

READ
"The Liquor
Commission
must Go!"
On page 3.

THE AXE

A JOURNAL OF ACTION AGAINST REACTION

EDITED BY JOHN H. ROBERTS

"LAY THE AXE AT THE ROOT OF THE TREE"

READ
"The Dance-
Hells of Cote
St. Michel".
On page 3.

No. 2

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 20th, 1922

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HANDS OFF MONTREAL

An Open Letter to Mr. G. A. Simard

To Mr. G. A. Simard, Chairman of
the Quebec Government Liquor
Commission, Montreal.

Sir:—

In an interview you have given to La Patrie referring to the Hull elections you go out of your way to administer a rebuke to the Editor of THE AXE as being of a class that is not necessary in this province and say that he does more harm than good. Well, you have been successful in your efforts to defeat Mr. Louis Cousineau, the ex-Mayor of Hull, and the work of the myrmidons of the Liquor Commission in bringing about that gentleman's defeat entitle you to crow a little. We think it a shame that the time of Government employees should be devoted to fighting municipal candidates and interfering with the autonomy of municipalities by taking part in local elections. But that by the way, Mr. Simard. When you say that the Editor of this paper does more harm than good, we report that that, after all, is a mere matter of opinion. You are entitled to your opinion but the people of this province know what my work has been in their midst. Your Fifteen Thousand Dollars a year is easily earned. No wonder you defend the Government Liquor Commission when you get so highly paid for it. But look, Mr. Simard, when the Editor of THE AXE personally raided the Country-Club at St. Lambert some years ago and took nearly two Thousand Dollars worth of liquor out of it, and you know who were concerned in selling there without a license, he was doing more good than harm. No wonder you were appointed Chairman of the Liquor Commission. "An old poacher makes the best gamekeeper."

THE AXE.

TO OUR READERS

If you are suffering any injustice;
If you have a story to tell that the public would be interested in;
If you have anything to drag into the light of day;
If you know anything worth telling;
If you want to ventilate any grievance,
And if you have "the goods"
—Let us hear from you!
Uptown 3068.

Mr. TASCHEREAU!

A Bookmakers' Directory.

Our article last week on "Betting and Bookies" has created widespread interest. There will be much more interest in the Bookmakers' Directory which we hope to publish shortly in "The Axe". If this business of hand-book-making is legal, as would appear by the open way it is carried on, the use of telephone and telegraph service, and the comparative freedom from prosecution, surely a correctly compiled list of bookies, with addresses and telephone numbers, amounts of bets they are willing to take, hours of business, etc., would at least be informative.

LEGS AND LAUGHTER

A little boost for The Orpheum

Mr. Harold Hevia has deserved well of the Montreal theatre-going public in the past. His stock season at the Orpheum was deservedly successful and it is a distinct loss to Montreal to no longer have the opportunity of week by week witnessing his clever players in passable drama. But if Mr. Hevia wishes to retain the good opinion of the Montreal public he must get rid of the ditzy thing called burlesque which now holds the boards at the Orpheum. This week "Ting-a-Ling" occupies the stage. It "A Joyful Jingle of Merry Nonsense. Punctuated with Legs, Laughter and Lively Tunes." The official programme also says it was "Conceived by John J. Black." Well, Black is a good name to indicate the source of origin. It certainly gives the Orpheum a black eye. If it were merely "merry nonsense" it might be enjoyable, but apart from two or three spots in the performance in which there is real humour and fun it is a compound of suggestive stories, jokes and innuendoes.

The episode of the closing of the old Theatre Royal, where formerly the "sacred lamp of burlesque" shone brightly is not forgotten by Montreal people. There is one sure way to clamp the lid on such shows as "Ting-a-Ling," which are objectionable to the moral sense of the community and that is to back up the patrol wagon to the stage door and take everybody concerned down to police headquarters. The Theatre Royal held sway for a long, long time, but finally its doors were closed never to open again to burlesque or, practically, to anything else.

We Have Enough Pickpockets Of Our Own

That was a very pretty speech made by the Premier of the Province of Quebec, the Honorable Mr. Taschereau, in the debate on the King's Speech, at Quebec last week. With its content as relating to the Liquor Commission THE AXE deals with in another column of this issue in the form of an Open Letter to the Premier. But there was one phrase used by Mr. Taschereau in that speech that was striking and significant. Addressing the people of other provinces he grandiloquently cried, "Hands off Quebec". Doubtless the honorable gentleman believes that the people he referred to will be quiet now that the Great Mogul has spoken.

With that matter we are not concerned but we have to say to Mr. Taschereau in his own phrase, "Hands off Montreal, Mr. Taschereau!" That's what's the trouble is with this Montreal of ours. There are too many outsiders who have their hands on Montreal, and not only on Montreal but in Montreal's pockets. Think of it, that a lot of farmers, notaries and country lawyers should be able in the name of the Government, and to keep its Treasury full; should be able, we say, to take millions out of the pockets of Montreal taxpayers, and pleasure seekers, every year, Millions of revenue from liquor licenses and the sale of Government whiskey, automobile licenses, amusement taxes, and the Lord only knows what besides. Even the little children of Montreal attending a picture show have to pay a tax.

And this man, the defender of the people's liberties and rights has the super-audacity to cry aloud. "Hands off Quebec" when there's nobody putting their hands on it. This is an old game. "The eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth", says the sacred Book. Mr. Taschereau probably thinks that if he can keep the people off this province, especially of Montreal, looking to the ends of the earth, to the other provinces of Canada, he may be able to get away with the enormous sums that his Government requires without their knowing who took it from them.

The people of Montreal are being robbed by the Government at Quebec. Their money is being taken from them to feed the other parts of the province. Our money, fellow citizens, is being used to make good roads for millionaire motorists, to enable the Minister of Roads to place fat contracts for road-making, to bolster up this section of the country and that, to build bridges here and there, and in general Montreal is the milch cow that is being milked to provide cream for the down-the-river people. And when Montreal, with the huge demands on it dares to ask for some of its own money to carry on its own administrative services it is insolently refused as an upstart refuses help to a beggar. So we have to reduce the wages of city employes, deny our policemen their hard-earned rest days, and starve the Civic service so that Mr. Taschereau may proudly boast of the millions of surplus revenue the Province has. So much more to waste;

so much more to spend; so much more to bestow in the form of patronage to consolidate the position of the Government and give them a lease of power in perpetuity.

Hands off Montreal, Mr. Taschereau. We have enough pickpockets of our own here already without any Government picking our pockets to the tune of millions a year under the guise of taxation.

We demand Home Rule for Montreal. The taxes of Montreal shall be used for the service of Montreal and to pay only its fair share of provincial upkeep. You'll get a rude awakening on of these days when the people wake up — and we'll wake them up. This city is competent to administer its own affairs and this farce of taxing Montreal for the benefit of the rest of the province has gone on long enough. Its high time the curtain was rung down on this shameful business.

Evidently the time has come for another cleaning up of burlesque. If those responsible for it in Montreal will clean it up, so much the better for everybody. If they won't, so much the worse for themselves and burlesque. We would prefer to see the cleaning up done by those who operate burlesque. But if they don't do it it will have to be done. The pity of "Ting-a-Ling" is that some of the actors had real ability and given clean stuff to handle could have "put it over." We're sorry for the decent player folk whose managements provide them with such rotten lines and business." For ourselves we are

all for laughter, and wit, and jest, and humour, and everything that will help the people to forget the struggle for mere existence in these hard times. But, for God's sake, let's have clean amusements. THE AXE will help every manager who is making a brave endeavour to give the public real honest-to-God amusement and entertainment. We shall not be squeamish and picayune. "Amusement is a necessity, not a luxury." That's our creed in this matter. But we have a right to demand that amusement shall be clean and we're going to see that it is if pitiless publicity can make and keep it so.

Chips from the Editor's Axe

"Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may".

The Prime Minister is Opposed

Well, after all, the new Prime Minister is to be opposed in seeking re-election on taking office. In a democratic country it is the right of any individual to present himself to the electors in any election. Our Progressive friends are strictly within their rights in opposing Mr. King. But the General Election was so recent and the Prime Minister's majority over both his opponents so decisive that, apart from any custom in the matter, we believe the Progressives are making a bad blunder in preventing Mr. King's return by acclamation. What makes it look worse is that the Progressive candidate has made it appear that he is only opposing the Prime Minister on petty, personal grounds.

Pensions for Mothers

A large deputation has waited on the Premier of Quebec asking for the granting of pensions to mothers. The fact that Lord Shaughnessy was one of the deputation should help the cause which was presented. At least we hope so. With the case presented by the deputation we are in the fullest possible sympathy and emphatically say that nothing can be too much nor too good for us to do for the mothers of the Province. But we regret to see that the Convenor of the special committee on mothers' allowances has disclaimed all thought of deserted wives who are mothers coming under the scope of the proposal. We quite realise that this special committee is not without sympathy with such deserted wives and mothers but we make no hesitation in saying that these who need help most should not be excluded. Let's have humanity. And this goes for the unmarried mother, too. To those who need it most, should be the guiding principle and we hope the good men and women back of this proposal will be fearless and wise enough to take this stand. All honor to them.

The Policeman's Holiday

In the new craze for economy at the City Hall our policemen are to be made "the goats". The one day off in every two weeks that the force has enjoyed for several years now is to be taken away and, henceforth, our policemen must work seven days a week. What is saved in this way will probably be lost in health and morale. There will be days of sickness instead of days of rest, while there will be a growing discontent amongst the members of the force such as a few years ago led to the

Policemen's Strike in Montreal. You had better go slow, Executive Committee, or you'll have trouble on your hands. A cheeseparing policy may make both ends meet for the moment, but there may be no meat on the bone before long.

M. L. A. Refuses Indemnity

Canon Hinchiffe, Conservative member for Victoria, B.C., has spent his sessional indemnity in travelling over the Province for information and returned the unspent balance of it to the Provincial Government. To us, this appears quixotic. Or maybe the worthy Canon has a superheater conscience. It looks to us like black-legging on his colleagues. The members are entitled to their remuneration and a man who submits himself for election and gets elected should accept and loyally abide by the rules of the game. If any M.L.A. wishes to travel and see the Province he helps to administer he should be provided with transportation by the Government. We believe that all members of Parliament and Legislative bodies should have free passes on all railways, not as a favor from Railway Companies but as a legal right. This principle should be embodied in law.

Don't Surrender Bullock

The colored man, Bullock, whose extradition or, rather, return to North Carolina is sought by citizens there, presumably that they may hand him over to the tender mercies of Judge Lynch, should be kept in Canada. This was ever the soil upon which slaves stood free in the old slavery days and, in those days we never gave the runaway slave back. His fellow negroes have loyally stood by poor Bullock and so have many white people in Canada. We trust that the Honorable Mr. Stewart will cut through all the red tape that may surround the matter and refuse to deport Bullock. Law's law, tis true but an ounce of humanity is worth a ton of law.

We Thank the "Montreal Star"

The "Montreal Star" deserves and has our gratitude for the kindly reference to THE AXE in its columns of Monday last. Of course it could not resist having a little fun out of the fact that our first number was published on Friday the Thirteenth. But we have no superstitions. And, moreover, we recognize that the date of our first publication may prove unlucky for quite a number of things around these parts. All hail to the Star! May we be as big as you some day and you none the less.

The shooting of American soldiers.

The revelations now being made before a Committee of the Senate at Washington regarding the treatment of American soldiers overseas during the war are disquieting, to say the least. War is a brutal thing at the best and cannot be carried on with kid gloves. Discipline is something essential to the successful administration of armies. But, if half the outrages alleged are true, Uncle Sam's officers, or some of them, rather, out-Hunned the Hun. We would like to see every one of these charges disproved to the hilt but if one American soldier has been shot to death by an officer, or executed without trial, as alleged, we hope that the responsible parties will likewise get their's in the neck. If, as some foolish, loud-mouthed Americans have claimed, America "won the war", they are welcome to the winning if this is how they won it.

More power to the Mayor!

The Executive Committee of the Montreal City Council have refused to ask the Legislature to confer greater powers upon the Mayor. Now, His Honor will presumably use other means of achieving his purpose. This means that he will use his great influence with the Provincial Government to that end. And make no mistake that influence is greater than people commonly realize. It is not the influence of love so much as the influence of fear. We are not out of sympathy with Mederic in his efforts to secure more power unto himself. It is natural that the Mayor should desire to be more than a rubber stamp or a figure head. The Mayor of a city like Montreal should be armed with great executive authority and held responsible, just as the President or Managing Director of a great business. A lot of people and many newspapers have chosen to regard Mederic as a fool and a joke. Its about time they awakened to a realization that the Mayor of Montreal is one of the shrewdest men this city holds. Why not fully utilise that shrewdness and native ability in the City's service?

Who is the nigger?

The Merchant's Bank scandal is still before us at this writing. A big pothole has been made by the attorney of the Bank during the hearing of the Colin Cameron case. "Its a damned shame", the Honorable Mr. Shaughnessy is reported to have said when certain questions were being asked of Sir Montagu Allan, as if the latter were sacrosanct. What bosh! It is in Sir Montagu's own interests that the suspicion and resentment that now hangs like a cloud over the entire directorate of The Merchant's Bank should be dispelled. Rightly or wrongly there is a feeling abroad that if there has not been criminal conduct there has been criminal neglect and that it is only the high social status of certain people that is preventing their being dealt with somewhat drastically. Sure "its a damned shame" that social position should be permitted to shelter highly placed bank officers and directors, if this is being done, while their underlings when delinquent are treated with all the severity the law, administered in the interests of wealthy banks and bank directors, contains. Certainly "Its a damned shame" if the rich can go free while the poor go to jail for similar deeds. It is absolutely "a damned shame" if The Merchant's Bank crowd are able to get away with this thing without investigation of the most searching kind, leaving in the minds of the people unallayed suspicion, and indirectly uprooting the very foundations of the people's trust and confidence in the Canadian Banking system. A veritable "damned shame"!

Wanted, a clean-up in Montreal

Taking stock of Montreal we cannot but feel impressed with the necessity for a thorough cleaning. We do not refer to a Clean-Up Day when the back alleys will be subjected to a little disinfecting but to the cleansing of the moral back alleys of the city, of which there are quite a few. It is questionable if the Red Light District were ever in a more flourishing condition than now, and vice is flaunting itself more boldly than ever before. The inpouring of the scum of American cities, due to Montreal's oasis condition, is not helping Montreal by any means. "Let's go."

Boxers And The Boxing By-law

Let's have a Boxing Commission

We note with a great deal of interest that a by-law has been introduced providing for a Boxing Commission for the City of Montreal. This action would seem to be in line with the way boxing is being handled elsewhere, notably in the United States, where boxing Commissions have eradicated many of the evils which had gathered around the fighting game. There is certainly a large element of our people who believe in boxing and we shall welcome the establishment of a Boxing Commission if it will help "the manly art" to be carried on under right conditions. It was the bad features of the business, and its patronage by slackers who refused to fight for their country, that used to raise our ire about the game.

Under the proposed by-law, there is to be a commission of five persons and, from something said by Alderman Tom O'Connell a few days ago, we understand that these five persons are to be officials of the City Hall, including the Chief of Police. This, would be a mistake. The chief of Police already has a big enough job in hand dealing with the Crime Wave. While the murderer of Delorme is still at large is no time to heap outside duties on our worthy Chief of Police. Not that he would not make a good Boxing Commissioner but that for that job men are required who are not overburdened with civic duties already. Moreover, we don't want to treat a sport as if those interested in it were criminals who required to be watched and supervised. The Boxing Commissioners should be men who have a love and knowledge of the game and not civic officials. They should be paid for their work and paid well. They should also be held strictly responsible for the proper conduct of all boxing exhibitions and the sport in general. Mr Raoul Grothe would make an ideal Chairman of such a Commission while Alderman Tom O'Connell would make a good member.

It is a pity the City of Montreal is doing this; it should be done at Quebec and the Boxing Commission made effective over the entire Province. The sphere in Montreal alone is too limited but if the whole Province came under the jurisdiction of the Commission good men could be paid for their services as Commissioners and the sport itself could be made to yield sufficient return to pay the expenses of the Commission. In this connection we suggest that the boxers, the managers, the referees, the seconds, and the promoters should all be licensed. Then if any of the fraternity failed to play the game straight and honorably they could be fined and their licenses revoked. This would keep the game pretty clean.

It is to be seriously hoped that should the Provincial Government adopt the suggestion of a Provincial Boxing Commission, which is not original with us, it should not be looked upon as a money-making business like the Liquor Commission. The Commission should be established purely in the interests of clean sport and, if necessary, should be subsidised by the Government. This would be a piece of real constructive work for the Government to undertake and would earn them many well-dones.

The Gambler's War

At this writing, there has evidently been no progress made with the prosecution of Billy Moorhouse et al, for supplying racing news information. Is this case to be dragged on indefinitely and those concerned permitted to carry on the same old business unhindered while the law drags its weary length along? We suppose the public utility corporations are still supplying service and the bookies still have their telephones. How the handbook harpies must chuckle at the law's delays.

Boy, page the News Bureau, Troy, N.Y.

P'raps he drank it!

"Hear about the joke the gang played on Mac?"
"No; what is it?"
"They gave him a prescription from a veterinarian and he never discovered that he had a half-pint of horse liniment until he reached home." — *New-York Sun.*

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THE AXE

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GET THE AXE!

Quotations of the Week.

"These chaps are all engaged in politics — in a regular shadow game. What else is politics, anyway? No patriotism about it; everybody's trying to grab. We're trying to keep our souls in our bodies, and that's reality."

From "Shadows of Saffron",
February Blue Book Magazine.

RANDOM REMARKS BY ROBBIE JUNIOR

A bas les killjoys. — The Sport of Kings and its Crooks.

There are many killjoys in the world. And we don't like 'em. They are a drain on the good humour and good feeling of the community; a source of annoyance to the man in the street. They sit in prayer and call for the removal of an evil. Then they pass a resolution to the same effect and go home to their respectable beds convinced that the evil no longer exists. As "D.D.H." said of the Princess two weeks ago: "That's Bunk."

We need Action. And we are getting it!! In "The Axe" you will read a lot of things about a lot of things — the things that need The Axe; and there's a lot of them.

Take a specific case. Government Liquor.

Whether you have your bottle of ale with your lunch, or your peg of Scotch in the evening is not the business of this paper. That is your business. But down with Chief-Bartender Taschereau's private monopoly, under whose regime you go into the respectable Government retail-shop to buy respectable government liquor and the respectable government heeler who sells you your respectable bottle sticks fifty or seventy-five cents on the purchase price and sinks it in his jeans.

But down with this fraud operated in the name of respectable people to raise Government revenue.

Let the people of the Province of Quebec make their own decision about the retention of Ales, wines and spirits. If we are going to have this business let it be operated as private enterprise again, for it would be ten thousand-fold better.

Clean up this cesspool operating under the cloak of so-called respectable government. The people of this province of Quebec are decent, respectable, people. But this Government Liquor monopoly is all "bunk".

"Following the Ponies"

Horse racing is the Sport of Kings. To back your choice and watch your favorite boy bring him through the stretch under a clever ride to win — that is Sport; just as long as the game stays clean and you get a run for your money.

But how many horse races are run on the level? Not all. Not all by a long shot. (Do you remember "Fair and Warmer"?)

There are too many crooks in the business. How many times have the boys framed a race only to have it framed right back on them? Has the boy they forgot to fix ever slipped through to win right at the time when the race was "cold turkey"? Many a time. The old game of dog eat dog. Crooked races have been run on this island every season that there have been races. They will be run every season just so long as the race going public will pay their good money whether they are getting a run for it or not.

Lets consider the bookies for a minute. In Montreal to-day there are close to a thousand men making their living as bookmakers. These fellows — non-producing parasites as they are — are making their daily bread and butter at the expense of the bank clerk, the lawyer, the barber, the doctor and the hardware salesman.

The Liquor Commission Must Go!

A reply to the Hon. Mr Taschereau.

An eloquent defence of the Quebec Liquor Commission was made by the Honorable Mr. Taschereau last week in the Legislative Assembly at Quebec. The very fact that the Premier felt called upon to defend the Commission and the system of selling alcohol in the Province of Quebec is in itself a condemnation of the Commission and the system. One does not need to defend what is right and true. It has come quickly. Already the Government is on the defensive. Soon it will be on the run.

The Premier claimed the Commission was an economic and a moral success. Well, Mr. Taschereau, if you judge economic success by the four millions of dollars, every one with a splash of human blood on it, that will represent the yield from Government whiskey this year, all right. You can have such economic success. But, watch your step. It is poor economics to kill off the taxpayers with alcohol in order to raise four millions of revenue.

No, we are not extreme. We simply deal with the facts. Last Monday fifty per cent of the cases in the Recorder's Court of Montreal were case of "Drunks". The exact number was 24 drunks. They were fined three dollars and costs each for getting drunk on Government whiskey. So that your Government made a big profit on the whisky first of all and then collected three dollars and expenses from each of its worthy customers. No wonder your system is an economic success. Your Government gets it going and coming. It profits on the sale of booze and on the consequences of booze.

No, we are not fanatical, Mr. Premier. On Wednesday a woman was convicted of manslaughter at Sainte-Scholastique.

She testified that her crazed husband threatened her because she would not give him two dollars for whisky (Government whisky, Mr. Taschereau). She shot him. The husband is dead. The wife is

in prison. Your Courts have branded her as a criminal. But, by God, Mr. Premier, its your Government that ought to have stood in the prisoners' dock and been convicted of manslaughter, not that poor woman.

We don't hate you and your Government, Mr. Attorney General. We hate the black damnable system you have introduced by which you have made all of us partners in your "economic and moral success", as you term it. This week in Montreal a man and a woman unmarried were found dead in an apartment house. There was a bottle of Government gin and a bottle of Government whisky in the apartment. They were probably asphyxiated because of their whisky-induced neglect to attend to the gas heater out of which the fumes came that killed them. Government Gin! Government Whisky. There ought to be a Death's Head printed on the label of every bottle your wretched Liquor Commission sells, for your system that deals in death.

The Government Liquor Com-

mission must Go! That's all there's to it. In the old days it was bad enough but we made some improvements in the law and conditions. Return the sale of liquor to private hands and let the people deal with the matter. Your Government, Mr. Taschereau has tremendously increased the number of temptations. The facilities for getting liquor are greater in number than ever they were. Formerly the number of licenses was strictly limited. To-day the number of drinking places where alcoholic liquor can be bought is practically double what it was in 1918-1919. That's what your Commission has done, Mr. Taschereau, increased the number of drink shops in order to get more revenue and secure an "economic success" for your Government. Let's retrace our steps and the first step is to take the sale of liquor out of the hands of the Government and place it in the hands of private dealers. The Government Liquor Commission must go!

Par Example

A man is fortunate enough to know a certain telephone number by calling which he can always make a little bet. Just about the time the third race is to be run at New Orleans he gets a tip on "Sweet Cookie". He calls the number and asks if it is too late to place a bet. Bookie says, "What horse". And you tell him "Sweet Cookie". And he takes what you consider to be an honest-to-goodness bet. It isn't. For thanks to the Long distance telephone and the speed with which this service can be expedited over an open wire, he already has the result of the race, already won by 'Old Dear'.

What a hope you have!!!

This is not bunk! And what a fine system it is which permits these fellows to exploit the sport-loving, race-following public in this fashion.

For me I say "Out with them." Here and there among the thousand you may find an honest bookmaker; a fellow who really gives his clientele an even break. But now many bookies are going around broke? And by the same token how many nice young men have gone to the cleaners just to fatten the scurrilous bodies of these parasites? The answer is evident.

LESLIE M. ROBERTS.

The Paradise of Cabaret performers

What Government Ownership of Booze has done for Montreal

Says "Variety", a New-York theatrical journal:—

"In New-York the cabaret situation the past season has been terrible. There is no appellation in the lexicon to describe just how awful the cabaret and restaurant business has been.

Out of town and up in Canada it is another story. They are making money, everybody is prospering, cabaret artists are getting twice as much for their engagements as they do in New York and things are wider open.

"Where girls a couple of years ago would never think of leaving New York for Philadelphia or Baltimore for a cabaret job, they clamor to leave town and paradoxically prefer Montreal or some other Canadian metropolis to appear in than here. Out of town, even in these "dry" United States, there is a little freedom compared with New York

The Dance-Hells of Cote St-Michel

WHAT IS THE QUEBEC LIQUOR COMMISSION DOING ABOUT THEM?

The Delorme murder case has been the burning topic of conversation in Montreal during this past week or two. With the family and friends of the murdered young man we have deep sympathy, especially with Father Delorme. It is the sincere hope that the patient and continuous efforts of the Montreal Detective Bureau will be crowned with success and the murderer brought to judgment quickly. References that have been made in the press to the alleged visits of the unfortunate young fellow to the notorious road-houses of Côte St-Michel lead us to say that there are more young people being murdered than young Delorme by such haunts of vice and depravity. There are young girls of tender years being taken to the dance-hells of Côte St-Michel, and to one notorious place there in particular and, as a consequence, being morally murdered. These places are the haunts of Montreal's riff raff, pimps and procurers. When the night life of the city begins to pall on the jaded appetites of the roués and débauchees that frequent them they hie themselves to the Côte St-Michel rendez-vous, where anything goes, and nothing is too vicious or degrading to be tried.

Here are places licensed under the authority of the Quebec Liquor Commission, whose duty it is to exercise supervision over them, see that they obey the law, and above all, make sure the moral code is not trampled in the dust of all-night cafes. It is not a matter for the Montreal Police to handle. Cote St. Michel is outside their jurisdiction. If the Government will take a revenue from alcohol, all right, for the present. But we are not going to be silent while the night hawks of Montreal, and the scum of New York, which has fastened itself on Montreal because of Government booze, takes a toll of young life, the lives of young girls. Clean up the Dance Halls of Cote St. Michel, Mr Simard; likewise you, Mr Taschereau, Attorney General of the Province of Quebec. If the murder of Delorme can never be avenged, as may be likely, stop this slaughter of the innocents and do it now.

He Gave Him The Poor-Box!

A colored preacher in Alabama had at one time served a short jail sentence and was fearful lest his congregation discover the fact, as in his later years he had been a model of rectitude.

One Sunday, rising to begin his sermon, his heart sank to see a former cellmate sitting in the front row.

Quick thinking was necessary. Fixing his eye on the unwelcome guest, the preacher announced solemnly:

"Ah takes mah text dix mo'nin' from de sixty-fo'th chaptah and fo' hundredth verse af de book of Job, which says: 'Dem as sees and knows me, and says nothin', dem will Ah see later.'" — *American Legion Weekly.*

where there's an officer stationed in public haunts; where even the illusive "speak-easies" have to come across for protection. The Canadian job is really the Mecca of all cabaret performers these days. They prefer to get to a country where they can get a drink for something less than a king's ransom. However, for all their willingness to leave their native Broadway the prime obstacle now is that so many others are just as willing."

Pra'ps She was out of order!

"The projecting machine must be out of order."

"I hadn't noticed it."

"I hear a constant clicking."

"A flapper behind you is chewing gum." — *Birmingham Age Herald.*

Splinters and Shavings

"One inch of joy surmounts of grief a span,
Because to laugh, is proper to the man." — RABELAIS.

The census report says that 519,290 persons live in Toronto. We were not aware that anybody lived in Toronto.

It's certainly strange what the human frame can endure and live.

Perhaps this proves the theory of the survival of personality.

Horace Goldin has been sawing a woman in half at The Princess this week, but the woman has lived to do it again. There are several women who might be sawed in half for keeps to wit:—

The curtain lecturer.
The woman who ever talks of her rights but evades her responsibilities.

The woman who's fonder of dogs than of babies.

The giddy flapper.
The woman who can't cook a decent meal for hubby.

We note that the ladies are going to Quebec early in February to make certain demands of the Provincial Government. The rumour that they will ask for an open season of twelve months for the family rolling pin has been denied.

We see that one Claus has been acquitted of a manslaughter charge. If this is Santa — the children will surely be pleased.

The "Open Door" Policy is feared in China. How about the closed-door street car we chased this morning at our corner in N.D.G.?

And while we are wielding "The Axe" we sometimes wish we had it with us in the morning for the conductor with the Go-to-the-Devil look in reply to our morning greeting.

We note that a gentleman, Steele by name, has been appointed constable, street commissioner, sanitary inspector, school attendance officer, poundkeeper, dog tax collector, O. T. A. Enforcement Officer and caretaker of Municipal Buildings of Westport, Ontario. Mr. Steele evidently does not play golf.

What a lot of New York and Toronto, business men have business in Montreal now. Perhaps they come here to study conditions.

"Dry Agent posed as a corpse to capture fake enforcement officer". Perhaps this corpse lived in Toronto.

Mr Westmount: — "Well, a woman will have the last word always.

Mr N. D. de Grace: — That swell dame from Montreal West to whom I gave up my seat on the street car last night said never a word."

It is reported that household tasks are in future to be done by wireless. Invisible waves are to open shutters, draw curtains heat water and cook meals. We fear these invisible waves will be the precursor of invisible wives.

Enver Pasha has been captured in the Caucasus. Who cares?

The dispatch adds that he is being handed over to the Turkish Nationalist Government at Angora. Enver must have got their goat.

"The price of shoes will never be lowered while women insist on wearing the crazy styles which are the fashion at the present time", says P. A. Doig, shoe manufacturer. What is responsible for keeping the skirts high?

Cabaret proprietor pleads the liquor was sold by telephone. (Keep your mouth off the receiver, you).

"Trouble brewing in Abyssinia".—May be you need some hops, Abby.

Let us then be up and doing,
Fearless in the battle's strife;
All the crooked guys pursuing
With The Axe sharp as a knife.

Why I Started The Axe

II

THE AXE has started off well. From all sides have come words of congratulation and bon voyage, so to speak. From some quarters have come mutterings and threats. So far, so good.

There has been a lack in Montreal of such a journal as I have set out to make THE AXE. A plain-speaking, hardhitting, and fearless medium of expression was needed. This is it. What battles there are to fight to-day! Never was there such good fighting for the public weal to be done. It's good to be alive.

Consider only two facts in which the public at large is vitally interested. First, the Merchant's Bank collapse. Here not alone the shareholders' interests, but those of the country are at stake. We say nothing of the absorption of the Merchants' Bank by The Bank of Montreal. If the latter has driven a hard bargain that is one of the rules of the game and its Directors are entitled to what they have won by their business acumen. But that an institution which only operated by grace of the public authority should have held its responsibility so lightly as to impair its tremendous reserve funds, amounting to millions of dollars, almost to the point of extinction, is a matter for which the public through its Government should hold the responsible parties responsible. Nor should high position give shelter to any. This seems to be the only journal that has taken this stand.

Next think of the notorious Shirlye Ogilvie Vs. Martin case. Here, because of the social position of those involved, and for no other reason that we can see, the case is hard in CAMERA, with the public barred admission. I have recollections of my own case three years ago when the evidence of a prostitute was given the widest possible publicity. But I was poor and there were many who were glad to see me defamed even if out of the lips of a woman of a class whose uncorroborated evidence is not accepted in Courts of Law. No proceedings in camera then. I DID NOT HAVE THE OGILVIE MILLIONS BEHIND ME. Please God, there shall not be defamatory publicity for the poor man and the cloak of secrecy over Court proceedings for the rich man in this city of Montreal any longer if THE AXE can prevent it. Let's have fair play all 'round!

Don't you think, Mr. Man and Mrs. Woman, it was time somebody started something?

THE AXE has been started to help defend and vindicate anybody unjustly treated in this city and country, whether by the Courts or anyone else. It's going to be a medium for the ventilation of all real grievances and the securing of justice where justice is possible. Wherever the people suffer, and whatever they may suffer from, I intend THE AXE to be on their side and I'll wield The Axe unsparringly. The rotten, dirty politics that in Council, Legislative Assemblies and Parliament alike are at work to the detriment of the common people will get short shrift in these columns. Even the party we are most in sympathy with will be criticised and opposed when it is wrong. I've shown as much already.

Constructively, THE AXE will stand for all that is best in the community and country. I've broadened out a good deal during my three years' silence, you'll find, though I haven't lost my grip upon basic principles. What's best in amusement and sport will find encouragement here; what's bad I'll fight. If I can encourage a love of the beautiful and true, the manly and womanly, in Art, in Amusements, in Sport, and in all our daily intercourse, I'll do it. Nor will I be narrow but, on the contrary, I'll be humanly tolerant of human weaknesses; not censorious but constructively helpful of all that forms part of our common life and is worth retaining and fostering.

Withal, I want to inject a touch of humour into our prosaic existence. Laughter! Why, God created us with the capacity for laughter. Then, let us laugh and be merry; the eating and drinking part we have never neglected. There's nothing like a bit of humour to deflate swollen heads and expose pompous pretence. The big-wigs who take themselves seriously hereabouts are legion in number. We're going to laugh at them together and, folks, ultimately perhaps they'll be able to look back and laugh at themselves.

Such is the spirit and purpose animating THE AXE. Help me keep it bright and sharp.

JOHN H. ROBERTS.

What the man in the street would like to know.

What is being done with the pool room right in the shadow of the Windsor Station?

Is it true that while hair gets trimmed in the front part of the place, suckers get trimmed in the back room?

What does the Cabinet Minister who uses the word, "Image", mean by that word?

Has it any reference to four tickets for 25 cents?

How comes it that the General Manager of a Bank has no knowledge of loans amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars to an insolvent concern?

Is Jesse James really dead?

What interest has the Gazette in fighting against the appointment of Government auditors of Banks?

Is it not rather underrating our intelligence to say or suggest that merchants and traders would not be able to get necessary accommodation if there were Government auditors?

Would it not have been a good thing for the shareholders of the unfortunate Merchants' Bank if somebody had prevented the lending of money to Thornton, Davidson and Company?

What "bookie" would venture to lay odds of five to one that the Liquor Commission will live another year? (Call up THE AXE, Uptown, 3068).

If a tenants' strike would not be quite as successful as the recent buyers' strike?

Whether the license numbers of the cars standing outside night cafés at three a.m. any morning would interest many people?

Do the people of Hull relish the Government taking a part in their municipal election?

What would the friends and acquaintances of a certain Toronto merchant think of the lovely drunk said Torontonian has been on in Montreal this week?

If said Torontonian is a devil of a saint in his own home town?

Is it always wise to register in your own name?

Is a fire the hottest thing that can be discovered in a cabaret?

Answers to Correspondents

(Note: — We invite correspondence from our readers on any subject. All letters should be written legibly on one side of the paper only, and have the name and address of the writer enclosed, not necessarily for publication. An assumed name may be give in addition and will be used by THE AXE when so given.)

I. J. L., Westmount.—"Good for you, Mr. Roberts. My very best wishes. You were always a good scrapper". Our thanks for your kind words and subscription (one year's) enclosed. You'll see some pretty scraps soon.

Franco, Quebec. — "Félicitations, Monsieur THE AXE," Please print your bright journal in French also". All in good time, friend. It is part of our plan to print a French edition when the English one is properly going, which promises to be soon.

Our happy relations with the French people of this province will be cemented and strengthened as the years go by.

Sport, Montreal.—"Why not make a fight for clean sport?—That's just what we are doing. Every branch of sport will have our help but we'll work hard to purge all sports of the vicious features and elements that surround them.

"The Axe" is published by John H. Roberts, and printed by "Le Matin Ltee."

CUT ME OUT!

TO THE PUBLISHER,
"THE AXE",
104 Coronation Building,
121 BISHOP ST.,
Montreal, P.Q.

SIR,
Please send me a copy of "THE AXE" every week for one year, beginning with the next issue after date. I enclose Two Dollars in payment.

(Signed) Name.....

City or Town.....

County.....

Province.....

Date.....