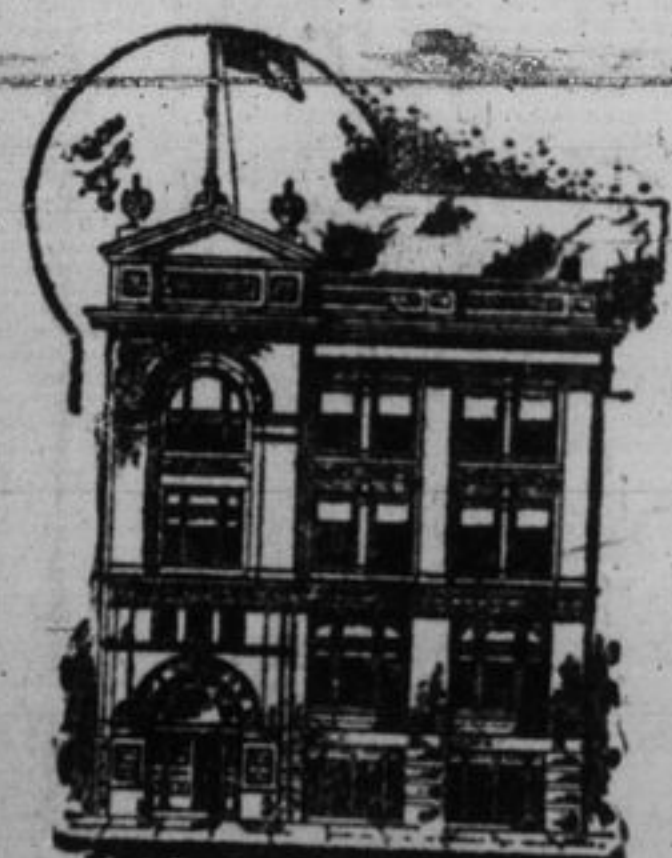


THE BRITISH WHIG 87th YEAR.



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Time to think of Christmas shopping. Yule-tide is just around the corner.

The greatest need of the times is something we can step on to accelerate our wits.

To-day the great United States turkey will get it where that other Turkey got it.

You have to admit that the farmers are adept at organizing; East Elgin showed it.

It seems to take the bakers a long time to consume the wheat that was grown at war prices.

We speak of a man as being "dead broke" because when he is broke he might as well be dead.

To keep a house hot and yet use precious little coal is now worrying many people. They have a problem on their hands.

The price of gasoline has dropped six cents in England. Paste this on the top of your gas tank where the next pirate will see it.

The rum in rummage is said to be the real cause for rummage sales to be so popular. In any case, they seem very intoxicating!

Women in the pulpit—and they are growing in numbers—may be an attraction for a while, but the sphere is a man's and people know it.

A good lady recently enquired of us whether lithographers were a product of Lithuania. We said no; they came from our print shop!

Germany demands the return of at least some of her colonies; Turkey demands a revision of the peace treaty. Who won this war anyway?

In Oregon they have found caves heated by nature. Occupants of houses in Kingston often think the same kind of heat pertains to their residences.

The good minister who said that "the eight-hour man with a sixteen-hour wife needs very strenuously to unionize the home," gave out a valuable thought.

Doubtless there are diplomats who think of everlasting peace as an era when the little fellows will lie still while the big fellows frisk their pockets.

A sanctimonious crook has been exposed at Barrie and a year for fraud is his desert. This sort of a deceiver is the most contemptible kind that walks on the earth.

The British War Relief Fund is open for subscriptions, but it would seem as if the purse strings of King-wonians are hard to be pulled open. Hope is in desperate straits and thousands upon thousands of her orphans cry aloud for pity and help.

Britain has a loquacious ambassador at Washington, and yet what he says is pertinent and important. His Scotch sagacity prevents him from saying anything that could be regarded as not according to the best traditions of British diplomacy.

Twelve amalgamations of Methodist and Presbyterian congregations have taken place in this district, thus releasing a number of preachers for work in the Canadian west, where they are urgently needed. This is the kind of church union that is worth while.

CLEAN FOODSTUFFS. In discussing the sanitary food by-law, which the Board of Health asked it to ratify, the city council had been taken by the city council that anything which would increase the cost of living should not be put into effect. The council passed clauses of the by-law which would not add expense to the consumer, but struck out clauses that might take a little more from his pocket. Is this not false economy? If the covering of fresh meats and other perishable articles brought to market would add to the health of the community, would it not be worth while? The tendency of municipal councils to put dollars and cents before health is a very bad practice.

ADJUSTING LABOR TROUBLES. An indication of the great amount of successful work done by the Canadian Railway Board of Adjustment Number One is indicated in a report just issued covering the operations of that body between August, 1918, and August, 1920, the first two years of its existence. The board consists of twelve members, six of which were selected by the Canadian Railway War Board and compensated by the railways and six by the executive officers of the organization of railway employees, and compensated by these organizations.

During the period covered by the report the board dealt with all disputes affecting the various brotherhoods of railway employees and the orders of railway conductors and telegraphists. No less than eighty-seven disputes, complaints and claims were disposed of by the board in the two-year period, and a synopsis of the claims and the decision in each case is set out in the report. That the board conducted its business along economical lines is indicated by its financial statement, which shows that the eighty-seven matters inquired into involved a total cost of less than eighteen thousand dollars. The share of the cost met by the railway organizations amounted to slightly less than nine thousand dollars, which works out at about sixty cents per head per month for each member of such organizations.

FINDING EMPLOYMENT. An Ottawa report says that the government has been considering ways and means of assisting returned soldiers who may be out of employment during the winter which is at hand. It is to be hoped that the despatch is founded on fact, for undoubtedly there are many ex-service men with misgiving and dread. The Peterboro Examiner points out that in Toronto alone it is estimated that there are at least 8,000 veterans out of work—very few of them with enough savings to carry them through the crisis. The average working man has found it impossible to put by very much of his earnings, and a few weeks' unemployment leaves him in a position that is far from enviable. And so it is with hundreds of returned soldiers throughout the country who will soon be in desperate straits if the government does not come to their assistance. These men, or a majority of them, do not want charity; they want work, and the authorities would do well to consider what public work can be carried on during the winter months so that employment shall be provided for as many as possible. It has been often argued that governments, in time of prosperity, when men are in great demand in the industrial world, should curtail public works so that in the periods of depression, when industries close down or reduce their working forces, there will be a big programme of government work ready to absorb the unemployed. Unfortunately the reverse of this policy has been carried out in Canada. We have undertaken our largest public expenditures in boom times, and cut down our expenditures on such work to the bone in the season of sickness and depression. But in the crisis that is apparently before us now, municipal, provincial and federal governments must all exert their best efforts to grapple with the problem of unemployment, which threatens many sections of the country and in some cities is more than a threat.

THE SALES AND LUXURY TAXES. That something is wrong with the sales and luxury taxes put into force with the last budget seems to be quite apparent from the protests which are coming in from men in all walks of life. Of course, it would be hard to find a tax which would be popular, but, as a rule, the objections are raised, not by the merchants, but by the consuming public. The merchants of Canada in general have always given their hearty cooperation for which they had to take the responsibility. During the war they accepted restrictions, license regulations and special taxes in a true patriotic spirit. They have never been guilty of whining when there was no cause for it. In view of this fact, it is a matter worthy of attention that the merchants all over Canada, and particularly those of this city, should raise a

protest against the sales and luxury taxes. Taking into consideration the past record of the merchants, it is quite safe to say that there would be a real cause for complaint in this case. The conditions as put forward by Ald. Steacy certainly show two things; first, that too large a percentage of these taxes is taken up by the cost of collections, and second, that the actual collection of the taxes puts too heavy a burden and too great a responsibility upon the shoulders of the retailer. Another aspect of the case which deserves attention is that put forward by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. In a memorial asking for the abolition of the luxury tax they put forward some perfectly logical, and at the same time important, reasons for their request. Summed up, they claim that the luxury tax is injuring business, discouraging investment and causing unemployment. They claim that the public have greatly curtailed their purchases of articles on which the tax is placed. This is borne out by the retailers. They put forward the contention that free buying would follow a removal of the tax, with the result that buying would be stimulated, and more employment would be available. It must be admitted that their arguments are reasonable and sound.

On the other hand, the claim is made that the luxury tax is securing little revenue for the government. The official returns show that the amount collected is in excess of what was expected, but this is nullified by the high percentage of collection costs. In any case it is an unwise policy to impose taxes which are going to place a burden upon the merchants, who are already well taxed, which is going to injure business and cause unemployment. Such taxes can only be detrimental to the commercial and social life of the nation, and the revenue secured is not sufficient to warrant such a condition. These taxes should either be completely abolished or some radical changes made in the methods by which they are collected.

MUSINGS OF THE KHAN

The Runt and the Rascal. (No. 12) During this autumn I noticed in the papers a news item to the effect that someone in Vancouver had discovered a Vandyke—or was it a Rubens?—in his attic. Most of us, if we explore our attics, would find pearls and rubies. Some folks have bats and rats in their attics, but there are few attics that do not contain some precious thing, the value of which the careless possessor knows nothing. Many a man goes through life in comparative obscurity and unappreciated poverty and all the while he had something in his attic that if put on the market would pay the national debt. It is pitiful to think of people who toiled all their lives on a stubborn and unproductive piece of land and escaped the poorhouse by the skin of their teeth. With toil and suffering they obtained the bare necessities of life, and none of its luxuries. They put brown sugar in their tea and they got the tea for forty cents a pound. Yet all these bitter, hungry years right under their feet lurked untold wealth. Down under their potato patch lay a tideless sea of oil wider than Lake Erie. And they died poor!

True, it takes money to bore for oil, but it is no trouble to go up into your attic. If I succeed in inducing a few people to explore their attics this thrilling tale will not have been told in vain. Go up into your attic this evening and see if you can't find a Vandyke or perchance a Corot. You thought all along that it was an old chrome that your grandfather got as a premium with the Farmer's Advocate away back in the last century. Man alive, it is not a chrome—it's a Rembrandt and you are rich! You may go up into your attic to look for a Vandyke and not get it. That is altogether likely. But you may get an idea. There is hardly a man who

realizes that his attic is the most important part of his life. You recall the Parable of the Talents? You remember that he who buried his talent in the ground was held responsible and was bitterly punished? On the last great day many will wonder why they are turned down. Each will say to the Accusing Spirit, "Behold, I had no talent to bury," and the Accusing Spirit will look bored and say with a yawn: "It was in your attic all your lifetime!"

"But, Master, I never went up into my attic." And the Accusing Spirit will cry, "On your way! Give someone else a show! Next!" Brothers, each of us can make this world better than it is, and we have the material. We have been looking for it in the cellar, in the pantry—too often in the pantry—in the drawing room, in the library, but we never go up into the attic. This, too, in spite of the fact that history, both sacred and profane, illustrates the amazing fact that all the good things in the universe come out of an attic.

"Paradise Lost," the sewing machine, the Ford car, the silky plow, the rubber-tipped pencil, the fountain pen, rubber heels, chewing gum, postage stamps, near beer, face powder, cough lozenges, corsets, and "Mary had a Little Lamb" all came out of an attic! When Ole Dan and Mom Losee went to the Girls' Home in Bullock's Corners and took out a little mite of a thing, big-eyed and shy, they builded better than they knew. They put her and her little imitation leather trunk up in the attic. She dwelt in the attic—she spent her life there, except when she was working. The Losees are pretty well off. They've got a fine farm, but the sweetest, the most precious, the most sacred, the most potential thing they had on the place was up in the attic—and they didn't know it! Rossiter stood staring at the Runt with startled eyes.

"Yes, I am Josephine Tudor," she said. "They have been seeking you all over the world. In Australia, in South Africa, in the islands of the sea, and they have combed the North American continent for you and—"

"And who am I?" "You are IT!" roared John Rossiter.

Walt Mason THE POET PHILOSOPHER

THE GREAT BLESSING. I had a weary siege of sickness that called for pink and purple pills; my humble roll lost all its thickness when I had paid the doctors' bills. And pharmacists and well trained nurses were chasing to me up the road, and underwriters with their beards were hanging round my sad abode. Now I am feeling vastly better, the gout and mumps have left my frame, likewise lumbago, croup and tetter, though rheumatism still plays its game. No longer do I wear a plaster, there is no poultice on my form, and I'm not scared by bleak disaster, or by the ills that round me swarm. If one has health he is a craver to talk to grief and trouble sore, and croak, like Edgar Allan's raven, such balderdash as "Nevermore." Health is the only thing that matters, beside it other boons are vain, and men are surely mad as hatters who kick when they are free from pain. Recovered from my infirmity, and chafed at my own digestion, I face my tasks without a question, and life seems full and sweet and rich. Yes, ugly problems crowd around me, and throats and things invade my den, but they can't daunt me or confound me, for I am feeling well again. —WALT MASON.

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