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WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 21

President Wilson and the Railways

Is President Wilson a falling star? Rather, did his sun begin to set when his brilliant career crossed the horizon? He is not the man who was when he took hold of the Democratic party and so handled it that it passed the National Reserve Bank Act. Somehow later on he developed a strain of uncertainty in his political actions and outlook. He has said much and written much, but no great state paper. But he coined phrases that may last. For instance, to make the world safe for democracy.

He will cut no great figure in the coming presidential election. The next Democratic candidate will rather evade taking up his mantle; and McAdoo, his secretary of the treasury, evidently saw that the presidential gear was getting out of mesh.

The people of Great Britain, or of France, or Italy, cannot quite make him out; the Germans are hanging on his deliveries. The New York World never got over "the strange adventure" of his trip to Europe. He never should have left the United States.

When he set out to save Europe he began to neglect his own policies; and his deliverance yesterday on the railways shows a weakness.

The farmer and the labor vote in the presidential election will settle the question of the railways and it will be for public ownership. There will be a lot of politics in the meantime; but the American farmer is being forced into the necessity of settling the questions that the two old parties would trifle with for political advantage. The American citizen is going to be the most serious man in the world from now on; and he will do most of his own thinking, especially in regard to transportation and taxation. The farmers will keep control of the railways. And so will the Canadian people.

Germany in the Strikes

Many good and earnest people are disinclined to believe that Germany could have anything to do with our present strike trouble.

It is not a superstition nor a credulous fancy, but a thoroughly established fact that most of the troubles we have had of this character for a generation past have been directly or indirectly of German origin. It is not merely that Karl Marx is the favorite German writer among Continental labor people, but the German government, knowing well the effect and tendency of all such revolutionary ideas, set itself to use the disintegrative forces of Marxism in its later developments as a weapon of offence against its enemies. It was so used in Russia, with a result that went well-nigh losing the war for the allies.

At the present time Germany is not less subtle than she was before, and she has set her mind, after losing the war, on winning the peace. She has not relinquished her idea of dominating the trade of the world. Her great schemes for capturing markets, for defeating her rivals in trade, are as vivid to her desires as ever. She knows that America is her greatest rival, and she sent her agents over here to do what they could to destroy our manufactures, to bedevil our workmen, to overthrow our shipping, to tangle up our trade projects in every possible way.

It is impossible to make much headway in the United States. There the government is alert and active, the secret service vigilant and efficient. Little headway comparatively could be made among United States workmen. The I.W.W., the "One Big Union," have had a difficult path in the States. But in Canada the field was open and fallow. All sorts of claims were as susceptible as dry tinder to flame, and the specious doctrines of the German propagandists, spread abroad with unlimited funds, generally by Russian agents, have had wide acceptance.

It has been as subtle a piece of German diplomacy as the war has produced. The idea is not merely to demoralize Canada and reduce the Dominion to impotency as a trade competitor with Germany. That result would be of small importance, comparatively. But a first-class labor revolution with Soviet rule firmly established as it has been initiated at Winnipeg would communicate its fury to the United States, and what could not be accomplished there directly would be done indirectly thru Canada.

It does not matter that most of the strikers repudiate Germany and all her works. They are playing the German game none the less. The effect is the same whether a red flag is hoisted, or the German tricolor—the horizontal black, white and red—Germany's commercial enemies are crying.

pled. If she is not to produce, no one is to be allowed to produce.

The acceptance of the "One Big Union" in western Canada, and the setting up of a Soviet government in Winnipeg is only intended to serve the United States to similar action. If the English-speaking nations can be involved in domestic squabbles, strikes, riots, civic discontents, Germany will yet have a chance to recover her lost precedence.

Our manufacturers and our government have assisted the German game by their apathy, their indifference to labor interests, their failure to take the same strong stand the United States has done.

For a generation the labor men have striven for recognition by the politicians, but every election has seen their pleas and their policies supplanted by some party issue. Labor has less weight in Canadian parliaments than in any other parliaments in the world; not even excepting the United States. Since the war no attempt has been made to grant any concessions to labor.

Not even the necessary step of adopting proportional representation has been shown any favor. Naturally, finding such indifference in high places, the labor men, finding the opportunity present itself, have not hesitated to seize it and to push their own apparent interests, without any reflection as to what the effect may be for Germany. Like the manufacturers and the government they are innocently playing Germany's game.

This prolonged period of non-production, since 1914, and now accentuated by strikes, is steadily increasing the poverty of the whole world, the scarcity of food, the difficulty of existence.

If anyone doubts let him watch the events of the next few months.

"It is War"

The British government kept a commission at work in France and Belgium thruout the war paying the claims made by the peoples of those countries for damages done their property, animals, themselves, in the prosecution of the war, a war primarily in their defence. The claims were exorbitant and at times with little foundation to rest on. But the patient British officers paid and said little. It helped to keep the two countries going.

And now the American soldiers who went across are complaining of the awful charges they were forced to pay in Belgium and France for any thing they had to buy. "It is war," was the reply. But the Americans and the British more or less get the severest "tough" from their own frontiers at home. But these enterprising collectors didn't always reply with "It is war." They simply took the money.

No one in the States has yet found out where the half billion of dollars went that was put into aviation! The moral of it all is it is better to keep out of war. The English speaking allies have had to feed, clothe, arm, drill, transport, some of the nations that they were "saving." But many of them are practically bankrupted by the war. For them, too, "It is war."

Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, in Europe, and Japan in Asia, all made money out of the war. And the United States and Canada may make money out of reconstruction orders from Europe.

Britain is planning to make all her money back by a greatly widened market for her products, most of all by her ships doing a lot of the carrying trade of the world. But it will keep her busy for many years. Perhaps in that way the exorbitant prices that British and Americans paid for things near the scene of the conflict will come back some way some day. But as the Germans said to the victims of their raids in France and Belgium, and as the peasants said to the British and American soldiers, "It is war!"

And the untold losses in life and limb and health that came out of the conflict can only be accounted for by the phrase "It is war!" In other words it is at best something that you must submit to. You can't ever balance the account.

The Cocknified Canadian.

The London Times of May 8th, observing the Canadians who participated in the recent parade of overseas troops, speaks in this fashion: "The Canadian was more English in his traits, and but for a certain breadth of feature might make an excellent cockney."

A Line of Cheer Each Day of the Year

By John Kendrick Bangs.
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WELL-CHOSEN.
The sneering Sage of cynic bent says "He is paved with good intent." Perhaps this is true. I cannot tell. For I have never been to Hell. But, if 'tis true, 'tis well to know that 'mid the fierce fires down below They've chosen stuff to pave the street That's fairly sure to stand the heat.

Rev. H. B. Christie Resigns; Will Take Up Newspaper Work

Special to The Toronto World.
Guelph, May 20.—Rev. H. B. Christie, B.A., who for the past two years has been the successful pastor of Dublin Street Methodist Church, has tendered his resignation and will at the end of the conference year, give up his ministerial work to become a member of the editorial staff of The Brantford Expositor, under his father-in-law, Mr. T. H. Preston.

A BRAVE FLIGHT—BUT IT WAS THE FLIGHT OF ICARUS



THE DAY AT OTTAWA

By TOM KING

Ottawa, May 20.—Political currents, only the official announcement of what had already been announced in the press. The members applauded, but looked a little bit foolish when they found Sir Thomas had nothing more to say.

None the less, the visit of the heir apparent will arouse great enthusiasm throughout the country and it is an open secret that His Royal Highness will not only open the new parliament building at Ottawa, but will also open the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto.

But, to get back to Premier Martin, there is no doubt that he is making an excellent impression, and that many of the Liberal Unionists are ready to support him should he be chosen leader of the coming national convention. An Ontario Liberal Unionist said quite openly today that every Liberal now on the government benches was ready to follow "Billy" Martin as leader of the Liberal party, with the possible exception of Hume Cronyn of London. This seems like a large order, but there is no doubt that many of the high dive, Hon. Frank B. Carroll is on the spring board, and may spring or be sprung at any moment to the opposition. It is common gossip that the acting premier took the minister of public works sharply to task for the way in which he disclaimed all responsibility for the policies of the government while putting thru his estimates the other night.

The Saskatchewan senators and members of parliament banqueted Premier Martin tonight. It was not a political affair, and Hon. James A. Calder was among those present. Two years ago Mr. Calder had the Saskatchewan organization in the hollow of his hand; today it is in the hand of Premier Martin. Your Saskatchewan M.P. realizes that Martin will have a good deal more than Calder to say about his coming back to Ottawa. Indeed, Mr. Calder cannot back himself except as an outcast and Tory, if Premier Martin turns down his thumb.

By no means follows, however, that Mr. Martin will become the next leader of the Liberal party. He has promised to head a big department from Saskatchewan to the national convention, but unless the national convention comes out flat-footed for the Liberal tariff reduction, for public ownership, and for many progressive

One could have heard a pin drop as Sir Thomas rose to speak. He had an announcement to make—a very welcome announcement—and one that at any other time would have been greeted with great enthusiasm. It was to the effect that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales would sail for Canada in August, and formally open the new parliament building. It was, after all,

THE SITUATION IN EUROPE

The Associated Press issues the following:

Before Thursday of the present week shall have passed the German peace plenipotentiaries at Versailles are to make known in full to the delegates of the allies and associated powers on what points of the peace

A New Pleasure

is in store for you if you have not yet opened a Savings Account. The satisfaction and real pleasure to be derived from seeing one's savings grow must be experienced to be appreciated.

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THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

By JANE PHELPS.

Bab Appropriates a Letter She Sees Upon Neil's Office Desk.

CHAPTER XC.
I felt positive the letter inside that envelope was from Blanche Orton. I had received invitations and acceptances from her, and could not be mistaken in the writing. I blushed with shame, but I finally had the letter in my bag. Aunt had risen to look at the view as I spoke of it, and it had given me a chance to slip it in. I would find out what she had to say to my husband.

"Shall we go now?" I asked. "We do not want to miss the first of the play," I was anxious to get away before Neil came in. He might miss the letter, and ask me if I had seen it. I was ashamed of myself, yet I fairly ached to see what was in that letter. How could I wait until the play was over? I decided I would not. I would excuse myself and go to the ladies' dressing room after the first act and then read it.

As we passed the stenographer going out she asked me anxiously: "Shall I tell Mr. Forbes you called?" "Certainly!" I replied in my coldest tones. "Tell him Mrs. Forbes and his aunt were here."

She made no reply, but I saw a significant glance she threw to the book-keeper. It angered me, and yet I was still more incensed at myself because of the flush which I knew she had observed.

"I don't like that girl's looks nor her manner. She seemed very pert to me," Aunt remarked as we gained the street.

"She is. I wish Neil would discharge her. But I don't like to speak of it. There is so much said of wives being jealous of good looking office girls, you know. He might think me jealous."

"Nonsense!" You say you have only been there once before, I shall tell him that she isn't at all calculated to help his business if she acts with others as she did with us today." I made no reply, hoping aunt would be able to get Neil to discharge the girl, yet knowing all the time that it was due to my own actions the day I had visited the office in Neil's absence, that she had been partly annoying. Aunt chatted until we reached the theatre. I scarcely heard a word she said so anxious was I to read the letter that I had taken from Neil's desk. We had good seats, and aunt seemed to enjoy the play from the very beginning. I paid attention to the stage, so fixed upon the letter was my mind. To my disappointment there were but two acts. I should have to wait some time for the intermission. I spent the time speculating upon the contents of the letter, and whether Neil would return to his office and miss it. He had said something about club at luncheon. I wished I had listened more closely. I had not considered what I was to say if he missed the letter and his stenographer told him I had been in his private office. But now I commenced to worry.

Dr. Fred J. Conboy, a prominent Toronto dental surgeon, who has been appointed supervisor of dental inspection for Ontario by the department of education.

about it, and wonder if there was not some way I could get the letter back on his desk after I had read it. The first act ended, I excused myself to aunt and went to the ladies' room. I took the letter from my bag, and finding a chair removed as far as possible from others who had sought the room for the sake of arranging their hair or using a powder puff, I commenced to read, first standing at the signature. As I had expected Blanche Orton's name started up at me.

"Dear Neil," it began. "I tried my best to get Frederick to come tonight, but he was so busy. I called on him at his desk after I had read it. The first act ended, I excused myself to aunt and went to the ladies' room. I took the letter from my bag, and finding a chair removed as far as possible from others who had sought the room for the sake of arranging their hair or using a powder puff, I commenced to read, first standing at the signature. As I had expected Blanche Orton's name started up at me.

"I sat with the letter clutched in my hand. What was this intimacy between my husband and Mrs. Orton? What did it mean? It was in no sense a love letter, yet really I felt more anxious, more fearful of what it might mean than had been. I was so ignorant, and so much had been said to worry me about Neil. Not until the orchestra stopped playing did I remember that I had a guest. I crumpled the letter in my bag, and gained my seat just as the curtain rose on the last act.

Tomorrow—Barbara Decides to Withhold Mrs. Orton's Letter



"I Am So Weak and do Not Seem to Gain Any Strength"

"It takes time you know."

"Yes, but I am getting tired of having people trying to encourage me that way."

"You are too impatient."

"Perhaps so, but when will I ever get strong if I do not gain a little every day?"

"Have you tried Dr. Chase's Nerve Food?"

"No, I have not, but so many have told me about it that I have a notion to give it a trial."

"I certainly would try it if I were you, for it certainly helped me wonderfully when I was so weak and nervous last spring. And, besides, I could tell you of a dozen women who have used it when they were like you are, and soon got strong and well."

"Nurse was reading me a letter published in the paper from a Mrs. Conrad Smith of Milverton, Ont., and she also told me of other cases she has known about."

She says she never ran across anything which helps women so much to gain strength after child-birth."

This is Mrs. Smith's letter:

"Two years ago last spring I was run down, had nervous prostration, and was in a terribly nervous condition. I could not sleep or eat, could scarcely count the nights that I passed without sleep, and it did not help me to walk. I would jump up in bed, awakened by bad dreams. In fact, I was so bad, I thought I could not live, and started to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food without much hope. It was not long before I began to improve under this treatment, and I can truthfully say it has done me a world of good. It took some time to get the nervous system restored, but I kept right on using the Nerve Food regularly, and gradually gained in health and strength. I have a fine baby now. He weighed 12 pounds at birth, and, though my friends were anxious after the condition I was in, I got over that fine, and now weigh 120 pounds. Before using the Nerve Food I was a mere skeleton."

For your protection the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, are on every box of the genuine Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.