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FRIDAY MORNING, NOV. 15.

Toronto Kaisers.

It is astonishing, after all that has happened in Europe and the object lessons presented daily, that our city hall departments have learned nothing. The police commissioners still persist in their Medea-and-Perseus attitude regarding Constable Ellis, who is not known to have committed any fault, but, as everybody believes and two of the commissioners do not deny, is made the goat of the two commissioners' dislike of labor unionism. They are acting exactly like two kaisers or czars, and they seem utterly to have forgotten what happens to kaisers and czars in these later days. The world cannot be ruled with the sceptres of two generations ago. The old ways are dead and gone, and we live in a new world. The police have a perfect right, in our new conditions, to have their union, and as long as their union recognizes its responsibility to the community no one can have any objection. If Ellis goes, the kaisers and czars are also on the way.

Another evidence of the autocratic methods and their vicious results is to be found in the fire department. The present chief had no reason to congratulate himself on the manner of his own appointment, and he has maintained an evil tradition. Nepotism of the kind of which he has just been guilty is altogether intolerable, and the fact that he could be guilty of such an offence is sufficient evidence of his unfitness for the office he holds.

There are standards of public right that must be observed, and when men stray so far away from them as the police commissioners and the fire chief have done, something is bound to happen. This sort of thing in Germany and Russia brought on a revolution. We are not going to let it go so far!

King or President?

Rumors that the court party in England are inclined to deal tenderly with the kaiser, and his family will have no beneficial effect on the royal house of Windsor. It is the king's misfortune, not his fault, that he is a cousin of the kaiser and of the late czar, and of other abdicating and abdicating princes. We have no right to suppose that his private sympathies are in the slightest degree with the divine righters, but any court movement to obtain pleasant terms for William Hohenzollern would be distinctly unpopular in Britain.

The kaiser's suggestion of his desire to be a perpetual president of the German republic did not indicate any democratic tendencies. It would be an impossible position for him, or even for King George. President Wilson is entrusted with more power and authority than the King of England could hope for. The kaiser would never be allowed to possess such influence as even the president of France possesses.

The position of King of England, while not a sinecure, has nothing of the official responsibility that attaches of the presidential office. If it had, or an attempt were made to give it, the result would be a speedy revolution. The crown of England has been maintained by the good sense of its wearers refusing to interfere in the affairs of the state. Should this rule be broken, especially in such a matter as the disposition of the kaiser, the consequences might be grave.

Better Treatment of Gerrard Street.

Now that the Bloor street viaduct has been completed and some of the traffic that formerly went via Broadview and Gerrard street has been diverted, there is still every reason why the Gerrard street bridge over the Don and the street approaches to it should be immediately improved. A great deal of business concentrates at the corner of Gerrard and Broadview, including street cars, motors, motor trucks and other vehicles, and the congestion still continues notwithstanding the relief afforded by the viaduct.

It is up to the city council, since the business men and the public generally still find this their most convenient thoroughfare, to see that it should be kept up to first-class standard. The recommendation that a new pavement should be put down on both approaches to the bridge should be executed forthwith.

Mr. McGillicuddy's Poems.

War has evoked the lyric mood in many of our citizens, and it is not surprising to find the autumn crop of poetry unusually large. Mr. Owen E. McGillicuddy has just published "The Little Marshal and Other Poems" (Toronto: Frederick D. Goodhead, 11), a slender volume of verse, which Marshall is the titular hero. The selections cover a dozen years or so, and while the war poems

possess an immediate interest, we are more attracted by such fine compositions as the western poems, "In the Open" and "The Prayer of a Plowman." The latter especially is distinguished in thought and diction:

Keep me from turning back!
My hand is on the plow, my faltering hand;
But all in front of me is untilled land.
The wilderness and solitary place.
The lonely desert and its interspace
Dread husbandry. And for the years
of pain

What harvest comes to me?
My need of grain,
These dwindling stalks, a handful of
dry corn.

These poor lean stalks, My courage
is outworn.
O Lord,
Keep me from turning back!

"The Admonition" is a lofty setting
of the great democratic rule of service.
A quaint little gem is "Comfort":
A fire to poke,
A pipe to smoke,
A little curly head to stroke,
And four feet on the fender.

The volume is beautifully produced,
and should be a favorite for Christmas
remembrances.

THE WIFE

By JANE PHELPS

Brian Determines to See Mandel.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

Brian tried to put what Becky had said out of his mind, but vainly. He had said that Mandel would cut him out if he didn't take care of Ruth. "That handsome wife of yours" had been the way he spoke of her. From the very first day that Ruth had gone to work, Brian felt a smoldering jealousy of Mandel. On occasion he had put it into words—as when Ruth's salary had been raised the first time. He had always been suspicious that Mandel paid her liberally because he was in love with her. Brian never had underrated Ruth's attractions, and now, after Becky's tactless speech, was inclined to overrate them.

"D—Becky!" he ejaculated after he had tossed and tumbled for an hour, unable to sleep. "And d—Mandel! They think I'm easy, but they'll find out before I'm thru with them." Just why he should associate Becky and Mandel in his feeling regarding Ruth it would have been hard to say. Of course, Becky was jealous of him because Mollie preferred him. "Why shouldn't she?" he said to himself with his usual egotism. Mollie had some sense. She was a discriminating kid. But, cry as he would to dismiss them, Becky's words persisted in haunting and disquieting him.

He never had seen Mandel to know him in spite of Ruth's oft-repeated request that he come to the shop. He would make it a point to see him while Ruth was away. Becky had called him her "swell boss," it was belittling to have his wife spoken of as having a "boss," at least any but him. He'd punch Becky's head the next time he came near him.

But all his resolves helped not at all as far as sleeping was concerned, and Brian lay awake nearly all night thinking, wondering one minute if he had cause to be jealous of Mandel, the next, deciding that he did, and that Ruth must leave immediately she came home.

He was so grouchy at breakfast that Rachel grumbled to herself in the kitchen:

"He's stayin' out too late. He ain't up to no good doin' so, when Missy Ruth is done gone away."

"He's stayin' out too late. He ain't up to no good doin' so, when Missy Ruth is done gone away."

"All right, Massa Hackett. Rachel'll give you de best dinner she kin, she sho'll will," pleased that he was coming home. The old negro was often lonely when Ruth was away, and although Brian didn't visit with her as Ruth did, it was someone in the house and therefore company for her.

"Have dinner at 7," he said, then almost repented that he had told Rachel he must come home. It would be horribly lonely eating alone.

He left the office, however, about 4.30. Ruth had told him that Mandel usually remained until 6 o'clock. But he wasn't going to take any chances. He'd locate the fellow, then if Ruth was ever with him he couldn't be deceived. He had known of Mandel taking Ruth and her aunt to lunch, of the opera tickets, etc. But he had laid it all to his desire to impress Mrs. Clayborne, a very wealthy woman, who might in the future become a customer. Some way, while her aunt had been with her, he had had no thought of being jealous of Mandel. Perhaps because of Ruth's absolute taking it for granted that he would be pleased at the attention to her aunt, their guest.

Brian reached the block upon which Mandel's shop was situated before he remembered that he had formed no plans as to how he should find out who was Mandel—how he was to

differentiate him from the men he employed.

Halting opposite, he walked back and forth several times. Finally he crossed the street and spoke to the carriage man who stood near the curb.

"Has Mr. Mandel gone home yet?" he asked without too much interest.
"No, sir; he will be going in a few minutes. That's his car."

"Very well, I'll smoke while I wait," Brian said, then walked leisurely away. When the fellow's back was turned he stationed himself in a doorway next the shop, where he could both see and hear without any danger of being observed.

He had waited but a few moments when he saw a man leave the shop. He was shorter than himself, but so well groomed, with a manner of such assurance that it did not need the mention of his name or the obsequious attention of the carriage man to assure him that Mandel had at last appeared.

"Ruth's swell boss!" he exclaimed bitterly, as he watched Mandel seat himself in his car and give orders to the chauffeur. Even the respectful way the man touched his hat Brian took as a personal affront. All those things were what Ruth had been accustomed to before he took her from her home, where servants did her bidding and where she was a pampered woman instead of a working one. He ground his teeth savagely as he swung up the avenue in the wake of the car.

When he reached home, Rachel almost wished he had remained out, as usual, he was in such a vile humor and found so much fault with her.

Tomorrow—Brian Spends the Evening With Mr. and Mrs. Roberts.

TURNING BARRACKS INTO HOSPITALS

Sixteen Hundred Beds to Be Provided at Rosedale Clearing Depot.

Hospital accommodation for 1600 soldier patients is to be provided in Toronto at once by using four of the big barracks buildings now nearing completion at the site of the casualty clearing station to the north of the St. Andrew's College grounds, North Rosedale. This plan was announced yesterday by Col. John Gunn, Ottawa, and a representative of the Dominion Public Works Department. They visited the site and decided that work should be concentrated on four of the eleven barracks buildings now under construction. Pending completion of the St. Andrew's College group of 32,000,000 buildings the four barracks will be used as hospitals for treatment of active service and orthopaedic cases. Each building is 238 feet long, two storeys high and will accommodate 400 soldier patients.

Gen. Mewburn, minister of militia, is given credit for this additional accommodation.

In Hamilton, the commander of the Royal Canadian Air Corps has been authorized to fit up as many of the Scott barracks buildings as required for military hospital purposes.

A Line of Cheer Each Day of the Year

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE PACEMAKER.

When I must run a race
However hot the pace,
I run with all my strength,
And if I cannot win,
I take some pleasure in
The thought that what I've done
Some faster than he would
If I had not been so
And let him pass me by
In fashion leisurely.
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Syndicate.)

TODAY'S POEM.

FIDDLER O'SHEA.

In Galway there was a young fiddler,
O'Shea;
Sure he's gone to his long rest this
mummy day.
He could make his own fiddle wild joy
fairly shake.
An' the mournfullest sounds he could
make the thing shake.
Could Barney the Fiddler O'Shea.

One night he set out for to play at a
wake,
An' niver a drop his bow'd thirst he'd to
shake.
He was mournfully thinkin' o' this as he
whinnied,
Whinnied, of a sudden he whiffed a bad
scint—
"The Devil," says Barney O'Shea.

"The same," says the Boy, an' he grabs
for a rock,
An' off to the Russians they go in a tick.
"Ye'll set be the fire an' play gay little
airs.

While the lumps all line up on the fure
"Ochone!" groans poor Fiddler O'Shea.
He played till the sweat rowled down off
of his nose.
Till the flames warped his boots an'
burnt holes in his clothes.
An' the lumps madly danced, wild their
An' their heads on high.
An' their necks, as the
"Play faster," says he to O'Shea.

Poor Barney was found wild his fate
gilt rock,
A wape an' stark naked, except wan burnt
sock.
A hape o' poold soverns was piled on his
chest.
While the Devil stayed right in his fiddle,
In the world, swore the friends of
O'Shea.

Toronto, Canada.

RESIDENCE AND FURNITURE SOLD.

A very large gathering attended the auction sale at No. 157 Grenadier road yesterday. The residence was purchased by Mr. Emmett for \$6900, the entire furniture being sold immediately afterwards. C. M. Henderson conducted the sale.

COURTMARTIAL TRYING OFFICER.

A general courtmartial will sit, Nov. 19, at Toronto's armories to try Lieut. William J. Blitch, D.C.M., who was wounded in France. He was formerly of the R.A.F., and now attached to the 25th Canadian Reserve.

Preliminary List of Members

Abbs, C. E.
Ames, A. E.
Aird, Sir John.
Baillie, Sir Frank W.
Bickell, J. P.
Black, J. H.
Blackwell, C. S.
Blain, Hugh.
Brown, R. T.
Bulley, Samuel.
Cain, William A.
Cassels, Robert.
Clapp, C. R.
Clark, T. J.
Carruthers, David.
Coombs, F. J.
Cox, H. C.
Daly, R. A.
Dempster, James.
Dilworth, R. J.
Eaton, Sir John.
Englehart, J. D.
Fair, George E.
Fasken, Alex.
Fee, J. J.
Finch, Gordon T.
Fraser, J. A.
Ganong, J. E.
Gelber, M.
Gibbons, J. J.
Gould, Ben. A.
Gressett, Dr. F. Lem.
Gundy, J. H.
Hall, J. Herbert.
Hanna, D. B.
Hanna, Hon. W. J.
Harris, William H.
Hart, S. R.
Hayes, F. B.
Hewitt, George C.
Hewitt, George C.
Hodgins, W. S.
Hodge, W. S.
Hyslop, Mrs. M. I.
Hyslop, Wm., Jr.
Jarvis, A.
Jenkins, W. L.
Johnston, Strachan.
Kemp, W. A.
Laidlaw, R. A.
Larkin, P. C.
Lash, Z. A. K.C.
Lumbers, Leonard.
Levy, Mrs. B. I.
Loving, Hy. A.
Loving, W. J.
Lowndes, C. B.
Lowndes, J. M.

McAlpine, J. H.
McCarthy, W. N.
McKinnon, W. L.
MacKay, Wm.
MacKenzie, A. J.
MacKenzie, W. A.
MacPherson, G. A.

Marlow, Dr. F. W.
Marriott, H. F.
Marshall, Lt.-Col. Noel.
Matthews, R. C.
Matthews, W. D.
Mayer, G. W.
Mitchell, A. J.
Mitchell, Major G. G.
Mitchell, J. W.
Morrow, Geo. A.
Morrow, Mrs. Geo. A.
Mulhearn, J. D.
Musselman, J. D.

Oster, Sir Edmund.
Oster, F. Gordon.
Paine, John.
Phelan, T. P.
Palm, Otto G.

Reid, W. B.
Reid, A. J.
Richardson, H. A.
Rogers, A. C.
Rous, C. W.
Ruddy, E. L.
Russell, T. A.
Russell, W. B.

Scripture, A. W.
Smith, G. H.
Smith, John M.
Smith, Nathan.
Solman, Wm. H.
Solman, L. L.
Stewart, J. F. M.
Stillman, C. O.
Stimson, Col. G. A.
Stone, Frank.
Strath, Stuart.

Tocque, R. L.
Tory, John A.
Tudhope, H. R.
Wainwright, Fred J.
Walker, Sir Edmund.
Watson, J. P.
Wilder, W. E.
Willis, E. C.
Wood, E. R.
Wood, Mrs. E. R.
Wood, Frank P.
Wood, Mrs. Frank P.
Wood, G. H.
Wood, L. M.

More complete list, will be published Saturday.



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