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London, Ont., Wednesday, Sept. 21.

## The Liberal Leader.

Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, in his address in West York on Tuesday evening, made it plain that he intends to conduct his campaign on matters of broad, constructive policy rather than resorting to carping criticism and small personalities.

His attacks upon the Government record were clear cut, direct and aboveboard. He charged the Meighen party with clinging to power long after it had any mandate from the people to function as a war administration.

That charge stands. Every one of the Allied nations, Britain, South Africa, New Zealand, Australia, Newfoundland, Belgium, France, Italy, United States and Japan have all turned to the people for their verdict since the war.

As an exception to this we have Canada and Russia.

The Liberal leader performed a good service when he held up to public view the financial condition of the country—that is as far as was permitted to find out about these matters. He did not begrudge war expenditure, provided there was an even break between money spent and value received. But he pointed out these startling truths:

Ten years ago the national debt of the country was \$340,000,000. Today it is \$2,350,000,000.

Ten years ago our annual interest debt was \$12,500,000. Today it is \$145,000,000.

The provisions that must be made for soldiers' pensions, etc., are \$130,000,000 a year, or more than the total expenditure for Government purposes ten years ago.

The railway deficits are more than the total expended on Government accounts ten years ago.

Hon. Mackenzie King is right when he claims that there is the most crying need for curtailment in matters of Government expenditure. There is need for greater simplicity and more efficiency. The average family, through direct and indirect taxation, is today contributing the sum of about \$310 per year for the upkeep of the Ottawa Government.

This expenditure is closely related to the cost of living, and will be a big factor in determining how the average household is going to get his or her dollar.

The tariff issue was not debated. It was stated in plain words, as follows:

"The Liberal policy is that of a tariff for revenue, in the interests of producers and consumers; not a tariff in the interests of commerce, monopolies, trusts and mergers, such as a tariff based primarily on the principle of protection to all but certain to be."

Mr. King's speech is one of the most direct messages to which he has given utterance since assuming leadership of the Liberal party. It shows his grasp of the situation, his appreciation of the weakness of the present administration, and what is more essential, the ability to go ahead in the way of corrective and constructive leadership.

## A Sufficient Burden.

Premier Drury intimates that nothing will be done on the Toronto-St. Catharines hydro-rail line until the work at Chippewa is completed.

His reason, as stated to a reporter, was straight and short, viz.:

"The financial burden on the province is already sufficiently great."

This point should be well and thoroughly established, and it should be posted on the walls at Toronto for the Government itself and all those seeking backing from it to read.

We are still in a high money market and borrowings made now to cover a period of years are going to carry that high rate into years when rates may be more favorable.

## In South Wellington.

State-makers in Ottawa do not definitely state what is to become of Hon. Hugh Guthrie of South Wellington, the present minister of militia in the Meighen cabinet.

Stray trips to Ottawa made by Hon. S. C. Mewburn bring up the rumor that he is to be given the portfolio of minister of militia, and that a seat to the liking of the honorable member from Guelph is to be found in some corner of the judicial system.

Liberals in South Wellington have already named their candidate, Sam Carter, who was defeated in the last provincial contest, after winning the Local seat from H. C. Schofield.

In fact, Mr. Carter made quite a notable fight on that occasion, turning an adverse Conservative majority of some 400 into a win of over 100 for himself.

During his campaign in 1914 the Hon. Hugh Guthrie was one of Sam Carter's supporters, and as such was able to make him acceptable to some old-time Liberals who had looked

## FINALLY OPENED—FROM THE INSIDE.



James in the St. Louis Star.

upon Carter as too much of a radical to take into camp.

Now the whirlwind of politics brings Hon. Hugh Guthrie and Sam Carter together again, not as a team, but as opponents. Then the third candidate will also have to be reckoned with.

Both Guthrie and Carter are hard campaigners and hard hitters from the platform. It seems almost certain that personalities will have their innings in this contest.

Conservatives are ready to welcome Hon. Hugh Guthrie as their candidate. For years they sought candidates to beat him as a Liberal, but since his jump to the Tory camp the spare-room has been cleared out for his use, and the sign "Welcome" has been knitted into the door-mat.

Donald Guthrie first won that seat in a by-election in 1876, and again at the general election of 1878. Then his son, Hugh Guthrie, was elected in 1900 when he defeated the late C. Kioefler. The seat has been his since then continuously, and he was returned in the reciprocity fight in 1911 when so many Liberal stalwarts fell by the way.

If he takes the platform now as a straight Conservative, in view of his outspoken utterances of 1911, he will have turned one of the most complete somersaults on record in Canadian political history.

## Home-Brew—Politics.

At one of the political rallies at Woodstock a woman speaker brought a serious charge against the male element in the organization.

It was this, that while the women were in the halls many times discussing politics, the men were sitting outside on the steps swapping recipes for making home-brew.

Now, this is a serious state of affairs. In the good old days, 'twas not thus.

The men gathered together and marked out the path for the ship of state, while the women stayed home or sat on the steps outside and swapped recipes for tomato catsup or catnip tea.

But still the new order of things may have a beneficial side. It is very important that politics be well and thoroughly understood, and it is surely right and proper that the newest capers in the rearing of home-brew shall be spread along the concessions and the sidelines.

And so it is not an altogether disturbing picture. Women can surely wax eloquent over matters of public policy, and the most staid male in the community becomes a babbling fountainhead of words when he begins to speak of his experiences with radishes, potatoes, dandelions and yeast.

## No Room in Canada.

At present it is hard to state definitely how much progress has been made in organizing a Ku-Klux Klan in this country.

The history of the movement centers almost exclusively in the Southern States, where its activities were pronounced during the period following the Civil War.

Canadians should think seriously, and very seriously, before they allow themselves to be allied with any new order or organization.

It is a force that will divide the Canadian people into two separate and distinct camps. There are enough—and more than enough—Influences doing this poor work at the present moment.

Canada has no need and no room for any sect or organization that seeks to set sect against sect or class against class.

If United States wishes to recognize the growth and development of this movement, that is the business of that nation. It has no place in the make-up of this country.

## The Movies.

The Arbuckle case has brought on the movies a rather too sweeping condemnation. Many have denounced the people of the film world as holus-bolus because of one screen star's alleged immorality.

This is as unfair and as unreasonable as to say that vaudeville actors, or those of the stage, are immoral because some of them are notorious degenerates. The percentage of decent men and women in the theatrical business is probably just as large as in any other section of the community, and this applies to the screen.

The movies should be more con-

cerned with the moral calibre of the photoplay rather than with that of the film actor. Outside of an unhealthy-minded few the public can be depended upon to refuse to support film plays the stars of which have been found guilty of gross license. But the strictest censorship must be applied to the photoplay, especially such as appeal to the children. The movie is here to stay as surely as is the stage, and if the public desires it the films can be kept clean, wholesome and informing.

## They Can't Get Gouin.

From Toronto and Ottawa come stories from authoritative sources which tell of frantic efforts of the Conservative leaders to win over Sir Lomer Gouin. If the great Quebec Liberal could be persuaded to desert his party, it is figured that he would carry sufficient of the high protectionist votes to kill off Quebec, at present so solid for Mr. King.

But while there are indications of differences between Sir Lomer and Mr. Lemieux, of which the Tories are trying to make capital, the discussion is not at all in the nature of a split in the party, and nothing that the Meighenites can do can bring that about. Sir Lomer and Mr. Lemieux may not love one another as ardently as in the past, but it is certain that they have no love whatever for Mr. Meighen.

The Montreal Gazette (Conservative) has no illusions about the situation. It says that for the general elections the Liberal leaders will undoubtedly stick together, presenting a united front.

The Government's effort to break this shows how desperate is its case.

## LITTLE 'TISERS

Lloyd George has a very sore jaw. This may explain why he doesn't bite at de Valere's bait.

Lethbridge has a hunger-striker. It's almost unbelievable, with the pumpkin pie season right on us.

Scientists think coral islands may be upside-down. However, there is no doubt about the Emerald Isle being topsy-turvy.

"Llanovrenskoyvitch" is where Lenin has gone for a vacation, not a typographical artist run wild, as you might be inclined to think.

About this season of the year the residents of this thrifty district turn once more to that fine old custom of banking up the house for the winter.

And now a barber in St. Catharines is quite sure he shaved the Murrell brothers. Thus they have been fed, shaved, transported—in fact, everything but caught.

The politician of today, with his patronage curtailed, must look with envy on the good old days when he was able to toss the T-bones and the plums to his ward heelers and vote-getters.

Toronto has come back to stand-ard time after being off on a spree all by itself this summer. Clock tinkering is a fad, and Old Sol has a good deal more to do with regulating seasons than the tinkers have.

## NOAH'S POETRY

A Rough Sermon.  
Some folks is always groanin' 'bout the things that come their way, and 'less they've got a grouch to air they've nothin' for to say; there ain't no smile upon their jaw, no dimples in their snout, their countenance is like unto the rheumatiz and gout.

Their speech is frigid and it hurts like days when wind blows cold—their souls, by gum, are like the cream that's well nigh two weeks old.

They ain't content to go and use the talent what they own, but gaze upon some smart galoot and forth with hatch a groan.

They haven't got the happy trick of livin' to the sun, of bootin' out the sorrowful and gettin' it to run—of pickin' little hunks of joy from out life's garbage can, and sticking out their chest a bit and bein' a nelpin' man.

Oh, how I'd like to take them folks and give to them a kick, and swat 'em with a mighty fist and heave at them a brick.

They cause my anger for to boil,

my temper for to rise, until they come nigh mountin' to a point durin' the skies—they never see good things in life, no driftin' cloud nor mist, no mornin' dew nor droopin' flower, no mountain peak, sun-kissed.

I'd like to mount upon a box this homely truth to tell—that life ain't holdin' a good hand, but playin' poor hands well. —NOAH.

## PRESS VIEWS ON POLITICS

### NO GROUND LOST.

[Calgary Alberta.]  
We desire to assure the usually well-informed Manchester Guardian that Premier Meighen did not lose ground with the people of Canada during his absence at the imperial conference, since it is impossible to lose that which one never had.

### JUSTICE AND POISON GAS.

[Winnipeg Tribune.]  
The way to disarm Japan is to convince her of the honesty and justice of our intentions, and the way for Japan to disarm us is to convince us of the honesty and justice of her intentions. This is the only way to disarm a nation that where justice is sought and served by all, the chances of misunderstanding are remote, and will seldom be carried to the supreme court of war. It may sound a little old-fashioned, but it is still valid reasoning even since the invention of poison gas.

### MUCH IMPRESSED.

[Westminster Gazette.]  
Princess Bibesco, wife of Prince Antoine Bibesco, the Rumanian attaché at Washington, and daughter of Mr. Asquith, has arrived in the Aquitania at Southampton.

"The thing in America that impresses me most," said Princess Bibesco to the Daily Express, "was the beauty of the railway stations. The Pennsylvania terminal in New York, is the most beautiful railway station I have seen anywhere. It is a real triumph of commerce and business. The Grand Central is only second to it. I was also much impressed by the developments in Christian Science, which seems to me about the fourth business enterprise in America. The Monitor, which is the Christian Science newspaper, I think, is the only paper in existence that deserves to be called a world newspaper."

"I saw the Dempsey-Carpenter fight. I think Carpenter is far more beautiful than any man I have ever seen. He is like a beautiful animal—a dog or a horse."

### COMING BACK.

Robert Rogers is looming up in the offing. He will be in the fight again and this time with the Conservative party. When in Toronto the Toronto Star interviewed the political celebrity and got from him the reply that he knew of no "fifty party," known as "a straight party." The Canadian Government, he added, "was living up to the tenets of the Conservative party." He had no fault to find with it.

## BY OTHER BARDS

The Bobbing Barber.  
Boston Transcript: "I presume," presumes J. M. B., "that while men go to a barber, the girls go to a bobber."

The Croaker Rises Again.  
Albany Journal: For a long time, it was spent for that ill-fated dirigible balloon, many comfortable homes could have been built.

Nothing Else To Do.  
Orillia Packet: Lloyd George, it appears, when it is possible, goes to church twice on Sundays. No doubt there are many who would go the same if they were as idle and care-free as Lloyd George is.

Not Even in Politics?  
Vancouver Sun: A "he, or an exaggeration, as it is sometimes called, is a dangerous thing. There is no such thing as a harmless lie."

A One-Man Concern!  
Toronto Telegram: Toronto has gambled \$67,000,000 on the survival of Adam Beck's life and health, and power. If Adam Beck were overtaken by sickness or death or dismissal from office Toronto's vast commitment of \$67,000,000 in hydro-electric and hydro-rail undertakings are all at the mercy of political appointees.

Is the Thing Top Heavy?  
Vancouver Sun: At the present time Canada has a standing army of 4,000, headed by 478 officers, including some 20 or 30 generals. That is to say, there is a commissioned officer for, roughly, every eight men. Some of these officers are paid as high as \$6,000 a year, while few of them receive salaries which might be regarded as meagre. In Ottawa alone are stationed enough highly-paid officers to command a force as big as the army of the Marne. It would appear from these figures that the military affairs of the country, to put too fine a point on it, somewhat mismanaged.

Winter Gardens Reopening.  
On Wednesday. Special attractions. 23u

Oh, to feel my soul up-wingin' Where the skylarks sweet are singing! Just to dwell above the little things that fret; Where the air is purer, sweeter, And life's song a happy melody, Where the sorid things 'tis easy to forget.

I will mount faith's wings and follow Even beyond the flight of swallow, So I'll glimpse the glory, even when 'tis dim; And, whatever be the weather, Take the sun and shower together; Tread the uplands each glad day and walk with Him!

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way to the store or office, walk around a block before you go in, and think of some good joke."

That reminds me of my friend Parabe, the Amazon explorer whom Rosevelt wished to take to France as a leader in that division which wasn't allowed to go.

Parabe came back from his last trip in the rubber country reeking with tropical malaria. "What are you doing for it?" I asked him. "Oh, when it gets so bad I can't stand still, I walk around the block and chase it away."

And now he's returned, it off and has returned to South America to get a fresh supply.

When you've got an A No. 1, blown-in-the-bottle, dyed-in-the-wool case of while you're fishing. Shoot it dead—don't keep it in the house to make everybody miserable.

Take it out in the sun and air. Drown it in a sea bath. Let it fall overboard while you're fishing. Shoot it dead—don't keep it in the house to make everybody miserable.

Then go and get a big, bright and beaming smile from your smile factory. (Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Co.)

## POETRY.

### THE ROSE AND THE GARDENER.

[Austin Dobson.]  
The Rose in the garden slip'd her bud, And she laugh'd in 'the pride of her youthful blood.

As she thought of the Gardener standing by— "He is old—so old! And he soon must die!"

The full Rose wax'd in the warm June air, And she spread and spread till her heart lay bare;

And she laugh'd once more as she heard his tread— "He is older now! He will soon be dead!"

But the breeze of the morning blew, and found, That the leaves of the blown Rose strew'd the ground;

And he came at noon, that Gardener old, And he rak'd them softly under the mould.

And I wove the thing to a random rhyme, For the Rose is Beauty, the Gardener Time.

LOVE'S WAGES.  
[Martha H. Clark.]  
The wages of Love are small, so small, You scarce might know they were paid at all;

A glance, a smile, or the clasp of hands, The coin of a heart that understands; A name which whistles a tinged kiss— The wages of Love are paid in this.

But oh, the magic such coin can buy— The waking joy of a dawn-flush'd sky, Drudgery speeding on skylarks' wings, Songs in the heart beats of common things;

And frell shadows of evening blent With peace and comfort and all content.

The wages of Love are small, so small, One scarce could say they cost at all; Yet lives are lonely and hearts still ache In bitter lack for the wee coins' sake; And many a silk-clad life of ease Would barter its purse of gold for these.

ASPIRATION.  
[Nell Ruth Peffer.]  
Little swallow, little swallow, Could I mount your wings and follow Where you circle o'er the tree-tops over there,

Should I find more joy a-wingin' Than these earth-trod paths are bringin'— Where I wander, with my heavy weight of care?

Is your joy of heaven given, Happy bird, or have you striven Off to rise to find the golden after-glow?

To escape the shadows falling, And the vexed earth voices calling, While we're groping where the heavy mists hang low?

Oh, to feel my soul up-wingin' Where the skylarks sweet are singing! Just to dwell above the little things that fret;

Where the air is purer, sweeter, And life's song a happy melody, Where the sorid things 'tis easy to forget.

I will mount faith's wings and follow Even beyond the flight of swallow, So I'll glimpse the glory, even when 'tis dim;

And, whatever be the weather, Take the sun and shower together; Tread the uplands each glad day and walk with Him!

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