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The time killer is here; would that he were but a fool killer!

The right of free speech must neither be abridged nor abused.

The oyster is here, but, alas! where is the beer? It is only "near."

Ireland, indeed, is not the place where it can be said, peace hath her victories.

Now that the railroads are saved, the government might advance citizens the money to pay the freight charges.

The Toronto Globe with its ear to the rail, hears every flat wheel pounding out: "Pay up, pay up and pay the rate."

Kingston streets—but never mind. We will have to take up the question next year. Meantime the swearing season will be ushered in.

The summer weather this year has evidently been where everything else is—up in the air. But now for the glories of the Canadian autumn!

The wages of sin have not lessened in recent years; rather it takes a very fast person to make enough to keep pace with the game he is playing.

Just now there is a rush to the battle fields of France and Belgium. A little while ago they could not have been dragged there while the war was on.

E. W. Howe says that girls hesitate to marry men with wooden legs, but jump at the chance to form an alliance with a person with a wooden head.

The Thousand Island resorts are being deserted just when the finest type of weather is being issued. The few strangers about are having fine fishing luck.

Passing the buck is a favorite pastime. If the big interests were to pass coal as fast as they do the buck Canada would have no shortage of the commodity.

A crusty old chap bewails that "women are not what they once were." Indeed! We can get testimony of hundreds that they are just as lovable and far more lovely, asers now!

The new frocks decreed by fashion are marvels, waistless, hipless, sleeveless and shorter than ever. No wonder a fashion authority calls them marvels—a few wise old heads would call them indecent.

The Syracuse Herald man has been in a restaurant during recent weather, for he soliloquizes: "If it were as difficult to get liquor out of a cellar as it is to get salt out of a salt cellar, prohibition would indeed profit."

NEW MOVEMENT IN CHURCH AND STATE.

Nothing is more significant during the past few years than the number of new movements which have arisen and the rapidity with which they have gained tremendous momentum. For example, no prophet could have predicted the extraordinary growth of the temperance movement, or the world movement for the enfranchisement of women, or the class movement of labor, or the farmers' movement, or for that matter the new internationalism. These things are all of 10-15, and their influences are far more outreaching than any man can say. It would not be fair to

affirm that the war began these movements, though without doubt that great world upheaval gave some direction, and in some cases much impetus, to the various crusades.

Within the church there have been equally signal movements. We are all familiar with the Forward Movement in its financial aspect, of the inter-church movement in social service, of the movement toward organic union of three great liturgical churches in Canada. And now comes the Lambeth Conference report that a larger movement is taking shape looking to the reunion of the churches of Christendom. The spirit of the bishops' deliverance is eminently Christian, and has already awakened sympathetic attention both in the Anglican communion and in all others. There are many difficulties in the way—not the least of which are within the Church of England herself. There will have to be many readjustments, much discussion, above all much prayer and much of the spirit of Christ. But of all the movements which the past generation has witnessed none can be of greater significance than the desire on the part of all who call themselves Christians to seek the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace. The Lambeth Conference has taken the first step; the various synods of the Church of England will doubtless follow with constructive suggestions. Meanwhile an awakened and anxious Christian Canada will await with interest and expectation the next step in this greatest of all Forward Movements.

A BENEFICIAL ARRANGEMENT.

At a time when Ireland was seeking to break away from the Empire and set up an independent republic, another part of the great commonwealth of nations was seeking a closer alliance, not with some foreign power, but with a sister nation within the Empire. And, strange as it may seem, this movement was located on the western shores of the Atlantic, where an entirely different action was staged a century or more ago. Reference is made to the recent agreement entered into by Canada and the West Indies by which preferential trade becomes an accomplished fact between the two countries.

The danger of American influence in the West Indies has passed. Our neighbors flirted with the islanders, and would have welcomed any advance toward a closer economic or political understanding. But Canada, regarding the matter from an imperial standpoint, undertook to effect a closer trade alliance between the two peoples, and in this she has succeeded. United Empire expresses it in another way when it states: Any vague idea that the British West Indies are in danger of being lost to the British Empire, either as the result of enterprise and intrigue on the part of an American group, or because these ancient outposts have a certain exchange value, should receive its quietus from the Canada-West Indies Commercial Agreement.

The agreement referred to seems also to dispose, for the moment at any rate, of the question of political union between the West Indies and Canada, which some enthusiasts so strongly advocate. Canada grants the various islands of the British West Indies 50 per cent. preference on all imports except tobacco and liquors, and gets in return a preference from the islands ranging from 50 per cent. to 10 per cent. To this compact Jamaica is a party. Steamship communication between Canada and the West Indies is to be developed by the dominion. The importance of the agreement is twofold. In the first place, it is a deliberate attempt to give the West Indies the opportunity of supplying Canada with the produce which Canada has been drawing from Cuba in rapidly increasing quantities; in the second place, it comes at a moment when the Royal Steam Packet Company, the chief link connecting the West Indies with the mother country, have decided to suspend their passenger sailings. Steps will, we hope, be taken at once to ensure the resumption of service on which so much depends. The Canada-West Indies arrangement should bring material benefits as a whole. In any case it is an important development of the preference-within-the-empire idea.

MUSINGS OF THE KHAN

What is a Blemish? The Ladies' Aid Society held a Fowl Supper in the White Brick last night to raise money for to buy the preacher a coonskin coat this winter. There was a vast throng present, but it is doubtful whether the great Cause in Gumbo had been advanced any by the events of last night. Most people got some fowl, but not all. The third table had no cock-a-doodle-doo stuff on the boards at all. I was a third table. Missus Sockolger's 'ome girl, who persists in saying that she married a Canajin soldier in hold Lunnon and lost him in the shuffle, waled on me. I asked her if I couldn't have some chicken and she replied, "We are hout, sir." And she stuck to it. She reminded-me of the little miss in the poetry book who said, "We are soevp," and wouldn't be argued out of it. I asked her if I couldn't have some stuffin' and she told me that 'ens was never stuffed. I was properly snubbed. I don't believe she would know her soldier if she saw him. Some of us were prepared to help her find him, but all the

description she could give of him was that he was one of nature's noblemen. That doesn't get you anywhere. She has a photo of the two of them, but in his khaki and swag-ger stick and him cleaned shaved and everything, he looks like one hundred thousand gallant fellows just like him. If he walked into the White Brick last night in civilian suit she couldn't swear to him. I fear we are not so particular in our religious observances as they were in the days of Moses. These days no one dare offer anything that was not without blemish, whether it be lamb or ram or kid, or heifer or bullock.

At this season of the year there is most always an old clocking hen or two—perhaps more—anchored out somewhere in the barn or around the stacks. Their laying days are over, they have reached the sere and yellow leaf, and if one of them finds an ancient egg under a manger, for instance, she will camp on it till the cows come home. They are something of some part of your hand into a manger or a hole in the stack prospecting for eggs and she punches your ticket, as it were. To be bitten by an old hen is no laughing matter. Almost every farmer in the land hath nursed a sore hand at some period of his life through being "pecked" by an old hen. There's where we get our expressive expression, "A peck of trouble."

But you couldn't find a clocking hen sitting on a rotten egg in Gumbo tonight if you tried every barn inside out and pulled all the straw stacks to pieces. They were all sacrificed to the glory of the Lord in the White Brick last night; that the Rev. Mister Duckunder should have a coonskin coat. It was the toughest meat ever laid out for the edification and sustenance of the pious people, most of whom had avoided taking any dinner, not to mention supper, at home.

The proper way to prepare a clocking hen for the table is—first catch your hen. This is no trick. Any fool can catch a clocking hen. They steam her for a week. If you boil her she may boil as hard as all get out—no, the best plan is to steam her, that is if you won't steam her in the oven. Then you brown her in the oven. But you must remember that this is the busiest season of the year by long odds and the women are as busy as the men, and there was no time to do these church hens justice. I think that most of the hens at the social last night got into the soup to start with. If you are going to boil a hen for a Christian festival, why not put a few carrots and a young turnot and a tater or two into the pot with her and have some soup? No one will be any the wiser. Just as soon as the soup tastes of chicken you can yank her out, drain her on the rack, wipe her off with a towel, wrap her up in a copy of the Bul-

lock's Corner Foghorn and send Archie down with her in the middle of the afternoon.

But the question will arise in many thinking minds: Is being old and tough and tasteless a blemish? Is sitting on a rotten egg under a manger a misdemeanor? Go out to the exposition this afternoon and you will hear the judges wrangling with one another as to what constitutes a blemish. Mollie Sevenpiper hath a cast in her eye. Some people call it a blemish—I don't. Every time I look at her I fancy she is giving me the wink and it exhilarates a jaded literary person to have a pretty girl give him the wink.

Good old hens! You lived useful lives whilst you were at it and died for a real cause. A hundred and fifty dollar coonskin coat is your monument!

THE KHAN, The Wigwam, Rushdale Farm, Rockton, Ont.

Walt Mason THE POET PHILOSOPHER

ORGANIZATION. The merchant princes, nowadays, keep tab on all the N. G. joys. There comes to Pruneville-in-the-Vale a stranger, J. Adolphus Kale. He's no apologetic runt; he puts up quite a gorgeous front; he talks as though he owned a mine that turned out gold or rubies fine. In olden times this sort of bluff was really quite artistic stuff. But now when J. Adolphus goes to stores that deal in furbelows, and says "I've come to settle down in this, your enterprising town, and need three miles of barb wire fence, which I will pay for three weeks hence" the dealer sighs and says, "By Jones, I fear you'll have to show the bones before you pack that wire away—you're not renowned as first class pay." Then J. Adolphus leaves the store and kicks himself until he's sore. The Pruneville merchants, when they found the gay Adolphus on the ground, inquired of Mudtown-on-the-Pike, what this Adolphus gent was like, and Mudtown said, "If he's your guest, nail down all things and guard the rest." Then, nowadays, our records go from town to town, and all men know if we are classed as "good as wheat," or listed "neath the head of "Beat."

Grant Large Insurance. New York, Sept. 18.—The largest insurance payment made by U. S. companies in 1919 was \$400,000 on the late Henry Clay Frick. Fourth in the list of insurance payments, according to figures which have been compiled by the Insurance Press, is \$334,000 on John Lenox, Hamilton, Ont.

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