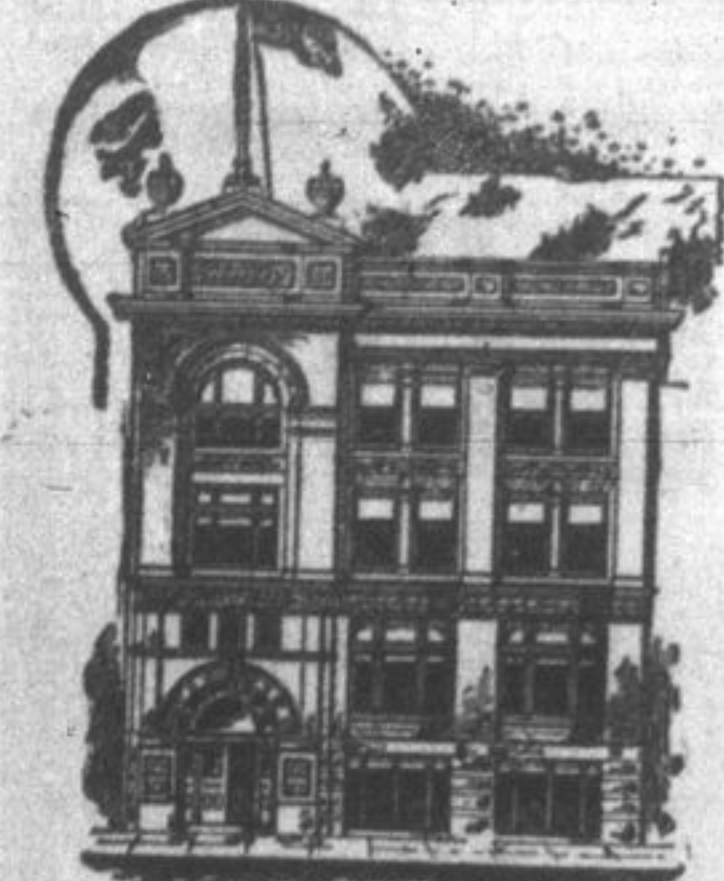


THE BRITISH WHIG 85TH YEAR.



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Day by day the war news grows better. The Hun may be a long way from defeat yet, but his power for harm is fast diminishing.

A Berlin report intimates that the German navy may soon emerge from its haven of refuge in the Kell canal. In that event its next resting place will be in Davy Jones' locker.

Canada has just set aside 76,000 square miles of territory in the north-west as grazing grounds for reindeer. This ensures that our juvenile population will not be disappointed on Christmas Eve.

Events in Russia are moving in a direction favorable to the Allies. The situation is at last being properly handled and bids fair to result in the formation of a barrier against German ambitions in the east.

The beautiful elms fronting the county court house are alive with caterpillars, which are destroying the foliage. It is a pity that some means are not being adopted to protect this fine row of ornamental trees.

The Imperial War Cabinet has not yet concluded its sessions, and the Prime Minister of Canada is still in attendance in the prosecution of a great common task, the unification of the Empire, in which Canada is a bright particular unit.

Tommy Church, the wordy mayor of Toronto, flim-flammed the people of his burg. A big crowd gathered to hear the Riot Act read, but His Worship only harangued the populace. Maybe he wanted to make a real excuse to have the Riot Act read.

Government price-fixing, that will curb greedy profiteers while not interfering with production, is being demanded on all sides. Standardization, regulation, control of essential commodities is required to-day to prevent the spread of discontent and disorder.

So successful has been the war waged against the U-boat that German sailors have mutilated rather than serve in this branch of the service. Seeing so many of their brother sailors going out in submarines and never coming back has shattered their nerve.

"Bob" Rogers has bobbed up again, like the famous "bobbed tailed nag." And he suggests the revival of party government in the midst of the war's direst trials. The Brantford Expositor rightly says "it is yellow dog partisans of the Rogers type, who are the gravest menace to good government at any time."

We hail Marshal Foch! He put his strategy to work and with a million men accomplished a brilliant feat. For the second time he pushed the foe back from the Marne and we hope never to return. France has honored him with its highest honor, but the world acclaims him as its greatest military strategist.

It is a good sign to read that the New York State Retail Grocers' Association has pledged its members, including delicatessen dealers of New York City, to close up their places of business all day Sunday, even though the law permits them

to keep open until 10 a.m. Men are beginning to realize the benefit of a day of rest.

"Let our national life be enriched by that splendid spirit of self-sacrifice which has consecrated our battle fields and help make of Canada a nation worthy of her fallen sons."—General Currie. That is a striking part of the message of the commander of the Canadian armies in the field to the people at home. It should be heeded by all—civilian and returned man alike. Our duty, as the general so well expresses it, is to make of this dominion "a nation worthy of her fallen sons."

VOLUNTARY FOOD CONTROL.

Municipal officers are in a favored place from which to see a change coming over the Dominion which might, but for the impelling cause of war, have taken generations to accomplish. To watch this change in our Canadian life as it runs downward to the individual home, controlling kitchen and penetrating pantry, furnishes a psychological study of democracy in the making. About last December, says Ernest B. Roberts, of the Canada Food Board, it became a sort of gramophone record to repeat, "What is the food controller doing, anyway?" The 100,000 food dealers who will be under license shortly have already altered their tone, changed the gramophone disc as it were, and are now asking a little quersly, "What is the food controller doing to us, anyway?"

Something began last December which is destined perhaps to revolutionize ideas of home life; something which changed our methods of shopping. This is the licensing system. Through the retailers, the homes of Canada will learn the discipline of self-control. Greater food saving and greater food production are not ours to pick and choose. We must do it; it is our war, and mere distance from the field only heightens our obligation to help in non-combatant service. Actual control has not reached the consumer, except when he hoards food or wilfully wastes it. Then he is amenable indeed. Voluntarism still holds for the consumer, but it is the time of testing. Unbelievable results were obtained by voluntary rations in Great Britain before a sterner method became imperative. There may be no submarine blockade of Canada, but the means will be found, make no doubt about it, when they are wanted, to carry out the regulations.

A PACIFIST FULMINATES.

The Weekly Sun of Toronto has a pacifist associate editor who rails against the churches for preaching so much Old Testament doctrine of fight rather than the new message of the gospels. And then he fulminates:

"An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" has been more frequently heard than "Peace on earth, good will to men." The command "Thou shalt not kill" has been changed to an injunction to kill provided the killing is in an organized wholesale way and confined to those we call enemies. We have reverted to the idea of a god which is the deity of one particular tribe and the Allies of that tribe. We no longer sing: "Praise Him all creatures here below," but "scatter his enemies"—"his" in this case being a man who happened to be born on a certain date of certain parents. We have forgotten the ideal of a common brotherhood, and have descended to one of a mere tribal brotherhood.

"Out of this something else is being evolved. Selfishness is hardening along new lines—class against class, city against country. Labor and capital, which seemed at one time to be coming together, are drawing further apart. A new line of cleavage was discerned at the recent Great War Veterans' Convention when all the discussion, as reported, appeared to be based on the assumption that the veterans are to be a class apart."

And for all these dire calamities the church must share responsibility. Fudge! The church has preached the doctrine of the destruction of Prussianism, the destruction of the spirit of might, the destruction forever of outrages, brutalities, wantonness by a nation steeped in militarism. No other doctrine could be preached. No pacifist idea of turning the other cheek to the smiter is applicable. Force and might must be levelled to allow "the ideals of a common brotherhood" to dominate. With nine-tenths of the world against the vile Hun, the preachers have a pretty sure warrant to enunciate the principles that will make for a better, a safer, a wiser and a more perfect understanding among nations and a larger liberty for all peoples. And when the freebooter and pirate is tamed then the nations will create a league—and the churches will join in the proposal—so that there shall be no more war. God hasten the dawning day!!

A PLEA FOR ARGUING.

The Kansas City Star prints a plea for arguing as a social diversion, quoting the words of a clever woman who prefers the discussion of interesting topics to the ordinary talk on harmless subjects concerning which there is no difference of opinion. It is unfortunately true that

arguing, which should be a means of mutual enlightenment between the sexes, flourishes best on the lower rounds of the social ladder, where the club and axe enter into the discussion, shows signs of decay as we climb higher and ceases to exist in the rarified atmosphere that surrounds royalty. In what is termed good society arguing is frowned upon because it interferes with the polite art of not thinking about anything in particular. He who tries to stem the flood tide of genial banality with remarks appealing to the higher intelligence does it at his own peril. The man most persistently sought after and most frequently bidden to fashion a revel is he who is best versed in the arts of obvious banality. The woman who is quite capable of holding her own in discussions of things worth while is by no means wanting in good society, but is too worldly wise to frighten the men by any display of her brain power.

The world has quite recently been furnished with an object lesson in what is apt to follow the total extinction of arguing. But yesterday a man of imperfect intelligence and weak will ruled over a vast territory containing many millions of people. As he governed by divine right, he was surrounded by courtiers who never disagreed with him, and, paradoxical as it may seem, his power was so great that he never knew what was going on in his own empire. No one, not even the wisest of his counsellors, could argue with him, and no real information ever reached his ears; not even the crack of the rifles that put an end to his career.

PUBLIC OPINION

Paying the Penalty. (Macon Telegraph) Speaking of chickens coming home to roost, the arrogant Teut is now wearing pants made of scraps of paper.

Publicity Not Wanted. (London Answer) "George, dear, you've been drinking again! I can tell it." "Don't do it, m'dear; don't do it. Let's keep it a family secret."

Not On Their Uppers. (Memphis Commercial Appeal) The rest of Germany may go barefooted, but you can't see the simoleon the six Hohenzollern boys have enough shoes for a centipede.

Wartime Mystery. (Rochester Post-Express) There are many things about war that we do not profess to understand, and one of the greatest mysteries is how German soldiers, who are said to be wearing paper pants,

Rippling Rhymes

WOMEN TRIUMPHANT

The woman barber is on deck; to-day she dyed my sideboards blue, and brushed some talcum on my neck, as well as any man could do. Her lily fingers held my nose, she lathered me with queenly grace, and tinted up the brush that grows around the borders of my face. To-day I took a jitney ride; a woman driver held the wheel; she was as blooming as a bride, and full of business as an oel. And when I offered her in pay a bogus seven-dollar bill, she threw me o'er a stack of hay with most surprising strength and skill. I went to shock some sheaves of wheat, that all the nations may be free; and, as I toiled on weary feet, a husky dame worked next to me. As counsel for James Pritchard Hose, is court I did my very best; a woman lawyer then arose, and with my wife I fell downstairs and broke a thigh; a woman surgeon brought a knife and fixed me up as good as new. Then men have gone to whp the Hun; their wives and daughters stay behind, to see that every duty's done, to carry on the ceaseless grind. To-day I thought, with a whoop and son, I'd celebrate a Hun defeat; a woman peeler came along, and pinched me, on commercial street. A woman jaker saw me kneel contritely on the prison stones; a woman cad heard my spiel, and put me down for fifteen bones.

—WALT MASON.

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

By GENE BYRNES



can get up enough courage to charge through barbed wire entanglements.

On Wapath a Long Time. (Auburn Citizen) The Onondaga Indians may be about to declare war against Germany but their adopted son, Mr. Gohl, has been at the Wapath against Germany since August 1, 1914.

Were Over-moed. (Houston Post) What must surprise street-railroad employees, in view of the action of the government, is their own moderation in the demands originally submitted to their employers.

THE SUNSHINE AND THE BREEZE. The blow upon the sea-gull's silver wings, The snadows as they send, Deep sapphure o'er the flood, The tall gray crags where purple lo, every one of these (The sunshine and the breeze) Is worth a kingly crown Beside the Summer seas.

Cloud-shadows sweeping every strath and hill, And hill, The harebell's azure chime, The bees among the thyme, And heaven reflected in the waters still; Lo, every one of these (The sunshine and the breeze) Is worth a kingly crown Beside the Summer Seas. —Mary G. Cherry.

NEW AMERICAN TAXES.

Leased Wires, Tobacco and Automobile Rates Raised. Washington, Aug. 10.—Tax of ten per cent, on amounts paid for leased telephone and telegraph wires, including press association and brokerage circuits; a horse-power tax on automobile owners and doubling of the tobacco taxes of the present law, instead of a higher range of rates previously agreed on were written into the \$8,000,000,000 revenue bill by the House Ways and Means Committee.

Cholera Infantum

Cholera infantum is one of the fatal ailments of childhood. It is a trouble that comes on suddenly, especially during the summer months and unless prompt action is taken the little one may soon be beyond aid. Baby's Own Tablets are an ideal medicine in warding off this trouble. They regulate the bowels and sweeten the stomach and thus prevent all the dreaded summer complaints. Concerning them Mrs. Fred Rose, South Bay, Ont., says:—"I feel Baby's Own Tablets saved the life of our baby when she had cholera infantum and I would not be without them." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Polish newspapers declare that the population of the Kingdom has decreased from 14,000,000 to 10,500,000 during the war. The U. S. President will pay an income tax of \$24,000 on his \$75,000 salary.

Bibbys Men's and Boys' Wear Dignity Due To Style. Society brand clothes will solve your clothes problem. They lend to exclusiveness. They are stylish, yet conservative, and we have a model to satisfy the tastes of men of every age and proportion. FANCY WORSTEDS: The Sinton \$22.50, The Alton 20.00, The Ashton 25.00, The Broker 27.50, The Banker 30.00. ENGLISH OUTFIT TROUSERS: Cream flannel and serges. Plain and neat stripes, \$5.00 and \$7.50. BATHING SUITS: One piece with skirt. Special values, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$3.50. Wool ones \$4.50. ENGLISH BLUE SERGES: \$22.50, \$25, \$27.50, \$30, \$35. The Aviator \$16.50, The Don 20.00, The Oxford 37.50. English Raincoats: Trench model. Good rain or shine. Nobby tweed effects, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$22.50. Athletic Underwear. Special values, \$1.25 and \$1.50 per suit. Men's Lustre Coats. Special values \$3.50. Sale of Straw Hats: All our straw hats. Regular \$2.00 and \$2.50 ines, to clear at 98c each. Bibbys

LOWE BROS. HIGH STANDARD PAINT. BUNT'S Hardware King St. Phone 388

Summer Drinks. Lime Juice, Lime Juice Cordial, Grape Juice, Gurd's Ginger Ale, Guard's Dry Ginger Ale, Imported Ginger Ale, Raspberry Vinegar, White Rock, Radnor, Tally-ho. Jas. Redden & Co. License Nos. 6-459 and 8-184.

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 T.J. Lockhart, Real Estate and Insurance, Kingston, Ontario.

Wood's Phosphodine. The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new blood in old veins, cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worries, Depression, Loss of Energy, Volition, of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price \$1 per box, six for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT., (Grandy Watson.) Safety Goggles. For AUTOMOBILISTS, BICYCLE RIDERS, MOTOR CYCLISTS, THRESHERS, ETC. In AMBER, SMOKE, BLUE. From 50c to \$2.50. DR. CHOWN'S DRUG STORE 188 Princess St., Phone 848. Port Hope tax rate this year is 24 mills on the dollar.

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

Choice Meats. Special low prices on all steaks and fresh meats for one week. The very best fresh and cured meats carried in stock. Prompt Delivery Charles Quick Phone 1192J 112 Clergy St.