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In Mexico a political landslide is the work of spades.

Apparently the treaty didn't make the world safe for those who made it.

George Bernard Shaw says this play is his last one. Tut, man. Remorse is transient.

Mr. Bryan's heart probably doesn't mind being in the grave now. It has plenty of company.

One reason we cannot build houses fast enough is because of the demand for new garages.

There is seldom an industrial war in a plant where the employees call the "old man" Billy.

A dentist can fill a hollow tooth for you, but a cavity above the ears is a permanent affliction.

Love is the power that stills the ambition to be a vamp and makes a girl content to be a cook.

Every leader has moments of irritation when he wishes he could fire everybody north of a given point.

Twelve thousand Baltimore building trades workers refuse to accept an increase in wages. What's the joke?

Some men are born kings. But Harding is the only man who was ever elected president the day he was born.

When a successful office seeker remarks that a great principle has triumphed, politeness covers a multitude of grins.

One judges from the divorce court records that Americans are not unanimous in their dread of foreign entanglements.

Europe has probably noticed that the American people are in favor of something or other by an overwhelming majority.

Ireland is growing tired of murders, and the moderate element in the island is beginning to assert itself. It is a hopeful sign.

Now that the British and German professors are friendly again, all they have to do is to get the students to kiss and make up also.—Montreal Star.

Crimes of violence are increasing at an alarming rate in the United States. Investigation shows that the foreign element in the population is not responsible.

Monkey glands will be in great demand if they prove up to expectations, but won't it be rather hard on the monkeys, enquires the Belleville Intelligencer.

Lower prices can come without a corresponding cut in wages if people will get out and give a full day's work for a full day's wages, remarks the Detroit Free Press.

Canada's trade returns for the first seven months show a large increase over 1919. Business is buoyant and mortgages on homes and farms are being paid off.

The whole world, remarks the Brentford Expositor, will sympathize with the people of France in their reluctance to trust Germany's good faith without tangible proofs of national repentance.

CITY'S BACKING WANTED.

There is no doubt whatever that Kingston's greatest need today is a commodious modern hotel. The present committee, which is working on the project, is nearer success than any other organization that has dealt with hotel propositions for Kingston. The stockholders are to decide upon the site. They will, no doubt, choose what they think will be the best paying proposition. Then it will be the duty of the citizens to get behind the scheme and push it to a successful conclusion. The people are to vote upon a bond guarantee, and upon their vote will probably depend whether Kingston will ever have an hotel worthy of the city. If some people have their way, Kingston will be kept from becoming a progressive place. These people hang on to its coat-tails, trying to drag it back. They see only blue ruin, and would use their talent like the man who hid it in the earth. However the good sense of the broader-minded people can be depended upon, and if the hotel company can show that they have a proposition that will pay for itself, confidence is expressed that the citizens will give it their backing.

THE REFINERS' POSITION.

Probably the most sensational effect of the drop in sugar prices has been the phenomenal collapse of Atlantic sugar shares on the stock markets. Three months ago these shares were quoted on the stock exchange at 164; the latest report gives the quotation at 16, a drop of 148 points from the high level of three months ago. The large proportion of this drop naturally has taken place since the government refused to allow the Board of Commerce to hold up the price of sugar by fixing the price and practically forbidding importation. The cause of the drop is not far to seek. So long as the refiners could demand any price they wished they remained loyal to each other and simply charged as high a rate as they cared to name. Their profits were enormous, dividends were large, and, in the opinion of the refiners, prospects for the future were bright. They figured that they could keep the price up, at least until the new crop was available. Here they figured wrongly, for the tightening of credit forced liquidation in the United States, the price fell, cheap sugar became a prospect, and the promise of big profits became a myth. Then the shareholders, fearing the loss of their coveted dividends, became panicky, and the stock dropped.

It is not likely that the public in general will have a great deal of sympathy for the refiners. The belief is widespread that, as they made huge profits during the period of high prices,—and this is borne out by the high level which the stock reached—they should be able to stand any loss which they may incur in this forced liquidation of sugar supplies. The average man in the street is not likely to give much thought to the position of the refiners. He only knows that, so far as sugar is concerned, his dollar will now go nearly twice as far as it did three months ago. He welcomes this change as a sign of the times, and is inclined to believe that, if the refiners are now in a precarious position, this is only their just dues. He reasons that if there had been no undue inflation in prices there would have been no need for the sudden drop which has occurred. He feels that he is now getting a little of his own back, and is rather pleased about it.

But the outlook for the refiners is not quite so black as it appears. True, the era of high profit has gone, and losses are being sustained for the present, but there are signs that the market is reaching a settled condition. The new raw sugar crop is coming in at a very low price, and the refiners can be trusted, as shrewd business men, to lose no time in making good their losses. It is not likely that the old days, when twenty pounds of sugar could be bought for a dollar, will ever return, but we believe that the return of normal trading conditions will be of benefit alike to refiners, wholesalers and retailers and to the ultimate consumer.

MUSINGS OF THE KHAN

The Runt and the Rascal. (No. 7) Tee Tee came wide awake at four in the morning and lay on her back, staring up through the dark at the invisible ceiling. Finally she turned over and kissed the eyelids of the girl beside her. "Sleepin'?" "How could a feller sleep and you makin' all that noise?" "What noise?" "You was thinkin', don't you dast deny it! You was thinkin' 't to wake the dead an' you was thinkin' uv me. Can't you let a body alone? I'm tuckered out!" Tee Tee giggled maliciously. "Yes, Runt, I was thinkin' of you. What you goin' to work at? What you goin' to be? Runt, oh, Runt, this is Sunday mornin' an' we kin sleep till noon. Wake up, Runt, an' tell me what you goin' to do." The Runt sat up in bed, pounded her sumpy pillow into shape and then lay down again. "I'm goin' to learn to drive a car." This held Tee Tee for a while and she lay there as if she was dead.

Finally—Whose car, Runt? Young Dan's?

"Any old car, stoopid, reorted the Runt, 'so long as I learn. That's all I'm after." "And what are you after it fur?" persisted Tee Tee. "I want to be able to drive a tractor plow."

Tee Tee drew up her knees and handed the Runt a kick that made her squawk. "I've a good notion to kick you again!" "You don't dast to, you little brute. What'd I ever do to yuh?" "What did you do to me? You come mousin' down here to Trontuh an' got me to love yuh more'n I ever loved any buddy before, an' you up'n pay me back by handin' me the information that you are goin' to do some plowin'. Runt, you're the limit. Say, kid, et, you get gazelike that again I'll jes' natchelly kick you all to pieces."

They clutched each other, got their heads under the blankets and giggled rapturously. "But, honest, old ruffian, I want to learn to drive any old darn thing that'll go with a pail full of gasoline. Listen here! Oh, that Loosee homestead is a lovely old place. They's not a farm in the world lays out uv doors like it. An' who's been there goin' on for four years? Old Dan an' me. There hasn't been a furrow turned onto it this year yet. Cause why? Cause you couldn't get nobody for love or money to do a tap for yuh. I jes' figure it out that if I had a tractor plow I'd put a cushion on that seat and rip up that ole farm from the concession plumb back to the bank. There's seventy acres on that farm that could be put in crop next spring. How much crop was put in last spring? Fourteen acres, an' then it wasn't half put in. If I was an expert engineer Ole Dan's me c'd run that farm to the Queen's taste an' make a fortune, an' I'd plow for other folks, so much an acre. I'd make a barrel uv money."

"Why don't you go out an' get a job carryin' a hod?" moaned Tee Tee. She sat up in bed again and tossed her pillow in a frantic endeavor to soften it.

"You're a nice little ole cross bear, you be," drawled Tee Tee. "Why don't you wear a hair shirt and look the part?" "A hair shirt had oughta go with this piller, but listen here, I'm a-goin' to learn to run a car, a truck an' a tractor, git that?" Then she whanged the pillow against the bed head and snuggled down.

"Runt," said Tee Tee, "I'm goin' to start you on your way. My Aunt Jule married a garridge in the east end. The minister throwed in a feller by the name of Hopkins an' he says he's my uncle now. He is a kind-hearted, affectionate robber who has the sugar profits playin' the role of Lazarus. Well, this here Uncle uv mine he'll take you on Monday, fer what I says goes. Lemme see, what's his first name? I mustn't forget his first name. His name is either Isaac or Hezekiah; no-

It's Joghaway. Well, Uncle Josh will take you on as a stoopid, but he'll take you on as a stoopid, but he'll (Continued on Page 7.)

Walt Mason THE POET PHILOSOPHER

BUSY MEN.

Some of us are gifted speakers and we make the welkin sound, fading all the lesser shriekers who may argue and expound; and our grace you'll be allowing when we come before you bowing—but the farmer with his plowing makes the old world's wheels go round. Some of us are famous fighters, with our guns and butcher knives; and a lot of us, as writers, buy the fodder for our wives; others on the stage are playing through the lines of "Hamlet" straying—but the farmer with his haying is the man who saves our lives. Some have all their lives devoted to the well-known public weal, and in congress, silver-throated, you may hear them ably spiel; and they have our admiration, our applause and adulation—but the farmer saves the nation when he feeds the calves their meal. Some are painting gorgeous pictures destined to a deathless fame, and, despite the critics' strictures, they will get there just the same; some are preaching public morals, some are gaining singers' laurels—but the farmer with his sorrels, or his claybanks, plays the game. And the farmer isn't yawping as he goes his dusty way, and we do not see him stopping, yelping for a six-hour day, when the early dawn is breaking he goes briskly to his raking, and his honest bones are aching when at night he hits the hay.

THE TREASURE.

Burglars broke into a safe and were so engaged over the bottle of hard stuff they found therein that they forgot all about the \$1,000 worth of Liberty Bonds that were neighbors of the flask. Keep a flagon of juice in the vault for the refreshment of burglars and save money.

A Hint to France.

If France wants her colonies to have the same status in the League of Nations that the British dominions have, let France extend her colonies the same measure of national autonomy that the British dominions possess.

A Miner Who Died Rich.

(Toronto Mail and Empire) John Mitchell, formerly president of the United Mine Workers of America, left an estate valued at a third of a million dollars, which no doubt will be used as an argument to prove that thrifty coal diggers may easily disgrace themselves by dying rich.

Why does the otherwise sane man go to so much trouble trying to make himself believe he is having a good time? The man of shifting opinions is not the one to seek for good advice.

A cold is seldom "just a cold"—it is a dangerous malady.

It is usually a breeder of ulcerated throats, inflamed tonsils, attacks of neuralgia, bronchitis, grippe, influenza and pneumonia. A cold is a dangerous, deadly disease, with which you cannot afford to trifle. Do not let a cold develop into anything more serious. Break it up while it is still a cold by taking BREAK UP COLDS DOMINION C.B.Q. Tablets in the Red Box. Headaches stop in a few hours.

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