

THE BRITISH WHIG 87th YEAR.



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A cynic calls the radicals the sediment of Europe. Huh! Sediment settles down.

If each of us got all he desires, there wouldn't be anything left for any of us.

It's a pretty mean kind of a woman who will give her husband a lawn mower for a birthday present.

Now listen to Douglas Fairbanks singing his latest "O, What a Pal Was Mary."—Brockville Recorder-Times.

Pussyfoot Johnson ought to risk his other eye on the Windsor border, is the opinion of the Labor Leader, of Toronto.

Now that four prizes are declining, remarks the Baltimore American, it is about time for another increase in the cost of bread.

A woman's proverbial right to change her mind will strike a snag when she comes back thirty minutes after voting to change her ballot.

The gasoline supply is rapidly becoming exhausted, say the experts. In that event, joy riding, with all its attendant dangers, will share the fate of John Barleycorn.

By the time one figures up the new freight rates demanded by the railways and adds the demurrage, he will find it somewhat cheaper to let the railroads keep the stuff.

"Ty Cobb will take the stump for Cox," says an American exchange. The Republicans will probably counter by announcing that "Babe" Ruth will tour the country in the interest of Harding.

The government, says the Labor Leader, proposes to resist the sale of near beer, and adds: Personally we don't care what they do with the darn stuff, so long as they don't ask us to drink it.

"They tell me that a political party was born in Ontario as a protest against our action (the enforcement of the Military Service Act). No party with a birth like that can ever get very far."—Premier Meighen.

Farmers have too big a stake in the country to chase after Reddism, declare the Farmers' Sun. They are truly the great sheet-anchor in our national sea, and it all came about through organization.

Plans have been prepared for an international bridge across the Detroit river at Windsor. Has the booze traffic grown to such proportions that the ferries are unable to handle the business?

France is not whining as Germany is, but is making a valiant effort to "come back." In advocating financial aid to France the New York Times wisely remarks: "What France owes the world can be put in figures. What the world owes France is not capable of such calculation."

If the average for the first five months of 1920 keeps up, Canada's first loss this year will amount to almost \$28,000,000, which is far in excess of any year except that of 1918, when heavy losses were entailed through the destruction of munition plants. The waste is as needless as it is senseless, and one that the country cannot afford. And it is another of the taxes that are passed on to the general public.

A few divisions of French and British troops would stiffen the Polish

line and help drive back the Russians, says the Watertown, N.Y. Times. But our American contemporary doesn't insist that the great nation, which was three years late in getting into the war, should take a man's part in this effort to defeat Bolshevism and all that Bolshevism means.

AN IMMIGRATION FLOOD.

A dispatch from Montreal that the ocean steamships cannot begin to carry all the immigrants who seek passage to Canada. The suspension or unsatisfactory recovery of industries in many advanced European countries will turn the eyes of millions of skilled as well as unskilled workers toward the opportunities offered by the dominion.

Against the danger of indiscriminate admissions Canada must be on guard. We want only the right men admitted. The right men are men with iron muscles, habits of industry and instincts of respect for British institutions and the principles of orderly society. Such men Canada wants. To such men she offers the advantages of remunerative labor and the boon of citizenship.

The others—enemies of society, firebrands and instigators to violence—Canada does not want and will not have. Such men must be rigidly excluded from this country.

THE MOVEMENT CITYWARD.

From all parts of the country come reports that the cities are continuing to grow in population at a much more rapid rate than the rural communities. What has become of the "back to the farm" movement, of which so much was being said a year or so ago? Did it flake out or is it merely that the people are too restless today to concentrate on any one subject?

More likely the cause is to be found in the fact that agriculture has become, in a small way but none the less decisively, an occupation in which capital is required.

In spite of higher wages for farm labor and increased costs of production generally, fertile land is worth more money to-day than ever before. The farmer has become a business man, if not actually a capitalist. He keeps books, he studies market quotations and he knows how to tell whether he is making a profit or just eking out an existence.

While farm profits are larger than in other years, it seems that the very fact of their increase tends to send farmers to the cities. The sons and daughters want to go to college, and when father becomes prosperous he either sells or rents his property and hires him to the city or the county town.

All this is regrettable—not that the agriculturist makes money, but that his profits should cause him to give up a productive career merely to become one of the mad and maddening urban throng.

INSUFFICIENT MUNICIPAL RULE.

Recently the reeve of Iroquois had to face his trial before a jury at Cornwall on a charge of misappropriating moneys belonging to the municipality of which he was head. The charge was made by a fellow-member of the Iroquois council. Strange evidence was given at the trial and the reeve was acquitted.

That a charge of misappropriation could be possible against this reeve shows that the Iroquois municipal system of government is faulty, as is also the case in many other municipalities throughout Ontario. If Iroquois wants efficient local government the best thing it can do is to get rid of its present council and elect capable business men. Any council that has held power for two or three years and has not seen fit to put into effect an efficient system of handling the people's money is no longer fit to represent a municipality.

Leading residents of Iroquois are petitioning for a provincial audit of the municipal books to learn the true financial situation. All that has been done is that old-fashioned audit of the books at the close of the financial year, which is about as good as locking up the stable after the horse is stolen. If Iroquois wants to learn something about municipal auditing, its reeve and council should visit Kingston and consult with City Auditor Muir.

Looting the treasury in the city of Kingston or the county of Frontenac is impossible, as is also crooked work in the civic or county department of government. Sixteen years ago Kingston inaugurated a thorough audit system by appointing a permanent auditor with an office in the city hall. No account can be paid until it is audited and marked "O. K." and all moneys must pass through the hands of the city treasurer. This system applies also to water, gas and electric departments, and to the Board of Education.

A few years ago the Frontenac council invited City Auditor Muir to install Kingston's audit system at the county court house, and now Frontenac also has the most modern kind of audit.

Iroquois should take a lesson from Frontenac, whose treasury office was looted because the old system of financing permitted it.

The Trouble With Ireland.

(London Free Press) Ireland seems to be a country where three voices are trying to get their records in on one phonograph.

MUSINGS OF THE KHAN

Circumstantial Evidence.

Why is the sun in heaven? To give us light and heat of course—somebody is always asking fool questions. But that is only two reasons why the sun is in heaven. There be a thousand reasons, and to give heat and light are among the least of them.

If you got up early enough to-morrow morning you will see the sun rise. There will be no doubt about it. He was not there a few minutes ago and now he is plainly visible rising above the housetops, or the hills, or the trees, or up out of the vasty deep to the east. And if you watch him you will see him climb the golden ladder of the sky, to pause for a fraction of time in the zenith, and then slip down the shining toboggan of the west and drop soundlessly into the night.

Some spectacle that! And what do we learn from it? That the sun do move! Assuredly!—how-jute-ly! And yet one of the reasons, and the best reason, that the sun is in the sky is to teach us not to permit our senses to deceive us. We are told that Satan whispers his temptations into our ears. He certainly does. Most of the time in our lives, nevertheless, there be more people deceived through their eyes than their ears.

There is an old proverb, "Seeing is believing." This is true only in the sense that when we see the sun complete his course in the heavens we believe that he hath risen and set, as we express it.

We ought to appoint a royal commission to go over the list of professions common among the people and like: "Plow deep while others sleep and you'll have corn while others have no moss," etc.

The Lord knew that someone would be continually fooling us through our eyes, therefore He placed a great object lesson in the sky, repeated after day from Eternity to Eternity, to impress on His people that they were to believe of circumstantial evidence. Truth is never on the surface. You must dig for it. It is to our everlasting credit that the earth is pitted with great holes where men have been digging for the truth ever since Adam. The earth is part of the sacred Scriptures, and the command hath gone forth: Search the Scriptures. That's the reason truth seekers are always in a hole. The rabble hath been busy during the ages riving up these holes, and they are not very particular whether they are down in the bottom of the hole or not when they start to shovel in the sand. Joseph's brethren pitched him into such a hole, and he would have been there yet most probably if the gypsies hadn't come along. It is a good thing to be born with some of the lion in you, or the eagle, or the splendid python, or the resolute jackass. It is fine to have a streak of groundhog in you that can't smother you to death shovelling sand into the hole where you happened to be. That's right in your mitt.

I wonder how many more peoples we are going to hang in this country by the neck—mark you—and may God have mercy on their souls! One thing about us, we are explicit, ever if we are blasphemous. We make it plain that the party of the first part

is to be hanged by "the neck." This be necessary instruction, however, though you may not think it. The type from which the average hangman is drawn might hang you any old way if left to his own resources. Indeed, to save trouble he might knock you on the head. I always thought it was so nice of us to express the Christian hope that God would have mercy on his soul, or if we were in the dock, our soul.

When I consider the fact that we have hanged innocent men by the neck and prayed the Lord to have mercy on their souls I feel distressed. Like my Uncle Toby, "I wish, Tim, that I were asleep." To sleep and sleep and so forget it. On what evidence did we hang these men? The evidence that the sun rose in the east in the morning and disappeared in the west at night.

Any evidence is rebuttal! THE KHAN. The Wigwam, Rushdale Farm, Rockton, Ont.

PUBLIC OPINION

A Suffrage Peril. (Baltimore American) Many a man who thinks women should vote is going to be turned dead against it when his wife takes to betting hats on the elections.

More Dollars; Less Prosperity. (Ottawa Journal) It is true that there are more dollars in the world than in pre-war days, and that most people are handling more of them than formerly; but individual prosperity is only to be measured by the purchasing power of those dollars.

Going Strong Still. (Vancouver Sun) Bolshevism seems far from having run its full course among mankind. It is partly an economic theory and partly a mental disease. As a theory it can be examined, and confirmed or refuted. As a disease it is bound to continue doing vast mischief until it either dies out or is stamped out.

Placing the Blame. (Brantford Expositor) There is now said to be talk at Washington of sending military aid to help Poland. If the United States has joined the League of Nations a year ago, the need would not have existed to-day. Most of the trouble in Europe is due to the encouragement which discontented nations took from the refusal of the United States to ratify the Treaty of Versailles.

A Spiral, Not a Circle. (Woodstock Sentinel-Review) The coal dealers are announcing that it is necessary to increase the price of coal to the consumer, because of the increase in freight rates. The railways were compelled to increase in wages their employees. The employees may soon find it necessary to ask further increase in wages because of the higher cost of coal. In that event the railways will probably announce a further increase in freight rates and the coal dealers a further increase in the price of coal. In that event the railways will probably announce a further increase in freight rates and the coal dealers a further increase in the price of coal. This is an illustration of what is called a vicious circle; but it is really a spiral, not a circle at all.

Rippling Rhymes

HOPEFUL PROSPECT.

The problems which so long have vexed will soon dissolve in air; an editor will be the next to fill the White House chair. And editors are gifted gents who call the largest bluff; they would not give you four-toen cents for all that problem stuff. The man who on his tripod sits and writes those gems you know, is used to every kind of fits that this old world can throw. Now problems face him every hour, each one a rumpus makes; he piles his pastebush, blue and sour, and solves them in three shakes. The man who runs a paper now, nor takes the boot-house train, has shown that in his bulging brow there is a massive brain. And soon a journalistic scout will walk the White House way, and cry, "The latchstring's always out," and dire will meet a man who fears them not, who has blue prints to show his feet are comfortably hot. Ye Editor will laugh to scorn the Problem's hot. Ye Editor will laugh to scorn the Problem's hot. Ye Editor will laugh to scorn the Problem's hot.

—WALT MASON.

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