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The voice of the people is seldom effective until it becomes a howl.

Lack of courage to make a change keeps many men short of change.

Of course the law has accomplished wonders, but bootleg prices deserve credit for an assist.

Thank heavens that the new member for East Elgin has not a name on which the newspapers can make puns innumerable.

A man who knows when to go home is wise, and if he doesn't know when to go he'll be wise the next day.

Divide men into two groups, good old scouts and horrible examples, and you will discover that most of the pipe smokers are among the good old scouts.

If they have not already done so, the local skating rinks would do well to get their ice area well soaked now, so as to save time and skating days for the enthusiasts later on.

The Klondike has nothing on Drummond Island for "striking it rich." That fellow who dug up the seventeen cases of Scotch ought to be made one of the "One Hundred Great Americans."

Next to getting your trolley to start away at the first turn of the crank these mornings, the hardest thing we can think of is convincing little Johnny that prunes are really a dessert.

The Whig cannot see how any party can find much cause for rejoicing in the outcome of the East Elgin election. The Liberal-Conservatives lost a long-held seat; the Mackenzie King Liberals made but a sorry showing; while the U.F.O. saw their majority reduced from 1,570 to 208.

RELIGION AND LIFE.

It may be confidently asserted that every man is religious because every man has eternity in his heart. That is equivalent to saying that every man has some conception of a supreme being and some idea of the world about him.

It is the glory of the Christian religion that the conception of God inherent in it is that of a Father who loves and seeks the best for His children, who has not made a world and then forsaken it, but who is interested in the affairs of men. It is inherent in the Christian faith that at the heart of things eternal goodness, eternal wisdom and eternal mercy are personally loving, knowing, understanding the affairs of men. That is, God is not an absentee; He is "nearer than breathing, closer than hands and feet."

It was the achievement of Jesus, that He, as no other of the sons of men, worked out this faith in practice. Men who come to know Him, to understand Him, to appreciate Him, came to the conclusion that God walked the earth in human form, and that God-controlled human personality alone was the fitting vehicle for the revelation of the glory of God full of grace and truth.

This faith in God as a father carries with it obligations not only to the Father but to the rest of the family on earth. That is, fatherhood in God spells brotherhood in man. If men will not love one another whom they have seen, how can their love be measured for the unseen? It would seem that this note

of brotherhood, insisted on by all the teachings of Jesus, has not received as much emphasis by Christian people as might be expected from the followers of Jesus. The plain fact is that the student of the gospels finds a programme of living vastly unlike a modern Christian community. The note of heroism, of sacrifice, of selfless living, predominates. Or this selfless life-Jesus is not only the example; His spirit is also the dynamic. It is the cup of cold water given in His name that is worth while; it is His spirit that energizes for service at home, in the provinces, abroad to earth's remotest bound. "Without Me ye can do nothing," said Jesus. "I can do all things," says Paul, "through Christ Who strengthens me."

HOW THE FARMER WOULD LOSE

The farmers of Canada are the strongest advocates of free trade. Their theory is that free trade will so cheapen their implements that the farmers themselves will reap the benefit, and the price of their produce will drop. While they themselves put forward the latter argument, it is hard to conceive of the farmers, or anyone else for that matter, lowering the price of the goods they produce. No such policy has ever been apparent, and it does not seem feasible that it should be adopted now.

But there is one interesting phase of the question which has been overlooked by the farmers. It was brought to light by the manager of the Aymer plant of the Carnation Milk Products Co., while he was discussing an order for ten carloads of condensed milk just received from Germany. This gentleman asserted that the farmers of Elgin county alone would lose an annual revenue of \$675,000 from only one condenser alone should the free trade of the United Farmers go into effect. His words are at least worthy of consideration.

"We consume over thirty million pounds of fluid milk in our Aymer plant alone each year, and the current price paid to the patrons is \$2.25 per hundred pounds. We are established here because of the protective tariff. Our American patrons are capable of supplying the domestic demand, and, in addition, the surplus output, which runs into immense quantities, must be marketed abroad. At present our American condensaries are cut off from the European market, because of the adverse exchange which amounts to too high a premium to permit of trading on the European market. In consequence American plants are largely overstocked. One plant alone has over six million cases in storage waiting for a market.

"Another point which seems to have been overlooked is that the Canadian farmer is receiving \$2.25 per hundred pounds, while our American patrons are receiving \$1.75 per hundred pounds. With free trade, the Canadian farmer would be forced to compete with the \$1.75 milk, and we, in turn, would be forced to close down our Canadian plants. It would be impossible to operate under such conditions."

Without seeking to go any further into the merits or demerits of the protective-tariff, it would seem that the free trade which the farmers are demanding would not be such a fine thing for them after all. What they might gain on one hand they would lose on the other, and the chances are that their last condition would be worse than the first. The whole tariff question is one which requires a great deal of consideration, for whatever plan is adopted must be one which will operate with equal benefit to all classes in the dominion. Only thus can the greatest good to the greatest number be assured.

THE EAST ELGIN ELECTION.

The outstanding feature of the East Elgin election is not the success of Mr. McDermid so much as it is the desertion of the U.F.O. by more than two thousand farmers. At the provincial election a U.F.O. candidate was elected by a majority of 1,500. This majority has been reduced to 208, in the by-election, while the Liberal candidate received 1,949 votes. The total Liberal and government vote was 4,804 against Mr. McDermid's 3,063, a majority against the U.F.O. of 1,741.

It is evident from these figures that the farmers as a political party are going backward rather than forward and this fact is disquieting to those responsible for launching the farmers of this country into politics as a class. The farmers are quite capable, individually, of judging for themselves and are not going to be dragged to the poles by J. J. Morrison or anybody else.

Perhaps never before had they the privilege of hearing national issues discussed in a more thorough manner than in this election, and it is safe to assume that all not linked up in the political organization were open minded and voted, as they believed, in the best interests of the country. One thing is certain, the class appeal failed, as it is bound to fall among people who have all of their lives enjoyed perfect freedom in the exercise of their franchise in this country.

Applying the figures another way, the opposition to the government is represented by 5,612 votes, the con-

tributed U.F.O. and Liberal vote, as against 2,855, but had the Liberals won over many more of the farmers the government would, perhaps, have carried the seat. In the first place Liberals could be counted upon to vote for their candidate with a fair degree of certainty, but the party had to meet the opposition of the U.F.O., which refused to accept its leadership and the lesson to be drawn from the result shows the folly of dividing the opposition to the government if either party expects to make any kind of a showing throughout the country. It shows, too, that the farmers are not prepared to enter federal politics and that they have lost ground since the Ontario elections. One of the reasons for this is the general prosperity of the country and the abatement of much of the criticism directed against the government during the past two years. The manner in which Hon. Mr. Meighen had taken up the question of the tariff and placed it before the people has caused the farmers' organizers to modify their absurd statements and to go soft on free trade, although free trade is still the strong card in the west. The tariff commission has brought to light facts that prove conclusively the need of a tariff for the protection of many of our industries and the interests of labor, while no rational method of raising revenue aside from import duties, income and excise taxes, has been suggested. The farmers are learning the truth about these things, and the need for organization as a political party in federal politics is not apparent to many who think these matters out for themselves. The difference between the farmer of to-day and the farmer of ten years ago is to be found in the position he has taken on questions of economics. These, he is learning, are the all-important questions, not racial and religious sentiments, and if he sees that the business of the country is conducted along business lines he is satisfied to pay his taxes and support good government.

MUSINGS OF THE KHAN

The Runt and the Rascal. (No. 14)

That evening the Runt went down to spend the night with Tee Tee. That astute young lady had a hunch that something had happened which accounts for the fact that she suggested bed as early as nine p.m. Each of them made conversation till they were snug in bed and then Tee Tee nudged the Runt and gently whispered, "Shoot."

"I'm goin' to git married," breathed the Runt.

Tee Tee lay motionless. Another castle had fallen and crushed her. She had been dreaming dreams. The great warehouse where she worked had become a stately barn with a great silo at one end. Under the barn were stabled twenty milch cows. She could smell their breath, particularly when they were fed turnips.

There was a noble pig pen and a hen house full of Minorcas. There was a fine old farm home with a great cook shanty—what they call nowadays the summer kitchen. There was a parlor, of course, with a hair wreath on the wall, and a bunch of wax flowers and fruit in a glass case on the centre table beside the plush album, the family Bible and a complete History of the Great War, fully illustrated. Then there was a cellar full of fruits, apples piled in bins and barrels, heaps of potatoes, carrots, cabbages and long rows of fruit jars on the shelves. And there was a man in the house. Not a man like the shipping clerk, either. No, nor like the junior partner, but a big, husky duck who littered the floor with shaft every time he pulled off his boots. And it had been all a dream after all!

She cried a bit, and then the dead game little sport turned over and hugged her comrade.

"I'm so glad, dearie; forgive me, but I was jealous for a minute, but I thought I'd like to have young Dan myself. I just loved that feller, though I never seen him yet, an' wouldn't know him from a load of hay."

"Say, McCracken, what are you jabberin' about? Have you gone dippy? Stricken in the mind? Of your young womanhood? Who the Sam Hill was talkin' about young Dan? McCracken, hey, McCracken, 'splain yerself!"

"Ain't you goin' to marry young Dan?" whispered McCracken.

"Not this winter, I ain't," quoth the Runt with emphasis.

Tee Tee sat up in bed. A man can think best lying down. This is not the case with the opposite sex. A lady has got to sit up. She may get her death of cold, but she's nothing, she just natchally has got to sit up.

"Runt," she said solemnly, "for the love ur Mike be reasonable. Who is the happy man—Mayor Church? Have a heart, don't keep me lingerin' in agony."

mid's eye the most beautiful Things in Paradise. That's how they got it and where they got it, though they didn't know it themselves. I read up in the library one day how a great artist picked up a peasant girl and from her he painted the greatest Mary of them all. Runt, do you think that was an accident? That that there painter jes' stumbled on the girl with the Face? She wasn't as pretty as hundreds of peasant girls he had seen, but she had the Look. God says to some men, 'Write, an' He furnishes them with what to write about. And the Lord says to another man, 'I commission thee to paint a picture of My Mother. Arise early in the morning and walk west to the fig orchard and thou shalt meet a damsel walking toward the east with the rising sun shining in her face. Paint thou the Damsel!"

"O, Runt, it isn't looks that get you anywhere, it is the Look that counts. I'll leave it to anybody in Trontuh that I'm purtier than you be, but, O, Runt, you've got the Look."

Tee Tee shook the Runt.

"Hey, wake up, Runt, what's yer hurry? Lissen, kin I have young Dan?"

"But you're never seen him!"

"What difference does that make as long as I love him?"

"I will take you to him to-morrow," promised the Runt, and Tee Tee fell asleep and dreamed her beautiful dream about her beautiful barns and her beautiful hoo k shanty, and every now and then she sighed in her sleep.

"Oh, you Dan Losee!"

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

Walt Mason THE POET PHILOSOPHER

THE TOLLERS. I hired some honest working men (to find such men long leagues I chased) to come around and fix my den, which time and weather had defaced. The carpenter arrived in state, he was attired in raiment glad; his touring car was simply great—eight cylinders the blamed thing had. The plasterer, a stalwart man, gave evidence that he was flush, for he rode in a fine sedan upholstered in the richest plush. The painter came as he'd agreed, a man of rather haughty mien; he used to drive an old bay steed, but now he toots a limousine. The tinsmith came, an able cuss, who labors through a six-hour day, and I admired his handsome bank and tin. The cooper, and there was one who came to delve a ditch where concrete would be poured; his wagon was a super-twelve whose powerful engine chugged and roared. They parked their cars, both ways, was blocked; and of the toller's burdened back, throughout the day they warmly talked. They spoke of Capital that sat in gilded ease and wore a grin, and on ill gotten gains grew fat, while Honored Toll grew lean and thin. They talked all day of trying cans to plutocrats and men of means, then drove away in rich sedans, and touring cars and limousines.

—WALT MASON.

WAS SUFFERING FROM INDIGESTION NO FEAR OF PAINS NOW.

Indigestion is one of the worst forms of stomach trouble, and many people suffer terribly after every meal they eat. The rising and souring of the food, pains in the stomach, heartburn, water brash, belching of wind, vomiting shortly after eating, etc., are some of the symptoms.

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