

THE BRITISH WHIG 84TH YEAR.



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It used to be the boy or the bottle. To-day it's the boy or Laurier. On which side are you?

Lord Lansdowne says he consulted no one in the preparation of his letter. It would appear so.

B. A. B. No, not Buy a Bond—it's too late for that. But Be a Briton. It's not yet too late for that.

There will be a great demand for adding machines when the world's war indemnities come to be totalled up.

For three thousand years have been waged for the possession of Jerusalem, city of the god of peace. And the end is not yet.

Guelph Winter Fair has a novelty in the shape of a hen-laying competition. We'd be willing to act as judge if the managers would ship us the precious product, prepaid, that is.

Kingston banks were open until nine o'clock Saturday night to welcome Victory Loan investors. They always seem to close ahead of regular schedule time when we want to borrow money.

When a woman in the United States murders her husband, or another woman's husband, or merely a lover, whether she is guilty or not seems to depend upon the jury's susceptibilities to feminine face and charm. Justice is not only blind; she is non-existent.

A Kingston pastor writes a fine letter of praise to a Renfrew editor. As most newspaper men are more used to knocks and carping criticism, we presume this fortunate chap will take the four dollars he was saving up for Christmas and buy a frame for his new and rare possession.

A subscriber in the county submits to us this question: "If the Germans can feed and sustain 65,000,000 people—some say 70,000,000—on 208,000 square miles, how many people should Canada be able to sustain? I ask the question to set the people thinking."

Laurier workers are whispering to Liberals who want conscription but hesitate to oppose their former leader: "Vote for Laurier—he won't repeal the Military Service Act; he'll send reinforcements all right." Don't be misled. Laurier stated plainly in his Ottawa speech that he would suspend the act.

Montreal followers of Laurier are publishing in Hamilton a political daily newspaper for circulation throughout Ontario. The Laurier-Bourassa alliance was not qualified either to deserve or receive the support of established Liberal papers. Will the people show as much patriotism and devotion to a high ideal as did these papers? We believe they will.

THE TRUE LIBERAL SPIRIT. "I would sooner be buried politically, and stay buried, than go back on the boys who are defending us in the trenches of France," declared Fred F. Pardee, former chief Liberal whip in the House of Commons, addressing his constituents in West Lambton, as a supporter of the war policy of the Union Government.

There speaks a Liberal that Canadians can admire. He gladly risks his political future for an ideal.

Duty to the state, when its existence is threatened, as it is to-day, must take precedence over party affiliations.

NOT FAILING—BUT FALLING! The more we read of the second battle of Ypres, of Vimy Ridge and of Passchendaele, the more pride we feel in the achievements of the Canadians at the front.

The more we see of the maimed and broken soldier, sent back to Kingston from the inferno of war, the more pity we feel for him.

Nothing will be said by even the most eloquent tongue which can express one-half of the unbounded admiration and unstinted love which we all feel in our hearts for the devotion, courage and endurance of a Canadian soldier.

In the welter and the blood, in the wreck and flame of war, in the smothering human flood, Striking shell and cannon roar, Where the deadly poison cloud Wraps them in its dread embrace, (Give them victory, oh God) Canada, they're falling!

"Canada, they're falling!" Not falling—falling. They cry to us for help.

Shall we fight or shall we fly? Good, Sir Wilfrid, let us know! If we understand the British breed in Canada, the ringing answer will be: "We shall fight!"

KINGSTON DID SPLENDIDLY! Kingston has done magnificently for the Victory Loan. It has sustained its reputation for loyalty and devotion to the thousands of its sons overseas.

To have suggested before the push that Kingston could subscribe \$2,622,000 would have been regarded as incredible, but it has been done, and done with the heartiest of good feeling.

Every citizen with a whole-souled enthusiasm did his best, and those who could not take a bond gave a bond of sincere good wishes and hopeful encouragement.

The campaign throughout was eminently pleasant and cordial. The organization board commanded the field, and with skill and zeal projected their plans and carried them out so effectively that every one knew what was expected of him.

No such publicity campaign had ever before been entered upon and carried out. It was admitted by all in the campaign that the newspapers had wonderfully aided in bringing about the splendid result, while the spectacular features to advertise the loan were really startling and striking.

What a gulp came to the throat and tears to the eyes when the noise on Monday, Nov. 12th, stirred the city to its very centre. Would to God, said many, that it betokened Victory to the Allies.

It was not surprising in view of the splendid results—\$100 per capita; in one every five of the population subscribed to the loan—that Mayor Hughes should, with enthusiasm, say he was never so proud as he was now, to be mayor of such a loyal, patriotic and devoted city.

The news going to the boys overseas would splendidly hearten them.

The whole campaign was carried out with such harmony, with such enthusiasm, and with such completeness that every one associated with the work were loathe to let it drop. No better bunch ever campaigned in Kingston, and the Whig congratulates one and all on the inspiring results obtained.

"THE BOY WINS!" On Dec. 17th the voters of Canada will be called upon to make the most momentous decision of their lives, the outcome of which may effect the fate of our Empire and of civilization. It is a vote not to be lightly cast. Personal and political considerations should count as less than nothing in a day when the world's freedom is threatened. All that is best and truest and noblest in Anglo-Saxon life stands imperilled. Ruthless, merciless, honorless, barbarism, united with brute strength and "the will to power," have well-nigh triumphed. The scales still tremble in the balance; the issue is yet far from being decided. For three years Canadians have been in the thick of the fray doing their part—and a grandly glorious part it has been—in holding the foe at bay. "Send us men! Send us reinforcements," has been the appeal. "Our ranks are thinning fast. We are doing all we can, but we must have help. Are you going to desert us?"

That is the question every man—every woman—must answer with the ballot. The solution was admirably summed up the other day by a Liberal of prominence in this city, who put it this way:

"I have a boy over in France. The issue now is: Shall I support the boy, or Laurier? The boy wins—everytime!"

Where is the father or mother in Kingston, or anywhere in this fair land of Canada, who can—who dare—sacrifice "the boy" to follow a lost leader? Surely, not one! It were too inhuman to expect it.

"The boy wins!" Why shouldn't he win? He fought on the side of right and decency and of all that makes life worth while for us who call Old England home. He proved true in the day of adversity. There was no hanging-back for him. He felt all the comforts and pleasures of the

New World to fight the battles of freedom on the horrible battlefields of the Old World. And he stood the test. Others might give ground, but the Canadians—Never! That is his record. But, wearied and spent with "carrying on" for three awful years and more, he sends back to us at home the appealing cry:

"Help! We need help!" Are we going to deny him? God help us if we do, for we won't be fit to look into his face when he returns.

Are we going to tell him to be patient, while we talk the matter over with Laurier and Quebec and take a referendum?

Are we going to support a Rip Van Winkle—or the boy?

Let the answer of every true-hearted Canadian be: "The boy wins!"

There is only one way you can help him to win, and that is by supporting the Union Government and its candidate, Mr. Nickle.

CUNNING AT THE GRAND. Gives Mystery Performance—Large Audience Monday Evening.

Cunning, who is playing this week at the Grand Opera House, had a capacity audience on Monday evening and gave an entertainment that has never been surpassed here. He is certainly an expert in his various lines and the audience was mystified from start to finish.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the programme was his answers to the dozens of questions asked. It was wonderful to see the way in which he could call out the initials of a man or a woman, and finally give an answer to their questions.

Cunning may be practicing one of the advanced sciences; in any case he produces results and is certain to have capacity audiences all week.

Who Puts Up the Prices? Potatoes wipe their weeping eyes and wonder why the prices rise. The cabbage, either white or red, in doubt, can only scratch its head.

The pea, within its pending pod, is guessing who gets all the wad. The odoriferous onion peers about and peels its coat to smell it out. The bread and cake rise everywhere to ask why such excessive fare.

The lettuce, on its high-priced ways, looks backward to its salad days. All kinds of pies and pastry see too much to pay for piety. The first presents a plaintive tale and wants the price to go by scale. The lobster, oyster, and the clam, quite selfishly don't giveadam.

The various brands of flowers inquire if florists' prices could be higher. The ham and bacon have the gall, to ask who is it hogs it all.

Names of the Victims. Belleville, Dec. 1.—The three men killed in the Trenton explosion yesterday were P. D. McDonald and J. D. Smith, Perth, and S. Menta, Quebec. Edwin Noonan, Perth, is in a critical condition.

Col. Judson, chief of the American Military Mission to Russia paid an informal visit to Trotsky at Petrograd regarding the armistice between Russia and Germany.

Rippling Rhymes

THE LONG FACE The man who's always serious, who's solemn all his days, is prone to pain and weary us, in fifty-seven ways.

These times be dark and troublesome, with war and dead men's bones; still let your laughter bubble some, it does more good than groans.

I read of endless slaughtering on red fields over there, and yet no tears are watering the handdowns that I wear; 'tis not because I'm frivolous, or hardened, that I smile; but grief will only shrivel us, and isn't worth our while.

I can't conceive what Jerry meant—that prophet of old days—who cut out joy and merriment, a long lament to raise. The man whose voice is pitiful, whose face is like a hearse, will queer a whole blamed city full, and break men's hearts or worse.

He's had enough when breezily the world jogs on, apace, when things are coming easily to all the human race; but when the world needs heartening, and tears like fountains flow, when souls and nerves need smartening, why multiply the woe? With sighs for this world's misery I waste no precious time, but with my weapon scissory I steal some cheerful rhyme.

—WALT MASON.

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

By GENE BYRNES



THE LATE PROF. DUPUIS.

Queen's University Contains Tributes to His Memory.

There are three contributions in the present issue of the Queen's Quarterly (October, November, December, devoted to the honored memory of the late Professor Dupuis. John Matheson shows just what his main merit was in the capacity that he ably filled for forty-five years—that of a teacher of Mathematics, and it was not to impart formulas and processes merely, but to train the minds of his pupils.

When Professor James Ross, on behalf of the old students, presented the formulas that he had taught them, they had not forgotten the mental stimulus, the spiritual inspiration derived from his instruction. Professor W. L. Grant wrote from overseas to Prof. Cappon, enclosing some notes and reminiscences of the work in Queen's of Professors Dupuis and Fletcher, suggesting that they be made, in part, the material of a more formal article.

But, in fact, so, Professor Cappon wrote an introduction and gave Professor Grant's reminiscences unchanged. Professor Cappon, whose subject is English Literature, does not venture to estimate Nathan F. Dupuis' work in the world of Mathematics. A great mathematician, according to a learned Frenchman, was known to only five or six Europeans. Dupuis was a man of logical mind, of "calm objectivity of judgment," a "self-contained man," whose "best relations were with his favorite students." Professor Cappon, in spite of his disclaimer, has given a very good account of Dupuis as a mathematician. It was when he lectured on the heavens that he lost his usual calm and expressed his wonder and awe in "rolling periods."

Professor Cappon gives a pleasant portrayal of Professor John Fletcher, who left Kingston for Toronto, after (as Principal Grant said) Queen's had "had the best of him," and of Mrs. Fletcher.

In his "Reminiscences," Professor Grant speaks of the man who taught him to like mathematics—which he considered a marvellous achievement. When he told this to Professor Dupuis, he said quite unflatteringly: "Yes; there is much even in the elementary sides of the subject to appeal to the most ordinary mind."

When Leslie Macdonnell, who had reached his first class in both Junior and Senior Mathematics, asked Professor Dupuis for a testimonial to help him to obtain a school, he put him off as long as he could and then wrote on a half sheet of notepaper that he considered Mr. M. competent to teach elementary mathematics.

Mr. Macdonnell got a school, but not through the Dupuis certificate. Prof. Nathan Dupuis was rigidly, unbendingly, honest and truthful: He was an iron disciplinarian in class. But he had rarely to use the lash of his tongue. He was a man not only of high intellectual ability, but of wonderful dexterity. He learned watercolor drawing at seventy-five.

Mr. Grant adds a sketch of Professor Fletcher, his chief guide to letters as a boy and patient listener to his rhapsodies.

Bibbys Men's and Boys' Wear Store. Young Men's Belter Overcoats. Special Values at \$18.50. Sizes 34 to 39. Genteel grey cheviot cloth; new two-way collar; belted all the way round with trench pleat up the back. Don't miss seeing this coat; other overcoats, \$15, \$20, \$22.50. Bibbys Young Men's Suits--The Windsor. Belted all the way round. Splendidly tailored; new patterns. Splendid values at \$22.50; Other lines \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00.

A CREAMY LOTION MADE WITH LEMONS. Prepare a quarter pint at about the cost of a small jar of common cold cream. When this home-made lemon lotion is gently massaged into the face, neck, hands and arms daily, the skin naturally should become soft, clear and white, and the complexion dainty and attractive. What girl or woman hasn't heard of lemon juice to remove complexion blemishes; to bleach the skin and to bring out the roses, the freshness and the hidden beauty? But lemon juice alone is acid, therefore irritating, and should be mixed with orchard white this way. Strain through a fine cloth the juice of two fresh lemons into a bottle containing about three ounces of orchard white, then shake well and you have a whole quarter pint of skin and complexion lotion at about the cost of one usually pays for a small jar of ordinary cold cream. Be sure to strain the lemon juice so no pulp gets into the bottle, then this lotion will remain pure and fresh for months. When applied daily to the face, neck, arms and hands it naturally should help to whiten, clear, smoothen and beautify. Any druggist will supply three ounces of orchard white at very little cost and the grocer has the lemons. In this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion ladies can easily prepare and have at an inexpensive toilet and which perfectly satisfies their natural desire for a beautiful soft skin.

Dutch Bulbs. Hyacinths—Narcissus—Daffodils—Tulips—DR. CHOWN'S DRUG STORE, 185 Princess Street. Phone 343.

FARMS FOR SALE!! 20 acres \$1400, 50 acres \$1500, 42 acres \$2000, 100 acres \$2300, 15 acres \$2550, 60 acres \$2500, 85 acres \$3200, 85 acres \$4000, 100 acres \$4000, 145 acres \$4000, 100 acres \$4000, 125 acres \$4300, 50 acres \$4550, 150 acres \$5000, 100 acres \$5500, 70 acres \$6000, 100 acres \$7000, 200 acres \$8000, 150 acres \$8250, 200 acres \$10,000, 200 acres \$11,000. For particulars apply to T. J. Lockhart, Real Estate and Insurance, Clarence Street, Kingston. Phone 1035 and 1020.

FOR VICTORY WAR BONDS. Phone 503 or 842. J. B. COOKE, 332 King St.

Simple Way To End Dandruff. There is one sure way that has never failed to remove dandruff at once, and that is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, common liquid arvon from any drug store (this is all you will need), apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips. By morning, most if not all of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have. You will find all itching and digging of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be fluffy, lustrous, glossy, silky and soft and look and feel a hundred times better.

THOMAS COPLEY Telephone 987. wanting anything done in the carpentry line, Estimates given on all kinds of repairs and new work; also hardwood floors of all kinds. All orders will receive prompt attention. Shop 60 Queen Street.

NICKLE AT PORTSMOUTH WHICH SEEMS TO STRONGLY FAVOR UNION GOVERNMENT. Splendid Addresses Were Given by the Former Member and Francis King on Monday Evening. W. F. Nickle is making a strong appeal for the votes and influence of the people of Portsmouth, and one of the most representative and largest attended of political meetings ever held in that village took place on Monday evening in the village hall on behalf of the Unionist candidate. Senator H. W. Richardson presided and made a few remarks, and then called on Francis King for an address. Mr. King handled his subject admirably. First he described the contending parties in this contest. There were Unionists and followers of Laurier. One side was for helping the fellows at the front and the others were supporting a movement to let the war win itself. He congratulated the Conservatives on having so many Liberals to help them and congratulated the Liberals on having so many Conservatives on the same platform. W. F. Nickle was next called on. He gave an account of his stewardship in the past six years, starting at the stand he took on the Navy Bill, and coming down to present day events. The audience was very enthusiastic in its applause. Following the general meeting, a number remained and these being constituted a committee will hold an organization meeting next Friday. Miss Pearl Agnes Foxton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Foxton, and Albert A. Davis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Davis, Brockville, were married on Wednesday. Cheese sold at Brockville on Thursday at 21c.

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

CRAWFORD 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.