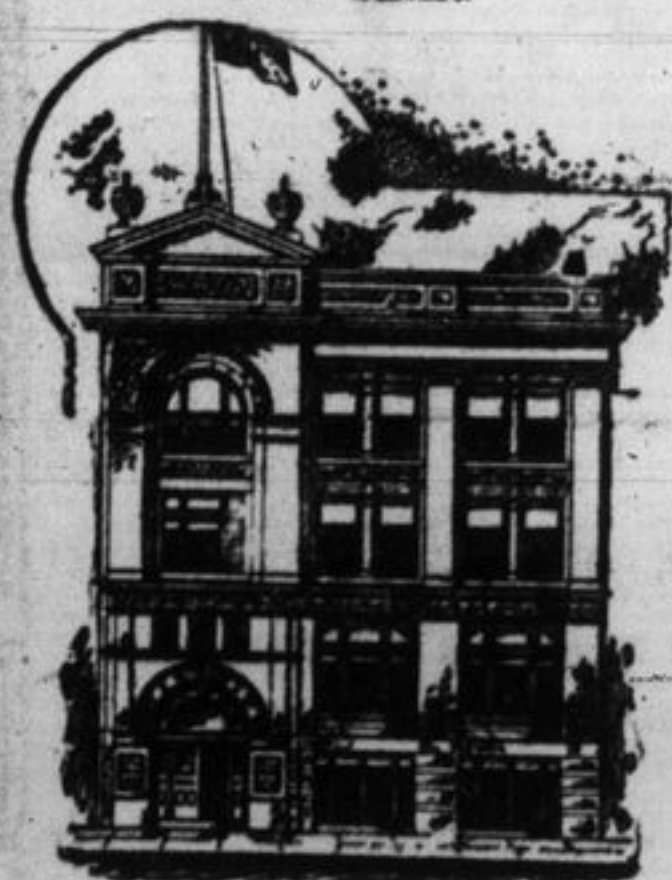


THE BRITISH WHIG 87th YEAR.



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Heinie is discovering that there is very little rest in restitution.

If you cannot win, make the one ahead break the record.—Ahoon.

Strange that no one criticizes the high cost of holidays, for it, too costs more than ever before.

The father with an old-fashioned thirst may drink patent medicines and hair tonics, but that stuff won't find a place in the son.

So far the girls wearing thick ear puffs have been able to hear the feeblest whisper of an invitation out to ice cream.

Toronto man has been sent to jail for selling his wife's furniture to buy liquor. Seems as if the "good old days" are still with us.

It would probably be all right to say that Grabky saw Red when he saw Poles retreating. For that matter, he may yet saw logs in Holland.

Autos are more numerous on Kingston streets than ever. Pedestrians should now more than ever stop, look and listen before crossing a street.

Peach trees in the Niagara district are so laden that the branches have to be propped up. When it comes to the price, remarks the Brockville Recorder, props won't be necessary.

Charlie Chaplin's wife, now suing him for divorce, says he never did anything else but think. Were all those custard pies we saw in the movies thought-provoked?

Hamilton Herald: A Toronto Telegram expert claims that the socks a man wears indicate his character. What awful characters some of our young men must have.

The five Socialists who were expelled from the New York state assembly will stand for re-election. If they are vindicated by the people and take their seats, will the assembly fire them again?

The Irish "republic" wants recognition by the United States, which prompts the Brantford-Expositor to enquire: "The same kind as that for Haiti and San Domingo, where 4,000 U. S. marines are stationed?"

Twenty or thirty people are now anxious to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel, a boat or some other vehicle. Why not make a public holiday and let 'em all try it at once? It would probably save caring for them in some institution later on.

Despite the over-stepping ambition that has brought Poland once more to the verge of disaster one cannot help but sympathize with that liberty-loving land. Four times in the past five years huge armies have swept across the country, leaving it each time practically bare.

MOTHER BEATS SON IN STUDY. The case of a wealthy widow who has just successfully passed the state examination for admission to the Missouri Bar should be of wide interest. Mrs. Hollister, of St. Louis, took up the study of law to encourage her son. The mother passed; the son was plucked.

That it was not an exceptional case is evidenced by the fact that eight other women who took the same examination were numbered among the successful candidates.

Portias at the modern Bar are not new, but woman is certainly taking advantage of her emancipation these

days and setting an example to the stern sex. If the result of that Missouri mother's study acts as an incentive to the son, so much the better. If not, what a mother-in-law she will make. Verily the mother is the first teacher and she is never done with precept and example as long as life lasts.

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

"I come here to find myself, it is so easy to get lost in the world." That is the inscription over the fireplace in a certain vacation lodge for girls conducted by the Y.W.C.A. It is needless to say that it is situated well out in the country, far away from city noises.

More than one philosopher has advised us to know ourselves. But it is advice not generally followed and not easy to follow. For it is more easy to get lost in the infinite complexities of the modern world of cities. Beseet by the manifold affairs of business and friendship we scarcely have time to make the acquaintance of ourselves. Drawn into the whirlpool of daily routine, we are borne along without being able to determine where we are going or where we should go.

But the wonderful institution of vacationing was devised chiefly for the purpose of getting out of this too swiftly moving current of life for a little while. We usually say that we need a vacation because we need rest, but it is often not so much the need of rest that we feel as the vital necessity of thinking, of taking stock, of learning to know that the most interesting person in the world is one's self. If you can get out in the woods and fields, away from other human beings, or at least away from the crowds, you will have the best chance of improving this acquaintance. Old Mother Nature can tell you more about yourself than any other gossip.

THE FARMER'S CASE.

In view of the sensationally high prices and wages of the present time, and the fact that almost any man you meet is ready to show facts to prove that the class to which he belongs is suffering from these conditions, it is a rather stiff problem to analyze the whole thing. If one man is operating at a loss and suffering from the stress of the present abnormal circulation of currency, it stands to reason that some other party or parties must be reaping the profit of the added expenditure. The funny part of it is that no man will admit that he is the lucky one.

The wonderful increased activity of the farmer class in public affairs has occasioned much speculation and criticism as to their position in this state of things. Needless to say, the farmers, like everyone else, claim that they are suffering rather than gaining. The majority of the people in the other classes have very grave doubts as to the reliability of their protestations, and there is reason for this attitude.

A trip through the rural districts, or better still, a few weeks spent among the farmers, will cause one to have many conflicting ideas running through his head. Every farm seems to have all those things in the line of human necessities which the city people have such a struggle to obtain, and furthermore to have them in abundance. Many of the farmers have all modern labour-saving machinery installed and automobiles are fast coming to be considered as next thing to necessities in some rural districts. If you ask a farmer what his income is, he tells you the amount which he has left after keeping the farm for a year and paying all expenses. If you ask a city man the same question he tells you the amount out of which he pays all expenses and derives a profit, if the latter be the case. That is one side of it.

On the other hand, there are a lot of things about the farmer's life and work which people are apt to overlook. Perhaps he is a little canny in calculating his income, but one must remember that the combined work of father, mother, sons and daughters, and sometimes a hired man is rewarded for the year's labour by that one income. A city man does not consider the work done by his family as part of his own assets. On the farm this is invariably the case. There is one instance not far from this very town. On an average-sized farm there are, all told, six people giving from ten to fifteen hours a day of their best effort. From the efforts of these six the farm yields what would be called a very good living for one man in the city. Of course they are comfortable, but they are economical.

From another point of view, also, the farmer's life is not all a bed of roses. To live he must work and work hard for a number of hours per day which would cause a revolution if our mechanics were forced to observe them. After a day's work he does not feel like doing anything else and has very small means of pleasure if he were so inclined. His daughters must do without the pretentious occupations and pleasures of their more fortunate city sisters. His sons are more fortunate in that they are subjected to fewer temptations, although foregoing many pleasures which are the daily routine of their fellows in the city. The farmers are waking up and

once awakened will not be easy to put to sleep again. They are after a great many things and will secure many of them, and on the whole they cannot be blamed because, although they are not nearly so down-trodden as most would lead one to believe, yet they have put up with much for a long time and intend to do so no longer.

MARKET SCENES

Market Day is a grand and democratic institution, which the hardy U.F.O. member invades the city and dispenses the fruit of his toil for a consideration, to its eager inhabitants; when the citizen comes down like a wolf on the fold, and his cohorts are gleaming with purple and gold, not to mention red, true blue and paddy green. The many gaudily decorated market baskets give a certain atmosphere of Central Africa to the streets, which atmosphere was not lessened last Saturday through any fault of the thermometer. On your way down town, if you are a little late, you meet people returning, one carrying a nosegay of sweet peas, another lugging a pair of fine fat chickens, that would almost pass for turkeys, and fairly make your teeth water to look at them.

The square seemed well crowded on Saturday. A woman was observed making her way across the freshly sprinkled street with what appeared to be a side of lamb. It was a little too long for her, and the ribs seemed to sweep the pavement now and then, and bumped the curbstone as she stepped on it. But she wasn't our landlady, so the sight didn't trouble us so much as it might have. It did recall ancient lessons of our public school days, when we learned that meat keeps better when kept strictly clean. Perhaps housewives, like the rest of us, are none the worse for calling their school lessons back to memory now and then.

And yet the learning of the schools can give them little help, after all, in the preservation of meat. Even Dr. A. P. Knight, well-known scientist as he is, would doubtless acknowledge that science has its limits. If faced by the problem of how to make meat keep with thirty or forty hungry boarders clamoring at his table, he might well turn pale and flee to the less appalling task of preparing more school textbooks in hygiene. Having said this much for our lady of the ribs, we may still indulge in the pious hope that she washed them well on reaching home. Even the hungriest boarder would consider that it improved the quality of the meat.

Many women in the crowd were pushing baby carriages. One lady, while trying to steer hers through a narrow opening in the crowd, came rear meeting with a dreadful disaster. A man was standing on a step close by, with his back to the sidewalk. Just as the carriage was passing behind him he stepped backward somehow and lost his balance. For one-twentieth of a second the bystanders had a horrifying vision of his helpless and rapid descent upon the baby.

"There was silence deep as death, And the boldest held his breath For a time."

But just before the final consummation some friendly hand caught the man's arm and pulled him back into safety. It is strange how unjust we mortals can be when taken by surprise.

If looks could kill, the glances directed towards that man from all sides would have left him in as bad condition as Caesar, when he fell, surrounded by assassins, "at the foot of Pompey's statue." And yet he was a perfectly innocent victim of an inscrutable fate, and cannot be blamed for the seasick accident. Neither Lloyd George nor General Foch under the same handicap could have done any more.

At the same time, it was just as well that the affair went no further. Parents who are alive to the best interests of their children will try to avoid having them sit upon. Those who have read "Two Little Savages" may remember that Guy killed his first woodchuck in this very way, and a woodchuck is tougher than the average baby. Still, it is wonderful what a baby can stand. You have sometimes seen one being jolted along bolt upright in a little two-wheeled pushcart; on coming to a corner the mother blithely shoves the cart over the curb onto the paved road, where it lands with a bump that must jar about two inches off the child's growth. Yet the youngster never whimpers.

Yes, babies are tough; but it is well not to presume too far upon their toughness. A crowd like that on the market is not exactly the sort of cool, airy, healthy place where babies thrive best. Besides, the carriages are in the way. True, many mothers could not get to market at all if they didn't bring their babies. But it is said that prices at the corner groceries are very little different. If they were higher, many families could save the difference on movie tickets, until the baby grew bigger. It's worth considering, anyway.

The remains of the late Robert Arthur, who died from railroad injuries at Smith's Falls, were taken to his mother's home in Belleville for interment.



FIGURES IN POLISH CRISIS. Above, Gen. Pilsudski, president of the Polish Republic, who is personally commanding the Polish forces in the field. Below, Gen. Haller, defender of Warsaw.

Rippling Rhymes

WOE IN THE WEST.

A deadly blight is sweeping along the Western Slope, and men give way to weeping and say farewell to hope. And heartick wives and daughters beneath those azure skies look out upon the waters with hard and stony eyes. The children, they are walling, their little bosoms sore, while in the dust they're tralling the toys they use no more. There's moaning in the cabin, there's groaning in the hall; the future's bleak and dim in the eyes of one and all. The daughters of affliction are crouched beneath the stars, and in the choicest diction they cuss their stranded cars. The tourist shakes his talon at heaven with a snort, for when he'd buy a gallon he only gets a quart. In vain the plute is waving his wad of good long green, and futile in his ravings—he can't get gasoline. "No gas!" The sign is hanging from stations everywhere, with figures haranguing the doctors in despair. Talk not of grief or sorrow, of troubles you have seen, till you can't buy or borrow a quart of gasoline! Talk not of fortunes cruel, oh, vain and piffing man, till you can't buy the fuel to push your big sedan! Speak not to me of anguish; of pain of any sort, until you wait and languish two days to get a quart! —WALT MASON.

BUYING IN BULK

Grocers used to display their wares by placing them in bushel baskets on the sidewalk. In those days customers often paid for dirt when they were buying coffee. Then came the day of standardized merchandise. Grocers gradually learned to sell their wares in sanitary packages trade-marked for definite quantity and quality. Advertisers used to buy space in publications "in bulk." Like the old-time grocer's customers they frequently received as much refuse as coffee. The Audit Bureau of Circulations has done for advertising what standardized merchandise has done for the consumer. It has marked circulation with the stamp of accuracy. In the British Whig's circulation an advertiser buys a definite and known quantity. Its records are audited by the A. B. C.

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