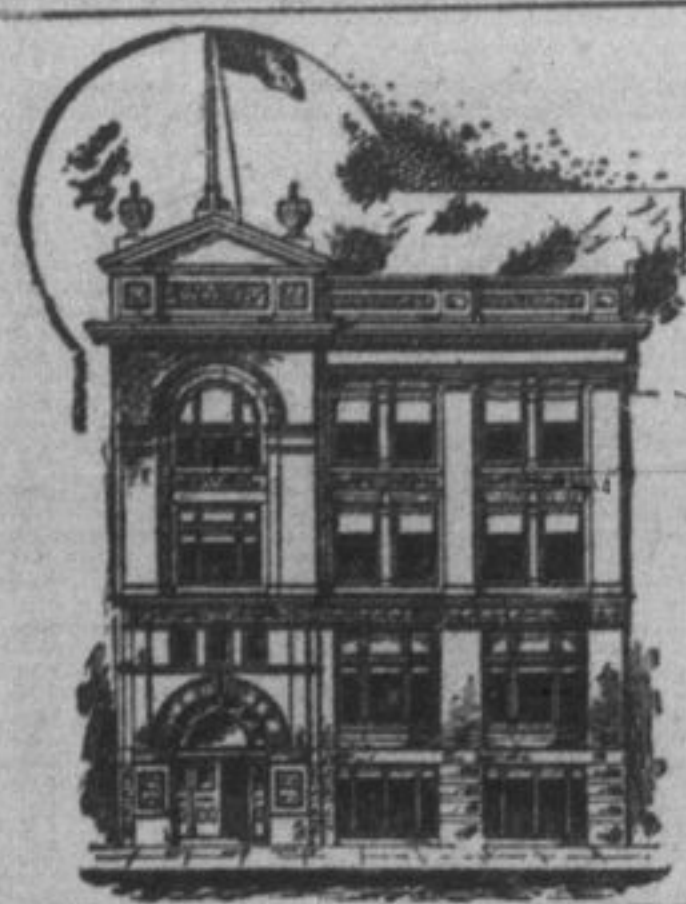


THE BRITISH WHIG 85TH YEAR



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Calmness, endurance and fortitude are qualities much needed to-day.

A new and happy order in human affairs may date from these tragic days.

Even if everybody in Canada does his very best this year, the food problem will still be acute.

Egg shampoos have been abolished in Canada. Loud cheers from the baldheaded men.

Into the war game she is playing, Germany has now put her all. For her it is either victory or oblivion.

The British armies are putting up a gallant defense, well worthy of the congratulations of King George and President Wilson.

Peace proposals these days are just about as welcome as an outbreak of smallpox, and a thousand times more dangerous.

"Cellars that were the throne rooms of King Coal must now yield precedence to King Alcohol," remarks the Toronto Telegram.

Emperor William says Germany wants no "soft peace." The peace she will ultimately get will no doubt be hard enough to satisfy her.

Judging from his persistence at Verdun, the German will take a good deal of beating before he abandons his present attempt to break the British line.

At any rate, the Allies can't complain that the Germans didn't warn them of the present drive. The advance advertising was on an extensive scale.

Even the weatherman condescends to greet the returning soldiers with a sunny smile of welcome. It's a shame to think of the way he treated the rest of us all winter.

Military authorities insist that exemption should not be granted to divinity students, evidently convinced that if these young men are planning to fight the devil there is no better place to begin the work than in France and Flanders.

Kingston has been blessed the past week or two with bright, warm, springlike days, which give ground to hope that we have shivered our last winter shiver. Then, again, it may only be Spring's attempt to practice the new game of camouflage.

Thousands of people around towns and villages and in small settlements could, and should, do their bit by keeping a pig. It is now a time when everyone should do his utmost. Do not allow kitchen refuse, or garden weeds or waste to go unused. Feed them to a pig.

It was the Canadians who first encountered the German use of gas, and it is therefore fitting that they should be the ones to administer it to the Hun in quantities hitherto unheard of. On Saturday night our boys drenched the German lines with 5,000 drums of gas, and, to complete the work, followed it up with artillery fire and bombs. The enemy facing the Canadians will not be permitted any rest while the Hun is busy elsewhere.

GERMANY CANNOT WIN.

These are blue days for the people. There were anxious days late in August, 1914, when the Germans moved towards Paris, but during the past few days the people seemed to be more fearful of the big German offensive than they were in those early days of the conflict when democracy was in greater danger than now. To the Britisher who long ago was convinced that there can be but one result in this war—and that in favor of the Allies—a setback comes as a matter of course. There must be heavy losses and sacrifices to attain the victory which will come in due time, and this crash of arms is but one of the moves in the final game. The next may be still another blow at the Allies, but every true Britisher believes that the Allies will survive these blows and eventually deliver the knockout to the foe. Keep this in mind—Germany cannot win this war, for the Almighty will not permit it. Napoleon had his successes, but Providence intervened and made Wellington the victor. When the Germans were marching on in the early days of this great conflict to overwhelm France, and when it appeared that Paris simply must fall, Providence again intervened and stayed the German advance, just as the hosts of Pharaoh were halted when the sea, divided for the Israelites, closed in upon them. No military power at the time available could have stayed the German hordes at that stage. The God of Battles was surely with the Allies. The Allied cause must win in the end because we believe it is for righteousness sake.

A MATTER OF HAPPINESS.

With so much sorrow, desolation and death in the world, it may not be amiss to look for a moment at the other side of the picture. From the beginning of the world mankind has sought for perfection and happiness. To free the world from error and to bring the individual nearer to absolute perfection, is the dream of every generous idealist. Man has been the unhappy architect of his own sufferings. The scientific materialist may sneer at the Adamic curse—but it is there. A writer in the Rochester Post Express says that it is the inexorable law of our race's destiny that when we pursue joy with insatiable eagerness, we are sure to find sorrow, and adds that living for self is the surest way of destroying happiness. There may be a sort of happiness in taking up some hobby and riding it to death. "Thus the spiritualist and the Christian Scientist and the prohibitionist and the anti-smoker," he concludes, "may be 'happy' in tilting at the windmills of human custom, but they are just as devoid of 'sweet reasonableness' as Don Quixote himself. Real happiness can be found only in unselfish service for others. It is the product of a philosophy founded on humility and love of humanity. This service and this love of humanity is being demonstrated on countless thousands of occasions to-day. The war, with its appeal to the best as well as to the worst elements in human nature, has taught us how to sacrifice and suffer on behalf of others. Because of this, the world will be a better place to live in after 'the captains and the kings depart' and war's red, ruthless reign has ended. Only in the suppression of self and selfish interests and the rendering of service to others can contentment and happiness be found.

THE CRISIS OF OUR FATE.

The present hour is fraught with great and grave possibilities. The supreme and decisive struggle between the champions of civilization and the exponents of brute force and barbarism is now being waged on the fields of France. Perchance even before this article appears in print, the issue may have been determined. Millions of people the wide world over are anxiously, breathlessly awaiting the outcome. The Teuton has decided to settle the question of world supremacy with the Anglo-Saxon. Once again, as many a time before, Britain stands between all that is worth while in the world and the forces that would rend and destroy the fabric of civilization. Entrenched in the righteousness of her cause, Britain has been the saviour of humanity in past moments of great peril. She is fighting the battle of righteousness to-day no less than in the past, and the greatest calamity that could befall the world would be a defeat of British arms at this fateful moment. But we do not—we can not—believe that defeat is possible. British courage, British endurance, British leadership, must and will prevail, for "behind the dim unknown Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch upon His own." Yesterday's news from the battlefield, as passed by the censor, was not of a character that enabled one to judge whether the result so far had been good or bad. It is going to be either a great victory or a great defeat. If it ends in a defeat for Germany, it will mean that she has lost the war. At this writing she would be a rash man who would dare

to prophesy the result. One can only hope that under the stupendous onslaught the forces of Britain will stand firm and steadfast, and that when the time comes they will turn upon the enemy and inflict a crushing defeat.

The main idea of the German offensive seems to lie in an endeavor to drive a wedge between the British and French armies, and to assault both wings of the salient between the Scarpe and the south end of Flesquières Ridge in order to cut off all intervening ground. By a rapid turning movement from both wings they might well hope to capture a great number of our men and guns. To effect this result, as shown by plans found on enemy prisoners, the Germans counted upon an advance of eight miles the first day, twelve on the second and twenty on the third. But the plans miscarried; the opposition they met was too stubborn and determined. At the end of four days of furious fighting, when fresh divisions after fresh divisions was flung into the fray until life regardless of the frightful toll of life exacted by the British, their progress had been only from three to fourteen miles on a fifty mile front. So far as obtaining their objective is concerned, the Hun has failed. But the danger is not over; the great test, we believe, is yet to come.

A war is not won until the enemy's armies in the field are either captured or destroyed. If the British line can be retired stage by stage and remain intact, no German victory is possible, for, during every hour of the offensive enormous losses are being inflicted upon the attacking forces. Germany is far less able to stand these losses than are the Allies. Her man-power cannot be augmented, while that of the western powers is increasing day by day. It is only a matter of a short time before the weight of American effort is thrown into the struggle. Germany understands that and realizes that for her it is now or never. If it is not now, then never may she hope for victory. It is a case of standing fast, of enduring for a short time, for "joy cometh with the morrow."

The premises of broken faith On sands of time are strewn; We bought those promises with death, What moved them? Stand, our own! Across the seas, on every strand, The bones of men bleach white, The sign posts of our Motherland, Stand fast, O Guards of Right!

Stand fast! nor heed she whining cry Of curs, who fear the foe, Of women who would fain deny That God had made them so, Stand fast! for all that Britain's worth, Stand fast amid this night, You hold the peace of all the earth, Stand fast, O Guards of Right!

William Voight, a shoemaker who caused the whole world to laugh at the expense of German militarism by his escapade at Coepenick, in 1906, is dead, according to an announcement made in Berlin.

Rippling Rhymes

VERNON CASTLE

I used to think, in olden days, that Vernon Castle lived in vain; I didn't like his fiddling ways; his dancing stunts gave me a pain. Press agents boasted him so long, and so extolled his skill and grace, I felt as one who suffers wrong, when I beheld his pictured face. "He ought to do some useful thing," I often said, in accents grave; "let women dance the Highland Fling—a man should like a man behave. Let women in the ballroom back, and castrol, bunyung and wait; a man should find a useful task, and climb it like a dose of salts." Ah, well, he saw the useful chore, and grabbed it like a house afire; he'll be forgotten nevermore, while there's a bard to twang a lyre. He quit the tinsel and the gilt without a murmur or a sigh, forsook the fame his legs had built, to he used to flit through endless films of movie art, but near his seven-dollar shirt there beat a grand heroic heart. He doesn't care a tinker's whoop what I may think, what I may say; but, mourning him, upon my coop I hung nine yards of crape today.

—WALT MASON.

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

By GENE BYRNES



PUBLIC OPINION

Huns Love the Irish. (Rochester Herald) The unprovoked Irish schooner Nanny Wignall was torpedoed by the Germans, and the drowning sailors were shelled as they struggled in the sea. The Germans love the Irish, don't they?

The Efficient Jap. (Rochester Herald) The only embarrassment that we can see to follow the turning loose of Japan at Germany's back door is that the Japanese might finish their job before the rest of us had quit talking over the way to do it.

Grafting and Watering Stock. (Toronto Star) A Montreal man suggests that titles should be given to farmers who produce large quantities of food. Such farmers may find themselves in the company of other knights skilled in grafting and watering stock.

Removing the Safety Valve. (Toronto Telegram) Competition was represented as the safety valve on the boiler of Canada's bank system. Too many of Canada's banking leaders seem to be intoxicated with an ambition to remove the safety valve of competition from the boilers built out of the Bank Act.

Favors the Ladies. (Geleph Mercury) The young ladies won't worry about the Government order abolishing high shoes. The season has come for the low kind now and look at the opportunity of displaying the gorgeous silk hosiery that nobody could see when they wore high shoes. The Government always steps in at the opportune time.

FOCH'S ARMY RESERVE

Is the Final Battle Aim of the Germans. Amsterdam, March 26.—The military correspondent of The Vossische Zeitung (Berlin), commenting on the German offensive, says:

"Whether the enemy is given time to consolidate his rear positions before a fresh blow is struck at the same spot need not be discussed. Maybe von Hindenburg will drive the wedge further into the enemy front, but it is just as probable that another front will be delivered on the next blow. The heavy artillery battle around Verdun, the fighting in Lorraine, at the Chemin-des-Dames and in the Champagne, may all be precursors of fresh blows. Our object is, not to win ground or towns, but the destruction of the enemy forces and his means of the continuation of the war. From this point of view, Gen. Foch's army reserve will form our battle aim."

Fears of Dutch Sail-powers that the ships seized by the United States are lost to them, are quieted in a communication to the Dutch press from the American Legation at The Hague. Field Marshal French has paid a fine tribute to the Canadian cadet school at Bexhill, stating that excellent work is being done there.

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