

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.

No. 31

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THE MORALS OF MONTREAL

WHO MURDERED BLANCHE GARNEAU?

**Taschereau Government
must give facts to the
public.**

Who killed Blanche Garneau? The inability or unwillingness of Provincial Politicians and Departments to prosecute this case to the very bottom constitutes one of the gravest political scandals of a regime in which political scandals have become the rule rather than the exception. We venture to say that had the Blanche Garneau case had for its venue any other locality than the Province of Quebec under its present Government, the fog would have been lifted long ago.

Mr. Taschereau has vainly attempted to banish the Blanche Garneau case into the moth-eaten cupboards of Government record. He has tried to close it forever by the pro-

FIRST BLOOD FOR THE RAILWAYMEN!

The Railwaymen of Canada have won a distinct victory in securing from the Federal Government an expression of opinion to the effect that wages should not be reduced until a conciliation Board has met and so declared. The Railway Companies choose to regard this statement by the Government as not being binding upon them. But how differently they would have talked had it been the other way about and the Government had come out for the Companies' point of view. Then the Railway Companies would have had reams of propaganda in their hiring press charging the men with disloyalty to the State because they would not accept the Government's opinion and govern themselves accordingly. It makes a difference "whose ox is gored," doesn't it? Well, this is first blood to the workers and more power to them. It is a criminal shame to reduce men's wages just now. There is no justification for any reduction. There is no real reduction in the cost of living, not that we have been able to notice, anyhow. The Money Barons (perhaps we should say, Barrens, for they seem barren of human sympathy and understanding) should begin at the other end of things and reduce the cost of living first and wages after all, if at all.

A LARGER AXE

Next week, or the week after, THE AXE will go to double its present size. Instead of four pages it will carry eight. From eight pages it will grow again, for it is our earnest wish to give the public as much for their nickel as production costs will stand. THE AXE is going to be the biggest thing in weekly journalism that this continent has ever known. To-day we are only building our foundations. THE AXE is, and always will be, "The People's Paper". It was not started to serve any interest other than that of the People who must work; to stamp on exploitation, crookedness and corruption. It will always live for that purpose, and that purpose only.

Let the Wall Street crooks find suckers in the United States; Canadians should refuse to get robbed of their money for the benefit of American sharps and sharks.

IS MONTREAL A CORRUPT CITY?

**Some Sidelights on the
City's Dark Spots—Big
'S' Society.**

Is Montreal an immoral city?

We remember years ago defending Montreal from a charge made by an English clergyman passing through Montreal to the effect that Montreal was the wickedest city in the world. The comment of the editor of THE AXE at that time was that the clergyman critic did not know many cities, and certainly did not know London, and the night life of

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!

Main 7934 is the number; 20 St. James St. the address.

London, else he would never say Montreal was the wickedest city in the world. And we think the same holds true to-day.

There is undoubtedly a lot of immorality in Montreal. Much of it is out in the open; more probably is underground.

(continued on page 3)

AN INTERVIEW WITH PERRON

**Being number two of our
"Imaginary Series"**

We were somewhat astounded at the magnificent appointments of the Montreal Office of the Minister of Roads. Of approximately the same dimensions as the cars of the Montreal Tramways Company it's fittings in no way suggested the ordinary commercial tramcar, except for the Pay As You Enter box at the door. The motif of the room was more that of some Oriental Harem, the only occidental trappings being several large casks bearing the label of the Quebec Liquor Commission. At one end of the Chamber, on a raised platform, which we judged to be made of cement, sat an imposing figure clad in

(continued on page 4)

What The Man In The Street Wants To Know

Does the Quebec Liquor Commission make its own Scotch Whisky?

* * *

Why does not the said Commission deal with the local agents of certain Scotch distillers?

* * *

Is it a case of commission?

* * *

Is it true that the Deputy Attorney General has taken action against a big manufacturing concern for the sum of \$40,000 "for professional services rendered"?

* * *

What do charitable organizations want to do with the \$400,000 they talk about raising from the public of Montreal?

* * *

What proportion of this huge sum will be spent on salaries and administration and how much will actually go to the poor for whom it may be given?

* * *

Why do not these organizations strike at the causes of poverty and distress instead of philandering with ameliorative schemes, that provide fat jobs for "social workers" but leave the evils they "investigate" unabated?

Which is the local Cafeteria that has been in trouble over paying a discharged employe the wages due instead of notice?

* * *

What was the scandal in connection with one of the Montreal Government Liquor Stores recently?

* * *

Does the Liquor Commission think it has solved the problem of diminishing stock by discharging two employes against whom nothing was charged and no proof made?

* * *

Who were the two ladies who had a fight outside an uptown furrier's store one recent night?

* * *

Was the fight about a certain racing-man?

* * *

Does the famous international detective change his lady pals so often as appears?

* * *

Has he tired of the young lady from France?

* * *

Who is the bobbed-haired beauty who is the talk of Murray Bay?

* * *

Who is the contractor who beat up an employe because the latter asked for a receipt for monies paid over to the boss?

What made the said contractor so reckless?

* * *

Who was the boss in the Angus Shops who discharged a Canadian a week ago to find a job for an immigrant?

* * *

Is it right and Canadian to turn our fellow-citizens off to starve in order to employ newcomers?

* * *

Does the C. P. R. think it can secure the support of thinking people for immigration schemes if immigrants are going to be used to displace Canadians and, incidentally, reduce wages?

* * *

Who killed Blanche Garneau?

* * *

Has the Alderman's lady friend moved away from Crescent Street?

* * *

Or has he acquired still another "sweetie" in another part of town?

* * *

Did the young St. Catherine Street merchant enjoy his trip to Quebec?

* * *

And why did he come home alone?

(continued on page 3)

"SATURDAY NIGHT" AND THE STRIKERS

A Toronto contemporary which takes it's name from the Queen City's bath night, came out very hot, in it's last issue against the action of the Unions in the present labor troubles across the border. Ranting at labor for its present attitude, it scored and scathed labor leaders in the United States for seeking to place the unions "above the law".

When *Saturday Night* raves about Labor placing itself "Above the Law" it forgets all about the United States Labor Board and the attitude which the Railway Operators have taken in the past to the rulings and decisions which that board has handed down. Prior to the present railway strike the Railway Companies almost ignored the Labor Board. At any rate they only accepted such rulings as were favorable to themselves. When the strike came along, however, they wanted the Board to do all manner of things for them against the men. The fact that their employers insisted on being "Above the Law" was largely responsible for the present Railway Strike. In the case of the Miners on which subject *Saturday Night* rants at length, we advise our contemporary to rub up on it's facts.

Why I Publish The Axe

At the moment of writing I am at the printer's awaiting the printing of THE AXE of date, August 4th. Machinery is whirring; newsboys outside are raising the dust, people around me are talking, but I'm far away. Two or three hours later I have to appear in Court to face the second libel charge brought against me by Logan and Bryan. Then, "if I have the dough," as the boys say, I want to hie myself for the week-end off to a little spot on the Lower St. Lawrence where one is "far from the madding crowd," the salt water bathing fine and, they tell me, the sunsets exquisite. My wife and little girl (getting a big one now) spent holidays there during my absence in Australia and they are there now.

It's what my folks have told me about the sunsets that particularly pulls me to this beauty spot. I have always loved sunsets. There is nothing morbid about me and the fact that day is dying in the West carries no significance to me, for with me life is continuous, never-ending, and there is no such thing as death. It is the sheer beauty of a sunset that grips and holds me and I'd walk a score of miles to see one. And the one thought above all others that comes to me as I gaze at a sunset with its golden fire and splashes of red flame, transfiguring cloud and sky, is that no human painter could ever reproduce the picture that the Master Painter has limned in the heavens.

One of the most wonderful sunsets I have seen was from St. James' Park, London, when it seemed as if the smoke and grime of the city of seven millions souls was transmuted into a living lake of fire of unsurpassable beauty. I remember another upon which I looked from Land's End, that farthest West bit of Old England that juts out into the broad Atlantic Ocean at the end of the county of Cornwall. And there comes another memory of one that I saw from a C. P. R. train when returning from the City of Quebec one winter's day a many moons ago. The snow clad Laurentians were bathed in a flood of wondrous color illumined in a golden light that made our somewhat prosaic Quebec a temporary fairyland.

Yet one more such memory crowds on me. I stood on the bridge at Melbourne, Australia, that spans the river there at the beginning of the St. Kilda Road, one of the most delightful roadways in the world, I think, at any rate in my world. The river just there is narrow, muddy, and unpoetic. The masts and funnels of ships from every port in the world capped the wharves and river banks. High office buildings and factories crowded the sky line. Here and there lights began to appear in these places of toil and competitive strife. And the sun was a red ball of living fire; the sky a sea of flame; and the whole picture reflected in the slow moving river that passed underneath my feet, on to Port Philip Bay and the wide Pacific. The combination of Nature and the work of Man, merged by a divine alchemist and transformed into a perfect vision of the wonderland of God, was something unforgettable and, humanly speaking, beyond reproduction.

These are but memories. But there are plenty more sunsets in the storehouse of Nature. If my work in THE AXE can help to bring beautiful sunsets nearer to many lives that are drab and grey, increase appreciation in my fellows for the beautiful and true, and hedge the everyday struggle with touches of the color and tone, yes, and the music of sunsets, the work will have been worth doing.

JOHN H. ROBERTS.

Send Your Subscription

TO THE PUBLISHER,
"THE AXE",
20 St. James Street,
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.....
Street.....
City or Town.....
Province.....

Date.....
United States and abroad, \$2.50 per year.
All cheques payable at par, Montreal.

C. P. R. CHARGING ROBBERY PRICES FOR COMMODITIES

Railway News Department Adds Almost Hundred Per Cent to Retail Price of Cigarettes.

One of the most highbidding pieces of petty brigandery we have run across lately is being operated by that most respectable payer of dividends, the Canadian Pacific Railway. Small wonder that the C. P. R. is a financial success, when it can sell commodities to its travellers at almost a hundred per cent increase over the standard retail price. You may judge the story for yourself.

Coming by train to Montreal two weeks ago, a traveller wanted a package of Player's Cigarettes. He called the employee of the Railway Company whose job it is to supply the public with drinks, smokes and reading matter. The traveller asked for a large packet of Player's. It was brought to him.

"How much?" he asked.

"Sixty cents," replied the newsboy.

Thinking that the newsboy must be operating a gentle graft on the side, the traveller voiced such an opinion. But the boy promptly showed him the official stamp of the C. P. R. News Department, which proclaimed to the world that the Canadian Pacific figured sixty cents as its price for twenty Players.

EXCESS PROFITS.

Think of it! The retail price of the same article is thirty five cents at all tobacconists. Out of that thirty five cents the retailer must make his profit.

But the C. P. R. evidently cannot be content with the ordinary profits of legitimate business. So on top of the ordinary retail price of thirty five cents they stick another quarter. Nearly an additional hundred per cent. And this is the "great institution" we Canadians are taught to revere!

If Mr. Beatty has any explanation to make, the public will be glad to get it.

"HURLERS OF THE POISONED SHAFT"

A Form of Malicious Slander to which an End should be made.

Abuses of the immunity which is given to Members on the floor of Parliament and to lawyers pleading in the Courts, often gives rise to criticism of the system under which no suit can be taken in cases where deliberate slanders are voiced under the protection of parliament or courts.

Here in Quebec we had a crying example of the injustices which can be done in parliament to innocent citizens in the case of Premier Taschereau and the Blanche Garneau case. Two men had been tried for the murder of this unfortunate girl, and they had been

OUR POLITICAL PLATFORM: HOME RULE FOR MONTREAL.

declared innocent in the Courts. But it was Premier Taschereau's desire to name a victim for the murder, to vindicate the premier with the public. When the two men were freed in Court, our Attorney General on the floor of the Provincial House publicly labelled them Guilty. And the two citizens so slandered had utterly no recourse against Quebec's bogus premier.

There have been other and similar instances in Parliament, and, although the Bar is in the main occupied by gentlemen who would not consider stooping to such foul practices occasionally some parasite who chances to be a lawyer makes use of his immunity to deliberately utter slanders which he could have no hope of proving if made out of court. In this respect, we quote the Editor of John Bull who says:

It is not only in the Houses of Parliament that this despicable practice is allowed to continue. It is carried on in the Courts of Justice by Counsel, who are privileged to make suggestions of a most damning nature about any person who happen to be a party to or a witness in an action.

We say quite frankly that there is no justice in such proceedings. No man or woman, whether in the Houses of Parliament or in the Law Courts, should be provided with an invulnerable shield from behind which poisoned darts may be thrown without danger to the thrower. It may please those who like a one-sided game, but it isn't cricket.

We are in complete accord with our English contemporaries in calling for some change which will protect the honour of innocent citizens from this particular form of malicious slander.

UN-WED MOTHERS SAVE PEOPLE CASH

Toronto the Good Rejoices at new Tax-saving Stunt.

Up in Toronto the Good they are priding themselves on the fact that the Unmarried Parents' Act which recently became law is saving the people money. The object of the act is to force fathers of children born out of wedlock to contribute to their support, but, if the tenor of a recent despatch can be taken as a criterion, the good folks in Ontario have been looking more to a saving in taxes rather than to helping unfortunate girls in their trouble. Recently Judge Mott condemned a father to pay four dollars a week to the support of a child. What is four dollars to a woman left to face the world alone with a nameless child to rear and educate? What is four dollars a week to a girl who has been betrayed and then cast aside by some foul brute of a man? In Toronto they seem to like it because it knocks four dollars a week off taxes! **Faugh!**

TASCHEREAU MUST NOT BE SENT TO FEDERAL HOUSE!

One futile attempt at wearing Gouin's boots enough.

Sir Lomer Gouin was once Premier of Quebec. He resigned and was succeeded by L. A. Taschereau, who became the first (and we hope the last) Czar of Quebec. Now there is talk of Gouin going to Washington as British Ambassador, and Taschereau's name is mentioned for the Ministerial post which Sir Lomer would vacate. Which idea is nauseating. Taschereau's administration has done enough harm in Quebec without us sending him on to Ottawa to make a mess of the rest of the Dominion. Taschereau, Minister of Justice! (Remember the Blanche Garneau Murder?) What a travesty on the very name of Justice! Czar Lucien Alexandre the Piker has had one try at filling Gouin's boots, and has made a hopeless mess of it. He must not be given any more opportunities to blunder.

THE ANGUS SHOPS TAXATION SCANDAL

Why should City Executive Committee make Excuses for the C.P.R.?

Alderman Brodeur,
Chairman, Executive
Committee,
City Hall.

Brodeur:—

We see that your closed corporation of bureaucratic nincompoops is still looking for a way to save the Canadian Pacific Railway some money on its taxes. A week ago your Executive Committee again asked the city council to sanction the assessment of the Angus Shops at a million dollars for five years, attempting to temper this piece of political corruption, for there is no other name which can be applied to it, with a proviso that the C. P. R. shall guarantee to employ 2,500 men regularly therein during that time. Who are you to start making excuses for the C. P. R.? Are you their servant or ours? Who pays your salary, the City of Montreal, or the Canadian Pacific Railway? We know that the million dollar assessment scheme is a deliberate steal, for which the city's tax payers will have to foot the bill. That much is evident on the face of it. But even if we were in total ignorance of the Angus Shops' true value, (which we are not) your committee's proviso for the regular employment of 2,500 men is in itself, sufficient to show it up. If Angus Shops were being honestly assessed there would be no need for your committee to ask for employment guarantees. You and your gang make us sick.

THE AXE

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THE MORALS OF MONTREAL

Some Sidelights on the
Dark Spots of Cana-
da's Metropolis.

(continued from page 1)

The practical tolerance of social vice, that is of a Red Light District which is winked at by our civic authorities is not only a scandal but makes Montreal appear morally much worse than it actually is. The existence of houses of ill fame, practically licensed by the city, for such a fine once or twice each year amounts to, is a reproach to the city, an eyesore, a rock of offence. They should be rooted out, lock, stock, and barrel. Under the law they have no right to exist. And it is the duty of our administrators to enforce the law against houses of ill fame as much as against Chinese opium joints.

"EAST OF SUEZ".

But the immorality found around the immediate East of St. Lawrence Boulevard, say between Ontario East and Craig Street, is not the only ugly phase and perhaps not the most vicious form of immorality in Montreal. There is a development of recent years which has been described in these columns before as "The Apartment House Menace." There are hundreds of men who keep their "private wives" in apartments. Maintained in comparative affluence, these women are in the main just as truly sisters of the pavement as the girls that walk the streets looking for their prey. With some of them, love has been the only impelling motive. We refrain from condemnation of such; we are not their judges. In fact we adopt that attitude to the whole of them; it is not ours to condemn; we are merely reviewing facts. With others, it is the money; the life of ease; the good times; the freedom from worry. You can tell these poor sisters of ours by their hard faces. They live in a hard world and they have found a virtuous life no bed of roses. They have sold themselves to some fellow, they take their price; and they exact their toll. Is it any wonder their faces are hard?

WHY NOT HAREMS?

As to the men who keep them, some of them are roués and keep more than one. Others of them are faithful to their one woman though their friendship be illicit. Many of these women and girls are "kept" by married men, whose public wives live mostly in utter unsuspicion of the other woman's existence. Occasionally the lines cross and then there is the Devil to pay. We know of some men who keep and maintain two or three establishments of this kind. It is almost a pity for such that our laws do not permit men to keep harems or that Mormonism is prohibited! It would surprise Montreal, nay, it would shock it from centre to circumference, if the whole truth could be published about some of the shining lights of Commerce, Society, and Philanthropy. Men who head great institutions, others who rank high in Society with a big S, some who are at the head of clubs and organisations with a social motive and high prestige, are to be found amongst

TRAM COMPANY INVOKES LAW TO BREAK ITS STRIKE

Strike breaking methods employed by the tram-car company in Buffalo N. Y. where employees have been "out" for the past five weeks are worthy of comment. As is natural in the case of a traction strike, "jitneys" have been absorbing the greater part of the city crowds for transportation from and to residential districts. The street car company has gone to court asking that a writ of mandamus be given to forbid the mayor of Buffalo the right to grant permits for busses to operate on the city streets while the street railway strike is on. The tramway operators figure that if there are no jitney busses the strike must collapse as the public will not go without traction, no matter how sympathetic to the strike people may be. So, in order to break the strike without giving in to or treating with their employees, the company asks Law to stand behind it and break it's strike. Again we have an example of the clean sportsmanship of our bigger corporations.

the keepers of "private wives."

And then there is that other phase of it, the unlicensed libertinism of High Society, about which we had much to say in a recent article under the caption, "Is Montreal Society rotten?" We make no bones about saying that the morals of Montreal are very low, indeed, if they are to be judged only by the conduct of this segment of Montreal's life. What can you expect? They do no healthy work, these people; they eat gross foods and drink rich wines and fiery spirits; women as much addicted to cocktails as men. They are almost the sole patrons of erotic literature; the women's dress comes as near to indecency as they can decently get, and their whole outlook on life is to get the good time that their unearned money can buy for them, whatever the cost, and careless of the ultimate penalties that Nature will exact. Bah! It sickens us to write of the idle rich and their vices.

But the real Montreal, the Montreal of the common people, is good and wholesome. Nine tenths of our folks are just ordinary, decent-minded, clean living people. They do their day's work, live their prosaic home life, enjoy the simple pleasures and friendships, share each other's joys and sorrows, have their little tragedies and comedies, practice their religion, build a family life, and enrich the city of which they are citizens. It is the other tenth that get the morals of Montreal in dutch; that give Montreal a bad name. At heart Montreal is morally sound. But vice is attractive; immorality is profitable for those who pander to it, and wickedness is "news". Hence we hear more about the sordid than of the sweet and wholesome. Montreal is a City of Churches and a City of Homes. In its home life it is morally sound; in the life that is not home life it might and it shall be better.

WHAT THE MAN IN THE STREET WANTS TO KNOW.

(continued from page 1)

Does the jeweller know that his "lady friend" is often kept late by her boss?

And does the boss know about the jeweller?

Who secured a license in Hull for the young Austrian from the Chateau dining room?

Why does the Commission turn down applications from respectable Canadians and give licenses to citizens of alien countries?

Why did an Ottawa veterinary surgeon get the job as manager of the Liquor Commission's new store across the river?

Is it because Simard's new policy calls for the dilution of whisky with horse liniment?

Or will the Commission sell the liniment straight under the whisky label?

If the directors of Canadian Chartered Banks had personal loans of more than eight and a half millions outstanding in April what do they owe to-day?

JUST A QUERY FOR MR. QUERY

An open letter to a political Hack.

Mr. Charles Query,
Political Hack.

Sir:—

You appear to be very active in the Labelle County bye-election. We presume that you must get well paid for your oratorical services; otherwise you would hardly be able to spend so much time on the stump for the Taschereau Government as you do. Don't you think it ill becomes you to berate Mr. Arthur Sauvé, Leader of the Opposition, for taking the salary which is allowed him under the law seeing that you are not among the great unpaid yourself. We do, and so does every right thinking man who knows of and about you and your peripatetic peregrinations in the interest of politics and Charles Query.

Had you forgotten that the late leader you profess so glibly to revere, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, took his salary as Leader of His Majesty's Opposition? Perhaps you did not know this. Would you have expected Sir Wilfrid to refrain from opposing the policies of the Government because he received a salary from the country? If not, why expect Sauvé to sell HIS soul for a salary?

And while referring to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, we notice that you are using his great name and fame as an argument for the election of the Liberal candidate in Labelle County. You know, if you have any sense at all, which we begin to seriously doubt, that the election in Labelle is of a member of the Provincial Legislature and that Federal issues, and especially dead Federal issues, have nothing to do with the case. If you kept your mouth shut, nobody would know how ignorant of real politics you are, Mr. Charles Query.

THE AXE.

QUEBEC MINISTER HAS LET THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG

Mr. Caron, the Minister of Agriculture, has "let the cat out of the bag" with a vengeance. Labelle County is an agricultural county.

There is a bye-election proceeding there just now. The Government is shaking in its shoes for fear it may lose that county and with it much prestige. So Mr. Caron was sent into the county to placate and befuddle the farmers. And this how he did it: Montreal and its industries, he told the electors of Labelle County at three different meetings last Sunday, are being taxed for the benefit of the rural districts of the Province. The entire rural portion of the Province, Mr. Caron assured them, contributed only \$800,000 to the Provincial Treasury, against \$11,200,000 from the cities. Furthermore, he declared, for every \$100,000 the farmers pay into the Provincial coffers, they receive \$1,000,000 back for good roads, agriculture, colonization, education and justice.

THE SACRED COWS.

Now, who are we to believe, Taschereau or Caron? The Premier made a lengthy and tiresome speech in the Legislative Chamber last session to prove that Montreal was undertaxed rather than overtaxed, and that other parts of the Province paid much higher taxes into the Provincial Treasury than Montreal did. General Smart demolished his figures piecemeal. Now along comes one of Mr. Taschereau's own Cabinet Ministers, that bunch of "sacred cows" who browse and fatten on the finest pastures of the Province of Quebec, and gives the lie direct to his chief. One of these two men is lying. Which one? Whichever one it is, is not fit to remain either a Cabinet Minister or a member of the Provincial Legislature and should get out and that quickly. We believe the truth is with Mr. Caron. Either that, or the Government has one line of "dope" (that's the right word) for the cities and another for the farmers.

TASCHEREAU: MISLEADER.

Taschereau is not fit to govern this Province of Quebec. His public utterances are not reliable. We cannot believe what he says. He is not the leader of the Province, he is the misleader. He tried to mislead the public over the Blanche Garneau murder when, in the impenitence of the Chamber, he branded the two men who had been declared innocent as the guilty ones. He tried to mislead the public when he said that Montreal was not over-taxed for the benefit of the rest of the Province. The public is tired of him, tired of his misfit leadership, tired of his Czarism, tired of his piling ways, tired of the incompetence and inefficiency of his administration, and sick unto death of the very name of Taschereau. Mr. Caron has blurted out the truth. The cat is out of the bag. The tiresome, tedious, tyrannical Taschereau had better get out before he is kicked out.

The most patriotic service men with money can render to their country is to use that money for the development of their own country and the worst to use it for the advancement of a foreign country.

FALSE GRAIN REPORTS MADE

English Press Incensed over 'Cabled Market Advices' forwarded by Speculating Houses.

The Morning Post of London, England, according to press report, takes exception to the manner in which Canadian crop reports have been circulated in Great Britain. The Post states that whereas authentic reports on our Canadian crops are sent through the mails, "cables sent by irresponsible persons obtain a fortnight's precedence and gravely mislead the market. Last year enormous errors totalling four and one half million quarters of wheat were involved."

Grain, as the public well knows, forms one of the principle media of speculation. On fictitious grain purchases and sales enormous sums change hands daily. Grain prices are run up and down by manipulators and so-called "grain brokers" who are nothing more or less than bucketeers. These operate largely by false information sent out under the guise of reports on market conditions and crop prospects.

This is a game which has been going on since the death of the North American continent, though it still flourishes. Evidently the same game is being played by American and Canadian grain speculation houses between here and England. Relying on respectable exteriors, excellent financial ratings and other such bunkum tending to give a guileless public confidence in their reports and market literature, these people inflate and deflate markets almost at will and almost invariably leave the public firmly holding the empty sack.

In this case the Grain Bucketters relying on the fact that it takes almost two weeks for authentic grain reports to travel from the Canadian West to England, are quite evidently rigging the markets on the other side of the Atlantic for their own benefit and the public loss.

This particular subject of grain speculation is one which we have investigated very thoroughly. We know whereof we speak.

HOUSING IN VERDUN

"Mayor Leclair, of Verdun, asked that a by-law regarding the utilization of \$400.00 for the purpose of erecting houses in Verdun be put to practical use, and his request was granted. It is the intention of the mayor to use part of this sum immediately.

From the Montreal "Herald", August 9th.

We should like to know how many houses Mr. Leclair hopes to erect with the "part" of the four hundred he hopes to use immediately. It sounds like the millenarian Taschereau had better get out before he is kicked out.

OUR POLITICAL
PLATFORM:
TURN THE
RASCALS
OUT.

WHO MURDERED BLANCHE GARNEAU?

**Taschereau Government
must give facts to the
public.**

(continued from page 1)

cess of branding men of proven innocence as murderers of the foulest kind. And he has failed. He has failed for the simple reason that the people of Quebec Province realise that in his attempts at explanation he merely follows the customary Taschereau policy of alibi, alibi, alibi. "Justice" deprived of its victim demands an alibi, and our Premier has become our principal maker of alibis. But it will not do.

There have been many rumors as to the identity of the murderer and his "accessories." Influential newspapers have cast veiled hints which to those in the know point to certain persons not lowly placed in Quebec Province. But the Government instead of prosecuting its search for the killer, instead of following every scent and trail which might lead to the culprit, deliberately lies down on the job and sends Alibi Taschereau to pull them out of the scrape.

The only inference that can be drawn from the evident non-pursuit of the Garneau case by the Government is that the Government has no desire to pursue it, that they wish it to lie dead, in the hope that the public will forget it before they are again called upon to condone or condemn the regime of Taschereau and Co. at the polls. And if we of THE AXE have anything to do with it, that is not going to happen.

The responsibility of the Government is to the people and not to individuals. But the Taschereau Government has vouchsafed the public no information on one of the foulest crimes ever committed in the Province, and it expects the electors of the Province who foot the bills of Government, including the support of the Provincial Detective Force and the salaries of Taschereau and all his satellites, to sit back and accept every malicious slander he and they may utter under the immunity of the House, in lieu of faithful service to the good of the people whom they are elected to serve.

MUST GET OUT.

It will not do. Taschereau must prosecute the Garneau case to its root or he must give the electorate of the Province of Quebec his reasons for not doing so. If Mr. Taschereau is unable to give the people of Quebec the faithful, competent service for which they are footing the bills, then he must get out and let some one take his place who will do so.

The Blanche Garneau case is a public issue. The public has a right to the facts and it must have them. If The Gang down the river is afraid to face the music they had better leave the hall before the orchestra starts.

**THE AXE'S 'PHONE
NUMBER, MAIN 7934**

**ADDRESS: 20 ST. JAMES ST.
MONTREAL**

**OUR POLITICAL
PLATFORM:
DOWN WITH
THE LIQUOR
COMMISSION!**

"THE AXE" BUSILY FORGING AHEAD

In the summertime most city papers experience a fall in circulation.

Not so THE AXE.

When the people began getting away to the country in July there was a slight drop in circulation.

With the arrest of the editor by Logan and Bryan on charges of libel there was an upward jump, which was maintained until last week, when there was another leap forward.

Last week's number must have been "the goods" all right for we had to print no less than three extra editions to meet the demand and at this writing THE AXE is still selling merrily.

Well, we're glad of it.

We're trying to give the people a real paper.

We are not aiming to please everybody but to please ourselves first and we're darned hard to please.

THE AXE is different from any other paper published in Montreal.

The people like it. It is read from the first line to the last.

What a wonderful advertising medium its going to make.

Which, by the way, is why we are writing this little boost for ourselves.

Shortly we shall enlarge the paper to at least eight pages, possibly more.

Then we can take ads. If you have anything worth while to advertise, something that we can guarantee to our readers as being O. K., for we shall stand behind everything and everybody we advertise, let us hear from you.

You'll hear from our readers afterwards if you accept the hospitality of our columns for your ad.

Ring us up at Main 7934.

If an American brokerage house has an office in Canada, its one purpose is to attract Canadian dollars across the boundary line into American bank accounts; they don't leave the money in Canada.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS

"Ask THE AXE. Prevention is better than Cure."

We are receiving so many requests for information and advice regarding stocks and shares that we shall open a new department in which we shall deal with these questions. Readers are welcome to our advice and help and are asked to inform us of ways in which they have been tricked by the thimble-riggers of the Stock Exchanges or rascally company promoters who fatten and batten on innocent people seeking investments. Where possible we shall get restitution for the victims of these sharks.

**OUR POLITICAL
PLATFORM:
WE WANT A
FIVE CENT
CAR FARE.**

AN INTERVIEW WITH PERRON

**Being number two of our
"Imaginary Series"**

(continued from page 1)

the latest fashion. On the wall above him were two portraits each surrounded by a halo. These were labelled respectively E. A. Robert and Leonide. The somewhat impressive surroundings, so awe-inspiring to one of commoner stock, tended to rob us of our customary interviewing insouciance.

LEONIDE HIMSELF.

"Well, what do you want?" boomed a deep bass voice.

"To see Mr. Perron" we replied in trembling falsetto.

"Speak!" replied the Voice.

"I am He"

"THE AXE" we began, but as the immense bulk at the desk reached into a drawer and brought an ugly looking revolver into sight we decided that this might not be quite the right line.

"Proceed," again boomed the voice. It sounded like Big Bertha. We fully expected to see an eighteen inch shell pop out of his mouth and blow the place to atoms, or to Hell, one or the other.

"We have called," we smiled, "because we feel that as Our Leading Citizen you might like to give us an Interview. What for instances your attitude to Liquor?"

"Down with All Liquor!" he saluted, demonstrating his remark by swallowing a quart of Vichy without pausing for breath. "Have some yourself!"

FOND OF DIVIDENDS.

"And about the Tramways," we continued, a bit desperately, it's true. "Do you prefer a five cent fare to a ten per cent dividend?"

"Fool," he cried. "Don't you know? What do I want with a five cent fare? I have my limousine! But dividends, ah..."

His eyes rolled. We could see this Superman warming up on a favorite topic. Smiling the while, he must have talked for at least ten minutes without a halt. He told us all about dividends. We gathered he believes in 'em, and, in fact prefers them infinitely to the five cent fare. "Dividends," he cried, in conclusion, "will save Quebec from Bolshevism! That is, if they're big enough."

GOOD OLD CEMENT.

"And about Cement," we went on. "What about Cement. What do you think of cement?"

"Well," he replied, "when you mention cement, you mention one of my favorite subjects again. Cement is great stuff. Great for roads. Great for dividends. Great for me. Me, I like it. Great thing for friendship too. Think of all the friendships that have been cemented, for instance. Ha! Ha!" he roared, till the rafters rung. We thought the trolley would come off, he laughed so heartily. "Ha! Ha! Ha! Let's cement ours! Have some Gov't Vichy."

He dragged out another bottle, but before he could pull the cork we were gone.

If you believe it-its so!

Many people have been kind enough to say they like these little preachments that appear in THE AXE from time to time, mostly suggested by play and moving picture titles and themes. Time was when I did not see the power and beauty and the possibilities of service that are inherent in the drama, spoken or silent. And then, in the great silences and loneliness of strange countries, I began to take stock of many things, to readjust values, and to adopt fresh viewpoints revealed by past experiences at home and the newer circumstances of life in those distant lands. Amongst other things I found myself looking at the theatre from a different angle. Much of my previous association with the theatre had been in a censorial capacity. I adopted the attitude of seeing the best in the theatre and believing the best about it, and, while not wilfully blinding one's eyes to whatever might disfigure the stage and make of it a source of harm instead of "a means of grace", I deliberately determined to believe in the theatre and its capacity for the service of humanity, its social utility, its power to uplift and ennoble, and its vital necessity to the life of the common people. And my experience has proved the truth of the dictum. "If you believe it, its so." I have been trying to believe the best about the theatre and the people of the stage, and the place and purpose of the drama in human life and to-day I realize their value and helpfulness as I never could have done had I not made up my mind to believe the best about the institution we know as the theatre.

A WOMAN'S FAITH.

Its true in almost every department of life. Let a woman believe in a man, believe in him with a whole-hearted trust and that complete absorbing faith with which

all true women do believe in us men, and somehow or other, the man she believes him to be he becomes. It may be a long, agonising process for the woman but her faith communicates itself to him and he comes to believe in himself because somebody believes in him. If a woman believes it about her man, its so, especially if what she believes is the best, for she'll see in him her ideal and the man he might be and her very faith will create in him the conditions that will enable him to realise her dreams for him. "If you believe it, its so."

"GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME".

It works out also in other ways not so promising. For instance, we've known gossip repeated about a woman until it became scandal and the woman learning of it became the thing that people believed her to be, driven to it by the idle and vicious tongues of her sisters. You know the old saying, "Give a dog a bad name, etc". And plenty have suffered and walk in paths of shame because somebody, perhaps an entire community, believe bad of us and without deliberate intent to make a mess of life we unconsciously begin to justify the belief in our badness. Thought has such power to communicate itself. Many a man has said, "Nobody believes in me and I'll not try to go straight". Anyone is pretty hopeless who gets thinking that way. And the blame is not on him so much as on those who believe the worst about him for if you believe the worst about anybody too often its so.

I could give many illustrations of this from my own experiences in this city. I remember a crook who robbed and betrayed me years ago. He was sent to prison for eighteen months, not by my action. Although he had robbed and deceived me I secured him counsel and had him defended.

When he came out of jail he came straight to me and asked for help. I stood by him. At my request the Salvation Army (hats off to them!) helped him and found him work. I later assisted him back to England. My last words to him were, "I believe in you, Blank". Later I heard from friends of how splendidly he had made good and redeemed the past. I believed in him, in spite of his crookedness and it was so.

BELIEVE THE BEST.

"If you believe it, its so" I might go on giving many illustrations to prove it. I know its true because I've experienced it myself. Loved ones and personal friends have believed in me in spite of slander, and innuendoe and malicious suggestion. And even if a man wanted to be bad he couldn't be bad while those who know him best believe in him and surround him with the protecting care of their faith and love. Thomas Meighan will be at the Capitol Theatre in a new moving-picture next week. The picture is named, "If you believe it, its so". That's what gave me the text for this preachment. Joseph Dowling, the greatly-loved 'Miracle Man' is one of the central figures of the play (by the way, I saw 'The Miracle Man,' in Melbourne Australia and again in New York, and it was one of the factors helping to change my outlook on the stage). Go and see it. Let its message grip you. And when you have absorbed the spirit and inner significance of the play go out and live the doctrine it expounds. Believe the best of everybody especially of your own folk. And if you've got someone you love who is not living "the utmost for the highest" never cease believing in them. Your faith will make them whole. Believe they are good at heart, and that the good will conquer the evil, and it will come true. "If you believe it — its so."