

THE BRITISH WHIG 87th YEAR.



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In the old days a woman's face was her fortune, but that was when skirts were longer.

Inspiration is a splendid thing but it requires perspiration to bring achievements to a head.

Perhaps it is the bumper of the bumper wheat crop that keeps the baker from feeling the shock.

A Communist army also travels on its stomach, and thus discovers that one can't get very far on a flat.

Most of our national troubles may be traced to the inequality of distribution and the lack of retribution.

Bryan seems to have fallen upon hard times, when he is rejected by the stalwart Democrats of the south.

Now they say Edison was the war. Well, his electrical inventions helped. The phonograph kept the boys happy.

As we understand Lenin, universal brotherhood consists in getting into a bad fix and being content with it.

Proportional representation is gaining ground. It will be introduced in a number of Ontario constituencies during the coming year.

The opponents of Hydro received a jolt as a result of the election in Northeast Toronto. It is the first, but it probably will not be the last.

The mild weather of this fall has been a benediction to many persons to whom coal is a costly item. And quite a few have not the money even to buy it. May the balminess continue.

The Toronto Star finds that the Methodist church has increased four millions in nine years, yet it hasn't heard of many Methodist churches having to use larger collection plates.

The girls who have been insisting to their friends that they were but nineteen are not likely to exercise their franchise in the coming elections. If they do then there will be evidence of considerable fibbing.

There is one good quality about Premier Meighen, for every Canadian can know where he stands on the many issues before the people. He is honest and fearless in his declarations. This quality even his opponents will appreciate.

The civil service is not enamored with the way the classification and housing of its members is carried out. There are inequalities that the government must most assuredly arrange if harmony and successful work is desired. The Kingston civil servants are up in arms over the way the measure works out.

The Hamilton Times commends Premier Meighen for promising to present a tariff in such definite form that an elector will know how to vote for or against the government. "This may not be a good party move," says the Times, "but it will enable the electors to give an intelligent vote on the question."

The man who carries firearms is all too apt to use them when the occasion offers. The tragedy in Essex county would never have happened if the special officer had adopted the policy of the Windsor license inspector. That officer says he never carried a gun, preferring to let the sus-

pected man get away rather than to shoot.

A WORD FOR THE MOVIES.

At a time when stricter censorship of moving picture films is being demanded it may not be amiss to call attention to their good points as well as their bad. In the movies virtue always has its own reward. There, to invert a well-known line of Lowell's, wrong is forever on the scaffold, right is forever on the throne. Screen plays seem in many ways to represent the pollyanna of the arts. Nowhere else, not in books of fiction, not on the stage, not in written poetry, is virtue so carefully guarded and so assured of triumph.

The good may suffer in the movies. They may be wronged and led in strange ways of misfortune, but they always get the money and the good clothes before the light goes out.

In books and in spoken plays a villain sometimes escapes to show that life is not a simple matter and that the victory is often to the strong or the unscrupulous. But your bad man of the film is doomed from the first flicker of the lanterns to be disgraced, disowned, killed under a railway train, shot in a brawl or tumbled off a cliff, while virtue, bearded and smiling, looks out victoriously from the last close-up.

This may not be art. It may not be life. But it is the movies.

THE SMALL INDUSTRY.

Ten years ago, little attention was paid in Kingston to the small industry seeking assistance to establish. To-day the great importance of the small industry is recognized, and the City Council did the proper thing in agreeing to place before the ratepayers a bylaw to grant a two-thousand-dollar site and exemption from taxation for ten years to a local company which is establishing a moulding factory on Montreal street. Kingston must get all the industries possible, and in these days of high costs of building and keen competition, it has to pay the price. Some of these small industries may develop into large ones within a few years, and the people will do the proper thing when they acquiesce in the bonus proposition submitted for their assent. The conditions in every case are most carefully considered by business men, who have Kingston's future at heart, and the city's interests are most adequately protected. For instance, if an industry does not make good, the land grant reverts to the city, and no loss is occasioned. Then again the establishment of one industry leads to the coming of another, as the civic industrial committee is finding out. The recent establishment of a box factory here is going to aid other small manufacturers in locating in Kingston for the box factory products are required by some of those in which the committee is interested, and the fact that a box factory will be able to supply their needs, will be one factor in inducing them to locate in this city.

PROHIBITION AND BORROWING.

Strong confirmation of the effect of prohibition in banishing poverty and promoting prosperity among the working classes is offered by the records of the savings banks and loan societies. The last government report in respect to the chartered banks shows a considerable increase in savings deposits. Similar conditions prevail across the line. At the convention of the National Federation of Remedial Loan Associations in Newark, N.J., reports from constituent bodies revealed a remarkable change in the borrowing habits of the people. This change is indicated in the following excerpt from the reports of the convention: "When formerly, delegates said, the security offered at loan offices consisted of a little furniture, kitchen utensils and other home necessities, men and women now are offering as security jewelry, or even automobiles. Hitherto the majority of the loans were to carry a destitute family over some crisis. Now, more often than not, they are for the purpose of a home or a plot of ground." The closing of the saloon and the banishment of the destructive commodity which it dispensed have produced results that are readily visible to the casual eye. They have put an end to the outflow over the till of money that was needed for food, clothing and the comforts of life at home. This current has been diverted to its legitimate channel, the home. The man who formerly borrowed money to relieve distress at home—distress caused by selfish indulgence and incapacity for work—is now relieved of the necessity for such borrowing. He does not have to pledge the household furniture for money with which to pay the rent of his children. If he does borrow money, he pledges luxuries instead of necessities for it, and the loan is intended not to relieve distress but to help build up a home. In other words, the worker who formerly borrowed to keep body and soul together or the home from tumbling down is now borrowing for purposes of legitimate and constructive investment. It is a welcome change in our borrowing habits.

MUSINGS OF THE KHAN

We Are Interdependent.

We pride ourselves on our independence. It is our training. To be under an obligation to someone is a humiliation, a loss of dignity and all that sort of thing. This is merely a type of vicious selfishness, and selfishness is the devil. If, instead of preaching self-determination, they would teach the people the great virtue of interdependence, it would benefit many and much.

The world is going mad over this self-determination heresy. Tom, Dick and Harry form a self-determination league of three and their hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against them. If this thing goes on much longer this earth will be a vast Sahara, thronged with wild hordes of Ishmaelites, each plundering the other. Our civilization will break up in a great carnival of dog eat dog!

In the pioneer days this country was a great commune. No Eldorado dreamed of by the most exalted Socialist could compare with it. You couldn't get along without your neighbors. Every man was necessary to the other and everybody was quite as good as anybody else.

This was because the pioneers were interdependent. You didn't put a man under an obligation to himself a good turn in them days. Self-determination is another name for class legislation. A bunch of workers get together and self-determine what hours they should work and then they unhesitatingly wreck the nation in order to obtain their ends.

Every loafer has the dictum that the world owes him a living. I don't know exactly what they mean by "the world," but I know that we all owe our old mother earth a great deal. It is up to everyone of us to leave her better off than we found her. Satan advises his disciples to "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

Which of these twin hath the greater congression to-day? It seems to me that the pulpit has been helping Old Nick with his pro-paganism. For two generations it hath been teaching the people that if they have a big enough majority they can do anything they have a mind to—it matters not whether it is British or Scriptural. They talk in lightnings and thunders and in earthquakes, and no one can hear the whispering of a still small voice!

While they are taking up the collection the choir sings, "Oh, put your faith in Raney and he will pull you through." Do you think this is reverent, considerate, proper?

Raney has got Old Man Ontario by the whiskers and he is trying to pull him through—a knot hole. Between the two of them they are going to ruin the knot hole and wreck the fence. Raney has got the pore ole feller dragged through as far as his waist, but the ole gentleman has a crock in his hip pocket and his boot legs are full of home-made wine and raspberry vinegar, and I honestly don't see how Raney can get him much farther. The ole feller is practically dead. I don't believe that even in death he would consent to lose his crock and his boot legs. If they ever get the ole gent through the knot hole there won't be a stitch left on him. I won't be sorry for this for one. It's about time we had a modern suit of clothes. I am sick and ashamed of that grotesque old monstrosity. Why this beautiful province should be persistently depicted as an old skeekek, which never was on land or sea, beats me. I know he wears a red flannel under shirt. I'm positive he does and,

since they cut up the rain trough for firewood he never washes himself.

His religion hath much to do with his unhappy predicament today. He believes that no one will go to heaven only him and the folks who go to the same meeting house he does.

When he prays, he prays: "Lord, bless me an' my wife, My son an' his wife, Us four—no more!—Amen."

Class legislation pure and simple. This hath led to a condition of affairs where the farmer is a law unto himself, the bricklayer is a law unto himself, the man in the gravel pit is a law unto himself. Not one of them cares whether school keeps or not so long as he gets more than he is worth.

In the old pioneer days they used to have the Ten Commandments set up in the schools and over the Lord's table in the churches. You don't see them there today!

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

Walt Mason THE POET PHILOSOPHER

LANDLORDS.

I am looking for a shelter for my dachshund and my wife, and I can't, neither skelter, through the city's noise and strife. I would rent some humble attic two miles higher than the street, but the landlord plutocratic names a price I cannot meet. I would rent a rusty basement underneath a squalid flat, but the landlord, from his casement, names a price that lifts my hat. Oh, the landlord is a petter who would scalp me with his knife, and I would seek a shelter, with my dachshund and my wife. Up and down the streets I trundle, with my money in my hand, but my paltry bundle doesn't seem to much demand; through the town I've roamed and rubbered, and I hunt for lodgings still, but one cannot rent a cupboard with a fifty-dollar bill. And the landlord, fat and greasy, pays no heed to my despair, to my haggard cheeks and creases, to the snow that streaks my hair. He has no respect for sorrow; if I wish to rent a berth, I must go and steal or borrow more than his old coop is worth. When in summer heat I sweater, when the winter storms are rife, I must vainly seek for shelter, with my dachshund and my wife, and some morning you will find us lying in an alley dead, with our trail of smoke behind us, and a bitter sky overhead.

—WALT MASON.

Church Going.

A man should not go to church if he has made no mistakes and has no need of help to live right.

If he knows that a life would be truer, purer and nobler because it is kept away from Christ.

If he knows that his mother or his sister or his wife or his children would be better in a country entirely devoid of the influence of the church.

If he knows that he is living above the message of the church and needs no help of her sacraments.

If he knows that death ends all and that spiritual things are a foolish peradventure.

If he knows that there is no God.

The best thing to be done when evil comes upon us is not to resort to lamentations, but act; not to sit and suffer, but to rise and seek the remedy, my friend.

A man who has no enemies has but few friends.

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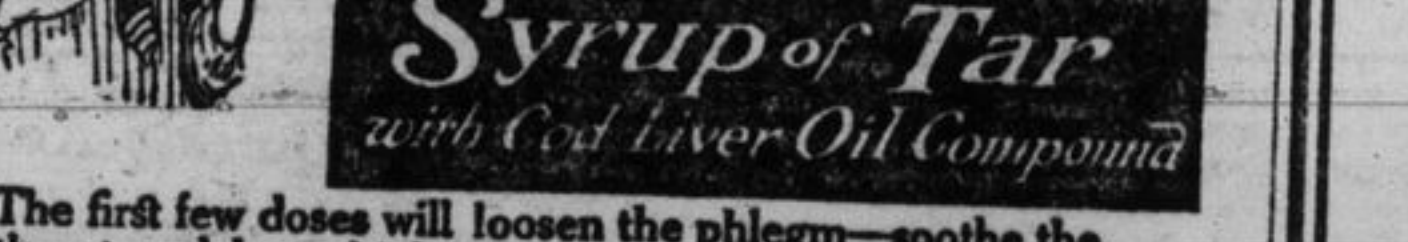
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