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Both Hindenburg and his famous line have now disappeared.

A long, hard winter is ahead of Germany, and the back door is wide open, remarks the Brockville Recorder-Times.

No, the Germans are not evacuating northern France and Belgium because President Wilson intimated that they must. They are getting kicked out.

The women of Germany should receive the approaching hosts of British, French and Americans gladly, for the time of their emancipation has arrived.

The more a man studies women the less he knows about them—Belleville Ontario. Doesn't our Belleville brother know that the proper study of mankind is man—not woman?

The schools are crowding up and there is demand for more accommodation, a good sign of the growth of this city. A new school building is needed, and the Board of Education will proceed with that end in view.

The London Advertiser says Methodists are every day becoming more and more like Presbyterians. We leave it to the two denominations to decide as to whether Methodism is progressing or retrogressing.

What nonsense this harping that if the belligerents were to meet now around a green table the Teutons would employ loaded dice and win the game. The time has passed for the Central Powers putting anything over on Britain and France.

Delmonico's, the world-famous New York restaurant, has passed into the hands of a receiver. The manager might have avoided the failure by coming to Kingston and learning how local restaurants increase prices and reduce the portions at one and the same time.

The church bodies are very busy discussing finances. The divines are long on that but short in discussing spirituality. With the world's foment, attendance at church is less to-day than when the war began. What's the cause? The clergy should have a heart searching.

Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the British Admiralty, now visiting the United States, declares: "We cannot win this war by talking peace. The Allied armies and navies will bring peace. Let the Kaiser talk while Foch shoots." That is the kind of talk that the people like to hear from their leaders.

The Germans are trembling lest the Allied armies carry destruction over the fatherland. Well, the Allies have had German teaching in this respect. Anyway the enemies of Germany could not treat the German women any worse than they have been treated by their own fellow-countrymen, who never did respect women.

We cannot achieve victory unless we deserve it. And we do not deserve it unless we are willing and ready to pay the price for it. That price, for those who stay at home is in the nature of Victory Bonds. Buy all you can afford—buy until

it pinches—and so help to deserve the victory that will make your freedom sure.

President Wilson's answer to the German peace proposal was a well conceived one, but the most effective response to the Kaiser's suggestion has been made on the front between Cambrai and St. Quentin. There, during the past few days, over 12,000 prisoners and 200 guns have been taken, and the Hunns put to flight. Some 330,000 Germans are now said to be in hasty retreat before the victorious Allied cavalry. The Kaiser didn't want peace; he wanted time, which has been denied him.

THE FUEL SITUATION. Kingston has little ground for complaint with regard to the fuel situation. Its dealers have been most active and successful in getting a goodly supply of anthracite besides large quantities of bituminous coal, and boatloads of the hard variety are still coming in.

With the conserving of fuel that has been practised, and with government buildings, churches and various business concerns burning soft coal, the fuel commissioner may be able to make the balance of the anthracite yet to come sufficient to meet the needs of the householders. All will depend upon the nature of the winter ahead of us.

If the weather during January and February is average and snowstorms few, there will be little trouble. If the winter is again severe the commissioner may have an anxious time of it making his stock go around. If such a condition does arise, it will be up to the City Council to step into the breach with a wood supply, which it should have in stock in case of emergency. What is the council doing about this wood supply?

COUNTRY SUNDAYS. Since the Sunday joy-ride has been frowned upon, people who live outside the big towns have had a sort of tragic return of conditions which disappeared twenty years ago. Even in somewhat remote rural districts the change is surprisingly great, for the automobile has permeated the whole countryside, and tintured the face of Nature with its own characteristic, "like one drop of absinthe in a cocktail," as a man said who didn't like the flavor.

Many persons who spend their Sundays out of town, besides those whose daily lives are not passed amongst the bricks and stones, reckon on the re-discovered country Sunday at a high valuation. The motors have swept everything before them so completely that Dobbin is by no means to be found in every farmer's barn; and even if a plough horse or two be kept, the buggy or carryall has gone the way of the one-horse shay, since the devil waggon came. So it happens that "most of the country roads and lanes on Sunday are left to the walker, and he is rediscovering wayside pleasures which seemed to have been lost forever.

RELIGIOUS BARRIERS TOTTERING.

The growing harmony among religious under the impulse of a common high purpose is one of the inspiring features of this war. For the first time in history the world beholds the astonishing spectacle of Shintoism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism aligned for the vindication of the liberties of the world. Japan, China, the Mohammedan world under the British flag, and four of the most powerful Christian nations in history stand side by side against a moral and political principle which does intolerable violence to every sentiment of humanity.

This growing closeness between beliefs, which hitherto have been regarded as irreconcilable, is not merely an incident of a struggle which has grouped great resources. It is a sign of the new sense of brotherhood that is growing out of the crash of battles.

A better order of things for the human race is foreshadowed by these signs of the tottering barriers of misunderstanding. Without the sacrifice of a single dogma, a single principle, a single vital phase of religious belief, the world is coming to understand that the aim of all religions is the same, that the purpose of all religious teaching is to make mankind better, happier, more capable of achieving its ultimate destiny.

In Russia recently a burial ground for Allied soldiers who had fallen in battle with the Bolsheviks was consecrated by a Russian orthodox priest with all the ceremonial of the Russian Orthodox Church. A few years ago such an event would have been difficult to imagine. In the fateful year 1918 the great reversal of custom and tradition is recorded as an inconspicuous paragraph in the newspapers as a matter that does not excite special attention.

which has wrought so much of the unhappiness of the world. All thinking men will see in the new harmony between churches a promise of the better day that is dawning even amid the storm of battles.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

This war is not over yet, and the warning given the Hunns is timely, that for every act of terrorism they indulge in there must be recompense. The avenging hand of a mightier force than they are will smite them. The murder, rape and wanton destruction that has marked their movements in Belgium, France, Serbia and elsewhere will be requited. Two can play at the game of terrorism, and we know now, definitely, positively, accurately, who is the stronger. The trail of ruin the Germans are leaving as they fly towards the Rhine and the Liege must find its counterpart in the Allied march to Berlin. Their homeland must be laid waste; terror must be the portion of the German people just as their military leaders have debauched, outraged and brutally treated the Entente's civilian populations. Germany must pay for her crimes, black, foul and hellish. The war so far has been unusually desperate and despicable. The Hunns' atrocities appeal to Heaven for vengeance, and we are not heathen when we say that in their case the old belief of "an eye for an eye" is sane, sensible and God-inspired. Let them drink to the full of the bitter cup they have compelled others to taste. The very articles of war to which they so sincerely subscribed have been violated and traversed—the punishment for their infamy must be sure and swift and abundant. The Allies must be adamant in their demands that the tolls already paid in blood and souls shall be indemnified in the same kind. The only safeguard the Allies can have to blot out the foul deeds of the Hunns is to let it be definitely known that the people across the Rhine can expect the torture they have imposed on others. If the Kaiser and his co-murderers think safely they will evacuate France and Belgium with-

out flame and fury. But from this time hence terrorism must be met with terrorism.

PUBLIC OPINION

Improvements. (New York Herald) The rioters committed excesses. A number of statues in the Berlin squares were destroyed. Not "excesses": Village Improvement Society.

A Vain Hope. (Ottawa Journal) They're going to regulate the prices of wearing apparel in the U. S. Many a man will wonder if this is a vain hope to have the regulation extend to women's hats.

A Bright Outlook. (London Advertiser) As regards the future we believe that Canada will enter upon the greatest era of progress ever enjoyed by any people, and our growth will be, we believe, more rapid than the growth of the United States in the nineteenth century after the civil war. The basic factors are all present.

GIFTS OF THE DEAD. Ye who in sorrow's tents abide, Mourning your dead with hidden tears, Bethink you what a wealth of pride They've won you for the coming years.

Grievous the pain; but, in the day When all the cost is counted o'er, Would it be best that ye should say, We lost no loved ones in the war?

Who knows? But proud then shall ye stand That best, most honored boast to make, My lover died for his dear land, Or, My son fell for England's sake."

Christlike they died that we might live; And our redeemed lives would give To aught that gratitude may give To save you in your sorrowing. And never a pathway shall ye tread, No foot of seashore, hill, or lea, But ye may think: The dead, my dead, Gave this, a sacred gift, to me." —Habberton Latham in London Spectator.

PEACE MUST BE DECIDED ON THE FIELD

The Kaiser and his agents are whimpering of peace. They want the peace that comes of bartering and bargaining behind closed doors. We mean to have the peace that comes of decision on the open battlefield—Peace through Victory.

That Peace we mean to get. And Victory is coming. The splendid valor of our troops as they, day by day, hurl the foe ever farther and farther back, is our guarantee for that. The enemy has been outgeneralled and outfought. He has shot his bolt. All chances of success have left his hands forever. His cause is lost. His fate is sealed.

If only—you at home keep faith. To you our troops are looking to furnish the sinews of war and reconstruction when Canada's 1918 Victory Loan makes its appeal. Get ready to answer that appeal to the utmost. Save to lend every dollar possible. The very most you can lend is the very least you must lend. Count self-denial a privilege. Count self-sacrifice a boon. Get together the dollars. Hasten Victory! Hasten Peace.

Rippling Rhymes

HONORED POVERTY

Until the Kaiser's goat is slain, his eagle torn asunder, no man has any right to gain a lot of swag and plunder. Of course it's always wise to save the kopecks cold and clammy—to help to swat the Teuton knave, and back up Uncle Sammy. But he who salts his money down to make his bank roll greater, while Uncle Sam needs every crown, will look much like a traitor. When Wilhelm is an also ran, and his long sword is rusted, he'll be a proud and happy man who proves that he is hustled. "I dug up every cent I had, for bonds and stamps and battle-axes." If you can make a spiel like that when this grim war is over, the pretty girls will deck your hat with laurel, thyme, and clover. Perchance some skate may ply his jaws, and tell us, braggart-hearted, "I am much richer than I was before the war was started." Then he'll be shunned by loyal men, they'll shame him and dodge him, and into outer darkness then they speedily will cast him. I'd hate to push myself abroad, and swagger 'mong the living; if I had made myself a dud, while other men were giving. I'd hate to flaunt a hefty roll and feed on duck and peas, while other men were in the hole through making sacrifices.

—WALT MASON.

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN



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