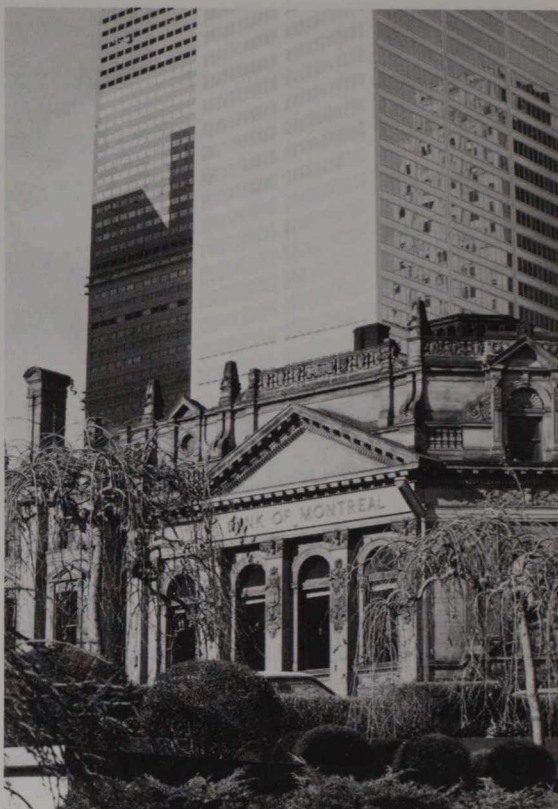


Torontonians enjoy a clean and pleasant subway system, thirty cents a ride, four tokens for a dollar, transfers free. The subway and supporting buses take them up and down their varied town, from the old Bank of Montréal, right, to a diversity of places, such as those on the opposite page: to the Kensington Market, up semi-sinful Yonge Street, to the ice skaters at City Hall, to the Henry Moore sculptures at the Art Gallery of Ontario, to a grocery in Chinatown and to a rustic ravine leading to high-rise apartment buildings.



liable and fresh-smelling. The fare is subsidized at thirty cents and transfers are free. Connecting buses come right inside the subway shelters. The suburban sprawl which has disfigured most major cities in North America did not occur since provincial law required developers to build only

where the new houses could be tied into municipal sewage systems. Random spread was further inhibited when a dozen municipalities were united with Toronto in 1953 in a Metropolitan government which coordinated planning and growth. The Provincial legislature reorganized the Metro-

Toronto's Most Baffling Case

Though the Toronto police solve most of the crimes committed in their metropolis, they don't solve them all. The question remains: Was Ambrose Small murdered or did he just take the money and run?

Should you know the answer, the reward — \$50,000 alive, \$15,000 dead — was cancelled, unfortunately, on March 29, 1924. Still it would be nice to know.

Ambrose was a small man, five feet, six inches, 135 pounds, "very quick in his movements," with a clipped moustache. When last seen at 5:30 p.m., December 2, 1919, he was wearing a double-breasted tweed suit and an overcoat with velvet lapels.

He was the son of a hotel and bar owner and he began his career as a bartender at the Grand Old Opera House on Adelaide and Yonge Streets. In 1902 he married his stepmother's sister,

Theresa, went into the theatre business and was as effortlessly successful as the original Floradora Girls. His single house soon became a chain across Canada.

On the morning of December 2 all seemed totally right in Ambie's world: He had sold his theatrical holdings to a Montréal firm for \$2 million, received half in cash, and that morning had prudently put it in a bank. Toward the end of that full and fruitful day, Ambrose invited his solicitor, Mr. E. F. Flock, to dinner but Flock declined and hurried off to catch a train home to London, Ont. It was then 5:30 p.m. That, as far as the verified record shows, was the last anyone saw of Ambie.

After several days someone suggested that Ambie had been kidnapped. Someone reported seeing three men digging in the Rosedale Ravine across from his home on the night of December