

THE BRITISH WHIG 87th YEAR.



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Variety is the spice of life and the downfall of liars.

Bill, a fireless cooker is of no service to a fireless cook.

"Do unto others as they have done unto you," is the more popular motto.

Hats never have red hair, though they may be addicted to Red theories.

The burnt cork in Ireland is going to blacken the names of the guilty parties.

Why, O why, does not an unknown uncle die somewhere and leave us the odd million?

To err is human, and the British should be very patient with their Erin brothers.

Get your order for Christmas cheer to the bootleggers early and avoid the rush.

Everybody is corking his neighbor in Cork. It sure is a corking town for the undertakers.

A great many pious folk overlook the first part of the command, "Six days shalt thou labor."

How many of the applications for divorce would stand if the right to re-marry were withdrawn?

It is easier to understand what happened at Babel after one listens to the chatter of nations.

Constantine sees that he can take the Greek throne but he is wondering who will pay expenses.

The United States wouldn't accept a mandatory, but is sufficiently interested to be an observatory.

A French scientist has discovered how to find the weight of a kiss. That is immaterial. It is the cost that counts.

The days of bad colds are at hand. Have you a little life-saver in your home or do you usually get a six-ounce order?

"Putting more in than you take out will eventually fill your purse." So says the wise man, but as usual he does not say how.

Belleville is trying to land a branch of a manufacturing concern which spent \$300,000 on advertising alone last year. Success to the city on the Moira.

We should still be thankful for those two patrons of the street cars, the girl who smiles going to work in the morning and the man who laughs going home in the evening.

Hon. Dr. Cody told a Toronto audience that he believed there was no form of government better than the form of two-party government. That may be true in the abstract, but when the people refuse to line up behind the two old parties, what then? Has the doctor any solution of this problem?

Which is supreme in matters of financial expenditure—the city council or the board of education? is a question that must be settled in Toronto. Every other city in the dominion is interested in the outcome of this controversy. It would seem to the Whig that the odds are all against the board of education.

NEEDED, AN INFIRMARY.

The directors of the Home for the Aged have a new problem on their hands. Owing to the decision of the General Hospital to care for no more of its bed-ridden inmates, an infirmary must be provided. The home accommodates fifty-two persons, and takes care of the aged poor of Kingston, Frontenac county and the counties of Lennox and Addington. By notifying Lennox and Addington council that its poor can no longer be accommodated in the Kingston home, infirmary arrangements could be made in the present building, but probably it would be better if the three municipalities each contributed one-third towards the erection of an extension to the building. This would be the most economical solution for all concerned. The Kingston Home for the Aged is most efficiently conducted. It has a splendid superintendent in Dr. Baldwin, and the old folks are very kindly cared for and entertained. There is many a man and woman who would like to end their days in this Kingston home. Work that the hospital formerly did must now be done at the Montreal street institution, and the infirmary will no doubt be provided for, as the city council board of directors have provided other good things for the place in which the old and infirm, with no relatives to look after them in their declining years, are cared for.

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

A correspondent in Tokio says that silk reeler and spinners have decided to "suspend production and reeling of silk at that place from Nov. 20th to the middle of February, in order to maintain prices." This action by the silk interests of Japan follows a general depression in the industry for several months. Wholesale dealers and exporters of Yokohama have agreed not to handle the silk of any reeler who violates this non-production agreement.

Not even the "Circumlocution Office" which Dickens satirized in "Little Dorrit" had a better right to a guiding principle of "How not to do it," than this Japanese organization, which is trying to lift itself by its own bootstraps. After a period of wild excess in any activity, from such a readjustment of economic conditions as Japan has been attempting to the simpler operation of drinking too much to celebrate a successful effort—the result is wholly analogous, in the cold, gray dawn which comes to depress the spirits. The wise men of Japan—when they can make themselves heard above the clamor of ignorance—must employ the most strenuous efforts to restore peace in a top-heavy crisis, and rehabilitate sane economic conditions by recognition of the laws which govern immutably.

A U. F. O. PRINCIPLE.

The evidence of the farmers' representatives before the tariff commission while it was sitting in Toronto, especially that of A. A. Powers, President of the U.F.O. Co-operative Association, brought to light one of the most surprising stories ever heard in regard to the marketing of farm produce. The first statement he made was that he was not there to talk tariff matters, but simply to endeavour to overcome the feeling that the farmer was a moneyed man. But nevertheless he shed some interesting light on the egg situation, and gave some facts which may have something to do with the continued high price of eggs.

It came as something of a shock to the commissioners, as it will to the general public, to learn that the farmers of Ontario are shipping their eggs overseas in carload lots at the same time as the people of the province have to buy eggs imported from the United States. It is even more surprising to learn that the bulk of the eggs sold in Ontario during the past summer have been imported. A concrete example was given of a recent transaction. While the Ontario farmers were either shipping the eggs overseas or holding them in cold storage, the U. F. O. Co-operative Society brought in five carloads of eggs from Minneapolis at a cheaper price than that received for export business; and they were sold at once, presumably as home eggs.

Naturally, this revelation raises a question of whether or not it is right to withhold foodstuffs from the public for the purpose of securing a higher price. The principle enunciated by Mr. Powers was to buy up all the eggs, put them in cold storage and hold them to be sold in the market offering the greatest inducements. Sir Henry Drayton, chairman of the commission, said that he was curious to know what the attitude of the United Farmers was towards the public sentiment against the holding back of foodstuffs for the purpose of enhancing prices. Mr. Powers did not seem at all concerned, but shrugged his shoulders and replied that "the Ontario farmer was looking out for number one."

It has been stated on various occasions, since the U. F. O. party secured the reins of power in Ontario that the party had no desire for class rule, that they were just as concerned in the interests of the other classes in the province. Mr. Powers' evidence seems to explode that theory. Of course it will be argued that the U.F.O. political party and the U.F.O. Co-operative Association are entirely different organizations;

but the bond between them is too close to convince the public that they are entirely independent of each other. Both draw their entire support from the same source, from the hundreds of U.F.O. clubs throughout the province. The leaders of one are the men who created the other. While perhaps Mr. Drury cannot be held responsible for the methods of the U.F.O. Co-operative Association, his followers are the men who laid down the principles of the association, and we have never yet heard of him finding fault with their principles.

MUSINGS OF THE KHAN

Her Heart and Her Henhouse. Most of us have our hopes, our aspirations, our ambitions, our dreams. Once in a dog's age we make good, but nevertheless 'tis nice to hope, to aspire, perchance to dream. What a drab world this would be if we could not dream our dreams.

Where a man has the advantage over a woman is that he can set to work to make his dreams come true. This is the whole secret of the Female Suffrage movement. For ages women dreamed beautiful dreams, but they had to depend on men to make them come true and the men—fell down! Hold on, though, not all of them. Some of them sat down, a few lay down and a few went up in the air and when they came down they went slap out of sight, that is, if there was any depth of soil in that vicinity. If man had sympathized with woman's aspirations and tried to get her what she wanted she would never have asked for the vote. Now she's got the vote and it serves us right!

Had she been born a boy she would have been christened "Lawrence" after her grandfather, who was the only man by the name of Belden who ever amounted to a hill of beans. That's one way great men are unconsciously awarded immortality; folks call their young ones after them. She wasn't born a boy—but her paw, Jim Belden, was a successful cuss and he contrived the splendid name "Lawrence" for her—and that's how she came to be called Larry.

Jim Belden "kep" store" at Gumbo cross roads and Larry clerked for her paw and she hadn't a terrible lot to do. A country store is not what it used to be. Almost everybody has got an auto more or less. If anybody in Gumbo has ten dollars, which is not likely after his gasoline bill has been paid and he has got a new tire, and a spring, etc., for the benzine buggy, I say if anyone in Gumbo has a ten dollar bill left, do you think he is going down to Belden's store at the cross roads to blow it in? It is to laugh! Nay, he will get out his car, his good-ole car, and go clattering off to Bullock's Corners with them ten iron men filling the interior to suffocation.

Yes, Larry, a pretty little thing she was and is, Larry, poor girl, hadn't a terrible lot to do and she had plenty of time to sit by the Black Giant stove leaning back in her chair with her hands clasped behind her wise little head and dream dreams. And what do you suppose she dreamed? She did not dream of pirate yachts and speical trains. She did not dream of handsome mansions, beautiful bungalows or cozy cottages. She did not dream of sun parlors, luxurious dens, superb drawing-rooms, not at all, she did not build a castle, she built a henhouse in the air.

I said Hen House! She didn't want to be a doctor's wife, or a lawyer's wife, or even a preacher's wife, and she didn't want to be a farmer's wife either, exactly. She had a host of admirers but none of them got anywhere because not one of them had a henhouse on him. You see, though the women have the vote they are in slavery yet. They can't get anywhere without us fellows.

The whole community was amazed when it got out that Matt Teeple was sparking Larry. He had thirty acres of land up the concession from the crossroads, the remnant of the once vast Teeple estate. The sparking started this way. Matt he come in to the store one afternoon and she was alone and he bought ten cents worth of mixed candy and sat down at the stove to eat it and Larry she asked him what he was going to do with that thirty acre or his'n up the line and Matt he said that he'd sell it if he could and go out west and

start a ranch but nobuddy seemed to want it—it was too big for a little man and too small for a big man an' there you was! "Put a henhouse on it!" snapped Larry, "an' make a fortune. There's millions in it. You're workin' up here with the stone crusher when you might be yer own boss. There's money in hens, Matt. The hen is the machine gun of agriculture. The pig is a rapid firer and a cow is a whole cannon, but if you want quick results there's nothin' like a machine gun. You want to build the right kind up a henhouse, Matt. All the alleged henhouses I ever see was built by a rooster or a man with a rooster's intellect. You want to build a henhouse. Do you get me, Matt?"

"Oh, Larry, I'd like to get you," he said. There was silence deep as death and the two of them held their breath for a time. Then says she: "Do I get the henhouse?" The wedding took place in the little stone church. Matt was in a highly nervous state, which is not an unusual condition with bridegrooms. When they stood up together he should have said: "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." But instead of that, he says: "With seventy-five t'robred pullets, and imported rooster worth fifty dollars an' a henhouse I thee endow!" And she kissed him right there and then!

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

Walt Mason THE POET PHILOSOPHER

THE SECRET SORROW.

I have a sorrow in my breast, a brother to despair; and I've concluded it is best to keep the blamed thing there. You ask, "What is this corking wee, that has your soul besieged?" But you will never, never know—it won't be advertised. I've found a martyr never fails men's sympathy to share, so long as he omits details about his Secret Care. 'Tis best to merely shed a sigh, and sadly was one's care, and carry in one's starboard eye a pair of unshed tears; and one may spring some cautious hints about his broken heart; but if he hands out large blue prints, the listeners depart. A mystic sorrow, undefined, its boundaries in doubt, appeals quite strongly to the mind of every human scout. Men wonder what has wrecked your past, destroyed your fondest goal, and frozen, as with winter blast, the current of your soul. And there is pity in their glance when you they contemplate; you are a figure of romance, a Manfred up to date. But if you tell them you have corns, they mutter, "Shoo!" or "Scat!" For every honest voter scores a sordid vote like that. And so I have a soulful sigh, as one who'd fain be dead; but if you ask the reason why, I merely shake my head.

—WALT MASON.

Foody!

They were chatting in the crowded street car. "Do you know that every soul has a distinctive color?" said the Theosophist.

"No, I didn't," replied the Rounder, as he gaped for air. "But I do know that every soul has a distinctive odor."

Ooof!

"Prohibition might have saved the Roman Empire," said the man in the Frock Coat.

"How do you make that out?" asked the man with the Red Nose.

"Wasn't Caesar's death due to too many Roman punches?" demanded the man in the Frock Coat.

Some Business Men

Are old and feel old; others keep young by systematic exercises and "peppy" games in the Y.M.C.A. Gym. Keep the old "zip" in your step. Join the Y.M.C.A. Phone an application blank today.

Limited Range.

He—"Oh, doctor, Guthbert seems to be wandering in his mind!" Doctor (who knows him)—"Don't trouble about that; he can't go far."

President Wilson declines the invitation of the League of Nations to send delegates to take part in the discussion of the disarmament commission.

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