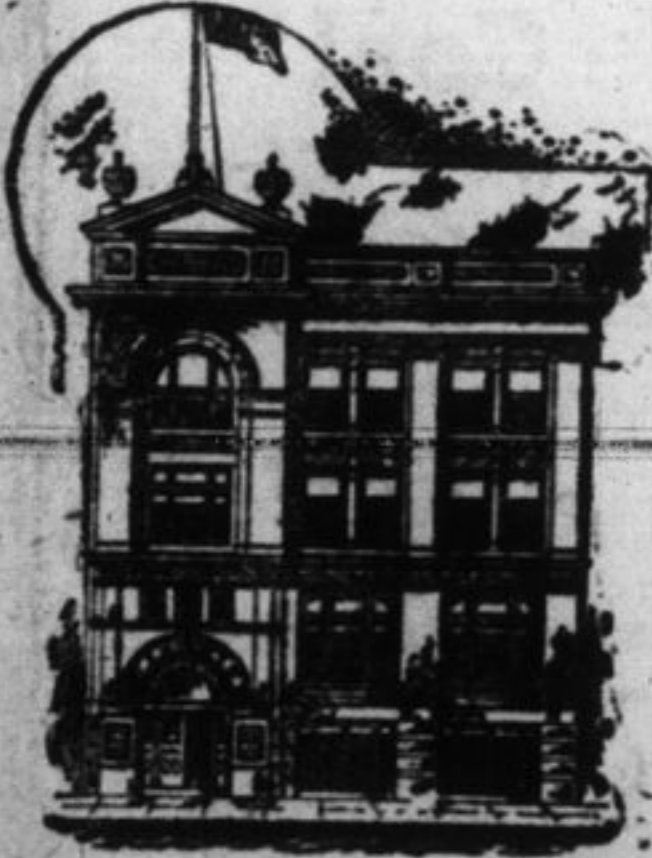


THE BRITISH WHIG

87th YEAR.



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There are now two Liberal groups in the Ontario legislature, but Hartley Dewar still draws the salary as leader.

Proportional representation, as tried out in the recent election in Winnipeg, proved a splendid success. Out of over 47,000 votes cast, less than two per cent. were spoiled.

When a man has so much confidence in his automobile that he thinks it can lick a locomotive in a grade crossing encounter, he isn't much of a life insurance risk.—New York World.

The United Farmers are organizing for the coming federal election. The present government is discredited and the two historic parties are shot to pieces. Worse things could befall this country than the advent of an agrarian administration.

The whole Polish front has been broken by the Bolshevik forces and the Poles are in rapid retreat. Refusing to accept the warnings of Great Britain, the Poles became the aggressors, and the inevitable has happened.

The supervised playgrounds, recently opened in the city, afford the children a place in which to exercise and play free from the perils that beset them in the streets. The public-spirited citizens, who introduced and carried out this idea, are deserving of the thanks of all parents.

Premier Drury says he will appoint a commission to enquire into the radial question. How on earth he can expect to secure more or better information than the Hydro experts have at their finger ends will be a puzzle to most people.

Radial railways are a great boon to the farmers of the United States and would prove equally an advantageous to the farmers of Ontario. It is hard, therefore, to understand why the Farmers' government of Ontario should seek to hold up the whole scheme.

No matter how the United States is sure to have a newspaper man for president. All their fellow editors hope for is that which ever of the candidates is elected he will improve the mail service so that their newspapers will be delivered on time.

Sir Thomas White is going to have opposition in Leeds, where the farmers are organizing with a view to placing a candidate in the field. The county has had absentee representation for some years, both in the provincial and the federal houses. Having got rid of A. E. Donovan, M.P.P., it proposes to let Sir Thomas find another seat.

Choosing a ruler in the United States is a slow and complicated affair compared with the way we do it in Canada. Across the border the campaign, beginning with the primaries, develops into the party conventions and at last concludes with the election, many months being consumed in the process. Here we choose a new premier overnight.

A NATION OF 105,000,000 PEOPLE: A preliminary announcement of the results of the decennial census shows that the United States has a population of about 105,000,000 people. That is the largest homogeneous population by many millions inhabit-

ating a continuous territory that the world ever has known.

It is twice as large as the population of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; twice and a half as large as the population of the French republic; once and a half as large as the population of Germany, and almost twice as large as the population of Japan.

Russia alone of the European countries exceeds the United States in population. But Russia is not a homogeneous nation. Its population is made up of a variety of conflicting nationalities, each occupying the territory assigned to it by history. The unwieldy incohesiveness of such a group of separate nationalities was convincingly demonstrated by the flying asunder of various racial units the moment the force that held them together—the Romanoff autocracy—ceased to function.

The Chinese republic also exceeds the United States in terms of the census, although no official figures of the population of China have ever been collated. But China's estimated population of 400,000,000 is deceptive as a measure of its power of united action. China is rather a group of provinces, loosely held together and sometimes in open hostility with each other, than a united nation with a well-defined national aim and feeling.

For all purposes of action, the United States from the standpoint of population alone is the greatest factor in the world, the greatest factor of the present and the greatest factor of the future. But back of this vast preponderance of population in numbers, the United States also possesses a vast preponderance of resources in money, raw materials and land.

REACHING THE SMALL INVESTOR.

The province of Alberta has adopted a novel method by which to float its new issue of \$1,000,000 ten-year gold bonds that is likely to have far-reaching and beneficial results. Instead of marketing it in the usual way by calling for tenders from eastern or other bond buying houses, the provincial treasurer is offering it for sale to small investors at home and particularly to holders of Alberta provincial savings certificates. The government is apparently utilizing the experience of the managers of the late dominion government war loan campaigns, for this is the first time that an attempt has been made to market a bond issue in figures within the reach of small investors. The bonds are in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000, bearing interest at six per cent. The proceeds will be used for regular purposes, and it is stated that it is the intention of the provincial treasurer to hold a certain amount of these bonds always available for sale.

The government met with a measure of success in its issue of Alberta savings certificates, there being 3,000 holders. These holders will have the option of exchanging the certificates for the new bonds, thereby obtaining more permanent securities with one per cent. higher interest. The sales of savings certificates totalled \$2,325,408, with \$1,750,000 now outstanding. Already this year the sales have been \$688,800, showing that there is a demand from saving investors, and also demonstrating the popularity of the method adopted. Usually the proceeds were applied against arrears in taxes, and by converting them into bonds it will be possible to use the funds to better advantage in more permanent public purposes. The sale of savings certificates will be continued, however, for temporary needs.

It is pointed out that by this system the interest payments that formerly went outside the province will be kept at home and be available for re-investment. The whole scheme is bound to be reflected in the attitude of the people toward provincial affairs, as bringing them into closer touch with all matters that are of real importance to them, while the stimulus it will give to thrift is incalculable.

There is no good reason why the other provinces should not do the same thing, and meet with the same success. The people of Canada have become educated to this form of investment by the necessities arising out of the war. The opportunity it offers for the cultivation of habits of thrift should not be permitted to be lost.

PUBLIC OPINION

The Only Thing to Do. (Philadelphia Record) The price of beef continues to go up. There seems to be nothing for us to do but to quit beefing.

Where Monkey Beats Man. (Bay City Times Tribune) Why believe that man is descended from monkey. A monkey doesn't wrap itself in hot clothing in the summer.

Britain's Liberal Rule. (Toronto Telegram) Sinn Feiners are establishing Irish criminal courts perchance on the principle of "set a thief to catch a thief."

If the Sinn Feiners fooled with the laws of the United States or any other civilized country as they have fooled with British law, the place of the Sinn Feiners would not be amid the foundations of new criminal courts but in the docks of old criminal courts.

MUSINGS OF THE KHAN

Everyone to His Taste.

I watched them, the geese, coming up from the far pasture as the shades of evening fell. First came the noble gander, with ceremonial step and gaiting about him with a fine air of proprietorship. Then came the half-grown goslings in single file, pacing demurely and trying their best to imitate the stately tread of their magnificent progenitor and last, but not least, came mother geese, complacent, self-conscious, lady-like—the proudest thing on earth. When they reached the barnyard they foregathered under an old wagon for the night, and the great gander took his place in the open stand sentry through the stilly watches of the night. The goslings, clustering, whispered together, and you will scarcely believe me when I tell you what they were whispering about. They were discussing heaven and what it is like.

"Daddy," ventured the beautiful girl gosling, "what is heaven like?" The gander stood on one foot, and then he stood on the other. Then he went back to the foot he was on to start with, but almost immediately tried the other. He did this so often that he appeared to be doing an odd stiff-legged dance. Anyway, children ask grown-ups questions that would take an angel, let alone a gander to answer.

"Heaven," said the gander, clearing his throat, "heaven is a great big apple tree in the middle of a big field of dandelions and white clover, and a big creek runs right across one corner."

"What kind of apples be they, daddy?"

"The fathers of the church and the higher critics, do not quite agree but the consensus of opinion is that it is a Red Astrakhan, and every apple is as big as a pumpkin."

Enough water ran out of the goslings' mouths to drown a hen.

"This here apple tree," continued the gander, "is always loaded with ripe apples all the year round, and more'n a bushel drop off every day for the geese to get."

"Ah," sighed the beautiful girl gosling, "how very nice," and she looked up with adoring eyes at the inviolate June sky and almost wished she were dead!

"You ought to be ashamed to teach such nonsense to your children," reproached the mother pig, who was putting her family to sleep in the old straw stack. "Don't you believe him, my dears," she said to her own brood sauntering close beside her. "Heaven is a splendid oak tree loaded with acorns all the year round, and the angels shake them down for good little pigs whenever they are hungry."

"The angels have something else to do," remarked a red squirrel, as he climbed to his home in the hollow harvest apple tree. "Heaven is a great big hickory tree, and all you've got to do is to climb up and help yourself."

"You are all wrong," droned a big bumblebee. "Heaven is a vast sweet clover field, with a patch of buckwheat in one orner, and they are in bloom all the time."

"That's the way it goes," mused an old hen nodding on a branch in a basswood overhead. "Heaven is a wheat stubble, and all the hens that ever was couldn't glean all the ears

of corn through eternity. I don't want my young one to think that heaven is a big beech tree—that's what the roccavans say it is, a big beech tree on the edge of a corn field. It's not an oak tree—who wants to get beechnuts or acorns, anyway?"

"Heaven is a big strawberry patch," piped a sleepy blackbird. "That's you," cackled the old hen. "Everybody to his taste, as the old woman said when she kissed the cow. It goes to show," continued the old hen, "that missionary effort is too often misdirected. What folly it is to tell a little pig that heaven is a rose garden. If the church wants these goslings to go to heaven she had oughter send them a missionary who is a nice, clean, intelligent goose who won't make the mistake of telling them that heaven is a big chestnut, not to mention a hickory."

As I turned away it dawned upon me that these interesting creatures figured that heaven was a place where they got good things to eat. If a forest of oak trees loaded with acorns is heaven on earth to a pig, can you blame him if he cannot conceive of a heaven above with no oak trees in it?

As far as they can tell we will have crowns and harps and flowers and all that. A hint that there is plenty of new potatoes and strawberries and stewed gooseberries and cherry pie up there, and they don't cost anything, would help some.

The Wigwam, Rushdale Farm, Rockton, Ont.

Carefully Camouflaged. (Beaufort Examiner) Sir Robert Borden once proclaimed at Halifax, in resounding language, the doctrine of "adequate protection." But if any such principle is contained in the platform of the new National Liberal and Conservative party it is carefully camouflaged. Times are changed, and politicians and policies must change with them.

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.—Shakespeare's Sonnets.



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Rippling Rhymes

OVER ANXIOUS.

The man who is too keen to sell such goods as he may have displayed is headed wrong, and he may well drive from his door the choicest trade. In San Diego, storied town, I sought a barber, weary-limbed, and in his chair I sat me down, to have my priceless whiskers trimmed. And as he wrought he spied away: of tones for the hair he told, and they would change my ringlets gray into the finest shade of gold. And he had dyes of every hue, made up from barks and herbs and fruit, and he could stain my sideboards blue, so all the girls would think me cute. And he had perfumes of the rose and hyacinths that died the death, and he had stuff to bleach my nose and change the color of my breath. He had strange dope in wicker-quarts and salvers and lotions by the peck, he could eliminate my warts and take the ringbone off my neck. He told me that my scalp was soiled and need treatment such as his; he talked until my blue blood boiled, so all the town could hear it sizz. And, gentle reader, never more, though whiskers grow an inch a day, shall I, within that barber's door, have my ailments shorn away.

—WALT MASON.

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