

The Toronto World

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MONDAY MORNING, MAY 24.

Choreboy for the Churches?

The Salvation Army self-denial week did not raise all the money that was hoped for, which is not surprising. The public has not become accustomed to thinking of the Army as a competitor in the tag-day field, and an ecclesiastical appeal from behind luncheon tables in fashionable hotels.

For fifty years the self-denial week has been a feature of the Salvationist year. It began for what it was called—a season for deprivation for the Salvationist, who believed in blood and fire, in the reality of the wrath to come, and in rescuing the perishing. The money raised went to social work—and there the modern development of the Army's work has made its popular appeal. As was said on Saturday by a candid friend of the self-denial week, the Salvation Army has become the choreboy among the churches, and it is a little difficult to decide where what may be called its denominational work ends, and its truly catholic beneficence begins.

A minister went to a Salvation Army officer in a part of Toronto last winter for some help, and expressed deep appreciation of the assistance that was readily promised. "Oh," said the officer, "we are doing nothing like as much for you as you do for us. Half the bills of my corps are paid by members of your congregation."

The Salvation Army is a vast clearing house for the alleviation of suffering and the recovery of broken moralities. It is eloquent of the New Testament, and how to get there, but its spirituality is not quite so ethereally aesthetic as that which belongs to some abodes of godliness in which the fishermen of Galilee would feel most miserably strange.

The public doesn't quite know where to place the Salvation Army in relation to the more definite churches. It doesn't call itself a church. It is more than a philanthropy. But it is doing a church's work, if ever it was done. For pure religion and undefiled is this—to visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction—and not to be careful whether they are members of the church.

Our Two Mexican Interests.

There are two Canadian interests to which the latest Mexican revolution is of intimate concern. Everybody knows that Canadians control certain public utilities in Mexico City and Monterey. But everybody does not know that Mexicans have been imported to ease an Ontario farm labor situation—to wit, the sugar beet industry in the Kent and Essex peninsula. How do Mexican revolutions look to Canadians who have financial interests in Mexico and to Mexicans who have had financial interests and residence in Canada?

In a way, in relation to its more advanced North American neighbors, there is a certain similarity between Mexico and Russia. It is not fair to judge Mexico by the standards of the United States and Canada. Those standards are the outcome of a north-western European civilization in which political and religious liberty were developed more extensively than anywhere else in the world. They are the expression of vastly different racial characteristics from those which belong to an intermingling of Iberian and Indian blood.

It was never fair to judge Russia by western European criteria. She was pitifully behind France and Britain, and her neighbor, Germany. But she was ahead of Asia, to which racially and culturally she was more akin, and was historically allied. Only a rough comparison between Russia and Asia has been possible. The only possible comparison for Mexico is with herself—and she has always been the impossible in North America.

Canadians who went into Mexico to make big money out of electrical franchises, knew the chances they were taking, when they preferred foreign speed in moneymaking to domestic stability. If their experience has made them more appreciative of their native north, they may come out on the more solidly profitable side. Who sups with the devil must have a long spoon. Who ventures into Mexico must take a long chance of seeing his concerns come to a violent end.

Did the host of Mexican men, women and children who were brought to Ontario to cultivate sugar beets learn much that they could turn to benefit when they returned home? They were not of the intelligentsia, but they were learned enough to know that politics in this country are extremely quiet affairs compared with the life-and-death attendances on differences of opinion below the Rio Grande. They were not an extra-provident com-

pany. They revelled in palladium of ice cream and could not bring themselves in midsummer to believe that warm clothing would be needed by and by. They didn't want to return to Mexico; but contracts had to be fulfilled, and transportation arrangements respected.

And now Carranza is a corpse, the fourth Mexican dictator who has ended ignominiously in less than a decade, the fifty-eighth in the last hundred years. The Mexicans hate the Americans. They respect the British. Probably they know next to nothing of us northerners who are like and different from both.

It would be interesting to know, which works the more agreeable heaven—the influence of Canadian commercial methods in Mexico, or the association of Mexican labor with farming in Ontario.

The First Thanksgiving.

On a car coming down town last night two friends were talking about the holiday.

"They call it Victoria Day," said one. "and so I suppose it is. But at our house we call it the first Thanksgiving, and make a real holy day of it."

"That's a new one on me," replied his friend. "What's your Thanksgiving about?"

"Spring cleaning," "I didn't know you had anything to do with that."

"Haven't I? You bet I have, and more than being thankful it's over, too. I was beating carpets Saturday afternoon. Look at my hands," and he displayed three shining blisters, and proceeded to discourse on the propriety of making the twenty-fourth of May a day of thanksgiving that the latest spring cleaning is accomplished.

The Lord deliver us from the house-proud wife—and also from her who is not a merciless foe of moths, and a believer in supplementing the vacuum cleaner with the good old-fashioned beater that reminds father that there is other serious work in life besides wrenously filling an office chair.

Many of us nourish the delusion that our wives really love spring cleaning. The truth is that they are martyrs to it; but cheerful martyrs withal. They go thru the house from attic to cellar with a relentless militancy that conceals how tired it makes them. Your wife looks cheerful if you happen home unexpectedly around lunch time, she wishes for once that you would become really infatuated with business.

She deplores the rising cost of soap, but uses all she has a mind to. She doesn't tell you that, try as she will, the moths persist in making assaults on the edges of the rugs that are hidden under the sofa or the gramophone. You think it is a relief when the last moth egg being captured, Minerva is herself again; but you don't know half of the pleasure it is to Minerva to know that for another year the most poignant of domestic travail is over, and that the twenty-fourth of May offers a beginning of summer peace—and only a beginning.

National Control Essential.

The enemies of public ownership of railways are not calling attention to their recent trumpeting of the incapacity of national control that they held to be proved by the return of the United States lines to their private owners, less than three months ago. They said national management was a clumsy, costly failure. They spoke and wrote as if public direction could only be justified if, with swiftly rising costs of operation, profits were made by the reduction of unspecified expenses.

They apparently forgot that national control became necessary because high efficiency for war service could not be obtained if profits instead of patriotism dictated the routing of freight and the co-ordination of passenger traffic. But, they said, give the railways back to the private controllers and you will see efficiency promoted to the nth degree, and business will be itself again.

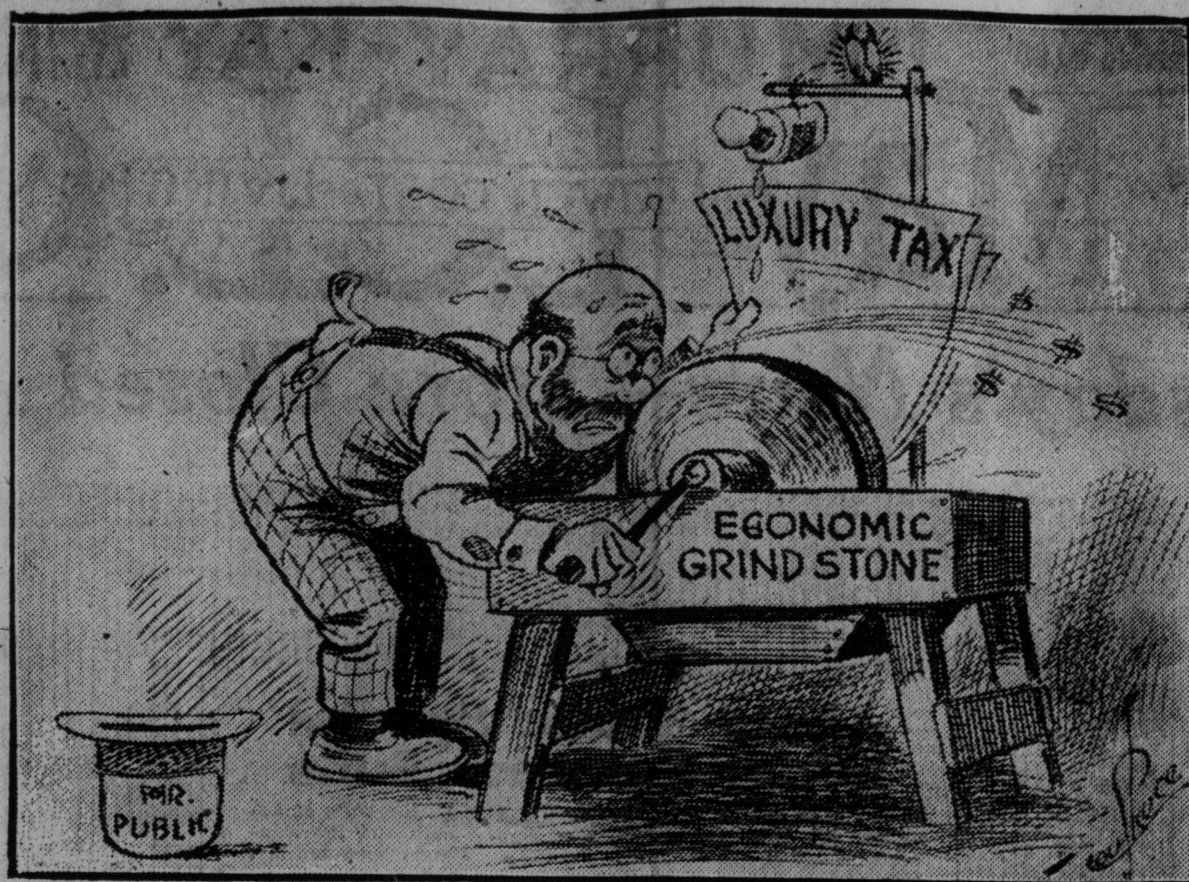
In twelve weeks, private ownership has been compelled to ask for a resumption of public control, in order to secure efficiency and save the country from commercial chaos, and the interstate commission becomes runner-in-chief of the railways. The fact is that the war demonstrated finally the futility of running vast public utilities as mere addenda to the hunger of groups of financiers for personal gain, and its attendant social and political power.

The magnate men have tried a reversion to their ancient methods, only to discover the folly of trying to put the new wine of community duty into the old bottle of incorporated exploitation. If they and their newspaper choruses would put half the toil and ingenuity into public service that they formerly gave to damning every manifestation of economic patriotism, nationalization of railways would speedily come into its own, and the magnate men would learn how trivial their former ambitions were.

Prince Has Concluded New Zealand Visit

Lyttelton, N.Z., May 21.—The Prince of Wales today concluded his visit to New Zealand. He went on board the battle cruiser Renown, and the vessel sailed for Melbourne at daybreak. Prior to his departure the prince handed a message to Premier Massey, in which he expressed his thanks and appreciation to the people of New Zealand for the splendid reception accorded him.

JUST ABOUT WHAT IT AMOUNTS TO



IRISH PRELATE IS BEATIFIED

Many Irish Divines Attend Ceremony Held at Rome.

Rome, May 23.—Oliver Plunket, the Irish divine, who was made first Archbishop of Armagh in 1699 by Pope Clement IX, and who was executed for treason at Tyburn, July 1, 1681, was today beatified.

The ceremony of beatification took place this morning in the Basilica. In the congregation were Count and Countess George Plunket, representing the family of the archbishop; Sir T. Gratian Benamont and family, Dean of the hall of St. Peter's, and O'Connell, member of the Irish parliament, and the vice-mayor and members of the municipal council of Dublin.

It had been originally announced the mass would be celebrated by Archbishop Edward Hailey of Birmingham, but Irish bishops objected to the choice of an Englishman for the service, and Monsignor Pietro Paolo, canon of St. Peter's Church, officiated. Monsignor Hagan, rector of the Irish college, delivered the address in the name of the postulants, a religious containing fragments of the bones of the archbishop. This reliquary was a replica of the shrine which contains the bell of St. Patrick in Dublin.

The papal bull, announcing the beatification was read, the relics were exposed, and a "Te Deum" was chanted. Then the curtain before the picture of the beatified was withdrawn, and the bell of St. Peter's rang out the tidings, being answered by bells from other churches throughout the city.

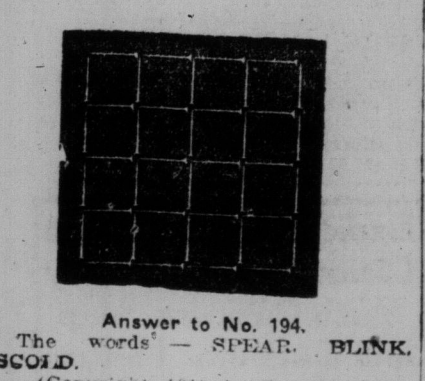
This afternoon there was a great concourse when Pope Benedict, in the midst of gorgeously robed and uniformed dignitaries and attaches of the Vatican visited the Basilica to beatify the relics. The ceremonies ended with the Eucharistic Benediction by the Pontiff.

Cardinal Logue, the octogenarian primate of all Ireland, headed the list of distinguished ecclesiastics present. With him were Archbishop John McHarty, Archbishop of Cashel, 15 Irish bishops, and many Irish abbots and pilgrims. There were also an attendance several church dignitaries from Canada, including Archbishop Michael J. O'Brien of Toronto and Bishops Edward A. Leblanc, St. John, N.B., and Australia was represented by Archbishop Michael Kelly of Sydney.

Valuable Holstein Dies; Was Canadian Champion
Guelph, May 23.—(Special.)—"Low-banks Prilly Korndyke," one of the best-bred Holstein cows in Canada, owned by K. M. Daigleish of Kilmore, Ont., and valued in the neighborhood of \$6000, died at Speedwell Hospital Stock Farm. The animal was brought to undergo a milk test, and while there, contracted a disease known as milk fever, which caused its death. Three years old, this noted cow held the championship record for Canada, having produced 720 pounds of milk in seven days.

WORLD'S DAILY BRAIN TEST

BY SAM LOYD.
20 Minutes to Answer This.
No. 195.
Here is a puzzle to work out with pins or matchsticks. The diagram contains sixteen little squares and three squares form larger squares, there being 30 different squares of various sizes.
The puzzle consists in discovering how few pins or sticks it is necessary to remove in order that no perfect square shall be found in the arrangement.



TRAINS IN COLLISION NEAR YARKER, ONT.

Passenger and Freight Trains in Crash—All Passengers Escape Injury.

Kington, May 23.—(Special.)—A passenger train over the C.N.R., bound for Kington, had a head-on collision with a freight train near Yarker on Saturday. The passenger train was on the bridge over the Napanee river, and the passengers were thrown from their seats, but escaped injury. The coaches did not leave the rails. If they had done so, they would have gone into the river and a terrible catastrophe would have resulted. The engineer and fireman on the freight train jumped in time and escaped.

I. O. D. E. CONVENTION OPENS IN CALGARY

Delegates Attend From All Parts of the Dominion—Session to Last All Week.

Calgary, Alta., May 23.—Delegates from all parts of Canada were gathered today for the opening of the morning of the I. O. D. E. convention, the annual convention of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire. The sessions are to be held in Knox Church, and most of the chapters in Canada will be represented. Addresses of welcome and replies will feature the opening session, and annual reports will be heard on Tuesday. Important addresses are on the program, and two or three social features will add variety to the sessions, which continue until the end of the week.

FALLON IS SPEAKER AT GUELPH UNVEILING

Knights of Columbus Erect Monument to Memory of Church Members Who Died in War.

Guelph, May 23.—(Special.)—The beautiful monument which had been erected in front of the Church of Our Lady, to the sacred memory of the sixteen members of the congregation who made the supreme sacrifice during the great war, was unveiled by the Knights of Columbus, of this city, with appropriate ceremony this afternoon. The members of the Knights of Columbus, led by the G. W. A. Baild, the speaker, were the first to lay the cornerstone of the monument. The latter he described as the worst of all, and had the full sway in Germany. Dealing with the question as to whether a great victory had really been won when the armistice was declared in November 11, 1918, his lordship said that the small nations were being protected. In his closing remarks he dealt with the master of reconstruction. He stated that the Roman Catholic plan for reconstruction was the ten commandments, and he offered these as his humble contribution.

WOODSTOCK COMMISSION BUILDS SCORE OF HOMES

Woodstock, May 23.—(Special.)—The Woodstock Housing Commission is taking definite steps to improve the acuteness of the housing situation, and have just completed plans with awarded contracts for the building of 21 new houses. The commission has purchased lots on Brant, Delatre and Admiral streets, and on Ingersoll avenue. The houses will be thoroughly modern. The building of these houses will use up the balance of the appropriation received from the government.

The Ideal Train for Montreal. Leaves Toronto, "Yonge Street," 9:30 p.m. eastern standard, daily except Saturday via Canadian Pacific. Arrives Montreal 7 a.m. eastern standard, daily except Sunday. Train carries standard sleepers and compartment for Montreal and sleeper for Ottawa.

As daylight saving has been adopted by both Toronto and Montreal, this train provides a very convenient hour of departure from Toronto and arrival at Montreal.

"Yonge Street Station," Toronto, is situated in the heart of the great residential section, and is convenient to the downtown district; the Yonge Street car pass its doors.

THE GIRL WHO SMILED THRU

By MARION RUBINCAM

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.
Alice Fairbanks has won her way thru life by her optimism. She has had the wonderful ability to smile in the face of the most discouraging circumstances. Her sunny disposition first attracts to her David Thorne, with whom she falls in love. When a pretty, silly little cousin of hers takes him away from her and marries him, she is heartbroken.

Later she meets and becomes engaged to Lawrence Marlowe. She feels her old love for David has gone—then, while at college in the city, she meets David and knows she still loves him. She runs away from him and comes home, and breaks her engagement to Lawrence.

EXPECTATION.

Chapter 91.
After a little time, Alice was able to go on with the letter. But there was a little more about the thing that most interested her. She went back to the beginning of it.

"Guess what?" David Thorne's wife died yesterday. He sent word he couldn't lecture because he was seriously sick and he had been sent for, of course, there was a lot of comment among the girls, for your old-time friend was awfully popular—I don't suppose you knew that, but Thorne was the youngest lecturer in this staid old institution, and he was good looking in the bargain."

"Lola Hunt said she thought Mrs. Thorne must be in a hospital, if he had been sent for, I don't know. They weren't living together—you had told me—but I was a nice child and didn't let on. Then Louise Hammond was the to dance, usually with different men—evidently she created lots of scandal among the ignorant elevator boys and janitresses—anyway, she came in one night all tired and soaking wet. It appears the taxi she was in had broken down about two or three blocks away, and Lola—guess that her name's—had to walk the rest of the distance. There was snow and sleet and she had on satin slippers and a light cloak—you know how little fashionable women are wearing this season anyway!" and she caught cold.

"She was cross and inclined to blame the man she was with for the accident—now isn't that like some women, Alice, to blame a perfectly patient man for trouble with a car-burner or a differential or something?"

"Well, I don't know what she told poor long-suffering David when she talked to him on the phone, or even whether the boy got him for her. Anyway, she had been ill and was supposed to go out, and she developed pneumonia and died yesterday. So that's all I know about it."

"Now, why couldn't all that have happened a long time ago, if it had to happen at all? I suppose now there's

no reason why you shouldn't marry David—only please don't, Alice! He really isn't worthy of a fine girl like you. I shan't speak to him myself, except to tell him the conventional words of sympathy. Of course, we girls are subscribing for a gigantic bunch of roses to send to the funeral. Now I want to tell you about—"

But Alice was not interested in college gossip. She only half read the rest of the letter. And when she had finished she sat for a long time staring out the window.

Clara had gone out. Mrs. Fairbanks was lonely, and one of the tasks she seemed to find about the house. Alice called to her and read her the letter.

"Poor Lois!" Alice echoed. "Poor Lois! Why do you say that? Where is there any need of pitying her? To die so young," Mrs. Fairbanks began timidly. "She was pretty."

"So it's the thing to pity her for outliving short-lived careers by dying?" Alice's eyes flashed as she spoke. "You mother rarely saw her stirred to such a heat by anger. I think she was lucky they were so soon. She had everything she ever wanted, she could not have gone on as she was without finding a time sooner or later when she was the youngest lecturer in this staid old institution, and he was good looking in the bargain."

"Alice frowned impatiently. She wanted more details of this sudden death. She wasn't a bit interested in whether the college girls thought David good looking or not. Christine's habit of talking all around subjects frequently annoyed her. She read on—"

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What's Trumps? O'Keefe's!

A closely-contested game with the rubber yet to be played—an interlude. The hostess, realizing how a little diversion is necessary, thoughtfully plays her Trump Card—by serving O'Keefe's.

O'Keefe's DRY GINGER ALE

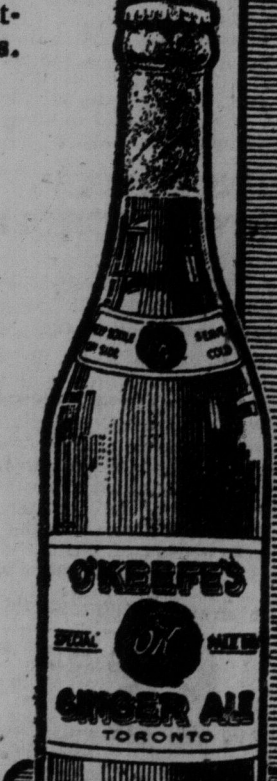
is a delightfully refreshing beverage that makes friends everywhere. Its sparkling, bubbling brilliancy is Nature's own gift—pure water, scientifically aerated. The richness of its flavor—the nip—the pleasant tang, is imparted by the careful addition of pure sugar and the finest ginger blended to produce a beverage of exceptional merit.

Serve O'Keefe's next time—it adapts itself to all weathers.

Your grocer or dealer can supply it in case lots—order a couple.

O'Keefe's Toronto
PHONE MAIN 4202

O'Keefe's Beverages are also procurable at Restaurants, Hotels, Cafes, etc.



100-102 Yonge St.

A FEW OF THIS W IN OUR LINEN

Linen Damask
All pure Linen Damask
modern sets and
limited numbers. A
lot in the lot. Clear
manufacturers' price

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75 dozen only, Pure
Napkins, size 22 x
assortment of staple
are worth consider
the come 40 us m
place them on sale

H. S. and Hemm
Towels
In a big collection
makes. These we
greatly below
values.

Towelings
10 pieces only, Giant
Towelings, specially
These are away be

Embroidered La
Bedspreads
Embroidered and in
choice collection
NEW! Now being
reduced prices.

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JOHN CATTO
TORONTO

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Gentlemen's
of all kinds cleaned, dy
work excellent, Pri
NEW YORK HA
Phone N. 5165.

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Largest Wholesale
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RATES FOR
Notices of Births, B
Deaths, not over 30
lines, words each
Notices to be includ
Announcements
In Memoriam Notices
Poetry and quotations
For each additional
line, 10c. For extra
Cords of Thanks (15

BIRTH
CORSETT—On Saturd
and Mrs. Wm. F. Co
last, a son.
DOAN—On Saturday,
Mrs. Warren K. Do
road, a son, at Grae

DEATH
ADAMS—At her late
Woodbine avenue, o
1920, Catharines D
wife of Frank W. Ad
Funeral from above
May 25, at 2 p.m.
Cemetery.

HAMMOND—Killed by
May 21st, 1920. He
dearly beloved son
George Hammond, of
Funeral Tuesday,
parents' residence,
West Toronto, at 3
Cemetery.

MAHAFFY—At his
Bridgford, Ont., F
21, William George
son of the late Jud
Mahaaffy and Mrs. S
Funeral, Monday,
Mitchell—At the
daughter, Mrs. Robe
40th street, New Y
May 22, Mary Ann,
Symon Mitchell, age
Funeral service fr
Hopkins-Burgess, 1
Wednesday, 26th inst
MORAN—At 2013 We
on Friday, May 21, a
Chesley G. youngest
late William and
Woodcock, Aberdee
regretted.

Funeral from abo
day, 26th inst., at
in Prospect Cen
Scotland, papers ple
RANDALL—At her fa
Lalla Fawn, on Sun
Funeral, Monday,
Zibbi Vera, daughter
and youngest daug
and Ada S. Randall,
Funeral Wednesda
at the Church of S
galt, Portland, Me.
papers please copy
SAPORITO—On May
Louis, brother of
Mrs. Rook, age 32 y
Funeral on Mond
C. A. Connor, 605 Y
Lady of Mt. Carme
to Mount Hope Ce
SWINDELE—On Satu
the General Hospit
gina Mearns, in her
wife of Thomas
youngest daughter
James Mearns of B
Funeral from her
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