

The Toronto World

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WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 30.

The Result in Manitoba.

The Manitoba election yesterday resulted in the defeat of the Norris government, but its real significance is to be found in the number of members returned to the legislature who do not profess allegiance to either of the two historic parties. From the returns before us, it would appear that more than one-fifth of the legislature elected yesterday consists of men who, as between the two old parties, may be classed as Independents.

Premier Norris, when he went to the country, faced a disorganized and badly-scattered field. He did not regard the Conservative opposition as important, and the Farmers' party had decided to keep out of the fight as a provincial organization. His government had a fairly good record, and the friends of Mr. Norris looked for him to win in a walk.

The result must come to them as a surprise. The Conservatives made rather a poor showing, but many voters who were dissatisfied with the government at Winnipeg managed to work their way without joining the official opposition. The independent candidate ran well, and the independent voter is beginning to feel his strength. The group system bids fair to supplant the two-party system in Canada.

What Shall the Railways Charge Their Patrons?

Most of the railways and the greater part of the railway mileage of Canada are owned by the government, and will be operated as one system. These roads are not earning operating expenses, and there is talk of raising passenger and freight rates to correspond with the increase in the cost of coal, labor, material and equipment since 1918. The Winnipeg Free Press and some other papers are worrying themselves overmuch, we think, as to the capitalization of these roads and the cost to the country of the entire system. They worry the capitalization written down, so as not to make the increase in rates too excessive.

Thus we revert again to the old error of basing rates upon capitalization. The rate the railway is allowed to charge should be the value of the service rendered. The passenger who is transported from here to Trenton pays the same rate, no matter on which road he goes, and no matter what its capitalization. If you go to hire a carriage, you expect to pay a reasonable rate for the trip, and you concern yourself not at all as to the cabby's financial condition. He may have a large family or a small family, he may have paid too much for his rig, or not enough; he may be in debt, or he may have money in the bank; but these things interest not at all the passenger with whom he is doing business.

The rate question is complicated in Canada by the government not owning all the railways, but having to compete with the powerful Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Rates which the people might cheerfully pay their own government for railway transportation may be a grievous burden when exacted by a private corporation. Competition in rates has long been abolished, and is probably not desirable; competing rates must charge the same fare for the same service. Yet the rates that would scarcely pay operating expenses on the colonization road like the National Transcontinental, or a road built for military and political purposes, like the Intercolonial, would mean enormous profits and swollen dividends for the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

The Toronto Globe, which more or less agrees with The Free Press, but seems disinclined to take any strong view on the question, has suggested that the rates upon the government railway system should be sufficiently high to pay operating expenses and carry fixed charges based on a capitalization of one billion dollars. This would mean a jump in rates that would make everybody sit up.

Let the Light Shine In.

The Kingston Penitentiary is again the centre of attack. The prison is antiquated and it is conducted along lines adopted many years ago. Unnecessary harshness characterizes the official administration, as one visiting Portsmouth can see. The convicts working in the fields are watched by armed guards. The amenities that brightened the dull hard life of the

ordinary prisoner in nearly any penal institution on this continent are unheard of in the Kingston Penitentiary. All this is quite beside the charges and insinuations that the guards with despotic power over the convicts soon become despots of the most savage type. Stories leak out every now and then, but are generally hushed up. Unfortunately, if they challenge public attention they are apt to be obscured by political, personal and religious prejudices. For years Dr. Edwards, M.P. for Frontenac, called the attention of the house to abuses at the Kingston Penitentiary and he was corroborated to a considerable extent by W. F. Nickle, M.P. for Kingston. Unfortunately the charges, instead of being judicially investigated, lost their identity in a squabble over promotions, personalities and politics.

It is a hard thing to get the truth by an investigation into a prison for the reason that the convict fears that the officials will take it out of his hide as soon as the investigating committee leaves if he tells anything embarrassing to the present administration. Then, on the other hand, you have the fact that the convicts themselves are not credible witnesses and that much reliance cannot be placed on their testimony. Yet a real investigation at Kingston if made would disclose beyond peradventure that it is the most antiquated penitentiary on the American continent and the one that has least felt the influence of prison reform.

The province of Ontario leads the continent in humanitarian and progressive prison reform, while the federal prison in Ontario is at the tail end of the procession; indeed is not in the procession at all, for modern methods of prison reform have never been tried at the Kingston institution.

The Woe of Victory.

John Vick, the late conciliator in the Toronto Street Railway dispute, belongs now to the company of the Might-Have-Beens. If a miss were not as bad as a mile—his signing of a report which he afterwards repudiated was certainly a miss—Mr. Vick will be given no public credit for his relation to the end of the strike. He failed in action; but in intention he was better than most people are likely to remember.

For knowledge of what Mr. Vick tried to do we are indebted to Judge Maclellan of Montreal, the chairman of the board of conciliation. The judge, trying to discredit the belated minority report of Mr. Vick, who declared the signed under misapprehension the award giving the street railwaymen nothing, said Mr. Vick asked the board to recommend an advance of five cents an hour. If, instead of yielding to Judge Maclellan and the other member of the board, Mr. W. H. Moore, the facility of whose address was long one of the phenomena of the Canadian railway world, Mr. Vick had put in his own minority report advising the five cents an hour, he would now be hailed as a wise, foreseeing, statesmanlike person.

Mayor Church very quickly claimed credit for suggesting a five-cent increase, which suggestion he was not observed to back up by any timely public action. So far as a five-cent increase is a victory for the men as against the conciliation board, it is also a victory for Vick's view, disclosed by Judge Maclellan.

Mr. Vick's intentions were good, and a debt is due the judge for making them known. But they achieved nothing, except a good deal of criticism for Mr. Vick, who knows as he never knew before how the certain delinquencies are paved with good intentions. It is a poor consolation for him but perhaps it is worth hugging—the knowledge that he can say to Judge Maclellan: "I told you so." The pity is he didn't tell the public so in the first place. The Vick experience is a lesson to all conciliators who lack courage to declare openly for what they believe should be accepted by either side of a dispute.

IRELAND AND PROHIBITION

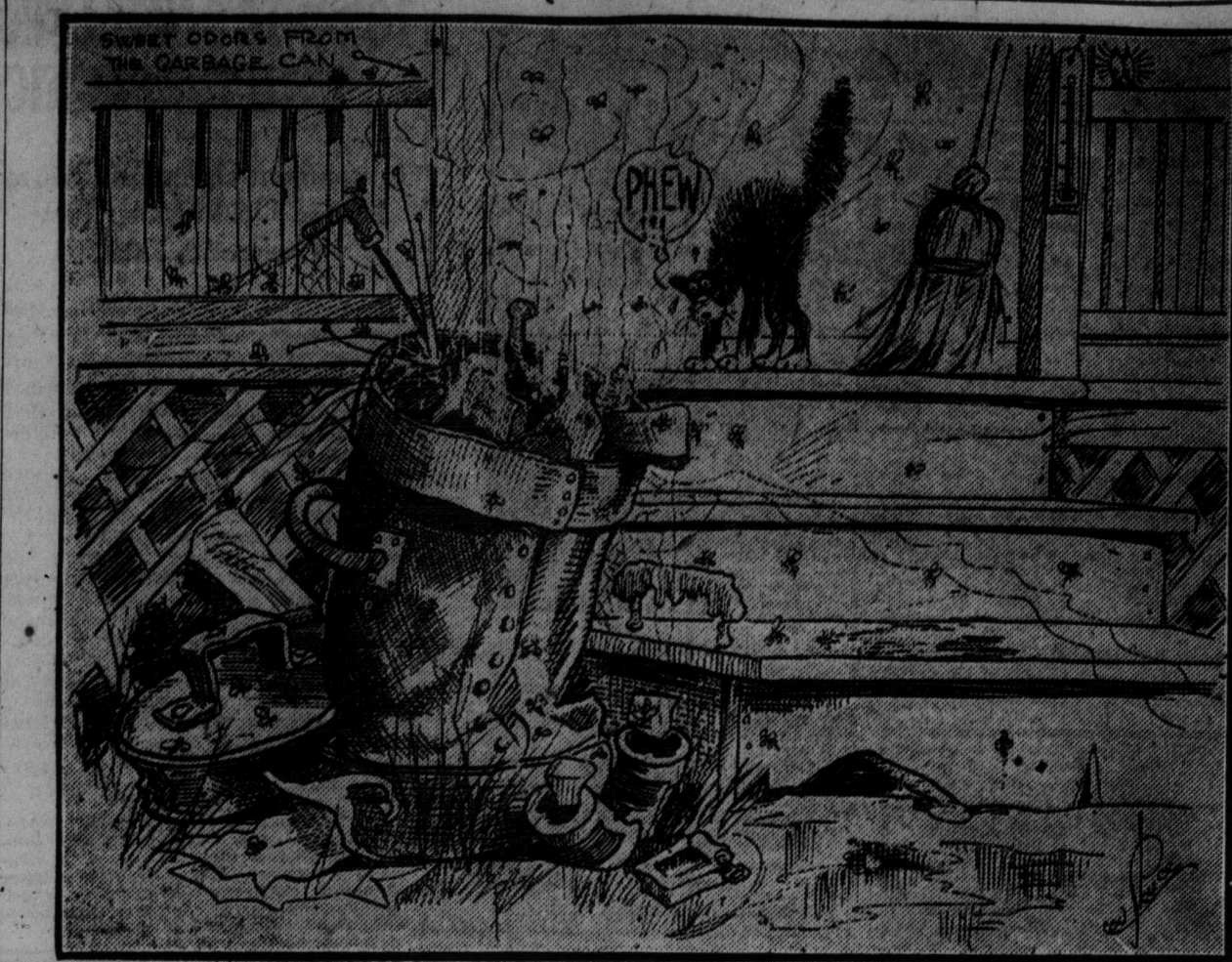
(Continued From Page 1).

American Commission of Irish Freedom. He said that "President" De Valera was in the city, but deemed it improper to appear before the committee. Mr. Walsh said that recognition of Ireland would not disturb British relations. He added: "That its Britain has no basis in American tradition of international law. The Irish republic was established by more than a three-fourths vote of the people of Ireland. The political parties of America have always declared for the liberties of the oppressed peoples of the world. The Democratic party ought not to depart from the age-old policy of our government and withhold the word of recognition for the Irish republic, which means so much for 'humanity'."

Senator Phelan (California) also argued for the Irish plank, and asked the committee not to be "fearful of the plain Irish, lest it might involve us in some international dispute."

An Affront to Britain.
Opposing a platform declaration for Irish recognition, Representative Connolly (Texas) said that such action "could only be considered by Great Britain as an affront to her dignity and a challenge to her authority within the limits of her own dominions. He declared that diplomatic recognition was constitutionally a power of the president and not a proper subject for partisan politics."

Speeches opposing the plank were persistently interrupted.
"You're a liar," yelled somebody, as



Have you a garbage can at your back door with the lid off this hot weather?

JUNE ROSES

Roses red and luscious that on June bushes grow,
Fragrant, rich with perfumes that from the orient flow.
Velvet are your petals, soft, kind as infant's cheek,
Pollen lies within your heart, golden, tender, sweet.
Flaming crimson speaks of love that flows from heart to heart,
It binds in bonds that never break and death alone may part.

Roses white bloom full in June for youthful, girlish bride,
Offering their beauty rare in all their winsome pride.
Tenderly they kiss her cheek like touch of shyest groom,
Promise give of joyous days and loving honeymoon.

Roses pink are June flowers, too, they speak of peaceful days,
Of life, of happy flowing life that follows godly ways,
Of the world that is so full of beauty and so full of grace,
To overflow the world with love and beauty the land.

—W. L. H. at the Toronto Rose Show.

WETS AND DRY.

Bishop James Cannon, Tennessee, opened the fight for the dry forces before the committee. The dry speakers were introduced by Mr. Bryan, who said efforts were being made to put a "wet brand" on the Democratic party. The dry champions were many, including representatives of the W.C.T.U., Presbyterian General Assembly, National Prohibition party and other organizations. Wayne B. Wheeler appeared for the Anti-Saloon League.

Jerry Ryan of the California Trades Union Liberty League said that men accustomed to drinking wine were now drinking "rotgut whiskey."

Representative Sabath, Illinois, asked President Compere of the American Federation of Labor whether that organization had voted down a recommendation for modification of the Volstead law as alleged by various papers. Gompers replied that in 1919 the federation had voted to ask congress to permit 2.75 per cent. At the recent convention in Montreal it was announced that the 1919 declaration stood. Mr. Gompers said that "liberal reports of the Montreal convention had been sent out."

W. Bourke Cochran, New York, closed the prohibition hearings, arguing for state rights.

HYDRO APPROVES RADIAL TERMS

(Continued From Page 1).

Railways and the various electric lines, viz., the Toronto Eastern, the Toronto Suburban and the Niagara, St. Catharines and Toronto Railways, the chairman of the Hydro-electric Power Commission approached the minister of railways and might be made to accept the arrangement. The Hydro-electric Power Commission was in the district between Toronto and Bowmanville, which the municipalities subsequently voted upon and carried by large majorities.

Credit to the vote was taken from Port Hope, which was in the district of the line between Toronto and Niagara Falls. The submission of the bylaws for the construction of the section from St. Catharines to Niagara Falls was delayed. The commission contemplating the acquiring of the Niagara, St. Catharines and Toronto Railways as a part of this system, thus saving duplication and paralleling of existing lines in the Niagara district.

Reached an Agreement.
At a subsequent conference with the minister of railways and canals and the sub-committee of the privy council appointed for this purpose, an agreement was reached, which the chairman of the Hydro-electric Power Commission was prepared to recommend to the commission, that the municipalities submit bylaws and agreements for the acquiring and operation of the properties known as the Toronto Eastern, the Toronto Suburban and the Niagara, St. Catharines and Toronto Railways, which recommendation was subsequently approved by the Dominion cabinet.

The offer agreed upon, and the recommendation of the chairman, are incorporated in the above letter from Sir Adam to Hon. Dr. Reid.

In the case of the Toronto Eastern Railway, the municipalities voted in favor of acquiring and extending the railway, in the fall of 1919, and have executed their part of the agreement, thus saving duplication and paralleling of existing lines in the Niagara district. It covers the district between Toronto and Bowmanville.

The Toronto Suburban Railway is constructed and operates in the district between Toronto and Georgetown, Toronto, Weston and Woodbridge, and within the limits of the City of Toronto, and is 14 miles in length. The municipalities of Brampton, in this district, have expressed their desire for a connection with the Toronto Suburban and Toronto.

The acquiring of the Toronto Suburban will eliminate the necessity of constructing the line between Credit and Georgetown as a part of the Toronto and Georgetown line, as the Toronto Suburban will provide the service to Georgetown, and

May Grant Two Thousand Beer Licenses in Hull

Ottawa, June 29.—That there may be 2,000 wholesale beer and wine licenses legally granted in the city of Hull, and that 22 of such licenses have been granted since the last meeting of the city council, two weeks ago, was the startling announcement made by Mayor Louis Cousineau at the meeting of the Hull city council last night. The council voted for an application to the legislature for the granting of "not less than seven, nor more than ten," club licenses.

"I am against the granting of wholesale licenses," said Mayor Cousineau, "but the law is there, and we can do nothing to prevent their being granted. The attorney-general has told us in writing that 2,000 wholesale licenses may be granted."

WORLD'S DAILY BRAIN TEST

BY SAM LOYD
14 minutes to answer this.
No. 235.



Here is a pretty problem which I figured out during a ride from Bixley to Quixley astride of a razor-back mule. I asked Don Pedro if my steed had another gait, and he said it had but that it was much slower, so I pursued my journey at the uniform speed as shown in the sketch. To encourage Don Pedro, who was the chief propelling power, I said we would pass thru Bixley, so as to get some liquid refreshments; and from that moment he could think of nothing but Bixley. After we had been travelling for forty minutes I asked how far we had gone and he replied: "Just half as far as it is to Bixley." After creeping along for several miles more I asked: "How far is it to Quixley?" and he replied as before: "Just half as far as it is to Bixley." We arrived at Quixley in another hour, which induces me to ask you to figure out the distance from Bixley to Quixley.

Answer to No. 232.
CROW plus HEEL minus WHEEL plus COD plus BEE plus FILE minus BEEF leaves CROCODILE.
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JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

By JACKSON GREGORY.

CHAPTER 5 (CONTINUED)

But as she rode, the valley widened, changed in character. At first wandering herds of beef cattle, with now and then a riding cowboy turning in his saddle to wonder at her; then a gate to be opened as she stooped forward from her own saddle, and wide fields where the grass stood tall and untrod and blooded Jersey cows looked up in mild interest; yonder a small pasture in which were five Guernseys, kept in religious seclusion under ideal conditions, to further certain investigations into the ratios of five different kinds of fodder to the amount of butter-fat produced; across a green meadow a pure-blooded Jersey bull, whose mellow bellows drew Judith's eyes to the clean line of his perfect back, with pawing hoofs, he was throwing much trampled earth; in a more distant pen, accepting the trumpeted challenge and challenging back, a beautiful specimen of careful breeding in Ayshire.

The road wound on, following generally the line of the river, which began a generous broadening, flowing more evenly thru level fields. Looking down the valley, Judith could see the whitewashed clump of buildings where were the second office, the store and the blacksmith's shop, the tiny cottages. And beyond the barns, the dairy, the tall silos standing like look-out towers, the alfalfa fields crisscrossed with irrigating ditches, and still farther on the pasture lands where the big herd of cows was grazing.

Here the valley was spread out until from side to side it measured something more than four miles. The bordering mountains, like the river, had grown into a softer mood; rolling hills, scantily timbered, rich in grass, were dotted with herds, cattle and horses, or fenced off here and there, reserved for later pasturage.

Across the river to the south, Judith marked the wandering calves, off-spring of the herd; to the north along the foothills, the subdued green of the olive orchards.

"It's a big, big thing!" she whispered, and her eyes were very bright with it all, her cheeks flushed. "Big!" Passing one of the great barns she heard the trumpet call of a stallion, and, turning, saw in the corral one of those glorious brutes which Bud Lee had spoken of to Trevors as "clean spirit." From the instant her eyes fell to the massive beauty of him she knew who he was: Night Shade, sprung from the union of Mountain King and Black Empress; regal-blooded, ebony-black, from silken fetlock to flowing mane; a splendid four-year-old destined to tread his proud way to a first prize at the coming state fair at Sacramento, a horse many stock-fanciers had coveted.

She stopped and marveled afresh at him, paid him his due of unstinted admiration, and then spurred on to the little clump of buildings marking the lower ranch headquarters. At the store, where a ten-by-ten room was partitioned off to serve as office, she swung down from the saddle and, leaving her horse with dragging reins, went in.

"Hello, Charlie. You're still left to us, are you?" she said, as she stepped forward to shake hands with Miller, the storekeeper and general utility man of the settlement. "I'm glad to see you."

"So'm I, Miss Judy," grinned Charlie, looking past her. "Johnson and Den-

"No," answered Miller. "Johnson, the ditch man, you mean. He's some where at the Upper End. Has got a crew of men up there making a new dam or something' or other. Been at it purty near a week, now, I guess. They camp up there."

"How many men are with him?" she asked quickly.

"About a dozen," and he looked hard at her. Judith frowned. But instead of saying what she might be thinking, she inquired where Den-

"Out in the olive-orchards, I guess," He paused, filled with pipe, and he desired nor intention of smoking, and said abruptly: "What's this I hear about Trevors, Canned him?"

"Yes," said Miller. "Well, Miss Judy, I ain't sayin' it wasn't purty near time he got the hooks. But lemme tell you something. While you're riding around this afternoon, if I was you I'd pike over to the mill-ling corral."

She looked at him sharply.

"What is it, Charlie?"

"You just ride over," said Miller. "It ain't more'n a step an' I'll just shut up store an' mosey along after you."

Vaguely uneasy because of Charlie Miller's manner, Judith galloped toward the four corrals where the cows were milked. From a distance she saw that there were a number of men, ten or twelve of them, standing in a close-packed group. She wondered what it was that had drawn them from their work at this time of day; what that big, bull-bodied man was saying to them. She heard the muttering rumble of his words but not the words themselves. She was saying to her. A quick glance over her shoulder showed her Charlie Miller hastening behind her, pick-hands in hand.

Her way carried her by a long, narrow building standing out like a great capital E, the cow hospital. She thought of Bill Crowdy and the sick calves as she drew near, but was passing on to the men at the milking corral, when the breeze, blowing lightly from the west, brought to her nostrils a whiff of sulphur.

A quick tide of red ran into her cheeks; that fool, Ed Masters, had not told Crowdy to refrain from the old-fashioned, deadly treatment! Al-

most before her horse had at his four feet at the command of a quick touch upon the reins, the girl was down and hurrying into the middle door of the three, calling out as she went:

"Crowdy! Oh, Crowdy!"

She came into a small whitewashed room where were a table, two chairs, and a telephone; passed thru this into the calf-yard. Here were several compartments with doors which allowed of making them almost airtight. And here she was met by a stronger smell of sulphur fumes.

"Crowdy!" she called again. "Where are you?"

Bill Crowdy, a heavy, squat figure of a man, fifty-eyed, with a hard mouth and a nervous, restless air, came down a long hallway, smoking a cigar. His eyes rested with no uncertain dislike upon Judith's eager face.

"I'm Crowdy," he said. "Want me?"

"I told Masters to tell you to stop the sulphur treatment for the lung-worm calves. Hain't he told you?"

"Mr. Trevors said I was to give it to them," said Crowdy. "I can't be tak-

ing orders off'n every hop-o-my-thumb like that college kid."

"Then Masters did tell you?"

"Sure, he told me," said Crowdy in surly defiance. "But if I was to listen to everything the likes of him says—"

Judith's eyes were fairly snapping.

Continued Tomorrow Morning.

For Your Outings

The pleasure of your outings will be vastly increased if you wisely include in the hamper a liberal supply of O'Keefe's.

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Your grocer will supply you with a case. Also on sale at restaurants, cafes and hotels.



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