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SECOND YEAR.



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RARE WIND FALLS.

The ex-Airforce-General of Manitoba reminds one of the mysterious person who used to turn up in Kingston about election time and perform the most astounding feats. One of them the Whig remembers very well. A certain active politician used to wander around at unusual hours and come into possession of unparalleled wind falls. Once he strayed into a certain hotel and stood at ease in the reception room with his hands behind his back. Some one passed and gave him a great roll of bills. He had no idea where this money came from and was not at all interested or curious respecting the fact. Apocryphal as this may seem it has its counterpart or companion story in Winnipeg. Hon. Mr. Howden found a grip in a certain place. He did not know how it came there. He simply carried it away, opened it afterwards, and found that it contained \$25,000. Stranger still, he handed the grip and contents to another man who had expressed his desire for something of the kind. Wonders never cease.

SEARCH FOR A LEADER.

Sir Hugh John Macdonald, a desired as the new leader of the Conservative party in Manitoba, or the rump of what was once a party. A new leader of some kind must be had since all the old leaders, who constituted the local Government and abused their power and privileges, are no longer available. Sir Hugh has not been heard of since 1896, when he was induced to join Sir Charles Tupper in an attempt to win success upon the school question. The Bower Government had collapsed. Some of its members had turned traitor upon the old man, Sir Mackenzie, and they suffered in consequence. Sir Hugh began his career in Kingston. This was his home. Here he was educated and here he began the practice of law. He was a politician, of course, since he could not be anything else, and be a son of his father. He had before him always a shining example of what a man could become who had talent and political instinct. Yet he was never aggressive in action and basked most of the time in what may be called "a reflected light." He was clever, genial, able, popular, but he lacked the magnetism which was the distinguished characteristic of Sir John Macdonald.

Sir Hugh has held the office of Police Magistrate in Winnipeg for many years. It is a responsible and lucrative position, and he would not be displaying any particular shrewdness in resigning it in order to accept the leadership of a demoralized and disgruntled party. There are some men who can retire from public life and come back and score a success. Sir Oliver Mowat was one of them. He left the bench which he had adorned for many years, to become the leader of the Liberal party in Ontario, and under his administration the Province was wisely and honorably governed. Sir Hugh may assay a difficult task, that of reviving his party at a critical time, and he may not. He can hardly be expected to leave his well-ordered and comfortable office to accept of the irritation, vexation and turmoil of political life. In the dilemma of the hour the Conservatives must have some one. Why not fall back upon the Hon. Mr. Rogers? He is the Toronto News' ideal man.

HIGH TAXES FEARED.

A reader of the Whig does not understand what the Mayor is driving at and wants this paper to explain. The Mayor's position is outlined in his statement which has been already published. The advocates two things: (1) A readjustment of the assessment, and (2) An increase in the revenue. This double purpose is susceptible of varied treatment, and it is because of this fact that further discussion has been suggested.

The Whig agrees with the Mayor when he says that there are differences in the assessment of which the property owners have reason to complain, and there are discriminations which seem to be accidental, and not intentional, so far as the Assessor is concerned. Mr. Gordon is true to the plan which the Council outlined when he was appointed many years ago. He endeavors to keep himself posted with regard to changes in real estate. In spite of his diligence, however, he may not be always correct in his views. He is conscientious in his work, and his judgment is not often challenged. Nevertheless it is very likely that he will admit that there are discrepancies in the assessment, and they should be removed. But how is the great question. Once in ten years the permanent assessor might have associated with him real estate valuers who could help in the adjustment of values and under circumstances that would make their work quite acceptable.

Upon the question of higher taxation the Mayor will find himself seriously against public opinion. Already the taxpayers are excited. One object of the revised assessment is to secure more revenue for public purposes, and there is only one way to secure it—through higher taxes. Toronto has always gloried in a high assessment and a low tax rate. It looks well in print. It sounds well in public discussions. Other cities have a low assessment and a high tax rate. The ratepayers are not so well satisfied. They do not realize that the same object is aimed at.

The average man interprets the Mayor's meaning to be that the taxes are not high enough and that they must be levied in such a way as to produce a fuller treasury. That idea is being fiercely and wickedly antagonized.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Any man who wants information with regard to the light and power rates can get it at the Commission's office. The Council is not the place to get light on any subject. There are some people in Kingston who would not object if Hon. Mr. Howden, of Winnipeg, called around and left a grip full of money without asking any questions. A political Santa Claus without a doubt.

The Germans of Detroit think that this is the time for Canada to assert her independence. Valps thought. There never was a time when Canada was so compact, so loyal, and so much a part of the British Empire as at the present time.

LaFollett's bill, requiring the larger part of a vessel's or steamer's crew to speak the language of the captain, has given back to British register many craft that were flying the American flag. America's merchant marine may be but a name presently.

British aeroplanes and biplanes, accompanied by fast torpedo boats, have been scouting in the vicinity of Heligoland and the German coast, in the North Sea. Some of these days there will be something that will drive the Kaiser into another prayerful attitude.

The grafters of Canada do not need any encouragement. They may not be as bad as some people infer, but they will not be as good as they should be when papers like the Ottawa Journal minimize their offences. The fellows that are making restitution of their undue profits should be left to make their own apologies.

A street should not be paved for at least a year after the water and gas mains have been renewed. And yet the Council will not give the Utilities' Commission notice now to put University avenue in condition so that it may be paved next year. Surely the taxpayers of University avenue are being very badly dealt with.

Lloyd-George is optimistic, and it is a good thing when so many others are pessimistic. "Sub-contracting," said he, "has produced something like 10,000 shells a month. We have been a few days with the new scheme and have already placed with responsible firms 150,000 shells a month. In a very short time I am confident it will be a quarter of a million, if not more."

Nothing Curious.  
(Toronto Globe.)  
"It is a curious fact," says the Toronto News, "that political rascality at Ottawa is hunted down under Conservative rather than under Liberal Government." There is nothing about it. Nobody will go hunting where there is no game.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Who Is At Fault.  
(New York Herald.)  
The only "discrimination" against Germany is in the matter of transportation, and for this Germany is responsible.

They'd Need To.  
(Hamilton Herald.)  
Millions of Germans will go without underclothes this summer in order that there may be enough cotton to make explosives to feed the guns.

Crown Prince Again.  
(Montreal Mail.)  
The Kron Prinz of Germany is reported as lost. He is a tall, thin young man with a foolish face and, when last seen, was wearing a smirk.

The End Far Off.  
(Syracuse Post-Standard.)  
It does not appear that it can end until millions more are killed, until as Irvin Cobb prophesied, "half of Europe is dead and the other half on crutches."

A Bad Lot.  
(Montreal Gazette.)  
Manitoba politics and politicians appear to be rotten. The good that may come out of the situation may be by the shocking of the public mind into a sense of responsibility.

KINGSTON EVENTS  
25 YEARS AGO

Z. Prevost and family are moving to their summer residence at Tremont Park.  
Police men are much dissatisfied over the rule of the commissioners compelling them to remove from their present residences to other parts of the city. Men are being placed just where the commissioners want to locate them, whereas the Col. Milligan, pension officer, arrived to-day and is paying the two hundred veterans of this district. About \$4,000 is required.

Telling All The Facts.

Lloyd-George's "Contractors." The machinery for making machine guns takes eight or nine months to construct before you begin to turn out a single machine gun. The Germans have undoubtedly anticipated the character of the war as no other Power had done. They realized that it was going to be a great trench war, and they secured an adequate supply of machinery applicable to these conditions.

The professional mind is very conservative, and there are very competent soldiers, even to-day, who assume that this kind of fighting is temporary, and that it will not be long before we get back to the old conditions. I have no doubt much time was lost. But the Germans were fully prepared to batter down the deepest trenches of the enemy with heavy guns and high explosives, and to defend their own trenches with machine guns.

That is the story of the war for ten months. We assumed that victory was our due as a tribute from the victor; not to take it for granted. To do that the whole engineering and chemical resources of the country and of the Empire must be mobilized. When that is done France and ourselves alone, without Italy or Russia, can overstep the whole Teutonic output for war.

He Was Laid In Kingston.

Sir Hugh John Macdonald, who is mentioned as the coming leader of the Conservative Party in Manitoba, is a son of the late Sir John A. Macdonald, for many years Premier of Canada. Sir Hugh John was born in Kingston in 1850 and educated at the University of Toronto. He was called to the Bar in 1872, and practised his profession first in Toronto in partnership with his father, but since 1882 he has been in Winnipeg. He represented Winnipeg in the House of Commons on two occasions, and was Minister of the Interior in the Tupper Administration in 1896. He was Premier of Manitoba for a short time, but retired in 1900 and has since been in private life. Sir Hugh John is an enthusiastic military man and saw active service on three occasions, viz., in the Fenian Raid, and in the Red River Rebellion and in the Northwest Rebellion of 1885. He inherits much of the charm of manner and power to make friends possessed by his father.

A series of mass meetings to stimulate recruiting is to be held at Hamilton. The district is expected to supply 3,500 men for the overseas contingents.

Rippling Rhymes  
Walt Mason

DREAMING.  
I dreamed one night that I had died, had crossed the river cold and wide, and sat at ease on t'other shore, and talked with Poe of Lost Lenore. I gossiped with the famed and great, who long ago had pulled their weight from mundane scenes, and left renown which passing ages cannot down. I talked with Shakespeare, Pope and Scott, and all they said was blooming rot. The Bard of Avon talked away of how he used to sit and play with cronies at the Blue Boar Inn, and lubricate his works with gin. The poet Byron came along; he didn't talk of Art or Song, but bragged until the light grew dim, of distances he used to swim. And Scott bored every one to sleep by talking cattle, swine and sheep. Their thoughts were anchored to the past, to trifling things that did not last. Their harps were hung on rusty nails, while they sat telling ancient tales. The only one who talked of Song, and kept it up, the whole day long, was Robert Southey—and his lay would make mules shy and run away. When morning came I woke; said I, "This comes from eating too much pie."

SLEEPING IN PEACE

THE GRAVES OF CANADIANS ON FIELD OF BATTLE

Festubert Is a Hell of Gas and Explosives—German Corps On the Field Still Holds In Neck the Knife of a Canadian.  
Northern France, Dominion Day, via London, July 5.—Near where the big guns belch forth their message of death, and where, high above, the rival air craft fight for air supremacy, lie the bodies in graves of many gallant Canadian officers and soldiers.

They lie not far from where they fell in the fatal charge of Festubert, and are buried beside men of the most noble families of England, for near by sleep officers of most of the Guards regiments. Many are 50th Battalion men. One stands out most prominent. He is Major Warlington, of the Royal Montreal. That gallant officer lies next to the brother of the colonel of my regiment. Behind him is the grave of the colonel of the Grenadier Guards. In front is the grave of a private of one of the border regiments. A solid marble cross marks the spot where Col. Warlington lies.

A little way to the right are the graves of Major Tenaille, Capt. Hopkins and Capt. Currie, of the 5th Battalion. Behind lie Sergt. Phillips, Corp. McGhee, 5th Battalion; Pte. Weir Spencer, of the Canadian Artillery, and many others over whom time has not permitted the erection of crosses.

More than 1,000 heroes of Neuve Chapelle and Festubert lie in roughly laid out ground alongside the leading trenches, but away from the rattle of motor wagons, for the road near here is a veritable death trap. Shells pitch into the roadway, making huge holes in the ground and scattering tiles from the roofs of a ruined farmhouse near by. It is a hell of gas and high explosives.

I just visited the battle ground at Festubert, where the Canadians made such a gallant fight. It is one of the worst districts in France. Innocent looking fields are nothing but bog traps. Men sink up to their waists in mud and water. The country is very flat, and heavy rains during the past few days half-filled the trenches with mud and water.

Fighting is always on here. Shelling by guns of all calibers is kept up day and night. Broken Ross rifles, bayonets, etc., are scattered over the ground. A dead German near by still holds in his neck part of a Canadian jackknife. Others lie coiled in the meshes of their own barbed wire.

A wonderful explosive shell was shot out of our big guns. It went clean through the spire of a church into the German lines, carrying with it several German observation officers and putting out of action most of the men billeted inside the church.

Meat Eating Nations.

Canadians are the third greatest meat eating people in the world, the first place being given to our neighbors to the south, while Argentina comes second. The Americans have a per capita consumption per annum of 172 pounds, the people of Argentina a consumption of 140 pounds, while the Canadians eat 125 pounds per annum, having increased 28 lbs. in the last ten years. In Great Britain the per capita consumption of meat is 119 pounds, in Germany it is 113, and in France 80, while in Spain the per capita consumption is but 49 pounds, per annum.

In the present war the British soldier is the best fed and the best cared for of any of the men fighting at the front. The British soldier gets his "pound of flesh" per day, and a little more, not to mention what he may get from the satisfaction of bayoneting Germans. The daily allowance for a British soldier is 1 1/4 lbs. of meat, which is considerably more than he got at home, no matter whether he was a civilian or a soldier in barracks. The other soldiers are fed on a variety of foodstuffs, but none of them obtain food containing as much body or strength giving material as "Tommy Atkins."

It Needs the Probe.

The Telegram is now preaching purity when only a few months ago it was vigorously defending its political proprietors who have been exposed as political crooks. The Winnipeg Telegram has a most unsavory record and its preaching of purity now will not go down very well with those who have known its record in the past. It would be splendid work in behalf of political purity to have one of the royal commissions investigate the ownership and financial backing of the Winnipeg Telegram. The public would then know who it is who paid for the miserable dirty attacks on the Grain Growers' Association and how much of the publicly money has been misused in supporting this disreputable journal. Let the investigators probe go deep into the Winnipeg Telegram so that we may learn the truth.

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