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WHAT DO YOU RESOLVE?

The time has come for new resolutions. The New Year suggests them. The Old Year takes its departure, like an old friend who has served his day and generation, and gives place to one who will be more in touch with the times.

The things one does during the year cannot be effaced or forgotten. They may be repented of. They may suggest remedies for faults or failings, and these may grow in favor with their use. But so far as the Old Year and its record are concerned, both are "farewelled" with the feeling that they cannot be amended or recalled.

The mistakes and indiscretions one commits seem to obtrude themselves at this season. Their importance is magnified, and with one good effect, namely, that one resolves that there will not be a repetition of them. New Year's is, therefore, an occasion for "swearing off" and everything is expected to go of which one is ashamed.

Nor is the rumination and repentance that are inseparable from the anniversary of an individual or domestic character. The relations of one to the city come in for review. The man of affairs asks himself, in self-examination, a lot of hard and searching questions. Has he been true to the city and all of its interests? The answer is in the negative, and swift as thought the repentance follows. He will be a better citizen in the future and his success will be assured by a resolution.

Take a look at the cartoon in today's Whig. The artist has had an experience of his own, no doubt, and interprets it in this picture. Does he in any way express your mind upon the subject? Then make his resolution yours, and let your practice tally with your profession during 1916.

The want of the hour is not a smaller number in the Council, but better men. This is the only comment that need be made upon the by-law dealing with the reduction in the number of aldermen.

PUBLIC SUPPLICATION.

It was the Archbishop of Canterbury who suggested that the first Sunday in the new year should be selected and set apart for special prayer and intercession in connection with the war. This suggestion has been acted upon by every Anglican Bishop in Canada, and the calls of the Church to special service have been very earnest. But this prayer to Almighty God for His special guidance in the crises of the times, for His direction in the great war now impending, and to the end that it may be speedily and satisfactorily ended, is not confined to one denomination.

All the churches are interested. All the religious denominations have been summoned to special service. In Kingston, there is to be a public meeting in the City Hall on Sunday afternoon, and it appeals to the sympathy of every citizen. In addition the Governor-General of Canada, by and with the advice of the Privy Council, calls upon the people "to make a public and solemn avowal of duty to Almighty God and to plead with Him for a speedy and favorable peace," and a peace "that will endure." This proclamation will have its effect upon all the people, regardless of creed or sex. For, however careless men may be religiously, they turn to God in their distresses and pour out their feelings in lamentation and prayer. The millions with the Allies, and the United States, bowed in

prayer will be a spectacle most worthy of the occasion. Two leaders of the Church have written specially upon the subject. The Bishop of Niagara does not think that it is enough that the people should offer intercessory prayer on one day. His idea, (embodied in advice that has been acted upon), is that the preparation for Sunday should begin on Friday and continue throughout Saturday. The Bishop of Montreal goes further and protests against the revelry which usually attends the advent of the new year. He refers to the experiences at the front, to the sufferings and death of many in the defence of a national cause, and says that it would be an act of heartless folly, and a cruel mockery of their sufferings, if public revelry were held at this time. It will be an offence against taste, against the decency of the world's society, an exhibition of heartlessness and selfishness so great that one must be deprived to be guilty of it. He adds that in Paris it has been forbidden this year. And in Canada at this time, when the enemy is threatening our national existence, it would be like the feast of Belshazzar.

It may be too late to check the impulses of some people in their accustomed midnight and New Year frolics, but in the shadow of a great tragedy the place for one to-night is in the home or in the cloister in the solemn devotions for which the occasion calls.

THE YEAR 1915.

There may be the sounds of revelry to-night, and in noisy and glad some demonstrations—more noisy than glad—some of the advent of the New Year will be heralded. But one's first thoughts should be, appropriately, of the year that is passing away with all its impressive lessons. It seems such a brief time since it was ushered in with boisterous acclaim, though it brought with it the melancholy message of the war. For five months Europe had been disturbed, and indirectly the whole world, by the conflict of arms. The official papers of several nations give the story of the cause, the genesis, of this awful carnage, and after all, and at the end of the picture, the mind was staggered in the effort to comprehend its meaning. The most one could realize was that, through the spirit of greed and aggrandizement, that was done which led to the bloodiest, the wickedest, the most dreadful slaughter of which there is a record. And this holy cause was the bequest of 1914.

The year 1915 has joyously as circumstances permitted. The war cloud, dark and lowering, was believed to have a silver lining, and it was hoped this would appear ere long. The mad furies of contending armies, it was thought, would end speedily, and with the dawn of peace would come the prosperity that compensates in some measure for the awful loss of life. Twelve months have passed, however, and the outlook is not assuring. The optimists' pictures of Allied successes have had their inspiration. The pessimists' recital of impending evil has been very cruel. Between these extremes there is a vision of better days, and it is manifesting itself at the close of one year and at the beginning of another.

The midnight watches will be attended with the usual thoughtful services. The war is typical of the individual whose work is over. It began well. All years are roseate in their birth. The disappointments and the disarrangement of plans and purposes come later, as a result of misunderstandings. If time could only turn back in its flight and repeat itself, would these disappointments be less numerous and hurtful? No one can tell. The year is full of surprises. They cannot be anticipated, and they cannot be met.

So the year 1915 leaves us, but not to fade into oblivion or forgetfulness. History will keep alive its memories. Future generations will contemplate them, and multitudes will revert to them with conflicting emotions. Some things can be restored after the war—cathedrals, castles, battlefields, public places, and even public credit—but not life. It cannot be restored, and it is the most precious of all things. The death-roll of the year represents a wastage that can never be replaced. One cannot turn, therefore, from the contemplation of this sorry exhibit with his face to the future in felicitous mood.

The Old Year dies amid funeral surroundings, with the prayers of the Church for her fallen heroes. The New Year inherits a legacy of great anxieties. It is hard to be cheery when so many are concerned about their sons and fathers at the front, in the trenches, in the hospitals, in the field of battle. It is harder still for sorrowing and bereaved ones to sing the old songs and to make merry in the gloaming.

Yet the New Year is at hand. It is symbolized by the youth with ruddy and smiling countenance, who brings the promise of better things, and under the influence of his spell one is impelled to revive, and express the sentiment of the season, most cor-

dially, "A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It does not take much preparation to talk politics at a social function, and there is too much of that sort of thing now-a-days.

The people are determined, apparently, to put an end to the ambitions of some people. They cannot demand what is in the people's gift.

The Labor Party of Britain sees the crisis that is upon the Empire and supports the Government to the last man and the last minute.

The British Cabinet crisis is over for the present. The people of the Old Land have a great faculty for fixing up and down on very short notice.

It is not the Government of Ontario that is doing so much financially for the Patriotic Funds. It is the people of the Province, as they are represented by Old Man Ontario.

According to street talk, Alderman Richardson on Monday evening, will be Mayor of Kingston, and by a sweeping majority. And public opinion usually expresses itself pretty clearly.

T. J. Tighe, of Carleton Place, Ontario, is quoted as saying that on the season at Port Nelson, Hudson Bay, is so short that the route can never be a popular one for transportation purposes. Tighe was a time-keeper on Government work, and of course he knows. Two Governments went into this question exhaustively before they spent millions of dollars upon the enterprises. Is it to be abandoned now on the ipse dixit of one man?

Capt. Burnham, M.P.,—my, how these titled gentlemen are increasing in number—is going to see whether the Liberals can meet and plot against the wellbeing of Canada! A few of them had the nerve to meet in Ottawa and discuss questions of public interest and public policy, without saying a word about the enemy, and they must be suppressed as dangerous to the country! Capt. Burnham's talk shows how silly some public men can be at times.

Expect To Start Clayton Hotel In the Spring. Clayton, N.Y., Dec. 31.—C. F. Hall, one of the most interested in the project of the new summer hotel which it is expected will be constructed on the site of the present Walton House in Clayton, stated this afternoon that those interested in the plan regarded the financial situation in a highly satisfactory manner. The active work of raising the stock and bond issue is now under way. Unless something unforeseen happens, we may start operations this spring, said Mr. Hall this afternoon.

KINGSTON EVENTS 25 YEARS AGO

The members of the Snow Shoe Club are happy to-day, as a result of a heavy snow fall. They are arranging for a big tramp. J. Draper, nominated for second deputy reeve for Kingston township, resigned in favor of J. Knapp. There is a severe epidemic of gripe in the city.

RANDOM REELS

"Of Shoes and Ships, and Sealing Wax, of Cabbages and Kings."

LODGES.

The lodge is an organization of married men who are looking for rest. It was gotten up in the first place for the benefit of husbands who felt the need of retreating to some quiet spot and shaking off an attack of dark red melancholy, surrounded by sympathetic friends and the blithe, bird-like notes of the inner guard. Until the lodge was invented the husband of a bright and talkative wife was not able to get away from home long enough to think two long, despairing thoughts. This is one reason why our forefathers wore such a hopeless yet resigned look, as shown by their photographs. When the lodge sprang up, however, it was sprung into by thousands of subdued husbands who otherwise would never know how Main street looks at night. Some men are better springers than others and leap into the 33rd degree, leaving in their wake the ashes of a once happy home and a mournful string of semi-annual dues. The lodge has one of the noblest missions on earth, as it teaches the novice not to skin a trustful brother when he is looking in another direction. It also teaches the candidate how to "present arms" with a long, blue spear, but its most important lesson is that of secrecy. No member of a lodge has ever re-

vealed the password or the grand hailing sign of distress without giving a pronounced impetus to the un-derstanding business. The only way a lodge secret ever leaks out is through some lippy brother who rises up in the lodge with the sound asleep and chants "I will oblige you into the ears of a horrified wife. The lodge is presided over by some dignitary who is not on speaking terms with the ritual, and is obliged to make up one of his own on the spur of the moment. The most successful lodges are those which have more offices than the entire population, as shown by the last census, which does not make it necessary to drum out the membership with an oyster dinner. The "black ball" is a pernicious lodge device by which one tart and irritated member can blast a candidate's hopes and drive him back to the bosom of his family disgraced for life. It is one of the deadliest weapons in existence. The lodge does a great deal of good without hand accompaniment, and will often sally out under cover of night and chop wood for some unfortunate brother who has been punctured by a corn shrodder. This teaches us that we should all join some lodge and make the acquaintance of a brand of charity that does not operate on the four corners.

Rippling Rhymes

WINTRY WINDS.

The wintry winds blow down the village street, and chill men's whiskers as it fiercely spins. How happy they who have the goods to eat, and bright, warm fires by which to toast their shins! I see the homes where comfort reigns supreme: the windows glow, the chimneys cough up smoke; indoors the kids with merry laughter scream, when Dad turns loose a prehistoric joke. The men who work in summer, spring and fall, stay with the winter with unworried brows, rest in their chairs, their feet against the wall, and hear the singing of their cheerful frons. There's store of onions by the cellar stair, there's bacon hanging by the kitchen door; the kids have shoes and other things to wear, there's lots of kindling on the woodshed floor. And as I look some delegates go past, the hungry men, who always are on deck; they hunt a hole in which to dodge the blast, all down and out, each one a sorry wreck. They would not work when summer smiled and glowed, and there was work for every willing hand; they loafed and lounged along the open road, they played and dreamed throughout a busy land.

PUBLIC OPINION

A Great Truth.

(Montreal Herald.) If Lloyd George had not forestalled him, probably Mr. Ford might have achieved fame as the author of the phrase, "You cannot haggle with an earthquake."

Can't Bribe Them.

(London Chronicle.) Our voluntary army in one year exceeded in number all the men recruited by the Federal Government in the four years of the war, and that without drafts to force them or bounties to bribe them.

A Hopeful Sign.

(Belleville Ontario.) If there is to be no war election in the Old Country, we take it that the opinion in Parliamentary circles is that the war will be over within eight months from the end of the present term.

Give the Names.

(Hamilton Herald.) The Ottawa Citizen continues to denounce savagely the Canadian manufacturers of war munitions who stand out for abnormal profits. His general diatribes grow a bit monotonous. Why not introduce a little variety by mentioning some names?

Men Wanted!

(London Free Press.) The resignation of Sir Richard McBride as Premier of British Columbia recalls the fact that he was on more than one occasion mentioned for leader of the Dominion Conservative party. Sir Richard seems to have found a provincial premiership too much for him.

A Real Santa Claus.

(Hamilton Times.) Henry Clay Frick played Santa Claus to over 40,000 Pittsburgh children who had their pennies invested in a bank that closed its doors. This cost Mr. Frick \$169,000, but he has got his money's worth back in the satisfaction that he made so many youngsters happy.

Can't Forget.

(Calgary Alberta.) These are the days of truce and the old troubles are forgotten, but still some men are wondering if Mr. Meighen who speaks in Calgary soon is not the same Mr. Meighen that our Col. Bennett once referred to as a megaphone for something or other or for some illustrious railway builders or other.

WORK TO BEGIN.

Expect To Start Clayton Hotel In the Spring.

Clayton, N.Y., Dec. 31.—C. F. Hall, one of the most interested in the project of the new summer hotel which it is expected will be constructed on the site of the present Walton House in Clayton, stated this afternoon that those interested in the plan regarded the financial situation in a highly satisfactory manner. The active work of raising the stock and bond issue is now under way. Unless something unforeseen happens, we may start operations this spring, said Mr. Hall this afternoon.

TABLE WATERS

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INDEPENDENT PRESS.

Fraternizing and War.

There was none of that glad-hand truce between the Flanders trenches this Christmas. Tommy Atkins is becoming more practical. This is not a sporting contest with a chivalrous foe, but a desperate war against organized murder and brutality. There can be no compromise nor slackening. Between Prussianism and British liberty there is a gulf fixed too great for any hastily sentimental bridging. That all Germans are not of the Potsdam breed is to be admitted, but all Germans under arms are cogs in the Potsdam machine, which must be smashed. The only way to settle this great issue is to kill German soldiers. It's too bad, but that is the only way, and, as old Sir John Fisher has said, when you have to wring a chicken's neck you don't want to stop between twists and stroke his feathers.

LIBERAL PRESS.

The Big Time Coming.

(Montreal Herald.) "This is a war of attrition." That statement has been made so often that many persons are coming to the belief that there can be no such thing as a "battle" in the old sense of the word. Mischievous impressions might be received through such a belief, for while it is a partial truth, it is not the whole truth. Young men might say: "There are enough soldiers now to hold the enemy helpless, and that is all the Allies need to do." It may be all, for the moment, but it is thoroughly understood that Joffre's "nibbling away" cannot win the war.

CONSERVATIVE PRESS.

The Cheaper Way.

It would be cheaper for the country to keep the men employed at home, or to pay them five or ten dollars a week for doing nothing, rather than have them at work building another useless railway, the most useless and absurd; a railway to a point where navigation does not open before the end of July and where it closes before the middle of October—before the western grain harvest can be thrashed and ready for shipment—even if ocean tramp steamers could be induced to trade into the Hudson Bay.

The bells in the choir may bring more young men to church than the bell in the steeple.

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