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The Toronto World

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THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 29.

Food the Real Problem.

Government has a momentous task before it today. It is a question of which God the government will serve. Will the authorities take the side of the fifty thousand, more or less, or the side of the eight millions, more or less, who represent the opposite sides of the debate. There will be an effort towards compromise, because compromise is the British method, but in these war times the spirit of compromise is not so evident as it was. We are not compromising with Germany, for instance.

The difficulty of compromise is all the greater as nobody appears to be willing to face the real issue. It is not an eight-hour day, nor a 44-hour week, nor the right to collective bargaining, all of these are important. Underlying these is the whole problem of food supply. The cost of food is behind the question of wages. As food rose in price, the food controllers refusing to do anything to keep it down, wages were bound to go up. As wages increased cost of production soared until the inevitable stagnation set in when competition at such cost became impossible in outside markets. The food profiteers out the throats of the manufacturing profiteers. The confiscation of surplus profits by the government does not, of course, affect this condition of affairs.

Unless the price of food comes down wages cannot come down. Unless wages come down, hours or no hours, unions or no unions, manufacturers cannot get orders. They cannot hire men to work with no work for them to work at. This is a labor problem, not an employer's problem.

We believe that the 44-hour week is quite feasible, and the other demands of the unions are reasonable enough if we can get food on such a basis as our resources warrant. Only a few years ago Toronto was the cheapest place in the world to live in. Today it is the dearest. What has made the difference? The food profiteers, the cold storage men, the melon cutting transportation men, and all the other men interested in loading up the traffic with all it can bear.

The secret of the situation is that they have loaded it up with more than it can bear. In the one instance of food it is possible to put one's finger on the spot and say that here is the evidence. The cost of living has gone up 102 per cent. The dollar is only worth forty nine cents. Consequently the workman must have two dollars where before he was satisfied with one. The manufacturer has stated his case. He is going to close up his factory till he gets work to keep it running and he cannot quote at rates to attract orders while costs remain as they are.

The government alone is in a position to deal with the situation. The men's demands for shorter hours and union privileges should be granted without hesitation, but that does not begin to settle the problem.

Now that the profiteers have run the country into a deadlock the big financial powers of the nation ought to be held responsible by the government to devise a plan for the stepping down of the whole extravagant schedule of food rates and all that contributes to their high level, and the cost of such measure should be distributed among the interests involved. If the captains of industry believe in their business they should see that this is the only way to set the wheels going again. Labor men dimly see and feel all this, and the general strike is the inarticulate utterance of revolt against the policy under which labor suffers.

The Imperial Bank, and Mining in Ontario.

The Imperial Bank continues to grow, to keep itself strong, to serve its many customers, and to maintain the traditions that have been grown around the management since its start, nearly 50 years ago. It is very much of a Toronto and Ontario and a western bank. It has been helpful in the development of Cobalt and Porcupine, and has had no reason to regret that it was a factor in making those two mining camps. We believe other camps equally productive are on the verge of springing forth in Northern Ontario, and The World hopes in the adjacent sections of the province of Quebec.

We regret that our governments here in Toronto and at Ottawa have never attempted to find out what the real value of the output of our nickel mines is, especially in the matter of palladium, platinum, iridium, and the associated metals—the most valu-

THE TORONTO WORLD

THURSDAY MORNING MAY 29 1919

A CRIMINAL FOR WHOM THERE MUST BE NO REPRIEVE



able metals in the world, and the greatest store of which we believe to be in Ontario. The banks that have their headquarters in Ontario, like the Imperial, are the ones that ought to see that every reasonable mining proposition that has paying ore in quantity in sight ought not to lack for aid in the work of development and production.

Germany's Faith—Is It Good or Bad?

If Germany had not double-crossed the Russians at Brest-Litovsk, we should be more inclined to give a sympathetic ear to the complaints now made by the vanquished Germans about the terms of the peace treaty. It is this doubt of the good faith of the German government that makes the pleadings of their representatives vain. They claim the rights of a free and democratic people to self-determination and to all kinds of privileges and compensations, on the ground that they are utterly innocent of all the things that the mad Kaiser and his bad advisers perpetrated. The nations, however, receive these protests with incredulity, and when Germany presents a bill to the allies for damages done by them by blockading Germany, to the tune of three and a quarter billion dollars, the reputed lack of humor in Germany finds strong confirmation.

Everybody will admit that if the Germans were genuinely repentant they should get every opportunity to restore their nation to normal conditions and resume their place in the world. The boycott of 70,000,000 people is not a thing that civilization can handle without difficulty. We are all anxious that the evil fame of Germany should be removed as fully and as fast as possible.

But it is only the Germans who can remove their own stigma and shame. When they show real repentance, a genuine sense of the tragedy they imposed on the rest of Europe, and make some show of anxiety to repair the ills of which they have been the author, they may demand sympathy, but not before.

Whether the treaty be signed or not, it is obvious that the leaders of German opinion are a recalcitrant group, whose sympathies are much more with the Kaiser and his junker friends than with the liberties of Europe. If it be signed it will be the signal for renewed intrigue on the part of Germany to involve the other nations in social war, to sow distrust and dissension among the allies, and, in general, to make the world an unlivable place.

If they refuse to sign, a deeper occupation by French, British and American troops has been staged. This may extend to Berlin. The people are not greatly concerned, once this decision is taken. They know they will not suffer from an allied army of occupation, but will, indeed, benefit from the good order and the circulation of money that will result.

A better acquaintance with outside nations would do much for the German people. They are frightfully afflicted with big head, and when they realize that other nations are just as clever as Germany, and, in some respects, more so—sufficiently at least, to win the war, the moral disease of the German people will be ready for treatment.

Troops are ready to push forward to the further occupation of the land beyond the Rhine. Whatever course the Germans take, the allies are prepared for it. We are inclined to think that the treaty will be signed, but are not sanguine enough to depend upon it for more than the Belgian "scrap of paper."

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PAID-UP CAPITAL \$1,000,000

Manager, Ontario Branch—A. E. Hestlin.

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

By JANE PHELPS.

A Desperate Resolve.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Often at this time I wondered if a woman had so perplexing a life as did I. If men in other kinds of business were obliged to resort to such expedients as Neil appeared to consider necessary to win success. I thought of father's quiet, uneventful, respected existence. Of men like Mr. Powers to whom all looked up, and whose name was a synonym for honesty and square dealing. Then of Mr. Frederick, his blunt honesty, his habit of calling "a spade a spade," as he so often expressed it, and of how even Neil admired his rough goodness and probity. Then I would think of Neil, the man I loved, the father of my boy, and long with all my heart and soul to have him like these others.

I had been very proud of my handsome husband's success. Very blind to the manner of his making. I had been very happy also at first, though all of this was changed. I was no longer so proud of his success; no longer quite so blind. And I was no longer happy. The upheaval had been gradual in a way, but it had come.

Now my whole mind was fixed upon saving my husband from the mortifying blame of the public. He was so boastfully proud of his success, so ambitious to become one of the rich men of the city, that it seemed terrible to me that he should perhaps be disappointed. That he would meekly yield to circumstances I did not imagine. He would fight for what he believed his rights, regardless of what I, what anyone could do. If I accomplished anything it must be by seeming not to drive him, for what he believed his rights, regardless of what I, what anyone could do. If I accomplished anything it must be by seeming not to drive him, for what he believed his rights, regardless of what I, what anyone could do.

I worried until I looked ill, and I was so anxious about me, that I assured her I was all right. Neil still preserved his attitude of coldness, but somehow I did not feel quite so resentful since I had heard him declare that no one could say anything about his relations with Blanchette. I was obsessed with the idea that if I had revealed his secret, perhaps I could have prevented much that must have happened. Even though I was unaware just what it was. You see, not even yet did I understand about Neil's business. Never had he explained the slightest transaction to me.

Suddenly a thought came to me. I would show Neil that I too could be a "good fellow" as I so often had heard him describe Blanchette. It might not be too late for me to retrieve my mistake in driving him to make her home, not mine, his place of meeting men who preferred to do business over a dinner or supper table to the more conventional way of a man's office.

With this thought in mind I telephoned Mr. Frederick.

"Can you tell me when the next dinner is to come off at Mrs. Orton's?" I asked.

"Yes—on tomorrow night," a world of wonder in his voice.

"Thank you." And after a little desultory talk I hung up.

I had been thinking about what he had said about Mr. Scott. I knew where Mr. Scott's office was, and making myself as attractive as possible I went down to the building in which it was located. I would wait for him when he went out to luncheon. I had heard Neil say that "one could set his watch by Scott's luncheon hour" so if he were in town I had no fear that I should have to wait long. I scarcely had taken a position where I could see the elevator when it disgorged its crowd of busy, hungry men when I spied him coming toward me. I walked briskly along, until I was beside him, when I said:

"How do you do, Mr. Scott? It is a long time since I have seen you. I had extended my hand in friendly fashion."

"I am in a hurry, you will have to excuse me," he said, merely touching his hat, and entirely ignoring my outstretched hand. Tears of mortified pride filled my eyes. He had seemed to me in the days, when I used to come to the house, I had conceived the idea that if I were nice to him, asked him to visit us, perhaps I could persuade him to be lenient with Neil. I had failed, miserably. I would do something. I would not give up. I would go to Blanchette Orton's dinner. I would show Neil that I too could help him, if it were help to entertain men like Scott. I did not confess it, not even to myself, but I knew that I had intended to go ever since I had called Frederick on the telephone and asked when it was to be.

But why had Mr. Scott so insulted me? It must be because of something Neil had done, and Mr. Frederick had said he was a bad man to have for an enemy.

Tomorrow—A Distressing Incident.

A Line of Cheer Each Day of the Year

By John Kendrick Bangs.

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CONVOYS.

The convoyed ship will surely find the ports to which it hath inclined. And as I travel o'er life's sea The convoya of my surety Have been the craft of Hope, and Love, When clouds have lowered black above The craft of Confidence in God, The craft of Faith, and Gratitude, And always in the vanguard there In weather black, or weather fair, To hold the forward courses clear, The craft that holds the Light of Cheer.



"Will Morning Never Come?"

"If I could only sleep I believe my nerves would soon be all right, but night after night I lie awake and think about everything under the sun."

"What chance is there of getting better so long as this goes on?"

"None. Nerve force is being exhausted nearly twenty-four hours of every day, and there is no rest and sleep in which to replenish the waste."

"One thing sure I cannot stand it much longer, for I know that every week—yes, every day—finds me more restless and nervous, and less able to stand the strain of the day's work."

"I suppose the doctor could give me something to make me sleep, but I don't want that. I am weak enough now. I want something to build up strength rather than to tear down the tissues of the body."

"I believe I will try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I have often heard of it, but never thought I would need to use it, but never always so strong and healthy."

"This nervous trouble is a peculiar ailment. No one would believe what I suffer from sleeplessness and nervousness. I do not look like an invalid, but I certainly am one."

"One thing sure I shall not spend another sleepless night before I begin using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I expect it will take a little time to get my nerves right, but I shall get half a dozen boxes and give it a try out. Something seems to tell me that I shall not be disappointed."

You are protected against imitations by the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, which are on every box of the genuine Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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Ask your dealer for Eddy's Indurated Fibreware

The E. B. EDDY CO. LIMITED

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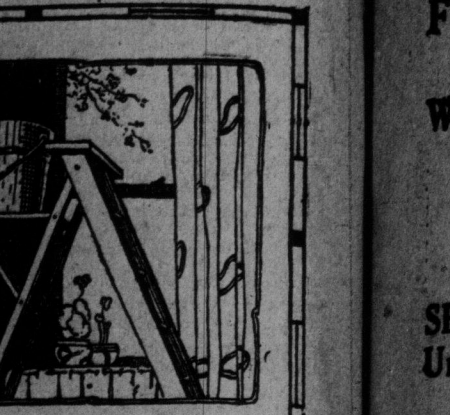
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