

The Toronto World

FOUNDED 1880
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MONDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 30.

Is John Masfield's "Reynard the Fox" the Kaiser?

John Masfield, the English poet, becomes more varied in his production; his last one being a poem of 156 small poems: "Reynard the Fox, or the Ghost of the Run," a venture into the minutest detail of a modern fox chase, located in modern England. Perhaps it means more.

Masfield was a sailor, and can write of the sea; perhaps he has taken to the hunting field, and he certainly writes as if he had all "the business" at his fingers' ends.

His poem, as we said, is a full and accurate account of a long run in a well-known hunting country in England. He describes all the details from the time the grounds begin to do their horses at the public house set for the meet, and carries the detail right to the finish—it was not a kill—of a long and interesting day.

He describes all the people who were out, men, women and youths; the master, huntsman, grooms, whippers-in, the hunting parson and his sporting wife, the city man, a lot of girls—in all over seventy in the saddle, and almost every bit of geography thru which the flying fox took them; also the ploverman, the boys with ferrets. The best drawn character is Robin the huntsman—after the fox, who eventually baffles them all, and escapes with his life at the last minute, when the hounds over-run the scent. It is a most readable story, full of fresh air and health, and shows a wide reading of the writers that deal with the most popular and most persistent topic in England. His master of the run is "Sir Peter," a hunting squire, probably called for by Peter Beckford, the greatest writer on hunting of them all. But Beckford, a master of a hundred and fifty years ago, was satisfied with a two hours' run, and he had only one object, to make a kill within that time, if at all possible. There is no kill in Masfield—but an escape at last of the fox: Beckford's own account of a run is a classic, and of course ends in a kill.

Why has Masfield written this fine and gallant poem with so much detail, and made it a story of a fox who beats them all—master, huntsman, splendid pack, hole-stoppers, assistant rustics, the flying fox in view most of the run, the hounds, losing the scent at times, but getting closer and closer to the quarry all the way—made of the clever Reynard the real centre of the rushing drama?

Masfield always has something behind his books or plays. In this story of a hunt, a story of the war? Is "Reynard" the Kaiser, and are the men and women in the chase the people of England who just missed getting him after so long a run? What may disabuse this idea is that the Kaiser is not as clever as Masfield's dog fox of the poem.

The Man Behind.

The opening of the new million dollar Pantheas Theatre, Toronto Saturday night again reminds us how rapidly the picture drama has developed, and suggests the great influence it must be exerting upon the lives of the people. The movie show began its career in quite a humble way, and there was a disposition on the part of some well-intentioned people to suppress it. It was, indeed, some time before thoughtful men realized that a new force had entered the world, which could not be suppressed, but which could be utilized for the improvement and amusement of the people. The fear that the speaking drama would be exterminated proved groundless. The Pantheas Theatre, for example, is primarily a vaudeville house, but it touches the moving picture world, and its formal opening uncovers something of the romantic side of the new development.

It is a Toronto man, N. L. Nathanson, who is behind the great development of vaudeville theatre is a part. The man was a hustling, energetic business man in Toronto three or four years ago, few of his friends at that time would have ventured the prophecy that he would be at the head of a nation-wide organization in 1920. The amalgamation of the Strand and Regent Theatres, of Toronto, a little over a year ago, has been followed by the opening of theatres in many Ontario towns, and others of a more pretentious character are now under construction in Montreal, Ottawa, Oshawa, Hamilton, Sault Ste. Marie, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver and Victoria, B.C.

Popular priced amusements for the people are desirable, subject as they are, in this province at least, to censorship and inspection. They do a lot to overcome the current unrest, and they have undoubtedly done something toward making prohibition practicable, and even before the advent of prohibition the popular theatre had made

deep inroads into the patronage of the saloon. The man who wishes to pass an evening can do so pleasantly at a theatre, and he can afford to, and generally does, take his best girl, or his wife, as the case may be, with him.

A Man's Job.

Our sympathy goes out to the New York legislature, which has been convened in extra session to deal with the housing question. The legislature is controlled by the Republicans, while Governor Smith, who has called the extra session, is a Democrat. The legislature, therefore, must take the full responsibility and evolve something in the way of helpful legislation. The legislature cannot order citizens to invest in residential and apartment house property. The laws recently passed to prevent profiteering by landlords have frightened capital. But even if capital were available, materials are hard to get, transportation is more or less disorganized in the United States, and wages for mechanics are exceedingly high. The state of New York can hardly be expected to embark in the business of building houses for rent, but the legislature can authorize the city of New York to expend money for that purpose. Something of the kind will probably be done, and to that extent the up-state Republicans can pass the buck to Mayor Hylan, Tammany Hall, and the Democrats in control of New York city.

Mayor Hylan seems willing to grapple with the housing problem, but it will be embarrassing for a city government to go about evicting electors who get behind in their rent. The one drastic remedy of the single tax, which would force the owners of unimproved real estate to build, seems to have few advocates, even in the city where Henry George wrote his famous book deemed for a time to be a popular ideal. Coasting capital to invest in residential construction by temporary tax exemptions will not get the people of New York very far. Some drastic reform of the whole scheme of taxation will have to be made, or a considerable number of people now living on Manhattan Island will seek homes and employment in other parts of the country. Perhaps the scarcity of houses may yet prove a curb upon that rapid growth of big cities which many consider a menace to the well-rounded development of a nation.

Remarked in Passing.

Exhibition is off to a good start. We'll get that million yet.

If Lord Mayor Muesweeney dies, De Valera is going on hunger strike. If this thing goes far enough, there'll be peace in Ireland yet.

A drop in the price of flour is promised soon. Most people would like to see some of these promises turn into actual happenings.

New York shipping interests are not going to oppose the Great Lakes-to-the-ocean deep-waterway scheme, Montreal, however, may be depended on to fight to the last. It means too much to Toronto and other lake cities.

Windsoar is agitating for an all-night car service. What's the matter; are even the run-runners finding the price of gasoline too high?

British miners are voting to strike, but if the British people don't like it they may take a hand the way they stepped in and ran the trains a little while ago until the striking railway men were glad to go back to work.

The Board of Commerce is going to enquire into the why and wherefore of fifteen-dollar coal at the Pacific coast. When they're finished there's a job waiting for them in Ontario.

Russia's Bolshevik government, after declaring for the eight-hour day, has ordered overtime all round. There'll be another revolution due there any day now.

Wake Up, Ontario!

From Sunday World.

The World does not say that the people of the province of Quebec are organized against Ontario and Ontario's progressive ideas, but it does say the Montreal interests, largely administered by English-tongued Canadians, are at the bottom of it.

The opposition to public-owned power, public-owned radials, public-owned railways.

The same men and their press are behind the Bell Telephone Co. and its demands for higher telephone rates. They are also against public telephones.

The extortionate sugar trust is directed in Montreal; so is the paper trust. They are behind the Canadian Pacific Railway and its demand for higher railway rates.

They are no friends of Ontario becoming a still more highly organized industrial area.

The province of Quebec has nothing like the interest Ontario has in railway and telephone charges. Probably seventy per cent. of the income of the C. P. and the Bell Co. east of Manitoba comes from Ontario.

They are also the men who are fighting the extension of ocean navigation to Ontario and the Upper Lakes, and the development as a public service of great water powers by the canalization and damming of the St. Lawrence above Montreal. They give these water powers to American adventurers in the aluminum business if they could head off ocean ships going further west.

Now as to Adam Beck's radials! The world believes that the Canadian Pacific and its Montreal financial allies are behind the opposition thereto.

There is not a line that Sir Adam Beck has proposed that the C. P. would not take over and finance tomorrow!



FARMER: Which one of you boys shall I wallop to death?
MEIGHEN: Billy King.
KING: No; wallop Artie. I didn't do anything, and I'll never do it again.

REVOLT SPREADING IN MESOPOTAMIA

Anarchistic Movement Reported by War Office To Be Extending.

London, Aug. 28.—Reports from Mesopotamia indicate a further spread to the Muntefik area, in the south, of the anarchistic rebellion against the British administration, which has been prevalent recently, the war office announced officially today.

The situation on the Shatt-el-Hai is reported critical, political officers at Shatra-el-Muntefik, 35 miles north of Basrah, 112 miles northwest of Baghdad, being withdrawn by airplanes to Nasariye, the statement said.

The war office stated that there had been considerable hostile movement in the vicinity of Hillah, west of the Euphrates, and about seventy miles south of Baghdad. A British brigade column encountered a strong band along both sides of the railway north-east of Hillah, and drove it toward the river.

Tug Kurmati Beheaded. Northeast of Baghdad, the statement added, opposition to the British still is strong. A small body of Arabs held Fakhri, about 20 miles northeast of Baghdad, and Tuz Kurmati, ninety miles north of Baghdad, is reported to have been beheaded.

Kifri, twenty miles southeast of Tuz Kurmati, has been occupied by tribesmen and an assistant political officer has been captured. The war office announcement further reported that Sheraban, forty miles south of Khanikin, where a British garrison withstood repeated attacks, has been relieved by a column from Khanikin, which is eighty miles northeast of Baghdad.

Bolsheviks Reinforced. The statement confirmed reports that Bolsheviks in the northwestern part of Persia have received reinforcements from Bakou, on the Caspian Sea, and the south coast of the Asapheron Peninsula, and have assumed the offensive, forcing the Persian Cossacks to abandon Resht, which is near the sea coast. The Cossacks were reported to have lost heavily.

TRAVELER DIES WHEN AUTO TURNS TURTLE. Peterboro, Aug. 28.—D. B. Nicholls died this morning, as the result of an auto accident that took place yesterday morning on the Keene road.

The deceased was returning to Peterboro from Hastings when his car turned turtle. He sustained a concussion of the brain and lingered until this morning.

Rupert Glidden, principal of the Peterboro Co-operative Music who was traveling with Nicholls, also received a fractured skull, but may recover.

Mr. Nicholls was a traveler, and leaves a widow and one child.

WORLD'S DAILY BRAIN TEST
BY SAM LOYD.
No. 285.
2 Minutes to Answer This.

GERMAN TOYS NOW POUR INTO BRITAIN

London, Aug. 29.—(By Canadian Press).—A statement which has just been issued by the British government shows that German imports into Great Britain since the armistice total over 10,000,000 pounds sterling, and British exports to Germany over 43,000,000 pounds sterling.

It is stated that some alarm is felt in the toy industry at the rate of German competition. In the current year "Made-in-Germany" toys to the value of 450,000 pounds sterling, practically at pre-war level, have been imported, and toys to the value of 145,000 pounds sterling have been imported from Japan.

The Association of British Toy Makers has approached the government with a view to having it carry out its promise to check imports of any kind where the particular industry was in danger of being overwhelmed by excessive importations below cost of production in Great Britain, owing to the state of the exchanges.

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF TWO AND ONE-HALF PER CENT. for the current quarter, being at the rate of

TEN PER CENT. PER ANNUM on the paid-up Capital Stock of the Corporation, has been declared, and that the same will be payable

FRIDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF OCTOBER

next to Shareholders of record at the close of business on the Fifteenth day of September.

By order of the Board:
GEORGE H. SMITH,
Assistant General Manager,
Toronto, August 25th, 1920.

ROB TELEGRAPH OFFICE IN CITY OF BRANTFORD

Brantford, Ont., Aug. 29.—(Special).—Thieves broke into the joint offices of the G.N.W. Telegraph Company and the G.T.R. ticket agent on Colborne street early Saturday morning, and the G.N.W. office was robbed of \$15 in change, and \$50 was taken from the G.T.R. department. An entry was made thru a window at the rear of the office. No arrests have been made.

About three hundred members of the 215th Battalion, C.E.F., and their families, and the dependents of fallen comrades gathered at Oak Park Farm on Saturday for a reunion in picnic style. The principal event was the sports program.

ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS DIES ON HIS VACATION

Paris, Aug. 29.—Cardinal Leon Amette, archbishop of Paris, died suddenly at six o'clock this morning, at Antony, near Paris, where he was enjoying a vacation. The body was brought to his Paris residence this afternoon.

Leon Adolphe Amette was born at Douville, diocese of Evreux, September 6, 1850, and received his education at Evreux and St. Sulphice Seminary, Paris. He was ordained priest December 20, 1878, and became vicar of the cathedral and secretary of the archdiocese of Paris in 1880.

He was named vicar-general of Evreux at this time, and became bishop of Bayeux on November 28, 1888. On February 21, 1906, he was made titular archbishop of Sidon and coadjutor archbishop of the archdiocese of Paris, in which office he was installed on April 23, 1906. Monsignor Amette was created cardinal at the consistory held in Rome November 27, 1911, having succeeded Cardinal Richier as archbishop of Paris earlier in the same year.

JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

By JACKSON GREGORY.

CHAPTER XXVIII. (Continued)

"Carson's face was smeared with blood; one bruised, battered, discolored eye was swelling shut, but in his uninjured eye there was triumphant gladness.

"We got the sons-o'-guns on the run, Bud," he announced from afar. "Killed their pesky fires out before they got a good start, crippled a couple of 'em, counting Benny, the cook, in on the deal, chased their deputy sheriff off with a flea in his ear, and set tight, holding our own."

"Where'd you get the eye, Carson?" demanded Lee.

Carson grinned broadly, an evil grin of a distorted, battered face. "You want to take a good look at ol' Poker Face," he chuckled. "He won't cheat no more games of cards, Tommy, the old coon for another year, while he rounded up some more horses in a narrow canon for Burkit and Hampton."

"You damn fool," he said growlingly to Hampton, "look what you've done."

"Of course I'm a damn fool," replied Hampton, by now his old, careful self. "I've apologized to Judith and Lee and Burkit. I apologize to you, I'll tell you confidentially that I'm a sucker and a Con-on-Charlie. I haven't got the brains of a jack-rabbit."

Carson went away grumbling. But for the first time he felt a vague respect for Pollock Hampton. "He'll be a real man some day," thought Carson, "if the fool-killer don't pick him off first."

"You may come and see me this evening," Judith told Bud Lee as he left her to Maria's arms. "I'll be sitting and sleeping and taking baths until then. Thank you for the bacon—and the water—and—"

She smiled at him from Maria's excited embrace. Bud Lee, the blood tingling thru him, left her.

"Before I come to you, Judith girl," he whispered to himself as he went, "I'll have to have a little talk with Bayne Trevors."

CHAPTER XXIX.

LEE AND OLD MAN CARSON RIDE TOGETHER.

Bud Lee, riding alone toward the Western Lumber Camp, turned in his saddle to glance back as he heard hoof-beats behind him. It was Carson, and the old cattleman was riding

hard. Lee frowned. Then for an instant a smile softened his stern eyes. "Good little old Carson," he muttered.

Carson came to his side, saying merely in his dry voice:

"Mind if I come along, Bud? You an' me have rid into one thing an' another more'n once."

"This is my fight," said Lee coolly. "Who said it wasn't?" demanded the other querulously. "Only you ain't got any call to be a haw. Besides, I got a right to see if there's a fair break, ain't I? Say, look at them cow faces back yonder! Don't it beat all how silly, when you use it right, shapes 'em up?"

Few enough words were said as the miles were flung behind them; few were needed. A swift glance showed Carson that Lee carried a revolver in his shirt; his own gun rode plainly in evidence in front of his hip. What little conversation rose between them was of ranch matters. They spoke of success now and confidence. These two foremen alone could see the money in late winter and early spring from their cattle and horses to carry the Blue Lake venture over the rapids. Then there were the other resources of the diversified undertaking, the hogs, the prize stock, the olives, poultry, dairy products. A good soon or late Western Lumber would pay the price for the timber tract, soon, if they saw that they had to pay it or lose the forests which they had so long counted upon. Lumber values were mounting every day.

Neither man, when it chanced that Bayne Trevors' name was casually mentioned, suggested: "Why not go to the law?" For to them it was very clear that, once in the courts, the man who had played safe would laugh at the lying testimony of the physician who had visited Judith in the cave. This man and that might be rounded up, Shorty and Benny and Poker Face, and if any of them asked— which perhaps none of them would—at most they would say that they had no orders from anybody but Quinlon. And where Quinlon, who stood as a bulker between them and prosecution? And what bulker in all the world can ever stand between one man and another?

Now and then Carson sent a quick questioning glance toward Lee's inscrutable face; now and then he said: "You agree, Bud, don't you?"

"There's two ways to get a man," said Carson meditatively, out of long silence. "An' both is good ways: with a gun or with your hands."

"If it works out the other way an' it's half-abstracted look in his eyes, 'it don't hurt to remember, Bud, that he shoots left-handed an' from the hip."

Lee merely nodded. Carson did not look up from the bobbing ears of his horse as he continued:

"If it works out the other way an' it's just flat, it don't hurt to remember how Trevors put out Scotty Webb last year in Rocky Bend. Four-footed style, striking with his boot square in Scotty's belly."

(Continued tomorrow morning.)

THE "NINETEENTH HOLE"

Sixteen,—seventeen,—eighteen holes, and then back to the grateful shade, the lounging chairs, and the glass of sparkling, icy, O'Keefe's Dry Ginger Ale at The "Nineteenth Hole"—the club verandah.

Your "approach" to the eighteenth may have called for bottling up explosive language. But the cork comes out of the Ginger Ale—at the "Nineteenth"—and the nectar flows deliciously, soothingly, in cooling draught.

Only O'Keefe's is O.K. for the occasion.

Other O.K. brands warranted to give a zest even to the game you lost, are—

Belfast Ginger Ale
Ginger Beer
Lemon Sour
Special Soda

Orangeade
Cream Soda
Sarsaparilla
Cola, etc., etc.

O'Keefe's
SPECIAL OK PALE DRY
GINGER ALE
TORONTO

O'Keefe's
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THE BAR

Time. The 8 a.m. 64
Noon 74
3 p.m. 78
4 p.m. 78
Mean day of 70; day age, 6 above; highest Saturday maximum; Saturday minimum.

STEAMSHIP

Steamer. At Dominion.Monte
Labbeck.Monte
Vauvilo.Monte
Galley Head.Belfa
Lyntown.Belfa
Sutabul.Belfa

MILLER

Largest White
Lauder Avenue.

RATES FO

Notices of Births,
Deaths not over
Additional words
Notices to be
Announcements.
In Memorial Notice
Poetry and
lines, additional.
For each addi-
fraction of 4 lines
Cards of Thanks (4)

DEA

EGAN—On Sunday
1920, at his late
bridge street, Fr
late Rev. Dean E
Funeral from a
day, the 31st, at
Family Church,
Hope Cemetery.

MOORBY—In Toron
23, 1920, Mary A.
James Moorby, of
sion of Whitechur
Funeral on Tu
at 2 p.m., Stand
Aurora Cemetery.

ROOT—On Sunday,
residence of her
Miller, 73 East
Mary E. Miller R
beloved wife of V
of funeral later
please copy.

WATSON—On Sund
late residence, 205
ronto, Thomas V
year (football ed
of Mary Thomas
Funeral from at
nesday, Septembe
ment in Mt. Plea
gow, Scotland, pa

FRED W. MA

FUNERAL

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