

The British Whig SIXTH YEAR.



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Haig has a taking way with him. Not yet too late to buy that bond.

Help to win the war; buy a Victory Bond, and vote for the Union Government.

Let your vote on December 17th be such as to bring discouragement, instead of comfort, to Germany.

Many fathers are buying Victory Bonds as Christmas presents for their children. An excellent idea.

On Dec. 2nd the new voters' lists will be posted up in the various sub-divisions. See to it that your name is on the list for your sub-division.

Don't tell the kiddies that Santa Claus isn't coming this year because of the war and the election. That would be a cruel disappointment to childish hopes.

Enumerators are calling from house to house. If they miss you phone 2399, Union headquarters. You can't vote unless you get your name on the list.

Canadian troops have again taken part in the latest advance on the western front. Where the fighting is fiercest is where our boys are usually to be found.

Canadian boys are dying every day in France. Are we so craven as to desert those who are left to carry on the fight? If we fall them now, how can we look into their accusing eyes when they return?

TRUE LIBERALISM. At a recent meeting in Montreal, Hon. C. C. Ballantyne, Minister of Marine and Fisheries in the new Union Government, defined the position of the majority of Liberals in Canada today—that is, outside of Quebec. He said:

"I prefer to take my Liberalism and my patriotism at this juncture from men like Hon. W. S. Fielding in Nova Scotia, or men like Fred Pardee in Ontario, together with every Liberal Provincial Prime Minister, save one, in Canada, rather than take it from Bourassa, Lavergne, Lemieux and company."

A LABOR LEADER'S ATTITUDE. Organized labor has contributed its full quota to the ranks of Canada's fighting forces overseas. It is desirous of seeing this war brought to a speedy conclusion, and many of its leaders and thousands of its rank and file endorse the Union Government's efforts in this direction.

As an evidence of this one might quote the views of John G. O'Donoghue, the well-known legal adviser of organized labor:

"I very early realized that all I held most sacred was at stake—right, justice, honor—in fact, the very basic principles of democracy. Once that was settled, there was only one logical thing to do, namely, to advocate the formation of a Union Government as a beginning. That has been done, and now I'll support it, at the same time using my best endeavors to force that Government to go ahead with the further conscription of wealth, and the utilization of all our resources for the successful prosecution of the war."

HIS MASTERLY INACTIVITY.

"Serene I fold my hands and wait." If Sir Wilfrid Laurier had spoken these words they would have tersely and truthfully epitomized his attitude in regard to the war.

"Watchful waiting" has nothing on Sir Wilfrid. He not only waits, but he waits serenely, and with folded hands. He will do nothing, because, forsooth, it might hurt the tender feelings of "my compatriots" in Quebec.

What matter if the Hun is at the gate? If civilization is imperilled? If the Mother Land calls for her sons to come over and give her a hand in her hour of need? Canadian boys, wounded and dying with a heroism beyond all praise, call for assistance from home.

Does Sir Wilfrid rise to the great occasion as a loyal Canadian statesman, and send back the ringing message: "I am with you to the end. All that you ask I will give and more. To you and your glorious cause I dedicate all my ability, all my influence, all my strength. Anything short of this would be treason to the State. The reinforcements of your beloved leader, General Currie, has asked for, must be dispatched at once. I join heartily with all the other Liberal leaders in a vigorous policy looking to a successful and early termination of the war."

Was that the message Sir Wilfrid sent to cheer the boys at the front? Was that the looked-for declaration of faith that his friends and supporters expected—but expected in vain?

It was not. Instead of that, his attitude was: "Serene I fold my hands and wait."

Thus, discouraged and disheartened, his supporters—sadly, reluctantly, be it said—deserted his disloyal standard. They could follow him no longer. Liberals who had tendered to him the allegiance of a lifetime, who were bound to him in close ties of friendship and admiration, who had looked upon him as Canada's greatest statesman, who had sat at his feet and learned the great lessons of Liberalism, progress and democracy, turned away with heavy hearts and sorrowful eyes.

Their idol had proved to be an idol with feet of clay. There was no other course open to them. Regretfully they passed out of his presence, determined, whatever come, to hold fast to their ideals. Honor and loyalty were more than politics; patriotism was above party profit. Thus they forsook him—every provincial premier but one, practically every English-speaking leader and well-nigh every Liberal newspaper outside of Quebec. Dare anyone accuse such men of ulterior motives? Can you indict a whole nation or a whole party?

Sir Wilfrid's best friends argued, reasoned, pleaded. Satiated with the vision of a Quebec over all, he remained obdurate. Youth and maturity may be amenable to reason, but settled age is not. Witness the testimony of a Liberal from Montreal, Hon. C. C. Ballantyne, the new Minister of Marine and Fisheries:

"I could get no glimmer of hope from Sir Wilfrid that he was going to bring the resources of Canada against the foe. Instead of that he was going to take a referendum. The referendum of Canada was taken in August, 1914, and there is no need of frittering away time now. The people of Canada will never allow Uncle Sam's soldiers to fill up the ranks of the Canadian divisions."

"I have been at the front," declares another Liberal leader, Hon. N. W. Rowell, "and my grave fear is that notwithstanding compulsion we shall be too late. I shall not delay sending reinforcements to these gallant men. You cannot carry on a great war by referendum."

One could quote almost identical definitions of duty from the lips of such recognized Liberal leaders as Fielding, Pugsley, Carvell, Orer, Sifton, Mewburn, Brewster, McLean, Pardee, Guthrie, Martin and hundreds of others from one end of Canada to the other.

The inevitable had happened. Sir Wilfrid's every act since the beginning of the war led up to his final decision to do nothing. Serene, he would fold his hands and wait. When in February last the Recruiting Committee of the Canadian Club in Hamilton issued an appeal for the active support and encouragement of Sir Robert Borden, Hon. N. W. Rowell and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, they received the immediate endorsement of the two former gentlemen. Sir Wilfrid joined them in encouraging recruiting? Did he lend his influence to the worthy cause?

Again, he did not. Mark well his reply: "I am sorry that I cannot send you at once an affirmative answer. I will look into the matter, but will keep it under advisement."

He has had it under advisement ever since! "Serene I fold my hands and wait."

Wait—till the poor lads in German prisons die of ill-treatment or insufficient food!

Wait—till the Canadian divisions in France are decimated and destroyed!

Wait—till all the women and

children in the conquered territory of Belgium, France, Serbia, Rumania and Italy are mutilated or murdered!

Wait—till all the ships, carrying food, munitions and reinforcements are sunk by German submarines!

Wait—in a word, till the Hun triumphs and civilization goes down before the hosts of barbarism! Wait! Wait! Wait.

"Serene I fold my hands and wait." Masterly inactivity developed to the nth power.

As the expression of the attitude of a would-be leader in a British commonwealth, during the crisis of a great war, it is discreditable, disgraceful, disastrous.

The marvel is, how any true Canadian—be he Liberal, Conservative or Independent—can subscribe to such a doctrine or follow such a leader. In these days when information is so widely diffused, and men are coming more and more to think for themselves, there exists no excuse for blind party allegiance when such allegiance is detrimental to the best interests of the country.

How a man of Dr. Richardson's mental attainments can enlist under such a banner surpasses comprehension. We do him the credit to believe that his heart is not in the contest, even if, under excessive pressure, he has lent his name to an unpatriotic and unworthy cause.

And to cap it all—to earmark his campaign as one directed clearly and unalterably against our soldiers and their loyal supporters at home—he receives the endorsement of Laurier! Of Laurier, who says: "Serene I fold my hands and wait!"

THE PEOPLE AND THE EDITORS. Toronto Saturday Night. In the talk about politics which is to be heard on street corners in most of our towns and cities nowadays, the opponents of Union Government usually wind up by expressing their bitter scorn for the newspapers of Canada. The individual who is willing and ever so heartily anxious that the Allies should win the war, so long as they subject him to no inconvenience, the politician with an axe to grind and no grinders in sight, has a bitter grudge against the press of Canada, because he can find no publication that reflects his views—unless he happens to read French. And even if he turns to the leading newspapers of Quebec, he finds them very lukewarm and cautious nowadays in expressing anything like condemnation of the union war policies.

He will tell you that the press is "bought" or "gagged," and in the next breath he will reverse his position, and declare that the press "bull-dozed" the politicians, particularly the Liberal leaders, into acceptance of Union Government. The Canadian editor or publisher is at once a manacled slave, and an egregious tyrant, who bends weak politicians to his will.

The fact of the matter is that the newspaperman, be he publisher or editor, is an ordinary rational individual, with the same faults and the same merits as other men. As a rule he represents the average of intelligent opinion in this particular field.

By some growth of tendency almost every English language newspaper in Canada has focussed on one idea, that of a Union Government to carry out aggressive war measures and progressive domestic policies. Such unanimity is proof of an overwhelming sentiment in favor of the course adopted by those who constitute the new Government. It is a sentiment that has taken long to solidify, but it is now firm as a rock. It is not a case of the people versus the newspapers, but of the people plus the newspapers, combined for a tangible, and we venture to think an exalted purpose.

The moment a soldier is outside of Canada on his way overseas his mother, sister, wife, or daughter will be entitled to be placed on the voters' list.

Sir Glenholm Falconbridge has just celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of his appointment to the bench of Ontario.

Hang together or hang separately. Attend Unionist meeting tonight. (See large advertisement.)

The last night of the Y.M.C.A. membership campaign, have you handed in your fee yet?

Liberals and the Union Government. (Regina Leader) With the exception of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. Frank Oliver and Sir

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PUBLIC OPINION

A Busy Year End. (Vancouver Province) The fog end of the year promises to be a season of hustle and bustle. Many important events are scheduled for the interval between now and the holidays. Exemption Tribunals will decide the fate of hundreds of young men. Between conventions, campaign meetings, nominations and elections politicians will be carrying the peak load.

Choose. (Halifax Chronicle) It is better that partisanship should flourish and Canada fall in her duty, or that the true patriotism should supplant it until more peaceful days? We know of none but partisan reasons for opposition to the Union Government. Every patriotic reason, it seems to us, demands its support for the duration of the war.

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Bibbys Men's and Boys' Wear Store. Young Men's Suits and Overcoats. New Military Models Received This Morning. New Suits — The Clifford. Fancy cheviots in rich shades of brown, green, and greys. Beautifully tailored by experts. Special values — \$20.00, \$22.50, \$25.00. New Overcoats — The Emerson. Fancy Scotch tweeds, plaided back; shield lined and full lined. Special values — \$18.50, \$20, \$22.50.

CHINESE SACRED Lillies. Nice large bulbs; easily grown. Start growing now for Christmas blossoming. DR. CHOWN'S DRUG STORE. Phone 343 185 Princess.

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS COUNT. For one week only, you can buy for \$10.00 cash: 1 bag potatoes . . . \$1.25, 1 lb coffee . . . . .25, 1 lb tea . . . . .25, 4 corn, 4 peas, 4 tomatoes . . . 2.40, 3 pkgs. ammonia . . . . .25, 2 tin soap . . . . .30, 3 best stove polish . . . . .25, 5 lbs. beans . . . . .40, 10 lbs. sugar . . . . .1.00, 3 pkgs. pancake flour . . . . .25, 5 lbs. pasta . . . . .25, 6 bars Goshin Soap . . . . .25, 1 Good Health Food . . . . .10, 2 horse radish cream . . . . .15, 1 doz. assorted jelly . . . . .1.00, 2 Worcester sauce . . . . .20. Orders delivered to all parts of the city. Bon Marche Grocery. Phone 1844. Cor. King and East.

OVER-GAITERS. In All the New Colors From \$1.50 to \$3.00. The Sawyer Shoe Store. 212 Princess Street. Phone 159.

GOBLIN SOAP FREE. Watch the mail for the Goblin Soap Coupons, and when they come bring or send them to us and we will give you a cake of Goblin Soap Free. We have just received a large shipment of Goblin Soap and want you to get a cake free while it lasts. J. R. B. Gage, 254 Montreal St. Phone 549.

NOW ON SALE. Snow Apples, St. Lawrence, McIntosh Reds, Wolf Rivers, Tolman Sweets. WINTER APPLES. Northern Spies, Greenings, Cranberry Pippin, Fawahkoo and Talmann. Special for Sale This Week. DUSTLESS CLOTHES LINE. Regular price 50c, sale price . . . 40c. 60 FOOT CLOTHES LINE. Regular price 35c, sale price . . . 25c. Cooking Eggs . . . . .50c. Fresh Eggs . . . . .55c. Eastern Dairy School Butter . . . 50c. UNITED GROCERY. 138 Princess Street. BEN LEE & CO.

"Ranks with the Strongest" HUDSON BAY Insurance Company. FIRE INSURANCE. Home Office, Royal Insurance Bldg. MONTREAL. PERCY J. QUINN, Manager, Ontario Branch, Toronto. W. H. GODWIN & SONS AGENTS, KINGSTON, ONT.

BOYD'S Garage! Have opened an office and store corner of Brock and Bagot Sts., Savage's old stand, carrying a full stock of TIRES. Automobile Accessories, Gasoline. Don't forget we are doing business as usual in the above lines. Agents for REO CARS. Geo. Boyd, Prop. Phone 201. BUY A VICTORY BOND.

McGregor's Sausages. Now Arriving Regularly. Jas. Redden & Co. Phones 20 and 990. Also McGregor's Plum Puddings—1 lb. and 2 lb. Sizes.

CRAWFORD. Begs to Notify His Customers that commencing May 1st. COAL SALES Will Be For CASH. At price current for the month when the order is given. The Coal situation in the United States compels this action. Foot of Queen St. Phone 9.

Rippling Rhymes. BE SPORTSMANLIKE. When winter's knocking at the door it's well to have a goodly store of coal and hams and cheese; to have supplies of shoes and cloaks, and prunes and hay and artichokes, and other things like these. But let us not behave like swine; let no gent mutter, "So I dine, I care not who may starve; I care not who may cry for bread, whose kids may hungry go to bed, so I have roasts to carve." Let no gent bask in warmth and ease, and say, "I care not who may freeze, since I have wood and coal; while I enjoy the best of luck I do not care a penny buck who may be in the hole." We're running short of coal and slate, and doubtless some unlucky skate will find his shanty cold, the while his porkish neighbor grins because his cellars and his bins have all the coal they'll hold. They say we'll soon be short of spuds and people straightway tear their duds to buy up all in sight; it may be prudent thus to reach for all the tubers on the beach, but is it kind or right? To think of others is a plan that should appeal to every man, a system high and fine; let's keep the common good in sight; let's not be Duroc, Chester White or Poland China swine. —WALT MASON. THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN. By GENE BYRNES. A LITTLE BOY WHO DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO FIND OUT FOR HIMSELF, WHAT MOTHERS DOLLIE GO TO SLEEP. I'LL HAVE TO ASK PAPA ABOUT THIS!