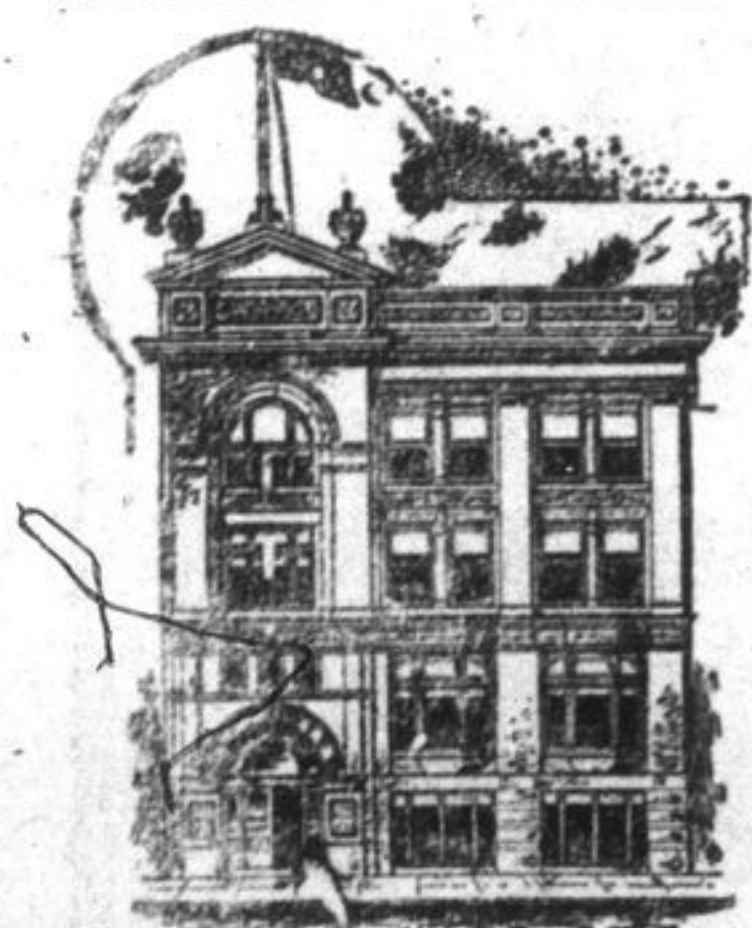


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Watch the voters' lists.

If you can't grab a gun, grab a Victory Bond.

Of Sir Wilfrid Laurier it will be said: "His sun has gone down while it was yet day."

Put your money into uniform in the way of Victory Bonds and send it on its mission to fight the Germans.

The foreigners in Canada who are ineligible to enlist or to be drafted ought to be taxed to the very limit or sent home.

Many correspondents are adding at the foot of their letters the line: "Support the Union Government." The idea is a good one.

The Labor candidate in East Calgary objects to the Laurier endorsement. That's the kind of man we need in Parliament.

The women voters in Kingston should at once write their soldier relatives overseas and appeal to them to support the Union Government.

Branches of the Veterans' Associations are everywhere endorsing Union Government. Lead them a hand. They know what they are about.

"When the British decide to push on the enemy fails to hold them back," says the New York Times in discussing conditions on the western front. That's a pretty fine tribute.

When the British take Cambrai, which Haig is now assaulting, they will be only thirty miles from the Belgian frontier. The Hun will soon be defending himself on his own territory.

Many people think Canada is fighting for England, that it is her war. If Canada was a nation by herself she would be in the war, not for England's sake, but for principles of justice and righteousness. The United States is in it on those grounds. It is the world against militarism and brutality.

"When war does come, it's a crime to hit soft," declared Roosevelt at Toronto. "If you hit a man a little he's going to hurt you. Don't hit a man unless you are forced to; if you do hit him, put him to sleep." Canada should put her share of German militarism to sleep, and it can only be done by united action under the Union Government.

"For God's sake mother get out and work for conscription—work for an old party that will send us the reinforcements we need so badly." This appealing cry came across the waters from a son in Flanders to his mother in Toronto, a former president of the Women's Liberal Club there. And she and thousands of other women will work so that reinforcements already under mobilization can speedily go.

A BROKEN CITY LAW. Some of Kingston's by-laws are kept about as well as the Ten Commandments. For instance here is one passed in 1909 that nobody keeps or has any intention of keeping: "It shall not be lawful for any person to ring a bell, blow a horn, shout or make any unusual noise or noises within the city calculated to disturb the inhabitants." This law was passed in pre-war days when the manager of the old Bijou Theatre attempted to make a midway of Princess street by having a gramophone reeling off ragtime till late at night. Recently the City Council wiped off its statute book the regulation providing for the ringing of the curfew bell. It might also put the blue pencil to the anti-noise by-law.

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WILL THERE BE AN IMMIGRATION BOOM?

During the war emigration to Canada from the British Isles and elsewhere has been practically at a standstill, but there has been a steady influx from the United States, nearly 200,000 having crossed the border. It may be better to draw the comparison over a number of years past:

Table with columns: Y. E. March, British, American, Other Countries, Total. Rows for years 1910-1917.

What will be the immigration figures after the war? The facts of the situation admit of but one interpretation. According to estimates prepared in the various belligerent countries, nearly thirty million men are under arms in Europe and elsewhere. These men are the cream of their national manhood, and whatever may have been their occupation previously, by the end of the war they will have become thoroughly inured to an outdoor life. There will be millions of them whose eyes will turn longingly to Canada as the Land of Opportunities.

It is indeed a Land of Opportunities. It is the Eldorado of the twentieth century, to which a man may bring his ambitions with confidence. Plenty of men in Europe are getting that idea into their heads, and in this connection it must not be forgotten that Canada has now hundreds of thousands of immigration agents over there.

The possibilities of the agricultural development of the Dominion have scarcely been touched as yet. There are mines and fisheries whose wealth has never been even estimated because no man has visited them. There are vast areas that will some day be occupied by thousands of cattle, by dairy farms, by fruit farms. Nearly thirty per cent. of Canada has not even been explored.

All of these developments as they take place will make ever increasing demands upon the manufacturing plants of the Dominion. Agricultural implements will be required, household and office furniture and equipment, clothes, shoes, luxuries as well as necessities of every kind, for a population that will grow by millions where it formerly grew by hundreds of thousands.

To say that the twentieth century belongs to Canada is a picturesque way of stating a demonstrable fact. The eyes of the world are turning to this country as the land of limitless opportunities, the land with a future whose limits no man can measure.

National like individual growth advances unevenly. There are periods of apparent stagnation. There are periods of quiet progress. And there are periods when the country seems to grow almost visibly, when the national energies appear to work by one tremendous impulse of development, when every business man in the country is inspired to put his shoulder to the wheel.

Canada is approaching one of these periods. She will emerge from the war with a world-wide prestige, not merely for the heroism of her citizen armies, but for the splendid work done by her civilians, her manufacturers, her farmers, her workers of every kind. The opening of the dam that now holds back the flood of emigration from Europe will be like a match to the fire, and the whole country will spring forward by leaps and bounds.

In this connection preparedness for peace is almost as essential as preparedness for war. The big business interests must foresee the coming opportunities and make their plans to meet them. The government must see to it that the newcomers get a square deal in every way. If these and other essential points are realized properly, Canada has a period of incalculable progress just ahead. She has all the factors that count for success in nation-building except one, and the close of the war should give her the missing factor—man power—in abundance. No other undeveloped country in the world has such an attractive proposition to offer to the intending emigrant, such an illimitable horizon of opportunity. The man who comes to Canada now comes to the business Eldorado of the New World, where he may make his own fortune and help to build up a great nation: a link in the union of free nations that form the British Empire.

TO HARRY LAUDER. Hall and farewell, Harry Lauder! You warmed the cockles of our heart. You set the heather of our patriotism ablaze once more. We laughed with you over your delicious

humor; we caught and radiated the generous good-nature of your smile. We joined you—after you had poked fun at our conservatism, or was it really our snobbishness?—in the simple songs that reached our hearts. And we felt for you when you referred to the heroic death of your noble boy, who fell fighting "beside the Canadians," as you expressed it. Heart spoke to heart, there. We understood the tremor in your voice, as your mind went back to the sacrifice; the flash in your eye and the squaring of your shoulders, as you took a new grip upon your swaying emotions; the defiant attitude, the out-thrust jaw, the short, clean-cut words, with which you bespoke the British determination to smash the

Hun, once and for all, whether it took two or twenty years. Scotland may be "a wee bit nation," as you graphically put it, but she has a brave soul, and you interpreted her spirit aright last night. The Scotch, we are told, "love the jingle of the pennies, but we believe the response of that large audience was more precious to you than any amount of silver and gold. Because it was genuine and surged up from the heart.

You came to us as an old friend, one we admired and appreciated because of his winning ways and unusual talents. You go away as some-

thing more than friend. The message from your lips, which stirred your audience to applause again and again, was a message straight from the heart of a loyal Scot. You pleaded, in stirring and eloquent tones, for union against the foe, who is strong and merciless. You asked us: "If Germany can concentrate everything she possesses for hellishness and cruelty, can not the British Empire concentrate everything she possesses for honor and decency?" She can. And we believe she will. You, at least, have done your part. Free speech is the right of every man wherever the British flag is flown. We can understand your resentment when your exercise of such a right is questioned on Canadian soil. You told us that a foreign paper—you couldn't read it—had on the previous day enquired what right Harry Lauder had to come to its city and give advice on the Victory Loan and recruiting! Your reply went straight to our hearts: "My God, I have every right in the world, because my only son died fighting in this great war!" And because of your loss, of the brave and smiling face while the heart must have bled, of the stirring message you brought to us, we English-speaking Canadians extend to you the warm hand of welcome and sympathy, and wave to you a cheering and hearty farewell as you pass along.

Another Blow. (Boston Transcript) In the interests of economy, Great Britain proposes to abolish the waistcoat. Another blow at the vested interests.

What You Don't Hear. (Chicago News) When two or more women get together, one of the things you don't hear is silence.

THE WOMAN WITH SILVER HAIR

I glanced in her room as the bus went by: She was writing to someone she loved "out there." O! it's many a lad would be proud—thought I—Of that dear little woman with the silver hair—To that mother with the silver hair! The lamplight shone, in that homely room, On a photo facing the mother's chair. O, what if octopus arms of doom Should reach to that head with the silver hair—Of that mother with the silver hair! There are thousands of women, like her, who live In the homes that have memories everywhere, O, happy the memories some of them give Of a dear little woman with the silver hair—Of a mother with the silver hair! The bus roared on through the dark'ning street, And I thought of the time when the lamps will glare, O, I wished, when her laddie comes home, I could meet, Her prayers fulfilled and her joy complete, That dear little woman with the silver hair—That mother with the silver hair! —Trevor, in Lloyd's Weekly News.

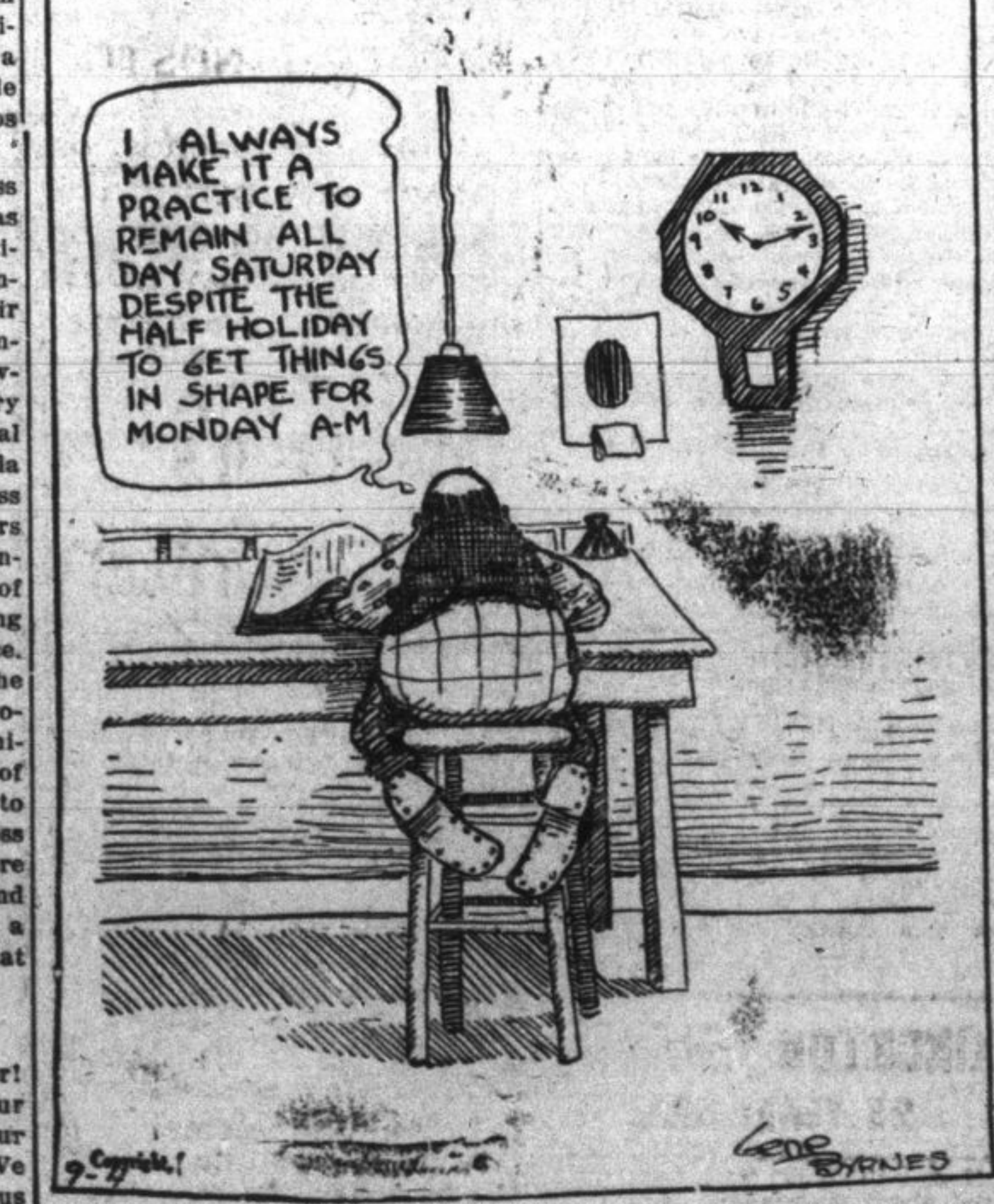
Rippling Rhymes

WHAT'S THE TRUTH?

War stories, always on the wing, I fear me, oft are fictions, and travelers come up and spring their endless contradictions. I can't imagine where we're at, as I compose this sonnet; one man is talking through his hat, another through his bonnet. One man, who's just returned from France, who's seen the armies fighting, says, "Kaiser Wilhelm's name is Panzer—he's beaten at this writing." I go outdoors to celebrate, my soul is glad and sunny; then comes along another skate, who says, "Don't get too funny. The Kaiser's strength is unimpair'd, in fact, he's growing stronger; don't fool yourself and think he's scared—he'll fight for nine years longer." One day I read the submariners are knocked out by the British; I prance like spring in his teens, I feel so gay and skittish. And then I read another tale, which starts the teardrops flowing; the efforts of the British fall—the U-boat craft is growing. What is the truth? Where are we at? Produce the facts doggone it! One man is talking through his hat, another through his bonnet. —WALT MASON.

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

By GENE BYRNES



Bibbys Men's and Boys' Wear. "Let's make assurance doubly sure, and buy a Bond" Victory Bonds. A doubled assurance of continued support to the men in the front line, and of continued prosperity at home. If we would give the fullest support to our Canadian fighters we must keep our industries providing the munitions, food, the clothing so necessary for their success and comfort. If we would be assured of continued prosperity at home we must provide the money to keep the wheels turning. From every point of view it's up to you. As a matter of Patriotism, as a matter of Business, as a matter of Self-interest

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Loan Money to Yourself. Buy Victory Bonds. You are the Government. This is your loan. And your money will be employed in prosecuting the war for your benefit. Further, you are guaranteed 5 1/2 per cent interest on what you loan. Could anything be more to your advantage?

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