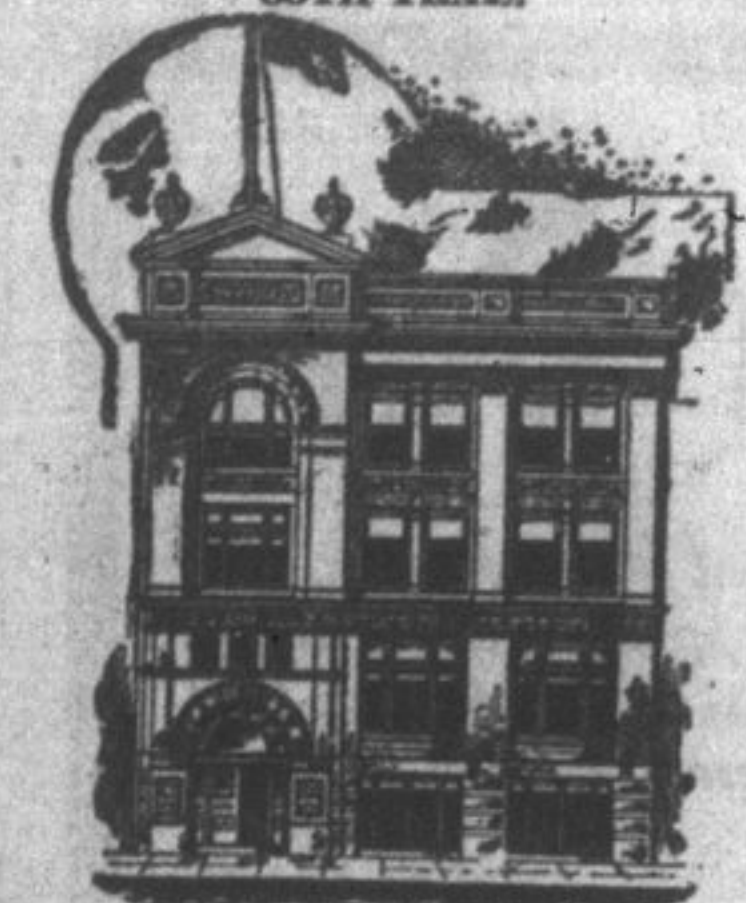


THE BRITISH WHIG 85TH YEAR.



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Bob Bushell's big fair promises to be a hummer this year.

Cheer up. The Germans have struck their last big blow.

Every day is moving day for Fritz just now, remarks the Sydney Record.

In view of the high price of wheat, is it any wonder that wheat is highest in the National Baseball batting list?

Even people from London, Ont., must obey the traffic regulations when they come to Kingston. If London is a lawless place, Kingston is not. This is no one-horse town.

The war must be near an end and good times coming or the Christian Science Monitor, a daily Boston newspaper, would not be increasing its size from twelve to eighteen pages.

Fuel Controller Magrath warns the people of Canada that a serious fuel situation is developing in this country. Those who can secure a supply of wood should not let the opportunity pass.

About time the police force announced that it has gathered in enough fines from auto owners to buy a patrol wagon and a few pleasure cars for the use of the alert guardians of the law.

City grocers are being deluged with orders for sugar, prompted by a report of its growing scarcity. If every housewife would be content with normal requirements, the supply would quite probably be sufficient to go around.

Oct. 9th has been set aside as fire prevention day. It is well that the people's attention should be thus called to the alarming and totally unnecessary losses resulting from fires in this country. Canada still leads the nations of the world in fire losses.

Some idea of ship construction and sailing regulations may be gathered from the fact that to-day a merchant vessel is leaving North Atlantic ports for Europe every forty minutes. The U-boat, as an important factor in the war, has ceased to exist.

Frank H. Simonds, the leading American military critic, says that it is within reason now to hope that the Germans may be pushed to the French frontier before the snow flies. And Simonds' figuring all through the war has proven remarkably correct.

The town of Gananoque has decreased its police force to one, and instead of giving chase to culprits it apparently has adopted the advertising plan, for the town council is offering a reward of fifty dollars for information that will lead to the arrest of the person or persons who burglarized a drug store. It may pay even to advertise for missing burglars.

THE ALIEN QUESTION. The Montreal Herald sums up the alien question in Canada most admirably, when it says: "The aliens in this country either belong to nations allied with us or to enemy nations. If they are allies, then the place of those of them who are of

military age is in the Allied military service. If they are enemies, then they should be interned." That is sound logic. It is what the Great War Veterans have asked for. It is what the Whig has persistently advocated. The government ought to delay no longer in introducing legislation to this effect. Failure to act may quite possibly result in more riots, such as recently occurred in Toronto.

INCREASE IN AUTOMOBILES. Ontario farmers own 23,499 automobiles. Ontario merchants and manufacturers own 14,825 automobiles. Ontario editors owning motor cars, says the Belleville Intelligencer, are too few to make a quorum, or even raise a good-sized dust. Seems strange, but the official records show that in 1913 there were only 966 motor cars owned by farmers in Ontario, so that since the war began 22,443 automobiles have been purchased by farmers. Wonder if the increase in automobiles has anything to do with the high price of hogs and other apparently necessary evils? questions our Bay of Quints contemporary.

A LACK OF GUIDANCE. The government has no monopoly of the political and economic wisdom of the country, and it has been further handicapped by what seems the quite unnecessary absence of several ministers in Europe. No British nor American minister, observes the Veteran, has been able to snatch more than a few days' holidays during his period of office, but almost one-third of ours can find time for prolonged excursions and lengthy absences across the Atlantic. The result is a complete lack of guidance in our national affairs and all the vicious results of drift and compromise. A whole variety of problems requires to be dealt with immediately, and the government, which has protected itself from the perils of vigorous policies by the devices of commissions and colorless statements, as a lady tells herself from rough breezes, needs the stimulus of members who come fresh from contact with what is now an anxious and critical electorate.

THE WAR GOES WELL. Every despatch from the front is to-day an encouraging one. Under General Foch, the Allied armies are proving their superiority over the Hun. The boasted superman is retreating along a wide front, and is fighting desperately to prevent the retreat from being turned into a complete rout. The world now realizes that, man to man, the Hun cannot compare in stamina or fighting qualities with the citizen soldier of the free democracies which are battling against him. Hilaire Belloc, perhaps the greatest military critic of the day, in summing up the past week's operations, ascribes the victories of the Allies to three elements, viz., the military aptitude of the French, the mechanical genius of the British as demonstrated in the effective use of tanks, and the ardor of the Americans. He sees a clear field for military victory.

We have the Hun backing up. The United States has helped to put spirit in all the Allied nations, because the U.S. boys are fresh and untired and they are now "over there" well over a million strong, with another million in the background. Let us all cheer up. Things are going better. The hard work is beginning to bear fruit, and perhaps we may be surprised with a general break in Germany before long. It all depends on hard and constant hitting everywhere.

It must have been a grand sight to see, arm in arm at Montdidier, the linked-up Canadians, Australians, Americans, French, British, Czechs, Poles, Portuguese, Chinese, Africans—nearly all races that possess civilization and virtue, going up together against the Hun, as General Mangin phrased it, "racing as to a happy feast."

It is the arrival of the United States in such force that has put such spirit in the Allies. "Who is the happy warrior?" asked Wordsworth. It seems that the Allied warrior is the happy warrior, now that he has been strengthened and encouraged by forces fresh from the New World.

Canada's whole work is the glory of a star that has no setting. She and Australia have really shown the supreme qualities of the war, because, though beyond seas, they volunteered to the full from the first. It is the supreme example of chivalry, and that is why, everywhere in the United States, Americans stare with eyes of praise at an Anzac or Canadian soldier.

The spirited, dashing, well-equipped American is now in, and this lifts the whole war from the slough of despond and from the deadlock of trench fighting into the open fields of victory. Like a wind from the glorious heights of freedom come the millions of the Yanks upon the field, and their work will be quick, fierce and fearless. No wonder all the Allies, especially the animated French, are delirious with joy and battle spirit, seeing victory ahead, as sure as the prophecies of our

Jehovah—a very different being from the kaiser's "Gott," a heathen idol. Victory is flaming over the hill-tops. Just a little longer and all will be well. Let every effort be put forth now, and the rout of the world's common enemy will be utter and complete.

PUBLIC OPINION

Perplexing inconsistency. (New York Sun) There is perplexing inconsistency in the British ruling that women can vote but not be voted for.

Yes, We've Noticed. (Macon, Ga., Telegraph) You've noticed perhaps that generally the fellow who isn't worth the powder it would take to kill him, and couldn't hold a job of shooting flies, knows all about how the Government and the war and everything else except his own affairs ought to be conducted.

Must Teach the Huns. (Toronto Star) It is not enough, therefore, for the Huns to get out of France and vacate and restore Belgium. They cannot be allowed to "make war pay" at the expense of Russia. They have got to come out of this war knowing that war doesn't pay, but is the worst kind of bad business ever attempted. Talk is of no use in this matter. They have got to be shown that war is a thing out of which they emerge very bad losers. Then they will settle down to a new way of thinking.

The Day of Reckoning. (New York Globe) The burning fields and forests of France may be consoling to the subjects of the Kaiser to-day, but when the last gun is fired the bill for damages will not be so consoling. Nothing that Germany can do over will adequately pay for the suffering she has inflicted on this world, but for the material damage done she must pay. The man who would lift his voice in favor of anything less must be bereft of all sense of justice and decency.

Where is Karl? (Philadelphia Record) Where is our old friend, Karl Rosner, these stirring days? And his imperial master, Wilhelm, no less? Let us hope that these congenial souls are again in a tall tower, watching the rapid movements (backwards) of the great German army. (This is a subject on which the Kaiser's comments would really be worth preserving for the historians of the future. We trust that Karl has a voluminous notebook and is missing no precious word. Wilhelm's reflections will be read with keen interest by a billion or two of people.)

In spite of restrictions imposed by the Canada Food Board, in spite of the compulsory use of substitutes, the consumption of flour in Canada for purely domestic purposes has been steadily increasing, as indicated by figures prepared by the Labor Department.

"YOU DID." It's good to wander back again, Among the old home folk; It rather satisfies a man To hear the same old jokes. To hear somebody say, "I knew You when you were a kid." But some one always tells you of The foolish things you did.

Your heart beats lighter, as it did In long forgotten days, When at some well-remembered spot Reflectively you gaze, But it seems queer that all your good And noble deeds are hid, And people only call in mind The foolish things you did.

They talk of others who've gone out Into some foreign land, They tell of things these other folks Have done, and they seem grand, But when it comes to talk of you Their minds cannot be rid Of the belief you'd like to hear The foolish things you did.

You know you've done a thing or two Which show you've got some sense, But every time they talk of you They're certain to commence With tales of "What a fool you were When you lived here—a kid"; They have forgotten all except The foolish things you did. —Baltimore American.

THE BOY WHO DIDN'T PASS. (Christian Advocate) A sad-faced little fellow sits alone in deep disgrace; There's a lump arising in his throat and tears stream down his face. He wandered from his playmates, for he doesn't want to hear Their shouts of merry laughter since the world has lost its cheer. He has sipped the cup of sorrow, he has drained the bitter glass, And his heart is fairly breaking—he's the boy who didn't pass.

In the apple tree the robin sings a cheery little song, But he doesn't seem to hear it, showing plainly something's wrong; Comes his faithful little spaniel for a romp and bit of play, But the troubled little fellow sternly hid his eyes away. And alone he sits in sorrow, with his hair a tangled mass, And his eyes are red with weeping—he's the boy who didn't pass.

Oh, you who boast a laughing son and speak of him as bright, And you who love a little girl who comes to you to-night, With smiling eyes and dancing feet with honors from her school, Turn to that lonely boy who thinks he is a fool. And take him kindly by the hand, the dearest of his clay, He is the one who most needs love—the boy who didn't pass.

Napanee Notes. Napanee, Aug. 21.—Mrs. E. Boyle, Mr. A. F. Reed and Mrs. Frank Van De Bogart motored to Picton yesterday to spend a few days with relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McGill and little son Donald, of Everet, Ont., motored to Napanee this week, and will spend a week or two with friends at relative Ross Hill left yesterday for Saskatoon.

Rippling Rhymes

MENTAL HEALING

I walked down town and cried, "Gee whiz!" an awful uproar making; for I was full of rheumatism, and all my joints were aching. I groaned and swore at every step, my aches would not desert me; I had no case, I had no pep, and every motion hurt me. Oh, I had led on purple pills, I'd lived on drug and potion, and none of them relieved my ills, though swallowed by the ocean. At last I reached the courthouse square, and wondered what was doing there; a lot of men were dancing there, and yipping and hurrooing. "Have you not heard the news?" cried one his face with joy aglow; "our boys have whipped the beastly Hun and chased him in the river." And then, though I am old and fat, I joined the boys cavorting; I whooped around and waved my hat, and kept the welkin snorting. When I got home my good wife called, "Your rheumatism's better? You walk like one who has installed a brand new carburettor." I said, "The Hun is getting his! The news from Europe pleases; I haven't time for rheumatism or any punk diseases." —WALT MASON.

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN



BIBBYS Style Headquarters for Men's and Boys' Wear. Smart Clothes. New suits and overcoats have arrived. Don't let anything prevent your seeing our: New Overcoat, the Guardsman, at \$22.50; New Suit, the Lipton, at \$27.50 and \$30.00. New Arrow Shirts. Have Arrived. Beauties... \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.75. Bibbys.

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NOTICE TO OUR PATRONS. Owing to the scarcity of help we have been handicapped in our repair department, and have been unable to get the work out as soon as we expected. We now have a full staff of repair men and assure prompt service in the future. Central Garage, Ed Walsh, Prop., 225 King St.

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, Clarence Street, Ontario.

Save Coal Now. Use imported chestnut coke for kitchen ranges. Clean, no smoke, no clinkers, and does not count against your coal supply. Major Goodwill Transferred. Schooner Total Wreck.

Dr. E. Fraser Bowie is Appointed New Grand Medical Examiner. Toronto, Aug. 21.—J. Lockie Wilson, the Grand Master of the Ancient Order of United Workmen of Ontario, has appointed Dr. E. Fraser Bowie to the office of Grand Medical Examiner of the society. Dr. Bowie has been in active practice in Toronto for many years. He is a Past District Deputy Grand Master Workman of the A.O.U.W. As the chief medical supervisor of the order he is successor to the late Dr. J. Milton Cotton, who filled the office for twenty-six years.

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