

THE BRITISH WHIG 85TH YEAR.



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"Lenine has close shave," says a newspaper headline. Then he can't patronize the same barber we do, that's all.

There are meatless days and wheatless days, but when are we going to get profitless days for the profiteers?

An old trapper states that the last half of the winter will be mild. Let's hope the last half of his prediction may be true.

During last year 920 saloons in Chicago went out of business. Inasmuch as some 6,080 saloons remain, the people of the windy city will still be able to "ferrigate" occasionally.

Hundreds of tons of onions are spoiling in British Columbia for lack of a market. Makes one recall fond memories of the good old days when steaks smothered in onions were obtainable.

The cutting down of many of the trees on Kingston's streets will be a healthy as well as a material gain. Letting in the light on dark places has ever and always a wholesome effect.

The recent record cold snap, coupled with the shortage of coal, has made many converts to the use of electricity for auxiliary heating. What is our Utilities Commission doing to reap a benefit from this movement?

The Grand Trunk, Canada's pioneer railway, will this year celebrate its sixty-sixth anniversary. The Dominion owes much to this road which blazed the trail in the early days, and did so much to unite its scattered settlements.

The hens at the Dominion Experimental Farm are working overtime to beat Germany, the Ottawa Citizen assures us. It would have been more surprising had the Citizen brought this charge against the civil servants at Ottawa.

There remains much that the Utilities Commission might do to encourage citizens to make good use of the civic plant and its services. These could easily be extended by an educational campaign, which would result in greater revenues and increased profits.

New York dress manufacturers are putting on a good many women as travelling salesmen, and it is said that it will not be long before all the "drummers" will be women. Then, who will fill the smoking car and tell the stories, funny and otherwise?

Hats off to the railway men of Canada! During the past few weeks they have endured great hardships and been exposed to many perils. Some of them have been killed. In the peaceful performance of their duty. Yet, true to the traditions of their calling, they did all that duty demanded of them.

THE VITAL ISSUES. Two vital issues confront the world to-day: one is fighting, the other is food. The Allied armies may be confidently entrusted to look after the first of these essentials. Is the second consideration safe in the hands of those who remain at

home? Compulsory rationing is now being resorted to in England, and the conservation of food supplies is obligatory in Canada. Not a morsel of food, not an ounce of energy, not a cent of our earnings should be wasted in Canada to-day. Strenuous, trying days are ahead of us, and every effort must be made to safeguard against deprivation, disaster and defeat.

ONCE MORE: PRODUCE MORE.

Plans ought soon to be laid for small lot gardening in Kingston and the surrounding district. In this way an abundant supply of fresh vegetables will be assured, and land now devoted to market gardens could be used for grain crops. This year the idea ought to be not merely to grow potatoes, but to grow good potatoes and all kinds of vegetables. Last year hundreds of Kingstonians did a little gardening for the first time! This year their experience will be of value and the results should be in proportion to their efficiency. Greater production offers the only permanent solution of the food problem, which is bound to become more serious with every passing month. Every available square yard of vacant land in the city should be cultivated this year. The whole world is facing a food famine, and much privation can only be averted by every man and woman doing their utmost to produce more fruit and vegetables. We at home must live more and more on perishable foods if our armies and our allies overseas are to be supplied with the food stuff that can be best exported, viz., wheat, bacon, canned meats, etc. This duty is owing not only to ourselves but to those who are facing our enemies in Europe.

HOME A SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

In Magistrate Farrell's Police Court yesterday a young woman, whose name was Harrowsmith as her home, was charged with theft. She testified that she did not live at home, as she could not get along with her mother.

It is only another of the many, many instances of the sorrowful mistake that both children and parents often make—a mistake which renders impossible that happiness for which we are all searching. The simple story teaches a big lesson.

The home, of all places in the world, ought to be the source of truest happiness to parents and children alike. It ought to be pervaded by an air of perfect confidence and understanding.

But it too often fails in its mission, and its members are driven out into the world on a quest for what they think is happiness.

There is a volume of pathos in the simple statement of this young girl that she wanted happiness but that she had to go away from home to get it.

COL. WATERSON'S WAR AIMS.

Col. Henry Waterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, is almost the sole remaining type of the militant journalist of a by-gone day. Like Dana, of the New York Sun; Pulitzer, of the New York World; Brown, of the Toronto Globe, and other outstanding figures, he was bigger than the paper he represented. The personal note in journalism, which was sounded so clearly by these men, is almost a thing of the past, so complex and co-operative has become the publishing business. Yet Waterson's voice still carries the old-time challenge and rings with the old vigor. In discussing the crushing of German militarism, he tells his readers that no power can safely treat with the Hun or his allies, and adds: "Nor is this all. The Stars and Stripes must float over Potsdam. From the Brandenburg Gate to the Schloss, Under den Linden must bloom with the Allied flags of England, France and the United States. A representative congress of German democrats must assemble in Berlin concurrent with a world peace congress to decide the fate of the vanquished: Wilhelm, Tirpitz & Co. to the scaffold; the lesser ones to exile; independent governments to be set up in Poland, Hungary and Bohemia; indemnity to Belgium and Serbia. Nothing short of these conclusions will meet the end of justice."

If all the Allies were endowed with a like conviction and a resolute determination to carry out their belief to the bitter end, the world would indeed be "made safe for democracy."

MILITARY SPIRIT.

Whatever may be the weapon of the day, war remains a contest between men, a contest in which every quality of brain, heart, nerve as well as muscle is tried to the utmost. For war is a highly intellectual art in which character, education and opportunity are dominant factors. It is the art, therefore, of the man who possesses originality and resource, who dares to take risks, who thinks deeply and thinks clearly, who, when accident intervenes, is not thereby cast down, but changes his plans and dispositions with the readiness of a resolute and reflective mind which, so far as possible, has foreseen and provided against mischance. Con-

sequently a military spirit consists of both mental and moral qualities which influence the condition of men in war far more than material circumstances.

National unity alone will enable a nation to face disasters unflinchingly and unappalled. Wealth will provide the sinews of war in the form of arms, ammunition, food and clothing, but history tells us that wealth by itself tends only to enervate the military spirit of a nation. The political health of a people is reflected in the practical patriotism of its citizens. Without true patriotism, a readiness to live or die for the state, a spirit of jealousy for its honor and sacrifice in its cause, a sense of public duty backed up by moral conviction and clear insight—without these there can be no national unity.

Discipline is essential. Without habits of, and subordination to, superior authority, combination and unity of effort are impossible. Neither can a man ever be fit to command others until he has learned how to obey.

Courage is a vital factor in military spirit. Without that firmness of spirit which enables men to face danger and even death without fear, the tactical value of an army is of little worth. A general who is confident of defeating the enemy when he meets him may venture on manoeuvres which it would be madness to attempt against a superior adversary.

Endurance is also an element which goes a long way toward building up morale, for, tacking that power of continuing under pain, hardship and distress without being overcome, the long marches and exertions necessary to securing a strategic advantage or surprise (with its patent moral results) cannot be accomplished.

And lastly there must be determination. Commanders without that quality of mind which reaches definite conclusions and persists in anything undertaken, cannot expect to maintain that moral equilibrium which is even of greater importance than the spirit of their troops.

PUBLIC OPINION

Meeker Than Moses. (Albany, N.Y., Knickerbocker) They tell us the Sultan of Turkey is a modest man. With all those wives, it is no wonder he knows all about his shortcomings.

A London View. (London Advertiser) There are now the two parties, Unionist and Liberal. It is not, as some papers would make it appear, the Liberal party which has vanished, but the Conservative.

Of No Monetary Value. (Albany, N.Y., Argus) And the only thing free now is

Rippling Rhymes

NEW YEAR TROUBLES



WALT MASON.

On New Year's day I made a pledge that I would smoke no more; next morning I began to hedge, and then, before that pledge subsided, he was bigger than the paper he represented. The personal note in journalism, which was sounded so clearly by these men, is almost a thing of the past, so complex and co-operative has become the publishing business. Yet Waterson's voice still carries the old-time challenge and rings with the old vigor. In discussing the crushing of German militarism, he tells his readers that no power can safely treat with the Hun or his allies, and adds: "Nor is this all. The Stars and Stripes must float over Potsdam. From the Brandenburg Gate to the Schloss, Under den Linden must bloom with the Allied flags of England, France and the United States. A representative congress of German democrats must assemble in Berlin concurrent with a world peace congress to decide the fate of the vanquished: Wilhelm, Tirpitz & Co. to the scaffold; the lesser ones to exile; independent governments to be set up in Poland, Hungary and Bohemia; indemnity to Belgium and Serbia. Nothing short of these conclusions will meet the end of justice."

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN By GENE BYRNES



free verse, and that is to be had that no one will take it as a gift.

Quebec City's Big Boast.

(Quebec Chronicle) The City of Quebec can claim no less than ten generals as her native sons: Watson, Burstall, Dobell, Swift, Landry and Panet at the front; Turner in England; Joly de Lotbiniere in India; Johnston in Australia; and Lessard in Canada. We shall be glad to hear of any city in the British Empire which can equal that record of service. From there I have heard of no doubt to Quebec having done its bit quantitatively there is none qualitatively.

MINDS NOT ON WORK.

This is the View of a Parent Regarding Pupils.

In conversation with the Whig a parent voices the following suggestions:

"For the past two months since the opening of the rink it has been my privilege to be closely connected with the pupils of the schools. From there I have heard of no doubt to Quebec having done its bit quantitatively there is none qualitatively.

"According to the way the timetables of the different forms are arranged, a number of pupils are allowed to leave early and nearly all go to the rink; consequently others are tempted and very often will leave without permission. To overcome all this, and to have the pupils get every benefit of their schooling, why could there not be some arrangement made to have the schools open at 8 a.m. and close at 2 p.m. I feel quite certain that if the pupils were approached on this matter they would all willingly be at school on hour earlier. I refer more to the Collegiate Institute than to the public schools, as the students of the K.C.I. are more for skating than studying. In all probability the work of the pupils would be carried out with more interest and earnestness than the past."

Dying From Pneumonia.

Fengchen, Shansi Province, China, Jan. 18.—The hot-bed of the pneumonic-type plague prevalent here and in other parts of Shansi Province, is at present Paotchow, on the Hoang-Ho, west of Ningwuai, and the villages surrounding it. The lives are being lost by scores in the streets. Appeals for help are being sent broadcast by the American doctors, recently sent into the province to investigate the plague conditions.

Simonds Quits Tribune.

New York, Jan. 18.—Frank H. Simonds, of the editorial staff of the New York Tribune, who since the outbreak of the war has gained a wide reputation as a military critic, has severed his connection with that paper.

John Edward Prady, eldest son of the late Michael Prady and of Mrs. Prady, Brockville, died on Sunday after a long illness.

American Sees Canada at War

GEOGRAPHICALLY, Hamilton, Ont., is far from the western front; geographically it is near our border, a few miles from Buffalo, writes Morgan G. Day in the Springfield Republican. And yet going west from Springfield brought me infinitely nearer the war—almost three years nearer. And it is precisely because Hamilton approximates the size of Springfield that it at once interested me when government orders sent me there. With a population of 100,000 people, noted for its manufacturing enterprise, in the heart of an agricultural community peculiarly reminiscent of the Connecticut valley, here was a chance to see how Springfield might appear should the war last three years. How is Hamilton standing it?

First impressions were gloomy enough. Pale uniformed cripples on crutches were the only young men on the streets. The comparative quiet of the latter showed how progressive-ness is halted when the essential livelier vigor of youth is removed. Older men seemed strained and absent-minded. Buffalo had been decked with flags. On my errand—a mile's walk—I found only two flags, and one was over the postoffice. I again noticed lamed men and was informed that besides the hospitals there were four sanitariums for men crippled by the war. Imagine four such places in Springfield! Picture, also, a mother who had been told her son had fallen in the trenches, finding him in a visit to one of these sanitariums, a crazed unknown!

At length I reached the factory—now managed by a survivor of the first Ypres. He had been lamed and his parents left on the Lusitania to bring him home. Both were lost. I told myself that it must be decidedly unpleasant for him to discuss the war—and here was my surprise—my first acquaintance with the Canadian war spirit.

They are all—with very few exceptions—more than willing to tell you about it. Pro-German propaganda again miscalculated when it sneeringly hinted that England was placing Canadians in the front line. Canadians brag of it as a tribute to their gallantry. If they are to bear the brunt of the battle for the defense of the empire, it is so much the more to be proud of. They are not content with emphasizing that it was a man from Ontario who fired the first gun at the Somme, but must "point with pride" to a regiment recruited near Hamilton, which required three times its number in six months to maintain the standard quota.

This veteran of the early trench warfare, however, did testify to the cold-blooded brutality of it all, of which we have heard such numberless tales. The universal loss of respect for the dead struck him as the most horrifying aspect. While talking to two comrades one was shot by a sniper. "What's the use of talking to a dead man," was the only interruption in the conversation. Every morning came the regular ration of rum to keep the nerves up to fighting pitch. One morning the messenger with the grog was shot and the piston nearby had an extra share. No wonder some of them are morbid about it. But pessimistic—

never! Every shop and factory has its roll of honor prominently posted near the entrance. Each family its "armchair" military expert. Everyone watches that bit of ground in France measured in kilometers for which the Canadians are desperately struggling. Vimy ridge is familiar to many a Hamiltonian to whom Kerensky is merely another of those Russian names! I left the factory, and the evening newspapers had black headlines reminiscent of August, 1914. Expecting something unusual, I bought a paper and read that the Canadians had taken hill No. 70. Somewhere on the fifth page the news of the Russian collapse was announced, but what was the entire eastern front compared with hill 70!

They know what it means—these Canadians! There is no longer that hysterical swing of the pendulum back and forth from high hopes to despair. They no longer count the gain in miles to-day and the loss in lives to-morrow. The time element no man can tell. Perseverance and thrift alone tell the story. Such is the Canadian spirit.

And on my return to Buffalo, to bands and banners, in a word to war emotionalism, I found myself asking, "Which is the true patriotism?"

Soldier at 79.

Though the case mentioned at a London tribunal recently—of an old soldier of 72 who has been severely wounded and is waiting his discharge from the English army—a remarkable, it is not unique. Probably the oldest active service veteran of the war is M. A. G. White of Halifax, who was discharged, aged 79, in November, 1915, after having been in the thick of the fighting for 36 days. Last January a professor of Leipzig University, Dr. Gregory spent his seventieth birthday in the German trenches, where he was employed sweeping dungeons, while only a few weeks ago at Colchester a white-haired man of 60, Robert Wellman, arrived from France, sent away by his colonel because he was too old. A lieutenant of 68—a Surrey magistrate named Webster—was killed in the big push of July last year. Last April the death occurred from wounds received in action of Trooper FitzHerbert, New Zealand expeditionary force, aged 63. There is also the case of Private O'Rourke, King's Liverpool Regiment, who returned from the trenches in September, 1916, at the age of 67.

THREE CHURCHES COMBINE.

And Another Will Hold Services in Schoolhouse. Whitby, Jan. 13.—Mayor Harper, at a meeting of officials of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist churches, for the purpose of conserving coal for public purposes, was successful in arranging that the services, after next Sunday, will be held in the Presbyterian church, as well as the Sunday schools. All Saints', Anglican, already has decided to close the church for the balance of the winter for the same purpose, to save coal, holding the services in the schoolhouse.

Britain is partly recognizing the Bolshevik Government.

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