The Toronto World

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MONDAY MORNING, OCT. 27.

A Big Banking Transaction.

A very serious and important enterprise is being inaugurated this morning in the opening of the new Victory Loan campaign. Citizens must not become bored or weary of this effort during the next three weeks. It is vital to the prosperity of the nation, and what concerns the nation concerns every individual.

Canvassers are going out with official sanction to ask for a minimum of $300,000,000. If they bring in double the amount so much the better. The gold bonds which represent this loan carry 5½ per cent. interest, payable every six months. The bonds may be had for five years or for fifteen, as preferred, and in amounts of $50, $100, $500 or $1000. It may be paid for in full or in instalments between now and March 9.

Every cent of the money is to be spent in Canada. Part of it is needed to pay for such obligations as are still owing to the men who won the war. The rest is required to finance the sale of foodstuffs and other products to the allied countries who are unable to pay cash, but whose credit we cannot afford to ignore. Shipbuilding is also to receive some impetus by the credits to be made from this loan. The expenditure of such a sum in Canada will undoubtedly stimulate business, just as on a smaller scale the rural banks in some countries encourage local enterprise by backing up with their support those worthy of recognition. The nation thru this Victory Loan will accomplish a similar object on a vastly larger scale. Farms and factories will alike benefit by the freely flowing currency. The nation is doing the banking on a gigantic scale, and the people's money is asked for on the security of the nation and for the prosperity of the nation itself.

The loan is the best security in the world, and our neighbors are showing their trust in us by their huge subscriptions to the loan. All parties in Canada are at one as to its advantages, and there is no disagreement politically on the part of anyone as to the necessity of raising the amount asked for, or more if it can be got. It is the wisest and the safest investment that can be made of spare funds.

Absent Sir William.

It was anticipated yesterday morning that Sir William Hearst would hear the Hon. Dr. Cody preach in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle. But the premier desisted from any such intention when he read in the papers that the subject of his colleague's discourse was, "If Thou Hadst Known."

Farmers Not This Way.

A smart artist of a fashionable weekly has drawn a cartoon that is to make a great hit. It is of a grotesquely "hayseed" legislature. He and his colleagues justify its bounding derision with the reflection that the farmers do not read their paper. There could not be more foolish journalism.

The U. F. O. members of the new legislature are a fine looking body of men, all of whom attained some intellectual distinction in their own communities before they became parliamentary candidates. They will bear close comparison with their predecessors.

It is time this musty old hayseed stuff were forgotten by city smart Alecs. We need the friendliest possible relations between urban and rural Ontarions. Long-range political insult is the worst of all. When it is not merely cowardly it is apt to be a boomerang.

The Anti-Hydro Drive.

It is plainer every day that the Ontario Hydro is the chief citadel of public ownership in Canada, and that its garrison must be prepared to repel a combination of clever assaults.

The farmers are known to be friendly to the Hydro, but they are being sweetly invited by the financial press to remember that they are capitalists, and that in the slaying of the Hearst government, Sir Adam Beck, and his fellow Hydro commissioner, Attorney-General Lucas, both went down.

The Toronto corporation echoist clamors for a Dominion investigation of the Hydro as a financial and engineering enterprise. The Montreal Financial Times says the people of Ontario "are blindly devoted to the public ownership fetish" which gives the farmers power below cost, and that Sir Adam Beck "is like to find himself in the plight of Frankenstein." The Hydro is a "top-heavy and unwieldly monster," and "is likely sooner or later to topple over, burying its creator in its fall."

The splashing of these tears would be comic if it were not for the sincere weeping which they produce among people who read nothing else than assertions that while democracy was a fine thing to die for in Flanders it is impossible to do business with it in Canada. The Hydro is safe, because the Hydro is sound.

Shocks Are Wasting Here.

In the headquarters of the battalion of death to public ownership there is great license of attack. The Grand Trunk deal filled much space at the first Victory Loan meeting in Montreal. President Beatty of the C.P.R. sketched the position of his company as that of a taxpayer who mourned over the prospect of a national burden, as against that of a competitor who saw its rival in difficulties. Mr. Zephirin Hebert, the only French speaker, endorsed the Montreal Board of Trade's hostility to the government measure—and all this in the presence of the finance minister, who had warned the meeting that the Grand Trunk affair had "not the slightest thing to do with the aim of the Victory Loan."

The Montreal magnate men have carried their battle cry to Toronto, and would, no doubt, like to have the example of the Montreal Victory Loan meeting followed here. But Toronto is too close to the Hydro for such a course to be safe. Profanely, to touch public ownership here is to court a high voltage shock.

A Beaverbrook Confession.

Lord Beaverbrook, who was said to have manipulated the overthrow of Premier Asquith, has come out for the virtual confiscation by the state of about five billion dollars' worth of profits. Old-fashioned Liberals in England are calling for a levy on all capital to help meet the crushing war burdens, which, incidentally, include a debt to the United States bigger than the whole pre-war British national debt.

The Canadian interest in the Beaverbrook proposal is in its inherent principle [which his old friends in Montreal, who are cursing the Ontario Hydro, would call socialistic], or that wealth made out of an impropriety in commercial advantage belongs to the state, whenever the state chooses to claim it. The day has passed when it was bad form and worse morals to ask concerning a man's wealth: "Where did he get it?"

Lord Beaverbrook became rich by buying up Canadian businesses, recapitalizing and selling them at prices which could only yield dividends by increasing prices to the consumer beyond the true cost of production and reasonable profits. High finance was no more moral during peace than profiteering was in war. Lord Beaverbrook yielded the cement merger pass.

Revolution in Quebec.

Much has been well said about the decisiveness of the feminine vote in Ontario last week, but, perhaps, what happened was less important than what has occurred in Quebec. On the same day in the old city the young farm women of Quebec decided to affiliate with the St. Jean Baptiste Society, and a meeting of women electors supported the Liberal candidate for East Quebec.

Not long ago the idea of Quebec farm women organizing would have been as strange as a demand for a married clergy. As for women voting in political elections—it was unthinkable.

During the war a speaker in Quebec told his hearers of western women having received the franchise, and predicted that a similar revolution would not long be delayed in the east. He was afterwards assured by the lieutenant-governor, and another knight high in public service, that he would never see Quebec women voting. Shortly before that Sir Wilfrid Laurier had given as his own the view that woman's place is at home.

Sir Wilfrid's successor appeals for the votes of women, and the St. Jean Baptiste Society becomes a bi-sexual institution. Woman's place is at home. So is man's. But it isn't the only place.

One Class Rule Overthrown.

The timid need not fear that the farmers in office will become class tyrants. Nothing more excellent has happened in Ontario in our time than the advent of a government that is not made up of politicians, as we used to reckon politicians. Of all class dominances that of the politician who was confounded last Monday has been the most class-conscious and the most pernicious.

Its evil was not merely that the machine politician was out for himself—one who came to great power at Ottawa said apropos his first provincial election. "I only want to be there one session before I'll make the big fellows cough up." The evil was that it brought the whole citizenry to believe that the only practicable public service was in servility to the notions and methods of men whose stock-in-trade was occasionally exposed in election trials.

The science of government was brought into contempt by the politician class; and the country allowed itself to be tyrannized over and degraded by that odious form of class rule. The machine class was as certain that it held the governance of the country as the old English aristocracy was that the substance of the divine right of kings had been fused with its hold on the great offices and the little grafts of state.

The farmers will make their mistakes; but they want to learn and will not be turned aside to the bad old paths. They start with a clean sheet, and they have the weight of a splendid womanhood to keep them on an even keel.

Limping Liberalism.

Today five members of the house of commons will be elected for Victoria, B. C.; Assiniboia, Sask.; Glengarry, Ont.; East Quebec, and Carleton, N. B. But for the death of the government candidate in North Ontario, which postponed the polling, there would have been six by-elections this day. The opposition at Ottawa, whose leader draws an official salary of seven thousand dollars a year, has not a single candidate for five seats which were held by government supporters. The Liberal party has abandoned Victoria to Labor, and four other constituencies to the organized farmers. It will hold Sir Wilfrid Laurier's ancient seat—and that is all.

The opposition may comfort itself that the farmers' is essentially a Liberal platform; but the organized farmers refuse to have anything to do with the organized Liberals. Perhaps the country is sick of Union government; but the way things are going it seems to be getting equally tired of the opposition—even if the strange attitude towards Grand Trunk control does not beget a final nauseation.

Mackenzie King's first speech in the commons was one long stumble. It looks as if, for himself and for his party, the immediate future will be a constant limp. The old parties have lost their spells. The farmer seems determined to carry them to sepulture on nothing statelier than a stoneboat.

FAR FROM HELPLESS

Old Man Ontario: One bum foot don't count so much when a fella's got both a crutch and a cane.

NO MONEY FOR TERAULAY BLOCKADE

But Fifty Thousand Dollars for the St. Clair Parkette.

While the city council is busy putting money in "corner parkettes" traffic congestion on Yonge street is left to take care of itself. The World's suggestion a few weeks ago that for immediate relief a street be cut thru from College to Grenville at the head of Teraulay street involving the purchase of only six houses, was met with the statement that the city could not find the money. The vote of a majority of council of $50,000 for a couple of lots at the corner of St. Clair and Avenue road for a parkette hardly fits in with the economy plea. Council purchased the lot on the northwest corner of St. Clair and Avenue road for $23,520 and instructed the parks department to try to get an option on the northeast corner. The vote was:

For spending the money: Maguire, McBride, Ball, Beamish, Cowan, Graham, F. W. Johnston, MacGregor, Maher, Mogridge, Ryding, Whetter.

Against it: Cameron, Robbins, Baker, Blackburn, Plewman, Sykes, Winnett.

The money to be spent on this little park would almost cover the expenditure of continuing Teraulay street to St. Vincent, which, with Chapel and North streets in succession, providing a roadway to Bloor, St. Vincent is a 66-foot street, Chapel a 33-foot street, and North a 66-foot street, all plenty wide enough, for the present to take care of the bulk of the motor traffic which is now practically blocking Yonge between Queen and Bloor.

The purchase of three houses on College street (numbers 56, 58 and 60, and three houses on Grenville street, numbers 55, 59 and 61, would open the blockade and provide a new thorofare from Queen to Bloor. This ought to be done this fall. Relief for the growing traffic on Yonge is urgently needed at once. The main proposition adopted several years ago, and shelved when the war came on, to continue Teraulay as an 86-foot street thru to Bloor could be taken up at a more opportune time.

THE FARMERS AND BECK

May Be Seeking a Way of Carrying on the Government.

From The Toronto Sunday World.

Following Monday's provincial election a growing impression is in the minds of many that in some way the United Farmers and Sir Adam Beck should, and will, get together in an attempt to find a working plan of carrying on the government of Ontario. You hear it on the street, it is getting into the papers, talk of making vacancies so that seats may be found for any new men that may have to be brought in. The Labor men—the twelve apostles—were in session at Hamilton on Saturday. The Liberals elected have been in session; probably also the Conservatives; certainly the United Farmers with their forty odd votes. There is no denial of the report that some kind of conversations have passed between the U. F. O. men and Sir Adam Beck. It is also believed that messages have passed between Liberals and Farmers. But the people are talking one with the other for some kind of a new deal with less party in it. And in this talk among the people Sir Adam's name plays a part.

But what looks likely to be in sight is a declaration of opinion coming forth in the province generally in favor of some understanding between the Farmer and Sir Adam.

Premier Hearst, it is believed, will not do anything in any way to impede negotiations between the various groups concerned; and Sir John Hendrie will certainly continue to be advised by the sitting premier.

For some reason or other more is going on in regard to the situation in Queen's Park than the parties concerned care to disclose.

Why High Prices For Women's Clothes?

BY IDA L. WEBSTER.

The board of commerce might make themselves strong with the female portion of the population, if they would delve into the matter of ready-made clothes for women.

Of course, it was perfectly lovely for the nation to know that men were very often overcharged to the amount of $17 or $18 on a suit or an overcoat, even if nothing was done to lower the prices, but to the women of Toronto it would be extremely interesting to know just how much profit is being made every hour on their wearing apparel.

Even two years ago suits and serge dresses, or cloth dresses were at least 25 per cent cheaper than they are today.

That may not be an original statement, but nevertheless, it is a mighty true one, so much so, that it is a wonder some of the less fortunate of the female race are not arrested for insufficient clothing.

On Saturday afternoon we trailed thru the various shops, asking the price of ordinary afternoon dresses. Now, we might tell you for a start, that by "afternoon" we did not mean anything on the vogue lines at all, but merely something, which might be used in place of the Adam and Eve creations of the year 0019.

The cheapest one shown was $19.50. It might have lasted a week, and it might not have stayed together for a day; in any case, it was one of those shoddy looking blue serges, which lose all pretence of fit the first hour out. Ordinarily it would have been considered most expensive at $9.

Then at $30 there was another line which was not much better, so far as material went. The next issue came at the small sum of $50, and from that on up to $150.

As for winter coats, they are quite beyond the salary of the working girl, whose boss thinks she is being well paid when he doles her out $12 at the end of the week. Indeed, for that matter they are beyond almost any salary.

And yet when a woman slips off that little straight and narrow path, she is condemned beyond redemption, but at the same time, she must be dressed so that she will appear in public looking neat and trim. Now the question is how are they going to do it.

Dress materials are more expensive than they were a few years ago, but have they risen to the heights where it costs a factory $40 to turn a dress out, thus allowing a profit of $10 to the firm selling it? It must also be remembered that a $50 dress is just a very plain affair, it does not boast of trimmings which might add to the price. Coats likewise.

Therefore we ask Major Duncan to turn his attention to the cares of the women of Toronto, and if he can manage to reduce the cost of their clothing he will not only be helping the working women of the race, but he will be keeping hundreds from committing suicide.

MOONLIGHT AND MONEY

BY MARION RUBINCAM

HOMECOMING

CHAPTER 19.

Louise stood in the doorway and watched Harry's figure until it passed out of sight around a bend in the road. He was hurrying, almost running. He had seven minutes to make the train to town, and he timed the walk from the station the night before as requiring at least eleven. But in spite of his rush, he managed to turn, just at the bend of the road, and wave his hand. Louise smiled happily and went back into the house.

For this, she said to herself, was really being married. The honeymoon was over, tho the spirit of it would stay with them for many years. They had come back the night before to a house filled with boxes and piled-up furniture, and laughing from the sheer pleasure of being in their "very own place," had made a picnic supper of canned goods and pulled around furniture to assemble a bed, a bureau, a rug and some chairs in one room. Otherwise nothing was touched.

"Don't work hard straightening things," Harry said that morning, as he helped make coffee in the shining kitchen. "I'll get home as early as I can and move all the heavy stuff around."

But Louise had other ideas. She wanted Harry to come back to a restful home at night, and she had an optimistic fancy that she might make everything delightful to look at by the time his train was due.

There is a story—I think one of Hawthorne's—about a young couple compelled by financial reverses to move to a small place in the country. The day they move, the hero of the story invites a friend to dine with him, and as the two men approach the new and humble dwelling, behold, there is the wife, serenely sitting on the porch twanging a harp, the place all in order, dinner ready, and the lady delighted at the unexpected dinner guest. The hero and husband is so moved by this spectacle of amiability and devotion that he launches forth in paragraphs of praise about his lady. As well he might! No other housewife, no matter how well trained by poverty, could have done as much.

Louise knew less of the problem of moving than Hawthorne. But as she turned back into the house some of its seriousness occurred to her. The living-room, over which they had raved when they first saw the place, was piled high with bulky objects. An enormous wardrobe of black walnut stood in the centre in front of a much-carved old sofa with worn horsehair covering. Bulky chairs and tables stood about, the style of furniture which was passing even twenty-five years before, when her mother had started housekeeping. Here and there some rich and dainty object showed up by contrast—wedding gifts that had been sent over with the old furniture.

"First I'll do the dishes; then I'll clear up the rest of these things, she said out loud, then started a bit—her voice echoed so in the empty house. She hurried into the kitchen because it was smaller and cozier, and brought out all the beautiful aluminum utensils presented by her friends at the "kitchen shower." Heating twice as much hot water as needed in the big dishpan, she set to work with what method she knew. There was not soap. Carol had forgotten that when she sent them a first order of groceries, and Louise did not know where the village store was, so she unpacked a cake of very expensive toilet soap from her grip and made use of that.

Housekeeping was fun, she decided, her hands buried in scented suds as she washed the new dishes. To be sure, there were a lot of things they'd have to get immediately—dishes, for instance. Someone had sent them a dozen service plates of fine imported ware, heavily encrusted with gold, and someone else had sent a tea set—cups and saucers, tea pot, sugar bowl and cream pitcher, and there was as well an exquisite china cake basket. That was all in the way of tableware, except a heavy silver coffee service which a wealthy friend had presented. These things Louise washed carefully and arranged in the sunny corner that was the breakfast room. Then she turned into the living-room and stood looking at the confusion.

And suddenly the magnitude of the task ahead came to her. She felt small and weak and tired, for Louise had never before arisen at seven in the morning. This was her first experience. She lacked three hours' sleep, and felt it in every muscle. There was that wardrobe, that gigantic wardrobe — how could she ever move it? How could anyone? And then, without knowing why, she dropped on the floor in front of it and began to cry.

Tomorrow—A Visitor.

ENGLISHMAN TELLS CAUSE OF UNREST

Gilbert Jackson, at Open Forum, Blames Orgy of Spending.

That the cause of the present industrial unrest in England is due primarily to the high cost of living and the orgy of spending which has been carried on by people in the old land who had made money during the war was the statement made by Gilbert Jackson at the Open Forum yesterday.

The speaker said first that the unrest in England could be viewed from three angles. The first was from the trade unionist viewpoint, as opposed to the soldier viewpoint. Another viewpoint was the opinion that both soldiers and trade unionists were being corrupted by Bolshevik gold. And the third was the viewpoint of the soldier himself with regard to conditions as he found them on his return from the war.

The speaker showed first that out of the five million demobilized army men a large percentage was trade unionist. The percentage might have been larger, he added, if the country had not need of the skilled artisan at home. He characterized the assumption of corruption by Bolshevik gold as rubbish and said that he proposed to speak not for the British government, nor for the trade unionist leaders, nor for the big employers, but he would speak of the soldier's viewpoint as he had seen it in the army.

Offence Against Realm.

Discontent was not brought home by the soldier, declared the speaker, Altho there were many reasons for discontent in the army. The soldier, said Mr. Jackson, learned first to play the game while in the army. When he came home he found those who had got more than their share during the war embarking on an orgy of spending. This was an offence against the realm, said the speaker, and was no less serious because it was not punishable. Another disquieting thing to the soldier's mind was the high cost of living, and in this connection he paid a tribute to the late Lord Rhondda.

Of the great railway strike Mr. Jackson said that altho it was far-reaching in its effects yet it had been accomplished without the commotion and bloodshed which attended the Boston police strike or the threatened steel strike in Pittsburg. He had no fear of revolution in Britain because the more skilled a man was in his trade and of necessity so much more valuable to the state, so would he in proportion go slow and steady in this respect. England had no use for systems and schools of philosophy for her underlying sanity would keep her steady in all trials.

EIGHT CHINAMEN HELD

Eight Chinamen were arrested Saturday night by Plainclothesmen Ward and Clarkson in 78 Louisa street, charged with smoking opium. Ching Sing is held as keeper. The seven others were smoking when the police entered and seized two tins of opium and a pipe and lamp.

SEVEN ARRESTED ON THEFT CHARGE

Seven alleged motor thieves were arrested Saturday night. Three are wanted in St. Catharines, while the other four are charged with stealing a car in Toronto. Roy Close, 441 Shaw street; Harold Martin, 10 Baden street, and two young boys were taken into custody by Detectives Silverthorn and Dawn. Last Sunday night they are alleged to have stolen a car belonging to John Wilkie, 16 Amelia street, from the corner of Roxton road and Dundas street. They drove to the west end of the city, when, believing they were being pursued by the police, they jumped out of the moving car and left it to run amuck. The motor car crashed thru a fence and came to a stop on the C.P.R. tracks at Paton road.

William Bye, Harold Randolph and Cyril Williams, all of St. Catharines, were arrested on the Highway last night, just west of Mimico. The boys were driving to Toronto in a motor car said to have been stolen from a St. Catharines doctor. Motorcycle Officer Wells made the arrests and brought the prisoners to Cowan avenue police station.

Goody! Goody!

It's O'Keefe's DRY GINGER ALE

YOUTHFUL faces beam with anticipation when "O'Keefe's" makes its appearance, and little mouths drink in the sparkling liquid eagerly.

The delicious flavor and delicate nip of "O'Keefe's" has an appeal which children cannot resist, as it satisfies their craving for a real refreshing thirst-quencher.

Encourage the kiddies to drink "O'Keefe's" —truly it's good for them.

Order a case from your grocer and keep it on ice in your home.

O'Keefe's Toronto

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