

## The Toronto World

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THURSDAY MORNING, DEC. 31

### Attacking the City's Credit

Nothing madder has been done in any civic campaign than the action of the Telegram in attacking the city's credit, which has been so well conserved by the administration in which Controller McCarthy has admittedly been the strong financial authority. The credit of the city is a vital matter to real estate men, to businessmen, to bankers, to the board of trade men, to all who depend on stable values and a prosperous community to carry on their projects. But a dirty bird does not mind fouling its own nest, and the Telegram has published page after page of statements which, if they were true, would ruin Toronto and the business of nearly everybody concerned in it.

The absurd statements about the increase of debt are well-known to be untrue to the Telegram. What does it care, so long as it can elect a slave to carry out its Boss policy in the city hall? It would rather see Toronto in ruins and Tommy Church in power than, in its power, than to see the city prosperous and well-credited under Controller McCarthy.

Controller McCarthy has pointed out the details of the debt increase, practically all of which is either revenue-producing, or local improvement charges, and therefore not a city debt at all, while no account has been taken of the sinking fund. But the Telegram would not tell the truth about these things. The Telegram is so afraid of placing the truth before its readers that it refused to print Controller McCarthy's advertisement.

Controller McCarthy got the city out of a hole when he was able to place the undigested city bonds where they would not come in competition with future issues. This was not very pleasant to some local bankers, who are taking revenge now by opposing Controller McCarthy and offering to vote for his opponent. But the people will be glad to support the man who delivered them from a local plague and got them good terms for their bonds elsewhere.

The business experience of Controller McCarthy has been of the greatest service to the city, not merely for present needs, but also for the opening he has been able to make for it in placing its debentures in future. He is hated by the good he has done, and the people who hate him are represented by Controller Church. The situation is clear enough. Controller Church represents the Boss influence which was turned out of the city hall two years ago.

### Boss Rule the Issue

The whole, sole issue in the present election is whether Boss rule is to be re-established in the city hall. Controller Church is the Boss's candidate, and those who are famous with city hall business know what that means. But the citizens generally are not familiar with the state of affairs under which an entirely irresponsible party outside the city hall, outside any party control, outside any interest but his own whim, sets up for the city and the taxpayers a little government of his own and decides who shall rule, who shall be appointed to office, who shall run in the elections, and who shall be assassinated politically and municipally.

This is what is to be decided tomorrow. Are we to go back to this part-American, part-German method of government, utterly unscrupulous, utterly conscienceless, utterly outside the range of reasonable argument or consideration? There is no great question up for decision in the present election. It is true that an attempt is being made to induce people to take up the dead issue of the street railway purchase. But that question is as dead as Queen Anne, and the only reason it is being hauled around is that something is needed to take away attention from the real issue, the renewal of Boss rule at the city hall.

### Picking a Slave

Voters who are being deluded into the idea that they are voting for Tommy Church would find out if

they should find themselves in the majority, that it was not Church they were voting for, but for Boss rule in the city hall. Toronto has been free of Boss rule for two years, and in that time more public works, more public improvements, more social reforms, and more civic reforms have been carried out than in the previous years of the Boss regime.

The Boss of Bay and Melinda streets is not concerned who is elected so long as the elected one is a faithful slave. Controller Church is not as desirable a candidate as the Boss would like, but he was the only one to be had, so he was chosen. Young Mr. McBrien was chosen last year and did not make the grade, so he was not invited again. A great many other people were invited, but they knew the conditions of slavery attached to the position, and they declined.

Controller Church is accustomed to being a slave to the Boss, and he accepted. The voters are expected also to accept. Will they? And will the societies and associations which are being lined up for Controller Church be quite satisfied when they understand that it is the Boss of Bay street for whom they are voting? Will members of a political party who are being deceived into the belief that the party wishes them to support Controller Church be satisfied when they discover that this is a falsehood?

### A Campaign of Deceit

Those who have followed The Telegram campaign are aware that the truth is not in them. They have falsified, misrepresented, distorted and invented to a degree which has surpassed even their own previous records. Deceit, therefore, is to be expected from them in everything. They have adopted the whole German program in this respect. Part of that policy is to accuse the opposite side of doing what they are themselves busy at.

When Mayor Hocken, against whom The Telegram waged a bitter personal war in his election campaigns, first came out with a plan for the improvement of street railway conditions in the city, he proposed a subway on Yonge street. The Telegram, which always opposes anything which would advance the cause of public ownership, and which was one of those who helped to sell the franchise to the Street Railway Company, when it found that Mayor Hocken was getting the people's ear, immediately came out against tubes and subways. The plan was defeated. Mayor Hocken, still anxious to solve the problem, proposed purchase of the street railway. The Telegram, afraid of an advance of public ownership, immediately opposed it with Mayor Hocken's previous plan. Tubes and subways were the proper things, now, and purchase at any price was absurd.

Now that purchase is dead, the thing to be done is to defeat all friends of public ownership under the guise of befriending it. All the anti-public ownership men in the city are lined up behind Controller Church, and they hope with the help of the Boss, and of the societies, to get into power in the city hall.

### Public Ownership Men

It may seem to be an exaggeration to some people to say that The Telegram is playing the anti-public ownership game. It is only necessary to look at the names of those who are being quoted in favor of Controller Church to get some light on the situation. Then a glance at The Telegram's broadsides against those who have fought the battles of public ownership in Toronto should fully convince anyone who has a doubt left.

There is plenty of praise for public ownership men outside the city, but not a man who stands up for public ownership in Toronto, outside the immediate dependents of the Boss, who does his best to defeat all advanced public ownership policies, is given any credit or allowed to possess a character.

No man has done more for public ownership in Toronto than Mayor Hocken. Ask The Telegram what it thinks of him. P. W. Ellis is an old supporter and worker for public ownership. Ask The Telegram what it thinks of him. Controller Simpson is a public ownership man by principle and practice. Ask The Telegram what it thinks of him.

There are no public ownership men in Toronto who do not wear the Prussian helmets of The Telegram if that organ is to be believed, and those same helmets are always lined up against public ownership and operation of the street railway in 1921, on the ground that the hydro-electric policy, obstructed in the city by The Telegram's own tactics, has not been a success.

And this, of course, is why Sir Edmund Osler and Mr. George H. Watkinson, K.C., are supporting Tommy Church as a public ownership candidate.

### The Other Tommy

Next to Controller Church, The Telegram dearly loves the other Tommy, the one who used to give picnics, until he found they did not pay in votes. He abandoned picnics this year, on the grounds of economy, of course, and is devoting the money thus saved to a winter campaign.

## "SAVE TOMMY!"



It was a sad blow to him to be shoved out of the city hall, where he could supervise the assessment rates. Tommy's assessment was boosted from fifty cents to ten dollars a foot this year, and it is a painful subject to him. It meant extra taxes, and more economy. The picnic had to go.

Of course the picnic never cost very much. The street railway provided the most of it, as Tommy is such a friend of public ownership the railway was naturally friendly to him. The other corporation, the ferry company, supplied another part of the picnic.

After that the prophet of economy had not much else to provide except the holes in the doughnuts, and he gave these willingly and cheerfully, and happy to know that he had not to make an affidavit about it.

Making correct returns is not Tommy's strong point. Even on an assessment for income return, Tommy found it difficult to get it just right. It was more economical to have it not just right, and that is why a policy of economy is such an attractive thing to Tommy.

If you vote for Tommy the Second you will get a hole in a doughnut.

### The Board of Education

Whatever may be thought of the board of education, there is no doubt that it is working out its destiny in a more or less dim and obscure way. The people were asked to give the method of elections a trial, by which half the trustees retire every year. The trouble is that they don't retire, but stick to their places most tenaciously, getting the sitting members to help them back with promises of mutual support.

However, there is nothing to be done this year but elect the best candidates, and give the board to understand it is still on trial, and by no means altogether satisfactory. Where new men are available they should, with some exceptions, be given a chance.

The first ward George Oakley commands the confidence of the residents. He is a young and progressive man, and will probably make some impression on the case-hardened policies of the board. In the second and third wards it is unlikely that any change will be made. Both W. H. Shaw and C. A. B. Brown are of long tradition on the board, and they have

if they would only get us out of here we would be happy. This remark is quite common. The men feel that they are qualified to fight—but with "blanks" or bullets. They are anxious and eager to go. They cannot understand the reason for the delay.

Work as Usual.  
There will be 15,000 Canadians on the plains Christmas Day. The others will be scattered over the country on stay in camp will be given a similar holiday a week later. It is not expected that Christmas here will be any different from any other day. Work will be done as usual except that it will be somewhat lighter. The chaplains will hold services in the morning, and there is just a possibility that the men may be allowed to rest in the afternoon.

No preparations are being made to celebrate the day. There is no of each battalion provide these luxuries, or the men should buy the latter in London. It would be next to impossible to serve a Christmas dinner hold a concert, but the plans were dropped because the big Y.M.C.A. tent were blown down in a big storm which swept over the plains. So there is hardly any chance of the soldiers enjoying Christmas on December 25.

Gifts have been arriving with every mail since the Canadians came to England. But during the last few days the mail have been better. From home have come gifts that will be of use at the front. Some thoughtful people have sent Canadian tobacco

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which was thoroughly appreciated. The Canadians are not overly fond of British tobacco. There also came hundreds of sweaters, mufflers, sleeping sacks, wristlets and so forth. The average Canadian has been well looked after. He will not suffer, then, thru lack of warm clothing at the front.

There is a splendid feeling of brotherhood among the troops. Friendships have been formed that will last a lifetime. Eight to ten men are grouped in a tent, and this results in a rule in a clique that cannot be broken. Already men are planning that if they should survive the war they will meet yearly, every two, three, or even five years at a certain city in Canada for Christmas dinner, to talk over their experiences as soldiers.

Good Work For Troops.  
Mrs. Vaughan, wife of General John Vaughan, in command of a British division in France, is the good angel of the Canadians. Three hospitals, which accommodate about 500 of the 700 Canadians sick were obtained by Mrs. Vaughan. Bulford Manor, where there are 27 patients, was formerly a large country estate. Nothing but other Canadian hospital, was a large riding school before the war was declared. Besides obtaining these two buildings for the use of the Canadians, Mrs. Vaughan turned her own home, Abington Manor, into a hospital for convalescents. She personally superintended the work. No one in England has been of greater service to the Canadians than Mrs. Vaughan.

A Private in the Canadian Engineers, who is the son of a noted politician, is the true Canadian spirit. Although he might have been able to secure a commission on account of being a specialist in his work he was satisfied to join the ranks. He felt that he could serve his country just as well in that capacity. But he believes in living common. He is generally known as "the French-Canadian" because he has been the source of much comment among the officers. When he arrived at Valcartier he was placed in a tent with a crowd of boys who had roughed it considerably and knew the roughest game. The French-Canadian had always lived a life of ease and comfort, having considerable money at his disposal. Among his newly-formed pals was an Englishman who was afflicted with an Englishman's ailment, a cold. The French-Canadian was soon a fast friend of the French-Canadian.

"How would you like to be my orderly?" asked the French-Canadian. "I'll give you \$10 a month." This was over twice as much as the allowance received by the ordinary servants of officers.

"It's not allowed," said Hairlip. "Private Smith is not allowed to have orderlies. 'Well keep it quiet,' said the 'would-be employer. 'I'll give you \$10 a month, and supply you with smokes.' It was the Englishman.

"Right!" said the Englishman. "A Faithful Servant."  
So from that day Hairlip has been a first-class orderly. He is first to rise in the morning. He makes coffee for his little private, and his boss has a liquid breakfast in bed. When the blankets must be folded up Hairlip does it while the luxurious private smokes his pipe and hands out sarcastic comments on the life of a soldier. If Hairlip should want to speak to his boss he always salutes and addresses him as "sir."

There came a day when the Frenchman got three days' leave. He took the first train for New York. He expected to meet a fair young girl there and hear the wedding chiming. He succeeded in the former but the chimes didn't chime. They married to the contrary with the intention of being married that day because he had to leave for Valcartier in a few hours or suffer "cut." He purchased a ring, but much to his surprise they could not be married unless they settled in the State for five days.

It was impossible, so the Frenchman returned a bachelor and the possessor of a ring.

The Boss is Sick.  
Hairlip served his employer on the boat and here on the plains. But a week later the boss was stricken with pneumonia. He was placed in Bulford Hospital, and for three weeks was very low. The doctors did not expect him to pull through. Hairlip got leave frequently for the officer in command understood, and he didn't go to London or town. He would send several miles to call on his employer. No orderly was ever so faithful. In the fourth week the Frenchman rallied and now he will recover. Yesterday Hairlip sat on the edge of his bed.

"I'm going to London tomorrow," said he. "Anything I can get for you Christmas?"

"No," was the reply. "How long will you be away?"  
"Got a week's leave. Remember the girl I told you I left behind three years ago? Well, we're going to get married."

"Congratulations old man," said the boss. "By the way, is this any good to you?" The Frenchman drew the wedding

## MRS. HOUSEKEEPER

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You will be doing something patriotic too, because Eddy's make these and many other articles at their works at Hull, Canada, where from 1600 to 1800 men and women are employed constantly.

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ring from his pocket and gave it to his orderly.

"Oh, I can't take that, sir," said Hairlip. "I'll get another if I go back," said the Frenchman. "The girl is waiting for me."

And thereupon he put his hand in his money belt and extracted a five pound note and gave it to Hairlip. "Here's a little Christmas gift," said he. "It will help you out on your honeymoon."

But the orderly is not going to spend all of it on his bride and himself. About one-half will go towards the purchase of a sleeping jacket for his boss as a Christmas gift.

This is a true story. It was told to the writer by the officer in command.

Private Smith—that name will do—is an orderly attached to headquarters. He is a good orderly. There are none better, and the officers all swear by him. True, some swear at him. He is neither here nor there in a military camp. Smith is a typewriter all the way, just as he did in Ottawa before enlisting. He has only two hobbies, work and horses. Smith is a little horseman by means. He can ride a little, but his mount must be very tame. His comrades say that while he hammers his hammer on the officers of the staff he thinks of nothing else but horses, imagines that he is mounted on a charger and galloping over the plains. He holds the distinction of receiving the first Christmas gift. It came in November; it was a horse. But Smith didn't appreciate the present in the least, a very peculiar little spirit to be sure.

Despite the fact that his job is an inside one, requiring no skill as a horseman, Smith insists on dressing as one. It is not necessary for him to wear leather leggings or riding breeches but he does. Three weeks ago he obtained a pair of spurs and fastened them on his boots. This eccentricity of dress on the part of a stenographer has been very amusing to the crowd which works in the same marquee. The other day while in the midst of typewriting the camp orders, he was called out of the tent.

Get Christmas Gift.  
When he walked into the open he was greeted with cheers. Smith was very embarrassed because there were several officers present. He couldn't understand the reason for the demonstration, why they should cheer a stenographer. When the officers died down and a staff sergeant delivered an address, which was indeed flowery, he spoke the valuable services of Private Smith to the country. His ability as a horseman, and that thru no fault of his own, he was made a staff orderly instead of being placed in the cavalry or artillery. And then he produced a parcel which he had been concealing. Removing the wrapping paper, he handed a wooden stool to Smith. The orderly mumbled a word of thanks and walked into the tent. One of the boys later picked up the toy horse and carried it to the horse lines. It is now tied to a stake like the rest of the animals. When the jokers will run over to the Christmas horse and brush its mane, giving the impression that it is being made ready for the morning canter.

Be sure and see these 48-ounce clothes, made into driving slippers. Reduced now to \$30. Regular price \$50. Oak Mall, corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

BACK FROM SALISBURY.

KINGSTON, Dec. 30.—Lieut.-Col. H. T. Hughes has returned from Salisbury Plain. He has returned to Ottawa, where, it is understood, he will take command of the Canadian Engineers, who are mobilizing in Ottawa for the second Canadian contingent.

"SAFETY FIRST" means many more Happy New Years.

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