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TUESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 25.

Business Conditions Improving.

There are indications that the business slump which became pronounced last fall is beginning to wear off. Apprehension regarding prices of all kinds naturally kept buyers out of the market and complete confidence is not yet restored. It is beginning to be accepted, however, that the prices of 1914 are a matter of history, and in general will not be seen for a long time if ever again. The wage scale has gone up on a higher plane and will subside only with an assured lower cost of living. The artisan in Europe cannot be much of a competitor in this or any other market as long as his money remains at the present tremendous discount and, in the meantime, the domestic market must have goods. The premium on American money is admittedly curtailing imports from the States, and this should soon be reflected in large business for the Canadian manufacturers. Things are working towards a reasonable recovery, and as soon as confidence accompanies the improvement Canada will be back on her feet and much less will be heard of the unemployment problem.

Divorce in Canada.

Rev. Dr. O'Gorman is quite within his rights in publishing a pamphlet on the subject of divorce in Canada, and has committed no offence in securing the "imprimatur" or approval of Archbishop McNeill. Whether its publication at this particular time be expedient is another question. We would not be surprised to see this pamphlet referred to in the West before the election, and indeed given a free translation by a number of people who have not or will not take the trouble to read it. The subject of divorce is so interlarded with that of marriage that we fear any general discussion of Dr. O'Gorman's pamphlet will tend to revive the heated controversy which raged for years over the Ten Commandments. We can only hope that whatever is said on either side will fall within the bounds of good sense and moderation.

In a community like ours all must agree that the state has supreme authority. We get nowhere by insisting that marriage is a "civil contract" or a religious rite. It is a contract that affects not only the parties entering into it, but the lives and happiness of unborn children. The family being the unit of the state, family life must be safeguarded. Hence the people who make the contract cannot, by mutual consent, dissolve it. Neither can they by a private agreement between themselves abridge or impair the responsibilities of the contract as imposed and defined by the state. Neither can any religious regulation override the civil law. The most conscientious of Mormons cannot violate the rule of the state that one man can only have one wife at a time. Neither can the most conscientious Roman Catholic interfere with the remarriage of his divorced wife if such remarriage be authorized by an act of parliament.

Whether the state from the standpoint of public policy should permit or forbid divorce we do not determine. The arguments for and against are assembled in such a convincing way by Mr. Leckie in his history of England in the eighteenth century that the ordinary reader finds himself in a state of hopeless perplexity. We in Canada have been extremely conservative, while many of the American states have been exceedingly reckless in providing divorce facilities. We think we are the better for our conservatism. The chief argument against our Canadian system has been that it reserved the luxury of divorce, like certain other luxuries we might mention, for the exclusive benefit of the rich and well-to-do. If there is to be restriction we think it should be based upon some moral rather than upon some financial consideration.

The Trouble About Disarming.

The United States and Canada long ago decided upon a policy of disarmament along their frontier. Fortresses were allowed to fall into decay, war vessels were withdrawn from the Great Lakes and the wonderful spectacle for centuries has been presented of an international boundary line four thousand miles long guarded only by the good faith of sensible people. Now and then a crank or a scamp may take advantage of this situation. A few hot-headed Canadians have sometimes invaded the United States, and misguided Americans have made raids into Canada. But the inconvenience of these sporadic disturbances have been nothing compared with the in-



ANOTHER TRAGEDY

JOE THE HOUSE IS LIKE A TOMB



COAL BIN

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FIGHT NOMINATION OF U.F.O. CANDIDATE

(Continued From Page 1.)

Gordon, Liberal, and T. J. McMurphy, Conservative, were the only two who had been playing a guessing game as to whether or not the Liberal government would enter the lists.

The battle is increasing in intensity, and despite the efforts of the other parties, all indications are that the real fight will be between the government and the Liberals. The government has so far stood solely on the tariff issue, and now the Liberal platform and publicity strategists are attempting to force the government to accept the mandate of the Meighen government to office as the principle at stake.

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The Toronto World's Weekly Novel

THE UNLATCHED DOOR

By LEE THAYER—Copyright, 1920, by the Century Co.

(Continued From Yesterday's World.)

"I want the card and envelope," said O'Malley. "Going to see what I can find out about the writing on 'em. It will mean almost as much to know who sent 'em as to find Pendleton himself. You see that, don't you, Pete?"

The person who sent 'em suspects Pendleton; or has a grudge against him and wants us to suspect him. It will be a very valuable clue to know the way and wherefore of it. Might send us off on a new track altogether. Who knows? So I'll keep these, with your kind permission, my lad."

He picked up the two articles as he spoke. "You see that, if you want it," he continued with a smile, pushing the card and envelope over to the other. "You are sure you are sure of it?"

Pete took it up automatically. His young amour propre was stung by the hint. He turned the paper over in his hands. It was a plain sheet of cheap note paper with no marks of any kind, not even a water mark. It had evidently been torn from a double sheet. There was nothing at all unusual about it except that it had a fine mottle of blue and red fibres under the surface and it did not match the envelope, which was made of better paper and was plain gray with a crash finish.

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"You'll let me judge of that, I'm sure." His face was very serious.

He took the packet from her unresisting hand, and cutting the cords, laid it in her lap.

Her strong, supple hands moved swiftly among the wrappings and drew out the small leather case and the miniature. They are quite all right," she said, rising to her feet.

The wrappings slid to the floor. She opened the small leather case and held out to him.

"That was my aunt, who brought me up," she said, softly. "Wasn't she beautiful? Her voice was very tender."

Dick bent his head and looked at the ivory, austere old face. Except for the white hair, the coloring and features were like Nora's, but the expression was quite different. They might have loved each other, these two, but they could hardly have thought alike on many subjects.

Dick decided, he said, as he handed the portrait back to her. "I have almost never seen one more like her."

Nora looked at it again with saddened eyes before she closed the case.

What he had to do now was very difficult, but it must be done for her own sake, and he realized that he must do it. A sudden self-comprehension—it must be done for his sake, too. He would never have another mother, and he would feel sure that this girl, all girls in the world, was free from danger.

Dick stooped, and pulled as the folded cloth from among the papers on the floor, held it out with the clean side toward her.

"Would you mind telling me where you got this?" he said, and turned it slowly over in his hands.

Frowning still more, she took the cloth from him and gazed at it for a long moment in silence. Then she glanced at him and she glanced at the miniature of Inez Rutledge, which she still held in her hand, and back again to the address, the color, like a great tide, flooded her face, and then, receding, left it deathly pale.

She looked at him and then at the address, and she glanced at the miniature of Inez Rutledge, which she still held in her hand, and back again to the address, the color, like a great tide, flooded her face, and then, receding, left it deathly pale.

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