

CRITICAL
COMMENT
WITHOUT
FEAR OR
FAVOR.

THE AXE

A JOURNAL OF ACTION AGAINST REACTION

EDITED BY JOHN H. ROBERTS

"LAY THE AXE AT THE ROOT OF THE TREE"

PLAIN
SPEAKING
CONCERNING
PUBLIC
QUESTIONS.

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KILL 'EM OFF!

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JOHN H. ROBERTS, Editor of "THE AXE"

OFF FOR A LECTURE TOUR OF CANADA

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Why I Publish The Axe

John H. Roberts' Weekly Editorial

This is a man's tribute to his friend.

Than friendship there is nothing more wholesome in life. True friendship has all the enduring qualities of love. In its essence and spirit it is love. It has love's spiritual quality, the quality of believing all things, hoping all things, bearing all things, enduring all things, and of suffering long and being kind. Such a friendship is the one of which I write.

When one goes to one's friend broken and "bust," and finds, not money, nor gifts, nor the bestowal of charity, but understanding, sympathy, readiness to serve, and willingness to share one's burden, that is better than being left a fortune. For a fortune may soon take to itself wings and fly away. But the friendship that stands the acid test of adversity, that says when there are few others, if any, ready to help, "I'm with you," and that never changes no matter how others change for the worse, that is a fortune greater than any wealthy parent or benefactor can bestow upon one.

I returned to Montreal about three and a half years ago after my trip to Australia and New Zealand to find myself in the city of my adoption, in which I had labored in reform work for many years, without a job. It's not easy at fifty to strike out in new lines of activity, to start in a new career, or to find any man or firm willing to believe that one of that age can succeed in new endeavours. Personally, I hold that I am at my best just now. Whether it is due to my six month's vacation in Quebec under the tender care of Premier Taschereau, or not, I cannot say, but that I'm "in the pink" cannot be disputed. Yesterday one of Canada's foremost citizens, a Cabinet Minister, told me that I didn't look one year over forty! Anyhow, I don't feel a day older than that. But when the hair is silvering as mine is, and the thatch gets thin (this week my barber, cutting my hair, asked, "Shall I take any off the top, sir?"—What a delicate compliment!) few business men buying a man's services are inclined to think the man of fifty is worth much.

I saw a good many of my old friends. I asked for no job. I felt my way around and in virtually every case sensed a feeling of being "not wanted." Times were hard, the business depression was hindering things all 'round, and there were few jobs going. Last of all I sought out one old friend. He had been away in the eastern part of the Province electioneering and I was unable to see him for nearly a month after my return. When I phoned his house, the answer came, "Yes, he's at home, sick in bed, but said you were to come right up to see him."

So to see him I went. For a month or so he was confined to his house, but I would go and sit and yarn with him day by day, telling him my troubles and taking counsel with him. Then one day came the idea of THE AXE. I distrusted my own ability to "put it over." I knew that in the boy, my boy, I had a born newspaper man for a colleague. But I had no money, few friends, many enemies, and that gosh-garbed streak of cussedness in me that makes me more willing to fight than to eat, if the cause be good. And I knew that to establish and successfully build a weekly newspaper in Montreal with my poor equipment was a monumental task.

But never did my friend waver. I sometimes wonder if he really believed all the things he would say to me about myself. "With that name (THE AXE) and the name of John H. Roberts the fighter," he would say, "a paper cannot fail. With any other man, yes; but with John H. Roberts, no." He had more faith in me than I had in myself! And, do you know?—that's the true test of either love or friendship. A wife has more faith in the broken husband struggling against temptation or adversity than he has in himself, and it's her faith that pulls him through, more than conqueror. That prodigal son, the black sheep of the family flock, is believed in by his mother when he no longer believes in himself, and it is her faith that brings him back along the prodigal road with torn flesh, and bleeding feet, and streaming eyes, and aching heart to home and mother. And this friend of mine believed in John H. Roberts more than John H. Roberts believed in himself!

All through the struggles we have made, the vilification we have suffered, the persecution that has come upon us he has stood true, never faltering. His faith in THE AXE and in me is one of the most wonderful things I have ever known. It is almost idolatrous. Over and over again evil things have been said of me to him by enemies of mine, working insidiously to separate us so that, weakened by his defection, I might the easier be overcome. But just as the Rock of Gibraltar stands, the waves that beat against it ever receding, so this man's friendship has stood calm and unmoved by the fierce waves of bitter abuse and misrepresentation that have assailed me and, through me, him.

That man is Alphonse Moisan, Business Manager of THE AXE, a man amongst men and a friend in a thousand.

JOHN H. ROBERTS.

TOO MANY INITIALS NOT ENOUGH HEART IN J. HOWARD T'S CASE

J. HOWARD T. FALK,

Secretary, Montreal Charity Trust. Dear J. Howard T.:—We hear that you and your satellites are looking forward with keen anticipation to a junketing party to Washington and another to New York in the near future, which are to be joy-trips in the sacred name of charity, hot-air parties at which you and yours will spout of the splendid charity system which has been evolved in Mont-

are given annually by a generous public to enable you to investigate suffering, but seldom to relieve it. We are told that the expenses of these joy-rides will be paid out of the funds given by the public, probably totalling a couple of thousand dollars. This may be your idea of serving the suffering, J. Howard T., but it is not ours. You evidently cling to the view that "charity begins at home," but "home" is yourselves, not the poor of Montreal. If you had fewer fantastic initials, Mr. Falk, and more heart for the needy and suffering, you would be a better man for your job.

THE AXE.

"THE HERALD" FOULS ITS OWN NEST

"For the same reason that members of the Legislature, Judges of the courts and other persons engaged in certain fields of the public service or the administration of justice are absolutely immune from actions, civil or criminal, for libel for words published in the discharge of such public duties, the individual citizen must be given a like privilege when he is acting in his sovereign capacity," says The Montreal Herald quoting the judgment in a case in which the city of Chicago sued the Chicago Tribune for libel.

How different is this expression of opinion from the editorials which appeared in the selfsame Herald at the time when John H. Roberts was in process of being railroaded to jail because he insisted upon his own sovereign rights. At the time the Herald could see nothing but good in the action of the Government.

ASHTON'S BROTHERS PASSED BY ON OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD

Clifford Ashton, a young married man, father of a child, was discharged some time ago, from the Western Hospital. One leg is six inches shorter than the other, and his capabilities for work of a heavy nature are slim. Since his discharge from hospital he has been unable to secure any employment, and because of his want, has been taken into the home of a young chap who was his fellow patient in hospital and that friend has been caring for, feeding and housing Mr. Ashton, his wife and child ever since, despite the fact that Ashton's two brothers both have good positions, one as a telegraph operator with the C.P.R., but refuse to aid him in his suffering. His benefactor, himself an invalid, cannot afford to maintain his guest but is doing so. And meanwhile while the friend plays the good Samaritan, Ashton's own brothers pass by on the other side of the road.

KNIFING THE C. N. R. TO HELP THE C. P. R.

The well-known patriotism of the Canadian Pacific Railway is again to the forefront. Central Canada after emerging from a winter of incessant hardships, the result of the acute coal shortage began to look to the western provinces as a possible supply source. Immediately a delegation, headed by Premier Drury of Ontario came to Montreal in quest of lower freight rates. At first meetings had been planned with both President Beatty, of the C.P.R. and Sir Henry Thornton, president of the Canadian National Railways. But the tip was passed along to the delegates that Mr. Beatty's office would be empty if they called.

Why?

The answer is obvious. If the C.P.R. could shunt all the unfavorable or losing traffic over to the C.N.R., it would help swell annual deficits on the National lines and leave the cream of the better paying traffic to the C.P.R. Meanwhile, the clever army of propagandists in the C.P.R., service, both officially and unofficially could get in their work. The C.P.R.'s abstention could be explained away on the claim that it did not care to offer difficult competition to the C.N.R. It is doubtful, however, whether the propaganda could even convince a C.P.R. shareholder.

AMATEUR POLITICIANS APPEAL FOR RETURN TO POWER IN ONTARIO, DELUGE OF INTRIGUES AND PLOTS

The fate of the United Farmers of Ontario as a political factor has been brought to the deciding point and the result of the Ontario provincial elections next month will be followed with an intense interest from coast to coast.

Ontario was the first province to experiment with an agrarian government. Similarly it is the first to be asked to renew the mandate to the farmers.

Since Premier E. C. Drury assumed office in 1919 he has directed the most colorful legislature and faced the fiercest opposition ever brought to bear against a government. Forced into office as a minority party and given a purely nominal majority by the reinforcement of the labor group, he has faced obstruction and attack not only from the Liberal and Conservative groups but also from the insurgents in the farmers' ranks and in those of the Laborites.

Hon. Mr. Drury faced opposition from the elected farmer members at the outset for the simple reason that he had not been returned at the general election. His opponents urged that he had been afraid to enter the lists until success was assured. Immediately this trouble was smoothed he was plunged into negotiations with the Laborites with the view to forming a coalition. The coalition never proved a success. From the very start the Labor members, at the constant urging of their own supporters, insisted upon social reform measures which alarmed their allies, the highly-conservative farmers. In the series of disappointments which Labor met, the government lost further support. One member, M. M. MacBride crossed over to the opposition benches, and while he did not attract any considerable following with him, he nevertheless has received a hearty and frequent support from his former comrades who nominally remained behind the government benches.

LEFT HAND HELP.

Fortunately for the premier, however, the bitter feud which has prevailed between the Liberals and the Conservatives has extended to him a sort of left-handed support, as neither of the former parties would agree upon any general attack which might have led to the government's defeat. Incidentally, the desertions from the Liberal ranks to those of the farmers tended to weaken the opposition.

Throughout each session the spotlight has been focused on the fiery attorney-general, Hon. W. E. Raney, whose resignation from the government just as it is to appeal to the province is not entirely unexpected. From the day he first entered the house, Hon. Mr. Raney has been the target of the most violent criticism not only from the Liberals and Conservatives but also from the Labor and Farmer groups. A stern defender of the Ontario Temperance Act his uncompromising attitude on the subject of its enforcement, regardless of whom it might hit, made him decidedly offensive to the "wet" or "tolerant" faction.

ONLY ONE LAWYER.

Raney, while the storm centre of the government, was generally regarded as its brains. He was the only lawyer on the government benches; a ready and vitriolic debater who gave no quarter when at-

tacking, and, sitting at the Premier's right could be seen in constant consultation with the latter throughout the session. He was also constantly being called into the breach when his inexperienced ministerial colleagues went beyond their depth in crossing words with their veteran opponents of the opposition.

The farmers, with the exceptions of Hon. Beniah Bowman, Minister of Lands and Forests, and J. W. Wydfield, were all serving their first terms in the legislature and the two who had been there before had entered in bye-elections and were not of outstanding calibre. Bowman has been, perhaps, the most unfortunate choice the government made in compiling its cabinet slate.

GOOD ACTS

Ontario, however, was benefited by several notable social welfare measures, outstanding among which is the Mothers' Allowances and the Minimum Wage Laws. Workmen's compensation was raised to a considerably higher degree and technical education made more accessible to the workingman. Unfortunately, while all of these measures represented labor ideals the Labor party freely attacked the government saying that it had taken only a half step forward.

The farmer road policy, which has been rather expensive and not altogether free from scandal has brought injury to the government while the sale of Crown timber lands to American interests has been vigorously assailed.

Coupled with the heavy handicap of leading a cabinet of political amateurs, Premier Drury incurred the unbending and hurtful opposition of J. J. Morrison, the U.F.O. secretary, on the question of broadening the farmer party to include urban voters. The "broadening out" was one of Hon. Mr. Drury's ideals and it was, incidentally, an essential political need as in this greater party alone could the farmers hope to retain power. On frequent occasions when the premier pressed his views signs of a wide gap became apparent in the agrarian ranks though it usually closed when the proposal was laid aside.

THE HICKS CHARGES

The last blow to the government, which will perhaps wreak the most harm, was the defection of A. A. Hicks, the former farmer whip whose sensational resignation was coupled with charges against the premier of having sought to effect an alliance with the Ontario Liberals and with further having wished to enter the King federal cabinet.

That Ontario will renew its mandate to the agrarians is generally believed doubtful. Still, with the multiplicity of groups, which include Conservatives, Liberals, Farmers, Soldiers, Laborites, and Independents, forecasts of the result can only be the wildest conjecture. It is generally accepted, however, that should the Liberals make any considerable gains a general federal election will most likely follow.

In any event, the results will be highly significant as they will give the views of a province semi-industrial and semi-agricultural towards farmer government after the experi-

TOO BAD TO LIVE!

WHY NOT POISON ALL PROSTITUTES AND BE DONE WITH THE JOB?

Women's Societies overlook the fact that "fallen women" are their sisters in seeking legislation to imprison prostitutes for life.—The double-moral-code again.

Poison all prostitutes!

Slay the street-walkers!

Establish a lethal chamber and put every scarlet woman to death!

Thus will you destroy the Red Light District; stamp out prostitution, and banish venereal disease.

Perhaps!

During this week a deputation of ladies representing the Montreal Local Council of Women has waited upon the Minister of Justice, Sir Lomer Gouin, K.C.M.G., and has asked him for stringent legislation in regard to women prostitutes. The adoption of the principle of indeterminate sentences and the placing of such women in reformatories to be established by the Government and maintained at Government expense, were points that were urged upon Sir Lomer. But of all the strange things that were recommended to the Minister of Justice was the proposal seriously advanced by these doubtlessly earnest-minded women that, where or when a woman prostitute cannot be reformed or cured, her imprisonment in one of these suggested reformatories should be for life!

TOO MUCH ZEAL NOT ENOUGH CHARITY

Did the zeal of the zealot ever carry any reformer farther out of his, or her, course than this? Here were women of refinement, of culture, and presumably of heart, women many of whom are probably mothers, women whose very membership in reform organisations argues that they have some desire to see the Kingdom of God established on earth, yet they are so futilely hopeless in their outlook on life, so pessimistic as to the efficacy of the reforms they propose, and so callously indifferent to their more unfortunate sisters' welfare that they calmly advocate life imprisonment for the victims of men's lust. Had they been men their attitude would be understandable. But they were women, and the prostitutes they were prescribing life imprisonment for were their sisters, sister women, probably, born of mothers as good as they themselves had, but broken on the wheel of a vicious social system.

WHY NOT KILL THEM?

Why did they not recommend the Minister of Justice to have every fallen woman asphyxiated, placed in a lethal chamber, and pleasantly put to death? It would be infinitely more merciful, more sanitary and, which would be a great recommenda-

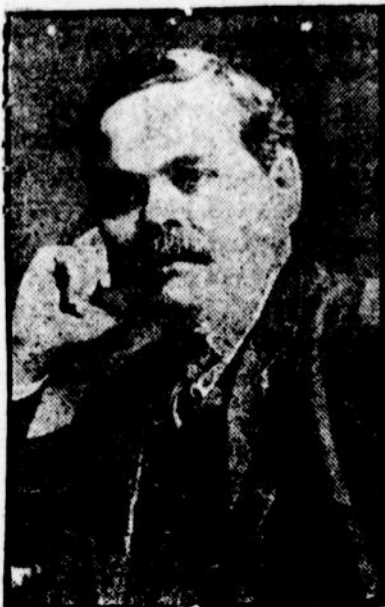
tion to many of the deputation, much cheaper. A more heartless, brutal proposal has seldom been advanced. It would not be suggested in regard to an incurable dog. It should never be urged in the case of women, no matter how great the depth to which they have fallen. This proposal implies a complete loss of faith in Divine Grace to restore the most degraded, a fact in spiritual things that is still gloriously true. To believe that the fallen woman is hopelessly incurable is a slander on medical skill and a libel against the name of God.

It comes somewhat hard to us to even appear to belittle the efforts of women reformers, for we of this journal have always stood for woman's work for woman and are pioneers amongst men in the cause of woman's suffrage. But what we want to see these worthy women doing is to advocate life imprisonment for the men who create fallen women; the beasts of prey who ruin young girls; the employers who pay girls such wages as are an incentive to vice; the mistresses who treat domestic servants so inhumanly that the brothel seems Paradise in comparison with the living conditions that a housemaid has to endure. Imprisonment for life is the easiest way to take in dealing with these fallen sister of ours. Our belief is that they have been "more sinned against than sinning" and that society owes them a debt which it must pay. To show the utter inhumanity, impracticability, and folly of such a proposal let us ask, what do these ladies of the Montreal Local Council of Women propose to do with the men who were primarily responsible for the downfall of fallen women. Marry them to their daughters? Receive them in their homes as welcome guests? Forgive them and dismiss their vices with the old bromide that men must sow their wild oats (even though women must reap them)?

TOO MUCH FLUB-DUB

There is too much "flub dub" talked and believed by a lot of our reformers (and we are not ashamed to be counted amongst the reformers). Too little willingness to go to the root of questions, to find out causes of social evils and remove them, to lay the axe at the root of the tree. It's mighty easy to lock up all the prostitutes in a jail or reformatory and think we have cured prostitution, but so long as we have a vicious economic system that underpays women so that they are forced to supplement their meagre earnings by offering their bodies for sale, so long as young men are unable to take unto themselves wives and build

THE MAN WHOM FRENCH AND ENGLISH DELIGHT TO HONOR



SIR LOMER GOUIN

Minister of Justice who, this week, received a deputation from Montreal Women's Organisations which requested legislation aimed at prostitutes which, if passed, would carry us still one step further backward in our headlong dash toward, the Stone Age.

homes because they are not receiving the fruits of their toil, underpaid and overworked, and so long as women can be found to stone the woman who has fallen and let the man go free, just so long will there be prostitutes. The male victim of venereal disease is a far more active propagator of those diseases than the woman prostitute for he hands down to posterity the scarlet stain. If imprisonment for the woman, then equality of treatment for the man, her destroyer, her partner, her mate. And, for God's sake, let good women go out in love and sympathy and prayerfulness to their fallen sisters of the streets and win them back to decency and God by the all-powerful force of Divine Grace, rather than in hopeless pessimism call upon the Government to banish them to a bastille for life.

REALTY MAN RUNS FOUL OF MANN ACT

Infatuation for his wife's charming niece has wrecked the home of rich James Morlando, New York, realty speculator.

It also has caused his conviction of violation of the Mann White Slave act, and has resulted in an order for the deportation of the girl, Binghampton police have been notified.

Morlando is held by the Federal authorities in Newark N. J., following conviction of crossing the State border with olive-skinned, glowing-eyed Giovannina Mastrianni. The girl is awaiting deportation to Italy. The pair eloped from Endicott and fell into Federal toils when the grieving wife began efforts to find them and to induce her husband to return to her.

WIFE NAMES NIECE

Mrs. Morlando had her husband arrested on a charge of infidelity, naming her own niece, whom she had harbored in her own home.

Arraigned on that charge, Morlando pleaded not guilty, and the case was adjourned. After adjournment Mrs. Morlando withdrew the charge upon condition Morlando send the pretty niece back to the old country.

This he promised to do, but never fulfilled his promise. Regaining his freedom, Morlando increased his attentions to the dark-eye beauty.

Later the pair disappeared. The police were urged to find them and they were traced to Greensburg, P.A.; to Paterson, N.J., and Newark.

MANN ACT CHARGE

Mrs. Morlando, striving to locate them so she might give her husband a chance to return with her, unwittingly gave evidence to the Federal officials and they nabbed Morlando for a Mann act violation.

Mrs. Morlando was on the spot at the time. She had found the runaway niece and her husband and had gone to them to try again to avert a culmination of the tragedy she was seeing enacted.

SALVATION ARMY

HOSTEL DECLARED FILTHY BY READER

Vermin in wholesale quantities is found by returned soldier sent to Metropole by Red Cross Society.

In last week's AXE we published an expose of conditions prevailing at the Salvation Army Metropole. The Old Brewery Mission, The Home of Industry and Refuge and other "charity" hostels and cheap lodging houses, from the pen of Dr. A. Harcourt Anderson, a former member of the staff of New York University, who has investigated health conditions in Montreal by living in such places as one of the "down-at-heel unemployed."

The facts given to the world by the doctor were too frightful for contemplation. They told of "Hostels" and "lodging houses" acrawl with vermin, subjected to no visible health or sanitary regulations and of the menace to the public health which will exist so long as these places are permitted to go unclean. The article was written from the medical standpoint and that alone, though Doctor Anderson made no bones about the fact that the administration of the Salvation Army Metropole is "giving a black eye to the best liked organisation of its kind in the world."

DID NOT CLEAN UP

A few hours after the issue went on sale, representations were made to us by an official of the Salvation Army Metropole as to the article which had appeared, in which interview he virtually admitted the truth of all that we have said. The article was published on Thursday. If the officials of the Metropole had really been anxious, as this man contended to "do the right thing," there was time for them to make a start within twenty four hours. That they did not do so is clearly shown in the text of the ensuing letter which was written by a man who was given a bed in the Metropole on the following day. Says this letter:—

Dear Editor:—

Having read the article by Dr. Anderson in your issue of May fourth referring to the dirt and filth at the different charity hostels, I would like to state that your facts about the Salvation Army place on Alexander Street are quite correct, and that conditions are absolutely awful, as my own experience will prove.

I was sent with six other men from the Red Cross Lodge at Ste. Anne de Bellevue on Friday last to Montreal, owing to the fact that the Lodge at Ste. Anne was flooded out. After visiting the Red Cross headquarters in Belmont Park, Montreal, three of us were sent to the Salvation Army place to stay, and on arrival I was allotted to Room number 79. On examining my bed, I discovered to my horror that the mattress on it, as well as those on the other beds in the room, literally crawled with bugs.

I made a complaint to a bald headed fellow in charge at the office telling him that, owing to the filthy state of the bed I could not sleep in it. He said that he did not believe me, and I left the place. Next morning I returned to get my meal tickets, and was told that the adjutant wanted to see me. He came along and asked me if I was the man who had refused to stay

(Continued on page 6.)

JOHN H. READY FOR

NATION-WIDE TOUR ON LECTURE STAGE

"My Struggle for Justice in Quebec" will be broadcasted from Atlantic to Pacific. — Campaign opening in the Nation's Capital.

Next Tuesday, May 15th., I start out on a Lecture Tour of Canada, which it is planned shall take me into every important town and city from coast to coast. In my lecture I shall tell the story of "My Struggle for Justice in Quebec." I have two reasons for undertaking this speaking tour. First, I have suffered heavy losses through my imprisonment at the hands of the Quebec Legislature. If I say that the losses may be estimated at between twenty-five and thirty thousand dollars I am not over stating the figures. Legal expenses, loss of advertising, and other things account for it. I hope to reimburse myself through my lecture tour and pay my debts thereby. Secondly, there have appeared in every newspaper, daily and weekly, in Canada, the reports of the debates in the Quebec Legislature following my arrest for violating the dignity and honor of that assembly. That campaign of vilification and abuse I was unable to answer at the time, being a prisoner.

TO STATE MY CASE

I am known throughout the length and breadth of Canada, through my long association with reform work and have in the years gone by been a platform figure in most of Canada's provinces. I now go out to place my case before the people of Canada and clear my name and reputation from the slurs and slanders that have been cast thereon. It is due to the people of Canada that the truth regarding my imprisonment and the whole background of the episode should be told and told to them at first hand. Without malice or bitterness; with no desire to revenge myself on anybody; and with a desire to exalt truth and justice I go forth. It is no concern of mine if the Quebec Legislature is placed in a bad light before the rest of Canada; this should have been thought of by my detractors and persecutors before they cast me into jail. I shall make no attack on the French Canadian people. English and Protestant as I am, the French Canadians are my people and I have never uttered one word or done one deed that could be construed as hostile to them. They are my friends and fellow Canadians and the great body of them is not to be confused with the legislators who passed the infamous Roberts Imprisonment Bill.

My tour opens in Ottawa, the Nation's Capital, the most fitting place to make a beginning and will include all the leading cities and towns of Ontario. Following, the Maritime Provinces will be visited and afterwards the West. My friends can help the tour by dropping a line to their friends in other provinces asking them to hear my story.—J. H. R.

DRAMA==VAUDEVILLE==PICTURES

THEATRES

"MAID OF WISTARIA" IS CHARMINGLY DONE BY YOUNG MONTREAL

I seldom attend amateur performances. Not that I despise them. It is a matter of time mostly. It is years since I sat through such an entertainment until last Monday night. I imagined the presentation of "The Maid of Wistaria" would be good, perhaps like the curate's egg, "good in parts". I found it uniformly good and, in many features, excellent and far beyond my expectations.

The joy of life is a something we are ever chasing, perhaps seldom finding. "The Maid of Wistaria" has it. Acting always takes me out of myself, which is one reason why I attend the theatre. But the show of the Elks on Monday night did for me more in that way than most shows have done for a long time. I don't think I can pay the performers and producers a better compliment than that.

Of the musical comedy itself I say little except that it is well conceived, has a plot, and contains much tuneful music. The acting, the singing, the dancing, all were good. I have paid my good two dollars fifty oftentimes for something very much worse. Mrs. Walter Mathewson was the star of the evening, though for vocal honors Mrs. Charles E. Delage virtually tied with her. But Mrs. Mathewson had the most work to do and had to carry the burden of the feminine acting part on her most capable shoulders. She acquitted herself wonderfully well and, though I hope she will remain in amateur ranks, she would grace any musical comedy performance. Mrs. Delage won her way to the hearts of the audience by her beautiful singing, especially in her duet with Mr. Arthur Saucier, who made an ideal Captain Gilroy, manly, robust, and sincere. His fine voice was perfectly handled and he scored heavily. Mr. James A. Beal and Mr. Walter Vollick were to the fore the evening through as the Emperor and Executioner respectively and, as some other critic has said, gave the true Gilbertian touch to their presentation of the characters they represented. Mr. Beal is richly unctuous in his fun-making and Mr. Vollick invested his part with that grim, sardonic type of humor that appeals to the child in every man and the man in every child. One of the gems of the performance was that of Mrs. Lavine Somerville Sloan as the Duchess of Rosedale. This lady is no amateur, surely; if she is she need not be much longer. She is a comedienne of very high merit and every moment she was on the stage was one of undiluted joy. The Carl Neville of Mr. Lenny, who I understand is from Hamilton and hopped into the part at short notice, was a piece of good work, although Mr. Lenny gave evidence of nervousness, quite understandable under the circumstances. He played the lover well and in his duet with Mrs. Mathewson won many a maiden's heart besides that of Sang Foy. Of the others I single out Miss Genevieve Finney, of Hollywood, whose dancing was one of the marvels of the evening. Slight of figure, beautifully formed, she danced with a grace and an abandon that were artistically perfect. Her partner in this dance, the idol whom her dance brings to life, was well done in the hands of Mr. Ross Malcolm. Vincent Murphy as the Court Jester made a good "fool" of himself and gave much delight to his many friends in the audience, making a host of new ones in the bargain. To Miss Alma Milne for her Musette in "A Summer Phantasy" must also a large mead of praise be given; she made it one of the features of a notable performance by her undeniably clever presentation.

But frankly, it was young Montreal that gave me the greatest delight. Those young folks, the boys and girls who appeared as Canadian Beauties and Yachtsmen, Geishas, Poppies, Happy Jappys, Chrysanthemums, Promenaders, and Country Yokels (that Barn Dance was great!)—they were the elephant's eyebrows, the cat's whiskers, and the canary's toe nails, all right. It was they who took me out of dear old, dirty Montreal for three hours, or thereabouts. Once I found myself feeling the top of my head to see if the lost hair had come back; I felt young again. And as for the lady who goes to the theater with me, well, we were both back in the old courting days, in sunny and shaded English lanes, walking hand in hand inhaling the scent of May Blossoms, and we both came away feeling that some

LET'S HAVE MORE ENGLISH FILMS

A most significant experiment is being made in Canada, one that is fraught with great consequences to the moving picture industry and to all of us Canadians and, especially to Canadian playgoers. We refer to the importation and exhibition of English-made films by the Allens, the picture having their first local run at the Allen Theatre, under Mr. George Rotsky's aggressive management. During the current week "Dick Turpin's Ride to York", one of the old country's classical stories, the delight of our boyhood days in the circus, is being shown. This follows "A Royal Divorce" and many other standard English favorites which have been filmed over there and are now being presented to us in Canada. Mr. Rotsky is authority for the statement that his principals are prepared, if necessary, to lose many thousands of dollars in introducing and firmly planting these English-made films in Canada and that so far their experiment had been a great success. That there will be no loss on the experiment, we are satisfied; that the artistic and sentimental, or patriotic, if you will, gain will be great, we are equally certain.

ENGLISH CATCHING UP

After all, it does not much matter where a picture is made so long as its theme, photography, and acting are artistically satisfying. We should prefer American pictures if they were better than British-made ones. Until now the American producers have had a handicap in their favor because war conditions have prevented the English, as well as other European picture producers, developing the moving picture. Now the war is over and, undoubtedly, earnest efforts will be made by old country producers to cater to their own people and place the moving picture industry there on as high a plane as it has reached in the United States. That they will reach and surpass the American producers we have no shadow of doubt. England is more inherently artistic, more thorough and painstaking than America and its acting on a very much higher level than acting is on this side of the Atlantic. As for the atmospheric conditions over there proving any serious obstacle to the production of good pictures, a plea we frequently hear, there is nothing to it. The English have a way of overcoming difficulties and turning them to advantage. For proof of the little hindrance to the filming of good pictures in England an examination of the Dick Turpin film at the Allen this week will suffice.

OUR BRITISH HERITAGE

What interests us mostly in this matter is that here in Canada we suffer too much from the prevailing and almost unavoidable Americanisation that is incessantly eating into the fabric of our nationalism and our Britishism. We like America, we of The Axe, and we like the American people. But, after all, we are Britishers first and our loyalty is to our own people, our own institutions, and ideals. Canada is not made more British but less by the never-ceasing propaganda of American-made films. We prefer to see the British Flag to the Stars and Stripes in our moving pictures, if there are to be any flags shown at all. In other words, if Canada is not to be a mere adjunct to the United States, if our people are to remain Britishers in spirit and purpose, and if our attachment to the Motherland is not to be a vague and nebulous thing we must counteract propaganda, however little it may be intended as propaganda, by something more effectively British. There is so much of its tradition that is a part of every Britisher's heritage, which the moving picture can convey to Britain's sons and daughters across the seas that, apart from the ties of patriotic sentiment that should make us ready and glad to encourage British-made films, we shall all be enriched by being able to share with the old country the masterpieces of the screen that are now at our service. So here's wishing the Allen experiment success.

"FOLLIES" ADDITIONS GINGHAM GIRL MOVES

From a reliable source it is learned that Ziegfeld is prepared to replace Will Rogers and Gallagher and Shean if these players leave his "Follies." It is said that he is angling for Eddie Cantor to take Rogers' place and that Walter Catlett and Leon Erroll are slated to join the show when "Sally" closes on May 19.

"The Gingham Girl" will have several changes when that musical comedy moves from the Earl Carroll Theater, New York to the Central Theater next Monday night. Jane Richardson will succeed Helen Ford, who is to appear shortly in "Helen of Troy." Middle Miller replaces Louise Allen. Rita Bell will also join the cast. Russell Mack will close his engagement with this company at the end of the week.

MORE ACTS THAN PLACES TO ACT IN

Hundreds of vaudeville acts have left show business in the past two years as a result of the congested conditions which developed when the post war slump set in, a survey of this particular branch of the amusement industry shows. A prominent vaudeville executive said this week that the great overabundance of acts which was disclosed by a semi-official research last year has been reduced to a noticeable extent since then. A survey made at that time brought to light, the fact that there were approximately twice as many acts as there were spots for them in the various theaters employing this type of entertainment.

JOHN H. ROBERTS.

NEW SHOWS DOWN IN NEW YORK

"SYLVIA"
TRIBUNE: "While we feel sure that 'Sylvia' is pretty bad, we shall not say so, considering the opposition of its circumstances."—Percy Hammond.

TIMES: "In such a play there is obviously no scope for acting of note. For once it may be said without hyperbole that the cast was adequate."—John Corbin.

SUN: "Even at a spring showing, when the standard of new plays is hardly as high as earlier in the season, 'Sylvia' makes little impression."

GLOBE: "A poor, thin, little piece of artificiality, badly acted."—Kenneth Macgowan.

"AS YOU LIKE IT"
TIMES: "It was in many ways an impressive occasion and in some ways highly notable, but by and large it seems likely to be the kind of Shakespeare production that is pleased with faint damns."—John Corbin.

HERALD: "The piece was 'As You Like It', which, with earnest effort and liberal expenditure, has for this occasion been made into a mighty good-looking bore."—Alexander Woolcott.

GLOBE: "An ambitious and skillful revival which tapers off like the play into something rather tedious."—Kenneth Macgowan.

POST: "Except in occasional details, it was not a satisfactory representation of 'As You Like It!'"—J. Ranken Towse.

"THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE"
GLOBE: "An excellent play, though not Shaw at his best, slowed up a little and then breezed into success by a splendid piece of acting."—Kenneth Macgowan.

TIMES: "Thanks to an admirable performance by the Theater Guild, it scored one of the few comedy hits of the season and seems likely to run merrily thru the summer."—John Corbin.

HERALD: "It is an exceedingly competent production that the Guild has managed of this genuinely entertaining play."—Alexander Woolcott.

POST: "The Guild has assembled a competent cast for the play and the production is generally satisfactory."—J. Ranken Towse.

"HOW COME?"

TIMES: "It was simply a bad show, and despite the all-Negro cast, no more a Negro show than 'Blue Jeans' was a study in saw-mills."

HERALD: "The whole enterprise seems to be depressed by someone's effort to make it more like the average Broadway musical comedy."—Alexander Woolcott.

EVENING WORLD: "We think 'How Come?' is in many ways as good as 'Liza' just by way of comparison, and better than a good many other colored shows we have seen."

EVENING SUN: "How Come?" as it stands pleased an overflow first-night audience so thoroly that there were far more encores than scheduled numbers."

SALLY CLOSES MAY 19

"Sally" will play an extra week in Milwaukee at the close of its engagement in Chicago May 13, making a total run of 123 weeks. With the exception of Marilyn Miller, who will go to California for the summer, the entire company will return to New York. "Sally" will reassemble September 3 for another season.

ILLINOIS MAY BAN ALL SUNDAY SHOWS

The Illinois legislature has before it a bill to prohibit Sunday performances of all kinds except "sacred concerts" and "services of a moral or religious nature conducted in good faith by a religious organization" on Sunday and providing a penalty for violation of fines up to \$500 and imprisonment of six months. After one conviction the manager's license would be suspended for 30 days and his theatre closed for that period.

The prohibition covers any entertainment, show, carnival, dance or sport entrance to which is paid by admission fee or at which a free-will offering is asked or accepted and the violation operates against any person who uses or permits to be used for such purposes any property under his control.

MAY BE A COMBINE AGAINST MARLER NOW

MR. HERBERT MARLER, M.P., ST. LAWRENCE-ST. GEORGE, MONTREAL.

Sir:—In speaking on the Combines Bill in the House at Ottawa you made your attitude to Organised Labour very clear when you asked that the Act be so constructed as to bring within its scope the various labour unions, your idea, we presume, being to so arrange the law that it would operate to the detriment of the working man and preclude him from the right to organisation which he now enjoys. If that is your view we are glad to see you place yourself on record to that effect. But do not be surprised if you find that the working men of your constituency have formed a combine against you when next you present yourself to them for election. And that's that.

THE AXE.

His Majesty's Theatre

Three Last Nights

"Maid of Wistaria"

IN AID OF THE

School for Crippled Children and the Elks Charity Fund.

250

Montreal People in the Cast.

Tickets from 50c to 1.50
 Box Seats, \$2.50

Acclaimed by Critics as a Wonderful Entertainment.

SALE

I am overstocked with with Spring goods, and to make room for my Summer goods I will sacrifice every suit and coat at less than cost price.

This Week
 STYLISH STOUTS
 Sizes up to 52.

Special
 Silk Dresses
 from 12.75 to 19.75

HELENE BROWN
 732a St. Catherine St. West
 Near Guy.

CHIPS FROM THE EDITOR'S AXE

THE PARADOX OF CHURCH UNION.

Boy—"What is 'Union', father?"
 Father—"Union, my son, is what divides the churches."

THE AXE AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

There are no less than eight axes displayed in the performance of "The Maid of Wistaria" at His Majesty's Theater, Montreal, this week. If the eight young ladies who are entrusted with them could only be induced to display their charms and The Axe together at the city newsstands, gee! what a circulation we should get. The theatrical critics of the other local newspapers, we understand, are a little sore that Montreal's youngest live newspaper should have been singled out for this large amount of free advertising. But, we should worry!

THE NEED FOR "THE AXE".

"Conditions in Montreal seem to justify the publication of such a fearlessly outspoken paper as 'The Axe', says the Richmond County (N.S.) Record. We go further ourselves and say that conditions not only justify it, but necessitate it, as our esteemed contemporary from Cape Breton would soon discover if he were to live in this community for a few months.

A STANDARD JOKE.

From time to time "campaigns" are started in Montreal, and whenever these campaigns show signs of having caught on with the public it is noticed that The Standard promptly appropriates them, and in fact, lays claim to parenthood. Thus we see the Montreal Standard accepting responsibility for the crusade against the Vice District, which is now boosted in print as "The Standard's Campaign". It would not surprise us, a year from now to see the Atholstan Saturday Rag talking about the success of the campaign for the five cent carfare "fought by the Standard". It is to laugh!

THE KRUPP SENTENCE.

France took upon herself to invade the Ruhr because she feared the possible "German menace" of the future. In imposing imprisonments such as that given Dr. Krupp von Bhlen and other directors and managers of the Krupp von Bohlen and other working upon the basis that hard feelings and racial enmity must be fanned into flame at all costs. Peace and understanding will never come to the peoples of Europe as long as revengeful asininity such as this continues in the name of treaty-enforcement.

THE BANK ACT.

While the solons at Ottawa are engaged in considering changes to the Bank Act we trust that the public demand for allocation of

responsibility will not be overlooked. We want no more Bank scandals with investors losing half the value, or worse, of their holdings while directors and officials are described by the courts as "honorable gentlemen."

THE NICOLET ELECTION.

Mr. Joseph Descoiteaux has been handed the liberal nomination for the Nicolet Federal bye-election to be held to select a successor for the former member, now Judge Trahan. He is a farmer which makes his selection significant.

The Liberal Party wants no Progressive movement in Quebec. "Codlin's your friend, not Short."

THE WOMEN'S VOTE.

The Montreal Herald proclaims that it will be a long time before Mr. Meighen is forgiven for having saddled the country with women's suffrage. In other words someone must be fearing that the women's vote will have much to do with the next elections. It's a darned good thing for some people that the women of Quebec did not have votes in the last provincial general election, as the so-called proprietor of the same Herald can tell to his sorrow.

WEBSTER AT WORK.

Senator Webster, of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co., has been calling attention in the House to what he terms "disloyal statements" made at public meeting at Calgary and at Sydney, Nova Scotia. We do not know the text of the statements referred to neither did we know that the Honorable Senator had any business interests in Calgary.

BEAUTIFUL BORDEAUX.

A "visitor to Montreal", when interviewed, has declared that Bordeaux Jail is a palatial hotel when compared with some of the prisons across the pond in England. Taking Pentonville in comparison, the visitor in our midst attempts to show that in every way Bordeaux is better. He did not say how Bordeaux compares with Pentonville in the quality or quantity of the vermin and bug crop, however.

WHERE DID THE CASH GO?

And while we are on the subject of Bordeaux Jail does anyone know how much it cost to build our "show prison" or why? We have already asked many pertinent questions on this subject but have never received a satisfactory answer to our queries. It was supposed to cost half a million dollars. We know of at least four million dollars that were spent on the job.

TRUSTS INEVITABLE.

The sanest contribution to the debate on the Anti-Combines Bill

THE SANE VIEWPOINT



MR. J. S. WOODSWORTH, M. P.

The Labour Member from Winnipeg struck the nail on the head when he declared that under existing economic conditions we are bound to be victimised by trusts.

was that of Mr. J. S. Woodsworth, one of the two labor members, who recognised and asserted the inevitability of trusts and combines. If it were not for the false and misleading political economy taught in such institutions as McGill, where private enterprise is deified and worshipped, and where all economic teaching favors the exploitation of the many for the benefit of a few, our alleged statesmen would be well aware that economic evolution along competitive lines can have no other result than the trustification of all industry. The consolidation of the process lies in the fact that trustification when it fails will have readied the system for public ownership.

LABOR AND IMMIGRATION.

The London "Times" blames organized labor in Canada for the lack of immigration into Canada. Perhaps the London "Times" does not understand that the working-men of Canada are trying to protect their own jobs and wages and that they oppose immigration only because they do not want a lot of unemployed men dumped in Canada to compete for their jobs and lower their wages. Who can blame Canadian workers for this attitude? Certainly no man who believes it to be men's duty to protect and provide for their families. It is of interest to note that the barristers of England, according to cables dated the same as the "Times" dispatch referred to, object to the Hon. J. M. Beck, former Solicitor General of the United States being admitted to the English Bar to plead a case on the ground that to do so, is "to take bread out of the mouth of an Englishman". Canadian workers object in like man-

ner to somebody taking the bread out of the mouth of a Canadian. Its all a case of "whose ox is gored."

ATHANASE FOR PARIS.

Mr. L. Athanase David, K. C., Provincial Secretary, leaves for a five weeks' holiday in Paris, France, next week. The most we can hope for is that our Editor may visit Paris, Ontario, when he is on his lecture tour. Bon voyage, Athanase; THE AXE will be waiting to welcome you back. We hope you'll get it.

RACE TRACK GAMBLING.

So long as race track gambling is permitted it seems to us that the Government should not try to strangle racing by excessive taxation. If the taxation imposed is intended to be restrictive and to crush out racing, that is a policy that may have something to recommend it. But, so far, we have not seen any desire on the part of the Government to prohibit racing. As it is the evident desire of the powers-that-tax to see racing continue it makes their policy of taxation to extinction—the more difficult to understand. If the Provincial Government had kept its grasping hands out of the race track "till" it would not have the Dunn case stigma resting on it.

WHERE ARE THEY BURIED?

Premier Taschereau has received a deputation in reference to a proposed Jewish cemetery on Sherbrooke Street East. When this question is satisfactorily disposed of, the Provincial Cabinet will turn its attention to the question of where to bury the corpses of February 5th, the provincial election day.

WHO PUT THE CLOCK BACK?

Mederic Martin is reported to be "very angry with those who put the clock on." The people of Montreal are very angry with themselves for putting the clock of progress back when they elected Mederic Martin, mayor of Montreal.

WREATHS ON SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

In connection with Victoria Day wreaths of flowers are to be placed on the graves of soldier heroes in Montreal, as probably elsewhere. It is all right to do so, but the heroes who sleep their long sleep would turn over in their graves if they could but know how some of their living comrades are neglected by the grateful (?) country they helped to save. Let us give the living wreaths, some flower-like treatment and cut out this damnable hypocrisy of feteing the dead while the living go workless and often hungry and homeless.

NEW JOBS FOR OLD.

The Hon. William Pugsley had a job created for him as Commissioner for investigating War Claims at \$9,000 per year. The Hon. Aurèle Lacombe, late Minister without Portfolio in the Quebec Government, most ingloriously rejected by the people of Montreal, on February 5th, was mentioned in the press as being slated for another new job, "Manager of Automobile Traffic in the Province of Quebec". The howl of laughter which went up over the rawness of this appointment seems to have killed it. Let Mr. Lacombe go back to work; the people don't want him. Why should we have to find a job for him?

PLAYING TO THE GALLERY.

It is always easy to accuse a man who is doing something in the public, or a sectional interest, of playing to the gallery. "Red Patch" in the Montreal "Herald", did this on Monday, in regard to the picking of the Pensions Board officers by MacNeil of the Great War Veterans' Association. Said "Red Patch", "Anyone who knows Colonel Thompson, knows that he is not to be stampeded by theatrical actions of this nature". The joke is that two days later the press reported that his gallant colonel had been stampeded and had gloriously withdrawn his forces to a safer strategic position. What the picketing was about doesn't matter: what matters is that it succeeded.

NEWSPAPER MONOPOLY.

Mr. H. C. Hocken, M.P., did well to raise the question of newspaper monopoly in Parliament during the discussion of the Anti-Combines Bill. That any news association subsidised to the extent of \$50,000 per year by the Government should be able to say whether city like Ottawa should or should not, have a new paper is nothing less than scandalous. There is too much desire for monopoly in Canada. The country looks to the Liberal Party to do justice in such cases as the one under notice, public funds being involved.

MIXED MARRIAGES.

Twenty-eight marriages between Protestants and Roman Catholics occurred in Toronto during the month of April. Let us hope they turn out well. Some mixed marriages do, but others, the majority, we fear, don't. Not that there is unhappiness and shipwreck of lives in every case but that there is religious separation of the members of the family which should be as one in spiritual matters. But there is one God and Father of us all, and only one Heaven, and all these complications will get straightened out in another world if not here. The fact that it is in Toronto that so many mixed marriages have occurred is significant. That is why we mention it.

TAR AND FEATHERS TOO GOOD FOR HIM

The age-old story of two kinds of justice—one for the rich and the other for the poor found a fresh setting this week at the local morgue.

A gray little woman, bowed under the grief and shame of the death of her only son, another victim of the dope traffickers, appealed to the morgue staff to learn what disposition had been made of her son's body. The coroner's jury had only a few hours previously returned its verdict in the case.

To her timid question, here is the reply she received:—

"DON'T STAND PESTERING ME WITH YOUR QUESTIONS. YOUR SON IS DEAD. YOU HAVE NO MONEY TO BURY HIM, AND IT IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS WHERE HE WILL BE BURIED. GET OUT AND DO NOT BOTHER ME. YOU WILL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN!"

The dead boy was Lawrence Dennery who had died in The Montreal General Hospital a day or two before.

They say that in Canada rich and poor are treated alike. But we say and solemnly declare that had the visitor to the morgue been the mother or wife of a prominent Montrealer over whose dead body an inquest had just been held there would have been bowing and scraping, mock sympathy and crocodile tears for her in her grief, whereas all that

could be accorded to the mother of Lawrence Dennery in her hour of trial was a snarl spitted in her face by a human cur who should swing from the topmost strut of Victoria Bridge for his words.

Let Mrs. Dennery tell her story as she told it in our office.

"On Wednesday we were moving from Vallee Street to 50 Dorchester Street West, and my son Lawrence was looking after the moving as I was out on a day's work in the west-end of the city. When I came home at night I could not find Lawry, but I did not worry until late in the evening. At length someone came to see me, a chum of Lawry's to say that I was wanted at the General Hospital, that my boy was ill there. I went right over to the hospital and found my boy in

a ward there, unconscious. I stayed with him all night and all next day and, though he regained consciousness for a little while, he died that night. To-day I went to the morgue to see my boy, to kiss him once more before they took him away from me forever. I wanted to find out where they would be burying him, for I haven't a penny myself and so cannot buy a grave for him. In the office at the morgue I found a man at a counter and I asked him where my boy would be buried. He told me that it was none of my business and that I should never see him again. As I had no money to bury him myself the man said that it was none of my affair, any more and to get out and not bother him any more. Can't you help me?"

Suffice it to say that we are

doing our best for this poor mother, to ascertain just where the body of her son lies, and what can be done to provide for his burial in a place where she can visit his grave and pour on the little mound the grief of a mother's heart. All that can be done is being done. But we cannot allow the occasion to pass without committing to paper, so that the record of it may live for all time, the wretched infamy of the cur who told that poor little mother that it was none of her only boy had been laid to of her only boy been laid to rest.

There is no need for further comment. If this is the best we can do for bereaved mothers in Canada when they happen to be penniless, then pity help us for the complacent smugs we must be.

PUBLIC TILL TAPPED TO PROVIDE DIVIDENDS FOR C. P. R. SUBSIDIARY COMPETING ON NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Dominion Express Company allowed to compete with Canadian National Express in Maritime Provinces for four years. — Thornton hands rude jolt to Beatty in serving eviction notice.

Of course the C. P. R. is not in politics, E. W. Beatty, K.C., has said so.

But can Mr. Beatty or anyone else explain why the C. P. R. was permitted to keep its fingers in the till of the Canadian Government Railways for more than four years?

A tax-groaning Canadian public was quietly informed during the course of the past few weeks,—very quietly informed,—that the Canadian National Railways had evicted the Dominion Express service from its lines. The announcement caused a considerable surprise not because of the fact that the Dominion Express Company had received a rude jolt, but because it was the first intimation that the great majority of the Canadian public was given of the fact that the Dominion Express Company, or, perhaps better, its parent the Canadian Pacific Railway was actually drawing a rich revenue from the public-owned lines. This, in competition with the Canadian public's own express service.

NEVER EVICTED

In 1918 the Intercolonial Railway became a part of the Canadian National system, which included the Canadian Northern Railway and the Canadian Northern Express. At that time both the Dominion Express Company, a subsidiary of the C. P. R., and the Canadian Express Company, a subsidiary of the Grand Trunk Railway operated their services in competition. Why did the federal authorities not immediately evict the Dominion Express Company and the Canadian Express from the lines and turn the business over to the Canadian Northern Express?

The inestimable value of having the Dominion Express service on the maritime division of the Canadian National Railways is only too patent. It broadcasted the merits of the ultra-service which the C.P.R. could render its patrons. It actually placed the public lines in the position of actively advertising the merits and superiority of its competitor.

PART OF THE PLOT

Why the outrage was permitted to continue for years is, to put it mildly, inexplicable, unless it is to be construed in the plot which reached some considerable development at that time to turn the National railways over to the C. P. R. In the latter event the pro-C. P. R. gang evidently felt that the C. P. R. might just as well enjoy this illicit revenue a little while in advance, as it would ultimately enjoy it all when the lines were all handed over for the munificent dollar.

Of course the C. P. R. was not in politics, as Mr. Beatty has given assurance but its interests were nevertheless carefully safeguarded by its friendly politicians while the Canadian public was digging deeper and deeper into its

pocket to pay C. N. R. deficits and C. P. R. surplus profits.

SHEER INSANITY?

If a business man invited his competitor into his store, handed him the key to the vault, and urged him to make himself quite at home with everything—even though he knew the competitor's business conscience and morals were of a dubious standard—he would be branded insane.

Those who were responsible for the management of the Canadian National Railways could hardly be called insane. They were a well-known group of ardent anti-public ownership operatives of high reputation.

Is there any connection? Is it still another piece of evidence of the conspiracy to either dispose of the public lines piecemeal to the C.P.R., or to wreck them and make their gift, holus bolus, to the C.P.R., more plausible?

EXPLAIN PLEASE

An explanation is due the public. If its till has been tapped; if those who were entrusted with the administration of the national service were unfaithful to their trust; if the C.P.R. was permitted to pick the public's pockets with impunity, then the public should know. Not perhaps that the knowledge will help reduce deficits but that the Canadian public may be on its guard against the giant octopus "which is not in politics" but which apparently has learned how to profit hugely by its abstention therefrom.

The only consoling feature of the entire rotten business is that it gives the public still more confidence in Sir Henry Thornton. Sir Henry became the active head of the Canadian National Railways in December 1922. Since that time he has organised the Canadian National Express service and scrapped the duplicative Canadian Express Company, the former G.T.R. subsidiary, and the Canadian Northern Express which wasn't good enough to take care of itself. Sir Henry has given E. W. Beatty and the C.P.R. the first jolt they have ever really experienced in regard to the Canadian National Railways competition. It is to be hoped that it is but the first of a series.

The C.P.R., for some time back, has been denouncing the campaign urging the public to patronise its own lines. The C.P.R. will doubtless denounce Sir Henry for daring to insist upon administering the lines entrusted to him. But the Canadian public will do the judging, just as it has hitherto been doing the paying.

WHERE HEADLINE AND NEWS ITEM DIFFER

BRITISH RETALIATION
Effective Counter-Blast to U. S. Liquor Ruling.

As a private bill, however, it has only the slightest chance of approval by the House. — Montreal "Gazette," May 9th, 1923.

WANTS LABOR UNIONS PUT UNDER THE BAN



HERBERT MARLER, M. P.

The member for the Montreal Constituency of St. Lawrence-St. George says that the Combines Act should be extended to include the unions of Organized Labour and as a result may expect to be the victim of a Labour Combinee himself on the occasion of his next request for election.

SALVATION ARMY HOSTEL DECLARED FILTHY BY READER

Vermin in wholesale quantities is found by returned soldier sent to Metropole by Red Cross Society.

(continued from page 3)

the night, and I replied that I was, telling him that I had gone away because the bed bugs were too much for me. He said that he would like to see for himself, so I took him to my bed and showed him the condition of that mattress and all the others in the room. He admitted that "they were bed bugs alright" and said that he was glad I had called his attention to them.

It would take up too much valuable space for me to enlarge upon my visit to this "Refuge," but I want to compliment you and Doctor Anderson upon the exposure of conditions in these places. There is only one way to remedy such things; by a complete change of staff and the employment of an efficient administration, and by closing the place up for fumigation and a general clean up. In any case I hope you are successful in having this disgraceful condition removed.

Yours truly,

A. M. G.

Let us make ourselves quite clear in our attitude to the Salvation Army. We believe in the Army, and know from our own experience of many wonderful works it has performed all over the world. But it is our belief that the Metropole in Montreal is not being conducted along true Salvation Army lines, that the Army spirit of Brotherly Love and true charity is missing, and that those in charge are dealing a black eye to the finest "white man's" organisation on the face of the globe. We are not "down on" the Salvation Army, but we are "down on" the manner in which the Metropole is being administered, and shall be until there is a change for the better in the mode of treatment accorded to those who come in search of succour.—THE AXE.

SPEAK UP, BARON!!

A "disinterested" editorial on the abolition of hereditary titles is now due from the Star. Arthur Ponsonby, a member of the British House of Commons, and of aristocratic lineage himself is sponsoring a movement to curtail the number of high-sounding titles. Naturally Lord Atholstan will disagree as he could not by any stretch of the imagination place himself in the position of Mr. Ponsonby who is a gentleman without an axe to grind.

MONTREAL BOXING COMMISSION GRANTS PERMITS TO PROMOTER WHO ALSO OPERATES HANDBOOK.

Solons of Fisticana would be well advised to ascertain class of man promoting prize fights.

It is small wonder that the "fight game" has fallen into such low repute in Montreal when one considers some of the people who have engaged, and still engage in fight promotion hereabouts. What, or who, could be more odious than the snivelling Moorehouse, for instance, who, thank fortune, has dropped out of the picture in recent months, and has since confined himself to the sale and distribution of racing information from his headquarters on St. Denis Street not far above Ontario, where he appeared to operate in total safety and without molestation from the authorities.

A new arrival in the field of fight promotion, however, is one Moore, by profession a bookmaker, whose gambling headquarters is located on St. Denis Street not far from the abode of the Moorehouse milking-station. Many complaints have reached us in the past few days, which in the main originate from our readers of French extraction, though letters have been received from many English-Canadian fight fans, who regard the dual-personality role of Mr. Moore as one which is not conducive to the good health of fisticana.

In the Roy-Wilshire fight, for instance, which was the last show held under Moore's banner, Wilshire entered the ring a heavy favorite, the betting having opened at two-to-one in his favor, and closing at twelve-to-ten, largely, because of the excellent record behind him. Wilshire went to the mat for the full count in

the second round and, it is said, a great amount of betting-money changed hands after the tumult had ceased.

AGAINST THE LAW

Our attitude to bookmaking is well known. As a "profession" it is against the law, and anyone engaging in that "profession" is liable to, and should be accorded, the full penalty which the law provides. That rests with those whose duty it is to bring bookmakers to heel and see that laws are enforced. But when it comes to a bookmaker engaging in other businesses in which the public wagers heavily, and when that bookmaker-promoter may himself be holding large bets on the outcome of the event he promotes, it can readily be seen that, from the attitude of the interest of the sporting public, the two jobs do not fit; so that, even though bookmaking were legal, a man such as Moore should be forced by the Boxing Commission either to refrain from one job or the other.

If the Boxing Commission is really out to protect the interests of the sport loving public, for which purpose it came into being, its members must assure themselves of the class of man to whom they issue fight permits. To give a permit to a bookmaker who might accept bets on his own fight, constitutes a grave scandal and leaves too many opportunities for public flim-flamming. If Moore is to remain a fight-promoter let him cease bookmaking. If he is to cease promoting boxing bouts the job of closing up his bookmaking establishment rests with the authorities.

THE ENEMY OF GRAFTERS AND CROOKS

FIGHTING JOHN H.

ROBERTS

THE ONLY MAN EVER JAILED BY SPECIAL LAW

JUST RELEASED FROM QUEBEC JAIL WILL OPEN A

COAST-TO-COAST LECTURE TOUR

IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL

OTTAWA

(FAMILY THEATRE)

Tuesday May 15th, 8.30 p.m.

"MY STRUGGLE FOR JUSTICE IN QUEBEC"

May 16. Pembroke Town Hall

May 17. Smiths' Falls Town Hall.

Kingston, Brockville, Oshawa, Toronto, Hamilton, London, etc., to follow.

HE WILL VISIT YOUR TOWN! WATCH FOR THE DATE!

HEAR TRUTH FOR A CHANGE!

WHY MURDERERS GO FREE!

MURDERERS SNEER AT POLICE FORCE; DETECTIVES TOO BUSY WRITING THEIR MEMOIRS TO HUNT CITY'S CRIMINALS

Why is Lajoie given Special Protection when guilty of gross insubordination? — Executive Committee fails to take action. — Strange snarl at Headquarters precipitated by detective's pamphlet.

Montreal detectives are vested with powers which exceed those the late czar of Russia conferred upon his dread secret service.

In Russia the police had the power of life and death.

In Montreal they go one better.

They enjoy the right to prejudice the true course of justice with apparent impunity.

A Montreal detective enjoys the right to investigate a case. From his personal judgment, he may then publish pamphlets on the merits of the case, condemn the suspect—and all of this even before it is heard in court.

Of course police regulations specifically prohibit such acts and the chief is fully authorized to summarily dismiss any public servant guilty of a breach of regulations. But then, regulations when broken by the police mean something totally different to the breach of an unimportant bylaw by a citizen, as the police are their own judges.

When Detective George Farah-Lajoie published his version of the Delorme murder, the public was astounded that Lajoie should be permitted to remain in the service. At least he should have been publicly censured for gross insubordination, for contempt of court and for criminally defamatory libel.

Instead of this what has happened?

Lajoie is now specially attached to the Chief of Police, having been removed from the jurisdiction of the Chief of Detectives Lepage.

When THE AXE asked Chief Belanger what action he had taken to discipline Lajoie, he replied: "We haven't taken the matter up yet."

If detectives may devote their time to the writing of memoirs then, perhaps, the Montreal public can discern the reason why three murders may be committed in less than one month in the heart of the city and the murderers in every case escape scot free.

Is the Executive Committee ignorant of the fact that the Lajoie book been on sale for more than one month in public bookstores?

If it is, it is up to it either to resign or to fire the detective force for incompetency.

Or is the failure of the police to deal promptly with Lajoie's offence simply fresh evidence of unpardonable procrastination—perhaps the most flagrant breach of police efficiency?

When Chief Belanger was pressed to say whether or not

action would be taken, he volunteered:—

"If the book is in circulation, some action MAY be taken later on. But, I am not in a position to say as I must consult the members of the Committee."

Now, here is the strange part of the situation. When the Chief was asked whether Lajoie had any justification in publishing opinions or facts which he gathered while on duty, the reply was:—

"Of course he should not have done it. He is not supposed to do anything of the kind. WE DO NOT ALLOW OUR MEN TO DO THINGS LIKE THAT. IN FACT IT IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN."

Certainly it is, but why is Lajoie specially protected?

There is no question of THE AXE seeking special punishment for Lajoie. This detective has been rightly estimated as one of the most efficient in the service. But there is a greater principle at stake than the capabilities of any individual. It is a question of whether any innocent person may be defamed by any detective without the least chance of the injured person securing redress or the author of the wrong being punished.

There is some mystery about the whole transaction.

Lajoie was forbidden in September last by Chief Lepage to publish anything concerning the Delorme case. At that time the Chief of Detectives learned of his subordinate's intention to compile a booklet on the subject.

What happened? The next thing Lajoie was transferred to the Police Department, immediately under Chief Belanger. Then the book made its appearance.

Chief Lepage himself has personally denied concurring with any of the statements published in the book which concern either himself or the other two detectives, Pigeon or Des Groseillers who also worked on the case. Furthermore Chief Lepage states flatly that he would never have tolerated publication of the book had Lajoie been under his jurisdiction.

In an interview the chief is credited with saying that he has not read the book nor would do so unless ordered by the court when the case comes up for trial. He added that he had never made any statement except in court regarding the Delorme case as Delorme had not been tried and any statement made by the police, except in court, might be highly prejudicial to the interests of justice. He would not, furthermore, tolerate any such in-

discretions in his department.

Instead of spending their time writing memoirs might it not be well for public servants to devote more of their time and intelligence to their duties?

The solution of the BEAUDRY, BARCLAY, ROY

murders will be more highly appreciated by the public than the colored rehashing of evidence which had already been reported at extreme length in the daily newspapers.

THE AXE has great confidence in Chief Belanger and believes in his integrity and his earnest desire to have efficient police administration. Believing in him, it is the more anxious to see him remove this blot from the police escutcheon.

OMINOUS "NICKEL" ALARMS TRAMWAYS

Montreal Tramways Company offices are flooded with the tears of Col. J. E. Hutcheson, the general manager, as a result of the fact that the public is actually threatened with being supplied with a slightly more efficient service than formerly. Between sobs, Col. Hutcheson, in an inspired public statement tells of the "hardship" under which the company is laboring since the advent of the daylight saving fiasco. According to this official the company is losing between \$1,000 and \$1,500 daily by supplying a more adequate service during the rush hours which are lengthened one in the morning and one in the evening by the clash in standard and daylight saving time. Isn't the colonel's wail timely, though? Doesn't he discern the wave of public opinion which will soon force the company to establish a legitimate FIVE-CENT FARE, and in his discernment begin, ever so astutely, to prepare the company's plea of near-bankruptcy under the present piratical fare?

SHOE KING FLAYS BOSSES' TREATMENT OF OUR SOLDIERS.

George F. Johnson, Yankee multi-millionaire, president of the world's largest shoe factories, scathingly denounces the money kings for what he calls cowardice in war and ingratitude to the returned soldiers.

"The ingratitude we have shown our soldiers in our treatment to them since we have felt safe and secure—after we got over our fright—seems to me a blot and a disgrace on our civilization," he says in a letter to a friend.

"We promised the boys consideration when they went abroad to fight our battles and save our skins—incidentally our wealth.

"We were frightened then. Capital was alarmed. We feared we would be paying tribute to Germany. We couldn't find a wealthy man who wasn't patriotic, full of love for the soldiers, willing to do anything to help buy the things the soldiers needed to fight with.

"It's a fine talk, this dying for others, provided someone else is doing the dying."

So speaks Mr. Johnson. That is how he feels towards the American employer, "bosses"

CANADIAN BANKS FORCE CANADIANS OUT OF BUSINESS

These are hard times for the "little fellow" in business. He hasn't any money, and cannot seem to find any anywhere. As for his banker, the job of financing through that legitimate source has failed almost entirely, for the banks which, ostensibly, are in business to make money by lending the public's savings to finance legitimate business enterprises of their clients, have closed the door to the small merchant or manufacturer who seeks to finance his turnover through the customary financial channels. The result has been that many small and medium-sized firms have been forced to close their doors or reduce production and sales to the irreducible minimum, because the banks of Canada are using public money not for the legitimate financing of Canadian enterprise, but for the financing of huge corporations in which their own directors have an interest and to assist in boosting the business of the United States by lending millions in New York which should be used for the development of Canada, and for no other purpose. What is the result? Despite the fact that "boom days" have come again to the United States Canada is still in the throes of business pessimism with no signs of a rift in the lute. If it goes on, the day is not far off when there will be about five corporations in business in Canada whose products we shall be forced to buy because they will be practically the only products on the market. Competition will be dead, and we shall all be working for the small few huge groups which are strangling the industrial life of this country with their policy of "grab, grab, grab". Which is fine for the banks and the aforesaid economic groups, but a mighty dangerous thing for Canada!

DIVORCEES MAKE POOR PARTNERS, SAYS JUDGE

If you marry a divorced person, the chances are your matrimonial bark will hit the rocks, according to Judge George S. Addams of the Cleveland Juvenile Court. Judge Addams has passed upon thousands of cases of conjugal infelicity in his years on the bench.

"If a woman can't live with one man, she isn't going to make a success of married life with another in most cases," Judge Addams said.

"Of course, in cases where the husband deserts his wife for no legitimate reason, the rule doesn't apply, but most divorces are the result of petty quarrels in the home.

"The rule applies to men as well as women. The practice of jumping from one mate to another immediately after the divorce decree is granted is growing more common and is disastrous to the home.

"Names on our divorce docket are duplicated not once but many times. I always ask whether the contracting parties in a divorce suit have been married before, and the number who have is astonishing."

of a country whose troops spent only a few short weeks at the front. Canadian-born lads spent four years and more to beat the common foe. When they enlisted flags waved and promises galore were made by those whose skins our soldiers went to protect. Few of those promises have been redeemed.

To-day there are few Canadian employers who want to hire returned men! Is comment necessary?

VERDUN MOGULS WRECK SCHOOLS

Is Trustees' Spleen Cause of Smith Tangle?

The Verdun school muddle adds another chapter to the indictment of the Quebec system of appointing school trustees who are not directly responsible to the public which supplies the money for the operation of the lower educational institutions.

The Verdun trustees, without giving any explanation to the taxpayers summarily dismissed Principal Ernest Smith under circumstances which point to extreme high-handedness. Mr. Smith was given some five minutes notice to vacate the school building and forbidden even to say goodbye to his subordinates. This was the reward of fifteen years of reputedly efficient service.

Unless the trustees can prove serious charges against Mr. Smith their action remains open to the suspicion that it was prompted by motives of tyranny and petty persecution of a zealous official who refused to be subservient to the whims of an arbitrary body.

Meanwhile the Verdun school is to continue without the services of an active head, although the trustees have voted Mr. Smith the salary he would have received had he continued to the end of the term. Would these trustees have acted in a like manner had they been handling their own money? Or, again, would they have dismissed Mr. Smith, apparently without reason, and pay him for services which he is forbidden to render if the trustees had been elected instead of appointed?

School trustees are entrusted with the expenditure of huge sums of public money. Why are they not elective here as in other provinces? Why are the provincial authorities permitted to usurp control of an administrative department which is purely local in character? The community which establishes and maintains its own schools should surely be allowed to control them. Had this been the case, Verdun rate-payers would not have had their school system suddenly disorganized without good and sufficient reason.

NO TYRANTS WANTED

The following wisdom was uttered by the Manchester Guardian in reference to Mussolini, the Italian tyrant. It might be studied to great advantage by the ex-members of the Quebec Legislature to say nothing of the Government:—

"The common man or woman may not have a scientific definition of a tyrant to offer offhand, any more than he has ready a scientific definition of an elephant. But he knows an elephant when he sees one, and when he sees somebody smash to pieces whatever little machinery a country possesses for governing itself in peace, and govern it himself with a big stick and the aid of a few well-armed friends, he knows pretty well that a tyrant is once more the object before him. And, whatever beautiful and untyrannical sentiments the new tyrant may profess, he will remind himself that, with the doubtful exception of Nero, none of the old tyrants ever failed to do the same."

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WORKING GIRL PROTESTS BUSINESS MEN NOT ALL CADS AND DECLARES GIRLS ACCORDED TREATMENT THEY INVITE

Every business woman subjected to occasional insult, says woman journalist, who brands stories of everlasting caddishness as piffle.

BY MISS JANE DOE

Going along the Strand the other day, I caught sight of the following cheerful poster of a certain magazine devoted to physical culture.

"IMMORALITY IN CITY OFFICES."

I bought a copy, and was concerned to find that the genesis of it dated back to a letter to the editor from a young woman whom it would be unduly flattering to call a poor fool.

Her plaint was that during the whole of the six years she had been on her own she had not met one decent man, and bitterly asked the question, "Are all men rotten?"

This letter, it appears, attracted some interest among the readers of the magazine, "who expressed sympathy with this lonely girl and offered her the right hand of comradeship."

But since writing that first letter she has again "suffered an experience at the hands of an employer who tried to encompass her moral ruin," with the grievous result that she has now lost whatever faith she possessed in men. She has "become heartsick and weary with her experiences that she feels she can never become intimate with any man and does not wish to marry."

All she desires to do is just "to earn her own living and preserve her dignity and independence."

Dear me, this a grave matter. If this girl has had six years of heartache she is likely to have six, even sixty, years more of it.

I feel genuinely sorry for the girl nevertheless, but before I go round with the hat for the wherewithal to dispatch the disillusioned one to some desert isle or an Adamless Eden, I have two more quotes for you from the same source.

No. 1. From the district organiser in Sheffield of the National Union of Clerks and Typists.

He makes serious allegations about the treatment of women clerks and typists. "Recently," he says, "we have had more complaints than we should like to think about from young girls of base and immoral suggestions made to them, and even attempts at molestation. We realise that these cases are the exception and not the rule, but unfortunately such cases are growing far too numerous. Many girls are afraid to report the offenders because of false modesty, fear of losing their positions, and also hatred of publicity."

No. 2. Is an extract from "A Straight Talk to Business Men," apropos of all that's gone before. "Why won't you business men leave business girls alone? If you had a little imagination, just a grain of chivalry, in your thoughts about these girls, surely you would realise that they, above all others in the world, are the girls you should hesitate to harm? Few girls go out to work for fun these days, you know. Hundreds of girls are still either precariously holding their own in business life, or else seeking to get it again, simply because the boys they would have married by now went under in the war, to keep you, business men, afloat. Doesn't a thought like that give you any consideration for business girls? It ought to."

Hundreds more of these girls are war-widows. They ought, you will reply, to know what they are doing. They do, and many of them have to find a way to the solicitations of employers in order to supplement the meagre Government pension which politicians talk so glibly about reducing. And these are the types of girls of whose necessity some business man will take advantage to satisfy his own bestial lust."

little piece, or else she's had shocking bad luck, which latter I can hardly believe possible.

One or two unfortunate encounters, yes. But six years of them on end? Oh piffle.

You do hear of things happening in offices. There are oversexed creatures all over the place. But these events generally mean someone getting pitched out and very quickly.

And if men are sometimes weak fools where their passions are concerned, they are very rarely fools where their business interests are at stake. Few can afford to foul their own doosteps. If they've a fancy for illicit philandering it's done outside, not inside the office.

It is true that there are males who are not to be trusted alone with a young girl but I don't believe there are enough of these even in the big cities to enable one to say that she's had six years experience of same.

Every girl born into the world is liable at some time or other to clash with this horrid type. Just as every boy born into the world, is liable to the perils of fast women and black-mail.

And this unhappy adventure can happen anywhere. In offices. In homes. On the stage. In the studio. In no walk of life and work is a woman immune. Her chances of insult are just as great as she crosses the village green to buy a loaf of bread, as if she cloistered herself with a man in an office marked "Private."

But there are not so many of them that it's hard work to steer clear of them.

If this were not so, why, good Heavens, life would not be worth living for nine-tenths of us.

It's been my experience that men in the main treat a girl the way she wants to be treated.

And that's about all a girl can expect.

The rest is up to her.

It is rather difficult to understand the mentality of anyone who, suffering such horrible things, writes to an editor about it.

Most business women could tell an unpleasant tale or so, but they don't, because they know very well these things are not everyday occurrences in the life of anyone, and for every bad job of this sort there are a thousand good ones.

I remember an article I once wrote for these columns on the working girl's virtue. I said something about virtue coming easy to her because she never thought of anything else. She was virtuous because it was natural for her to be virtuous. There was certainly no struggle about it.

My! You should have peeped into my postbag the days following that issue. Scores of indignant and virtuous spinsters wrote to inform me that it wasn't easy to remain pure and undefiled. By no means. Indeed they had fearful struggles, resisting the overtures of vile and bestial mankind. Life was just one great struggle.

And so on; high fartin' on.

They protested, so I thought, like Shakespeare's lady, a bit too much. What did they want—medals?

These girls who wrote to me were no doubt virtuous and sweet, and all that, but they crowed about it.

Which was very second class of them.

So much for our six year's martyr. Falling the desert isle or the Adamless Eden, she'd best get her to a nunnery for the rest of her days.

The world, particularly the business world, is not made for young ladies who say with their morning prayer, "Make me truly thankful for all the insults I am about to receive."

Now the most pathetic part about the letter from the Sheffield gentleman is not that the girls who've made complaints are in danger of getting the glad and bad eye, but that they appear to be in far more danger of getting the sack.

No clerk who "is afraid to report the offenders because of false modesty, fear of losing her position, and

also hatred of publicity" can be much good at her job. Why, rather than submit like a stuck dummy to treatment of that kind, a decent girl would clean doorsteps or take in washing.

In any case, it's no use writing sob letters to business men. Hanging about waiting for chivalry and decency to sprout in the hearts of philanderers and cads won't do the trick.

And the only independence and dignity in business life is a noddle full of useful, marketable accomplishments.

Let these young women spend their time to better advantage, and improve themselves. Read useful books. Cut out wishy-washy amusements and useless friends. Let them not jazz by night and slack by day. And any of them who are "precariously holding their own in business life" had better do a little serious thinking.

The real problem, as far as I can see it, is not that these men are so beastly but that the office girls are so spineless.—Jane Doe in the Manchester Sunday Chronicle.

RED LIGHT PENNIES PAY STAR DIVIDENDS

Commercialised virtue in Montreal is rapidly forging to the forefront as a worthy rival of the much-advertised commercialised vice.

It is a case again of history repeating itself. Every honest, sincere reform movement ever launched has soon found itself hobbled and shackled by undesirable crews of opportunists, self-seekers, sycophants and other gentry of the ilk who pervert the efforts of others for their own capital.

After having conquered the fields of commercialised charity we now see His Lordship, the Baron Atholstan, proprietor of the Montreal "Star" entered into the lists against Commercialised Vice as the champion of Commercialised Virtue.

The "Star" is "waging a campaign against vice" with the same lofty motives that have always inspired the "Star" in its previous campaigns. The anti-vice crusade of the "Star" is a peculiarly profitable one to the "Star". Its editorial writers are splashing much ink and wasting much paper in their fulminations against the Red Light District. Meanwhile its business office is collecting a harvest of pennies from the residents of the vice area who have been educated to look upon the "Star" as the Diary of the Red Light Section.

It is certainly filling a notable role. Procurers and panderers have been provided with the names, ages and addresses of the unfortunate women who are caught in raids; further information is given to fully warn those interested of the date when the women will be released from prison, if convicted. In fact, everything is made certain that the women will be available for houses of ill-fame upon their liberation. The names of the self-respecting men of affairs who are caught with the ladies are always withheld, however, this list evidently not being necessary to the daily chronology of the Tenderloin.

But this is not the sole field of endeavor of the "Star". It gives a supplementary free news service to the narcotic peddlers by supplying them with the names of addicts and at the same time gives the so-called ring full warning of those who "snitch".

All told, it is a rarely rich enterprise this picking the pockets of the prostitutes and panderers and really clever. All the doings of the proscribed area are detailed with the most minute faithfulness in both the "Star" and the "Standard" and surely not for the edification of the decent reader. There is, a deeper motive in supplying Sunday reading to Cadieux street. Ask the "Star" business office.

FLAT OF OFFICER'S WIFE WAS RAIDED

Franz Otto Willenbacher, U.S.A., attached to the battleship Arkansas, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, was the star witness before Supreme Court Justice Leonard A. Giergerich for his brother officer, Lieutenant Rolin V. A. Failing, at the trial of the latter's action to divorce his beautiful young wife, Marjorie W. Failing.

His husband's charge linked her name with that of Stuart Bell, who she said in an affidavit, rented a room in her apartment at No. 51 Tiemann place.

She applied to Justice Bijur for alimony and counsel fees and submitted affidavits contradicting Lieutenant Failing's charge and bearing out her own accusations against her husband.

Among the latter was a sensational story of the alleged court-martial of Lieutenant Failing in 1919 on charges of intoxication and conduct unbecoming an officer, following his visit to a cafe on the Azore Islands, where he flirted with a native girl and got into a disgraceful fight with her escort. He was sentenced to be reprimanded by the then Secretary of the Navy Daniels, according to Mrs. Failing's affidavit.

Justice Bijur denied alimony to Mrs. Failing. When the case was called for trial Attorney Harry Steinhardt asked a postponement because Mrs. Failing was not in court.

Lieutenant Willenbacher told Justice Giergerich a very sprightly story of how he and four others, including Failing, raided Mrs. Failing's apartment at about 5 o'clock in the morning of January 23 last by breaking down the door. The fact that the "unknown man" found there was Mrs. Failing's roomer, Stuart Bell, was not brought out by Lieutenant Failing's counsel, Carl J. Mengel, although Bell himself admitted in an affidavit previously filed in court that he was the party alluded to.

LOVE NOT MONEY FOR MARRIED BLISS

Love and love alone is the best guarantee of a happy married life, in the opinion of Miss Jose Collins, noted actress and star of one of the most successful plays now being performed on the London stage.

The advice given by Dr. J. C. Main, a New York physician, that people should "marry for money or social position—but not for love," led Miss Collins to fly to the defense of the marriage that is founded on the deepest affection. She ridiculed the idea that the handbook should replace the wedding ring as the symbol of successful matrimony.

"The advice of Dr. Main seems reminiscent of that given by the canny old Scot to his son—only more so," said Miss Collins. "The Scot said: 'Don't marry money but marry where money is.' Dr. Main goes one better. He says: 'Don't marry for love, marry where money is.'"

LAUGHS AT THEORY

"And the laughter of all the happy married lovers all the world over will drown this truly ridiculous theory."

"Don't marry for love! What advice to give to a young girl who has found the most wonderful boy in the world! What advice to give to a young man—father to a son—when all the world has been transfigured by somebody's eyes, somebody's voice, somebody's lips!

"Marriage so far as is humanly possible, must be based on something solid. Which is better, money or love? Money can be lost in a thousand ways, and if the marriage has no other sanction, what an appalling plight, then, for both partners to it. No sympathy, no gentleness—in short—no love.

"It would be cant, of course, to pretend that money has no place at all in the scheme of things. Money smoothes out many difficulties. But it cannot give us the greatest thing life has to offer, it cannot give us love.

"Love, the real thing, stands four square to the world. It laughs at bank smashes, at war, at every disaster of our scheme of things. For that reason it is best to start the journey which begins with the wedding bells with love in one's luggage. True it may be mislaid later on, but generally it survives the buffetings of life's journey.

ROTARY HEAD'S WORD WAS BADLY CHOSEN.

DR ALEXANDER W. THORNTON, President, Montreal Rotary Club.

Dear "Alex":—

We congratulate you on your election to the presidency of the local Rotarians. But why go out of our way in your inaugural address to say that Rotarians will not adopt "cheap vaudeville methods"? The next thing you may know is that some worthy vaudeville artists will be entertaining your members. In any case vaudevillians are amongst the most charitably disposed people on

earth, like the Rotarians. Indeed, many of them are Rotarians. We would prefer you to say that "Rotarians will not use organised charity methods". That would be more in keeping. Vaudeville is at least human.

THE AXE.

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