

The Toronto World

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The Street Railway Strike Over.

The net result of the street car strike is that the men get an increase in pay—not what they asked for—and the company get assurance that this new scale is to run for the balance of the franchise, from now until September 1, 1921.

The Blessed Jitney.

The 1920 car strike will be remembered by the excellence of the jitney service it produced. Some monuments commemorate public services much inferior to those which have given to Toronto a transportation system that to many has made the strike almost a pleasure.

SET A NEW BOARD OF COMMERCE TO WORK.

(From Toronto Sunday World.) The government should lose no time in appointing three energetic and capable men to the board of commerce, and they should be selected with some view to their working together in harmony.

The Manitoba Election.

The provincial election in Manitoba occurs tomorrow, and while there is a general belief that the Norris government will be continued in power, there is also the possibility of queer combinations and strange surprises.

MUSKOKA WEEK-END SLEEPING CAR SERVICE VIA CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS.

Commencing Friday, June 25th, Muskoka week-end sleeping car service will be inaugurated via Canadian National Railways between Toronto and Lake Joseph Station.

SIR THOMAS WHITE AWAY.

Inquiries in Toronto on Saturday did not in locating Sir Thomas White whereabouts. He is out of town and where he will be the coming week could not be ascertained.

BELLEVILLE MASONS PARADE

Belleville, June 30.—(Special.)—The Masons of this city this morning held their annual church parade to the Tabernacle Church, and the turnout was a large one.

WHOLESALE TAX APPEAL

Belleville, Ont. June 27.—(Special.)—Owing to hundreds of appeals being put in by citizens against the assessment of the city this year, and there being considerable feeling against the increase made, the assessor has lodged a general appeal in the cases of citizens who had neglected to appeal.

usage basis. It has also given the province a fairly clean administration. The Roblin government was wrecked by the crude and costly graft which accompanied the construction of the new parliament building.

THE PUBLIC: "I don't see why we have to wait six months to put Dickson into that chair."

labor vote and the socialist vote, which might be a commanding force if combined, will be scattered among a number of candidates.

CANT REWARD MEN WITH POORHOUSE

Premier Drury Gives Reasons For Government Pensions to Civil Servants.

WORLD'S DAILY MEETS HER DEATH IN ELEVATOR SHAFT

Mrs. Elizabeth Chadwick, Prominent Guelph Woman, Victim of Accident.

EIGHTEEN NURSES STRIKE AT GUELPH

Refuse Diet Kitchen Work at Military Hospital—Are Paid Off by Authorities.

RELEASE STRIKE LEADERS.

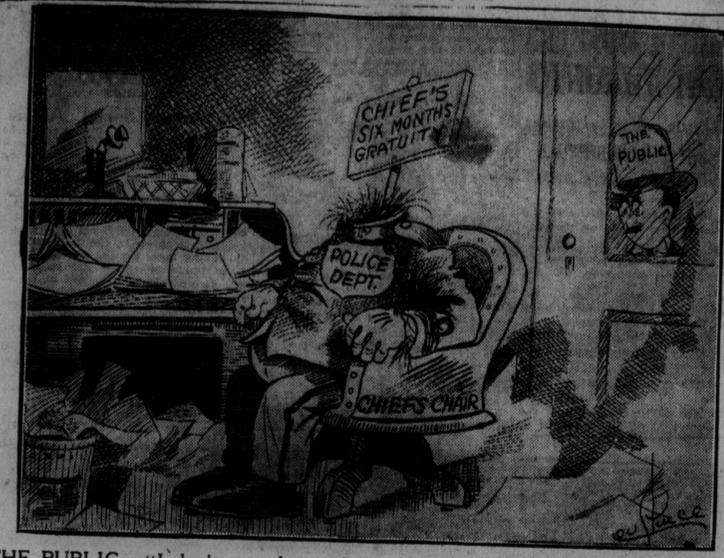
Mexico City, June 26.—Leaders of 4,000 strikers in the Le Guana district state of Coahuila, who have been under arrest, have been freed on orders from General P. Elias Galles, according to newspaper advices.

POLITICAL SITUATION AT OTTAWA.

(From Toronto Sunday World.) Ottawa, June 26.—(Special.)—Sir Robert Borden, who has been expected to keep his own counsel, has many resignations of the cabinet next week, but the members of his cabinet do not know whether he is to resign or is going to stick.

THE TORONTO WORLD

CHIEF'S SIX MONTHS GRATUITY. POLICE DEPT. CHIEF'S CHAIR.



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JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

By JACKSON GREGORY.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

She paused a moment, frowning thoughtfully at the floor. Then suddenly she lifted her eyes to Carson's, saying crisply: "Trevors took time at the end of the month, thinking. That something was that he was going to make me sell. He was excited a bit, I'll admit, or he wouldn't have spoken quite so plainly. And he counted upon the fact of my sex, of course, to feel confident that he could throw a scare into me. He even threatened, if I didn't come to my senses before the ranch was dry in the summer, to burn me out!"

"The damned polecat!" whispered the cattle foreman. "Now, then," cried Judith, "you've got your first job out of me for me! Bayne Trevors or one of his gang set foot on Blue Lake land, and I'll tell you what I think of you, Carson! Or is the job going to be too big for you?"

Carson smiled deprecatingly. "I'd like to see 'em try it," he said in that soft, whispering voice which upon occasions was characteristic of him. "I sure would, Miss Judy!"

THE BIGNESS OF THE VENTURE.

"And now," said Judith Sanford to the stillness about her—she was alone in the big ranch-house—"not being construed of iron, I'm going to take a snooze."

She yawned, stretched her supple young body luxuriously, and passed slowly thru the empty rooms which, at her command, Jose had opened to the great living-room, library, and music-room, where the grand piano stood defectively in its mantle of dust, she came to her own chambers at the southwest corner of the building. Her bed was made, the sheets clean and fresh and inviting, dressing-gown and slippers were upon the window-seat, and from her table a vase of glorious roses sent out a welcoming perfume.

"Good old Jose," she smiled. "Vivid blossom that she was upon the tough, hardy stalk of her pioneer ancestry, creature of ardent flame and passion which her blood and her life in the open had made her, she was not devoid of the understanding of the limit of physical endurance. Last night, thru the late moonlight and later starlight, thru the thick darkness which lay across the mountain trails before the coming of day, on into the dawn, she had ridden the forty miles from the railroad at Rocky Bend. Certain of treachery on the part of Bayne Trevors, she had arrived only to find him plotting another blow at her interests. She had ridden a mad brute of a horse whose rebellious struggle against her authority had taxed her to the last ounce of her strength. She had shot a man in the right shoulder and the left forearm.... And now, with no one to see her, she was pale and shaking a little, suddenly faint from the heavy beating of her own

heart. She had had virtually no sleep last night. She was glad of it. For now she would sleep, sleep! "I am not to be called, no matter what happens," she said to Jose, who came rattling to the tinkle of her bell. "Thank you for the roses, Jose!" Slipping out of her clothes—she drew the sheet up to her throat—she looked for a wretched hour before sleep came to her. A restless sleep, filled with broken bits of unpleasant dreams.

At two o'clock, swiftly dressing after a leisurely bath, she went out into the courtyard, where she found Jose making a pretense of waiting, whereas in truth for a matter of hours he had done little but watch for her coming.

"Jose," she said, as she swept off his wide hat and made her the bow reserved for a senorita and a senorayona, "you will have to be my maid and errand boy for me until I get things running right. I am going to telephone into town this minute for a woman to do my cooking and housekeeping and be a nuisance around generally. While I do that, will you score up something for me to eat and then saddle a horse for me! And don't make a fire, either; just something cold out of a can, you know?" She went to the office, which she over the wire with Mrs. Simpson, Rocky Bend to come out on the following day, and then spent fifteen minutes studying the payroll taken from the safe, which, fortunately, Trevors had left open. As Jose came in with a big tray she was running thru a file of reports made during the month-end, two weeks ago, by certain of the ranch foremen.

"Put it down on the table, Jose. Thank you," and she found time for a smile at her devoted servant. "Now, have a horse ready, will you? Am without waiting for Jose's answer, she picked up the telephone, she asked for the office at the Lower End, as the rich valley land of the western portion of the ranch was commonly known.

Briefly making herself known to the owner of the boyish voice which answered, she asked for "Doc" Trevors and was informed that the ranch veterinarian was no longer with the outfit. "Judith frowned. "Where is he?" "Rocky Bend, I think." "When did he leave us?" "Three days ago." "Why?" "Fired. Mr. Trevors let him go." "Him?" said Judith. "Who has taken his place?" "Bill Crowley is sort of acting vet, right now." "Thanks," she said. Clicking off, she put in a call for "Doc" Tripp in Rocky Bend. "Get him for me as quick as you can, will you please?" she asked of the operator in town. For five minutes she munched at a sandwich and pored over the papers before her, dealing with this or that of the many interests of the big ranch. When at last her telephone-bell rang she found that it was Tripp. "Hello, Doc," she said cordially. "I haven't seen you for some time. I forgot how you come along your hair!" Tripp laughed with her at that; across the miles she could picture him running his big hand thru the rebellious shock. "Yes, I'm back to stay, and from the looks of it I didn't come any too soon. Yes, Doc, we do miss him," and her voice softened wonderfully to Tripp's mention of the man who had been more than father to her, more than friend to him. "But we are going to buck up and show folks that we know. He would have made a go of the thing; we are going to do it. What was the trouble with you and Trevors?" (Continued Tomorrow Morning.)

Hot Summer Days For sizzling Summer days, nothing is so refreshing as a bottle of O'Keefe's Ale, Stout or Lager. O'Keefe's beverages not only relieve you of that uncomfortable feeling of warmth, but they satisfy and invigorate. On sale at all restaurants, cafes and hotels. O'Keefe's IMPERIAL ALE-LAGER-STOUT THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO LIMITED

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