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SIXTY YEAR.



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SOULING THE ALARM.

It may be that the alarming talks of Britain's military men are for a purpose, and that purpose to stimulate the recruiting of the British army. General Baden-Powell, is the last to pass out some startling statements. He intimates that he knows there are ten places from which it is planned to ship troops, to the number of 100,000, and that for an invasion of England, and the destruction of her industries, a landing will be made on the north shore of Norfolk or Suffolk. The idea is not to subjugate Britain—for that is absolutely impossible—but to paralyze her factories, to cast millions into idleness, and reduce them to starvation. That the people of the old land are thoroughly aroused is indicated by information which has come to hand in recent letters. The shores of Scotland, as well as England, have been protected, and if there is a landing of Germans it will not be until they have overcome a great protecting force by land and sea. All that is going on in England and Scotland is known to the enemy. Complaint is made that "naturalized subjects" are permitted to cross the channel and visit friends in Holland and Belgium, and there is reason to believe that they are news carriers. They will be stopped. The wonder is that it has gone on so long.

QUICK SALE OF BONDS.

Kingston has sold all its five per cent. debentures at par. It sold them over the counter, without any special noise or advertising. This is the more remarkable. The feat is probably unparalleled in Canada, and redounds to the credit of the officials who handled the funds, and with all the skill of expert salesmen. The disposition of so large a number of debentures, at a lower rate than that which had been established by other securities, is due to two facts: (1) The credit of the municipality is good, and (2) the buyers of the securities live in the city. The money is here, and probably in every populous centre, on deposit. There is an abundance of it, and, as a broker remarked recently, it is available when the interest is high enough. Why should so much be on deposit at three per cent. in the savings banks and post office, when five and six per cent. may be earned by purchasing current municipal debentures? Toronto put debentures in the market to the value of a couple of millions, and sold them so quickly that some people were not aware of their issue until they were gone. The larger part of one million of dollars in bonds went out of the country, (to New York), and the Canadian investors lost a chance that should have been theirs exclusively.

CANADA'S GREAT BORROWINGS.

The honourable the finance minister, who speaks at only the larger centres, and favours them, has been discouraging on the financial situation. He comments upon what has been accomplished to ease the money market and meet the needs of commerce, trade, and agriculture, and impresses upon the people the need of co-operation to the end that the productions of Canada may be immensely magnified. The remark of the Toronto News, (a government paper), a day or two ago, struck the Whig most forcefully. It was to the effect that it was simply pitiful to confess that with all the resources and wisdom of Canada nothing practical could be done to meet the labour conditions. The war is on, and Canada, said Mr. White, must content itself to borrow and spend a million dollars a year. The idea is applauded. It seems to be endorsed by every man. The industrial conditions are terrible. They are more than that—they

are appalling. In a letter which the Whig saw to-day, and from a man in one of the western cities, he said the times are without a parallel, that desperation has seized the people, that thousands are out of work and reduced to the greatest poverty. The merchants are cutting the costs of their stock, and some are eager to sell at any price. Is there no way the government can relieve the strain? The counsel some wiseacres are willing to offer, "Be patient," will not, in these western cities, carry any consolation with it. The situation suggests that the government should counsel with the leaders in business and industry, and labour, and for the purpose of hitting upon some plan of mutual and practical relief. Let the one hundred millions of dollars be borrowed for war purposes, but let there be another million if need be for relief, not in alms and charity, but in great public works which will give the people the work and wage by which they must live.

NO WAR SCARE THERE.

The General Board of the United States Navy, recommended a big naval programme, but Secretary Daniels cut it down, in deference to the peace sentiment that prevailed, and especially in deference to the sentiments of the president. The general board argued that its programme was absolutely necessary, but the secretary did not demur. He just dashed the report as if he had some spite against the men who made it. The secretary has about \$40,000,000 to spend in the next year on the navy and naval equipment, and he seemed to think that that was enough, though the "pork barrel" which represents the reptile land for the party on the eve of a national election contains over \$50,000,000.

Among the requests of the general board was that \$5,000,000 be set apart for aviators, and Secretary Daniels rejected it. He said if the money were granted he would not know what to do with it, as the United States had not a type of aeroplane for the construction of which his department was prepared to spend its money. A friend of the navy told of the hundreds of airships which were owned by the European powers engaged in war, even little Belgium, and they seemed to have types of machines which were absolutely necessary for scouting purposes; and still the secretary was obstinate.

Clearly the navy department is in the hands of a "has been." He is not progressive in any respects. When questioned as to how fast he could put battleships into service, in the event of a war, he admitted that a good deal depended on the continuance of it. If it lasted for a couple of years there would be important additions to the fleet. If for a shorter time there would not be any additions. And this in the face of an important statement in the British press—that in case the British navy were weakened by the North Sea fight the United States navy would become the next sea power, and the trident, at least for a time, might pass from England to America.

WOUNDED IN THE BATTLE.

Emile Zola has, in one of his books, pictured, as only a great pen artist can do, the horrors of the Franco-German war. He visited an hospital base, or shamoles, following a great battle, and saw the surgeons at work. They worked fast, fearlessly, and seemingly without feeling. The wounded and the dying were carried in and laid upon temporary operating tables, and cut and carved according to the quick-acting judgment of the doctors. There was no time for deliberate diagnosis. The surgeons were simply inadequate, in number, for the tremendous pressure of the hour.

An English surgeon, speaking to a friend, who handed the sickening stuff to the New York Post, describes his awful experience at the front. Other wars have been bad, some of them very bad, "but," said he, "there has been nothing like this. It is hell let loose. Before this we thought in hundreds of killed, now it is thousands, possibly millions. Men whom I used to think 'fighters' have proved themselves capable officers. Such heroism! Such unselfishness! Such doggedness! The men follow blindly wherever their officers lead. I have been through fire-wrecked villages, smoke-begrimed cities; have seen where women have been slashed in two, even babies and little children cut down where they stood. We are all, turned beasts, with most of the human semblance gone; only occasion, ally, do we see the spirit, and often when the spirit is passing do we see the soul of the strong man fighting against the power of Death, loving life. All of us think of home, we dare not speak of it."

In time the hand of even the skillful man becomes wearied, his brain fags, and he becomes mechanical in his motions. "I sleep," writes this British surgeon, who speaks as he feels, who tells the naked truth without anticipating the publication of it "standing up when and where I can. My chief and I work night and day. Forty-eight hours went by without my touching food. The orderly came in while we were operating. "Food, sir," he said. I did not hear, so he

fed me while I worked. Not until there was food in my stomach did I feel strange, but I must have fainted." Such is war, at the rear, behind the battle line, where men, wrecked by shot and shell, are carried back to receive a finishing touch from the surgeons. The medical staffs are as efficient as they can be, but they are unequal to the strain of the most terrible war the world has ever seen.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The people appear to be dazed over the municipal situation. They have shown no signs of being able to meet the emergencies of the hour.

One of the candidates in Toronto denounces the Lodge. He must be courting defeat. He can't mean that he defies the institution that in Toronto settles all elections.

Austria is whipped. So is Germany. It may take some time to get its troubles—like the scotched snake—but, hard as it may be to conceive, it is slowly dying as a nation.

The British and French are making the trenches as comfortable as possible, in anticipation of spending the winter in them. Which suggests that the invasion of Germany will not take place until spring.

The pacifists are not very popular now. But later they will have their innings. They will have to do when the world has awakened from the horrible nightmare from which it has been suffering.

It would not be surprising if the conservatives of Ontario posed as a temperance party ere long. It has been the liquor party so far, but Sir Rodmond Roblin's sudden desertion of the party is suggestive and alarming.

The temperance cause appears to have been set back by the cataclysm of last June. The conservatives who sacrificed their principles for the sake of their politics realize the mistake they have made in local option districts.

The moratorium can be abused. It is abused in Manitoba, Britain adopted it as an extraordinary measure, in a war time, and until it had adjusted itself to the new circumstances. Then it was repealed. The sooner it goes in Manitoba, apparently, the better.

The federal government, it is said, objects to the participation of its officials in even municipal politics. The man who accepts of public office "in terms" himself, so to speak, and becomes inactive in the world of politics. It is well.

With so much of the world unoccupied, why is it that the Armenians have suffered so much and so long from the unspeakable Turks? Britain, too, has spared the Turk when she could have crushed him or ended his oppressions. He will probably get his due this time.

The Christians in danger of massacre in Armenia! That's not news. The Christians there have been menaced and persecuted and murdered for many years. Why have they persisted in courting this treatment by living among a people whose brutality is proverbial?

Why, asks a contemporary, does Germany fight a losing battle in Poland when she could fight to better advantage on her own soil. She's saving her territory from destruction and her people from alarm as long as possible. When the armies begin to close in on Germany the war will be over.

Public Opinion

To Be Sure. Montreal Mail. Santa Claus has volunteered for service at the front in Europe. Are you going to help him out?

Timely Hint. Toronto Globe. This is the time for owners of vacant lots to respond to the suggestion of the assessment department and prepare for the production of a crop next year.

Very Likely. London Advertiser. Disappointment at not being able to get across the channel is said to be partly responsible for the Kaiser's illness. If he had crossed he would be a good deal sicker.

Not A Scrooge. Bradford Express. Do not be a Scrooge this Christmas; neither let your givings partake of the "exchange" variety among members of your own family, or of your own immediate circle of friends. If there ever was a time to practice wise and unselfish benevolence it is now.

Kingston Events Twenty-Five Years Ago

The Jessie Bain has been chartered to carry grain to Oswego at three and a half cents a bushel. Vandals have been at work in the city, destroying the beauty of shrubs by chopping them with an axe. Lord Stanley, governor-general of Canada, was given the degree of LL.D. at Queen's University.

WISE AND OTHERWISE

Cupid could give the fool killer a lot of pointers. Better one boil on the stove than two on the neck. Many a man walks around and runs a risk at the same time.

If it were not for your memory you would be unable to forget. A man who drinks from the cup of sorrow has no siphon on the side. Adam had his faults, but he was never sued for breach of promise.

Everpresent Help. Austria is whipped. So is Germany. It may take some time to get its troubles—like the scotched snake—but, hard as it may be to conceive, it is slowly dying as a nation.

They say that a woman's tears come to her aid at an urgent moment. Yes; her tears are volunteers, so to speak.

Right Along. Fate treats me in a way that's rough; It is no wonder I am blue. Ah, not alone is life so tough! My turkey had to be so, too! —Judge.

Strength To Stand It. Grateful Patient—By the way, I should be glad if you would send in your bill soon. Eminent Physician—Never mind about that, my dear madam; you must get quite strong first.—Philadelphia Record.

Maddening Unanimity. She (sighingly)—I wish I had been born a man. He (glomily)—So do I.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Who Would Get the Cakes. Teacher—Mary, how would you divide five apples among six children? Mary—Make apple sauce.—Philadelphia Ledger.

No Indeed. Even the most patriotic German doesn't object to doing a Russian business.

On Exhibition. Briggs—We are coming around to see you this evening. Griggs—That's right; but do me a favor, old man. Don't let your wife wear her new fall suit; I don't want my wife to see it just now. Briggs—Why, man alive, that's just why we are coming.

Quiet Thoughts. If you wish for the very happiest and clearest light on the mystery of pain you will find it, not even by any way of bearing it or looking at it, but by going right into it and trying to make it a little less.—Brooke Herford.

The problem of religion to-day is not whether I can prove that John wrote the Gospel. Rather does it concern the question whether I can love my fellow-men as Christ loved them.—Wilfrid T. Grenfell.

Her Favorite Amusement. Headline—"Kaiser Threatens to Make England Dance." Well, England likes to lead the German.

Continuous Performance. Gorman—We were at the dinner table from one till five. Dyer—And what did you do after dinner? Gorman—Why, it was so late we had supper.

Good Match But For the Stick. "So Alice is married. Did she make a good match?" "Splendid! Lots of money, good social position and all that—in fact, the only out about it was the man."

His Final Threat. Driver O'Flannagan (to his horse, which refuses to get up after falling)—Well, of the lady's apoplexy. Get up, will ye, or I'll drive right over ye!—London Opinion.

His Report. "What did they say to you?" asked little Harry's mother after his first visit to the new Sunday school. "The teacher said she was glad to see me there." "And she said she hoped I would come every Sunday." "No; she asked me if our family belonged to that abomination."

Needy Railroads. Parks—I'm glad to notice that there is an increasing tendency among the millionaires to leave their money to the really needy. Lane—Well, I don't know about that. None of them has left anything yet to any railroad.—Lide.

Smarty. Bix—I heard something this morning that opened my eyes. Dix—So did I—an alarm clock.

Changing Tins. "Now, then, Cousin Emma, let me give you a bit of the t' east." "Yes, please, I should like to taste

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