The Toronto World

FOUNDED 1880.

A morning newspaper published every day in the year by The World Newspaper Company of Toronto, Limited. H. J. Maclean, Managing Director.

WORLD BUILDING, TORONTO, NO. 40 WEST RICHMOND STREET.

Telephone Calls:
Main 5308—Private Exchange connecting all departments.
Branch Office—40 South McNab Street, Hamilton. Telephone 1946.

The Circulation of THE TORONTO DAILY AND SUNDAY WORLD is authenticated by the
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The World promises a before 7 a.m. delivery in any part of the City or Suburbs of Toronto and Hamilton. World subscribers are invited to advise the circulation department in case of late or irregular delivery.

TUESDAY MORNING, OCT. 3.

Aviation Once More

Zeppelin raids over England have been on the increase, and while to date honors are about even, it is undoubted that England would sleep more soundly if the air defences were in an impregnable condition. The most effective defence is efficient air service. The anti-aircraft guns have done good work, and have brought down at least two of the big German dirigibles, but it is the aeroplane and the men like Lieut. Robinson, V. C., who are most to be feared by the Germans. They can fly out of range of the guns, but where they go the aeroplane can go higher. Getting the drop on them is a phrase which has acquired a new meaning.

Canada has a great responsibility in this matter. Only the most ignorant or the most deluded can deny that the destiny of Canada is now being settled in Europe. Did the entente allies lose in this fight for freedom Canada would become, not merely a dependency, but a colony of Germany, and the status of a German colony can be judged by the treatment accorded to the inhabitants of the invaded territories of Belgium and France. It is idle to say that Canadians would be differently treated. Some Canadians would be equally recalcitrant with the patriots of Belgium and France, and the result would be similar.

The paramount importance of air service to the empire and consequently to the Dominion of Canada makes it a constant wonder that the federal government has not done more for aeroplaning than it has. The meagre grants and the cold shoulder of departments that should be interested will remain as historic blots on the record of the war government of Canada. On various occasions representatives of the British naval and military forces have come over to Canada since the war began, with the object of stimulating this indispensable branch of the service. Even the generous grants made by the British Government, and the fact that our men are given a three months' course of training in England after their preliminary training here does not seem to have caused any ripple of interest in the apathetic Ottawa officials. Just now when the brother of the Duke of Roxburgh is over in the interests of the air service, would seem to be a propitious time for the government to get busy and do something, but so many similar occasions have passed without result that one hesitates to hope. Hon. Mr. Hazen as head of department of marine, should be aware of the exceeding importance of the aeroplane service to the navy, and even to the Canadian navy. If the department of militia be utterly paralyzed in this motor nerve, the department of marine has a chance to redeem the reputation of Canada, and defend its character for common sense and business acumen.

We are all aware that young Canadians as a class are capable of becoming the finest body of airmen in the world. Their keenness, dash, independence, initiative and native daring render them an unrivaled class upon which to draw for the support of the army of flying men, without which the empire cannot get along. It has been fairly well settled that the British navy will henceforth have its aeroplane auxiliaries with all vessels, and the Canadian navy must follow suit in this if it is to retain any semblance of efficiency. Halifax and Esquimalt cannot remain undefended from the latest means of attack.

So frequently has the royal navy shown a willingness to co-operate with Canada in this important matter that it has been a matter of constant wonder to those on the outside why the government has not already organized such a government factory and imperial school for the training of airmen as they have in England in connection with the R. F. C. A really fine pilot school should long ago have been in operation in Canada, and the naval department ought to lose no more time in organizing it. As it is, the splendid young men who are partially trained here have to go to England to complete their training, with the result of congesting the English schools that are all too inadequate for the accommodation of their own recruits. The government is losing an unexampled opportunity to furnish some of the most effective aid to the empire that modern methods could suggest and our own peculiar national characteristics supply.

The Quebec Bridge

The Engineering Record of New York says that the cause of the recent Quebec bridge disaster must always remain a mystery. It was not the fault of the cantilever arms, which bore the burden placed upon them easily and withstood the shock of its sudden removal. It was not the fault of the hoisting tackle and apparatus, nor is there anything to show that there was any defect in the span itself, which now lies at the bottom of the St. Lawrence River. The official explanation of the accident is that there was some hidden defect in the castings intermediate between the two pins of the lifting girder, but these castings, in fact the whole of this universal supporting shoe at each corner as well as the lifting girders, The Engineering Record points out, carried heavier loads at Sillery Cove, where the span was erected, than during the hoisting operation. Moreover, these castings had been subjected to the most severe and comprehensive tests.

However, by a process of elimination, the experts have placed the blame on the castings, and when the new span is hoisted into place no cast steel will be used in the hoisting apparatus, but only the rolled steel.

It is gratifying to note that the U. S. newspapers, lay and scientific alike, regard the fall of the bridge, or rather the span, as one of those unfortunate accidents which could neither have been foreseen nor prevented. The span was safely transported from Sillery Cove to the bridge, arrived on scheduled time, was connected to the hoisting chains, and time after time raised two feet. To those looking on, the great engineering marvel had become a commonplace. There is no reason to doubt but that the span when it reached track-level would have been securely anchored to the supporting cantilevers, and would have become an integral part of the completed bridge.

The Ottawa correspondent of The Boston Transcript, who like Silas Wegg, sometimes "drops into poetry," suggests that a Nemesis pursues the bridge and the National Transcontinental Railway, of which it is to be the final link. Perhaps some other poet will suggest that the imperious St. Lawrence refuses to be bridled, and that the river deities have been at work—possibly the ubiquitous German spy may be to blame, altho it is hard to see how he could have done anything to the castings after they had been tested and put under the heaviest possible strain at Sillery. In any event, the one thing now is to build a new span and get it into place as quickly as possible.

The Woman Vote

Women vote in twelve of the forty-eight states at the coming presidential election. These twelve states by no means contain one-fourth of the country's population, but they include great commonwealths like Illinois and California. No doubt if all the women in these twelve states go solid for Mr. Wilson he will be re-elected. But are they likely to do so?

In 1912 no result could be traced to equal suffrage where it had been established, except that in California the Socialist party made a poorer showing than usual. The women not unnaturally shrank from socialism, which, as interpreted by some of its exponents, directly attacks the sanctity of the home, but as between Republicans, Democrats and Progressives the women divided in about the same proportion as the men. Inherited predilections were equally strong with both sexes, and apparently the "divided household," which the opponents of equal suffrage are so fond of conjuring up, was not in evidence.

Why then should there be any fear of the newly enfranchised women voting almost in a body for the Democratic candidate? Republican managers have some such fear, and they are especially apprehensive about the result in the State of Illinois. It is not that they fear the suffragettes. Both of the big political parties alternately promised and sidestepped the ladies who descended upon their national conventions. Governor Hughes turned a somersault on the question of equal suffrage to win the woman vote, but the president gallantly overtook him. Besides that the politicians figure that many women who have the suffrage are not especially keen on the subject.

What the Republicans are worried about just now is an adroit appeal of the Democrats to the women voters of the United States, based upon their fear of war. It was the American women that put a sudden crimp into the preparedness propaganda, and the American women are apparently resolved that their country shall not be drawn into either the European war or into a war with Mexico. "I never raised my boy to be a soldier" appears to be their slogan. That the fear of war may drive the women of the country solidly to Wilson, is just now the nightmare of the Republican managers. The ordinary man is pretty well satisfied that there will be no more danger of war under Hughes than there has been under Wilson, but his wife and mother are apt to be more timorous.

Worship of peace for the sake of peace may not be an encouraging sign, but undoubtedly, as the war goes on, many people in the United States congratulate themselves on keeping out of the conflict. It remains to be seen whether the three million enfranchised women, who go to the polls in November, will be influenced by the peace-at-any-price appeals made to them by the politicians.

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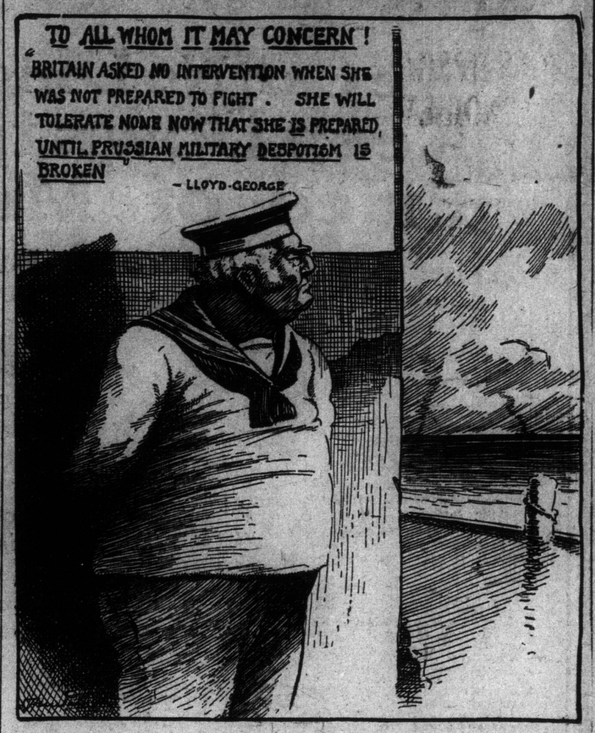

From the Women of Canada

Every woman in Ontario, we venture to think, will be glad to subscribe to the "Prisoners of War" fund which is being raised at the suggestion of H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught in lieu of a personal farewell gift from the women of Canada to her royal highness upon the occasion of her return to England. At a meeting of the representatives of all the leading women's societies of Ontario held at the parliament buildings in Queen's Park yesterday the proposal was unanimously agreed to.

Lady Hendrie as president for the Province of Ontario announces that the subscriptions for the fund will be taken up by the officers of the various societies and transmitted to Clarence Bogert, Esq., general manager, Dominion Bank, Toronto, who has consented to act as honorary treasurer.

Ladies of the province who are not connected with any society may give in their subscriptions to the local post-office or bank, or remit direct to Mr. Bogert. Mrs. Arthur Van Koughnet as honorary secretary will be pleased to attend to all correspondence in connection with the fund, but subscriptions should be sent to the honorary treasurer.

If the war should end so suddenly as to leave any surplus, the same will be expended under the supervision of her royal highness for the care and comfort of Canadian soldiers. The fund is certainly one that should reach large proportions, but subscriptions will close on the 13th inst., as their royal highnesses will bid farewell to Canada during the present month.

"There Was a Tavern in Our Town."

In publishing the following letter we believe the literary flavor will appeal to the readers who might disagree with some of the conclusions. As the result of a discussion such as may be found going on in many quarters at present, it is valuable as the summary of the views of one who has seen life and knows the world as only the worker sees and knows them:

Dear Friend,—Permit me to send you a few lines as the result of a late conversation. The remark of yours which impressed me most forcibly was, that this is an important, in fact, a critical time in Toronto's social life. That never occurred to me. The reference was to the closing of the bars—the "poor man's club," as some water-gruel people call them. You are actually engaged in leading your brethren onward and upward. I am not, and fear that "the devil take the hindmost" is my creed. That is wrong, of course, but a passive wrong. We were talking to the workingman, or as a city paper contemptuously calls him, "The Man in Overalls." Well, the man in overalls is over all and under all. He "jacks up" the landmarks of our expanding nation, and pays toll to the millionaire millers, who grind his grist.

About the bars? The "poor man's club" is defunct. Dead as a nail. Except Saturdays, the poor man was generally outnumbered and repulsed from the trenches by the society swell. They drank the strong waters in those Spas fervently and frequently, as a duty they owed to their cothes and pretensions to gentility. We have nothing to do with them, but hope and believe that they can slake their thirst at "holy wells" known to themselves. Now, sir, like Peter, you are a "fishor of men," and as Piscator, you must tickle your trout before you catch him. An eminent physician said that a confirmed vicious habit can be best cured by a substitute. I believe in that treatment. To be plain, it's not the drink habit but the social shock that strikes one. From Noah down to Johnny Dewar is a long and wobbly road, and many fall by the way. The African savage makes his palm wine in the sun, and the Mexican peon his pulque. But Ontario in general, and Holy Toronto in particular, will doubtless go dry.

Assuming that other retreats must and will be found to change the habits of our stray lambs or goats, what substitute can be suggested. I am utterly unfit to pose as a Laborite Moses, but I know my fellow-worker—his virtues and his vices, his big heart and his small ways, his high intelligence and his childish ignorance. Yes, and like poor, dear Burns, I am one of them, and competent to assert.

Let us pass by the middle-aged and the elderly workers (their habits are fixed) and refer to the young mechanic, clerk or artisan, who toils with hands and brains for hire. I affirm that an average specimen will not grade up in acquired knowledge or culture with his father, much less his grandfather, when they were his age. Physically and mentally he may match them, but the young roosters crow before they are feathered. The fact is the schoolmaster baked them so hard that they are book-proof and study-proof. He wrote "Finis" on their calf-skin cover. Don't think, kind master, that I am jealous, or bear ill-will to the dear young sport. I love him. My heart bleeds and my bowels yearn for him. He knows sports and despises me because I don't. He worships the jolly-great-big-old-sporting editor as a god. The boy talks races like a Jehu, and makes his bets thru dreams, dope and fakers. But he don't know a horse. I do. He don't know a spavin from a quarter-crack or the blind staggers from a sweeney. You could tell him of a racing cross between a Percheron and a Messenger, a Hambletonian and a Clyde, and he wouldn't deny you. Why? He don't read, see or listen. One of the most intelligent men I ever met couldn't read, but was a powerful listener. Another smart, rich business man in a country town signed himself X on account of never having learnt to spell. He was a councilman too, and owned a mare that could trot under three minutes to a road wagon.

Now if our young Harold or Percy had been pushed out of his home nest and had the good luck to seek work on his own shoes in a strange land or city, and also had the inestimable fortune to live in a big boarding house, far from paw and maw, and the good pastor, then his metal would be tried. His intellectual pores would suck up knowledge like a sponge. The parlor of such an academy is the place to graduate from. But the high school par excellence was, alas, the commercial room of a country town tavern. Dr. Johnson eulogized a tavern. There commercial travelers, townsmen, doctors, farmers, et al, struck flint against steel and the sparks flew upward.

Enough of this garrulity, you say; "What remedy for the vacuum in the bar do you suggest in addition to the churches, lodges, libraries, theatres, Y. M.C.A., as well as athletics, etc.?"

Nothing personally, except thru you and other masters of the pen. There's a select few of the young trout who are well worth catching, and having caught them, give them the keys to literary delights and they will decoy others if put back in the pond. Tell them what good authors to read, and how to form small private clubs where they can debate, orate, act, sing or play chess. The churches present a varied menu of attractions, but there is the drawback of petrified organization, decorum and condescending supervision that chills the young Roscius and damns the impromptu. Dickens paints the debating club in vivid colors—exaggerated, of course; yet his Red Faced Man still lives. In brief, my one suggestion is clubs or circles, strictly limited in number, of varied tastes, but sufficiently congenial to preserve harmony. A strong armed chairman should allow only one to hold the floor, and call time. As little machinery or tom-fool rules as possible as a machine makes the operator a part of itself. We want our pupils to be hand-made, not foundry-cast.

Political Intelligence

This time a year ago the government had about decided not to have an election if the Liberals would agree to an extension of the parliamentary term. The Liberals were not keen for an election and did not want the burden cast upon them of having precipitated one, yet they refused to say in advance of the meeting of parliament what they would do. When parliament met, no time was lost in moving an address to the crown asking for an amendment of the B. N. A. Act that would postpone the general election until the fall of 1917, and the opposition was plainly warned that they must consent to the extension of the parliamentary term or get ready for an early election.

The government is just as anxious to have the parliamentary term again extended as they were a year ago, but the Liberals are much more willing than they were to face an election. Hon. Charles Marcil said the other evening that no one could say what the Liberals might do three months hence, but the less cautious G. P. Graham has definitely announced that the Liberals will not agree to an extension. The Ottawa correspondent of The Toronto Globe, presumably in the confidence of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, wires his paper that any extension of the life of parliament is "unlikely."

* * * *

The Globe man does not credit the rumor of an early dissolution and an election in December. He thinks the house will meet in January, but that a dissolution will follow the refusal of the Liberals to agree to an extension of the parliamentary term, and that an election may be expected in March or April. He also inclines to the belief that Sir Sam Hughes will retain his portfolio, but points out that his powers are being much curtailed. Even recruiting is to be transferred to a director of recruiting under the immediate supervision of the prime minister.

It is said that there are 3000 civil engineers in this country at present who are out of work or only partially employed.

One-seventh of the people of Tibet are monks.

Lincoln was one, as well as most of the mighty ones. Truly yours,
Monitor.

BIG RUSH FOR THE NEW DICTIONARY

Busy Workers Present Coupons

Extraordinary efforts are being made to get copies of the New Universities Dictionary to meet the demand for the book offered by this paper to its readers exclusively. Thousands were distributed during the past week. In order to assure obtaining one, World readers should save their coupons, as the supply of dictionaries is limited and this offer may be withdrawn any time.

"When we set our thoughts down in written form," says Professor Forrest M. Lunt, M.A., instructor of English in Horace Mann School, Teachers' College, Columbia University, "we are without the aids of voice and manner to make clear what we are trying to say. Our thoughts must be understood because the relations which exist between the various parts of our sentences are clear. If the relations between the parts of our sentences are not clear, the thoughts we are trying to express will not be understood." This is Professor Lunt's introduction in the New Universities Dictionary to his article on "Practical Syntax," which shows readers of this new dictionary how to build correct sentences.

"Good usage, common practice, society—whatever you will—has decided what is good form, what is proper, in this field of syntax, just as it has in morals, etiquet or fashions," continues Professor Lunt; "therefore, the man or woman who has occasion to set his thoughts down in writing should observe the common practice, the universally understood rules which govern the relationship of words. If he fails to do this, or if he attempts to make his own rules, he will be considered without the pale of cultured educated people. From this it will be seen that the ability to construct sentences properly is hardly less important than the power to speak."

INFANTILE PARALYSIS SPREADS.

Special to The Toronto World.

Kitchener, Oct. 2.—Another case of infantile paralysis is reported by the medical health officer. The victim is the infant child of Geo. Treusch, Louisa street. The medical health officer states that the patient may recover. Hopes are held for the complete recovery.

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BELLEVILLE MEN ON LAST LEAVE.

Special to The Toronto World.

Belleville, Oct. 2.—Members of the 155th Battalion who live in Belleville today arrived from Barriefield Camp on their last leave previous to going overseas. It is expected that the camp will be broken up about October 15. The officers and members of the 155th Battalion are chiefly from Hastings and Prince Edward counties.

DRUGGIST ARRESTED.

Thomas Cruttenden, 601 Sherbourne street, druggist, was arrested yesterday afternoon by Morality Officers Kerr and Lawler, on a charge of selling morphine without keeping a record of sales. Cruttenden refused to make any statement before consulting his solicitor.

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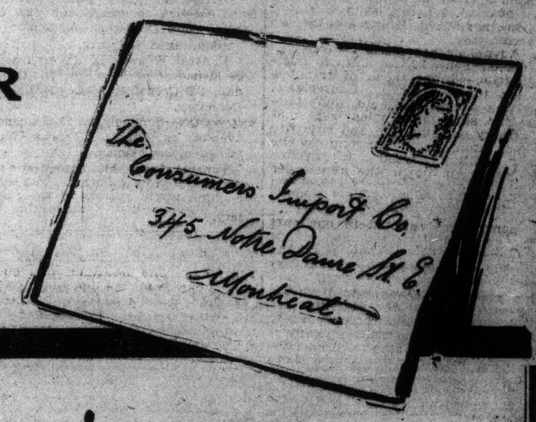

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