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Credit, they say, is becoming normal. Just so, many men find they can get none of it now.

It was a wise man who said that a good party man's first duty is to do his best to keep his party good.

Just now there is no prohibition against drinking water, and yet the country is full of men who won't touch it.

The Washington Post thinks if legislation goes much farther it will require a doctor's certificate to buy a yeast cake.

These Christmas days the man with a smile that won't come off must have a pocket book like unto a Rockefeller.

An English writer is in America to find an ideal man. And a thousand good wives will at once name their husbands.

A United States paper declares that the Canadian border, 3,000 miles long, is a problem just now, as every inch of it is porous.

What benefit can Greece obtain by putting 'Tino on the throne if the Allies refuse to recognize him? The outlook is not at all promising.

It has been said that man is always tried by his peers. But with women on the jury we presume they will be tried by their presumes!

Get all the civic departments under one roof. It will be handy for the public, a time-saver and likewise a saving of unnecessary expense.

There will be no reduction in the price of diamonds. No matter, the plumbers and electricians will still have the monopoly in buying them.

If Kingston had two score of citizens as zealous and earnest for the city's upbuilding as J. M. Campbell is, this old burg would hum and grow.

All things come to the man who waits. The day has gone by when he has to worry about stepping on his wife's skirt and tearing off the fringe, or flounces, or whatever else it once was.

The Christian Guardian is convinced that the remedy for the discontent and dissatisfaction of the world is not altogether or chiefly that men should have more in their pockets, but rather that they should have more in their minds and hearts.

A protective tariff in Canada these days of declining prices is a good thing for it will stave off the great dumping of goods, along the 3,000 miles of the border, from our southern neighbors. Our own industries will have a chance at our own markets.

The Whig's Christmas number speaks for itself. It has been a heavy work for its staff, but all regard is as a labor of love and trust it will meet with the favor of the reading public. Night and day its machines have been working at high speed to produce it.

The joint industries committee of council and Board of Trade men, the first time ever attempted, has worked out admirably and has resulted in great benefit to the city. There has been the utmost harmony and a splendid spirit created that promises well for advancement along industrial lines.

A CHRISTMAS APPEAL.

With unemployment creating a serious problem for the working classes, and with returned soldiers forming a large percentage of those in the ranks of the unemployed, it looks as if Christmas will be as dreary as a wet night in the trenches for some veterans and their families. In a few days Christmas will be here, and every day is adding to the number of families which are facing Christmas without any hope of having much of the joy which is associated with the Christmas season. There are families, many of them, in Kingston, in which the mothers and fathers know that not only can they put nothing in their kiddies' stockings, but that there may not be enough stockings to supply the family; and how can there be any Christmas cheer when daddy is out of work, and there is little food, or wood or coal in the house, not to mention presents?

It is indeed true the conditions this Christmas are worse than they have been for many years, and soldiers' families are in most cases the greatest sufferers. The set back has come before the soldiers had time to provide for such an emergency after the years spent in the army, and they are the keenest sufferers. In Toronto and other centers, bread lines and shelters are already in operation. Such things, we are glad to say, are not yet necessary in Kingston. But there are cases of want and suffering in the city, cases in which the families will spend a dreary and cheerless Christmas. The City Poor Relief Committee was shocked to find that such cases were so numerous, and was grieved that it had not the funds to give adequate relief.

Surely the citizens of Kingston who are in the fortunate position of having sufficient to supply all the wants and desires, will not, at this time, be forgetful of those who are comfortless. An effort should be made to ensure that every needy family shall be looked after on Christmas Day. Either by finding out the needs of particular cases, or by assisting the relief committee in its work, those who are able ought to help in bringing brightness into these cheerless homes at this season, the spirit of which is that of giving.

CAUSE FOR THANKFULNESS.

It is quite a natural thing for Canadians to have a feeling of pride in their country, especially when they have definite knowledge of how superior it is to other countries. Philip Pocock, of London, Ontario, who has just returned from a tour of Great Britain and the continent, including Belgium, France and Italy, seems to feel this superiority for he says, in speaking of his observations: "Canada, and especially Ontario, for me! In none of these countries can living conditions be compared with what we have here in the Dominion of Canada."

We very rarely find people thinking of this side of the question when discussing conditions in Canada at the present time. We can find many people who will say the country is going to the dogs, that conditions are bad, that we are in for a period of depression, that industry is being ruined, and that everything in general is in a chaotic and precarious condition. They never stop to think of how much cause we have for being thankful that the country is in so stable and prosperous a state as it is to-day, in view of the fact that the whole world is still suffering from the turmoil and unrest which have followed in the wake of the war. A true estimate of how much cause we have for thanksgiving can only be made by looking overseas and contrasting our lot with that of the people of Britain and of Europe.

Conditions in England are still in a very disturbed state. The unrest caused by the miners' strike has not entirely disappeared. The workmen and the employers in many industries are far apart, and the government is not yet out of trouble, and there is a state of nervousness all over the country. The troubles in Ireland, too, contribute largely to the unsettled state of affairs. Many articles of food are still scarce, and rationing still exists. Thus England is to-day in a far worse condition than Canada.

France is still a long way from recovery from her war wounds, and the labor factions there are still in the midst of a fight with the employer class. Conditions, according to competent eye-witnesses, have improved but little since the dark days of the war.

Belgium has made a surprising recovery in some ways, but it will be many years before living conditions there approach what they are in Canada. In the city of Brussels alone there are still half a million refugees who must be cared for until they can return to their old homes. Whole sections of the country are deserted and desolate, and production has not really commenced.

In comparison with these countries, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and other countries are even worse. The only inference that can be drawn is that we in Canada are in a far better position than we are ready to acknowledge; so if some of those people who are always ready to declare that the country is in a bad condition would simply broaden their view to take in conditions in Europe, they

would soon realize that we have a great deal for which to be thankful.

CHRISTMAS, 1920.

Two years ago the world heard the sound of tramping feet, as weary soldiers returned for their first home Christmas in years. One year ago we marvelled that it seemed so short a time since that first Christmas of peace and could hardly believe that a year had rolled by since the time when the roll of the guns had ceased. This year the time still seems shorter than it really is. It does not seem two years since that glorious time when the world was too thankful for the armistice to think of anything else. And yet those two years have dimmed the memory of the war. Those strenuous days, although they still seem so near, are gradually fading into the background. Many of the boys have returned and have resumed their old places, and it is only the memory of those who have not returned that keeps the time of battle from fading from our thoughts altogether.

The terrors of war have passed away, and yet the world is still looking for that wonderful "peace" which was talked about for so long while its armies were in the field. The people are still waiting for those old-time liberties accorded dependent peoples in free countries which were to be restored "after the war." They still watch for all the persecution carried on for petty vengeance and gain under the name of "war necessity" to cease. They still look forward to the time when they may secure food and clothes at prices within their reach, without denying themselves of all the little pleasures which mark the difference between life and bare existence. After listening for four years to the fact that they were fighting for democracy, they naturally turn now to the powers-that-be in some slight expectation of that democracy. May their hopes not be in vain.

During the last few months there have been events and omens which point the way to the betterment of conditions all over the world. Many things have happened which show that the people, all the people, are waking up to a realization of the fact that individual desires and greed may not be all satisfied if the common good is to be furthered. Although there is stress in labour conditions all over the world, yet labour and capital are gradually working to the point where they have some appreciation of their dependence on each other. With such disturbances and irregularities as the war caused, it is only natural that there should be odd corners which will not fit well in the process of remodelling the order of things. The only thing to do is to clip these corners down to shape, no matter how painful the process may be. Only by work and unusual endeavor may the people of the world realize that conditions of affairs which is their dream. And so, at this Christmas season of 1920, the world looks forward hopefully to a realization of its dream of peace. Especially at this time of feasting and rejoicing, and also of solemn sanctity, the hopes of the race of man ascend to greater heights than they have reached in months, elevated by the discovery of the fact that men are still cheery, and charitable, and rich in the love of God and of their neighbor.

Before Christmas, 1921, may we hope to see the realization of these hopes and the happiness of the world, that men may indeed say: "Peace on earth, good will towards men. Hosanna in the highest."

PUBLIC OPINION

A Reversal of Form. (Cleveland Plain-Dealer) It was bound to come with a vengeance. A lunch room sign in Detroit, reported by Akra, announces: Tables for men.

Her Sense of Humor. (Washington Star) "Has your wife a sense of humor?" "I think so," replied Mr. Meekton. "The funnel a gown looks the more she's willing to pay for it."

Prediction. (Birmingham Age-Herald) We'll soon be asking what has become of the old-fashioned workman who used to stroll into a clothing store and buy a \$100 suit, a dozen silk shirts and a few other little things to match.

The Professor's View. (Cincinnati Enquirer) "Don't you think that a woman is entitled to a man's wages?" demanded the equal rights propagandist. "Well," replied the Professor, "that would depend entirely on whether or not the woman is married to the man."

Hard on the Schools. (London Daily News) Lord Howard de Walden says he would rather trust the crossing sweeper for an appreciation of music than the man from the public school. He is imposing a heavy handicap; we cannot all be crossing-sweepers.

More Tragedy. (Los Angeles Times) The glaring assertion is made that at some of the railway restaurants in the country travellers are being overcharged for food. This is a frightful statement to make and the pity of it is likely to be true. The moment a man acquires an appetite a conspiracy seems to be forming against it.

MUSINGS OF THE KHAN

Making Things Go. "I would never have the slightest difficulty," quoth Santa Claus, "if I could find people who could make things go."

"I will lend you Sar' Ann," I said. "It would be a nice change for her. She can make things go. She can make anything go. A wringer, an old sewing machine—a clock, she can make it go."

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Walt Mason THE POET PHILOSOPHER

DEMORALIZING. For old time ways I spirit pants, o'er modern ways I groan; in olden times my maiden aunts let politics alone. And there were then attractive girls, I truthfully may state; they had their hair done up in curls, their hats were up to date. They looked with cold and scornful eyes on statements made in public place, and talk for hours of cakes and pies, and how to make the same. But household now they deem a frost, they balk at stewing prunes; they say they'll save at any cost, our bulwarks and our hoons. No more they fuss with pans and bowls, they stoke no kitchen fires; they talk forever of the polls, of green graves of our sires. To me no pancakes do they bring, they've found a nobler sphere; I could stand this sort of thing, for there's a chophouse near; but, oh, it fills me with despair to see those slouchy girls! They haven't time to comb their hair, or do it up in curls; they do not care how tough they look, how seedy they appear, since they declined to sew and cook, to fill a higher sphere. My aunts are now a frowsy crew, their shoestring all untied; and once, ah, once, I used to view those aunts with honest pride. There may be women who can mix with heeleders on the street, and thrash around in politics, and still be sweet, and sweet, and keep the bearing that enchants, the dignity of old; alas, alas, my seven aunts that secret do not hold!

—WALT MASON.

Dies at the Wash Tub. Boston, Dec. 18.—Savings bank books covering deposits of \$32,000 were found in the room of Miss Catherine Gilmer, a laundress, who died recently. The amount represented the savings of a lifetime, and her neighbors in humble circumstances never suspected that she was possessed of wealth. She was taken suddenly ill while at the wash tub in the home of an employer; and died there.

Conferences are still being held in London to arrange trade relations with Russia.

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