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Necessity teaches us industry, and habit makes us like it.

The prohibitionists haven't yet got John Barleycorned.

It seems to take the collapse of sovietism a long time to jell.

Some people who mean well do evil, and some apparently love hell for its own sake.

Venezuela may not be interested, but we know of a busy corner where there is no fruit stand.

The wet is wedded to his thirst, but he can't support it in the style in which it was raised.

It may be that all men are not equal at birth, but they are when covered with six feet of earth.

One editor expresses it: The publication that has no enemies usually has all the print paper it needs.

They say Lloyd George is willing to give and take. That is, he takes second thought and gives ground.

Mexico may yet settle down, if outside interests will refrain from pouring troubled waters on the oil.

When God hung the planets in space there were none present to declare their opinion that it wouldn't work.

Patronize the home merchants. Prices are lower here than elsewhere, and the selection of goods is very extensive.

Bryan is going it again. He is out for a new Democratic party. He says the old gang sold out for a glass of beer!

There is business for you. If you go after it you will get it. Advertising will help you get it—especially Whig advertising.

At this distance, the argument in Ireland seems a little too enthusiastic, but perhaps the leaders figure that the end justifies the meanness.

Sherry is the correct wine to go with soup and fish, says the London Times, but of course that is not interesting in this arid land any more.

There is prospect of an early settlement of the treaty controversy in the United States. Mr. Harding shows a disposition to get at the root of the matter.

The western churches are not debarred from uniting even if the denominations are decidedly slow in much needed action. The Calgary Herald says: "First thing the denominational bodies know church union will be an accomplished fact regardless of their action or inaction." People out there regard it as a good thing.

Right Rev. Charles Fiske, coadjutor bishop of the diocese of central New York, talks sensibly in regard to Sunday observance. He is not an advocate of crusading; rather he seeks to emphasize the duty of worship on Sunday. "If a person has given part of the day for worship," he says, "I think we may leave it to his own conscience what he will do the rest of the day, provided his recreation does not interfere with the rights of others, disturb their Sunday rest, or compel them to labor so that the special character of the day is destroyed."

CIGARETTE HISTORY.

A test of the Kansas anti-cigarette law before the supreme court will bring back to mind the peculiar history of the cigarette. Though there have been waves of prejudice against the weed in every form, and the chewing of tobacco means—for good reasons—social ostracism in the cities the only laws ever passed to restrict the practice of smoking have applied to the most harmless and least objectionable custom—cigarette smoking. The explanation is not difficult. Because cigarettes were mild, youngsters began on them. Unquestionably the practice of smoking is bad for the children. It is not good for adults, but adults are allowed to choose their own forms of enjoyable suicide. When it was discovered that boys could smoke cigarettes with pleasure, and in some cases did so, the mothers were aroused. The cigarette was called the coffin nail, and an unreasoning antipathy toward it sprang up everywhere. "You may smoke a pipe if you like," said the father to his son, "and I can stand the sight of cigars, but don't come into the house with one of those paper things hanging to your lips." The result of this emotion was the passage of such laws as the cigarette prohibition of Kansas. But if cigars, pipe tobacco and molasses plug are to be sold it is only reasonable that cigarettes should be likewise on sale to adults. Prohibition that eliminates only the mildest product would seem to have begun at the wrong end.

SOME IDEAS OF LIBERTY.

Most people, says H. G. Wells in his latest book, "The Outline of History," like telling other people not to do this or that. Herein lies one of the most fundamental causes of the world unrest of to-day. If we could but mind our own business, and let the other man mind his, this world would be a much happier place in which to live. But Wells asserts that when man first began to develop speech he immediately started to regulate the lives of other men; or, to quote his exact words: "The pedagogic spirit overflowed in the human mind. The Neolithic man, concerning whom this versatile author writes, is not very different from the average man of to-day. The latter wants—nay, insists—that the world should be made over to the pattern that most pleases him; that his ideas and ideas should be accepted as the only ones worth while considering; in the early dawn of history he enforced this narrow opinion by means of a club; now he accomplishes the same purpose by means of legislation. The Ten Commandments, laid down by our Saviour, comprise only ten 'Thou Shalt Nots,' but to-day man is not content unless he can increase the number at least a hundred-fold. An All-wise Providence made man a free-will creature, imparting to him the knowledge that if he sins he must suffer thereby. Thus only can he gain experience and develop character. The tendency now is to change this plan, to rob man of his right of self-determination—to adopt a present popular phrase—and to hedge him about with all kinds of restrictive measures. How far this can be carried on without disaster is a problem. "We are rapidly legislating ourselves out of existence," declares the principle of Queen's University. There is more meaning in his words than appears on the surface.

CONCERNING MOODS.

Once in a while you meet with persons who do not want anyone to articulate their religious faith. They will frankly tell you, in one of their moods, that they want some great word—some word greater than Isaiah's, or than any you find in the Gospel of Jesus. Possibly they do not know what they want. Perhaps the reason that such great epics of life take no hold on them in their dark hour is that they are physically and mentally unfit to appreciate anything greater than a bouclier cap and a bit of sentimentalism. Are they neuroathetic or verging on hysteria? Is it a doctor they need or perhaps a crushing sorrow to lift them out of their life's disillusionment? Or is it some darker malady of the soul that afflicts them and separates them from all their kind.

MUSINGS OF THE KHAN.

Little Miss Muffet. I was trying to wean the colt. I had him in the big box stall and he took it very, very hard. He didn't sulk. Here I wish to say that many horses and men are denounced as sulky when they are heart-broken. Many and many a woman is reviled as sulky when, as a matter of fact, her soul is crushed. She can't be gay—she can't smile, she shrinks away into a corner anywhere to be alone, and a voice bellows through the gloom: "Sulkin'! Huh! Sulkin'!" My coltie wasn't sulkin'. He wanted his mother, but a colt must be weaned. Ah! there is an end to everything. I stroked his neck and went back to the house and got him some apples, and was telling him that I was weaned myself and it never fazed on me when—"Sir, the sleigh!" Outside the stable a string of reindeer that stretched away out to the stars, stood waiting. I reached for a horse blanket: "Never mind, sir, we have furs," said a voice, and in another moment I was tucked into a sleigh and enveloped in blue fox and ermine. Swifter than light we passed into a world of wonder, and again I was in the great square of the City of Santa Claus. The great monument to ZOG, the inventor of the first doll, loomed up majestic against the stars. The arch erected to the man who made the first mouth organ spanned

IRISH TERRORISM.

The extension of the Sinn Fein policy of terrorism to the cities of Great Britain shows, if that were necessary, that those who are behind the movement are men who, above all else, are reckless of human life and property, and are determined to stick at nothing in order to gain their own ends. While it is not at all likely that the policy they have adopted will benefit them in the slightest degree, it is quite evident that the British government must do something, and do it quickly, to bring about some kind of a settlement of this vexed question of Ireland. Britain cannot be turned into an armed camp just because a minority of the people of Ireland have lost their heads, and because of a lack of sane leadership, are pursuing a policy of murder and destruction. The drastic measures which have been applied in Ireland seem to have had the effect of aggravating the situation, and the public mind, once so susceptible to acts of violence in that country, is becoming hardened and callous. Such a state of affairs cannot last much longer, for even the Sinn Feiners must surely realize that there is a limit to all things.

The great pity is that the majority of Irish people, who are anxious to be law-abiding and peaceful, have to suffer because of the misguided tactics of a few hot heads. Sinn Fein has entirely departed from the early principle of its founders. In the early days the organization was harmless in itself, and its leaders were visionaries rather than revolutionaries. It was only in recent years, when German gold made its presence felt and anti-British sentiment in the United States swung behind the Irish "republic" idea, that the movement assumed its present character. That it expresses the sentiment of even the Catholic Irishmen as a whole very few people believe. Even the Irish people know that a policy of lawlessness and disorder can never succeed, but can only result, in a worse state of affairs than that which previously existed.

When the full import of this dawn upon the Sinn Fein moderates, who are at present being over-ruled by the extremists, then there will be hope of peace and a settlement of Ireland's troubles. Ireland can work out her own salvation only when constitutional methods take the place of terrorism. Turning the country into a shambles will not settle the question; committing outrages in England will not bring about an Irish republic; but a sane and logical consideration of the needs of all parts of the country, coupled with a desire on the part of the Irish themselves to restore law and order and happiness, will do more to bring a settlement than any other method.

Ignotus sed non Ignobilis

With arms reversed and muffled drum And the pibroch's wailing sound They carried him in martial pomp To England's holiest ground— A warrior nameless and unknown, With highest honor crowned.

Swathed in the Flag he died to save They bore him on his way; Behind him walked the gracious King— Chief mourner on that day, While countless thousands awestruck stood To reverence or to pray.

They laid him in the chosen grave In England's stately fane; The requiem rose and died away, Again and yet again; It told of triumph after strife, Of victory after pain.

And thus an Empire's grateful heart The message would proclaim That though her Unknown Soldiers He Unchronicled by fame The roll-call of the Lord of Hosts Bears every deathless name.

Sleep, Soldier, till the tocsin sound Revell to the Morn When from the treasury of God A fair new world is born, And darkness and despair and death Can leave no heart forlorn. —Emmeline Stuart Godfrey, Ottawa.

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one end of the square. A superb library erected in memory of the first boy who could wiggle his ears blocked my vision to the south.

"Sir, Santa Claus!" I turned from gazing at those wonders to look in the kindly eyes of the dear little familiar face.

"Excuse my mitts," I said, for I shook hands with him with my mitts on.

"Don't mention it," said Santa Claus. "You have the old-time manners. It is not you, however, who should make excuses, but me. There are some people here who, when they heard that the Khan had visited the city were hurt that they had not had an opportunity of meeting you."

"I had met me into the vest salon, and I was confronted by an exquisite little lady, the dearest thing I had ever dreamed or read or heard of."

"Shake hands with Miss Muffet." "Surely," said I, kissing her hand. "Have I not the pleasure of meeting the Miss Muffet of imperishable—of immortal memory?"

"It is most kind of you to say so," quoth the lady, "but, nevertheless, I am Miss Muffet."

"But the spider," I said, hesitatingly, "the spider—who sat down beside her—"

She pressed my hand and reaching up she drew my head down close to hers.

"I have to do it every night," she whispered.

"Darling," I breathed, "what?" "I have to eat my curds and whey. Generation after generation demand it, and it is my fate."

"But darling, you are famous." "It is kind of you to say so, but fame has its penalty. Oh, how I would love to live in the Wigwam with you and the Basket Baby and Sar Ann, oh—"

A gong sounded. She fung her arms around my neck and hugged me, and I hugged her, and then she struggled free and fled.

A man with a Hallowe'en punkin for a head called.

"Sir, you can see from here." I looked through the portiere and saw Miss Muffet, and she sat on a buffet eating her curds and whey. Suddenly, out of the shadows came a hideous spider and frightened Miss Muffet away. She fled shrieking into the grand salon.

A young gentleman who was playing solitaire at a table in the corner reached for a sword on the wall, darted to the arcade, and pinned the spider to the gramophone.

"Who is the gentleman?" I whispered to my host.

"That's Jack the Giant Killer," said Santa Claus.

"A stranger here, I perceive," said a voice at my elbow, and I turned to meet Sinbad the Sailor.

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

Walt Mason THE POET PHILOSOPHER

ALL MEN ARE LIARS. We sit around at eventime, and tranquilly we lie, and tell of how the cars can climb stupendous hills on high. We used to be a truthful lot before the auto came; we used to ween and wist and wot that falsehood was a shame. And when from fishing trips returned we stretched the line a yard, our conscience like a bon-fire burned, and scorched us as pretty hard. But that was in a time gone by, a time that's vague, remote; and now we sit around and lie, each of his old tin boat. And when we to our beds repair, some also snore to spring, does conscience, while we're lying there, make night a solemn thing? Does she point out that falsehood's wrong? She tries that stunt no more; we've lied so much, we've lied so long, that conscience is a bore. Our old tin cars are red with rust, they're long since out of style, and something's always sure to bust before they go a mile. We're always tinkering with tools, o'er motors broken down, and hiring farmers with their mules, to haul us back to town. But when we smoke our evening pipes the fiction graft prevails, and Ananias has the gripes if he can hear our tales. And so we sit beside the sea, and tranquilly we lie of how our autos climbed a tree, and did the trick on high. —WALT MASON.

A PHANTASY. But yesterday I strayed me down An old familiar way That led me from the noisy town To where the woodlands lay. There in the quiet solitude To languish and adore, And breathe the spirit of the wood And learn the wood-nymphs' lore.

But as I entered in the shade, Beneath an old beech tree At length upon the grass there played

A lad who smiled at me. A little lad, with eyes of blue— Beside him on the ground Lay wild flowers plucked of every hue, Of which the woods abound.

"You've strayed, my little man," I said, In tones but half aloud. He shyly raised his flaxen head, And smiling, merely bowed, Then lo! he was gone. He seemed to me Half dream and half reality.

I marvel yet; to think that he Was just the boy I used to be. —ROY A. PRYNE.

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