

The British Whig
62ND YEAR.



Published Daily and Semi-Weekly by
THE BRITISH WHIG PUBLISHING
CO. LIMITED.

J. G. Elliott, President
Leman A. Guild, Managing Director
and Sec. Treas.

Telephones:
Business Office 242
Editorial Rooms 229
Job Office 292

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
(Daily Edition)
One year, delivered in city \$5.00
One year, if paid in advance \$4.50
One year, by mail to rural offices \$5.50
One year, to United States \$12.50
(Semi-Weekly Edition)
One year, by mail, cash \$1.00
One year, if not paid in advance \$1.50
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A MATTER OF BLUFF.

The true meaning of the protest of the United States against the commercial blockade by Britain in the North Sea becomes more apparent when one realizes what has been attempted by Germany to evade it. The war lords at first stormed over that they called a futile scheme to starve out their people. Later they laughed at the idea, and through the independent press announced that they were independent of the world for their supplies. They had a large territory under cultivation; that within the Empire and in the parts of Belgium and France which they had evaded and held they were utilizing prisoner-labour in the tillage of the soil and production of food stuffs. They defied the Allies to hurt and depress them.

Which was pure bluff. There has been no open running of the blockade, but there has been all along, and there is now, a most determined effort to procure supplies of copper and nickel and cotton and food-stuffs, through the neutral countries. A great avenue of service lay via Italy until it went into the war. A greater avenue lay through smaller kingdoms on the North Sea. At the present time about forty craft are in the custody of the British Admiralty awaiting the action of the prize court. The Chicago packers are interested to the extent of 25,274,584 lbs. of meat products which the crown contends, and on very reliable evidence, was intended for Germany, via Copenhagen.

Dealing with the cargoes carried by four ships, the Attorney-General pointed out that in 1913 Denmark imported 1662 metric tons of lard, yet the ships now in question had on board 5,798 metric tons. The whole imports of lard in 1913 for Norway, Sweden, and Denmark were 3,386 tons, while these four ships in one fortnight last year were carrying 5,798 tons for Denmark alone. For October and November, 1913, the export of lard from New York to Copenhagen was 439,834 lbs.; for the same months in 1914, it was 22,789,043 lbs.

In the face of this exhibit the Germans of Rochester may denounce President Wilson because he does not become bumptious and bulldoze the British Government, and the Chicago packers join the Southern cotton men in demanding "hands off" the neutral trade of the ocean. But of what avail. The blockade of the North Sea is real, and will remain until the war is over.

MANITOBA'S CLEAN SWEEP.

The people of Canada have been interested in the Manitoba election, and they will rejoice that the electors of the province have so emphatically expressed themselves upon the questions of the day. There has not been, at any time, an exhibition of venality, of corruption, of crime to be compared with that of the Roblin Government. Had the facts not been established by the evidence which came out before a Royal Commission no one could believe that a Government could be so recalcitrant to its trusts, so calloused in wrong doing, so utterly abandoned to wickedness.

The meanest feature of the revelations was the attempt of the discredited ministers to cast the responsibility upon the officials, and especially upon the one who was dragged into a systematic robbery of the Province in the interests of the party. These ministers professed to be shocked by the revelations. The Premier, in a temper, tore up

the contract which spelled ruin for himself and others. The Minister of Public Works, who ought to have known what was going on, as he was at the head of the department most concerned, signed orders for money without asking questions and knowing what they meant. Innocence or iniquity generally prevailed.

The electors have weighed this party and found it wanting. The full effect of the elections is not apparent at the time of this writing, but it looks as if the people of the Province have risen in their might and swept the Conservative candidates into oblivion. Some of them did not pull enough votes to save their deposits. They have not only been defeated, but they have been disowned and dishonored, and the paper that championed their cause, the Winnipeg Telegram, must share the odium of their disgrace. It helped in their ignominy by assailing the Roblin party in Manitoba, presentable. That party is down and out quite as much as the ex-ministers and cannot come back until it has time in which to sincerely repent of its sins.

A coat of whitewash or a hasty fumigation will not make a party, which went so deep into the muck as the Roblin party in Manitoba, presentable. That party is down and out quite as much as the ex-ministers and cannot come back until it has time in which to sincerely repent of its sins.

A LEADER DISCARDED.

The last remark of Sir James Aikins, on the eve of the Manitoba election, was: "Liberals who have been looking for a walk over are going to wonder what hit them when the returns came in." And the first announcement which followed the close of the poll was this: "Sir James Aikins defeated in Brandon." The self-conscious and puffed-up leader of the party of purity, the Lily Whites, met disaster in his own constituency, where he was known the best, where his virtues, politically should be the most approved. And he deserved it. His conduct in connection with this campaign has been a sad disappointment.

No one doubts that Sir James is a talented man. He is possessed of scholarship, of rare experience, of training for political service which, under proper alliances, should make him a power in the land. "But he got in wrong," as the politicians say, as the leader of the bedeviled and bankrupted combination which he was foolish enough to assume he could carry to success. He has not personally free of contact with the Roblin contingent, though he repudiated, and, as far as he dare, called it bad names. He was the solicitor for Mr. Simon, the London architect, who wrote him in December, 1914, about the building extras on which the Government had light-heartedly embarked.

Mr. Simon said he had remonstrated against these extras, and had been assured by the resident architect that "the Government had to make their campaign funds out of them." With the knowledge of what was going on he made no protest against the iniquities of the Roblin Government, made no effort to win it from its evil ways, or save it from destruction. He waited until the Roblin Government was forced out of office and its members were denounced and abandoned. Then, under the guidance of the immaculate Rogers, he conceived the idea of rescuing the party, of giving it a sweet-smelling name, and of leading it to victory!

Sir James has deceived himself, and deceived his friends, with regard to his political strength. He was made to believe that his was a title to conjure with, and, having a real good conceit of himself, it was not hard to make him feel his importance. About the only clever thing he did — and it was not much to his credit — was to steal or misappropriate the best part of the Liberal platform, and with this he assumed to carry his deodorized party into power. He might have known better. He might have realized that the people, shocked, pained, angered by the gross misconduct of the Conservative party, would not reelect it, practically as it was before the fall, save that it had Aikins and Sharpe, as its political leaders, in place of Roblin and Howden. The expected in this instance has surely come to pass.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It can now be taken for granted that there will not be a Federal election this autumn. The election of Friday settled that point.

The tastes of the Manitoba electors must be vitiated. The idea of preferring an auctioneer to a Knight of the Garter for the premiership! It's almost unthinkable.

Suppose Sir James Aikins now tries to get back into the Dominion Parliament and the people refuse to reelect him. He can claim the reward that was promised him.

Hon. Mr. McGary is going to San Francisco, there to attend the conference of the National Tax Association.

tion. What he is going to do there no one can imagine as he is not in favour of tax reform.

The Toronto Telegram has been deeply concerned lest the culprits in Manitoba—the men who plundered and disgraced the Province—escaped their due. It should bide a wee. The Norris Government will now get after them.

The Minister of Public Works boasted that he was not called and quizzed about the parliament buildings scandal. The probe is now going into the public works which he carried on as a member of the Manitoba Government. The Hon. Robert may come into the lime light a little later on.

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Sir Rodmond Roblin went back from Prince Edward County, where he was rusticated on the old homestead, to attend the funeral and burial of the Lily Whites in Manitoba. He probably voted for them as a good party man, but how he must be tickled over the manner in which the people turned down his defamers.

The Hon. "Bob" Rogers will see, in the elections of Friday in Manitoba, the writing on the wall, so far as he is concerned. The new party, the Lily Whites, was his conception. Sir James Aikins was his choice of a leader. The fact that both party and leader have been swept into oblivion has a meaning for him particularly its own.

A Mystery.

"Joan of Arc was a spinster; was she not?"

"Yes, why?"

"Oh, I was just wondering how she got her armor buttoned up the back."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

That Uncomfortable Feeling.

Helter—Do you think severe religious training really prevents a person from wrongdoing?

Skelter—Well, it doesn't exactly prevent it, but it certainly detracts from the pleasure one gets from sinning.—Life.

Getting it Straight.

Husband—You spend altogether too much money.

Wife—Not at all! The trouble is you don't make enough.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

Grateful.

Mr. Bullion Bag (to Count Spaghetti, about to marry his daughter)—See here, count, let me give you a tip.

Count Spaghetti (holding out his hand)—Sank you, sare.—Seattle Times.

Safe Conjecture.

Tramp—"Please, mum, I'm a Belgian refugee."

Lady—"Are you? Mention a town in Belgium."

Tramp (cogitating a moment)—"I would, mum, but they have all been destroyed."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Liked The Eat.

"Did the new cook come this morning?"

"Dropped in about 12."

"How do things seem to suit her?"

"Well, she liked the lunch I gave her so well that she has agreed to stay for dinner."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

KINGSTON EVENTS 25 YEARS AGO

George A. Cliff was awarded the contract to do the carpenter work in the chapel in connection with St. Mary's Cathedral.

T. Carson shipped two spaniel pups to Chicago.

Callaghan, McRae and M. Reid were engaged to play ball to-day for Bath.

Bartenders always have a smile for men with the coin.

Rippling Rhymes

Walt Mason

TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

In days of old the pastor bold ripped all our nerves asunder; stern threats of doom beyond the tomb, he roared, in voice of thunder. He pawed the air and preached despair, this man of worth and learning; he scared us stiff, we seemed to sniff the fumes of brimstone burning. He preached away for half a day, beginning at eleven, the Book he cuffed, he howled and bluffed, and scared folks into heaven. His theme was hell; he would not dwell on Canaan's thyme and clover; I wonder now, quite often, how the good man put it over. Now pastors plead and try to lead us on to paths Elysian; they talk of love and things above, and thus improve our vision. For Love is all, this side the wall, dividing us from Aldens; and over there, in "mansions fair," all souls with Love are laden. Love makes us blest—of creeds the test—of life the hope and heaven; not threats of pain or hope o' gain can guide our steps to heaven.



WALT MASON

WISE AND OTHERWISE

Things usually look blue to a man after he has painted the town red.

After accepting crumbs of comfort some people whine for the whole bakery.

It's the easiest thing in the world to convince the average man that he is smart.

How Singular.
Mrs. Jones had a singular boy. So singular was this young Jones that he never made more than one no, and he played the duets all alone.

At school he was rather erratic. For, though mentally quick as a weasel, He would study but one mathematic. And when sick he had only one meal.
—R. Rudd Whiting in The Century.

Advice to Donald.
Sister (writing to her brother at the front)—And hae ye onything else tae say, father?"

Father—Ay! Tell Donald that if he comes over ye German waiter that gaged us a bad saxpence for change when we had a bit dinner in London a while syne, tell him—tae—steady aim.—Punch.

Easier To Spell.
Young Arthur, the pride of the family, had been attending school all of six weeks, and his devoted parent thought it was high time he should find out how things were running. So he asked one afternoon.

"And what did my little son learn about this morning?"

"Oh, a mouse. Miss Wilcox told us all about mouses."
"That's the boy! Now, how do you spell mouse?"

It was then Arthur gave promise of being an awful dodger. He paused meditatively for a moment, then said "Father, I guess I was wrong. It wasn't a mouse teacher was telling us about. It was a rat."—Harper's Magazine.

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