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REVIVED IN WHAT WAY?

There is something suggestive in the telegram of Major Leonard to the Whig regarding the dormitory-drill hall building here. If the proposition is revived, he says, it will not be through the senate and trustees of Queen's. In connection with the college can it be revived through others?

In China the grafters are beheaded. The sure way of seeing that they will not come back and repeat their troubles. Similar treatment of grafting in Britain and Canada would make grafting very unpopular.

TARIFF REFORM DEAD.

The Brockville Times does not think the Whig consults the British papers respecting British politics. But it does. The British papers have a high place in the Whig's sanctum, and because they are read regularly the Whig sees the end of the tariff reform platform now that Joseph Chamberlain is dead. Austin Chamberlain hopes to keep his father's ideas alive, and Mr. Garvin will help him. But the unionist party is not united on tariff reform and never will be.

The lords are through with the amending bill and it is safe to say that it will not affect the Home Rule bill which, as it stands, be accepted or rejected. In any case it becomes law.

PAY GOOD MEN WELL.

In the municipal scandal at Montreal it was made to appear that one of the sewer contractors paid a certain civic engineer, the one who passed upon his accounts for payment, \$100 a month. The engineer is not named, because it must be said of him, in all fairness, that he denies the charge and talks of suing his manager.

Is there not, however, in considering this matter, a point which all councils, if composed of sensible men, may seriously consider? The average council is peculiarly parsimonious when it is dealing with the salaries of its officials. These men can handle many thousands of dollars a year, may practice the greatest economies, may save the municipality large sums, or protect it, from great waste, and they are not thanked.

Applications for salaries commensurate with the services they rendered are either passed over or lightly considered. Whereas the public corporation, like the private corporation, should realize that the way to demand and secure efficient service is to pay for it.

One is curious to know what Montreal was paying the engineer whom the contractor says he had to supplement his earnings.

Now that Manitoba has been heard from Mr. Borden may not be so eager to tour in the west. The local government cannot show him any attention. It will be too busy looking after the wounded in the recent conflict.

HAS MADE HER MARK.

The women of Canada will be lived-up by the reports that have been sent broadcast respecting the splendid work of Mrs. McClung, of Winnipeg, the authors. These women are indebted to Mr. Lambert, of the Globe, who has given pen pictures of the Manitoba campaign, and of the personality of this particular woman.

She has risen to fame through her books, which appealed to their readers because of the richness of the thoughts which they contained. She divided with Ralph Connor the distinction of literary merit, and in

some respects her books surpassed his. She reached a new altitude in public favour, however, when she entered the political campaign as the champion of moral reforms, and succeeded in arousing a public interest in her addresses that far surpassed that aroused by the premier of the province.

The campaign is over and some of its features will be forgotten. Not so the part of this noble woman. She has demonstrated her power as a thinker and debater, her sympathy with pressing social reforms, and the prophets have surely misread her life and character if she does not turn out one of Canada's foremost women in politics as in literature.

Lord Haldane says the British budget of 1914 is the greatest the chancellor has ever presented and the best. Why? It is making provision for the feeding, caring and educating of those on whom the greatness of the empire will in due time depend. The public school children of to-day are Britain's greatest asset.

ROBLIN IN BAD ODOUR.

It looks as if the Roblin government has at last received its summons to quit. As a result of the election, in Manitoba, on Friday, twenty-four conservatives are said to have been elected as against twenty-one liberals, a total of 45, in a house of 49. Three elections are deferred.

Changes are bound to follow the recounts of votes and revisions of records in the several constituencies, in which the contest has been close, and for the present the government that has ruled for fourteen years, by hook or by crook, and usually by crook, and for about ten years too long, is in very great peril.

The campaign was described in the forecast of which there is a record. Some of the methods adopted by the government to hold office have long been suspected. Now they are fully known, through the exposures which have been made by Thiel detectives, who have done their work as pitilessly as when they served a certain Montreal broker in exposing the Quebec corrupters. The election is over but the exposures remain.

While boasting of its power, and saying that it was going to sweep the province, it has been really fighting for its life. The premier squeezed in with a slender majority. His provincial secretary was defeated. In Winnipeg, despite the work of the machine, four liberals were elected and only two conservatives.

Granted that the government has a majority in the legislature of three or four, it cannot do business, and another appeal to the people in the near future, with its ill-smelling record, its scandals, and its evil election devices, against the elements that lately confronted it, must put it to rout.

The New York Herald refers to the business reports it has been receiving as "the thrill of coming prosperity." This follows the reports of the American government and to the effect that the times are surely getting better. We're looking for a sign if it isn't any bigger than a man's hand.

AMERICA'S DRINK BILL.

The American Grocer shows that in spite of the fact that local option has spread, the per capita consumption of alcoholic drinks has increased by nearly three gallons since 1901. The figure in that year was 19.57 gallons; in 1913 it had risen to 22.68.

It is estimated that the people who do the drinking number about 25 per cent. of the total population of the country, the rest per capita consumption for the ones who consume the fluid would be about eighty-nine gallons. Of this total ninety-one per cent. is beer.

From the government reports the American Grocer says the revenue from alcoholic drinks in the year ending June 30th, 1913, amounted to \$183,372,978. This is about twenty-five per cent. of the national revenues, aside from postal receipts.

Figures on the cost of alcoholic stimulants, and of tea, coffee and cocoa, have been compiled by the American Grocer, and show that the bill for alcoholic drinks in 1913 was larger by nearly \$100,000,000 than in the preceding year.

Non-alcoholic stimulants in 1913 cost \$239,459,239, an increase of about \$1,000,000 over 1912. This would indicate a decrease in the per capita consumption of tea and coffee.

The total cost of all stimulants in 1913, is about \$120,000,000 higher than the average for the last five years. In other words, for spirits, wine, beer, tea, coffee and cocoa the American people pay every year about \$19.21 per head.

This is an appalling statement. Let us look at it in another way. The amount spent in drink is more than enough to insure every man, woman and child in the United States against poverty, sickness and want. Yet we know that when Lloyd-George taxed the beer of England, in the interest of his insurance against sickness and non-

employment there was an awful howl against him.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Sir Rodmond Roblin deserved the scorching he has received. He has, in recent years, become altogether too autocratic and overbearing. He cannot boss and bully the people any more.

When Roblin has given one of his number for speaker and found a new secretary he may not have any of a majority left. The three or four he now has is liable to melt away at any time.

The Brockville Recorder intimates that Major Leonard resigned from the N.T.R. commission because of the interference of the minister made his life miserable. And as he was not obliged to put up with this kind of thing he gave it up. Some day the facts will all come out.

Hon. L. A. Roche, minister of the interior; Hon. R. Rogers, minister of public works, and Hon. A. Meighen, solicitor-general in the Borden government, managed the federal machine in the Manitoba election. They probably saved the Roblin government, but, oh, what a shave is the danger over?

PUBLIC OPINION.

Thank You, Sir! London Advertiser. The conservative candidate in North Oxford called Mr. Rowell "the Lloyd-George" of Canada.

Better Stay There.

Montreal Mail. The hens of Minnesota laid last year 700,000,000 eggs, most of which, no doubt, are still in cold storage.

A Wise Man.

Toronto Globe. Col. the Hon. Sam has read the fanatical element of the Orangemen out of the conservative party. He waited till after the provincial election.

His Game Some Day.

Hamilton Herald. The consensus of opinion of liberal newspapers throughout Canada is that though beaten Mr. Rowell proved himself to be an able leader, upon whom victory will some day perch.

The Man is Silenced.

Syracuse Post-Standard. Margaret Anglin is said to have remarked that her husband is a poor actor, but a good sweetheart. So far as we can see there is no report the man can make and keep peace in the family.

Is He a Squealer?

Port Arthur Chronicle. Mr. Pratt, M.P.P. for South Norfolk, confesses in a lawsuit to recovery a gambling debt that he played poker every afternoon during the session, except Sunday. His constituents have sent him back to the house perhaps as a reward for abstaining on Sunday.

You Think So.

Ottawa Citizen. The London Free Press speaks in no uncertain way concerning the abolition of capital punishment in Canada. It believes that capital punishment is on a par with lynch law, and for the element of legality. Apparently moral sanity is spreading in this country.

Kingston Event 25 YEARS AGO.

Some people had narrow escape at picnic at Selsey's Bay. They were poisoned by ice cream.

Spreading in the park has been stopped by the mayor. Police Constable John Ballantyne caught two burglars in Waldron's store. He shot one when he tried to escape, but the wound did not prove fatal.

Justice McGuire has taken a brick cottage belonging to Mrs. Chrysler, Union street, for the summer.

Might Have Hit an Angel.

The judge in a western town had declared he would stop the carrying of firearms in the street. When he appeared for trial a tough youth charged with getting drunk and firing his revolver in a crowded street.

"Two dollars and a half and costs," said the judge. "But, your honor," interposed counsel for the prisoner, "my client did not hit anybody."

"Well, you admitted that he fired the gun?" "Yes, but he fired it into the air," explained the lawyer.

"The fine stands," said the judge. "He might have shot an angel."—New York Press.

Felt First-Class.

An old Irish countrywoman, going to Dublin by train, stepped into a first-class carriage with her basket, and made herself comfortable. Just before the train started the conductor passed along, and noticing the woman and the basket, said gruffly: "Are you first-class, my good woman?"

"Be gorra, I am, and thank you," she replied, with a smile, "and how do you feel yourself?"

It Was Obvious.

"Now, my friends," said the candidate, making another effort to arouse enthusiasm in his hearers, "what do we need in order to carry this district by the biggest majority in its history?"

Wise and : : Otherwise

Of Unsanitary Length. "What became of your dachshund?" asked the groom. "My wife got tired of swatting flies and she gave him away," remarked the old fogey. "What had he to do, with swatting flies?" "It took him too long to get in and out through the screen door."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Too Hot.



He—How do you find the air here agrees with you? She—Some of the hot air I hear makes me sick.

Took No Risks.

Cyrus (entering a sixteenth floor office of the Syndicate building, perspiring and panting)—"Them stairs ought be several miles long."

"Occupant of office—'Why didn't you come up in one of the elevators there?'" Cyrus—"Not much; I jes' see one of 'em full of people fall down that hole there!"—Bohemian.

He Dug Bait.

Alfred Plus—Your caddy is missing. George Minus—Where is the little beggar? Alfred Plus—The other boys say he's gone fishing, because in the morning round you dug him up such a fine supply of worms.—London Opinion.

"Moral Sunbon."

"Bless me!" said Tommy's great uncle. "Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you?" "Never," replied Tommy. "We have moral sunbon in our school."

"What's that?" "Oh, we get 'em in, and stood up in corners, and locked in, and made to write one word a thousand times, and scowled at and jawed at, and that's all."—Motherhood.

Somebody's Mother.

The woman was old and ragged and bent with the chill of the winter's day. The street was wet with a recent snow, and the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing, and waited long. Alone, uncared for, amid the throng. Of human beings who passed her by, Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout, Glad in the freedom of "school let out."

Came the boys like a flock of sheep, Hailing the snow piled white and deep. Passed the woman so old and gray, Hastened the children on their way.

Nor offered a helping hand to her— So meek, so timid, afraid to stir. Lest the carriage wheels or the horse's feet, Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop— The gayest laddie of all the group; He paused beside her and whispered low, "I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm She placed and so without hurt or harm, He guided the trembling feet along, Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went, His young heart happy and well content. "She's somebody's mother, boys, you know. For all she's aged, poor and slow; And I hope some fellow will lend a hand To help my mother, you understand, 'If ever she's poor and old and gray When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother," bowed low her head In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was "God be kind to the noble boy, Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

"Peeping Tom."

Little Tommy heard his father say one evening, "I wish young Sparks would go. It's nearly midnight, and I'd like to lock up the house and get to bed. What on earth can Sparks and Mabel and to talk about all these hours?"

Tommy tiptoed to the parlor door, peeped through the keyhole, and then

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For Sale OR To Let A good grocery store with dwelling attached, good location in Kingston; owner forced to leave the city to look after other properties. This is a good chance for the right man. A large list of farm properties for sale. Some good bargains in city properties. T. J. LOCKHART, (Over Bank of Montreal) Clarence & King Sts., Kingston tip-toeing back to his father, said: "It ain't Mr. Sparks' fault, pa. He can't go. Mabel's sitting on him."

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