

The Toronto World

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THURSDAY MORNING, JAN. 2.

Democracy Must Be Industrious.

General Ludendorff is looking for the general and final ruin of all Europe. It is not unnatural that he should feel pessimistic after his experiences in 1918. Two years ago he was doing his best to deal out to Belgium, France and the other allies, the ruin he now foretells for Europe. He says that when this final ruin occurs the allies will have themselves to thank for it. And he declares that after the shameful treatment of Germany by the entente he must decline to publish anything in the entente press. That was when he was asked to suggest a remedy, and his silence may be interpreted as a good specimen of a German's bluff when he has nothing to say.

The best brains of the world are engaged on the problem of relieving the distress of those suffering from the war. Food, clothing and fuel are what is required. All of these are scarce, and likely to continue scarce, owing to disorganization and the reluctance of workers to aim at a maximum of production. It would, at the same time, pay employers to give the highest wages both for regular labor and for overtime, to stimulate production and increase the tangible wealth of the world.

It should never be forgotten that money is not wealth, but only represents wealth. High prices mean cheap money, and that means scarcity of real wealth. The man of wealth is the man who has plenty of visible, tangible and readily exchangeable possessions. The most valuable possessions are food, clothing and fuel. Whoever possesses these in abundance is wealthy. Europe is poor today in these things. She does not want money, but these forms of real wealth, and to get them she is willing to exchange other possessions. For them, or to better her future through loans, or make any other arrangement that will enable her to live.

The salvation of Europe depends on the co-operation of the rest of the world, coupled with her own industry. The gospel of idleness and of living on your neighbor's wealth, must eventually bring ruin, as it is preached by the Bolshevik element to the ignorant. The intelligent man, whether employer or employee, should realize the truth of Vice-President Marshall's pithy saying, quoted by Mr. Parsons at the Empire Club yesterday: "We want an industrial democracy, but we are not going to get it until we have an industrious democracy."

Another Soldiers' Benefit.

It is proposed to give \$1,500 to the disabled soldiers, and the soldiers who are not disabled but who find it difficult to get assimilated after three or four years' absence from home in France, are figuring out with some wonderment how it comes about that 75 per cent. of the disabled are conscripted men.

The reason may be this, that the volunteers who went to France before conscription went into effect were killed off, the fortunate survivors being so tough or so lucky as to have nothing the matter with them except the inability in some cases to find the positions they were assured when they went away would be vacant for them on their return.

Whether the government hoped to please the returned men by this latest proposal is not known, but expectations that do not take into account the views of the majority of the men themselves are not likely to be realized. Perhaps the government fully understands that the returned men will not be satisfied until their wishes are consulted, and have acted in the face of that knowledge.

Leap Year on Thunder Bay.

Marriage between Port William and Port Arthur has been suggested and publicists taken. Port Arthur is willing. Port William is not. The project is off for the present, no doubt; for neither law nor custom will give leap year privileges to Port Arthur. Formerly neither city would consider a proposal. With Barksie willing Peggy may come round.

Port Arthur is the Canadian North-east city. Port William is sustained by the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk Pacific. Port Arthur was originally the choice of the C. P. R.—indeed there would have been no Port Arthur but for the C. P. R. The story is that President Van Horne of the C. P. R. had a difference with the town of Port Arthur, which refused him what he asked. "All right," said he, "I'll move to Port William and will make grass grow in your streets."



"I HAD NO IDEA THERE WAS SUCH A DIFFERENCE."

HERE AND THERE

BY IDA L. WEBSTER.

The song now being sung by the Toronto police force and detective department is "We are forever chasing bandits," accompanied by Henryford.

The question still taking up the attention of the press gallery of the city hall is: Who will be the mayor's next secretary? But then, it is nice that there is really something worth while to bother about, after listening for practically 365 days to the idle chatter of the members of the council.

On Tuesday, when ex-Controller McBride made mention of the new lady alderman, many of the citizens present took another look at a female reporter who was in the gathering. Cruel it may be, we must inform them, that the lady is not the one they were mistaken, as Mrs. Hamilton was not in the chamber at the time.

And right now it might be appropriate to mention that this same Mrs. Hamilton is going to throw a few jolts into the city council which will make a few of the birds sit up and take notice. For that one little thing alone, we would like to pass her a vote of thanks.

Thomas Langton Church is about the only official in the city hall who does his hat when he enters an elevator. On behalf of the females who ride in the cars we thank "Langton," and trust that he will be a living example to many others. Not alone in the city hall, but out of it as well.

The opening of the Senior O.B.A., which will happen on Saturday night, with Central at West End, and Play-ground at Broadview, should be an attraction, and particularly so since it is the first after five years of war. These fellows will need encouragement, and right now is the time to see that they get it.

There is a very decided movement on foot to bring a motion before the council at its first regular meeting to change the date of election to some time preceding the first day of the year, and also to hold it on a day when people will be at their various businesses. It is thought that such action would greatly convenience the voters, and it would also result in a much larger vote being polled.

And in the meantime it is to be hoped that the members of council will not forget that the press gallery dinner is drawing nigh, when they, for the small sum of five bucks, will be allowed to mingle with the mighty. It should be a wonderful day, or rather night, in their careers, and also one which calls for prompt payment. Thank you, good morning.

SIR EDMUND BARTON DEAD.

London, Jan. 7.—Sir Edmund Barton, former premier of Australia, died at Sydney, New South Wales, on Sunday, according to advices received here today.

MANITOBA GRANGERS NOW FARMER BODY

In Three Hours Become "United Farmers" of Province.

Brandon, Man., Jan. 7.—(Canadian Press).—Having commenced at 2 o'clock this morning, the Manitoba Grangers' Association, the same organization adjourned three hours later as the United Farmers of Manitoba. The change was made almost unanimously and with the purpose that there should be no misunderstanding as to our relation to the general farm movement throughout Canada. An item of the \$1,000 from the government, raised the question.

Political Action Today. Suggestions and predictions of increased political power for the farmers of Canada were popular, and it was promised that a resolution on "political action" would be introduced on Thursday. He had a busy time today, addressed by R. W. Burnaby, president of the United Farmers of Ontario, Saskatchewan, Grain Growers, and the Manitoba Grangers, in which they were portrayed the strength and the political movement throughout Canada were cheered very warmly.

Resolutions will be presented to the convention calling for a reduction of Canadian military forces; expressing sympathy with labor and returned soldiers; resigning, demanding the abolition of the board of commerce, endorsing "the action of the Great War Veterans' Association in opposing the greater gratuity," demanding an enquiry into the spread in wool prices, opposing a tariff commission, favoring an enquiry into the spread in wool prices, and the abolition of appeals to the privy council.

REQUEST FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING AID

Ottawa, Jan. 7.—Representatives of seventeen shipbuilding companies waited on the government at noon today to urge assistance to shipbuilding in Canada. They requested that for a term of ten years the government should grant a bonus of ten dollars per displacement ton and ten dollars per indicated horsepower on steel ships built in Canada and completed after April 1, 1920.

DENISON SEES RANEY.

Col. G. T. Denison, police magistrate, had a conference with Hon. W. E. Raney, attorney-general, at the parliament buildings yesterday afternoon relating to matters connected with the Toronto police court, but no details were given out. Mr. Raney will confer with the other city magistrates.

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The Flavour Lasts

SEALED TIGHT

KEPT RIGHT

MOONLIGHT AND MONEY

BY MARION RUBINCAM

MURRAY BUTLER

CHAPTER 32.

"Instead of going to some of the summer art schools, why don't you let me show you a little about painting?" Murray Butler said to him, dined at Driscoll's.

Louise looked at her father, who nodded his head in a satisfied manner.

"You would get along much faster with individual instruction," Mr. Butler went on, "and since you want to begin serious work so soon I can specialize on the things you must know."

So Louise spent a happy August or, at least, a busy August, absorbed in this new study. For hours every day she worked faithfully in Butler's big studio, where a small corner was cleared for her. She learned a world of new things and found to her delight that she did have a little talent for drawing and designing.

Butter took an unusual interest in her and made her work hard, and then use her evenings in study as well.

Here are half-a-dozen children's books, with colored illustrations by the best artists in that line," he would say when she put on her hat to leave.

"Take them home and study these people's work. You'll find a certain quaintness and wholeness to their illustrations that you must acquire. If you haven't it naturally you'll have to learn to copy it."

Another afternoon he would hand her a volume on decorating or design—once a book on antique mosaics, another time a work on making fine points or on color wash harmonies.

"But I only want to learn how to make nursery tale figures, and I'll buy my colors mixed," Louise protested.

"If it's worth doing at all, it's worth doing well," Butler quoted to her as an answer. "Tomorrow I've a simple work on anatomy for you to begin on. Your figures must look as if they could stand on their legs at least."

One day she took home with her a design of frolicking elves which she had finished, and which her father and Mr. Butler both declared the best thing she had done. She wanted to compare it with the work she had put so crudely on the nursery furniture paint.

frightened delight a year ago. These things had been sent in from the little house before the baby was born and set up as a nursery in the room next to hers at her father's house. She had not been in the room since the baby's death and she entered now with a little feeling of dread at stirring up sorrowful memories.

The little pieces of white furniture contrasted oddly with the huge bed and bureau that formed the original furnishings of the place. Louise went over and knelt by the crib, the basket she had enameled and trimmed herself by cutting up her wedding dress to make the silk ruffles for it.

"Poor little baby! Poor little lost darling!" she murmured.

But realizing that she must not be sentimental, she took the baby's rocking chair out of the room with her, and setting cross-legs on the floor of her own room, began copying her design of elves on to it.

She carried the chair around to her studio the next morning for his criticism, and at his suggestion changed and improved her work on it.

"Look here, Louise," he said, a few hours later, coming over from his own canvas to view what she was doing. "You may have talent for real work after all. Why don't you join an art school after you come home from this trip with your father?"

"I don't want to do anything but this," Louise said. "I don't want to be an artist. I simply want to design the most adorable nursery in the world, the sort of places that babies would be happy in, that wee little children would play in and have good times."

"Um, sentimental and sanitary," remarked Butler, and Louise laughed. He looked down at her and his eyes were for a moment tender. "You like babies, don't you?" he asked finally.

Louise nodded. "That's why I want to make pretty places for them to live in." Her mouth grew wider and her eyes filled at a certain memory. Butler broke the silence abruptly.

"You're blue painted on your nose, and if your father is coming for tea, as he usually does, you'd better drop your work and get it ready."

Once more the laugh came back to Louise's eyes and her heart.

JANUARY

DOWN

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THE

Meteorology

p.m. 12:00

Little colder. Has been in the maximum in Ontario.

Minimum at Prince Rupert.

Vancouver, 10.

Calgary, 10.

Jaw, 12.

Saskatoon, 12.

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