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John Barleycorn to Scotland: Et tu?

Money isn't really tight, but just quietly jingled.

Calico is down in price. But will the maidens abandon silk for it?

Another little trouble with the world is the long time between things.

The automobile industry is growing rapidly. Also the cemeteries and hospitals.

The profiteers may be getting what is coming to them, but they are not getting it in such large chunks.

A little more of this back to the farm movement and there will be no front to the lunch counter movement.

Adam was naked and got his dinner from the trees. Perhaps that is the sort of Paradise Lenine has in mind.

Doubtless you have observed that the man who is good at nothing else is a formidable opponent in an argument.

Concerning League revision, France is willing to concede any point except the one which jabs Helmle.

Getting an invading army out of Russia is a task that seems as difficult to-day as it was in the time of Napoleon.

Every time the political bee employs its sting the world loses another laborer.

You can say one thing for the banks. Falling prices haven't set them to whining that they are operating at a loss.

The war was to make the world safe for democracy. In Greece, however, they are trying to make the country safe for monarchy.

A name means nothing. The Virgin Islands sound innocent, but travellers report that the natives put the accent on the gin.

An English visitor declares that there is no clear articulation on this side of the water. Did the gentleman ever hear our money talk?

The back-to-the-farm movement has started, due to the unemployment in the cities. Government employment bureaus report that many men, believing a hard winter is ahead, are seeking work on the farms.

The New York Illustrated News remarks: Senator Harding has assured the working man that he never said a dollar a day was enough for him; he has assured the farmer that he never said a dollar a bushel was enough for wheat. The barbers are now waiting to be assured that he never said a dollar was enough for a hair-cut.

Reflect on the place this nation holds, its prosperity at home, its credit abroad, the pride of its achievement, the splendor of its prospects; think these things over in the quiet of your homes, and be true to Canada; and come to conclusions that you believe are sound and right.—Premier Meighan at Toronto.

HOME INFLUENCE AT THE POLLS.

Opponents of woman suffrage have claimed that wives and husbands would vote alike, that election expenses would pile up, that the vote would be doubled, but that proportional results would not be changed.

Even supposing this to be true, the experience with women voting in their first presidential campaign in the United States is now reported to have been markedly satisfactory.

Elections were orderly to a degree almost unprecedented. The influence of women restrained rowdiness.

It is to be hoped that this particular effect of woman suffrage will continue. If politics comes to be more of a family affair, it is sure to absorb more of the moral tone of the home.

All over the United States men escorted mothers, sisters, daughters, sweethearts and wives to the polls. The refining influence of women was manifest. Men wore on their good behavior. Polling places were comparatively free from the haze of smoke. Quiet superceded rowdy language. "Rough stuff" was taboo.

Under such circumstances a man is less subject to corrupt influence. Even if the wife follows the lead of her husband and doubles his vote, the probability is that his will be a better, a more thoughtful and a more conscientious vote, and so worth the added expense.

Politics has long suffered from the influence of the rowdy, the gangster and the corruptionist. Because of this, many good men have affected a superiority to political activity. Politics has been "too dirty for a gentleman."

If the presence of women does no tion practices, it will be worth the more than lift the moral tone of election in the level of political procedure. Politics will become more "respectable," and will attract better citizens.

A SATISFACTORY ANNOUNCEMENT.

The announcement that Rev. J. O. L. Spracklin is to be put on trial for the shooting of Beverley Trumble, proprietor of the Chappell House, Sandwich, on Nov. 13th, will give general satisfaction, both to the friends of the pastor-license inspector and to his enemies.

The latter will now be assured that the law will be fully complied with in this case, and that, if Spracklin is deserving of punishment, and is adjudged so by the high court, then justice will be done.

On the other hand, Spracklin's friends, confident that he acted in a manner which deserves no condemnation, will look upon his trial as a means of vindicating him.

In either case a fair trial will do more than anything else to clear away all the indictments which have been made against the Ontario government and against Spracklin.

It is also a good thing that the trial will not take place for some months. Public feeling runs high in connection with this case, and it would be only natural to suppose that any jury would be open to prejudice one way or the other.

The best thing for Spracklin to do until his trial would be to stay as far away from the limelight as possible, cease his activities against the bootleggers and rum-runners until he is either vindicated or found guilty, and to, for the present at least, vacate his pulpit. It would hardly seem appropriate that a man charged with manslaughter, committed in the course of his duty as a license inspector, should be permitted to continue in that capacity until the trial is over; and it seems equally inconsistent that he should carry on his duties as a minister while this charge hangs over his head.

How the trial will end we do not presume to forecast. The evidence which was submitted at the inquest is not sufficient for a high court, and there are many points which will require clearing up. In the final result the public are not so greatly concerned. Their chief concern was centred on the question of whether Spracklin was to be tried or allowed to go free without a full and complete investigation. Now that this point has been settled, the public mind will rest more easily with the assurance that justice, at least, will be done to all parties concerned in the case.

Lining Up.

(Windsor-Tribune) If the people of Canada cannot properly take the measure of the public men and parties now before them, and appealing for support, it will not be the fault of the public men. The opportunity is the people's and they should not fail to make good use of it.

Canada will be able to congratulate itself if it knows exactly what it is voting for, economically speaking, at the next election. All other tariff issue elections have been camouflaged on way or another, and a lot of politicians had really never been smoked out of their holes. Today things are different.

Home or Restaurants? (Rechester Post-Express) Americans will rejoice that the apple and pumpkin crops this year are excellent. We can have pie for breakfast, every day this winter.

MUSINGS OF THE KHAN

The Runt and the Rascal.

(No. 9) After they had left the cathedral they tripped down to St. Lawrence Market and got a car for the east end.

"Listen here," admonished Tee Tee on the way down, "you are not the Runt east of Wilton crescent. You are Miss Tudor, understand, and always call for it. Dignity"—and Tee Tee searched in her little wrist purse for a chew of Spearmint, found it, parked it in her well-moulded cheek, dabbed her lips with her handkerchief, glared through the opposite window and then through the one at her back to locate the part of King street, just as if it mattered, and then proceeded: "Dignity is awful necessary in young ladies. I have always wanted to have a haughty appearance. Oh, Kid, it's great to look haughty, they wear a well-earned and general attention. Men love haughty dames, I know they do; they love 'em better than the gigly kind. But I never could make it go. When I tried to look haughty, darned if I didn't look fierce and—She giggled, and so did the Runt, but the latter had learned her lesson—she was Miss Tudor.

They found Aunt Jule in the parlor and Mister Hopkins with her, for a wonder. Mister Hopkins was ill at ease in a parlor and a clean collar. Nevertheless, they were a well-assorted couple and got along fine, notwithstanding she was a trifle older than he and some seven inches taller. I will not go so far as to assert that the aforesaid Mister Hopkins was in love with Tee Tee's Aunt Jule, but he was very much in awe of her, which was in the long run better still.

The Runt started in the next morning as a motor car student, and made good from the very start. Any old bus intrigued her, any old engine fascinated her. She was the wizard with a tire and when a disabled car was towed in she had an uncanny intuition as to what the trouble was and where to locate it before it came to a halt. She drove accurately and intelligently, and it was not long before Mister Hopkins entrusted her with a great truck load of packages for a store in Brampton and she was back before dark.

"I hate to run on you," apologized Mister Hopkins, "but could you take a suitcase up to St. Clair avenue right away? Here's a Ford touring, the only thing I've got. Jump in. And away she went.

She was north of Bloor and going along smoothly on the right side of the street, when—bang! a big runabout swerved across the street and crumpled her mudguard and cracked her windshield. It was dark and misty. The driver of the other car got out hastily and came round to her side.

"Anybody hurt?" He peered into the Ford and then stared at the Runt agast.

"Are you alone, madam?" "Quite," quoth Madam. She was sitting there as quiet and self-possessed as a clucking hen. Her assailant didn't say much, but he said it well. He would gladly pay for all damage. He got out his note book. "May I ask your name, madam?" "The Runt," she answered whimsically.

"Hunt?" "No, Runt! R-U-N-T—and now, if you will back your car a bit, I'll be on my way. Come to No. 8 Packing House Lane in half an hour and I will listen to your explanations," and she was gone.

This fellow was a gentleman—Rossetter was his name—and he was waiting for her at the garage when she returned, the twisted mudguard flapping like a wounded wing. Mister Hopkins charged him handsomely and had just completed the transaction when the Runt came out of

the office on her way home. He started to explain, to apologize. "Don't detain me, please," she said. "I want to catch that street car."

"Let me take you home in my boat," and the first thing she knew they were gliding up town together. He explained to her that he lived with his mother in a bungalow away on the northwest side of the city. He wanted a capable chauffeur who would be company for his mother and take her out in the car. Mister Rossetter expressed the opinion that she needed no more lessons in driving and would she accept the situation—he didn't call it a job—and name her own terms? She would and did!

"And if you could bring us a good cook with you—"

"I kin cook." "What will you?" "Cook."

"Yes, I'll cook. I like to cook. Make it another twenty-five a month and—here is my abode."

"Oh, wonderful, amazing, oh, heaven-sent girl! I'll come for you to-morrow at eleven."

"You must get me a glass rolling pin," stipulated the Runt. "And you must give me your glass slipper," countered the Prince.

The Khan, The Wigwam, Rushdale Farm, Rockton, Ont.

Walt Mason THE POET PHILOSOPHER

UNEXPLAINED. A man with sideboards may be wise, a shining light to other guys, but ten men out of nine or eight will view him with a deathless hate, and wonder why he'll thus behave when twenty cents will buy a shave. And who's the man who can explain why sideboards don't seem safe and sane? Why do they make most men see red, and yearn to punch the wearer's head? The man who leads a dog around may be a scholar most profound, may be endowed with virtues fine, equipped in any crowd to shine. But men who see him will remark, "He ought to do that after dark; a man should be ashamed, by jing, to lead a bow-wow with a string when there are chores that should be done ere yet the night obscures the sun." I cannot tell the reason why, and yet we all detest the guy, who travels parasang and verst, and leads his living wienewurst. The man who's free with good advice may mark his rede when he would counsel, guide and plead, but still he keeps us seeing red; we'd bounce a brick upon his head. We are a cranky bunch, say I; we loathe and love and don't know why.

—WALT MASON.

The Toy Situation.

(Dry Goods Economist) This story, as told by a toy salesman "on" his chief, a big doll manufacturer, is going the rounds in New York: A customer of long and good standing wired it to the firm: "Cancel all outstanding orders for dolls immediately," whereupon the manufacturer wired back: "Can't cancel immediately. You will have to wait your turn."

Of course, this is only a story, but it very nearly typifies the toy situation, for gloom is so thick in the top trades you can cut it with a knife.

Has Since Been Heard From.

(Ohio State Journal) The 23,000-mile campaign made by Jimmy Cox must have involved a severe test of his remarkable physical resources, but the Democrat who underwent the most terrific strain in the late unpleasantness must be Colonel Bryan, who didn't say more than three-quarters of a column from beginning to end.

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