

## The Toronto World

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WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEB. 2.

## What the People of Canada Are Interested in About the Grand Trunk.

General Grant in his autobiography has now, as a boy, he negotiated for the purchase of a horse. It was a horse, or pony, he coveted for his own use, and his father sent him to the owner to do the dickering. Asked what he was willing to pay, young Grant replied:

"Father told me to offer you twenty dollars, and if you would not take that to go up to thirty, but in no case to give you more than forty dollars."

Needless to say, the neighbor got forty dollars for the horse.

So with the Grand Trunk arbitration. The government is represented by Sir Thomas White and the Grand Trunk by ex-President Taft. Sir Thomas, on behalf of the government, will say that he cannot possibly agree to a greater sum than the maximum fixed by act of parliament. Judge Taft, on behalf of this client, will say the sum named in the act of parliament is ridiculously low, but, of course, if the government cannot pay anything more that will be the end of the matter. Perhaps, however, the chairman will say a word for the people of Canada.

More important to the people of Canada is the problem of co-ordinating the old Grand Trunk with the National Railways. The whole fate and future of the National Railways hinges upon the absorption of the old Grand Trunk into that system. More than a year ago parliament passed the necessary legislation and yet little has been done toward bringing about the necessary co-ordination. Something, of course, has been accomplished, and some work in the right direction is reported to be going on at a little station called Lynn, this side of Brockville, at this time. But, generally speaking, the co-ordination is proceeding at what might be called, without disrespect, a snail's pace. Few newspapers in Canada, except those sincerely devoted to public ownership, urge more speedy action. The Globe and The Mail are strangely silent, and we hear no great cry for speedy co-ordination from The Montreal Gazette.

The foes of public ownership are hoping in some way to prevent the absorption of the old Grand Trunk into the National Railway system. They know that the National Railways cannot pay their way or prove a success until the Grand Trunk is made a part and parcel of the system. They seem to know this and are acting upon it while the friends of government ownership are soundly snoring at the switch.

Premier Meighen should finish his work. He had much to do with the purchase of the Grand Trunk; he should have everything to do with its co-ordination. The over-cautious management of the Canadian National should be assured the government is behind them. This is no time for delay or dread. The people are puzzled. Whoever, therefore, is sleeping at the switch should be waked up. Engineer Meighen should blow the whistle and ring the bell.

And there's another thing that must be watched by our government: the demand now being made by the railway companies in the States for a revision of the MacAdoo award as to railway men's wages. The managers of the railways say that the roads will be put into bankruptcy if wages do not come down. The brotherhood leaders say that the real object is to disrupt the unions. And yet the managers of our Canadian railways are justifying the great increases in railway rates on the high wages paid the men operating the roads.

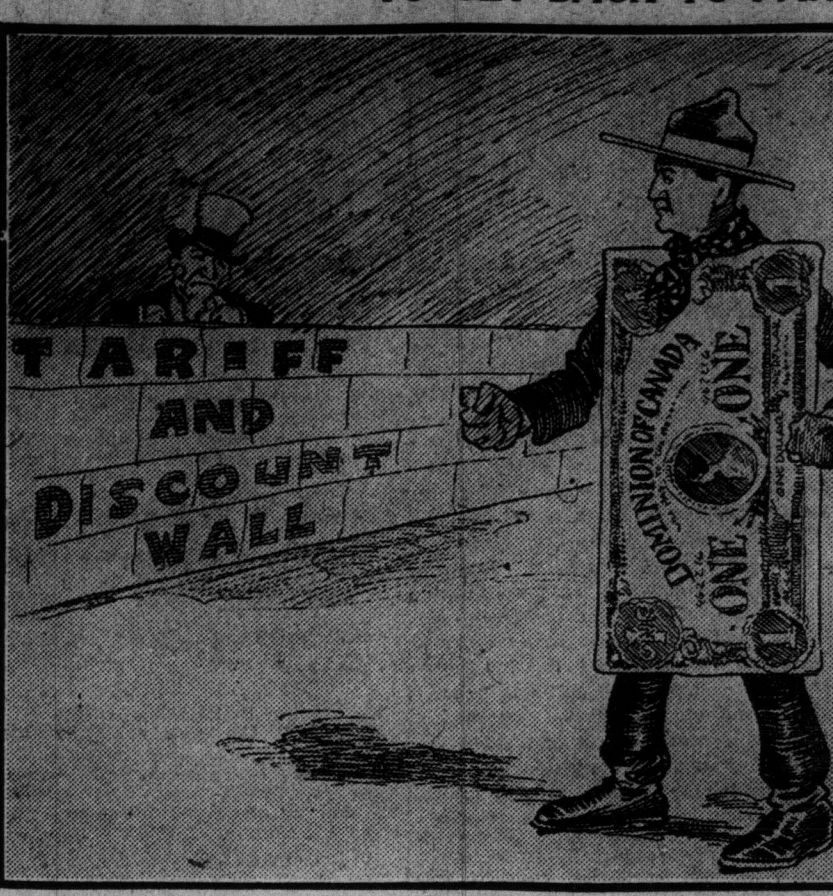
The World believes that some adjustment of this kind must be made in order to keep the costs within the earnings. But there must also be a drop in rent, in the price of coal, of meat.

But if for no other reason than the deficit our national roads are piling up, the management must be immediately authorized and ordered to go on with the work of consolidating the Grand Trunk with the National system. There are too many bungalows open.

## Let in the Light.

Perhaps the most important thing for Canadians to know at the moment is the actual financial condition of the Dominion, the volume of taxation necessary to pay our way, and the possibilities of doing this without infringing on what may rightly be construed as capital. There is a saturation point in taxation, and if this has been reached there is no other remedy than

## TO GET BACK TO PAR



THE CANADIAN DOLLAR: I think it's up to me to stick around home among the folks I know.

## AIR FORCE FLAG DESIGN APPROVED

Ensign Will Be Flown Daily Till Sunset at Headquarters.

London, Feb. 1.—The King has approved of the design for a Royal Air Force ensign. It consists of a flag of Royal Air Force blue, one-fourth of which is occupied by a union flag as in the maritime ensigns. The fourth below the union flag bears no device, whilst centred in the remaining half of the ensign is the Royal Air Force identification mark carried by all British service aircraft. The union flag in the corner of the ensign denotes its nationality, whilst the color and the marking serve to identify it as the ensign of the Royal Air Force.

The ensign will be flown daily from morning till sunset at the headquarters of the force, of areas and independent commands and the personal standard of a commander-in-chief with due ceremony. It will be flown at the peak of a mast and gaff, at the masthead of which the distinguishing flag of the ensign is hoisted. The ensign is flown, except on those occasions when the royal standard or the personal standard of a commander-in-chief is flown, and the ensign is flown, except on those occasions when the royal standard or the personal standard of a commander-in-chief is flown.

## TO REPRESENT GREECE AT LONDON CONFERENCE

Athens, Feb. 1.—The council of ministers has appointed a delegation to attend the coming conference in London at which the Turkish and Greek situation will be discussed. Premier Rallis, who will head the delegation, will be accompanied by Mr. Katoxopoulos, minister of finance. He will leave Athens, Feb. 7, and will stop over in Paris for two or three days.

## Pope Would Restore Normal Life in Austria and Hungary

Rome, Feb. 1.—Pope Benedict today received Archbishop Joseph Franz of Austria, to whom the honors due royalty were accorded. The pontiff is greatly interested in the situation in Hungary and conditions in Austria and is inquiring as to the best methods for re-establishing normal life in both countries.

## OPPOSE DOUBLE PLATOON.

Kingsport, Ont., Feb. 1.—The city council has again gone on record as opposing the double platoon system for firemen and will request the local member of the legislature to aid in preventing such legislation from becoming effective. Failing this, the members will be asked to introduce an amendment to make it applicable only to cities of one hundred thousand or over.

## PIONEER MISSIONARY DIES.

Winnipeg, Feb. 1.—Rev. John Semmens, pioneer Methodist missionary, aged 72, died here today. For many years he had charge of the missionary station of his denomination at Mersey House and other isolated posts in northern Manitoba. Later he was pastor of various Methodist churches in the province, and after his superannuation was engaged with the federal department of Indian affairs. In his younger days he held charges in various western Ontario cities.

## Biliousness

Means too much bile left in the blood by a deranged liver. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills see the liver right and biliousness and headaches disappear. One pill a dose. 25c. a box, all dealers.

## Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

## GENERAL ELECTION RUMOR UNFOUNDED

Strenuous Denials Forthcoming From British Coalition Quarters.

London, Feb. 1.—Strenuous denials are forthcoming today from different coalition quarters concerning the statements which have been sedulously circulated during the last few days, principally by the Northcliffe press, that a general election was imminent. The Daily Telegraph, which supports the coalition, but has always been tinged with independence, declares that the statements have originated from a mere spirit of mischief-making, and adds that even if an election promised good results from a party standpoint, which it doubts, it would strongly oppose it. It was from Mr. Paul Hildreth, the national interest as well as in the interests of the general European situation.

The Telegraph denies that there is any imminent breach in the ranks of the coalitionists, remarking that Lord Robert Cecil and Lord Hugh Cecil, who have crossed the floor of the house of commons, have long harassed the coalition, and in making open rebellion against the coalition.

Meanwhile matters are warming up in the Canadian election, where the local Liberals have rejected Captain Evans, the prime minister's secretary, and have adopted instead Llewellyn Williams. The fight seemed to have been between the representatives of the coalition and Independent Liberalism. Mr. Williams announces that his candidature is not a matter of life and death, but a matter of convenience.

On reaching the library he found Dyrast Van Rensselaer sitting at her desk, her eyes closed, his whole face a ghastly pallid mask. He looked at her for a moment, then he turned and opened the door of the sick man's room, and gazed eagerly into it.

## COMMERCE BOARD ACTIVITIES CEASE

Ottawa Staff Is Released and Offices Are Practically Deserted.

Ottawa, Feb. 1.—(By Canadian Press).—The board of commerce offices today are practically deserted, the staff of the board have ceased to arrive for work, and the offices are practically deserted. It was announced today that the remaining members of the staff, after the first cutting down of the board's staff, will leave on January 31, and today Captain W. White, former secretary, then chief commissioner, and who again reverted to his position of secretary, is the only occupant of the suite of offices which housed the board.

There is a valuable collection of records dealing with matters handled by the board during its career, and these will remain in the care of Captain White until parliament decides what is to be done in the matter of reconstituting the board.

## EXPRESS RATES FINDING.

Montreal, Feb. 1.—W. S. Tilston, manager of the transportation bureau of the Montreal Board of Trade, stated this morning that the finding of the board of railway commissioners on the express rates application for higher rates will probably be announced in Ottawa tomorrow, adding that an increase will certainly be granted.

## MAY AVOID BY-ELECTION.

Brockville, Ont., Feb. 1.—The Recorder and Times says today that the special legislation which was introduced in the house of commons to enable Rt. Hon. Sir Thomas White to visit the United States and Canada during the coming session, thus obviating the necessity for a by-election in that riding.

"Several times last winter when she asked for rather large sums from the children of the slums, and she was isolated on knowing to what purpose the money was to be put, fearing she was again being made a victim by worthy people, but she always laughingly refused to tell me. She declared she would not give me an opportunity to say 'I told you so' if events proved her to have been a victim in her judgment."

The ordinary bills—household, dressmaker's, milliner's, doctor's, etc.

## THE WORLD'S WEEKLY NOVEL

## THE HERPAGE OF CAIN

By ISABEL OSTRANDER . . . Copyright 1916, By W. J. Watt &amp; Co.

Continued From Yesterday's World.

"By the way, Merriman," broke in York, "you cautioned Mr. Goodall and Mr. Van Rensselaer to say nothing to the corner about this—er, belief of yours regarding the missing girl; your partial identification of her as having appeared in a dual role in the past?"

"Oh, yes, we didn't mention it," replied Merriman, carelessly. "When I was bringing York here this morning I told him all about it," he explained to the others. Then he turned to the detective. "We have put ourselves absolutely in your hands, Mr. York."

The next morning, after breakfast, York remarked:

"That's a fine dog of yours, Mr. Van Rensselaer. I'm something of a judge of Russian wolfhounds myself, and I haven't seen a better specimen in this country."

"Oh, Velak has splendid points, I believe," responded Robin indifferently.

"Hurt? Velak hurt? I didn't know it! Where did you see him?" Robin roused himself with a momentary effort from his miserable apathy.

"I just now heard of it from one of the servants."

He sprung abruptly, as the telephone shrilled suddenly in the hall. With a muttered word of apology, Robin ran to it, and the others heard his brief utterance.

"Hello! Oh, Western Union, Yes, repeat it, please. Thanks, Good-bye."

He came back into the room, casting a quick glance at York as he entered. "It was merely a telegram," he volunteered from a relative whom I had notified of our trouble."

York understood. Paul Hildreth had rushed to the message which had raised him to wealth from the living torture of his former position.

Before he could question Robin to learn the contents of the telegram the latter turned to him.

"Oh, by the way, Mr. York," he remarked in a low, hurried tone, "you were right about the knife. It did belong to the kitchen here."

After a few desultory interchanges of words with Merriman and Philip, York sauntered carelessly from the room.

Once out on the veranda, however, he looked down at the letter in his pocket. It was a photograph of Mrs. Van Rensselaer, with the great head at her feet, glanced at it, and then he turned back into the room. Then he found a man sitting tilted back in a chair, his head against the wall, and his eyes closed.

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From this man York learned that Robin's great Russian dog had been missing from about the place all the previous day, and that he had been found by a policeman had seen him coming along the back trail toward the stables, staggering and dazed. He had been hit over the head with great violence and was now, in a rather dangerous condition.

When he returned to the house York asked Robin: "Will you tell me the contents of the telegram?"

Robin hesitated for a moment, then he said: "It was from Mr. Paul Hildreth. It said: 'I see.'"

"I see," replied York laconically. "Left alone to his cogitations, he summed up the evidence to his hand. Mr. York was the last, so far as is known to have seen her alive. The latter fact, however, was really nothing new, for the family and from me. Should the woman be expected to have been open to the family and from me. Should the woman be expected to have been open to the family and from me."

She understood his veiled threat, and sank back in her chair.

When you went up stairs, did you see Mrs. Van Rensselaer's room?"

"No, I—I had my good night, as I told you, and went to bed. I was not prepared to bed, but feeling unable to sleep, I sat down to read by a low lamp. My room is just across the hall from Mrs. Van Rensselaer's, and in rather more than an hour after going upstairs I heard sounds in her room."

"What kind of sounds?"

"As if some one was crying softly. I threw on my dressing-gown and went down the hall to her door. She was sobbing, and I heard her crying as if she had tried herself out. I knocked gently. She did not answer, and the sobbing continued, so I opened the door and went in."

"She was seated on a low chair by the window, and started to rise as I entered, but when she saw who it was she threw her arms around my neck and burst into a passion of weeping. I succeeded in quieting her after a time, and when she was fairly calm I tried to get her to tell me the cause of her trouble. She said that it was nothing—she was tired, had an attack of nerves, and was quite all right in the morning. She was sorry to have disturbed me, and asked me to promise to say nothing to Dyrast about it. That he worried so about her, and that she was really in her room."

"I begged and implored her to tell me what was really some trouble, and I might help her, but she denied steadfastly that anything was wrong. Finally I tucked her into bed, and closed the door after me. I went to my room, in desperation, and took a few drops of veronal powder. The deep sleep which followed produced my recovery."

"I heard no sound from her room during the night, until I awoke with a start in the early morning. Mr. York, there is absolutely nothing at all in that which can be of any assistance to you."

"And do you yourself believe Mrs. Van Rensselaer's explanation of her tears?"

Mrs. Ashley's face assumed an impassive, masklike quality which warned York that she was treating with caution, and repeated further questioning more definitely than words.

"There is nothing else for me to think, or believe," Mr. York, she said coolly. "I was her closest friend. Had there been anything for her to confide in any one, she would have come to me."

"No, I—I must confess I do not. I have no mind for commercial things. The amount seemed to me to be generally within reason—at least none of them ever impressed me as being extortionate."

And now, Mr. Van Rensselaer, one last question, which will be painful to you, but which I must ask you to answer. When did you last see Mrs. Van Rensselaer alive?"

"About 10 o'clock on the evening before Monday evening. I excused myself and went to my study, off the library here, leaving them all in the living room. Robin, my brother, Mr. and Mrs. Goodall, and Mrs. Ashley were playing bridge, and my wife was sitting with Mr. Merriman. I read, and made notes for two hours. I felt unusually tired, and I went to bed at 11 o'clock."

"You heard voices? How many?"

"Only two—my wife's and another's."

"Have you any idea who the other might have been?" York's tones were almost indifferent, but his eyes were fixed on Mrs. Van Rensselaer.

"Oh, yes, it was Mrs. Ashley. I did not distinguish any words, but I heard her talking in a low, soothing voice, with now and then a monosyllabic reply from my wife."

"Did you hear any laughter?"

"Oh, no. Indeed, from the consoling note in Mrs. Ashley's voice, I gathered vaguely that my wife must have another attack of nervousness, and Mrs. Ashley was soothing and comforting her."

"And that is all you know?"

"Yes, I went to my room, and almost immediately to sleep."

When York re-entered the hall, the others had disappeared. He found Mr. Goodall alone on the veranda, lying back in a long, low chair, with her eyes closed, and she read something in his face, when she saw him, and she said: "Mrs. Ashley," he began, without preamble, "when did you last see Mrs. Van Rensselaer alive?"

"Why," she hesitated, and moistened her lips with her tongue. "I have just told you 'good night' and went to our rooms after the Goodalls and Mr. Merriman had gone."

"I want the truth, please," he said sternly. His eyes fixed steadily upon hers. "The truth!—why, I have just told you the truth," she broke off.

"Mrs. Ashley," York spoke with uncompromising severity. "I have deliberately withheld from me an incident which is of the gravest importance that I should have known. I must ask you to tell me, without further evasion, exactly what transpired between you and Mrs. Van Rensselaer the night of her death."

"But there is nothing—nothing to tell. I have already told you everything I know. I am merely—that is, nothing occurred which could have the slightest bearing on your investigation."

"Mrs. Ashley," York pressed her inexorably. "You were the first to discover and report Mrs. Van Rensselaer's death. You were the last, so far as is known to have seen her alive. The latter fact, however, was really nothing new, for the family and from me. Should the woman be expected to have been open to the family and from me."

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Bradford was very anxious to see the detective. He had minutes before, wondering what he wanted, and then the Van Rensselaer mystery again absorbed all his thoughts.

CHAPTER IV.  
Tangled Threads, Baffling Trails.

THE next morning York visited the employment agency which had sent Mary Kelley to Mrs. Van Rensselaer. All he found out there was that Mary Kelley had applied at the agency for work, and his references were all right, when Mrs. Van Rensselaer had telegraphed for a maid they had sent her. But since the news of the murder and the disappearance of the girl had appeared in the newspapers, and in view of the address which she had given as her home, and found it to be a charitable institution and that no Mary Kelley was known there. York next visited the financial district and interviewed the "magistrate" there, Alexander Ingramman, with whom he had become well acquainted while on another case. Alexander knew one Van Rensselaer, and his connections well, but York learned from him nothing concerning the woman who had been investigated when he mentioned the fact that Paul Hildreth would profit by his cousin's misfortune. Alexander stated that in a bank arrangement, which he had given way to incredulous incredulity, he had been engaged in a highly contemptuous tone. "You see, you are making a fearful mistake. It is utterly preposterous; it's—it's unthinkable if you're on any such absurd track as that. I have known Paul Hildreth for years, and he is a thoroughly honest man, and he is a highly contemptuous tone."

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Continued Tomorrow Morning.

## HOCKEY

## LUCKLESS AGAIN