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THE WHIG, 75th YEAR

DAILY BRITISH WHIG, published at 206 King Street, Kingston, Ontario, at 10 p.m. Editions at 2:30 and 4 o'clock p.m.

WEEKLY BRITISH WHIG, 16 pages, published in parts on Monday and Thursday morning at \$1 a year. To United States, charge for postage has to be made 50c. for Daily, 50c. for Weekly.

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Daily Whig.

ONCE MORE THE TRAITOR.

It is almost a shame to advert to the latest fusillade of the gallant and ambitious warrior who rose out of apostasy to chivalrously assume the armor of a St. George, of loyal old Kingston, to slay that dreadful dragon, the Whig. The attack was superb, with its "cayotte yelp," its leopard leap, its snarlings and its hisses. Three columns were immediately necessary to "satisfy this modern crusader. But, day by day, his spirit has been breaking down, until the sallies have subsided to such gentle reproaches that reply is almost like stealing candy from a baby. There is little of the smoke of a warrior's bombardment; it is more like the fragrance of Sweet William at a pink tea. He thought his force was artillery, when it was only a popgun. The pet joke of a leading citizen has for its subject one who was interrupted while beating a dog's carcass unmercifully.

"Stop, man, the dog is dead," said a bystander. "I know that," replied the wielder of the club, "but I'm bound to make the snapping thing fully sensible of it." Thoroughness is being perpetually presented as a crowning virtue, and then one of the incidents of this great war is that he began in fancied "snarlings" and other evidences of canine expression.

A little mild retort regarding candidatures has been a blessing, or the expedition into the Whig's regards would have collapsed. It acted as a reviving tonic and produced the one redeeming feature of the angry assault—fraternal affection. It is a praiseworthy feeling, and especially sweet in one who sailed out to put his rival in the malodorous atmosphere of the "barnyard" as a slinker, a serpent with fangs, a snarler, a knocker, a leopard, a yelping cayotte, a bone picker, etc., etc. In youth the hair-trigger "gent" may have imbibed the maxim—that "no grit could be a gentleman and no gentleman can be a grit"—and that the editor of a grit paper, the reputation of which is part of his life, can have no real feelings to be considered,—much less so his family—that the tory besmircher has the right to blacken and degrade, but all the while his own charmed circle must be sacred and respected. Was there ever a greater contrast than the unmeasured abuse of one week and the tender sensitiveness regarding his own of the next? Several light touches of a single line each have produced unhappy and prolonged effects, yet those near to the much-taunted Whig-man have not yielded to the temptation, under greater provocation, of pitifully appealing to the public in letters. It is extremely callous on their part.

But the Whig's crime of checking rising ambitions, like a certain current building aspiration, has been chronic and unbearable—hence the new St. George to the rescue. It would be hard to explain how a paper of such murderous propensities has lived at all in this fighting and demonstrating constituency, and has prospered under probably the most general patronage, advertising and otherwise, any paper ever received in proportion to home territory, and where existed a paper of the other political party to resort to. But it is not our modest part to explain—it is not our condum. And perhaps, it is in the line of fairness if, in all seriousness, the Whig lyles are offered for searches and reproductions. Welcome to the fullest delving and publicity! Crime and outrage should not go unpunished. The collection surely would be worth the trouble, when the roused fighter is so positive as the villainy.

It is highly inconsiderate of several conservative records, however, to be contributory to quite a different opinion regarding ambitions. There is a suddenly recalled memory of letters for fairest opposition after campaigns from Hon. George Kirkpatrick and Hon. Michael Sullivan. Dr. Smythe called after two elections to say that the Whig had been a chivalrous fighter, and he wanted the publisher to feel this recognition. John McIntyre was rising when elected mayor, and said openly that the Whig in its opposition was more generous than the paper of his own party, and the latter's odd spirit still lives in its successor. After Donald McIntyre was nominated against B. M. Britton he wrote especially gracious thanks to the Whig for the kindness of its remarks, and he also was a rising factor, just then. James H. Metcalfe has been a life-long business friend. If a certificate of good will be desired the Whig will refer also to Hiram A. Calvin every day of the week and on Sundays. J. Morgan Shaw has shown marked kindness since election. Dr. Ryan, long local conservative leader, once wrote so gratefully for a protest made by the Whig against his treatment by the

has been viewed with singular interest at odd times. Surely it was not the act of an enemy that has recalled these spontaneous offerings and yet they deepen the conundrum. Hole after hole made by the luckless founder has been plugged—every article a new hole. Where will the next break in?

Still the Whig is not unprejudiced in its own case, and may be more sinful than is self-appointed. The best reparation possible is to start in right at once, and with unalloyed pleasure commend the qualifications in the lines of national sympathies, of a gentleman mentioned for vice-consul of the United States. May he win and say, as can his special aversion with pride respecting his five nominations for parliament,—that he never asked a vote for choice or a favor of intercession. Then this friend's "office-seeking" (anything in sight with emolument attached) will not be misconstrued.

There came to town a journalist of metropolitan experience and high standards. He was to elevate the tone and rescue the profession from a bog. He has exerted himself nobly in varied methods, and still boasts of his impersonality. There was the three-column mud-casting, which was a remarkably high level, and now has come the simplest of kindergartens plans, the cleverness of which can be judged in these extracts from the "leading" columns, where a proud name figures:

FOR SALE—A large dish of 393 sour grapes, left over from the last political campaign. All communications treated in strictest confidence. Address, —, Kingston—Aug-20-08

TAKE NOTICE—Any person aspiring or desiring to aspire to political or other office, must apply for permission to the Publisher, the Whig. None other recognized.

These are conspicuously able and no one need wonder, hereafter, that the author attained notable fame in a series of letters to the press of the United States, and that he was rated with two others as particularly distinguished in his line. It was only professional jealousy that prevented the publication in these columns long since of the copious remarks of the Canadian press, kindly tendered for use. By-the-way, the Whig called attention to a number of mis-statements. It is to be hoped that they were not ignored, as another criminal assault to rising ambitions, because truth is still a commendation in a public personage. It is queer how a little touch of by-play will excite feeling, yet when several positive statements are proven to be absolutely baseless they bring no apparent blush. There is no quality that becomes an able-bodied capable man like veracity, and nothing so lowering as a concession to untruth. The world, however, passes the vice over lightly. It is so common.

INSANITY IN THE HAINS CASE.

Clear evidence of it. All murderers must be crazy, but they become suddenly sane when they face the electric chair.

CHANGES ALL AROUND.

The Hamilton Herald accuses the Whig of a change of front on the power scheme. It says that this paper, some weeks ago, was indignant because Mr. Beck proposed that Ontario build the transmission lines, on the ground "that the Whitney government would protect the municipalities against loss by guaranteeing the accuracy of the engineer's figures." The Herald is not above perverting contemporary opinion, it seems, and it certainly does not accurately reflect the Whig's mind in this quotation.

In the article from which the Herald makes an extract the Whig cited the original difficulty, the one on which Mr. Mackay commented during the election campaign. The statute creating the Hydro-Electric commission did not provide for the construction of the transmission lines as a provincial undertaking. When Mr. Beck made an amendment which this statute did not justify, Mr. Mackay called attention to the fact, and incidentally referred to the injustice of making some parts of Ontario carry a great burden without getting any benefit. The Whig commented on the same point. The government endorsed it, and Mr. Beck's announcement was cancelled.

The government has had occasion since then to see the difficulty of securing the unanimity of action municipally without which it may be hard to get the transmission lines built. The McGuigan contract hangs fire while an attempt is being made to bulldoze Galt and Brantford into a signing of the contracts.

The Brantford Expositor, which has not been unfriendly to the power scheme, quotes the Whig also, and does not imitate the Herald in its ill-natured remarks. The province, it says, is willing to appoint commissioners to hand out estimates, to get all the glory of it can out of the business, but it is "unwilling to put up a cent."

The Expositor does not favour the idea of the government going ahead and financing the scheme for the time being, but holds that it should hand out definite information and fixed rates to the municipalities, so that they will know where they are at.

The conservative papers have announced the date for the federal elections, October 22nd, but somehow it does not inspire the betting on Mr.

FARMERS WAKING UP.

The farmers are open to the suspicion, if not the charge, of not being clannish politically, and not co-operating in their own interest. It is recalled that twice Ontario's commissioner of agriculture, Hon. John Dryden, suffered defeat in an agricultural constituency, and during a time when he had demonstrated most clearly his usefulness to the province.

In the last local election Hon. Mr. Monteith, the present commissioner of agriculture in the Whitney government, lost his election when all around him and over most of the province his party was scoring a success. In the Saskatchewan election, only a few days ago, Hon. Mr. Motherwell went down to defeat, and at the hands of a private banker, who would not be expected to appeal very successfully to the rural vote.

All this is remarkable when it is remembered that the farmers are the political power in the land, and that they have really the making and unmaking of governments. But once in Ontario did they make any pretence of showing the power they possessed. That was in connection with the patron movement, when they had a large representation in the assembly, that should have whetted their appetite for larger things. The failure of the patron party has never been accurately accounted for. It did not fulfil expectations.

The farmers dropped it, and in doing so fell back into the attitude of placemen, without the ambition to assert themselves. The Dryden-Monteith-Motherwell incidents are a reproach to the farmers, and sooner or later they will atone for the same by becoming an active and dominating force in the land.

HAS REACHED THE LIMIT.

John Macgillivray undertakes to castigate the Whig because some one through its columns has essayed to discuss the institute examinations. Mr. Macgillivray is an educationist, is presumably an expert, and ought to be able to write on educational issues in a bright and interesting way. But does he? Read this precious epistle of his, and note the offensive spirit which runs completely through it.

But let us look at his work, remembering all the while that he is a dure man. He says the Whig "may be trying to deceive the public on behalf of this or that interest." What interest is he talking about? The Whig cannot imagine, and it does not pretend to be a mind reader. Trying to deceive the people? There is insolence for you, and of the John Macgillivray type.

The Whig has not discussed the question of whether the institute has received credit for service it did not render, or the difference between the examinations in which the matriculants and students for teachers' certificates engaged. It has not concerned itself with the percentage of marks which the respective candidates should make in order to pass the examinations. It had no occasion to do this. It confined its attention to the complaints from various sources and with reference to other things. Finally it had laid before it the possibility of the teacher candidate suffering from an erroneous valuation of their papers.

The Whig may deal later with the examinations as circumstances warrant. It will be as courageous, and probably as successful as John Macgillivray in shedding light upon the subject. He says "the trustees are primarily the responsible parties." Responsible for what? He does not say, but as there will be a meeting of the board of education on Thursday evening, a "special" which is the only kind he will condescend to attend during the alleged period of adjournment, he will have the opportunity of telling all he knows.

It is certainly time he addressed those with whom he honestly differs in a respectful and courteous way. He has been disagreeable and fractious long enough.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

With electric power so plentiful and cheap in Montreal why should it cost \$5 per lamp to light the streets?

The political bosses of New York have agreed to accept Mr. Hughes, because there is nothing else for them to do.

Mr. Foster has been talking in the far east about the value of political independence. He's so independent himself!

The promise is that the model school at Kingston will be largely attended. It will have to accommodate the pupils from several counties.

The farmers figure on getting about \$200,000,000 of the country's money this fall. They will be our bankers, and it is to be hoped they will not be too exacting.

Colchester will be the Mecca, hereafter, of the man who wants a job as the party's valet. The baggage, in an election like Colchester's, is worth looking after.

The Weekly Sun suspects that some railway connections are bound by exploiters. Probably, but let any

faused and there will be a "kick" which will startle the average member of parliament.

The misconduct of some of the hazy voters, en route to the grain fields, suggests that they have been too intimate in their acquaintance with John Barleycorn.

If money is "tight" now, with little of the grain crop moving, what will it be by and by? The sellers of dollar wheat will be excused for anticipating a hilarious time.

The farmers could really settle the fate of any government or any party. But they are not united as farmers. They vote party, and realize afterwards that politics and business do not harmonize.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS

So It Should.

Guelph Mercury.

The Hains brothers will appeal to the unwritten law, but the written law should just about do for them.

In Real Luck.

Toronto Star.

Snufftakers in England have scored a real triumph. They are being pelted with stones. This shows that the crowd has at last agreed to forget their sex.

A Good Hand Out.

Montreal Herald.

Canada's exports in the twelve years of Laurier were a neat, clean, thousand million dollars more than they would have been if the highest conservative record had been merely maintained. Sir Wilfrid is the first man in the thousand million dollar class that Canada has had and you bet she means to keep him.

Some Hope Yet.

Guelph Mercury.

Mr. Borden should study the life of Job, and endeavor to emulate that model of patience. When the Laurier government becomes weak as an administrative body, and fails to keep Canada on the road to progress, then Mr. Borden may be given a chance. He has a long, long wait ahead of him.

Smile of Fat Man Sadder Than Tears

Beneath a Show of Joy Lies the Gloomy Vision of the Grim Reaper.

We have learned to know that the adage "Laugh and grow fat" is just as untrue as the early-to-bed and early-to-rise fib. It does not usually make a man healthy, wealthy and wise, at least not in our day.

And so we are beginning to realize that fat is a very dangerous disease and not a state of existing happiness. Many fat people have-haw in public, and wear their thumbs in their vest arm-pits just as a safety valve to their misery, and to make us believe that their smiles are genuine.

Some are really jolly, but not because they are fat. To most of the jolly ones as well as to the others, every coming and going of their breath is a puff of misery, and their smiles are sadder than the tears of childhood.

Most fat people will not acknowledge it, but deep down in their hearts they know this is true. They know that smiles avail not, and that the same heart which tries to be happy that same moment is being clutched by death-fat, slowly but surely, to be finally smothered and made silent forever. Some do not know what is going to happen, but they feel that something might. They may well be apprehensive.

Rengo as a reducer of fat and a cure of fat disease is a Godsend to every fat man and woman in the world. It is the new method, the only safe method. Rengo reduces you, while at the same time making you feel better and stronger.

There is nothing "just as good" as Rengo. For sale by all druggists at \$1.00 per full sized box, or by mail prepaid by The Rengo Co., 3232 Berrigo Bldg., Detroit, Mich. The company will gladly send you a trial package free by mail if you write them direct to Detroit, no free packages at drug stores.

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See our Nobby Top Coats, \$8.00, 10.00, 12.00, 15.00.
See our New Fall Trousers, \$3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50 and 5.00.
See our New Fall Gloves, \$1.00, 1.25, 1.50.
New Sweaters, New Hosiery, New Under wear New Neckwear.

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