The Toronto World

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MONDAY MORNING, FEB. 16.

The Sick President.

Public interest in the retirement of Mr. Lansing as United States secretary of state hinges not upon the personality of the secretary but upon the condition of the president. Mr. Wilson's letters of complaint and dismissal show him to be a sick man. They breathe the irritability, peevishness and suspicion of the sick room. Mr. Lansing's going is not so important as the manner of his going. He is ostensibly dismissed for an imaginary usurpation of the president's authority in calling cabinet colleagues together from time to time for consultation during the serious illness of the chief executive.

Mr. Wilson is not laboring under a "disability" within the meaning of the constitution; he will probably serve out his term as president. Yet the sick, nervous man now in the White House is not the same man whom the people elected in 1912, and re-elected three years ago. His best friends and staunchest supporters are leaving him, and the irritability that characterizes the dismissal of Mr. Lansing may account for the fact that the president's son-in-law, Mr. McAdoo; his most trusted friend, Colonel House, and his most able minister, Mr. Lane, have one after the other been estranged.

It is probably Mr. Wilson's fault that the United States, after having helped the allies to defeat Germany, now finds herself charged with bad faith and subject to other reproaches from the very nations with which she was united in arms scarcely more than a year ago. The growing disposition to sneer at America's contribution to the war is coupled with the feeling that she has refused to play the game in the making of peace. The allies say they took it for granted that President Wilson represented the American people, entered the league of nations to please him, and now find that the president had no mandate and that the United States will not accept the league of nations covenant except with reservations which cut the heart out of it.

It seems unreasonable to complain of the U. S. senators using their own judgment instead of mechanically registering the decree of the president. The president had no power to conclude any treaty; all he could do was to negotiate a treaty and submit it for approval, amendment or rejection by the senate. But we think Mr. Wilson should have done one of two things. He should either have remained in Washington in conference with both parties in both houses of congress so he could have been certain that the treaty negotiated by his envoys could be ratified without question. Or if he went to Paris in person he should have frankly told the statesmen representing the allied countries that he was purely a delegate with power only to negotiate a treaty which in the end would have to be approved by the senate. He appears, as a matter of fact, to have impressed everyone in Paris with the idea that he spoke for and was able to bind the government and people of the United States. The depressing fiasco which followed the submission of the treaty to the senate has been so misunderstood and misinterpreted in Europe as to bring Mr. Wilson and even his high office into something like contempt.

For this very reason, perhaps, the senate and people of the United States are reluctant to make any further excursions into European affairs. Mr. Wilson's strange adventure has brought him only humiliation and reproaches from the world-wide circle of nations which he with quixotic enthusiasm sought to serve. The senate in the end may patch up some kind of ratification of the peace treaty, and the United States in a halting, tentative way may enter the league of nations, but the disposition to mind their own business and stay on their own continent will be apt to increase rather than diminish among the American politicians and the American people.

The outstanding thing in the history of the war to the credit of the United States is that they came into it when they did with all their money and resources and turned the scale in favor of the allies and freedom at the most critical moment. The Wilson episodes are another story.

Of Feminine Attire.

The World has an anonymous letter about ladies' clothes, which it cannot print because of the Medean rule which demands unreserved confidence between contributor and editor. It is by a lady and is full of passionate protest against the masculine tyranny over feminine fashion—surely the most anomalous autocracy in the world, and particularly so when women may be ministers of the crown.

The letter is apropos The World's cartoon, "slaughtered to make a woman's hat," which is described as "a very clever drawing." But who slaughters birds, and puts them on women's heads? asks the fair and furious correspondent. It is the profiteers, who will even make wars to make money. Women have to wear what they can get.

That's true; but women are not compelled to use ornithological plumage. If they wouldn't pay big prices for slaughtered birds, the birds wouldn't be sacrificed on the criminal altar. But, the tempter to ungodly display is man, and his responsibility is involved in the sentences from the letter which journalistic fashion forbids us to print:

> Where and when were women as a body ever asked to consult on any question of fashion? We are getting tired of this silly, lying talk of woman's vanity and cruelty with regard to fashions. She has absolutely nothing to do with customs in clothes. If she demanded such fashions, what weakness and folly to indulge her! It might not be a bad plan to condemn some sensible men to wear the foolish, unhealthful, man-planned clothes we are forced to wear.

There is no escape from the sad truth that, in some mysterious sanctum, believed to be in Paris, men decree what women shall wear—flounced skirts, tight skirts, loose skirts, long skirts, short skirts and presently, maybe, no skirts at all. What is the remedy for this inversion of nature?

If parliaments ought to be most concerned with what most concerns most of their constituents they should take cognizance of this calamitous autocracy over feminine attire. Hitherto parliaments have been impotent, because they have been drawn exclusively from the tyrannical sex. How could any man bring in a bill that touched pleats and gussets, yokes and frills? If he attacked fashion as an ingredient in the high cost of living he would have to withstand an inquisition upon his family affairs. He would soon discover afresh that it is not good for man to be alone.

The advent to parliament and legislature of women opens the door to the new emancipation. If the women would combine to elect say three members for clothes they could expose the czardom under which they groan. They would also need to secure the election of two or three man milliners and Paris buyers, so that the awful examples could be made to display their pitiful incompetence upon Hansard and before a righteous world.

The Asquith Come-Back?

Whatever may be the result of the polling, unknown till February twenty-fifth, Mr. Asquith has won the Paisley election in the country. That is the meaning of his triumphal return to London, which has recalled Mr. Gladstone's progresses to and from Midlothian, from 1880 to 1892.

Mr. Asquith has coined few popular phrases, and the most persistent of them is "Wait and see." He used it in his first speech in Paisley, and the full reports of his speeches on the road to London will surely show that in presence of the rare acclaim he advised his hearers to wait and see the result of the voting before indulging in so much vociferation.

Mr. Asquith is a canny Yorkshireman, who is first cousin to the canniest Scotchman. But he will know that, even if Labor has beaten him in Paisley, the demand for his return to parliament will persist till he is once more leader of the opposition.

Nothing is clearer than that the country is tired of the coalition, which its highest-paid member, the lord chancellor, has called invertebrate and indecisive. It may not be tired of Lloyd George. While he asserts and reasserts his Liberalism he is surrounded by Unionists, who openly distrust his leanings towards Labor. Mr. Asquith is, parliamentarily, the heaviest-weighed critic of them all. It has been freely said that if he wins Paisley not only will the opposition at once emerge from the rather colorless inertia that has distinguished it, but many Liberal coalitionists will cross the floor.

The coalition leaders did not want a candidate to oppose the ex-premier. They preferred to escape an open defeat by a forestalling surrender, and influential friends of theirs in parliament, like Lord Robert Cecil, and in the press, like The Daily Telegraph and The Spectator, supported Mr. Asquith, on the ground that parliament sorely needs him.

The Asquithian acclaim in the country is no doubt due to the moderate people's appreciation of the fight Mr. Asquith has made. The coalition has put forth no coherent body of doctrine, as the substance and inspiration of a policy. It has been bombarded by industrial and other crises, and has lived on what has been called hand-to-mouth expedients, in the improvisation of which the prime minister is the greatest adept of this or any age. The coalition daren't preach Toryism, because neither Lloyd George nor the country will have it.

Labor has advanced amazingly; but it frightens many, if not most of the public. Mr. Asquith has, in a series of characteristic speeches, preached the Liberalism with which all were familiar, and which most believe they understand. He is still an uncompromising free trader. He denounces the peace as inadequate and economically menacing. He demands retrenchment and, tho he is against nationalization of industry, he does not rule out a capital levy. He wants a frank return to party government—and is on the way to get it.

Altogether, l'affaire Asquith is intensely significant. Of it, as of other affairs, it is pertinent to say, "Cherchez la femme." The woman here is Lady Bonham Carter, famous, even before her marriage, as his daughter Violet. She has been the Lady Astor of the Paisley fight—and more. She has always been a political student. Lady Astor was a political sport. Lady Bonham Carter's electioneering has been of priceless value to her great father, the ancient enemy of women's suffrage.

So, if Mr. Asquith comes back, it will be largely because of femininity in politics. There never was such a political resurrection, or one in which there was so remarkably illustrated the art and practice of bringing up father.

ONLY A FAKE MOSES

FROM STORM-BEAT KINGSTON ROAD

The wind bloweth where it listeth—especially on Sundays like yesterday. It raged along Kingston road like a wild bull in a fit. You went out for a walk and got it, almost all ends up.

A slippery Saturday was followed by a crunching Sunday, with a change from three above freezing to ten above zero. Clouds of snow annoyed by the storm jumped clear out of the earth like wraiths from a stage Gehenna. The crystaled swirls and eddies quarreled angrily with each other before they conspired to smite you on the cheek.

Part of the time the lake couldn't be distinguished, so like the sullen sky it was. But when the atmosphere cleared a little, the waters disclosed themselves streaked with white. The ice field of ten days ago seemed to be beating half against the wind in remnants towards the shore, with long, rolling whitecaps in between.

When William Moore's chariots met or passed it was a relief to remember that the people in them were snug and warmed by the white coal that is not allowed to heat the urban cars. When you gazed upon the city from near Glen Stewart's gate it was the strangest place you ever saw.

Dusk was at hand, but without sight of the declining sun. But there was a lightened band above the horizon, that reached higher than the skyscrapers around King and Yonge, which stood like giant matchboxes in a murky sea.

Most of the city was a shadow upon a darkened floor, clothed with a mantle of smoke—which made the silhouetted skyscrapers and church spires and the city hall tower seem as lonely as they were conspicuous. The waste from fifty thousand fires spread a carbon gauze before what would have been the golden glow of departing day.

No lights flickered where you knew the sidewalks to be. Altogether Toronto looked like a city of dreadful night, until, as you descended the Norway hill in the gale's teeth, the wizards of Niagara turned their switches, and Toronto, at eventide, seemed herself again.

FRANCE WOULD PROTEST CEDING OF ISLANDS

Paris, Feb. 15.—A report which has been current that the islands of Martinique and Gaudeloupe are to be ceded to the United States in return for a loan has brought a vigorous protest from Senator Henry Berrenger, who represents Gaudeloupe in the French upper chamber. In an open letter to Premier Millerand, which is published in Le Temps, she says:

"I ask on behalf of my constituents who were among the first to come to the battlefront that you give an official denial to this story."

Chatham Advances Plan For First Winter Fair

Chatham, Feb. 14.—(Special.)—A meeting of the members of the executive of the Western Ontario Winter Fair Association was held this afternoon in the chamber of commerce rooms, when plans were further discussed for the first winter fair to be held here. Reports were presented showing that cattle and horse breeders' associations in all parts of the province are favorable to the fair, and have pledged support. The site committee was authorized to wait upon the executives of the Corn Growers Poultry Association and other similar organizations with a view of ascertaining what their requirements would be at the fair, on which to draw up tentative plans.

VICTIM OF INFLUENZA.

Cobalt, Feb. 15.—Another death from influenza took place here last night, when an elderly man named Davine, who resided at Haileybury, succumbed to the disease, in the Mines Hospital here. The total number of deaths in the camp here from influenza is now 28, including three victims of pneumonia on Saturday.

HIGH PRICE FOR BULL.

Aberdeen, Scotland, Feb. 15.—At the Aberdeen cattle show five thousand guineas were paid for the champion shorthorn bull, "Rothiebrisbane Knight." It will be exported to Argentina.

REV. P. L. RICHARDSON DIES IN BROCKVILLE

Was Former President of the Montreal Methodist Conference.

Montreal, Feb. 15.—The death at Brockville, Ont., of the Rev. P. L. Richardson, aged 54, formerly professor in the Wesleyan College, and also at one time pastor of Douglas Methodist Church here, was reported today. He was the son of the late Rev. James Richardson of the Montreal Methodist Conference, and graduated at McGill University. He was on the professorial staff of Wesleyan College for ten years, first between 1894 and 1900, and at a subsequent period. He took charge of Douglas Church in 1895-97, following the death of its pastor of that time. Rev. Prof. Richardson was president of the Montreal Conference at one time, and was chairman of the Ottawa and Brockville districts at different periods.

Admiral Von Capelle Joins Refugees in Switzerland

Geneva, Feb. 15.—Vice-Admiral von Capelle, former minister of the German navy, whose name appears among the Germans whose extradition is demanded by the allies, arrived at Davos, Canton of Grisons, yesterday. Former Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria has been at Davos for some time.

BRANTFORD TEACHER DIES

Brantford, Feb. 15.—(Special) — A well-known Brantford lady in the person of Miss Gilbert, member of the staff of the Ontario School for the Blind, passed away on Saturday after an attack of pneumonia. She was prominently identified with Grace Church.

WORLD'S DAILY BRAIN TEST

BY SAM LOYD

9 Minutes to Answer This.

No. 111.

The word "dame" answers the first, now see if you can guess the others.

Curtail a woman and leave a barrier.

Curtail a slight depression and leave a lair.

Curtail a pair and leave a beverage.

Curtail a conflagration and leave a tree.

Curtail a trademark and leave husks.

Curtail a four-footed animal and leave a serpent.

Curtail one vehicle and leave another.

Curtail an organization of men and leave a limb.

Answer to No. 110.

CAB plus EAR minus BEAR plus CART minus CAR, leaves CAT.

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PATRONAGE GOOD, THINKS SIR SAM

Ex-Minister of Militia Makes Two Notices of Motion.

Ottawa, Feb. 15.—Sir Sam Hughes has tabled the following notices of motion in the house here:

"That in the opinion of this house, Major Hirsch and Captain McCaulay in the conduct of the visit of the soldiers to the Guelph Novitiate, which has been the subject of enquiry, displayed the greatest observance of the orders of their superiors; and that each in his own sphere carried out those orders in an absolutely satisfactory manner, and with tact and discretion towards the parties immediately concerned.

"That in the opinion of this house, the best interests of Canada, and its people would be served, and the principles of responsible government would be maintained by a system of political patronage wherein appointments to and promotions in both the outside civil service and the inside civil service would be brought under the specific consideration of the members of parliament, or the defeated candidates of the party in power, always having due regard for the stability of the service, the promotion of deserving officers, and the proper conduct of the business of the country."

MONTREAL WOMAN IS HAUNTED BY "THIRTEEN"

Montreal, Feb. 14.—"No more number thirteen for me," said Mrs. Francois Laforest to Detective Constantin at the inquiry before Fire Commissioner Latulippe yesterday into the outbreak that occurred at her home at 13 Erie street last Monday.

Since she has lived there she said that she had lost her husband and her daughter-in-law. Last week she buried her son, and close on that came the fire.

Mrs. Laforest was very chary of giving evidence yesterday, which was Friday, the 13th.

HALF WORLD'S SUPPLY OF FURS SOLD AT AUCTION

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 15.—More than $27,000,000 of pelts were sold at the 12-day auction of the International Fur Exchange, which ended here yesterday. Buyers asserted it was the largest sale in the trade's history.

Approximately 1,500,000,000 skins, said to be about half the visible fur supply of the world, were disposed of. Price advances were recorded in virtually every lot sold.

THIRTY-TWO CASES OF FLU IN HALIFAX

Halifax, N. S., Feb. 14.—The city health board reports a total of 32 influenza or suspected influenza cases in the city. Two of the patients were on ships in port. They have been removed to hospitals.

Funeral of Mrs. Arthur Rae Will Take Place in Woodstock

Woodstock, Ont., Feb. 14.—(Special.)—The body of Mabel Kingwell, wife of Arthur Rae, Hamilton, arrived here today and interment will take place from her parents' residence Tuesday. She was a native of West Oxford and lived in this city for years before going to Hamilton. She is survived by her husband, a daughter, her parents, one sister and brother.

SMALLPOX ON STEAMER.

New York, Feb. 15.—Several cases of smallpox among the passengers on the French steamship Patria, which arrived here today, resulted in the ship being detained at quarantine. The steamer is from Marseilles, and brought 277 cabin and 1700 steerage passengers.

THE GIRL WHO SMILED THRU

By MARION RUBINCAM

THE HAPPY LADY.

CHAPTER VII.

It seemed to Alice next day that the world was a place of unreality and that she herself was moving about in some sort of a delightful dream. She was honestly afraid that she would wake up and find that life was as prosaic as it had been last week, or the week before.

Mechanically she sliced the bacon and went down the cellar, where the eggs and milk kept sweet in a cool spot. Her mind was so busy with last evening that when the appetizing odor of crisping bacon rose from the stove she smelled only the delicately heavy perfume of the roses, and when the coffee threatened to boil over, it disturbed her only slightly in remembering what it was that David had said the evening before.

"Did you sleep well?" Alice asked her mother. But even this question was asked absent-mindedly, and she scarcely listened for the answer.

"What are you doing today?" Mrs. Fairbanks asked after a time. Alice came back from dreamland; some of her old alertness returned, and her eyes, which had been looking far out across the yards and seeing only roses—and moonlight—and David, smiled back at her mother.

"After the dinner dishes I think I'll sweep and dust upstairs," she began. "Then I must cut the lawn today, and bring in the vegetables for dinner. This afternoon Clara may run over, and tonight, if I don't have to sew for the bazaar over at the Sunday school rooms, I'll be able to read a little."

Mrs. Fairbanks smiled, a little sadly. "I know what that means," she prophesied. "Someone will ask you to do something for them and you won't have a chance to do any studying at all."

"Well, perhaps," Alice agreed vaguely. Then her face brightened up and she smiled again. "I'll tell you, mother, I'll can peas this afternoon; we've loads more than we can eat, and while I'm shelling them you can read me that article on hen raising that I've wanted to study."

But, as it happened, Clara came over earlier than expected, so there was no reading done that day.

"Your new dress is sweet," Alice enthused generously. "It's blue taffeta, isn't it? Are they wearing them that short?"

"Shorter," replied Clara. "I got this ready-made at Tucker's. Alice, they have another in the prettiest blue. It's just what you should have, and only $19.50."

"$19.50!" Alice exclaimed. "Dear child, it takes me months to save that much money, and when I've done it, I can't see spending the results of all my hard work on one dress."

"You won't get anything nice for less," Clara argued. "And you need a good dress, you know it. I don't believe you care about pretty clothes."

"Yes I do, just as much as any other girl," Alice answered with more spirit than usual. "But I haven't use for a lot of good clothes. These percale things are all right for around the house, and when I do go out, which isn't very often, it's among folks who know I'm not a millionaire. Why should I dress like one then?"

Clara gave it up apparently, for she shrugged her shoulders, and taking a handful of the fresh peas, began to help.

Alice seemed to think she needed to defend herself still more.

"They all know me," she said. "They know I haven't much money. And either they like me already as I am, or they don't. Wearing a lot of expensive clothes won't change the opinion my old friends have of me."

"How about your new friends?" Clara asked slyly. "David Thorne, for instance."

"David Thorne!" Alice repeated. "What difference will it make to him whether I wear blue silk or striped gingham? He wouldn't know the difference; men never do. And anyway—"

But she did not finish her sentence. She remembered his compliment about her one pretty frock, and the color flooded her cheeks again. Unconsciously she put up her hand to smooth back the wisps of hair that were hanging about her forehead. Long after Clara had gone, the color lasted, and while she cooked and canned the peas she sang the saddest song she knew, about a lady who died of a broken heart—which, as any psychologist knows, was sure proof that Alice was in unusually happy mood.

Late in the afternoon she came to cut some roses for the supper table. She and David had sat here last night—and he had tried to hold her hand—and she had run away. As she turned back into the house, her hands full of blossoms, she was still singing rapturously about the lady and her lover and her broken heart.

Tomorrow—What David Said.

C. P. R. SUPREMACY BEAT FINANCIERS

(Continued From Page 1.)

vice of the magnates. The Ontario Hydro had set an example which the public understood and appreciated. The old order of the Intercolonial has changed, giving place to the new of the National.

An interesting sidelight on this aspect of the situation was recalled to me yesterday. Early in the winter the Canadian National employes in Toronto presented Mr. Hanna with an address, avowing not only their confidence and appreciation, but also their affection. Nothing of the kind was ever known under the private regimes either in the Canadian Northern or the Grand Trunk. The old-time magnates would have been embarrassed out of countenance by a declaration of affection from thousands of employes.

Scared of the New Preaching.

Nationalization is already showing the way to an esprit de corps, which, in the end, will be an incalculable asset to the country's own enterprise. It is this feature of the public ownership administration, acting in the wider fields of publicity, that has, perhaps, done more than anything else to cause grave apprehension in certain hitherto mighty quarters. Up and down Ontario Mr. Hanna has gone warmly preaching the identity of interest between the public and the National Railways; and has thus thrown a human factor into the scale, the weight of which his opponents are shrewd enough to apprehend. They don't want the people to appreciate that in giving business to the National they are giving it to themselves.

While the hosts which profited by the old magnate men's wizardry with the public, fear for their own controls, they have striven, and they will strive, via Montreal, to preserve their citadel. The intended rallying ground was the National party, described by The Ottawa Journal as a party of high protection and high finance. It is the antithesis of a National Railway party.

Two Things for Session.

It was begotten in Montreal and carried to the font of The Gazette by Nurse McLennan, of Sidney, who was a principal antagonist of the Grant Trunk deal. It has had a bad press, but that does not make the high finance branches of its family despair, as yet. On the whole, the press was against them last fall, but that did not prevent the fight by the opposition in the commons, and by the White-McLennan brigade in the senate.

The impending session surely promises two things, among others—demonstration that the union must break up, and request for many millions for National Railway purposes. There are plenty of old-line politicians to adhere to a party of high protection and high finance. High finance means abundance of sinews for organization and electioneering. The Liberal party, practically as a whole, committed itself in parliament against Grand Trunk nationalization. Its members came almost exclusively from the Montreal sphere of influence, which, from the public ownership point of view, takes in the maritime provinces.

Montreal's Sphere of Influence.

Down by the sea there is not a single publicly owned utility of any importance except the National Railways. The Intercolonial was run for so many decades as a partisan political appendage that the sentiment about public ownership is as far removed from the Ontario sentiment as the east is from the west.

For continuing hostility to Grand Trunk nationalization, then, high finance thinks it can count on old-time Liberal co-operation, largely because Liberal hopes seem destined to be limited to the east of the Ottawa river, and what may be called the Quebec fringes of Ontario.

But how could Montreal figure on the possibility of politically organized enmity to railway nationalization? Some way must be found to marshal financial battalions in support of Montreal; and the financial battalions must be there, for the marshaling.

Possible to Delay Ratification.

The first requirement to this potential end is that the Grand Trunk agreement be not unhesitatingly ratified in London next Thursday. If high finance had made no move to indicate that political forces might be put in battle array, the British shareholder, tho he is under the influence of his stock exchange and financial newspaper advisers, might unhesitatingly accept the agreement. But suppose he should be told that there is still a fighting chance that the folly of government ownership can be averted, and that, with the return of Sir Robert Borden to Ottawa, wiser counsels may yet prevail, and that a month's adjournment cannot "worsen", but may improve the situation—what then?

In that connection it is worth remembering that during the Dickinson campaign last fall, it was plainly indicated that financial salvation for the Grand Trunk was available from the United States. If it could be plausibly represented that the Grand Trunk would be financially taken care of, even by a process that would annex it to the C.P.R., three great advantages would be sensed by those who are prone to put their trust in the wisdom and statesmanship of high finance.

Temptation to Aggrandize C.P.R.

First, the Grand Trunk and all it represents would be retained by and for the financial interests. Second, the C.P.R. would become finally impregnable, because it would then have in effect a second line from the Atlantic to the Pacific—connecting Portland, Montreal, Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, St. Paul, the Kootenay, Spokane and Seattle. Third, the Canadian National Railways would be in a hopeless position, and must presently fall to the C.P.R., which would be some empire for high finance to range over.

These are the sort of considerations which have affected the dreams and manoeuvres of the little Napoleons who from time to time have foregathered in Montreal, in the desire to beat railway nationalization in Canada.

One's impression, drawn from many sources, is that nationalization has gone too far for them, and that, even if they had enough political genius for the strategy involved, they would find that the indispensable popular political army could not be conjured from the Canadian electorate. The will to defeat public ownership is in Montreal, all right. If it could have enlisted the capitalistic might of Toronto a chance for success might conceivably have been descried. But Toronto capital won't enlist in what it knows would be a futile rear-guard action. Toronto financial power has acquired a saner knowledge of the tides of victory, the proof of which can be predicated in our next.

May Be Three Mill Raise In Tax Rate of Brantford

Brantford, Ont., Feb. 15.—(Special)—The police department will require $39,000 for 1920, an increase of $7,000 over last year. Other boards are sending into the estimates committee similar requests for increases, and the committee, to strike the rate, will meet on Monday. An increase of three or four mills on the dollar is expected.

Youngest Lawyer in Brant May Defend Alleged Slayer

Brantford, Ont., Feb. 15.—(Special)—Justice Lennox will in all likelihood call on the youngest lawyer in Brant county to defend George Jones, charged with murder, when his case comes up on Monday. He has secured no counsel to act for him. There are 13 witnesses called to give evidence.

ARREST 21 CELESTIALS.

Brantford, Ont., Feb. 15.—(Special)—Early Sunday morning as Sergt. John Borthwick was passing 41 Colborne street he heard foreign voices in a key pitch of excitement. He investigated, and then escorted 21 Chinamen to the police depot, charged with gambling, on the Lord's day.