The Toronto World

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FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 24.

Puller in for No Par Value Shares.

The Toronto Globe of yesterday said editorially:

Selling waves on the stock market cannot sweep away intrinsic values.

The "selling waves" which The Globe speaks of have, however, submerged the poor innocents who followed its stock market pages from day to day. Specially written articles on sugar, when the stock was selling up around $160 a share, and is now $18 and on the papers when some of them were double the price, did not carry the caution of the future "selling wave." Neither will the Canadians who bought "Bosch Magneto" and other specialties in the New York stock market thank The Globe for the nice special New York article it carried when Wall street was in a delirium of speculation. The kindly advice that "selling waves will not sweep away intrinsic values" is not much consolation to those who have taken or see heavy losses confronting them in the supposed securities that were given endorsation in The Globe's pages. Perhaps The Globe will now tell its readers what the intrinsic values of some of the non-par papers and other stocks really are. Mr. Jaffray, the principal owner of The Globe, is an experienced stockbroker and knows all about these things. Also sound on "the religious article daily."

A Curious Situation.

If the United States congress elected last November were in session and Mr. Harding seated in the White House, there can be no doubt that the emergency tariff bill practically excluding Canadian farm products from the United States, would be passed immediately. That bill went thru the house of representatives on Wednesday by more than two-thirds majority. Some Republicans voted against the bill, but their defection was more than overbalanced by the number of Democrats who voted for the bill. Yet the bill may be held up in the senate, or if passed by the senate may be vetoed by President Wilson. In short, the will of the people, expressed last November, may not be implemented until next March.

In this particular case it is probably a good thing that public clamor can be checked until a well-considered public opinion can be formed. For the United States at this time to declare commercial war on Canada would be the height of absurdity. It would hurt Canada undoubtedly, but it would hurt the United States more.

Still, there is much sound sense in Sir John Macdonald's saying that the people have a right to govern themselves wrong if they want to. They must suffer in the end for their own mistakes, and perhaps in no other way can they learn to govern. It is a principle that bears hard on the intelligent minority, but they take this risk under democratic government. The people, after all, tho easily fooled, are not long deceived. As Abraham Lincon quaintly phrased it: "You can fool all the people some of the time and some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all of the time."

Suppressing Mr. Asquith.

The failure of the big London dailies to report the speeches of former Prime Minister Asquith causes criticism. The newspaper proprietors are not obliged by law to publish any news, or for that matter to publish at all, but there is a tacit understanding between the press and the public that the papers will keep the people advised as to what is being said and done by their public men. Partizan as a paper may be, there is always at least an attempt to give some show to the other side. In the case of Mr. Asquith it is something more than a personal quarrel, as when James Gordon Bennett forbid the printing of Theodore Roosevelt's name in his paper. It is plain that the three or four wealthy men, including Lord Northcliffe and Lord Beaverbrook, who own the London papers, are determined to kill off Mr. Asquith by a conspiracy of silence. It would be as tho all the New York papers agreed, after the 4th of March, never again to print the name of Woodrow Wilson.

That sort of boycott against any public man can scarcely be justified, unless the man himself is discovered to be unspeakably vile or his speeches to be menacing to the safety of the state. True, a certain press ostracism was exercised against Sir Wilfrid Laurier, after the formation of the Union government. There was the excuse of conscription, and, after all, more than one public man in Canada has been the victim of a conspiracy of silence, engineered thru big newspapers by big corporations.

It is hard to comment intelligently upon events happening in another country 4000 miles away. It is certainly none of our concern what the English papers say or do. The concentration of newspaper ownership, however, into the hands of a few powerful men is a phenomenon of world-wide interest and significance. That such concentrated power can be ruthlessly used is apparent. That it will always be used in the best interest of the state may well be doubted. If John D. Rockefeller, for example, acquired all the Canadian daily newspapers (and he could do so without seriously disturbing his credit at the bank), it is safe to say that we would not get altogether uncolored information about the oil resources of Canada. Mr. Rockefeller is a good man, a pious man, and has many amiable qualities, but it would be just as well for him not to own all the papers of Canada. No man, or for that matter, no group of men, should control the press of a country. At present three or four wealthy nobles and men of title appear to dominate the British press. They may be right in hating Mr. Asquith and they may be right in thinking that his speeches should not be read by the people, but the power they wield goes beyond any censorship that could be exercised by the most autocratic government in the most desperate emergency.

Remarked in Passing.

A couple separated three years have remarried. After that they deserve what they get.

* * *

Over 700 illegal stills were raided in one part of Kentucky during November. First thing we know the preventive officers will get really busy and there will be talk of serious unemployment in that state.

* * *

The Star's half-hearted attempt to discredit Mayor Church is falling flat and nothing shows it better than that paper's method of discussing the question.

* * *

The Star says Controller Gibbons is a man who refuses to take orders. But what will he do if he is a controller after September next when he is also the paid agent of several thousand street railway men who will then be civic employes?

* * *

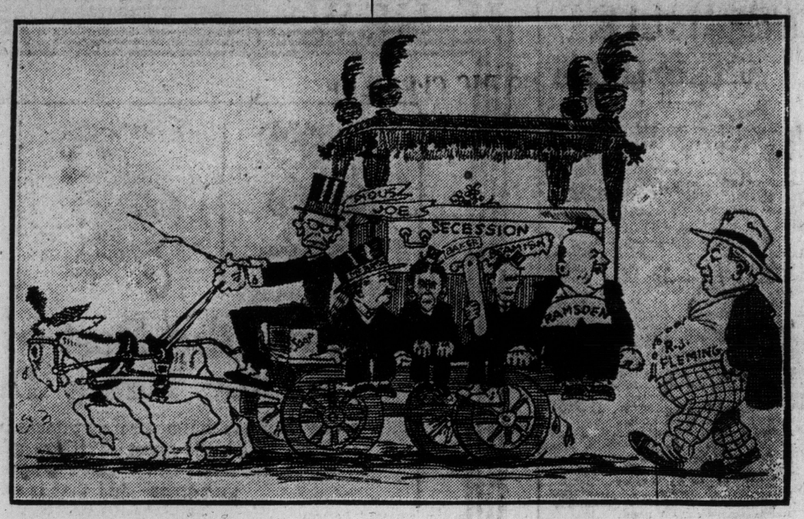
Ex-Alderman Ball's idea of letting British emigrants come in to settle on small farms along the new radial lines which the Hydro clean-up will give us means much for the future welfare of this city.

* * *

Two young shopbreakers are sentenced to be thrashed by their fathers. The same treatment applied to some of the young hold-up men operating about town might dissuade them from continuing their careers of crime and turn them into law-abiding citizens, particularly if police officers did the thrashing.

BAD FIRE IN REGINA.

Regina, Sask., Dec. 23.—The shops operated by Alex Young, Ltd., cut stone and monumental contractors, were destroyed by fire today. The loss is estimated at $25,000 and is partially covered by insurance.



PIOUS JOE; Climb on, Bob.

R. J.: Nothing doin', boys. That's a funeral that was held many months ago, before you resurrected the corpse and found him still dead.

MADE GOOD DEAL, SAYS PREMIER

(Continued From Page 1).

ever, in the meantime, prepared for the industry and assumed obligations to the extent of a million dollars in doing so.

Had Urged Backus.

"When this government came into office, it pressed upon Mr. Backus the necessity of proceeding with an immediate development. We were met by two obstacles. First—the difficulty as to water power, and, second, the fact that a cruise of the limit had convinced Mr. Backus that its resources were inadequate to sustain the proposed industry. As to the first of these, it may be said that it was quite clear that the action of the international joint commission in deciding to use the Norman dam as a regulating work to control the waters of the Lake of the Woods, had seriously impaired Mr. Backus' plans for power development. Recognizing this fact, we undertook to lease to him the White Dog rapids, on the understanding that the development of the Lake of the Woods limit was proceeded with promptly, reserving, however, ample control of the water power in the public interest. We also undertook to afford Mr. Backus, and any one else who is interested, an opportunity to tender for a pulpwood limit in the district of Kenora. In accordance with that understanding, the English River pulp and timber limit was offered to public competition on the 24th of September last.

Previously Offered for Sale.

"This limit, it may be noted, had previously been offered to the public in 1915 under conditions much less exacting than we proposed, but no bids were received at that time for it. The area of the English River limit is about 4,000 square miles, but, according to the best information at our command, its resources are not commensurate with its dimensions. Upon this point I quote the following extract from a report of the provincial forester, made to the cabinet a few days ago:

"I estimate that at least 50 per cent. of the area of the English River limit does not bear timber, that is 20-25 per cent. water surface, 35-30 per cent. burn, muskeg and rocky outcropping. This would give about 1,500 square miles, or about one million acres of timber-bearing land in the limit. I judge from the above reports that we could not expect more than an average of one cord of spruce per acre, so that we would have in the neighborhood of one million cords of spruce on this area."

"I draw attention to this report in order to make it quite clear that the English River pulp limit does not contain the vast timber resources some people have imagined that it does.

Dues Are Doubled.

"In any event, it must be remembered that the dues we propose to collect are double those previously required and consequently the larger the resources of the limit, the greater will be the return to the province and the longer will the industry be maintained.

"This limit was offered for three months to open competition. Four tenders were received. Three of these tenders are from the United States and one from British Columbia. No tender was received from any of the paper or pulp interests in the province of Ontario or in eastern Canada. One of these tenders, from British Columbia, offers a bonus of $25,000. Two other tenders, from the United States, offer a bonus of $25,000 and $5,000. The tender of Mr. Backus offers a bonus of $50,100. I desire to point out very strongly that the amount of the bonus is by no means the most important consideration. It was, of course, essential to have the price fixed by public competition, and thereby eliminate any suspicion of favoritism, but the really important thing is the establishing of the industry in the district of Kenora.

"The successful tenderer, who has already paid $50,000 into the treasury, will be required to enter into bonds to the extent of $250,000 to guarantee that he will carry out the undertaking. He will have to pay dues at the rate of 80c a cord for spruce and 40c for other pulpwood or such other rates as may be fixed by the lieutenant-governor-in-council. Therefore, if it can be shown at any time that the price we have obtained is too low, the government of the day can increase the rates to any reasonable and adequate extent. The purchaser will be required to invest at least $2,500,000 in pulp and paper mills at Kenora, and probably an equal or a larger sum in a railway, and he must afford employment for at least 1000 persons.

Big Returns for Province.

"So far as the province is concerned, the arrangement with Mr. Backus may be summed up as follows: It will ensure to the treasury, from territory which is now unproductive, a yearly revenue ranging from $150,000 to $200,000, and eventually from the timber now standing an aggregate amount of from $8,000,000 to $10,000,000. This estimate is based upon the existing dues, which will undoubtedly be largely increased in years to come.

"I am confident that the public will appreciate the immense advantage at this critical time of dealing promptly and energetically with this matter. There can be no doubt that the action of the department will help materially at once in relieving the employment situation, and that it will, for many years to come, contribute to the prosperity of the whole Province of Ontario."

Rhyming Views On Daily News

By GEORGE H. DIXON.

Tomorrow will be Christmas Day, and so we're feeling bright and gay. We're feeling merry, gay, and bright just like we do when we are tight, but then it's better far than booze because we'll have no Sunday blues. The Christmas season's full of joy unmarred by any base alloy. The yuletide spirit sure is fine, it's better far than beer or wine. This is the season of the year that brings us happiness and cheer and we will pass the cheer along in hearty greeting, smiles, and song. The Yuletide spirit buoys us up and makes us frisky as a pup, so we forget our cares and woes, our slender purse and shabby clothes and try to think of other folks who have more cause than us for croaks. This Christmas spirit can't be beat, but one thing more makes it complete.

"What is this thing?" we hear you ask as you will take us quick to task for not being grateful as we ought; our whine you'll say is simply rot, but yet at risk of such a crack we say that yet there is a lack of just the thing for which we pray and that is snow on Christmas Day. This day is not the same, we know, unless the ground is deep with snow for this big time is flat without the soft white flakes spread all about. It doesn't look a Christmas scene if all the trees are bare and "green." We hope the skating rinks are froze and also hope and pray it snows, then nothing will be left undone and kids can have their full of fun.

No Christmas Freedom For the Strike Leaders

Winnipeg, Man., Dec. 23.—Canadian Press.)—The five strike leaders in the provincial jail for activities in the 1919 general strike will have to spend Christmas in jail.

Application made on their behalf to the minister of justice for parole has been refused, according to information from Ottawa, received by Sheriff Colin Inkster today.

The men are: William Ivens, John Queen, W. A. Pritchard, George Armstrong and R. J. Johns.

This Week's Sunday World

Will Be Published Tonight

Five Cents Everywhere

The World's Weekly Novel

THE SHADOW OF THE SHELTERING PINES

By Grace Miller White

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Continued From Yesterday's World.

This statement renewed the dread in Mrs. Curtis' heart about her son.

"Could you take a message to my cousin Paul for me," she ventured.

"What is it?" asked Tonnibel, thickly.

"My son is ill," Mrs. Curtis explained tearfully, "and he must go away. I haven't any money, but if Paul knew about it he'd help me. Will you ask him?"

Tony thought a minute.

"Not tonight!" she replied. "Mebbe Dr. John"—

"No, he hates my son," the other cried passionately. "Oh, you mustn't say anything to him about it."

Tonnibel Devon was awfully tempted to refuse the haughty woman who had pulled her around by the hair only that afternoon. But she remembered Philip, remembered his love for her, and relented.

"Come along back tomorrow morning, and mebbe I can get you some," she answered, walking away. Then over her shoulder she flung back, "I'll try anyhow."

"Your cousin, Mrs. Curtis, is kind of pretty, ain't she?"

"She would be if she didn't cry so much," responded Dr. Paul.

This gave Tony the opening she wanted.

"Her boy's awful sick, so she says," she broke out, "that's why she cries. Poor woman, her heart hurts her."

"What's the matter with him?" asked Paul, almost without interest.

"I don't know," answered Tony, shaking her head. "But if he don't go away, he'll die, mebbe."

"Did Cousin Sarah ask you to come to me, little girl?" he questioned in a kindly tone.

Tonnibel nodded.

"She says Dr. John don't like her boy, and mebbe you'd help her," said the girl, blushing.

The man considered the red face a moment.

"Would it please you to have me help her and him?" he then queried. "I should think you'd be the last person to ask that. My brother told me she's always very unkind to you."

"She don't know any better," replied Tony. "She's never learned what lovin' awful hard means, and mebbe she's so worried over her boy she's got to be horrid to some one."

"Perhaps that's it," returned Pendlehaven. "Now do you think you could find my cousin and bring her here?"

Tonnibel nodded and hurried out. She knew which room Mrs. Curtis occupied and sought the other wing of the house. When she knocked at the door, a woman's voice called a low: "Come in!"

Tony stepped inside and turning, shut the door before she took a survey of the room. When she did, she almost fainted. Reggie Brown was seated very near Mrs. Curtis, and Katherine was by the window, wearing a very bored expression.

Tony's eyes were on Reginald, who was crouching lower in his chair.

"You want the money for him?" she cried, pointing a finger toward the cringing boy.

Mrs. Curtis nodded.

"Yes, he's my son," she answered.

Tony drew a long breath, letting it hiss out thru her teeth.

"If he's your son, ma'am," she said falteringly, "then you got a murderer for a son. He tried—he tried to poison Dr. Paul."

"You lie," snarled Mrs. Curtis.

"I don't lie," cried Tony, hoarsely. "I don't lie either. Look at him, and see if he ain't guilty."

By forcing her eyes around, the mother caught sight of her boy.

"Reggie," she screamed, "for God's love, don't look that way. Why don't you tell the huzzy she lies? Tell her you'll go to your cousins and let them know of her accusations. I'll go myself!"

She darted across the room, but Reginald's husky voice called her back.

"Don't do that," he wailed. "Don't do it, mater! What she says is true. I did exactly that thing. I—I tried to kill Cousin Paul."

Mrs. Curtis sank down with a groan, and Katherine uttered a cry.

"I thought you wanted me to, mater," went on the boy, wearily. "I thought you said, if he died, we'd get money—"

"But, my God, I didn't want you to kill him," moaned Mrs. Curtis.

Tonnibel thought quickly. Cousin Paul Pendlehaven lived in the house with an enemy who had tried to take his life. This same enemy had tried to destroy her, too.

"You said he was going away," she questioned Mrs. Curtis presently. "Didn't you?"

"If I get money," put in Reggie drearily. "I will."

"I," Paul wants to see you, ma'am," said Tonnibel, her dark gray eyes fixed on the woman, "and if he goes," she pointed at Reginald, "and stays a long time, I'll keep mum. See?"

CHAPTER IX.

In Which a Will Is Changed.

THE two years that had passed since Tony Devon had entered the Pendlehaven home, the greater part of which she had spent in school, had brought about many changes. Paul Pendlehaven had taken his place among the world's workers. By casting aside thoughts of himself and his loss, he had been lifted from a sick bed into a normal and really useful life.

One morning Tony came to Paul Pendlehaven, smiling and blushing girlish, and he motioned her to a little stool at his feet.

"I would never have believed that anyone could have wormed her way into my heart as you have," he told her. "How would—how would you like me for your father?"

Tony tried to speak, but, seeing he had something else to add, waited expectantly.

"Once, as you know," went on the doctor, "I had a little girl of my own, but the years have been so long, and so many since she was taken away. I feel I shan't have her again in this world. Could you think of me as your father, dear?" he said, after an emotional silence. "I'm going to adopt you legally for my daughter. After this I'm your father, and I give warning to my Captain MacCauley that if he tries to take you from me he's going to have some fight on his hands."

"Isn't he wonderful, Cousin Paul?" she demanded, blushing.

When Paul Pendlehaven called Catherine and her mother to his room and announced that he had adopted Tony and made a new will in her favor, the two women were too furious to find words fully to express their rage.

Katherine wiped her eyes with a sudden movement.

"Now, listen to me. Reggie confided in me before he left that he really was fond of that girl, and if—" "Oh, mamma, I've thought of a wonderful thing. Send for Reggie, shove the girl under his nose every minute. Let him cut Philip out"—

"And, perhaps, have my son marry that thing," objected the mother, curtly.

"That thing, as you please to call Tony Devon, is one of the prettiest and richest young women in this county," Katherine snapped back. "She's heiress to the Pendlehavenis, and engaged to be married to a man who owns half the town."

That night an urgent message from his frantic mother traveled by wire to Reginald Curtis, summoning him home.

One day some weeks later Reginald Brown walked rapidly along the boulevard past the row of squatter shacks and paused in front of the Salvation Army quarters. That day he had received word that Uriah Devon, released from prison, would anchor the "Dirty Mary" near the Hoghole in her accustomed place.

Devon was on deck when Brown ran up the gangplank.

"So you came, old top," was Uriah's greeting. "It's good you did; I want to know what's doin'."

A woman came to the door of the cabin and peered out. When she saw the newcomer she scowled and went back.

"I thought you said she was dead," commented Reggie, with a wag of his head toward the spot where the woman had stood.

"Well, she ain't!) Worse luck!" growled Uriah, "I told that to the kid to make her feel bad. Ede was willing to be dead for a while anyhow. What's the news of Tony?"

Reginald told him all.

The next morning Reggie approached his mother with an air of secrecy.

"A minute, mater," he said, softly. "Just a minute! I've seen Tony Devon's father. There! Now, sit down, old lady, while I tell you something."

"Good! Tell me about it. He'll do something, won't he?" Mrs. Curtis took her son's hand and squeezed it. "Tell me, sweet boy!"

"Ry says the only way is to kidnap her bodily and force her to marry the man he promised her to," the boy explained. "What do you think of that?"

"Paul would kill him," gasped Mrs. Curtis, her eyes taking on an expression of fear.

"He won't have a chance if Devon works out his present scheme," replied Reggie, "but you and Kathie have to help up."

In the terror that overtook her, Mrs. Curtis shook her head.

"I don't want anything to do with it," she objected, wobbling, in tears. "We'd lose our home, Paul and John would turn us out. They've threatened to, many a time!"

"Well, when I assure you our beloved cousins won't know anything about it, not even after it's over, won't you try to help us?" queried the young man. "Now, if it goes thru all right, you catch Cousin John on the rebound, and Kathie'd be sure to rope in Phil."

"What joy that would be!" ejaculated Mrs. Curtis. "What about it?"

Then Reggie told her, in very low tones, the plan they had concocted.

"You talk it over with Kathie," he advised, lighting a cigaret, "and you'll have to see Devon about the money."

"I'll get it for him if I have to sell my jewels and Kathie's too," promised the woman, her eyes sparkling in anticipation. "I'll go and tell her right away."

* * *

Meanwhile, all unconscious that Uriah Devon had been released from prison and was conspiring against her, Tonnibel Devon was entering heart and soul into the Salvation Army work with Philip. Each evening she went with him to headquarters, where her fresh, young voice and her kindliness drew many a poor soul for comfort and courage.

One week after Reginald Curtis had confided his secret to his mother, and she had told it over again in whispers to Katherine, an hour when the Pendlehaven brothers were absent, Uriah Devon came quietly to the house. Reggie met him and took him immediately to Mrs. Curtis' room.

When she gazed with widening eyes on the dank, unwollen face, puffed lids and pale eyes, she shuddered. If she'd had any mother-feeling in her heart, she would have banished the wish to put pretty Tonnibel into his hands.

Uriah paused embarrassedly before her, made a curt bow and twisted his cap between his fingers.

"Sit down, Ry," invited Reggie. "Now tell my mother how you are going to carry this thing out."

Uriah sat on the edge of a chair.

"I ain't goin' to do anything, or tell what I'm goin' to do till I get the money," he said crisply. "I've got to have five thousand dollars first."

"Five thousand dollars, old lady," grinned Reggie, turning to his mother. "You'll have to cough up. Now, for God's sake, don't cry! Dig!"

"I'll need the whole five thousand to get 'er away, and to keep 'er after I get 'er. She'd come streakin' back if I don't rope 'er up."

"I'll get the money for you tomorrow," sighed Mrs. Curtis, wiping her eyes, "and you mustn't come here when my cousins are home." She relapsed into silence and then added "I warn you against—against Philip MacCauley too."

* * *

Reginald Brown and Uriah Devon were seated in close conference along the path that led to the "Dirty Mary."

"Unless we do it tonight, Ry," said he, "it's all up. Philip has been suddenly ordered abroad. He's going to marry the kid and skip off tomorrow. Both my cousins will be away hours, and MacCauley's busy in the evening. What do you say?"

Uriah broke off a blade of grass and drew it with a squeak thru his crooked teeth.

"We'll get the kid," he snarled.

"Goodby, and be sure to tell your mother to put up the sign we spoke of if everything's clear for me to butt in."

* * *

Edith Devon looked up from the boat deck as her husband approached. He sat down on the bench beside her, a grizzling smile on his face.

"Ede," he asked, "seen any change in me lately?"

"Yes, I have," she returned. "You ain't boozin' half so much, and you've been kinder and better-hearted to me."

"Mebbe it's because I've got religion."

Uriah explained finally. Edith's exclamation halted his statement, but he went on hurriedly:

"And matters have took a mighty big change in the last two days," he continued. "Ede, I know, for years you have been worryin' your life out about Tony. I fixed it up."

Mrs. Devon was on her feet almost before the last words fell from her husband's lips.

"How fixed it up, Rinh?" she gasped.

"Now don't get panicky if I tell you something," Uriah cautioned her, slyly, "but I went to Pendlehaven and told him I copped the kid, and not you, and I says: 'Mr. Pendlehaven, you've had 'er for two years, and she's your brat. Now keep 'er!'"

Edith fell back on the bench as if the man had dealt her a blow.

"Uriah, honey," she breathed, but Devon bade her be silent.

"The kid's awful fond of you," he continued impressively, "and I up and told 'er you was livin', and tonight you're goin' to see 'er."

Edith began to sob hysterically, and, forcing himself to the act, Devon placed his arm around her.

"She's goin' to get married to a rich young feller," he went on, "and now I'm glad she didn't marry Rege. Gettin' religion makes a man over somehow, and he sees things with another light on 'em. I'm goin' to take you away somewheres and begin all over again. Ain't you glad, Ede?"

At nine o'clock they started for Ithaca, Uriah carrying a small black bag, and in his pocket his revolver.

They entered Pendlehaven Place thru the service gate, and, when they passed the garage the man noticed with satisfaction that Reginald's automobile was standing ready for use. Close to the mansion, he placed his wife out of sight under a rose bush.

"I'm goin' in and get Tony, Ede," he explained. "'Twas a promise I give the kid, she could see you alone first."

Mrs. Curtis stole down to the library. There she found Uriah Devon, standing with his hat in his hand, and, as he saw her, he made a grinning bow.

"Were's Rege?" he asked eagerly.

"Upstairs, I think," replied Mrs. Curtis, in a low voice. "He's had too much to drink. Did you bring your wife?"

"Yep, she's outside," was the man's answer. "And the kid? Does she know Ede's still in the land of the livin'?"

"No, but I'll tell her now," returned Mrs. Curtis, desperately. "Here's the five thousand dollars." She thrust a roll of bank notes into his hand. "I'll send Tony right down," ended the woman and she went swiftly out.

Uriah glanced about the room in anticipation. He intended not only to take Tony with him, but everything else of value he could lay his hands on. Edith had often described the valuables kept in a wall-safe in the very room. Mrs. Curtis had no more than closed the door before, revolver in hand, he began his search. An exclamation of delight almost escaped his lips when he discovered the safe door was unlocked. He grinned at the carelessness of the rich as he flung into the black bag the boxes of jewelry, completely stripping the safe of its contents. He didn't take time to look over his haul! That would come later.

CHAPTER X.

Edith Makes a Bargain.

ALL thru the day Tonnibel Devon had told her joy over and over to herself. Now, almost ready to retire, she was sitting reading the Bible.

A knock at the door caused her to close the book and put it on the table before she called: "Come in."

At the sight of Mrs. Curtis she rose to her feet, startled.

"I've good news for you, child," choked the woman, and Tony went forward, eagerly.

"What?" she demanded. "Is Philip—"

"Now, don't get nervous, my dear," came in quivering interruption, "but—but you were not correctly informed about your mother, she's—she's downstairs. She's in the library. This is a happy day for you, my dear—for—all of us."

Tonnibel hadn't even heard the last words. She fled down the stairs and into the library, panting for breath.

"Ede, mummy dear!" she called softly, so overcome she could not raise her voice.

Then Uriah Devon stepped from behind the grate-screen and came towards her.

"Daddy," cried the girl, "where's mummy? Where's my mother?"

Uriah dropped the bag and laid the revolver on a chair. He had never seen such a vision of loveliness. What a fool he had been to promise her to a fellow like Reginald Brown!

"Tony!" he faltered hoarsely. "I've been a dog to you all these years. I've come to tell you I love you, kid, more'n anybody in all the world."

Tonnibel dodged his outstretched arms, and flames of anger leapt into her eyes at his words.

"But my mother," she exclaimed, trying not to cry out.

"Never mind her, Tony, never mind any one," commanded Uriah. "The fact is, I ain't your daddy at all. I'm not any relation to you—"

Then he snatched at her and, as she tried to flee from him, caught her in his arms. One long cry left her lips, and Edith Devon heard it plainly out there under the rose bush. In another moment she was in the room before Uriah's red mouth had touched Tony's face.

Edith's eyes caught sight of the revolver where her husband had placed it.

(Continued on Page 9, Column 5).

PUBLIC NOTICE

Separation of North Toronto From City

Notice is hereby given that the following is a correct statement of a question duly authorized by by-law passed by the City Council of Toronto on the 8th day of December, 1920, to be submitted to a vote of the municipal electors entitled to vote in that part of the City, which, prior to its annexation, formed the Town of North Toronto (each elector being entitled to vote once only), at the Municipal Elections to be held on

Saturday, The 1st Day of January, 1921,

namely:

"Are you in favor of separation from the City of Toronto, and of incorporation as the City of North Toronto?"

Notice is further given that the 30th day of December, 1920, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, at the Mayor's Office, in the City Hall, is the time and place which has been fixed for the appointment of persons to attend at the various polling places, and at the final summing up of the votes by the Municipal Clerk on behalf of persons interested in approving or opposing the said question.

City Clerk's Office, December 10th, 1920.

W. A. LITTLEJOHN, City Clerk.