

The Toronto World

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WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 24

Dignity is Not Cheap.

The experiment of making a court out of an investigating body is not succeeding very well. The board of commerce exercises some of the functions of a judicial body, but the way in which Mr. Roebuck appears to succeed in making a "monkey" of it, suggests that the dignity and calm temper of a court are scarcely among its attributes. Has there ever been a series of scraps between bench and bar as the sittings of the board furnish, so apparently inconsequential as those which were staged at Hamilton, and are being continued in Toronto? The public likes to give respect to judicial bodies, but it is becoming increasingly difficult to indulge the quality, when counsel and commissioners seem to delight to bark and bite. It is impossible to reduce the high cost of living by cheapening dignity.

Leacock and the Riddle.

Professor Leacock appears with what S. B. Gundy, his publisher, calls the book of the hour—"The Unsolved Riddle of Social Justice." It might have better been called the book of the ages, so far as the solution of the riddle is concerned. Mr. Leacock does not profess to be a modern *Edipus*. You can't solve the riddle in an hour, or in a book, or in a Leacockian mood. The book has many high qualities—the first of which is the mind behind the book.

University professors, even those of political economy, like Stephen Leacock, when they enter regions where action is as important as reflection—and immensely more difficult—are popularly regarded as so many political fat men. Nobody loves them. Mr. Leacock is a penetrating thinker and a clear, suggestive writer, who does his best, this time, to seem as serious as he is.

He damns the old order up hill and down dale, and does the same for socialism, as a possible solution of the riddle. He is as keenly alive as any socialist to the social injustice of the past, and he preaches doctrines which, if they mean anything, involve degrees of socialization which would have scandalized most of the benefactors of McGill.

But he repudiates socialism, without telling his readers that it is safe to join any school of the prophets. Perhaps there are no prophets. It is all very well to assert that the child must be given a good start in life, but that doesn't tell what should be done with union government or the Farmers' movement, or the Labor party, or certain journals that are too numerous to mention. The excellent men who come along with discourses about the mess we are in without giving distressed mankind a real pull out of it, cannot be men of action.

Recently a shrewd lady, listening to a speaker on a political subject, said to her neighbor: "My, but I should like to see him with his coat off." You don't feel that way about the writer of "The Unsolved Riddle of Social Justice." He is a sign in the sky. But he is not redolent of the sweat of action—and it is action that readers want to sense in what they read.

Inescapable.

A letter comes which recalls the millionaire in Mexico, access to whom was difficult because of a vigilant secretary, acting under strong orders. One day there walked into the sanctum of Croesus a dilapidated individual who truthfully professed to be an old schoolfellow and told a very hard luck story. The surprised millionaire, overcoming his astonishment, listened awhile and then touched his bell. The secretary appeared, and his employer, with tears in his voice, said: "Take this man away, John, he is breaking my heart."

The letter is from a devoted reader, who complains that he has frequently written to the Sunday and Daily World and has not seen his letters in print. He wants to know, by return mail, why they have not appeared. He adds that some time last year a contribution of his was printed and asks that it be looked up for the excellence of his views on a civic question.

It breaks the heart to have to say that it is not newspaper practice to file letters if they do not find expedient to publish. It may be confessed to contributors who do not succeed that even editors themselves frequently write things which do not get into print, and that because a letter from

a valued correspondent does not appear is no indication of indifference to the writer.

Our disappointed friend must be asked to believe that it is impossible today to resurrect the past, but that anything which comes in will be treated on what, with such discretion as very finite editorial capacity possesses, is believed to be its merits. That is exactly what is done with the work of every member of the staff; and, so far, our friend is welcome to regard himself as belonging to that company.

Strange Attack on Agriculture.

Mr. Meredith of Iowa, editor of "Successful Farming," has become United States secretary of agriculture, and in a few weeks, it would appear, has qualified to write on "Unsuccessful Washington." Mr. Meredith assumed office full of zeal for scientific agriculture. He hardly seems true of an editor, he went into the cabinet believing that congress was a collection of representatives who cared for the advancement of half a continent.

He has been cruelly disillusioned. The house of representatives has mangled his estimates so that their father would scarcely recognize them. All sorts of work that would be dear to the heart of Mr. Doherty and the O. A. C. has been rendered impossible by the house. Although the senate has restored some of the rejected items Mr. Meredith is reported to be sitting disconsolate among the ashes of his hope.

It seems as tho the house of representatives has taken fright at the advance of the rural voters to political power. The Non-partisan League has captured the whole of North Dakota, and has spread amazingly thru the middle west, until it threatens to overthrow the politicians and the interests they have traditionally served.

It seems impossible for some who have regarded machine politics as permanent features of the national landscape to learn anything from the resentment against them and their servitudes, which is the most pronounced quality in the immediate development of national consciousness in democratic North America.

Anybody who does not realize that the fundamental requirement of this continent is to increase production from the soil has not learned the alphabet of political and economic well-being. The farmer is no longer content with a standard of life which used to be represented by three cents a pound for beef on the hoof, ten cents a dozen for eggs, fifty cents a bushel for wheat, and twenty-five for oats.

Agriculture is becoming a manufacturing science instead of an economic bondage. To cut down estimates for its service to an extent which will convince the farmers that their representatives are hostile to the fundamental prosperity of the nation is about as colossal a political folly as any political bats could devise. Happily neither the Dominion nor any of the provinces would do to any minister of agriculture what congress has done to the enthusiastic Mr. Meredith.

No English Out of Irish.

Probably the time will never come when parties to religious or political feuds will understand the profound truth of John Bright's saying, "Force is no remedy." To look at Ireland is to fear that nobody may be right, and to be almost sure that everybody is wrong.

What is happening now is nothing like as murderous as what took place during other periods of extreme Irish resentment against English rule. But it is bad enough to convince the friendly onlooker that repression on one side and outrage on the other, can never bring peace to any country, let alone one which has so many generous, light-hearted and devoted people as abound in Ireland.

Those who imagine that conquest by the sword is the only way to retain Ireland within the British Empire may still fear, with the high Tory Morning Post, that Lord French and the chief secretary "are bringing about the hideous necessity of reconquering Ireland by force of arms." Those who believe that only abundant home rule can find a cure for Irish troubles, will probably pray for temporary rest from unrest in the hope that the councils of humanity, commonsense and statesmanship will have a chance to prevail.

At the beginning of this century there was a movement among many of the landlord class for devolution which would differ from home rule only in name. One of its leaders was Captain Shaw Taylor, a Sirlo man of winsome personality and considerable ability. When he was asked what he had learned most from the home rule side, he said, "The sincerity of the Nationalists." To the question, "What have you found to be the greatest error of the past?" he replied: "Ireland is where she is because for centuries we have persisted in trying to make bad Englishmen out of good Irishmen." There, surely, is the root of the trouble. The English have many great and noble qualities, but not even an army of Gabriels could make an Englishman out of an Irishman—for which no doubt the Irishman never ceases to give hearty thanks.

Cures Superficial Cancer

By an X-Ray Treatment

New York, March 23.—Fifty consecutive cases of superficial, cancer have been cured at New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital by an X-ray method developed by Dr. William H. Meyer. Dr. Meyer is now working on a method for the treatment of deep-seated cancer.

HELD UP IN LAYING TIME



The National Hen: If that he-fusser 'd only get off the nest I'd lay a policy egg

NOT STANDARDIZING FARM MACHINERY

Agriculture Committee of Commons Brings in Adverse Report.

F. S. TOLMIE EXPLAINS

Ottawa, March 23.—(By Canadian Press.)—The standardization of farm machinery and parts thereof is hardly feasible at the present time, according to the report given to the agriculture committee of the commons this morning by their sub-committee, which had met the manufacturers of farm machinery in Toronto. The manufacturers had stated that many of their parts were designed and made in secret, and standardization would give away many of their trade secrets.

John Harold (Brant), a member of the committee which had met the manufacturers, stated that in his opinion the results sought by the committee could not be attained by co-operative means. He thought that perhaps in time the manufacturers would find it to their advantage to manufacture standardized parts together and thus reduce the costs to themselves.

The chairman, R. C. Henders (Macdonald), said the suggestion had been made that the committee meet the manufacturers at Smith's Falls and go over the work there with them. He thought this plan might be carried out, and the committee decided later on this course.

Tribute to Farmers.

The minister paid tribute to the farmers as the one class who were willing to go into the world's markets with an "open break" and who were not like some other sections of the community, continually seeking shorter hours and greater pay, and were not always waiting for the 12 or six o'clock whistle.

ONE MONTH AND DEPORTATION.

One month at the jail farm was given Anna Hoffman yesterday, charged with breaking custody in August last. Deportation to the American side follows.

WORLD'S DAILY BRAIN TEST

BY SAM LOYD.

20 Minutes to Answer This.

No. 143.

OTTER AND ERMINE ARE EAGERLY BOUGHT

Montreal Fur Sale Records Big Demand and High Prices.

Montreal, March 23.—With sales for the morning of \$123,365, the second day of the Canadian Fur Auction Companies' inaugural sale witnessed some of the keenest bidding there has been at any sale in the last year. Australian opossum was also offered and eagerly purchased.

Officers were the feature of the afternoon sale. The highest price was \$105, and it was stated that the prices ranged about 35 per cent. higher than those paid at the last auction sale at St. Louis. Ermine skins went for \$4, and 33,423 of them sold.

The sales have been running behind schedule and it is possible that evening sales will have to be held to end the auction by the close of the week.

New Sleeping Car Service Between Hamilton and Montreal, via Grand Trunk Railway System.

Commencing Sunday, March 21st, from Montreal, and Monday, March 22nd, from Hamilton, Grand Trunk Railway System will inaugurate new Sleeping Car Service, leaving Hamilton daily, 9:20 p.m., arriving Montreal 7:30 a.m., and leaving Montreal 11:00 p.m. daily, arriving Hamilton 9:20 a.m.

For further particulars and reservations apply any Grand Trunk Agent, Toronto, Ont.

LEACOCK WARNS BRITISH AGAINST "DRY" CANADA

London, March 23.—Professor Stephen Leacock of McGill University has a long letter today in The Times, in which he discusses the "appalling disaster" which has overtaken the United States and Canada in prohibition. He speaks of the prohibitionist as now having entered into his kingdom and claims that his enjoyment is merely the joy of prosecuting his fellow-men. He further warns England that a similar crusade is coming to England and says: "The most serious warning is needed for the decent British people of any class who may be thinking of migrating to the United States and to the dry provinces of Canada. They will reap nothing but bitter regrets. Let them come, instead, to the spacious and hospitable province of Quebec."

QUEBEC BANDIT SHOOT PULP FIRMS' DETECTIVE

Quebec, March 23.—Detective Geo. Roy, operating for the Laurentide Pulp and Paper Company at La Tuque, was seriously injured by a bandit, who shot him in the thigh with a high-velocity rifle. Roy, it appears, had made a strong voluntary plea for Duffman without avail.

MASS. TO SAVE DAYLIGHT.

Boston, March 23.—The house of representatives passed a bill today to provide for daylight saving in this state from the last Sunday in March to the last Sunday in October. The senate is expected to act upon it tomorrow.

SHEDS NEW LIGHT ON CZAR'S LOYALTY

Sir J. Hanbury-Williams Tells of Monarch's Adhesion to Allied Cause.

KERENSKY BLUNDERED

Ottawa, March 23.—A most interesting letter was recently received by Mr. Charles Hanbury-Williams, of the department of militia and defence, from his brother, Sir John Hanbury-Williams, who is very well known throughout Canada, and especially in Ottawa, he having been military secretary for his excellency, the governor-general of Canada, when Earl Grey held that post.

Sir John wrote from Cannes, in the south of France, where he is now enjoying a holiday. During the war, and to the time of the Russian revolution, Sir John was liaison officer between the British war office and the imperial Russian government.

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IMPERIAL SOLDIER TRIES SUICIDE; TO AWAIT DEPORTATION IN JAIL

St. Catharines, March 23.—Frank Duffman, an imperial soldier who attempted to commit suicide at a local boarding house two weeks ago, by slashing his throat with a razor while temporarily insane from shell shock and gas poisoning, sustained during the war, was sentenced to one month in jail today by Magistrate Campbell to await deportation. Major E. P. Lancaster, without being retained, made a strong voluntary plea for Duffman without avail.

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Ask your dealer for EDDY'S Toilet Paper

EDDY'S make millions of sheets of toilet paper every year, yet this huge quantity is only a small fraction of the tremendous output of papers, matches, industrial fibreware, etc.



THE GIRL WHO SMILED THRU

By MARION RUBINCAM

REFUGE IN WORK.

CHAPTER 39.
Alice did not keep her hopeless frame of mind long.

"She has a soul like a rubber ball," Mrs. Riley remarked one September afternoon, after she had pulled a couple of rockers to the porch, and had settled herself to do some darning.

"You never did tell me all that story," Mrs. James—Mrs. Dr. James—said, also settling herself and opening her coat.

"Well, it's not much to tell," Mrs. Riley bit a thread off and thrust her darning egg into another stocking.

"This young fellow turned up, and he seemed awful snooty—used to see him walk around there every evening. And then we heard they were to be married."

"Yes, time she was married," Mrs. James said. "Every woman ought to marry before she is 21. I was 19 myself."

"Then this Louise—no, Lois, funny name, isn't it?—the comes. She was from the city, and she had city ways and city clothes, and I must say she was pretty."

"Nice?" Mrs. Dr. James asked. In her world, there were only two classes, those who were nice, and those who weren't. She rather overdid the word.

"Well, I don't know exactly," Mrs. Riley was not sure what her guest meant by "nice." "I liked her a lot at first. She didn't put on airs, and she was awful sweet—too sweet, of course. We found out later that she wasn't in her own mind, she was just here for supper often. My Jim thought she was a wonder."

"Well, it appears she made eyes at this young David without anyone knowing it. Just like a man, he didn't know it himself—thought she was a sweet little thing. Like we all did. Then first thing you know, they begin acting like they were in love, and Alice goes and breaks the engagement. Said she didn't want to tie David to her apron strings if he was in love with her cousin."

"Shouldn't have done that," Mrs. Dr. James shook her head sadly. "The note that she sent me says she was in love with a man who was in a wife. But she got him. Then she goes back to the city and by and by he follows her—she sent him a telegram to come. I heard that from Bill Parsons, who carried it out to the farm himself—and then they were married. And that's all. You heard of it if you were home this summer."

"What's Alice doing now?" Mrs. James asked, after she had examined her descriptive powers concerning Ranier Falls and her summer vacation—the most notable achievement of which seemed to have been the knitting of sweaters.

"Working hard," Mrs. Riley said. "Lord, I never knew a girl could be so energetic. She's doing everything. When the garden work is over she house-cleans and she almost does over that little place—bringing shrubs and small trees from the woods—it's lovely. Looks like real landscape gardening. I'd say. And then the woman's kind of got hold of her to help in establishing a settlement house over at Shantyville. And she's there part of every day. And evenings she's been helping with church socials—and things. You know she wasn't much of a hand for church, but she's working at that as well as ever. And she's got a Sunday school class, too."

"Sensible girl," Mrs. James approved.

"There's her's nothing like hard work to take your mind off your troubles," Mrs. Riley agreed. "I remember when my first baby died, we had a stormy day over the funeral, the lower meadow town under the house had been helping with church socials—and things. You know she wasn't much of a hand for church, but she's working at that as well as ever. And she's got a Sunday school class, too."

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