

The British Whig 50TH YEAR



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ANOTHER SERIOUS DRAWBACK

The Whig sees, in the revelations which were made at the City Council on Monday, the possibility of Princess street being left without pavement another year. The city has been rushing along its work, has indeed performed prodigious things in the laying of conduits. It is rushing things along still, in the preparation for the White Way, which will be shockingly disfigured by the presence of the telephone poles that cannot be removed until provision has been made for the removal of the wires from the streets to the alley ways.

We have been congratulating ourselves upon our progressiveness. The city has been taking on some of the airs of the metropolis without the management and carefulness successful enterprises involve. It would appear—and hind sight is better than no sight at all—that before paving was calculated or considered at all, before the contracts were let for street railway iron, and for lights, the way should have been cleared for action. The first question should have been, How and when can the main streets be swept of its poles and wires? Until that issue has been settled there was practically no use in undertaking anything. Decisive and early action is now hindered by two contingencies—the failure of the city to provide for or force the removal of the telephone and telegraph wires, and for the construction or removal of many private drains.

Sometimes the more rush the less speed. This will be the experience here. The city of Hamilton had a collision with the telephone company and the Whig announced the result, for the information it conveyed. The ruling of the court or commission was that if the city wanted the wires from the poles it had to provide the conduits. There are no conduits for the telephone company on Princess street, and the company did not desire them. It cannot be hurried in its negotiations for the use of private property, and the city may have to mark time while a great deal of work is being done, and work which cannot be hurried. If the pavement of Princess street is delayed a year, in consequence, the merchants will be very mad.

Does Dr. Helen MacLure approve of the Eugenic law of Wisconsin? She has been proclaiming against the marriage of the feeble-minded for years, seeing that it tends to the propagation of the species, and she has laboured largely in vain. Some day the Ontario legislature will surprise itself, by acting under a new inspiration.

THE CONVICT IN LUCK

The labour party of this city should be congratulated upon the advanced position which it has taken upon the training of convicts so that they may, in after life, in the resumption of their freedom, become useful and honored citizens. The most dismal view of prison life has been taken by men from whom better things have been expected. The whole character of inspection, the object and nature of it, has been grossly misunderstood when it becomes a menace to prison reforms.

Apparently the warden, the chief officer of the penitentiary, and the man who is chosen for a responsible office because of his peculiar fitness, has very little to say about the institution. He is its manager, its governor, without the power to manage and govern, and his best judgment may be thwarted or set aside at any time by an inspector who dictates his policy. That kind of thing should stop, short

like grandfather's clock, never to go again.

The consensus of opinion is that the convicts should be employed in some healthy and profitable way, on government work or contracts, if possible, and the young men should, under competent trade instructors, be educated industrially for their own good and the good of society. The idea current, erroneously, it seems, was that the workmen, the members of the unions, objected; and that conclusion is emphatically combatted in the communication which the Trades and Labour Council has sent to the Prison Reform Commission.

Whatever the origin of the commission, whatever its aim and object, this much is certain—that a great deal of valuable information has been derived, that a proper and sorrowful conception has been had of the whole situation, and that if parliament does not take a new view of the subject it will not be because its members have not had their eyes opened and their judgment influenced by some very timely recommendations.

It is a great thought that comes to us at the close of the enquiry, that the prison is not a penal institution, a place of punishment and punishment only, but a reformatory, where men may live and learn, and, going out into the world, become a benefit to it. Thanks, members of the Labour Council, for the generosity of your views.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Utilities Commission has acted on two suggestions of the Whig. It has ordered an appraisal of the plants and properties, and the adoption of the Hydro-Electric Commission's plan of accounts. It begins its work right.

In the Manitoba legislature the battle still rages about compulsory education. The province has a truancy law which is no good. It is asked to adopt Ontario's compulsory law, with all its defects. Ontario is getting credit for more than it deserves.

Public dinners—dying out. Some of them. And they ought to die, if the chief feature is the rot which certain men will talk. But dinners at which men like Lemieux hold first place will never become stale and unprofitable. It is true that the after-dinner stars are very few in number.

This opening of the Council with prayer is all right—provided there is nothing limited or narrow about it. It will be in order for the mayor of any denomination to introduce his chaplain and have him lead in prayer—and no one can object. In time all the churches will be honoured in this way.

The Stratford Deacon suspects that the superintendent of education may contemplate a Seath Bible. Surely not. Boss did the people a favour when he authorized scripture readings for school use, and we remember what happened. Seath should be warned in time. Beware of the Ross Bible!

A Port Arthur alderman has undertaken to make all servants domestic experts, to establish a free legal bureau, and a municipal employment bureau, and a municipal farm. He has assumed too much. He has laid out enough work for a ten-year term. One thing at a time will keep him busy.

Will Ford's example hasten profit-sharing? Will it be the one or chief way of keeping down great fortunes and the discontent of the toilers at the same time? Time will tell. It is the nearest attempts to the social triumphs about which some people dream. Success to it.

A Toronto man will not believe the Ford story of a \$10,000,000 distribution among the workmen. But it's true. It has been repeated, by Mr. Ford, in New York, and he seems to be in dead earnest. A big advertisement! That's what it is, and the papers are not getting a copper for it.

Says a critic of our social customs: "A man who makes it possible for another to drink whiskey we call a statesman, and the one who drinks it a gentleman, but the poor Chinaman, drunk on opium, 'Oh, he is a heathen.'" Strong language, but very suggestive, and very much to the point.

A social survey has been made of Hamilton, and under the head of "Recreation" there is a faithful record of the pool rooms and the accommodation they afford. Which shows in what direction the amusements of the people run. Real recreation is something which takes place outside of the pool room and fits our young people for better things.

Bonar Law will not be the unionist leader very long. He might have anticipated the inevitable. Ballour was happy when he escaped from the discontents. Law and Chamberlain may have been disappointed because they were passed over, but they are happier now than Law. He has been a sorry experience.

Trying to Force Bryan Out. Washington, Jan. 13.—A large fund is said to have been formed by the "big interests" to force William J. Bryan out of the government.

PUBLIC OPINION

Blessed Assurance. Syracuse Post-Standard. The cost of war upon both parties, England and its hypothetical enemy (whose identity is not cloaked) would be so frightful that there won't be any war.

At Least That. Toledo Blade. Henry Ford stands as something of a revolutionist in American industry. In history he is likely to be written down as a sociological revolutionist.

A Discovery. Montreal Herald. A subterranean river has been discovered in Byron county. Probably put there by Providence in readiness for the adoption of the Canada Temperance Act at the end of this month.

A New Style. Montreal Mail. Two Brooklyn people have set a new style by taking breakfast in their bathing suits. Soon we may all have to do that, or else give up the juicy grape-fruit altogether.

Should They Meet. Toronto Mail. A simple way of solving the mystery of "Erwin Brood" would be to ask the late W. T. Stead to make enquiries of Charles Dickens, that is, if they happen to be in the same place.

Taking God's Note. Rochester Express. The Napoleons in finance will no longer do a strictly cash business exacting uncountable hoards, but will content themselves with a competence sufficing for their earthly needs and take God's note for the rest.

Kingston Events 25 YEARS AGO.

The young people of Portsmouth had a great time last night. There was good skating on the harbor. The Folgers are arranging for another excursion among the Thousand Islands and to Cape Vincent. Joseph Toland was elected president of the Storrington Agricultural Society.

BIRTHDAYS OF NOTABLE MEN

Tuesday, January Thirteenth. George Hague, the veteran Canadian banker, who is eighty-nine years of age to-day, came to this country from England sixty years ago to act as financial manager for a firm of railway conductors. Chance brought him to Toronto and there he fell with the little group of men who were organizing what was to become the Bank of Toronto. The Young Yorkshirman was offered and accepted the post of accountant in the new institution. A few years later he was promoted to be cashier or general manager. After he had been in office for thirteen years he transferred his services to the Merchants' bank, of which he remained general manager until twelve years ago. Mr. Hague is one of the foremost authorities on the Canadian banking system and has written several books on the subject.

Origin of Banking. The first modern bank in England was established in London about 1663 by Francis Child, who died in 1713. In ancient Greece, Rome and Babylon there were banks similar to present day institutions. Banking first appeared in Italy upon the revival of civilization, the Lombard Jews establishing banks in that country as early as the ninth century. The business of banking spread from Florence over Italy and to France and Holland. The mint in the Tower of London was the depository for the cash of London merchants until Charles I. seized the money as a loan. The traders then began to lodge their money with the goldsmiths in Lombard street. Francis Child was one of those and he determined to devote his entire time to banking. He visited Holland, where several banks had been established for some time, and studied the methods in vogue there, applying them to his own transactions. Within a few years he had many competitors, and Lombard street abounded in banks. The first run on the London bankers occurred in 1667. The Bank of England was founded in 1694.

Fools may rush in where angels fear to use their wings.

GOLDENROD.

'Tis a common little flower, And it's blooming everywhere— On the hills and in the meadows— Last of all the flowers fair. When the autumn days are hazy And the grass is getting brown, When the trees are turning yellow— And the leaves are drifting down, You can see his flaming banner Lifted high above the sod. And he's nodding you a welcome, Is the cheery goldenrod.

'Tis a common little flower, And it blooms among the last, As if sighing for the summer— And the beauties that are past. When the leaden clouds are curling— Far across the autumn sky, Like a banner broad, unfurling, And the wild geese southward fly. Cold and raining and the ragweed, Dripping droops above the sod, Time to say farewell to autumn And the cheery goldenrod. —Harry M. Dean.

Wise and : : Otherwise

A COLD STORAGE ROMANCE.

Bill Hatley was a bachelor, forward and forward. He used to eat a single egg for breakfast every morn.

He bought his egg one morning from the shop across the way. The sign above them read, "These Eggs Are Strictly Fresh Today."

Bill Hatley's wonder and surprise were more than we can tell when he discovered some one had been writing on the shell.

In fact, it seemed a woman had inscribed upon the egg.

He wrote to the address she gave and registered a vow.

"This is the woman of my choice. I'll find a partner new."

For weary weeks he waited, though the maiden had forgot, And then his hopes were shattered by the answer that he got.

"Dear sir, your letter is at hand, and in reply would beg to state that there is no one here named Clementina Clegg."

"Some of the oldest people here admit they used to know A bunch of Cleggs who peddled eggs, but that was years ago."

"They tried to run a poultry ranch, but couldn't make it pay, So sold to a cold storage plant, and then they went away."

—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

A Feminine Felling.



First Sportsman—Well, how do you like that new mare of yours? Second Sportsman—Oh, fairly well. But I wish I had bought a horse. She is always stopping to look at herself in the puddles.

A Shaded Story.

Joseph Alexander is a pickaninny of many virtues, but sadly given to exaggeration. One day when I had him pulling weeds in the front yard he ran into the house with eyes big as moons and cried:

"Law, Miss Minnie, what you think! I dun kill three big rattlesnakes out in the yard."

"Now, Joseph," I replied, "you know that is not so."

"Well, now, Miss Minnie," he insisted insinuatingly, "it wuz two terrible big snakes, an' I killed 'em fo' sho'!"

Determined to convict him, I insisted, "You know you did not kill two snakes, Joseph."

He thought a moment, then said impressively, "Well, now, I did kill one powerful big snake in dat very front yard."

"Go away, boy! You are an outrageous story teller!" I cried indignantly. He was not one whit abashed by my vehemence, but cheerfully replied:

"Well, 'clare for goodness, Miss Minnie, hit was a powerful big worm!"—Delineator.

Weak Woman Against Strong Man. Monday. He (of the iron will)—No, my dear. Not to be considered for a moment.

Tuesday. He—Most certainly we will not. It is ridiculous, preposterous.

Wednesday. He—Why, you must be crazy. It's the most unreasonable thing I ever heard of. It would bankrupt us, I tell you. It is not to be thought of.

Thursday. He—Haven't I told you we cannot afford it? What is the use of talking about a thing that is already settled? Of course I would like to please you, but it is simply out of the question.

Friday. He—How much did you say that thing would cost?

Saturday. He—Well, go ahead then. —Pearson's Weekly.

On the Installment Plan. "Accosted by a beggar while coming out of a theater on Chestnut street a few evenings ago, a prominent member of the bar was asked for a nickel.

"That's all I want, boss, just a nickel," said the beggar in a whining tone of voice.

"No!" answered the lawyer, rather sternly. "I am saving up my nickels to give away a million dollars at one time. I'm not a philanthropist on the installment plan."—Philadelphia Times.

One Turn of the Hand. Billers—Who says women have no heads for business? There's a woman made \$50,000 by simply turning her hand over.

Whiffers—Pshaw! How? Billers—She turned it over to Mr. Bullion, and now she's Mrs. Bullion. —New York Weekly.

A Good Landing. "He was always a lucky fellow." "What do you mean?" "When he fell out of his airship he plumped straight through the skylight of a hospital."—Woman's Home Companion.

BIBBY'S JANUARY SALE. Sale Of Boys' Toques. Sale Of Boys' Overcoats. Our 15.00 Suit Sale. Men's Hand-tailored Suits, made by Semi-Ready and Society Brand tailors. All new models, all good patterns. Sizes 34 to 42. Regular \$20 and \$22 garments for \$15.00. Skating Caps, Special \$1.00. Knitted Gloves. Knitted Caps, silk lined, Scotch Tweed Caps with roll bands. Very nobby. For skating and out-of-door sports. All colors. Prices 50, 75c, \$1.00. Made in England by the celebrated makers, Dents. SHOE SALE \$5.00 Patent Leather Shoes for \$2.50 Sizes 4 1-2 to 10. BIBBYS, Limited 78, 80, 82 Princess St., : : Kingston

A BRIGHT AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR to our many friends and customers. MISS E. D. HAMILTON 870 Princess Street. Opposite Y.M.C.A. Phone 126

Farms For Sale. The following is a partial list of farms we have for sale in Kingston district:

Acres	Price
60	\$1800
410	\$1500
22	\$2000
60	\$2800
150	\$3250
55	\$3500
100	\$3500
105	\$3500
200	\$4500
119	\$4750
100	\$5000
170	\$5250
100	\$5500
180	\$5500
183	\$5750
120	\$5750
165	\$6000
115	\$7000
150	\$8000
150	\$8500
170	\$8500
160	\$9500
192	\$9500
200	\$10,000
250	\$12,700
200	\$13,000

Ladies' Hockey and Skating Boots. Our Ladies' Boots have fleecy lining in them and will keep the feet warm and comfortable. Low and spring heel. \$2.00 and \$2.50. H. JENNINGS, King Street.

READ THE WHIG WANT ADS

HERE IT IS. USE CRAWFORD'S COAL. T. J. LOCKHART Over Bank of Montreal, Clarence St. Phone 1035, or 1020. KINGSTON, ONT.