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Co-operative rabbit-breeding clubs are being formed in England to increase the food supply.

Civilization itself appears to be on the edge of an abyss to-day. Only fortitude, unity and strength can save it.

Germany's advance into Russia, covering a wide front, is more in the nature of a foraging expedition than a military exploit.

The unsinkable ship is to be tested by a board of naval officers. A better test could be secured by sending her through the submarine zone.

Trotsky's defying of Germany with a disbanded army reminds one of a rabbit defying a bulldog. And the results are bound to be about the same.

The women's branch of the Navy League is busy instructing Montreal firemen how to knit. Here's a chance for Kingston firemen to distinguish themselves.

The war has added many a new word to the English language. Among the latest is "decontrol," an active verb, meaning to "drive down out of control," as applied to air craft.

The present is no time to pile up surpluses, says Toronto Saturday Night, and it advises the Ontario Government to take off the war tax and relieve the municipalities of a now unnecessary burden.

The fence-viewers of the various townships in Frontenac county must have had a difficult time in finding any fences to view this winter, so great has been the snowfall. All the fences have been practically obliterated.

In a recent lecture in London Prof. Paves said that the Bolsheviks are the most un-Russian thing in Russia and that their power will be very short-lived. The secret of their success, he declared, was due to the war weariness of the people.

Canada leads the whole world in per capita production of wheat, the figure being 70 1/2 bushels per head of population. The total amount received in the prairie provinces last year from the sale of wheat, oats, barley, flax and rye was \$270,000,000.

Thirty years ago, according to newspaper records, bread in Kingston dropped from 12c to 10c for a 4-lb loaf in consequence of a bread barrel being established for the convenience of the poor. Where, oh where, are the good old days!

Prof. Sauerbrück, a Prussian surgeon, is said to have invented a remarkable system of applying artificial limbs to crippled soldiers. His device differs from the regulation artificial leg, foot, arm or hand in that he does not fit a man with substitutes in the ordinary way, but grafts them on to the muscles or tendons so that they perform their functions automatically in connection with the nerve system. Thus he claims to secure, practically, normal activity and power of movement.

TORONTO THE QUEERULOUS. D. M. McIntyre, late city solicitor of Kingston and now chairman of the Ontario Railway Board, finds

amusement in the resolution passed by North Toronto ratepayers calling for his dismissal. "This board has jurisdiction over some three million people, covering a territory from Sarnia to Fort Frances and to the borders of Quebec," he says. "We are treated with courtesy everywhere except in Toronto. Unless the board gives judgment in favor of Toronto, the people clamor for its removal." Criticism of a public body is quite frequently a proof that it is doing its duty impartially and courageously.

CITIZENS DEMAND THE FACTS. The Whig has heard many expressions of approval of its recent discussion of the proposal to expend \$22,000 in motorizing the city fire department. Citizens generally, of all classes, are unanimous in demanding clear and conclusive proof that such an expenditure is justifiable. So far, such proof has not been forthcoming. It would appear as if the only advocates of the policy are a few members of the City Council, who are running counter to the bulk of public opinion. The questions propounded by the Whig have not been answered. Unless the ratepayers are satisfied on these points, the putting of the by-law to a vote of the people will be a needless and useless expense.

A WORD TO THE FARMER.

In the gasoline farm tractor lies the hope of greater production this year, and the Dominion Government aims in assisting by offering to the farmers one thousand tractors at cost plus freight. The question is raised if the Government should not do something more than merely offer tractors for sale. Could it not arrange to send one of these tractors to every township where it could serve a large number of farmers and also assist in its operation? Last summer two Ontario Government tractors came to Kingston township and did some fall ploughing for a few farmers who paid so much an hour for the work done by the tractor and paid for the gasoline used. This was a good scheme, and it is understood that the two tractors and perhaps a third will start out early in April and plough on farms whose owners make arrangements with the district agricultural representative at Kingston. If the Dominion Agricultural Department could carry out a similar scheme the farmers would be given invaluable assistance in view of the fact that farm labor will be harder to get this year than last. Owing to the winter setting in early last November, very little ploughing was done. During the previous few years, mild weather enabled farmers to plough into December. Now the land must be attacked just as soon as the snow disappears and it is sufficiently dry. Here is where the tractor will perform an important part.

But the farmers must rise to the occasion and do their part. Only a few weeks remain until ploughing time will be upon them. Many farmers were exoused from military duty owing to their greater value as food producers. But what are they doing? Are they interesting themselves in the tractor question or letting things drift till spring comes, then to complain that they cannot secure help to till the land? This is the time when the farmers should get together in communities to discuss the prospects of the coming season and how they are going to produce more grain, hogs and vegetables than ever before so that famine may not be upon us next winter. The armies of the Allies look to the Canadian farmers to do their very best. Will Frontenac and Lennox and Addington and Leeds rise to the occasion and do their share in making the harvest of 1918 the greatest in the world's history?

BIDDING THEM GOOD-BYE.

The passing wayfarer, who chanced to be at the railway depot a few days ago, witnessed some tragic and well-nigh heartbreaking scenes. Many a sad-eyed but courageous mother was there, bidding a last good-bye to her soldier son on his way to the trenches. Both were struggling heroically to master their pent-up feelings; both were striving—also, how vainly!—to smile through their tears. They were in the grip of the great god of war, and must needs submit. They had come to the place where they realized, as never before, what Prussian militarism meant. They saw the hateful thing in all its nakedness, in all its horror. In all its menace to the sons of men and to those who bore them. As the boy in khaki squared his shoulders, threw out his chin and endeavored to suppress the anguish he was determined to hide from loving mother-eyes, one felt that he was a soldier through and through, conscript though he was. Also one realized that he would do his duty, fully and faithfully, when the great test came. The veins in his hands swelled well nigh to bursting as he gripped his rifle in a noble endeavor to hide behind a seeming bravery the anguish feelings that stirred his very soul. God help the Hun when that boy goes "over the top" to seek his revenge and to satiate his hatred

for the grim, uncody thing that tore the tender heart of his mother! However hardened and harsh, no onlooker could view that scene without deep emotion. Mingled feelings of pity, of admiration and of sympathy awoke within him. He realized that he was mute witness to many a last farewell; that many a mother was taking her last look upon the face she loved so well—the face which still bore the lingering light of its boyhood's grace." For after all, they were but boys, called by the nation's stern necessity to go forth to battle for the right. What splendid fellows they were, these men of class A1, the very fruit and flower of Canadian manhood! To one who witnessed their departure, war must be forever abhorrent. To a limited extent only is it true that "They who go, feel not the pain of parting; It is they who stay behind that suffer." They who stay behind—the mothers. What a world of sympathy goes out to them! Mother-love never diminishes, never dies. It remains steadfast and loyal through good repute and through ill-repute. It follows her boy to the heights of eminence or to the depths of degradation. It is the one constant, unchanging thing in the world. Before its beauty and its constancy one stands with uncovered head, as in the presence of a sacred thing. Our "Good-bye, mother"—just 'tween us. Has made me strong, Which mother-love upholding me, Could I go wrong? If I should die, that truth may live, Reward is mine; The glory of my death, thy crown, O, mother mine.

SEVEN SENTENCE SERMONS. Happiness is not the end of life; character is.—Henry Ward Beecher. Pity and need make all flesh kin.—Sir Edwin Arnold. Oh, well, friend Death, good friend thou art; I shall be free when thou art through: Take all there is—take hand and heart; There must be somewhere work to do.—Helen Hunt. We should desire not to be famous, but to do good; not to rule, but to be fit for it.—Henry van Dyke. Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11:28. It is never too late to be happy, It is never too late to smile, It is never too late to extend a hand And a cheerful word once in a while.—Anon. Civility may be truly said to cost nothing; if it does not meet with a good return, it at least leaves you in the most creditable position.—Beau Brummel.

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Rippling Rhymes

FOR YOU AND ME.

For you and me the brave boys go to face a grim and deadly foe, to fight in darkness, cold and snow, for you and me. They break off all their cherished ties, they say, perhaps, their last good byes, to suffer under foreign skies, for you and me. They leave the safe and peaceful grind; they go, their country's need in mind, and leave their weeping girls behind, for you and me. We are too old, too fat or lame, to climb the warlike Prussian frame, and so our boys must play the game, for you and me. I see them go, in pairs, in files; I hope each one of them survives; but if they die they give their lives for you and me. That we may count in peace our hoard, the packages in bank vaults stored, our fine young men take up the sword, for you and me. That foreign tyrants may be foiled, that our bright flag may be unsoiled, through weary marches men have toiled for you and me. They may face the world and cry, "Our Country's honor stacks up high," the boys go forth to fight and die, for you and me. Are we so small that we would dodge the country's call to help the boys who fight and fall for you and me? Oh, let us buy nine bonds and show just what we think about the foe, about the soldier boys who go, for you and me.

WALT MASON.

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

By GENE BYRNES



SERMONS ON EDUCATION

GIVEN IN THE METHODIST CHURCHES ON SUNDAY.

Rev. Dr. J. W. Graham, Toronto, and Principal Smythe, of Montreal, Gave Very Interesting Addresses.

The congregations of Queen Street and Sydenham Street Methodist churches celebrated "Educational Sunday" yesterday; having two very able representatives of Methodist educational work as speakers for the day. In Queen Street Church in the morning Rev. J. W. Graham, D.D., Toronto, General Secretary of Education, took the service. He showed first that the war had made a profound effect on the colleges of the country. There were now very few young men left to take advantage of the opportunities that the college had to offer. Dr. Graham dealt with the problem that this presented to the Methodist leader in the Dominion. To illustrate the war's attraction of the available supply of young ministers the speaker said that the Military Service Act affected six students at the Toronto Methodist college. Since the war the loss in attendance had been equivalent to the increase of thirty previous years. The value of the college to the life of the nation as well as the life of the church also brought out very clearly.

Rev. Dr. Smythe, Principal of the Wesleyan College, Montreal, gave two very interesting and instructive sermons. In the morning he conducted the services at Sydenham Street Church, and in the evening at Queen Street Church. The congregation was a large one, and Dr. Smythe's address was heard with deep interest. He took as his subject "The New Era." In following this subject the speaker gave a very clear and well worded talk on the prospects of this country and the world general after the war. The present conditions of the world were moulding changes which would be manifested at the close of this conflict. These would be reflected in every quarter, and would touch every sphere of life. Canada as a country with a great future world of deep interest. The preacher then touched on the problems that would face the people, and how these may be solved through educational work.

Lieut. Lanos an Instructor. Lieut. Victor A. Lanos, of Kingston, with the Royal Flying Corps, who was for some time with the British artillery in France, is now an instructor at an aviation camp in England. Recently he was in London when a German air raid occurred, and he joined the British squadron which went up and attacked the invaders.

Utilities Commission. The Utilities Commission meets this afternoon, and it is expected that a statement of the financial condition of the gas, electric and water departments will be made. All departments will show deficits.

The railways have replied to the government appealing against the petition for nationalization and urging increases of rates.

Bibbys The Store That Keeps the Prices Down. For Men and Boys DENTS Knitted Gloves Dome fasteners, Special value, 50c. Men's Wool Sweater Coats Shawl collar, etc., grey, cardinal, blue, plain or combination trims. Special value, \$2.75. Bibbys Overcoat Sale! Men's and Young Men's Overcoats. Reg. \$20.00, \$22.50 Garments Bibbys Clearing Price \$15.00. Boys' Suit Sale Special values \$7.50 Sizes 28 to 35. A genuine snap. Boys' Mackinaw Reeters Fancy plaids Sizes 26 to 31. Clearing price, \$5.00.

Careless Shampooing Spoils The Hair.

If you want to keep your hair looking its best, be careful what you wash it with. Don't use prepared shampoos or anything else, that contains too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it. The best thing for steady use is just ordinary mulsified coconut oil (which is pure and grassless), and is better than anything else you can use. One or two teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fluffy and easy to manage. You can get mulsified coconut oil at any pharmacy, it's very cheap, and a few ounces will supply every member of the family for months.

A pay adjustment officer is to be attached to each district pay office to help returned soldiers and their dependents to obtain prompt adjustment of difficulties relating to pay or allowances. Capt. Scott and nine of the crew

Nujol - for CONSTIPATION \$1.00 Large Bottle A refined, clear mineral oil—Tasteless and odorless. Pleasant to take. Does not upset digestion. Absolutely cures Constipation.

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of the steamer Acadian, formerly the Senlac of Halifax, were lost when the ship was wrecked off the Newfoundland coast; six men were saved.

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