

The British Whig



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A SHUFFLING POLICY TRULY. The Commission on Technical Education cost the country a large sum of money.

The Whig appreciates the report because it has had the opportunity of reading several summaries which the Commission prepared.

The president of the United States, it is said, is ready to break with Germany over the Sussex disaster.

Who would want to lead an orchestra, even in a swell hotel, when as a member of a mushroom munition committee he could make \$50,000 in a few months?

The late Dr. R. W. B. Smith did not graduate in medicine from Toronto University, but from the old Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons in Kingston.

The conference of Charities and Correction counsels the segregation of defectives for their own sake and for the sake of society.

all his demands, legitimately and consistently made, for the teaching of English in our English province.

WHAT DO THEY FEAR? The federal government may go on refusing to meet the demand for a searching examination into the war contracts.

Several aldermen are agitating for the paving of Princess Street. R. Stevenson and T. Smith went to Cornwall to-day to work on a contract given McKelvey & Birch.

EDITORIAL NOTES. Hon. Mr. Meighen's dialectics have been again called in question.

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A Great Sink Hole. (Stratford Beacon.) Another vote of \$72,000 on Government House, Toronto, makes people wonder when the expenditure

will come to an end on what has been a veritable sink hole.

Don't Bet Heavily. (Ottawa Free Press.) It looks like a good bet that Villa can hide in the mountains as long as the Hun feet can in a canal.

He Decided Wisely. (Toronto Globe.) Yuan Shi Kai has rejected the Imperial crown—with the pistol of the Chinese Republic Association at his head. A wise decision for Yuan.

The Press Is Off. (London Advertiser.) "ginger-up" candidate for the British Commons was swamped. The Times, Post and Daily Mail supported him.

Some Captures. (Hamilton Times.) Since the beginning of the war the men of the British navy are said to have captured 127 German submarines.

A Bunch of Agitators. (Grain Growers' Guide.) The idea of Sir George Foster and a number of other eminent gentlemen in the East is that the Western farmers are "a bunch of agitators."

The Whale's Little Joke. Tom—That saying, "It's hard to keep a good man down," is thousands of years old.

Drawing-Water. She (in art museum)—They say that famous marine artist was once a plain farmer's boy.

Paid By The Beneficiaries. "Dr. Blann frequently accepts no fees from his patients."

Heard In An Office. "Any money about you, old man?" "Money, I haven't enough to buy the right of way for a wireless telegraph."

Left One Thing. Wife—Well, that cook has gone, bag and baggage.

Gossip. Gossip is the art of scattering odium upon people who are not present with an alibi.

Old Man Late, Too. The newspaper humorist went courting. He stayed late, very late, so late that the old man called down to his daughter.

A Mean Trap. Wife—"Did you post that letter I gave you?"

Merely Put Out. "I trust that you don't feel angry over this," said the solicitous man in the white apron.

Great Help. "Now the city with a big public square finds that it bulged wisely."

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LIBERAL PRESS.

The Nickel Monopoly. Toronto Globe. The authorities at Ottawa seem to think the only duty respecting the production and refining of nickel that rests upon the Government is to complete arrangements with the International Nickel Company.

That does not fill the bill. The prohibition of the export of nickel ore or nickel matte, except under license from the Dominion Government, instead of leading to a wider use of the metal and a reduction in price following upon the building of a refinery in Canada, might very well lead to an increase in price and the strewing of the money of the Nickel Trust.

Would it not be well in making provision for the erection in the Dominion of a nickel refinery to require the capitalists erecting it to refine all ores offered on terms to be determined from time to time by the Dominion Government?

There is only one public man who held supreme power to protect the interests with the country and the honor of the party against injurious association of the activity of Col. J. Wesley Allison.

Our idea of an innocent woman is one who imagines man chews cloves because he really likes them. Too many things that are done well are not worth doing at all.

CONSERVATIVE PRESS.

Whereabouts of Allison. Toronto Telegram. Whereabouts of Col. J. Wesley Allison are only important to this country because Sir Robert Borden failed to occupy the right sort of whereabouts when Col. J. Wesley Allison was establishing his intimacy with the Government of which Sir Robert Borden is the head.

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Cowan's Perfection Cocoa. A Good Story is Worth Repeating. We've told you before—we tell you again that our SUPERIOR COAL is proving highly satisfactory to a long list of steady customers. It's clean, burns freely and deserves the praise it receives. CRAWFORD, Foot of Queen Street. Phone 2.

KINGSTON EVENTS 25 YEARS AGO

Several aldermen are agitating for the paving of Princess Street. R. Stevenson and T. Smith went to Cornwall to-day to work on a contract given McKelvey & Birch.

The steamer Pierrepont made the trip over to Wolfe Island to-day, and will now attempt a trip to Cape Vincent.

Thomas Clyde, Alexander McConnell and Peter McCallum were appointed license commissioners for Frontenac county.

She (in art museum)—They say that famous marine artist was once a plain farmer's boy. I wonder where he developed his talent?

Dr. Blann frequently accepts no fees from his patients. "You don't say so?" "He settles with the heirs."

"Any money about you, old man?" "Money, I haven't enough to buy the right of way for a wireless telegraph."

Wife—Well, that cook has gone, bag and baggage. Husband—She didn't take that case of dyspepsia she left with me.

Gossip is the art of scattering odium upon people who are not present with an alibi. There are several kinds of time-tested odium in common use, any one of which will eat large, gaping holes in the best reputation ever designed.

The newspaper humorist went courting. He stayed late, very late, so late that the old man called down to his daughter. "Phyllis, hasn't the morning paper come yet?"

"Did you post that letter I gave you?" "Hubby—" "Yes, dear, I carried it in my hand, so I couldn't forget it, and I dropped it in the first box. I remember, because—"

"There, dear, don't lie any more. I didn't give you any letter so post."—Answers.

"I trust that you don't feel angry over this," said the solicitous man in the white apron, as he shoved the last, lingering customer out on his ear.

"Now the city with a big public square finds that it bulged wisely." "How so?" "Solves the problem of parking automobiles, don't you know?"—Kansas City Journal.

RANDOM REELS

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

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Rippling Rhymes

RED PAINT

Red paint is pretty as pickled beets; of rich red paint let the poets sing! Red paint is good for the rustic seats, and excellent for the garden swing. We get red paint on the barn and fence, and know full well it will hold them down; red paint is good—but there is no sense in using it on the sleeping town.



BILLY MASCH. far better than green or brown; it is a boon to the sons of men—but it's no good for the sleeping town.

PUBLIC OPINION

A Great Sink Hole. (Stratford Beacon.) Another vote of \$72,000 on Government House, Toronto, makes people wonder when the expenditure