

**THE BRITISH WHIG**  
85TH YEAR.



Published Daily and Semi-Weekly by  
**THE BRITISH WHIG PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED.**  
J. G. Elliott, President  
Leman A. Guild, Editor and Managing Director

Telephone: 243  
Business Office: 243  
Editorial Rooms: 229  
Job Office: 252

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**  
(Daily Edition)  
One year, delivered in city \$6.00  
One year, if paid in advance \$5.00  
One year, by mail to rural offices \$2.50  
One year, to United States \$2.50  
(Semi-Weekly Edition)  
One year, by mail, cash \$1.00  
One year, if not paid in advance \$1.50  
One year, to United States \$1.50  
Six and three months pro rata.

**MONTREAL REPRESENTATIVE**  
R. Bruce Owen, 123 St. Peter St.  
**UNITED STATES REPRESENTATIVE**  
F. R. Northrup, 225 Fifth Ave., New York  
F. R. Northrup, 1515 Ass'n Bldg., Chicago

Letters to the Editor are published only over the actual name of the writer.

Attached is one of the best job printing offices in Canada.

The circulation of THE BRITISH WHIG is authenticated by the  
**A.B.C.**  
**Audit Bureau of Circulations.**

Won't someone please rise to remark that the Germans in the present retreat are going for Perse?

A French woman spy, it has just been proven, was also in the pay of Berlin. You can never be sure of the ladies.

The city authorities threaten to show no mercy to rowdies who make the dilapidated fair buildings worse than they are at present. The thing "can't be did."

"I am disgusted with the whole Anglo-Saxon race," the Kaiser is said to have told his American dentist. Well, not any more than the Anglo-Saxon race is disgusted with him.

According to the Whig's files, as noted yesterday, coal was selling in this city twenty-five years ago at \$6 a ton. Oh, for a short return to the good old days of yesterday.

The tanks which took part in the last battle of the Marne have been rechristened "chariots of victory." May the new name bring them good luck.

"Save and serve" is the creed of all who live in the free nations. To save, you must buy wisely; to buy wisely, you must study the advta. If you save, you can serve—in a thousand ways.

The Republican party of New York State is advocating "universal military training for national service." The country, in the party view, should not be caught again with an "insignificant army, badly equipped and altogether inadequate to cope with any serious crisis."

A number of American officers have been killed while leading their men against enemy positions. They were true to Anglo-Saxon traditions—they showed the way themselves. The German officers usually drive their men forward, while they themselves remain safely in the rear.

In discussing the water power possibilities at Morton, J. C. Judd, of that village, refers to our J. M. Campbell as having "tried to harness up a goose pond at Kingston Mills." It must be "some" goose pond, inasmuch as it furnishes Gananoque with power and light, with considerable over for Kingston.

A new airplane, capable of carrying nine men and two tons of bombs, and weighing over fourteen tons, has been produced by the Germans. It is equipped with four engines, generating 1,200 horsepower. If it isn't any more successful than the unwieldy Zeppelins it won't contribute very much toward the winning of the war.

There is an unwritten law in the United States to the effect that the president should not leave the country during his tenure of office. We might with profit adopt this procedure in Canada. Absence abroad during times of national unrest is not in the country's interest, and Premier Borden is being everywhere criticized for non-observance of this principle.

Signalling Officer Christie, in the Canadian Engineers, son of Mr. and

Mrs. G. R. Christie, Aylmer, in a letter to his father refers to the discussion and charges made as to the Military Y.M.C.A. He says: "Anyone who says the 'Y' is not doing good work is a liar (with my compliments). The stuff at their canteen is the cheapest. Imperials will come miles to get to a Canadian 'Y.'" Their spiritual work is of the highest type. He adds finally: "Some people will start a scandal on the resurrection morn, I believe."

**LET THEM SMOKE**  
The uncharitable remarks of the W. C. T. U. president as to Canadian soldiers' mode of life have reached the war zone and have been a cause of heartburning among our gallant heroes. Hear one of them as he assails the position of the temperance advocate's untemperate remarks: "What comfort is there in the trenches? Ask anyone who has done his bit and is now at home, and he will tell you the same thing—that tobacco is the only comfort. For instance, take the respite of a few minutes from the long night watches across No Man's Land, and the tobacco is the consolation."  
"Furthermore, when a mangled form of humanity is being packed out on stretchers, what does he in most cases ask for? Mrs. Wright's so-called rotten cigarettes, and he gets them, too. When Mrs. Wright has seen scenes of this nature and could be told by one who has spent some days in the trenches, perhaps she would be otherwise convinced. My advice to her is to take a trip to France or England and visit our hospitals and then our convalescent camps and get information first-hand, and not rely upon second-hand information to back up her arguments.  
"I have trained the boys in England myself, when they were fresh from Canada, and never have I seen smoking interfere with their training. Did it interfere at all with the Canadian troops during their big battles of Vimy, the Somme and Passchendaele? Not one atom. I myself am an ardent lover of the deplorable weed, and I never feel any ill-effects, and I can do my day's work as well as the man who never smokes. Let anyone come and have a look at our battalion, the majority heavy smokers, and you see a bunch of healthy, fine fellows, as Fritz has found to his cost."

**BELGIUM'S ELIZABETHVILLE.**  
In one of the most beautiful English valleys, far from devastated Belgium, there is a little village where, once more, Belgian homes are established as in the peaceful days before the war. Belgian housewives delight to keep the home fires burning in the most attractive way, Belgian workmen return as of old at the close of the day to their own fireside, and children, unafraid, gather about the family board or sing or play as children should. The name of this little haven is Elizabethville, in memory of the dear queen of these exiled people. Just where the heart of Elizabethville is to be found is somewhat of a puzzle. Some might think it located in the great munition factory. Others would contend that the soul of Elizabethville is in its homes. To be sure, the factory is the thing that gave the village the excuse for being. More than one and a half million shells have been made for England in this town, and no one but Belgians are employed. They are men who have seen service—90% of them—and at least three-fourths have been wounded. Four hundred have been decorated for bravery. At the end of 1916 the weekly wage, in pounds, more than doubled the production of shells. Today, although the wage has been increased, the two things balance.  
Elizabethville is a "Garden City"—electric light and water being in each cottage and each having a little garden spot attached. Each is furnished by the Ministry of Munitions, and the weekly rent pays for everything. There is one general store and one butcher shop, one church, a school for boys and another for girls. There is a hospital attended by military surgeons. Boy Scouts have a flourishing company, and the ladies can enjoy the games of their own country. A most interesting feature is that Elizabethville has three communal dining rooms which have proven highly successful. Food is good and the price is low.  
Thus does England care for the Belgian refugees. Thus does "perfidious Albion" practice what she preaches in regard to the rights of small nations. Her signature to a treaty means exactly what it says. It is no mere scrap of paper to be torn to pieces to serve a selfish end. It is a sacred thing, to be loyally upheld and enforced, be the cost what it may. The price may be great, but England's honor demands payment in full. To Britain's everlasting credit be it said that she has never shirked her duty no matter the odds against her. Through storm and stress, she has been true to the highest ideal; she has never lost faith in the fact that ultimately right must prevail over might, else life were meaningless and God a mockery.

**PUBLIC OPINION**  
Offensive.  
(Philadelphia Record)  
The term "peace offensive" is a particularly happy one, because Germany is decidedly more offensive when it talks peace than when it carries on war.  
Some Sprinter.  
(London Advertiser)  
Crown prince captured! Tush! Tom Longboat was the only soldier who could catch Willie, and Tom's back in Canada.  
Kaiser's Easy Marks.  
(Indianapolis News)  
It must be admitted, however, that the Kaiser has come nearer fooling all his people all the time than any other ruler.  
Some Truth In This.  
(Richmond Times-Dispatch)  
One-minute prayers, followed by fifty-nine minutes of good honest work will accomplish more than one-hour prayer with the other item left off.

**ALGERNON BLACKWOOD**  
  
Author of "The Promise of Air," a symbolical novel.  
**THE KID HAS GONE TO THE COLORS.**  
By W. M. Hershell.  
The Kid has gone to the Colors. And we don't know what to say. The Kid has loved and cuddled. Stepped out for the flag to-day. We thought him a child, a baby. With never a care at all. But his country called him man-size. And the Kid has heard the call. He paused to watch the recruiting. Where, fired by the life and drum. He bowed his head to Old Glory. And thought that it whispered: "Come!"  
The Kid, not being a slacker. Stood forth with patriot-joy. To add his name to the roster— "And God, we're proud of the boy!"  
The kid has gone to the Colors; It seems but a little while Since he drilled a schoolboy army In a truly martial style. But now he's a man, a soldier. And we lend him listening ear. For his heart is a heart all loyal. Uncouraged by the curse of fear.  
His dad, when he told him, shuddered; His mother—God bless her—cried. Yet, blest with a mother-nature. She wept with a mother-pride. But he whose old shoulders straightened Was granddad—for memory ran To years when he, too, a youngster. Have a cool job for this kind of weather." The good lady did not stop to think of the hard work the fellow was up against in carrying the ice into the houses.  
Increasing G.W.V.A. Membership.  
The G.W.V.A. is conducting a membership campaign and thirty new members were secured during the week ending July 27th, and to-day it is expected that the new members is expected that the new members will reach 200. The aim of the committee is to give the Kingston branch a membership of 1,000 and the goal is almost in sight.

**Never Retreat.**  
(Montreal Star)  
A Danish engineer has invented a "steel soldier" to stand in the forefront of battle and never retreat. Look out for the first huge order from Austria.  
**Fairly Scant.**  
(Ohio State Journal)  
Membership in the Y.W.C.A. entitled girls to become privates in the military department. The uniform will consist of an arm band and trench cap.  
**Convertible Skates.**  
(Buffalo News)  
A Chicago man has invented convertible skates. Speaking of convertible skates, did you ever notice how quickly a man sobers up when his wife sights him unexpectedly?

**Gullible Prussian Efficiency.**  
(New York Sun)  
Serious consideration of a plan to invade Canada from this country with 100,000 German reservists was exactly what might have been expected from the Kaiser's agents here. The gullibility of Prussian efficiency is one of its most amazing qualities.  
**Great Demand For Ice.**  
The drivers of the ice wagons have had a strenuous time the past two weeks. Owing to the hot spell there has been an extra demand on the company for ice, and the drivers have had to work very hard. There is no harder job than handling ice all day. One driver was much amused the other day when a lady said to him: "You certainly have a cool job for this kind of weather." The good lady did not stop to think of the hard work the fellow was up against in carrying the ice into the houses.

**Miss Hilda McKenna, Belleville, had her hand badly crushed in a mangle at a steam laundry. Lt.-Col. Floyd, Cobourg, has received the appointment of Police Magistrate of that town.**

**EXERCISE**  
This little stunt each day is mine: I walk three versts, in rain or shine. When breakfast's safely stowed away, I gird my well-known loins and say: "Farewell, fond wife and loving aunt! The time has come to gallivant. The sawbones tells me I must walk for sixty minutes by the clock; so I must leave my dear abode, and push myself along the road, must slink the Bill and Irapad the dell—farewell, old girls, a long farewell!" Oh, then I swoop along the tea, and motor cars come up by me; their drivers say, "Get in and ride! You're wearing out the countryside; it wasn't built for such a weight—get in and ride, you old fat skate!" It takes all kinds of fortitude to say, "I'm in the walking mood; I guess I will not ride to-day," and groaning along my stony way. I walk three versts and then return to where the household beacons burn, and sit my down beneath the trees; I've sprained my ankles and my knees, while struggling on the dusty track, and I have stitches in my back, and shooting pains around my neck, my lungs and windpipe are a wreck. The doctor says that exercise is just the doc; scared stiff by all his fierce harangues, I still saw off the parasangs.  
—WALT MASON.

**THE KID HAS GONE TO THE COLORS.**  
By W. M. Hershell.  
The Kid has gone to the Colors. And we don't know what to say. The Kid has loved and cuddled. Stepped out for the flag to-day. We thought him a child, a baby. With never a care at all. But his country called him man-size. And the Kid has heard the call. He paused to watch the recruiting. Where, fired by the life and drum. He bowed his head to Old Glory. And thought that it whispered: "Come!"  
The Kid, not being a slacker. Stood forth with patriot-joy. To add his name to the roster— "And God, we're proud of the boy!"  
The kid has gone to the Colors; It seems but a little while Since he drilled a schoolboy army In a truly martial style. But now he's a man, a soldier. And we lend him listening ear. For his heart is a heart all loyal. Uncouraged by the curse of fear.  
His dad, when he told him, shuddered; His mother—God bless her—cried. Yet, blest with a mother-nature. She wept with a mother-pride. But he whose old shoulders straightened Was granddad—for memory ran To years when he, too, a youngster. Have a cool job for this kind of weather." The good lady did not stop to think of the hard work the fellow was up against in carrying the ice into the houses.  
Increasing G.W.V.A. Membership.  
The G.W.V.A. is conducting a membership campaign and thirty new members were secured during the week ending July 27th, and to-day it is expected that the new members is expected that the new members will reach 200. The aim of the committee is to give the Kingston branch a membership of 1,000 and the goal is almost in sight.

**Rippling Rhymes**

**EXERCISE**  
This little stunt each day is mine: I walk three versts, in rain or shine. When breakfast's safely stowed away, I gird my well-known loins and say: "Farewell, fond wife and loving aunt! The time has come to gallivant. The sawbones tells me I must walk for sixty minutes by the clock; so I must leave my dear abode, and push myself along the road, must slink the Bill and Irapad the dell—farewell, old girls, a long farewell!" Oh, then I swoop along the tea, and motor cars come up by me; their drivers say, "Get in and ride! You're wearing out the countryside; it wasn't built for such a weight—get in and ride, you old fat skate!" It takes all kinds of fortitude to say, "I'm in the walking mood; I guess I will not ride to-day," and groaning along my stony way. I walk three versts and then return to where the household beacons burn, and sit my down beneath the trees; I've sprained my ankles and my knees, while struggling on the dusty track, and I have stitches in my back, and shooting pains around my neck, my lungs and windpipe are a wreck. The doctor says that exercise is just the doc; scared stiff by all his fierce harangues, I still saw off the parasangs.  
—WALT MASON.

**THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN**  
Copyright.

THAT STUFF ABOUT ME GETTING AN OFFER FROM THE FEDERAL LEAGUE IS ALL BUNK! I'M MAKING MORE MONEY NOW THAN I EVER DREAMED OF AND I'M NOT LOCKING FOR AN INCREASE IN MY CONTRACT I'M PERFECTLY SATISFIED!

ORGANIZED BASEBALL MANAGE THE STAR BALLPLAYER

LOVINNO



Gene Byrnes

**BIBBYS**  
**Style Headquarters**

**Young Men's Two Piece Suits**

Size 33 to 38.  
Pinch Back, Belter and Form Fitters, Fancy Homespun Serges and Worsteds. Special Value, \$12.50, \$15.00 and \$16.50.

**OUTING TROUSERS**  
White Duck, \$2.00.  
Light Weight Cheviots in Light Shades \$3.75.  
Flannel Trousers, \$5.00.

**BATHING SUITS**  
\$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.  
Wool Bathing Suits, \$3.50 and \$4.50

**Headquarters for Men's Underwear**



**LOWE BROS.**  
HIGH STANDARD PAINT  
is not a new line, as it has been made for 60 years. We can show you houses painted five years ago with it, and are still in first class condition. Sold only at  
**BUNT'S**  
Phone 388 Hardware King St.

**Safety Goggles**

For AUTOMOBILISTS BICYCLE RIDERS MOTOR CYCLISTS THRESHERS, ETC. in AMBER, SMOKE, BLUE From 50c to \$2.50.

**DR. CHOWN'S DRUG STORE**  
187 Princess St., Phone 848

**Eat less Bread**

**FOR SALE**  
Six General Stores  
In villages in Kingston district. The annual sales in these stores range from \$8,000 to \$50,000. For particulars, apply to

**Try it for Breakfast!**  
We were fortunate in having a good supply of coffee on hand when the duty was put on and will continue to sell our  
**Java and Mocha Blend**  
At 40c Per Lb. for the present. Roasted on the Premises. Ground Hourly.  
**Jas. REDDEN & Co.**  
Phone 20 and 900. Canada Food Board License Nos. 9-425 and 9-154.

**T.J. Lockhart,**  
Real Estate and Insurance, Kingston, Ontario.  
**THOMAS COPLEY**  
Telephone 987  
wanting anything done in the carpentry line. Estimates given on all kinds of repairs and new work; also hardware Store of all kinds. All orders will receive prompt attention. Shop 90 Queen street.

**Feed Your Poultry**  
Purina Baby Chick Feed, Purina Chicken Chowder, Purina Scratch Feed.  
More Eggs and Sturdy Chicks. For Sale By  
**D. Couper**  
841-3 Princess Street. Phone 76. Canada Food Board License No. 6-3546.

**Save Coal Now**

Use imported chestnut coke for kitchen ranges. Clean, no smoke, no clinkers, and does not count against your coal supply.

**Crawford**  
Foot of Queen St. Phone 9

**Ottawa Dairy ICE CREAM**  
Pints Delivered to All Parts of the City.  
Price 25c. Wholesale and Retail.  
**F. C. Hambrook**  
Salesman.  
Phone 1273. 176 Alfred St.

**The Sawyer Shoe Store**  
W. H. Williams, Almonte, has gone to Eganville, where he has a position in the woolen mills.