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SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 6

Controller McBride's Strike.

Controller McBride, Controller O'Neill, Ald. Beamish, Ald. Blackburn, Ald. F. M. Johnston, Ald. F. W. Johnston, Ald. Nesbitt, Ald. Plewman, Ald. Risk, Ald. Weir.

These members of the city council are responsible for breaking the agreement made with the civic employees, passed by the board of control, accepted by a majority of the city council, (15 to 10) and rejected on the vote of these men on the technicality requiring a two-thirds vote. They accepted the onus of plunging the city into a strike of which no man sees the end.

The mayor has washed his hands and leaves the situation to the hands of departments. This is the weakest act in the mayor's taken in his term of office. He should have called a special meeting of council at once and allowed the reckless ten to have a chance to put the city right.

The whole point of this strike, and what gives the men their justification, is the fact that the city came to an agreement with them, 1913 a bargain, and a minority of the council turned it down in the approved Prussian scrap-of-paper fashion. This is a point nobody can get over. Beyond this there may be debatable ground and the men must not expect much support beyond the terms agreed upon, but on this they have an impressive basis.

The ten men who tore up the agreement and plunged the city into civil war, because that is what a strike is, do not represent the citizens in this business. They may represent some moneyed people, but there are very few of the employing public who will join Controller McBride in welcoming the city to a strike. There is war enough on our hands as it is, and we have to strain every nerve in our efforts to be successful in that, without being compelled to be an unwilling participant in a strike feud. The sum of \$36,000 which was all that Controller McBride had to object to in the agreement meant less than six cents apiece from the heads of households in Toronto. For this sum we are plunged into a strike.

The Trades and Labor Council have asked the government at Ottawa to endeavor to have a board of conciliation appointed, and this was one of the points waived in the settlement agreed upon. There need be no surprise if it is now insisted upon. The fact that the city broke faith in the agreement arrived at makes the demand of the men for a board of conciliation all the stronger; in fact, gives it warrant.

It is said the men are well paid. According to pre-war standards their wages may be considered satisfactory, but it is generally admitted and recognized that the purchasing power of a dollar is no longer a hundred cents, but only sixty. This means that the man now receiving \$20 a week has in practice only \$12 worth purchasing power. If Controller McBride or anyone else says that \$12 was a sufficient wage four years ago he is unacquainted with the facts. If the men had a margin and were accumulating considerable sums out of their wages, Controller McBride and his nine supporters might have some excuse for their objections. But there is no margin at present, nor for a long time back, if ever, for any reserves in such wages as are being complained about. A living wage, with a little insurance perhaps, is all that this class of labor "enjoys," and when unprecedented stress and storm falls upon the nations as at present, those who have no margin suffer first.

No one will ever know the privations and struggles which the class without a margin, whether on salary or on wages, have known since the war began, feeling that it was up to them to do their bit by making the most out of what they had, and doing as little as they could to add to the general burden or disturb the already overburdened social organism. The pressure in many cases has become intolerable. The men who have struck at present have been negotiating with the city since the end of last year. They cannot be accused of over-precipitation. They made concessions and agreed to a bargain. Controller McBride "welcomed" the opportunity to tear up that agreement.

The temper of the labor world in all countries is highly sensitive at present. No one should lightly seek to inflame it, either by incitement or by opposition. But certain classes of society have benefited vastly by the

A Line of Cheer Each Day of the Year

By John Kendrick Bangs.

AT SUNSET.

When the rich beauty of the sunset sky
Reveals itself to my enchanted eye,
With all the golden glory of the cloud,
And gorgeous pageantry of hue endowed,
And thru my soul the truth hath come
To me
That over-ponder lies Eternity,
I thrill to dream of the Eternal State,
And thus my soul is gloriously lavished at the Gate.

war. Huge profits have been made, and phenomenal salaries earned. It is easy for people in such conditions to deprecate the hardships of others. But they must learn that to whom much is given from them much will be expected. The feeling among labor men is that the division of the burden and of the advantages is not as equal as might be. The men with money must loosen up. The men with ample margins must consider the men who have none.

The whole world is in the crucible at present, and it is impossible to say what the social outcome may be after we have abolished the militarism of Prussia. But we must not expect to exchange an autocracy of militarism for an autocracy of capital. That is what the act of Controller McBride and his supporters savored of when they tore up the agreement made by the board of control.

Fourth-of-July Speeches.

Independence Day brought forth some fine oratory, the celebration of the great day of the republic in Britain being particularly notable. President Wilson reiterated the note of selflessness with which the United States first sounded the tocsin of war. The universal principle must have many special applications, but never before in history has the opportunity and the aim been so clearly marked.

"The past and the present are in deadly grapple, and the peoples of the world are being done to death between them. There can be but one issue. The settlement must be final. There can be no compromise. No half-way decision would be tolerable. No half-way decision is conceivable." The president summed up the four points of his contention, the war policy of the allies, which he said could be put in a sentence: "What we seek is the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind."

Rt. Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill made a fine speech in London at the fellowship gathering, at which Admiral Sims of the United States navy also spoke. Mr. Churchill is not popular in some quarters, being regarded as presumptuous by critics not less so themselves. He is brainy and progressive, however, and has had experience beyond most. His policies in the war have been denounced, but both Gallipoli and Antwerp have been defended by high authorities, who declare that the time has not yet come for full and final judgment, when Mr. Churchill will not be condemned.

His speech on Thursday was on the "Word Over All. Beautiful as the Sky," which has brought the English-speaking peoples into alliance once again.

"I am persuaded," he said, "that the finest and worthiest moment of British history was reached on the night we declared war upon Germany. Like the people of the United States, we entered the war without counting the cost or thought of reward. The cost will be in the end far more terrible than the darkest expectation, but the reward coming is beyond our dearest hopes."

"What is the reward? Deep in the hearts of the people of these islands is the desire to be truly reconciled. That was the heart's desire which seemed utterly unattainable, but which has been granted. The years of the struggle, be they never so long, never so cruel, will make amends for all. That is Great Britain's reward."

He agreed with President Wilson as to the decisiveness of the conflict. "The war has become a conflict of Christian civilization with scientific barbarism. One system or the other must decisively prevail. Germany must be beaten." But the German people need not fear defeat. Rather should they welcome it.

"The German people will be protected by the peace for which we are fighting. All that is written or implied in the Declaration of Independence, tomorrow will be theirs whatever the fortune of war. When all the weapons they have trusted are broken in their hands, when all the preparations on which they lavished forty years' efforts have failed them, the German people will still be protected by our fundamental peace of right and freedom against which they have warred so long and vainly."

When the German people understand the great truth that belongs inalienably to the nations that accept this view, the war will be near its close.

Other People's Opinions.

The Housing Question.

Editor World: A great deal of talk has been published in the papers on this question, but nothing at present has been settled. Some years ago the same thing occurred in London, England. The Artisans, Laborers and Gen-

THE FLAX INDUSTRY

Its Importance to After-War Development.

By W. O'Farrell.

When the war between the Northern and Southern States of America broke out in 1861, and the cotton plantations of the south were practically abandoned, it was at once realized in the United Kingdom that the supply of raw material for the large cotton mills in England would be greatly reduced, if not entirely cut off, and that some substitute would have to be found. From that time dates the wonderful development in the flax, yarn and linen industry, which immediately leaped into prominence, and for many of the smaller manufacturers became the source of large fortunes and social improvement.

Thru a timely combination of forces, men who were engaged in the cotton spinning trade in a small way and realized the inevitable disaster threatening that industry, joined with those who could dispose of the necessary capital, and all over certain parts of England, and particularly in the North of Ireland, and even on the continent of Europe, small flax spinning mills were built up and towns were erected, and grew like mushrooms over night.

The flax and linen industries are probably the oldest in the history of the world, since evidence is found of the use of linen even in the depths of the Pyramids of Egypt, and Holy Writ itself refers to the purple and "fine linen" worn by the kings and wealthy of the very first periods of recorded human history.

In the earlier periods of the world's first civilization, linen was used exclusively by the better classes only, its use being restricted by law during the reign of some of the Roman emperors to those who were of patrician or noble blood.

In the middle ages linen was still reserved for the exclusive use of the gentry and the spinning wheel and distaff were the noble pastimes of the lady of the manor, the wives and daughters of wealthy barons, and even the relatives of the later kings and princes.

Many centuries later, the gallant cavalier, the dashing musketeer, the exiles of the bloody revolution of 1793, the Beau Brummel of the first French Empire, the Abbe of the Restoration, the leaders of fashion up to more modern times, all jealously maintained their rights to sport a distinctive and superior quality of linen. The common people their fine linen wear, collars, ruffles and lace of pure linen threads.

The middle classes gradually grew to imitate those higher up in the social world, and the coarser grades of linen were used by them for their inner garment.

It was only after a cheaper substitute, in the form of cotton, had been discovered that all and sundry could afford to replace the skin irritating materials they had been compelled to make of the woven thread of the flax cotton plod.

Cotton gradually gained in popularity and became one of the staples of human dress and adornment, and flax and linen lost their place in the wardrobe, to be superseded by the cheaper substitutes from the cotton fields.

eral Dwellings Company came to the rescue and built thousands of houses in the north and south of the Thames, house ranging from 6 shillings to 12 shillings per week, with every convenience, small garden back and front. As fast as they were built they were occupied and it was a very real relief to the poor. They had the option of purchasing, many taking advantage of this. Another example was Port Sunlight. Lever Brothers built houses for their employees, and it is the talk of the whole of England. Either of these would give this city information with regard to the class of house they built.

When you get councils putting restrictions same as the New Toronto council to build, the workingman has no chance to build.

E. H. Wilson.

The Woman Who Changed

BY JANE PHELPS.

A Short Trip With George.

CHAPTER CXXVI.

George had to make a short business trip and asked me if I would like to go along. I was well enough, and it would be a change. I was delighted and expressed myself so extravagantly, he laughed and said: "Don't anticipate too much, then you won't be disappointed," which was very good advice, as things turned out.

It was dusk when we arrived in Chicago. We drove to a hotel, then, because I was a little tired, George insisted that I dine in our room, altho I wanted to go down to the dining-room. We had scarcely commenced our dinner when the telephone rang and someone wanted George to come downstairs at once—so he said.

"Go on with your dinner; it will get cold if you do not," he said. "I will get back as quickly as I possibly can."

I said nothing, but I thought that if he had had dinner downstairs he could have had whoever wanted to so long and vainly.

The Toronto Morning World Has Resumed Delivery at Toronto Island

Order your copy by telephone or through the carrier. Prompt and efficient service is guaranteed. The Sunday World is for sale by the carrier every Saturday night, at five cents per copy.

For years the flax and linen industries gradually declined, until the scarcity of cotton again brought them to the fore on the world's markets.

History has a remarkable and never-failing habit of repeating itself in every line of human endeavor, and as a war, many years ago, brought flax and linen back again into prominence, today once more a war of universal magnitude has heralded a new birth and revival of the former competitors of cotton. The present day world-wide importance of flax is again due in part to the scarcity of cotton thru the lack of marine transportation facilities, but especially by the destruction from occupation by the German invaders of some of the leading flax producing countries in the world. And this happens at the very time flax and its products are doing more and more indispensable to the progress of civilization, the victorious completion of the war, and the preservation of future peace for the world at large.

War again presents for the wide-awake and provident governments and private individuals an exceptional opportunity for a new development of the flax and linen industries in some of the newer countries where until quite recently they have been given little, if any, attention. And in the consideration of this new importance of flax, sight must not be lost of after-war conditions, as they will exist for many years after the great conflict is over.

Belgium, before it was overrun by the barbarians, before the modern flax tried and only too well succeeded in emulating the leader of his forefathers, who had boasted that no blade of grass would ever grow again where his horse had set its hoof, had produced the finest grade of flax in the world. Russia before 1914 had extensive fields covered with the blue mantle of little flax flowers. Both countries for the last four years have produced no flax, or what has been produced has been commandeered by the Germans, and it only stands to reason that to maintain the equilibrium in the flax markets of the world some other source of flax thread and linen must be provided.

Besides the destruction and neglect of the Belgian and Russian flax fields, the war has also resulted in the dismantling and ruin of many of the larger flax spinning mills and linen weaving factories in these countries, one of them in particular in Ghent, Belgium, belonging to the once prosperous Lys Spinning Company, being the largest of its kind in the world, running no less than 4,000,000 spindles.

The machinery used for the manufacture of flax yarn and linen is of a most complicated and expensive kind, and several years will elapse before they can be replaced.

Next: The cultivation of flax, its preparation and manufacture, work for all classes of people, great source of employment for the soldier as at home. Value of flax and its by-products, avoidance of tremendous waste now going on in flax in this country, and the flax and linen in peace and war, particularly present war; flax in the reconstruction work after the war.

talk to him come to the table with us. I had undressed and slipped on a negligee, so there wasn't any use thinking of going down. Minutes passed, but he was fast asleep, and I was cold, when the telephone rang. It was George.

"Eat your dinner and go to bed, Helen. I shall not be up until late." "But your dinner! Aren't you coming up to eat?"

"No! I shall eat with some people. I know who are dining downstairs. Go to bed soon," and I heard the click of the receiver as he hung it up. It struck me as so heartless, that sharp click.

A sudden impulse. I tried to eat a little more, but could not. I drank my coffee, however, then picked up an evening paper. George had left on the table and tried to read. It was impossible. I was too nervous. I knew I was nervous, but I knew who these people were with whom George was dining.

Suddenly an impulse seized me to find out. I quickly dressed, and putting on my hat, I took the elevator and asked the boy the way to the dining-room.

"Most people are in the grill room as late as this," he volunteered. "I would look in the main dining-room first, then, if he was not there, I would look in the grill. I mean up my mind to say I had come down for a book, if he should see me. So I also asked where I could find the news-stand."

I felt a little ashamed of myself, spying on George when he had been so nice since my illness, as well as during it; but he was my husband, and I had a right to know whom he was with.

I wandered slowly toward the main dining-room. There were many people in the corridors, so I was not at all conspicuous, especially as I had on a dark suit and hat. I looked earnestly in the door. The grill room was nearly empty. I could easily see that George was not there. I turned and walked away, this time toward the grill. As I neared the room the laughter and talk let me know that I should not find it as empty as I had found the other room. I was surprised when I saw the door leading to the grill room almost filled with a gay crowd.

At first I could see but a few seated by the large party were leaving, and hid the tables from my view. I moved on down past the door, and waited until they came out. Then I walked back. No, I could see no one who looked like George. He must have finished his dinner and gone out. How I wished I had not undressed! Had I not, I should have been down much sooner and would probably have found him.

Unhappy Moment.

I walked over to the news-stand and bought a book. Now it was no excuse; I really wanted something to read—something to keep me from thinking and worrying. It must be something important that would make George leave me alone, the first time in a long time. I would try to be sensible and not worry.

I chatted a moment with the girl

FOLLIES OF THE PASSING SHOW—By Mitchell

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CHARLES MITCHELL

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

Meeting one's former maid after a winter of munition work

at the stand. She recommended a book, then smiled as I said I wanted something exciting.

"I'm not a bit sleepy," I told her, glad to talk to someone, and she was such a nice-looking girl. "I shall read to see him, now, but because of the people wandering in twos and threes up and down the corridor, I looked in the door of the grill just as some people rose from a corner table."

It couldn't be—yes it was! George, Julia Collins, and two or three others I didn't know.

Monday—The Bitter With the Sweet.

Something, I don't know what, made me hesitate, then retrace my steps to the grill room. I would look in once more before I went up-stairs. I noticed more people leaving; I would be better able to see the entire room.

Casualty I strolled along, holding

my book and box of chocolates where they could easily be seen, and so give an excuse for my being downstairs. Not because of George; I did not expect to see him, now, but because of the people wandering in twos and threes up and down the corridor, I looked in the door of the grill just as some people rose from a corner table."

It couldn't be—yes it was! George, Julia Collins, and two or three others I didn't know.

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BOLSHEVIK AMBASSADOR SOON TO BE RELEASED

Held as Hostage by Finnish White Guards and Will Be Exchanged For Six Officials.

Moscow, Thursday, June 20.—Leo Kamenoff, Bolshevik ambassador to Austria-Hungary, who was imprisoned and held as a hostage by the Finnish White Guards, is to be released, according to the evening newspapers. General Count von Mirbach, German ambassador to Russia, several days ago notified Foreign Minister Tschirch that M. Kamenoff would be released in exchange for six Finnish officials detained by Russia, to which the Russian foreign minister consented.

FULL OF LIFE

Open a bottle of Imperial. Pour quickly, or it will foam over. Fill your glass with the amber beverage, watch the bubbles rise. Clear as crystal. Now for the crucial test. How does it taste on the palate? Ah! that's fine—the mellowness of the malt—the tang of the hops. You get it all in

O'Keefe's
IMPERIAL BEERS
Lager : Ale : Stout

After effects? Yes, you feel refreshed, invigorated, you have the inclination to smack your lips. This is wholly due to the nutritious, tonic value of well-brewed malt and hops, not in the least to alcoholic content, for the law is strict and is strictly observed in Imperial brews.

Your whole family can drink O'Keefe's Imperial Lager, Ale or Stout with real benefit as well as pleasure. Its use is ideal at this season of the year. Try it. It is full of Life and Zest!

Order a case from your grocer. Ask for O'Keefe's at hotels, cafes or restaurants.

O'Keefe's Ginger Ales in all flavors, including Cola, are indisputably the best of their kind. Your grocer can supply you.

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