim and vigor stored up during a few days' rest. They say at the city hall they'd hate to have him around after a month so spent.

The way the days are lengthening out reminds us that we shall soon have to face that question of daylight saving.

D'Annunzio says he will hereafter keep out of political affairs. At the same time if he had kept to the trade as a poet the world would hardly have heard of him.

BROMPTON PULP CO. DECLARES DIVIDEND

Montreal, Jan. 20.—The Brompton Pulp and Paper Company held its annual meeting here this afternoon and the regular quarterly dividend at the rate of seven per cent, was declared payable. The financial statement showed earnings after expenses and taxes of \$1,853,538, carrying forward \$676,886. President, in his address said that the earnings shown represent only those of the parent company and the subsidiaries at Claremont and Groveton, in the United States, ended their fiscal year December 31, but their combined earnings, would, he said, equal those of the parent company.

The board of directors was re-elected without change.

COUPLE DIE OF PNEUMONIA. Brockville, Ont., Jan. 20.—On Tuesday Samuel Halfpenny, a gardener, died of pneumonia. Yesterday his wife was carried off by the same disease. The funeral today was a double one.

OTHER PEOPLE'S OPINIONS

The World will gladly print under this head 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.

TORONTO BOTANICAL GARDENS.

Editor World: May I, on behalf of the professional florists and gardeners of the country, voice an appeal for the proposed Toronto botanical gardens? I do so as a modest official of the only national organization of its kind in the Dominion, The Canadian Florists and Gardeners' Association, the members of which feel acutely the need for increased educational facilities for horticulture to develop as it deserves.

Right up to the present time horticultural workers have been largely imported. Trained men are more than ever needed just now, in view of the real necessity for taking over place in the movement for restoring the balance of trade. Less importing and more home production are easily possible if the situation is properly appreciated and approached. Horticultural imports dwarfed and no serious attempt was made to make up the deficit. Imports are now jumping up again, this only adding to the already too heavy balance on the wrong side.

To say in any degree abreast of his work the horticulturist must always be a student, and it is humiliating to have to say that the horticulturist has fewer facilities and less encouragement than any other class of worker. We do not under value the work of the experimental farmer or the colleges, but their plant and equipment for real horticultural training cannot possibly equal those of the city and grapple with the condition.

It is gratifying to know that the departments are sympathetic and it is hoped to secure some tangible assistance in the near future. The botanical gardens would be a real step forward on behalf of the members of the association for whom I am entitled to speak. I make an appeal for full and enthusiastic support. The need is urgent.

To say that the horticulturist is a viewpoint. It is urgent, too, for the sake of that scientific research in plant physiology, plant pathology and entomology, so vitally important to the future development of horticulture. And in view of the fact that horticulture is a mittedly the handmaiden of civilization and culture, it is surely not too much to ask that the man who fills up his life with this work shall be given a chance to fit himself for an occupation that is absolutely essential to the welfare and prosperity of this great Dominion.

W. E. Groves, President Canadian Florists and Gardeners' Association, Hamilton, Ont.

FARRELL EXCUSES CLASH AT MATTICE

(Continued From Page 1.)

camp and when he did lie down towards morning, he was unable to sleep.

The party was met five or six miles from Mattice by a party of motion picture photographers, he testified. Kloor and Hinton accepted an invitation to ride into Mattice on the photographers' sled. Farrell said he stayed with the two Indians who had piloted them from Moose Factory and trudged into Mattice after the others.

He Was All In.

When he reached the camp, Farrell said that he was absolutely "dog tired," but movie men continued to bother them.

"I smiled for them, smoked cigarettes for them and did everything they asked to please them, and was all in when they got thru with me," he added.

He said he accepted an invitation of a Hudson Bay Company man to go to his room and have tea. While in the room, hearing to a man's mother to prepare food, Farrell said the room began filling with men who began questioning him.

The questioning seemed to drive me wild," he said. "It worried me. I seemed to be fast losing my sense of reasoning power. I remember one of them telling me about things published about me in the newspapers. I seemed to get all excited. I was shaking all over the place. When the Hudson Bay man took me to the company's store and then the private car I seemed to be 'dopey,' 'dog tired' and 'all in.' I could not sleep when I laid down. I scarcely remember seeing Hinton, and I was going 'nutty'."

At this point Farrell said he did not remember the incident with Lieut. Hinton.

"Kloor told me I had better apologize to Hinton," he said, "and I did so. Lieut. Hinton and I had always been good friends before the incident, and have been since."

WILL EXACT FULL DEBT FROM GERMANY

(Continued From Page 1.)

gessor, in contrast with the ruin of the victorious people would be a challenge France could not tolerate.

Verailles. To this end, the composition of the ministry, and some referred to the antagonism shown by M. Briand to the working class.

Ministerial Declaration.

"We have a treaty of peace with Germany," the ministerial declaration read, "but we have not real peace as yet—a peace which will solidly establish France's essential rights and assure her security. We shall obtain that security only if Germany is disarmed. That is for us the vital question, marking out for the government its first and most sacred duty. We shall not fail in it."

Reparations come next in the government program. On this the declaration says:

"The reconstitution of our ravaged soil, our destroyed industries and the equilibrium of our finances are possible only if Germany executes the reparations clauses of the treaty of Versailles. And our allies will give us their support."

Unless the frightful inquiry of war is repaired, a resumption of normal relations and commercial exchanges will remain impossible.

The declaration points out that none of Germany's factories was destroyed, that its forces of production remain intact and that even the conditions of exchange which defeat inflicted upon her open the widest hopes for her commercial expansion.

Germany's prompt economic revival is foreseen, and the declaration says any idea of deprecating or obstructing it is far from the thoughts of the government.

"But," it is added, "prosperity of the aggressor coming after her defeat, in contrast with the ruin of the victorious people, would be, according to the most elementary morality, a challenge France cannot accept. We have the force, and would be able to use it if necessary, to impose respect for all the undertakings signed by republican France, to ensure peace and it is in peace she wants to bring Germany to execute the obligations she has accepted."

Confidence in Britain.

The declaration expresses confidence that Britain will aid all she can to arrive at an understanding between the victors and the vanquished, and to the settlement of all questions concerning peace now in suspense.

Mention is made of the military accord with Belgium, which, the declaration says, was a "disputable" and "indisputable" fact, and which despite the dissimilarity in economic resources led to economic standing equally desired on both sides of the frontier.

The principal points of the program are reduction of the military service, reduction of the military force of France so long as Europe still is unpeopled, reduction of expenditures, reduction of the financial burden, reduction, intensification of reconstruction and indulgence toward the working classes.

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The Toronto World's THE RED SEAL Weekly Novel

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By NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN.

Continued from Yesterday's World.

Kent handed his cane and hat to the footman and followed Colonel McIntyre, who stalked ahead without another word. As they mounted the stairs Kent saw a folded paper which he still held, and was surprised to see that he had unintentionally walked off with Mrs. Brewster's cheque. His decision to hand it to Colonel McIntyre was checked by the colonel disappearing inside a bedroom, with a muttered injunction to "wait there," and Kent stuffed the cheque inside his vest pocket. It would serve as an excuse to interview Mrs. Brewster again before leaving the house.

When Colonel McIntyre reappeared in the hall he was accompanied by Detective Ferguson.

"Try to keep your standing, Kent," he said. "I have sent for you and Ferguson, first because Grimes insists on seeing you, and second, because I am determined that this midnight house-breaking shall be thoroughly investigated and put at rest. This way."

Grimes, with his head swathed in bandages, was a wee-begone object. He greeted Colonel McIntyre and the detective with a sullen glare, but his eyes brightened at sight of Kent, and he moved a feeble hand in welcome.

"Sit down, sir," he mumbled. "There's chairs for all." "Don't worry about us," remarked McIntyre cheerily. "Just tell us how you got that nasty knock on the head."

"I dunno, sir, it came like a clap of thunder."

"What hour of the morning was it?" asked Ferguson.

"About one o'clock, as near as I can tell, sir."

"And what were you doing in the library at that hour, Grimes?" demanded McIntyre.

"I was to find out what your household was up to, sir," was Grimes' unexpected answer, and McIntyre started. "Explain your meaning, Grimes," he commanded sternly.

"I dunno, sir, but I can, sir," retorted Grimes. "You know the reason every one's searching the room with this light?"

"Grimes means the library," McIntyre's tone was short. "I have no idea, sir, what your allegations mean. Be more explicit."

The butler eyed him in no friendly fashion. "Want me to turnbull exposed in that very room?" he demanded. "And what was he looking for?"

"Turnbull's presence has been explained," replied McIntyre. "He came here disguised as a burglar on a wager with his daughter, Miss Barbara."

"Ah, did he now?" Grimes' rising indignation indicated nervous tension. "Did you let him in?"

"The dead of night for nothing but that foolshness?" Grimes glared at his three visitors. "You bet he didn't."

Ferguson, who had followed the dialogue with McIntyre and his servant with deep attention, addressed the excited man.

"Why did Mr. Turnbull enter Colonel McIntyre's library on Monday night, disguised as a burglar?" he asked.

Grimes, by a twist of his head, managed to regard the detective out of the corner of his eye.

"That's why I went to the library last night to find out."

"Did you find anything?"

The question shot from McIntyre, and both Ferguson and Kent watched him as they waited for Grimes' reply.

"No, sir."

The detective turned to Colonel McIntyre. "Why did Mr. Turnbull enter your search the house?" he inquired.

"Yes, the patrolman, O'Ryan, and my new doorman, Murray, went with me thru the entire house, and we found all doors and windows to the front and rear of the house securely locked. I responded McIntyre; "except the window of the reception room on the ground floor. That was closed, but unlatched."

at the body; a cleverly concealed door covers this opening. In fact," added McIntyre, "the door at the end is not first discernible, and is hard to open, unless one has the knack of doing so."

"Hunt! It looks as if whoever put Grimes inside the casket, was familiar with it," remarked Ferguson dryly, and McIntyre bit his lip. "Guess I'll go and take a look at the casket. It'll come back, Grimes."

Kent rose with the others, and started to follow them to the door, but Grimes beckoned him to approach the bed.

"I was only going to say, sir," he whispered, as Kent, at a sign from him, stooped over the bed. "I got a box of scintillate pills for Mrs. Brewster on Sunday—the stuff that poisoned Mr. Turnbull," he paused to explain, and McIntyre nodded. "You gave it to Mrs. Brewster?"

"No, sir, I didn't. I left the box on the hall table," Grimes cleared his throat nervously. "I dunno who picked up that box of poison, Mr. Kent; so help me God."

Kent thought, "Have you told anyone of this?" he asked.

Grimes nodded. "Only one person," he admitted. "I spoke to Miss Barbara last night as she was going to bed. Grimes laid a hot hand on Kent's and glanced fearfully around the room. Bend near—er, sir, I don't want none of other to hear me. Just before I got that knockout blow in the library last night, I heard the swish of skirts—and Miss Barbara was the only living person who knew I knew about the poison."

Kent stared in stupefaction at the butler. He was aroused by a cold voice from the doorway.

"We are waiting for you, Kent," and Colonel McIntyre stood aside to let him pass from the room ahead of him, then without a backward glance at the injured butler, he closed and locked the bedroom door.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Fatal Period.

AS KENT walked into the library he found Colonel McIntyre by his side; the latter's even breathing gave no indication of the haste he had made down the staircase to catch up with Kent.

Detective Ferguson, who had noted his arrival, his attention being given wholly to the examination of the Venetian casket which had played such an important part in the drama of the night before. The casket and its companion piece stood on each side of the room, near a window recess.

Kent crossed the library and, after looking inside the casket, examined the exterior with care.

"Don't touch that crest," cautioned Ferguson. "Observing that Kent's glance remained focused on the blood-stained, the 'B' for the engraver's mark, and he raised his hand, as if to touch the crest. "In fact, don't touch any part of the casket. I'm trying to get finger prints."

Kent, who had followed the dialogue with McIntyre and his servant with deep attention, addressed the excited man.

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"Yes, the patrolman, O'Ryan, and my new doorman, Murray, went with me thru the entire house, and we found all doors and windows to the front and rear of the house securely locked. I responded McIntyre; "except the window of the reception room on the ground floor. That was closed, but unlatched."

"That window was looked when I went to bed," Grimes stated with slow distinctness. "And I was the last person in this house to go to my room."

McIntyre started to speak when Ferguson stopped him.

"What's this Venetian casket where you found Grimes?"

"It is a fine example of carving of the middle ages," replied McIntyre. "I purchased the pair when in Venice years ago. They are over six feet in length, about three feet wide, and rest on a carved base. There is a door at the end of the pair, which it was customary in the middle ages to slide the body, after embalm, for the funeral ceremonies, after which the body was removed and placed in another casket and buried. There is a square opening or peep hole on the top of the casket thru which you can look

Kent stopped a moment to remove a piece of red sealing wax clinging to the cuff of his suit. It had not been there when he entered the casket. Kent dropped the wax in his vest pocket as he addressed his host. "Who first discovered Grimes in the casket?"

"Mrs. Brewster."

"And what was Mrs. Brewster doing in the library at that hour?" glancing keenly at McIntyre as he put the question.

"She could not sleep and came down for a book," explained the colonel.

Ferguson, who had walked several times around the library, looking behind him at McIntyre as he put the question. "She could not sleep and came down for a book," explained the colonel.

"The blood stain on its side," McIntyre answered.

"What—that?" Ferguson eyed McIntyre incredulously. "Come, sir, do you mean to tell me she noticed that little bit of a stain in a dark room?"

"The had an electric torch," shortly. "But why should she turn the torch on this casket?" persisted the detective.

"She came to the library for a book, and the bookcases are in another part of the room."

"Quite so, but the book she wished was lying on top of this casket," replied McIntyre, meeting their level looks with one of his own.

"I know, because I left the book there," Ferguson glanced from McIntyre to Kent and back again at the colonel's nonplussed silence. The explanation was "I'd like to talk with Mrs. Brewster," he remarked dryly.

"Certainly," McIntyre pressed an electric button. The summons was answered immediately by the new servant, Murray. "Ask Mrs. Brewster if she can see Detective Ferguson in the library, Murray," McIntyre directed.

"Beg pardon, sir, but Mrs. Brewster has retired out," and with a bow Murray withdrew.

Kent who had drawn forward a chair preparatory to sitting down and participating in the interview with the widow, changed his mind.

"Mrs. Brewster, once," he said, after consulting his watch. "Please inform Mrs. Brewster, colonel, that I will be in my study at eight o'clock. I shall be glad to make me the visit she postponed this morning," Ferguson, turning back to the examination of the Venetian casket, the Saratoga for the next hour. Good-morning!" and, paying no attention to Col. McIntyre's request to remain, he left the room.

There was no one in the hall, and Kent hesitated a moment whether or not to ring for the servant and ask to see Barbara, but at sight of the hall table, Grimes' hand, which he had seen and drove everything else out of his mind.

He shut the drawers, picked up his hat, and took his leave from the tall chins. He stepped thru the front doorway he caught sight of the end of his tape, which he was carrying tucked under his arm. Fastened to the ferrule of the cane was the round top of a pasteboard pill box.

Kent backed so swiftly into the house again that his figure blocked the closing of the front door, which he had started to pull shut after him. Letting the door close gently, he walked back to the umbrella stand. It was a tall, heavy affair, and he had some difficulty in tipping it over and letting its contents spill on the floor. A soft exclamation escaped him, and three little pellets rolled past him, and then came the bottom of the box.

With hasty fingers, Kent picked them up. Placed them in the box, and fitted on the top, first carefully smoothing over the hole made by his cane when thrust into the umbrella stand by the footman. Replacing the stand, he wrapped the wax containing the pills in his handkerchief and hurried from the house.

Entering Rochester's apartment a quarter of an hour later, Kent sat down in the telephone and gave a number to Central.

"Is this Dr. Stone's office?" he asked (Continued on Page 10, Column 4.)

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