

CRITICAL
COMMENT
WITHOUT
FEAR OR
FAVOR.

THE AXE

PLAIN
SPEAKING
CONCERNING
PUBLIC
QUESTIONS.

A JOURNAL OF ACTION AGAINST REACTION

EDITED BY JOHN H. ROBERTS

"LAY THE AXE AT THE ROOT OF THE TREE"

No. 19

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1922

Annual subscription Two dollars. Price: 5 cents.

TAPLEY INNOCENT OF SEX=CRIME

**Money-lender Sentenced to Thirty Years for Rape of Daughter
Declared Victim of Frame-up.-- Girl's Sworn Statement
Names Ontario Man and Clears Father**

MOUNT ROYAL HOTEL SECURITIES WILL MAKE A POOR INVESTMENT

**Prospective Figures of Promoters Altogether Too
Rosy — Directors are not Hotel Men.**

Just how good the securities of the Mount Royal Hotel are going to be to the public to whom they have been, and are being recommended is largely a matter of conjecture to us. Hotel History in Montreal, and notably the case of the Ritz Carlton does not bode well for those who will give the hard earned dollar to Mr. Dudley, and say "Go to it, Dud, build us a hotel".

In the first place, to study the sales literature issued by W.A. Mackenzie and Company and to consider therefrom the "prospective" earnings of the new Mount Royal, here is what we find.

This company claims that the revenue from Guest Rooms, allowing for twenty per cent vacancies, will be One Million, six hundred and eighty six thousand, three hundred dollars per annum. Two thousand dollars a room for eight hundred and forty rooms (still allowing the twenty per cent for vacancies) an average of almost six dollars for a room, which indicates that rooms without bath will be under that price; those with bath considerably more.

\$5,500 A DAY, MEALS.

On the question of meals and beverages, the MacKenzie Company, which, by the way, is a security-selling house, not a firm of hotel men, has it figured that the Mount Royal hotel will take in two million (continued on page 2)

Is it true the telephone girls are only getting paid for five and a half days work each week now?

Why do the stockbrokers send out for THE AXE so hurriedly on Thursday afternoons?

STOCK EXCHANGE CRIES "KAMARAD"!

Well, well! What a pothole! Here's the great and mighty Montreal Stock Exchange brought to its knees by THE AXE, a little axe. First of all, we criticised the Temple of Mammon. Then the then President confirmed all our statements in a famous interview he gave to THE AXE. And we kept at it. Finally we said to the President, "Clean house or get out". And Mr. C. Simpson Garland got out. Now the Montreal Stock Exchange has started to clean up house. Good!

WILL EXAMINE MEMBERS' BOOKS.

At the annual meeting last Friday, it was decided to appoint an examiner. Let's put that in italics, Mr. Printer, *An Examiner*. That's what we contended for in the interests of the investing public and the honest stockbrokers themselves, the proper inspection of the books of the members of the Montreal Stock Exchange so that the money of investors would only be entrusted to safe brokers and the failures of stockbroking houses would not involve widespread loss to the investors. And the Montreal Stock Exchange has been, and gone, and done it! What could not our greater contemporaries have done to protect the investing public had they made their financial pages real

(continued on page 3)

GAVE EVIDENCE WHILE DRUGGED

Girl has no Recollection of Giving Evidence which secured Father's Conviction.

William H. Tapley was a money lender. He was probably a loan shark. As such we had and have no use for him. In this article we have nothing to say about his conduct or misconduct as a money lender. Every loan shark should be meted out the severest penalties the law provides or society imposes upon him. But the fact that a man is, or was, a loan shark should never be permitted to blind our eyes to truth or deny justice to him, nor to prejudice our minds against him when considering other charges than that of being a loan shark when made against him. Let the minds of all who read the amazing story we have to tell be cleared of prejudice.

On Tuesday, March 17th., 1914, William H. Tapley was sentenced to thirty years imprisonment in the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary, for the crime of committing rape upon his daughter, Laurita Tapley, during the month of November, 1913.

We believe Tapley to be entirely innocent of the terrible crime for which he received so terrible a sentence (not too severe had he been guilty).

We believe that Tapley is a greatly wronged man and we ask all who read the astounding story we have to tell to rid their minds of all prejudice against this man because of his occupation of money-lender.

Tapley's crime, if guilty was not money-lending and he is entitled and was entitled, to fair play and justice when facing the Courts charged with the rape of his daughter even though he may have been a

(continued on page 4)

BUCKETY BEN BRYAN ADMITS TRUTH OF CHARGES MADE

King of the Confidence Men "Gumshoes" into Montreal — A Fight to the Finish.

"THE WILLOW" WET WITHOUT THE LAW

A. L. Caron, Esq.
Acting Chairman of the
Quebec Liquor Commission,
Sir:—

In the absence of the Chairman of the Quebec Liquor Commission abroad we address you about the licensed restaurant known as the "The Willow" at Viauville in the eastern part of Montreal. There are trees surrounding it but whether they are weeping willows, or not, we cannot say, but if trees had consciousness these trees would surely weep. Your commission has made high claims for the way you get the law obeyed by licensees but you have been "napping" this time. The place is a night resort for some of the most degraded characters in Montreal. Well known prostitutes, accompanied by dissolute males, have been seen there and the so-called fun rages fast and furious, especially "fast" until three or four a.m. If thirsty, you can buy what you wish there, champagne, spirits or beer. Does the license of this place permit this. Mr. Caron? The licensee claims to be a protégé of yours and some about the place when asked how they manage to run so lively say, "Oh, we're fixed". Really, Mr. Caron, this kind of thing will not help the Government when it faces the electors as "Good Roads" Perron, the new Director of the Cement Company wants to do immediately. And what will the law-abiding Simard say if he ever returns?

Buckety Ben it getting stirred up. Last week he was in Montreal looking over the situation. He gumshoed in and he gumshoed out again, just like the second story artist he is. Logan and Bryan, of New York, Chicago, etc., "Kaisers of the wire game," are getting afraid. Old Buckety Ben, the senior partner in crime of this firm of unregenerate blood-suckers, has read the handwriting on the wall and it said, "Thou art weighed in the balances, Buckety Ben, and hast been found wanting". Not found wanting in nerve, gall, brutality, unscrupulousness, rascality, deceit and hypocrisy. Of these qualities he has an abundant supply. But found wanting in the things that count in decent business life, the love of a square deal, the desire to deal honestly with his fellows, the integrity and honor that are the basic foundations of all commerce between man and man.

GUARDED BY PRIVATE DETECTIVES.

The head of Logan and Bryan, of New York, Chicago, etc., was a sorry spectacle when he landed in Montreal and while he was here. So afraid of the wrath of his victims was he that he was accompanied here and guarded all the time by private detectives. Instead of the usual publicity that precedes and accompanies his visits to Montreal, as part of the propaganda that Logan and Bryan, of New York, Chicago, etc., use to "fleece the suckers," the ut prevent any news of his baleful presence in our city leaking out to the press. Thank God, this is "clean-up week" in Montreal. The city has a

(continued on page 4)

THE AXE

BLANCHE GARNEAU MURDER REVEALS STIR UP QUEBEC

Clues of Identification found near body were never brought to Court — What is the Reason?

Whenever the Attorney General, Mr. L. A. Taschereau, has been questioned about the Blanche Garneau murder he has exhibited a sensitiveness that could only have been surpassed by the murderer himself. Or perhaps we should say by the murderers themselves. In the most remarkable speech ever delivered in any Legislative Assembly the Premier of Quebec declared that the two men, Binet and Palmer, who had been declared innocent of the murder of Blanche Garneau, were really the murderers and should hang. THE AXE, it will be remembered, took him to task about this utterance and called upon him to resign because of same (which, by the way, he has not yet done).

ARE TWO LEGISLATORS INVOLVED?

That the discovery of the murderers in this case should baffle the Attorney General's department and confound the police authorities is perhaps explainable. But that the mystery should remain so long unsolved is not so easily explained away. And there has been so much said about the case that we shall never be satisfied until justice has been vindicated and the murderers brought to justice. There are a great many rumours, conjectures, and charges floating around about the matter. One is that two members of the Quebec Legislature are the persons responsible for the crime. Because of this, it is freely asserted, there has been little if any effort made to bring the criminals to justice. We can hardly imagine any member of the Quebec Legislature having sufficient stamina to commit a crime. With one or two notable exceptions they are such a tame lot of time-servers that the sight of blood would make them faint. The exceptions we have in mind are beyond all suspicion. But if any legislator is suspected of the crime, and if there is anything like a *prima facie* case against him, he should be brought before the Courts of Justice and tried for the crime, declared innocent if so found, and punished if found guilty. Membership of the Legislature does not give any murderer immunity so far as we are aware.

WERE CLUES KEPT HIDDEN?

There is such a mass of rumor current that something must be done, if the people are not to lose all respect for law and justice. It is freely stated, for instance, that a diamond pin and a cuff link, the latter with initials thereon, were found near to the murdered girl's body. If this be true, why were these things not produced at the trial? Many other things are being said. From mouth to mouth the rumors fly until, in the city of Quebec, at any rate, the people are almost ready to believe that some of the highest men

in the administrative and political life of the Province of Quebec are involved in poor Blanche Garneau's murder. If the Taschereau Government faces the electors with the Blanche Garneau murderers unpunished, or at least some far more efficient effort made to discover the guilty parties than has hitherto been made, we are sadly afraid the Taschereau Administration will be tried at the ballot box and found guilty, guilty not of the murder of the poor girl, but of such gross incompetency, or it may be partiality, as to entirely unfit that government for any further connection with the affairs of the Province of Quebec. Wake up, somebody!

PAYS TO CONCILIATE

Six years ago a large electric lighting company was compelled to cut off service to one of its small tradesman customers because of failure to pay his lighting bill. Prompted by a desire to get even, the customer stirred up opposition to the company in his local board of trade. The trade board enlisted the support of a small but powerful newspaper in a campaign to force a reduction of rates and eventually a number of city governments were drawn into the fray.

The rate fight has been going on continuously for six years. The case of the complainants is not yet wholly in and so far as can be ascertained it may be years more before the matter is finally disposed of. Meantime, both sides have been put to hundreds of thousands of dollars of expense and a great deal of time of busy men has been consumed in giving testimony.

The man who started the fight has been lost sight of completely.—The Wall Street Journal.

(The above refers to the rate case of the Edison Electric Illuminating Co. of Boston now pending before the Department of Public Utilities.)

A BELIEVER IN BIRTH CONTROL

Two sides to the story says Correspondent.

To the Editor,

THE AXE.

Dear Sir:—

Having read with interest the article which appeared in your paper under date of May 5th — "The Crime of Birth Control" — and your accompanying invitation to discussion of the subject in your columns, there are some points on which I feel that I must take issue with you, or rather with the writer, Father Bernard Vaughan.

In my estimation there is a happy medium to be observed by honorable citizens in this important question. For parents to bring children into the world without the ability or wherewithal to nourish and educate them, to me seems a crime. On the other hand for married couples in comparatively comfortable circumstances to shirk their bounden duty as citizens, is a crime far greater than the one first named.

I fully agree with Father Vaughan where he speaks of our responsibility to country and Empire, but I cannot agree with the profligate populating of our nation with children, who, under the existing social system, will never have a fighting chance to grow up to decent citizenship. To me the greatest "Crime of Birth Control" lies in our upper and middle classes, where young married couples avoid parentage with might and main — couples who can afford children, who can afford to bring them up in the best surroundings, but who dodge their responsibilities through sheer selfishness.

This employing of false preventives, this horrible form of "married prostitution" which has invaded our civilization; these indeed must go. Children as the result of "accidents" — what a ghastly thought to the decent-minded citizen! It seems to me that there is a middle course to be steered in this subject — a course which will save the country from being overrun with undersized, under-educated, underfed men and women, but which will bring out a strong, vi-

vide race of Canadians, ever increasing as the years roll on. But, Mr. Editor, how can we ever awaken the present generation of young married people to their responsibilities, or make them forget their self-centered selfishness?

Sincerely,

A FATHER OF THREE.

Montreal, May 15th, 1922.

GOVERNMENT SHOULD STOP BUCKETY BEN

American Exploiter must Cease Canadian Operations, Says Correspondent.

Dear Sir:—

Will Canada raise a defending ARM! Will Canada wait until other Heroes are choked to death by the venomous talons of Logan and Bryan of Buckety fame, or will Canada wake up to the realization of the spider's web she is housing and in which her subjects are being daily ensnared. Will the wail "I have been ruined by the double crosser" find no echo. Is the moment for official dusting, not right now?

The Fortress which surrounds this false news Juggler, is Gold—Gold drawn from all over Canada, via smooth, well oiled, lying wires, which end and empty into his one-way pockets. Gold which could be industrially exploited in Canada is thus by this fabricator of deceptive advice directed from an innocent and confiding Canadian public into a scorpion's nest; Gold amounting to millions.

Canada is today a rapidly-growing productive country in which prosperity Looms Big. The immediate future demands protection for Canadian Gold obtained by the sweat of the brow. The machinations of the Logan and Bryan outfit demand instantaneous attention. The death dealing blow delivered the late Major W. G. V. Bishop, Hero, at least calls for Canadian Justice.

Why does not the Government interfere?

THE AVENGER.

MT. ROYAL HOTEL DOES NOT APPEAL AS INVESTMENT

Outlook for this New Hotel as painted by Financiers too rosy by far — Not Practical Hotel Men.

(continued from Page 1)

dollars a year from meals and beverages. This is practically five thousand, four hundred and eighty dollars a day, all the year around. Figure it yourself. Two million dollars; three hundred and sixty five days.

Fifty five hundred dollars a day is a lot of money for meals and drinks. It means that the Mount Royal must serve almost three thousand meals a day, at the price we presume they intend to charge. Perhaps. It looks very much like conjecture again to us, and it brings to mind the story of the tourist who entered the dining room of a metropolitan hotel and attempted to consult the high class French menu, with its corresponding high prices. He couldn't understand most of it, but finally he came to "Corned Beef and Cabbage. \$1.20."

"Corned beef and Cabbage, a dollar twenty?" he asked the waiter.

"Yes, sir," replied George, "and very nice too."

"Why, damn it man," said the guest, "You couldn't carry a dollar twenty's worth of corned beef and cabbage."

From which you may gather the inference that we do not believe that the Mount Royal will take nearly fifty five hundred in meals and drinks daily, because we frankly do not think their clients will stand for the outrageous charges they will have to make in order to secure such a revenue.

DIRECTORS NOT HOTEL MEN.

It is very nice to line up a Board of Directors composed of Railway men, Promoters, Lawyers and Financial Men, most of whom are members of the so-called Upper Ten to boot, but we must admit that we do not see the names of many practical hotel men on the directorate of the Mount Royal Hotel, and we are bound to think back to the last hotel white elephant in our midst, the Ritz Carlton. Despite the warm hopes extended by financiers, not hotel men, for dividends of over a million for the common stock holders, the precedent of the Ritz, and its Society Men Promoters and Bag-holding Stockholders does not tend to give great faith to the Mount Royal project.

The Mount Royal will undoubtedly be a very nice hotel. It will charge the customary high-class charges, and will retail the ordinary barnyard egg in its boiled condition at a price which would stagger the hen, did she but know of it. The Mount Royal will dip deep into the public purse for accommodation, food and amusement, just as it is digging deep to raise money from the public to build the place, but, for our part, we are of such a turn of mind that we cannot see, how most of the people who pay to build the hotel are going to get their money back.

Can a Man Love Two Women 100 Per Cent?

"It is entirely possible for one man to love 100 per cent two different women, or one woman to love 100 per cent two different men," Dr. Andrew Tridon declared in New York, joining battle with Dr. David Forsyth, of Washington, in the realm of psycho-analysis.

Dr. Tridon, a leading authority in his line, was proof-reading his new book on "Love," and he declared that his deductions on the subject were based on years of collecting of statistics.

Dr. Forsyth has declared man to be incapable of being "head over heels in love" with more than one woman at a time. But that he might be "half" in love with two or "one-twelfth" in love with a dozen.

It is not so, declared Dr. Tridon, and he amplifies his theme.

"A man may love, more than the whole world, a woman who is of the mother type in whom he seeks protection, whose praise and belief in him tickles his egotism," Dr. Tridon said.

MAY LOVE TWO 100 PER CENT.

"A woman may love a man

who is the image of her father. A man who means reliability, safety, respect, wisdom—a man who will not overpower her, not force his decisions upon her.

"Yet this man may love 100 per cent a woman who is merely female and nothing else. She may be neither likeable mentally nor distinctly attractive physically.

"And this motherly type of woman may love also, sensuously, a man of the reckless, unreliable type, who is brutal, who would make her jealous, who, in short, is all of a male and none of a father.

"No one individual can be both of these things, nor can any one individual satisfy both phases of the human character."

Selection, according to the psychologist, is a matter determined in childhood, while man is a nursing babe. His ideas regarding feminine beauty are determined by his mother, his nurse or women who surround him.

CANNOT LOVE MORE THAN TWO.

"Our dual nature makes it possible for us to love two in-

dividuals whole-heartedly," Dr. Tridon declared. "But for any man to love 12 women 1-12th is impossible.

"Two whole-hearted loves are possible for a man or for a woman, but any increase beyond that means merely flirtation or promiscuity. A woman may love the kind of a man who always keeps his accounts straight, is never in debt, always gets home and stays home nights, who is always considerate and kind—but that kind of a man is extremely unromantic.

"He would not appeal much to a movie audience. She may turn to romance and danger.

"But if a woman or a man has more than two loves, they are not loves at all. The men and women who seem always to be in need of constant change are persons who have a feeling of inferiority.

"The confirmed flirt is a woman who lacks self-confidence, who must constantly make new conquests in order to reassure herself of her charms and attractiveness.

"The Don Juan is a weakling. He moves from one attachment to another, conscious always of his inability to hold his loves."

Jail Governor Selling Prisoners Food

**PRISONERS WITH CASH
EAT FIRST CLASS MEALS
WHILE IN QUEBEC JAIL**

But Poorer Jailbirds Eat Skilly. — Governor Carbonneau's Private Enterprise.

The Quebec Jail must be a nice place to "do time" in. That is, if you have the price. It must also be a nice place for the Governor of the jail, Mr. Carbonneau. But if you have not got the price, and you are just a poor, friendless, moneyless prisoner it is probably not so nice. Nobody doing time in jail has any right to expect all the comforts of home but in the Quebec Jail many home comforts may be secured by a prisoner able to pay for them. Without money, a prisoner in the Quebec Jail gets fed, of course, but it is poor feeding he gets. Bread and "skilly" are the common fare of the moneyless prisoners. But to the lawbreaker incarcerated in the Quebec Jail who has money at his command there comes periodically a visit from Warder Turgeon who takes orders, just as the grocer's boy or the butcher's boy calling at our homes does. "What do you wish this morning?" the moneyed prisoner is asked. And then he orders his daily fare; ham, baked beans, and what not. Also cigarettes and tobacco if he wants them he may get.

WHAT PHILANTHROPY!

The humanising of our prison system has reached its zenith at the Quebec Jail. Not that every prisoner can buy what comforts he wants. Oh, no! But a start in the right direction has been made. The malefactor with money is provided for. The kindly warder takes his orders and delivers the goods in a basket to the chamber of the guest in this one of His Majesty's Hotels. Mr. Carbonneau should be decorated by His Majesty for the wonderful work he has done and is doing to reform our penal system and make life worth living to the prisoners under his care; not the poor ones as yet, but the moneyed ones. It does not matter where or how the money was obtained. It is good coin of the realm and the great-hearted Carbonneau will see it is put to good uses no matter though it originally were stolen.

THE OCEAN LIMITED ROBBERS.

There were, for instance, the men who looted the Ocean Limited. These gentlemen of leisure had a royal time while in the Quebec Jail. Three times a day their meals were served to them. Good meals, hot meals, well-cooked meals, straight from the Governor's kitchen. Could philanthropy go farther? For seven or eight months this lasted, while they were awaiting trial. Let us say seven months or, roughly speaking, 210 days, which would mean 630 meals for each of the five prisoners. or 3150

QUEBEC QUERIES

Who is the man who was discharged from the Quebec Police Force for a serious moral offence and is now employed in the Quebec Jail?

And who is the high political functionary who placed him there?

meals in all, or thereabouts. At .75 cents per meal, \$2362.50 in all, or thereabouts, these Ocean Limited robbers paid for their meals during their stay at the Quebec Jail. Where did the money go? Did the Governor pocket it? Or was it handed over to the Government? We can quite see that if the Government received this money the Quebec Jail might easily be made a paying proposition. But if the Governor kept it for himself, running the provision of meals as a sideline, it would easily be a paying proposition for the Governor. But, Government or Governor, in either case, its a good thing for whichever gets the money and turns the profit. If it is Government grub that the prisoners buy from the Governor then the Government should get the money the prisoners pay. If it is not Government grub, and the Governor is simply running a private boarding house, a kind of super-temperance hotel, well, we think the Governor should be satisfied with his salary and not be allowed to compete with restaurateurs and hotel keepers.

WORST IS YET TO COME!

We have no objection to the prisoners in the Quebec Jail being permitted to purchase food and meals. Anything that will tend to alleviate their lot would have our approval. The loss of liberty is bad enough without starving and brutalising men and women as prisoners are in our jails and prisons. But if there is any humanising of jail conditions let it be done as a Government action and not for the financial benefit of the Governor of the jail. That's what we say. We are sadly afraid that conditions in the Quebec Jail are so rotten that they stink. In this article we have just rung up the curtain on the drama of Quebec Jail in which Governor Carbonneau is cast for the leading part. It is a drama of human interest. The sex theme runs through it. More than one death scene takes place. And the denouement may bring us very near to the Throne.

DO YOU REMEMBER WAY BACK WHEN

L. A. Lapointe was the leader of the Montreal City Council?

Charles Dickens, the novelist, acted in the old Theatre Royal, Montreal? Gaynor and Green were providing the lawyers of Montreal and the City of Quebec with fine fat fees?

Ex-Police Chief Campeau was one of the rank and file of the Montreal Police Force?

Carsley's Store operated where Freeman's Hotel now stands on St. James Street, Montreal? The Montreal Street Cars stopped running at midnight?

There was never any block on the Wellington Street Bridge?

STOCK EXCHANGE CRIES "KAMARAD!"

Surrenders to Publicity Attacks — Suggestions for the 'Examiner' to follow.

(continued from Page 1)

medium for the protection of the public instead of vehicles for the expression of brokers' "dope" and apologists for a system so damnably rotten that at the first assault of this audacious leveller, THE AXE, the damnably rotten system almost collapses! And even now these same financial pages are busily defending the Montreal Stock Exchange from the criticism of the President of the New York Stock Exchange. Well, well!

WHAT IS EXPECTED?

Now, Mr. Examiner (we don't know your name yet, but we wish you luck), this is what we look to you to do and we expect you to do it:—

Start at the top without fear or favor. Get after the big fellows who are not "playing the game."

Publish mercilessly the results of your investigations.

Advertise your name and address and telephone number, so that investors can apply to you for information and inform you when they have been "gypped."

Investigate joint accounts, numbered accounts, house accounts, matching orders, skinning trades, clean-outs, and all the other tricks of the trade that have brought the business of the stockbrokers into such disrepute in Montreal.

Begin by telling the public what you will do for any investor who has been fleeced, double-crossed or flim-flamed by any broker, and do what you promise to do.

If you do these things even moderately well, THE AXE will be with you. If not, mind yourself; look for THE AXE.

DEGENERATE MADE CHIPS FROM THE INTO HEALTHY MAN EDITOR'S AXE

Epileptic became Strong and Normal after Operation — Interesting Story of Successful Gland Operation.

The treatment of criminals should be remedial more than punitive. Indeed, we question if it should be punitive at all. The criminal is just as much the victim of disease, mental or physical, as the epileptic, neurasthenic or consumptive. In many cases the criminal would react to proper medical or surgical treatment. Instead of placing the criminal in the criminalising environment of the penitentiary he should be placed in a hospital or put to work upon a hospital-farm. If found hopelessly incurable, it would be mercy to asphyxiate him rather than to return him to society to be preyed upon by the manifold temptations that would assail him. If there is any possibility of effecting a cure of his malady he should be kept from liberty until restored to normality. This would be cheaper, more humane, and certainly far more sensible than perpetuating the criminal's criminality by repeated terms in prison.

George Hauser, a few weeks ago a stuttering and apparently hopeless epileptic, has been "born again," a man sound and vigorous of body and keen of mind, thanks to a remarkable gland transfer.

The glands, which have literally made Hauser a new man, were taken from the vigorous young body of Edward Persons, who was electrocuted at Sing Sing prison, in New York, January 13.

They were kept in a preservative eight days before being buried in the body of Hauser, the "hopeless" epileptic.

The change that has come over Hauser, who also is an inmate of Sing Sing, is marvelous.

He no longer stutters but speaks fluently and, according to his keeper, incessantly.

MORAL and MENTAL CHANGES.

The disfiguring marks which made his face repulsive have vanished and he has the clear skin of a baby.

He has had no epileptic attacks in weeks, and, from being stunted, weak and unable to care for himself, he has developed into a vigorous man who demands some sort of light labor to keep him occupied.

Not only has the installation of the new set of glands worked wonders with Hauser's physical being, but it has brought about moral and mental changes. The prison authorities believe that his attack on a girl two and one-half years ago, which landed him in a cell, would not have been attempted had he been well. With this charitable view of the case, they are going to try to have him paroled.

NOW ALMOST NORMAL.

"The change that has come over him is amusing," says Warden Lawes.

"He used to call his weird moment when he was in the throes of his malady 'athletics,' but when I saw him after the gland transfer he assured me 'his 'athletics' were gone forever."

"He has a voracious appetite. Although his left arm is paralysed, he is in every other way normal. I am going to assign him some light form of occupation."

The physician who performed the wonderful operation is modestly

CLEAN-UP WEEK IN MONTREAL.

This is "Clean-Up Week" in Montreal. Amongst the forgotten items in the clean-up are the Red Light District, the apartments occupied by "private wives"; the "pimps" who thrive around the Tenderloin, and the fake stock promoters around and about St. James Street.

GRAND OPERA IN MONTREAL.

Having met with only comparative success at the St. Denis Theatre, Montréal, the Montreal Grand Opera Company has opened a season at the Orpheum Theatre at popular prices. Every lover of good music and, especially, of the opera should see to it that the effort does not fail for lack of hearty support. The company is splendidly worth while and the operas are being presented in a manner worthy of the best traditions of the operatic stage.

TROUBLE AT THE COURT HOUSE.

It is reported that an employe at the Montreal Court House has decamped with money he had received as bail for a prisoner. It is a shame on the Provincial Government that some of the Court House employes are paid such starvation wages; a direct incentive to theft on their part. When a rich Government, the richest in Canada, can pay a man about sixty dollars per month, well the Premier deserves jail for sanctioning or not remedying it. Low wages place a premium upon dishonesty.

NEWS OF THE STREET

The EXAMINER who is to be appointed by the Montreal Stock Exchange will not examine into the private lives of the members, nor make any investigations re "private wives".

It is rumored on the Street that several brokers have advance information of the contents of the Budget and are in for a nice little clean-up. This is "Clean-up week" in Montreal.

The Montreal Board of Trade is having great searchings of heart, we hear, concerning the retention in membership of certain foreign stockbrokers whose flourishing methods have caused many people to have the complaint which often necessitates an operation for appendicitis.

The strong and unexpected criticisms of the Montreal Stock Exchange by Seymour P. Cromwell, President of the New York Stock Exchange, have produced consternation and resentment on the Street. As one member said: "Its a poor bird that fouls his own nest", while another said, "Birds of a feather should stick together". Benjamin Franklin once said, it will be remembered, "If we don't hang together we shall hang separately", which seems to be the prevailing feeling on 'Change.

avoiding publicity in connection with it, but is jubilant over results.

Hauser's own glands were not removed when the healthy glands of the young giant bound for the electric chair were put in his body, the doctors calculating that the vigorous glands of Persons would help the diseased organs of the epileptic back to normal.

DAUGHTER SWEARS TAPLEY INNOCENT OF ODIOS CRIME

(continued from page 1)

loan shark at the time. While saying this we unreservedly say that, having regard to the evidence, we cannot see how any other verdict than that of guilty could have been found against Tapley when he was tried for the rape of his daughter.

A STARTLING DOCUMENT.

But we now give to the world a document of so startling a character, which provides so complete an exoneration of Tapley, that we have no hesitation in saying that we have in the conviction of Tapley for the rape of his daughter one of the gravest miscarriages of justice ever committed in the annals of the Courts of Canada.

We print below an exact copy of an affidavit, or legal declaration, having the same force and effect as an affidavit, which has been made by Laurita Tapley herself, the daughter of Tapley, for the committing of rape on whom he was sentenced to thirty years imprisonment. In her affidavit, Tapley's daughter tells the actual story of her forced seduction by another man not her father and then proceeds to reveal how a relative, as she alleges, drugged her and by the imposition of her stronger will upon this girl compelled her to swear her father's life away, securing his consignment to the living death of thirty years' confinement in the penitentiary of St. Vincent de Paul. Truth is stranger than fiction and, accepting Laurita Tapley's story as being true, we believe it our duty to give this story to the world that justice may be done to this man and that he may be freed from the shadow of the awful crime under which he rests, a crime than which no more terrible one could ever be committed by any man walking God's green earth. Laurita Tapley's affidavit follows:—

GIRL'S AFFIDAVIT

Province of Quebec,
District of Montreal.
Court of King's Bench
The King
vs.

William H. Tapley

I the undersigned, Laurita Tapley, unmarried and of lawful age, having been born on the 29th. of December 1897 residing in the City and District of Montreal, but temporarily at Ste. Anne-de-Belleve, being duly sworn on the Holy Bible depose and say:—

1. The testimony or evidence purported to have been given by me in the above case was and is absolutely false, in so far as the accused was concerned. The real facts of the case being the following:

2. I had been sent by my father to school at Ste. Anne de Prescott, about the month of September, 1912, and boarded at Norman Bethune's house, farmer of Ste. Anne de Prescott, who had been recommended to my father by Maggie Bethune, wife of Thomas Phelan. I remained there about a year.

3. In the fall of 1913, upon several occasions, Norman Bethune, when his wife Sarah was absent, would come into my room, approach me, try to

catch me, tickle me, saying that "he would get me", expression which I did not understand. I strongly objected to such treatment and told him repeatedly to leave the room and that I would inform his wife. He replied that his wife Sarah would not believe me, but would believe him, and would continue to annoy me.

I then wrote to my father several times, asking him to have me come back home and handed the letters to Norman Bethune to be mailed; however I never received any reply from my father.

4. One evening, between eight and nine o'clock, while in bed in my room, the door being closed but not locked, as there was no lock on the door, Norman Bethune entered my room; I told him to leave my room immediately, but he refused and entered in my bed, and forcibly and brutally assaulted me. I suffered terribly from pain and fright, and then fainted and became unconscious. When I came to my senses long after Norman Bethune's departure, and still suffering, I noticed that my night clothing and bed clothes were stained with blood, but did not know the reason.

5. The next morning I felt still very weak and suffering, but Mrs. Bethune ordered me up out of bed, and also noticed the stained bed clothing. I then realised that my letters to my father had not been mailed by Norman Bethune and could not have reached my father—and I decided to write to my father and mail the letter myself at the village post office, which letter I did write and was received by my father who immediately sent my brother Clifford Tapley to bring me back home to Montreal.

6. Upon my arrival at home, I told my father what had taken place and how I had been assaulted by Norman Bethune. My father stated that he was going to have Norman Bethune arrested.

7. A few days after my arrival, my aunt, Florence Gourley Jones, came to my home on St. Hubert Street. No sooner was she in the house than she took me in my father's bedroom, where she asked me: "Who was it that done it." I replied: "Norman Bethune." "No," she said, "it was your father." I kept on telling and repeating that it was Norman Bethune. She then threatened me and said: If I did not say as she told me to say she would have me sent to the Reformatory. Then she got hold of me by the shoulders and shook me violently until I became dizzy and unable to stand on my feet, always telling me to repeat and say that it was my father. After this treatment, she brought me out in the dining room and had me sit on the leather sofa, saying: "Sit down there, dear." After a short time, my aunt, in company with Mrs. Croysdill took me out of the house, and while in the car, still dizzy and weak, I overheard Mrs. Jones asking Mrs. Croysdill where was I to be taken to, either at her home or left at Mrs. Croysdill's. Mrs. Croysdill said she would take me at her house that night. While at her house, Mrs. Croysdill asked me: "Who was it that done that, Rita?" I told her it was Norman Bethune. Mrs. Croysdill then remarked and said aloud: "I cannot believe that of Mr. Tapley, he was so very nice, he was up to my house the other evening for tea." And she kept on repeating aloud: "No, I cannot believe that of Mr. Tapley."

8. After spending two nights at Mrs. Croysdill's, my aunt Jones came for me saying: "You stayed long enough at Mrs. Croysdill's, I will take you down to my house tonight". On arriving at her house the same evening, she took me in the parlor and said that if I did not say that it was my father she would have me put in the Reformatory. I answered that it was Norman Bethune, and would not say anything that was not true against my father. "I will give you a paper to study, she said, and you will carry it in your pocket all the time." The following morning, she brought me a glass of liquor in which I saw her put a white powder and forced me to drink the mixture. Shortly afterwards I felt very dizzy and stupid, I could not see anything, suffered such violent pain in the head that I had to lie down, and suffered awful cramps and pains in the stomach. My aunt Jones continued to administer the drug or mixture several times and kept me in a constant state of drowsiness and stupor, to such an extent that I did not realise or notice what was going on. And this lasted until I had left Mrs. Jones' house and ceased taking the drink mixture.

9. It seems as I have been informed, that I was taken to the Court House to give evidence in the above case, and that I did give evidence which brought about my father's condemnation. I now swear and declare that I have no recollection nor remembrance whatever of ever entering the Court House, of ever having been questioned as a witness, of ever having made any statement or declaration in any Court to the effect that my father assaulted me or committed the crime of which he was accused.

10. My sister removed me from Mrs. Jones' house and I was placed in a convent at Longueuil and later on at Lachine. While in these institutions, I gradually came to myself and from remarks made in my presence by nuns and pupils, I realised what had happened, and that my father had been sent to prison. I then sent for my sister and informed her of the real facts and told her that my father was innocent of the crime and that it was Norman Bethune who had wronged me. I requested to be taken to Mr. Walsh's, the Crown Prosecutor, where I would tell him the true facts about my father.

11. I hereby declare and maintain that this affidavit is in addition to all former affidavits and statements which I have made, for the special purpose of proving that my father was, and is innocent of the crime he has been accused of in the Indictment of March 17th, 1914.

And I have signed, at Montreal, this Fourteenth of January, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-one.

(Signed)
Laurita Tapley.
Sworn and Declared and Signed before me at Montreal, this Fourteenth of January, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-one.

(Signed) O. RAYMOND,
Commissioner of Superior Court,
District of Montreal.

APPEAL FOR FAIR PLAY

We do not know Tapley. We have never seen him to our knowledge, never spoken to him. We are under no obligations to him other than the obligations of our common humanity to see justice done to every man, no matter what

8. After spending two nights at Mrs. Croysdill's, my aunt Jones came for me saying: "You stayed long enough at Mrs. Croysdill's, I will take you down to my house tonight". On arriving at her house the same evening, she took me in the parlor and said that if I did not say that it was my father she would have me put in the Reformatory. I answered that it was Norman Bethune, and would not say anything that was not true against my father. "I will give you a paper to study, she said, and you will carry it in your pocket all the time." The following morning, she brought me a glass of liquor in which I saw her put a white powder and forced me to drink the mixture. Shortly afterwards I felt very dizzy and stupid, I could not see anything, suffered such violent pain in the head that I had to lie down, and suffered awful cramps and pains in the stomach. My aunt Jones continued to administer the drug or mixture several times and kept me in a constant state of drowsiness and stupor, to such an extent that I did not realise or notice what was going on. And this lasted until I had left Mrs. Jones' house and ceased taking the drink mixture.

9. It seems as I have been informed, that I was taken to the Court House to give evidence in the above case, and that I did give evidence which brought about my father's condemnation. I now swear and declare that I have no recollection nor remembrance whatever of ever entering the Court House, of ever having been questioned as a witness, of ever having made any statement or declaration in any Court to the effect that my father assaulted me or committed the crime of which he was accused.

10. My sister removed me from Mrs. Jones' house and I was placed in a convent at Longueuil and later on at Lachine. While in these institutions, I gradually came to myself and from remarks made in my presence by nuns and pupils, I realised what had happened, and that my father had been sent to prison. I then sent for my sister and informed her of the real facts and told her that my father was innocent of the crime and that it was Norman Bethune who had wronged me. I requested to be taken to Mr. Walsh's, the Crown Prosecutor, where I would tell him the true facts about my father.

11. I hereby declare and maintain that this affidavit is in addition to all former affidavits and statements which I have made, for the special purpose of proving that my father was, and is innocent of the crime he has been accused of in the Indictment of March 17th, 1914.

And I have signed, at Montreal, this Fourteenth of January, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-one.

(Signed)
Laurita Tapley.
Sworn and Declared and Signed before me at Montreal, this Fourteenth of January, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-one.

(Signed) O. RAYMOND,
Commissioner of Superior Court,
District of Montreal.

APPEAL FOR FAIR PLAY

We do not know Tapley. We have never seen him to our knowledge, never spoken to him. We are under no obligations to him other than the obligations of our common humanity to see justice done to every man, no matter what

WHAT THE MAN IN THE STREET WANTS TO KNOW

How is it the management of a very high class hotel in Montreal cannot collect a bill incurred by a lady guest last winter?

Is it true that the lady in question was robbed during her stay at this Palace of Love's Delights?

Whether the private husband of this husbandless lady has refused to pay the lady's big bill?

And also is it not the fact that said hotel management are "between the devil and the deep, blue sea" in regard to taking the matter into Court?

How many Aldermen received two hundred dollars each to vote in a certain matter and in a certain way lately?

Why is not the other man involved in a recent Quebec sex scandal brought before the Courts and given six months in jail like the other fellow?

Who is the stockbroker whose car is seen on Metcalf Street very late at night?

Would the four husbands of the four ladies who ruh an uptown apartment as a sideline, and for certain purposes, be pleased, or otherwise, if they only knew how their wives are able to pay their dress-makers' bills?

Whether the big out-of-town lumberman's son who visits this Harbour of Love must not be strangely infatuated to run the risks he runs in visiting the apartment in question?

When may we expect the Executive Committee of the City Council to do justice to the constable that Alderman Desroches had reduced?

Has the said Executive Committee any desire to see THE AXE tell a few more of the stories it has in reserve?

Are the Divorce Laws of Canada not proving a little irksome to a certain big financial magnates wife?

Why has a certain business man with an office uptown tried to have his wife declared insane?

How does Mr. C. Simpson Garland enjoy his rest from the cares of office?

If the St. Catherine Street Grocer is not acting rather foolishly in sending groceries, etc., to his private wife's place by his own delivery wagons?

sins or crimes that man may ever have committed. Tapley as a money lender may have resorted to practices deserving of the severest condemnation. But if he is innocent of the terrible crime for which he was imprisoned (now being out on ticket-of-leave) he should be declared innocent without delay. A new trial should be granted him and an opportunity given of testing the truth of his daughter's affidavit and reviewing the whole case in the light of this new evidence which so completely discredits that upon which he was convicted.

BUCKETY BEN ADMITS TRUTH OF OUR CHARGES

(continued from page 1)
chance to purge itself of the uncleanness that the mere presence of the old vampire has inflicted on it. One reason for the silence maintained about Buckety Ben's visit here was the fear of arrest for conspiracy, as indicated in this paper last week.

BRYAN ADMITS OUR CHARGES TRUE.

While here, Buckety Ben admitted to one of his customers "that what THE AXE has charged about him is true. Not in so many words did he admit it; he is too crafty for that. But in his boastful way, not realising that he was making so serious an admission, he said, "Oh, THE AXE will soon stop its attacks on us because they've run out of material," thereby admitting that the material we have used so far is true material. At any rate, judgment goes by default. Buckety Ben and his gang have not dared to refute our charges and they stand as confessedly true.

NATION-WIDE INDIGNATION AROUSED.

Our articles have had a very wide circulation. From points as far away as Los Angeles, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Toronto, Chicago, Columbus (Ohio), Atlantic City, New Orleans, Kansas City, New York, to name only a few places, we have received wires and letters asking for back numbers of THE AXE dealing with Logan and Bryan, many of these correspondents also sending us their annual subscriptions to THE AXE. In another column we print a letter from an indignant correspondent which is only one of many indicating deep, passionate resentment of the dirty, discreditable tactics and methods of Logan and Bryan. For the soulless, honorless, heartless Buckety Ben to say that we have reached the end of our material and that we'll soon stop attacking his robber band is laughable. If he had consulted the right people in Montreal he would have learned that the editor of this paper never lets up until he gets his man. That this is no idle boast he could have proved by studying the record of what the editor of THE AXE has done and won in this city and province. Like Paul Jones (was it?) we "have just begun to fight" and we'll not lay down the axe we are wielding over Buckety Ben Bryan until we have secured justice for the victims of his diabolical system and compelled him to make restitution to those he has robbed. The fight is on and it will be carried to a finish.

Do the ladies of the Upper Ten know what a risk their daughters run when they attend pre-wedding dinners at what is almost Montreal's most fashionable club?

If wine and whisky are not among the least of the dangers that lurk thereabout?

The Axe is published by J. H. Roberts and printed by The Axe Pub. Co. 20 St. James Street, Montreal.