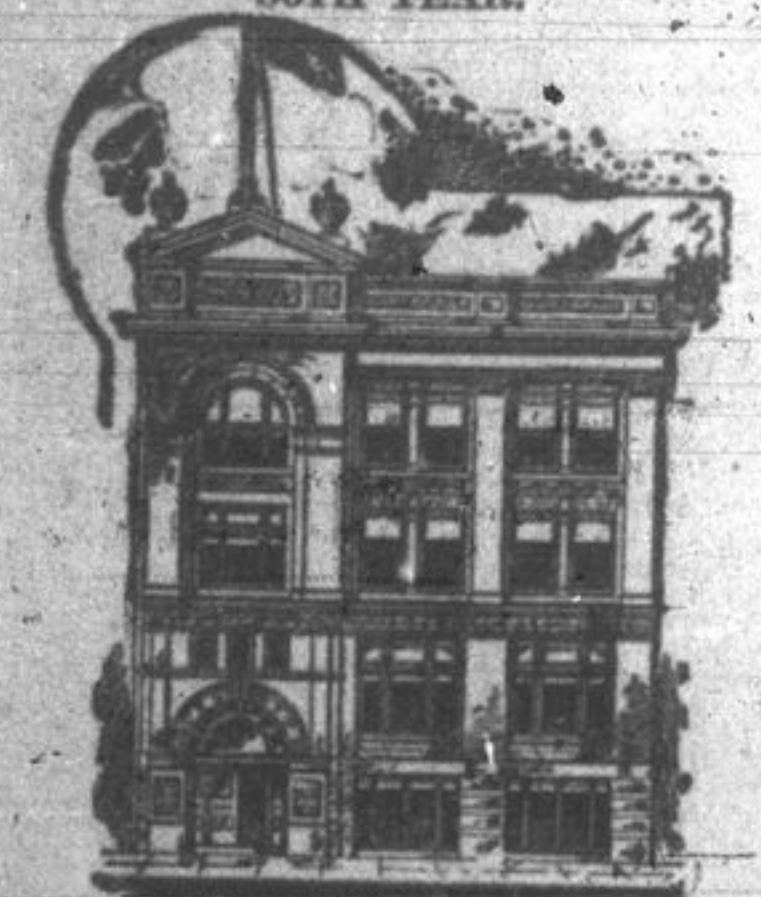


THE BRITISH WHIG 86TH YEAR.



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In Britain as in Canada and the United States, the voters have shown that they care less for political labels than they did in the past.

Ninety-four billion dollars is the bill Germany must meet, and, as the London Advertiser says, there isn't any discount off for cash.

The Toronto News says that "William A. Sleith of St. Thomas, was born, died and buried last Friday." Friday certainly was his unlucky day.

A revival of influenza, in less severe form, is spreading throughout the United States and Canada. The disease continues to baffle the skill of medical science.

Bolshevism is a wild delusion, but, happily, as President Poincaré of France says: "I do not fear it for France. It is a microbe which attacks defeated countries, not victorious ones."

The defeat of Ramsay MacDonald by 14,000 majority demonstrates that the great mass of British workmen do not intend to follow wild theorists into the realms of Bolshevism.

The increased cost of farm produce would suggest the advisability of a "back-to-the-farm" movement. Farm labor is almost non-existent these days. Food prices will continue high until there are more people working on the farms of this country.

Prominent New Yorkers, including Judge C. E. Hughes, refuse to serve on the mayor's committee to welcome home-coming troops because William Randolph Hearst is a member. Hearst's pro-German activities are keenly resented by all loyal Americans.

The British permit socialists, pacifists, etc., to air their grievances, imagined or otherwise, to their hearts' content, but when it comes to electing them as members of parliament, that, as Kipling would say, "is an 'an' story." Britain believes in letting agitators talk, but she stops right there.

With famine conditions in the interior, Allied intervention in the west and Polish raids in the east, to say nothing of the spread everywhere of Bolshevism, Germany occupies an unenviable position today. She made a bid for world-power or downfall, and it has been downfall.

F. S. Elford, superintendent of the poultry division of the Experimental Farm at Ottawa, argues that if Canada were to mobilize her hens, and press them into service, she could make them provide all the wealth necessary to pay off the national debt. First of all, however, we would have to intern all the cold-storage owners.

The American navy, after eighteen months' loyal co-operation with the British fleet in the North Sea, has returned home to receive the hearty welcome which is its due. It didn't have to fight, but if it had been called upon it had the men, the ship and the Anglo-Saxon do-or-die which would have helped to make short work of the much-boasted but now forever discredited German navy.

WHO WON THE WAR?

Quietly and with no notable public celebration the soldiers of freedom are returning to Canada and the United States. In Berlin, it appears, are different scenes as the soldiers of autocracy come back.

With bands playing "Deutschland über Alles" the regiments march into the German capital. Regimental standards are crowned with laurel, guns are covered with flowers, helmets decorated with symbols of victory. Herr Ebert from his rostrum congratulates the homecoming heroes who have protected the fatherland.

Who won the war? It seems a matter of some doubt. Germany says: "We lost a smaller percentage of our adult males than did France. A large part of France is a ruin, while our land is untouched. The debt France staggers under is more per capita than our own. On the whole, we are eating more."

In Germany, which recognizes the value of staging scenes for outside effect, aware of the impression her jubilation makes? It is to be assumed that she is, and that she means to convey to the world the idea that she repents nothing and that, if opportunity offers what she has done she will do again.

THAT CIVIC SURPLUS.

In these days of municipal deficits, it makes us feel kind of chasty to repeat that Kingston ended 1918 with a surplus, for the second year in succession, when, according to all rules of municipal government, we should have had a deficit like nearly every other municipality. But there are also days when even the hard and fast rules of warfare have been knocked to smithereens, and therefore in our municipal arena the unforeseen has occurred, and enough revenue came from several quarters that permitted the city treasurer to "nose out" a surplus. So if last year's Council was not considered a body to boast about, it at least practised economy in a time when economy was essential, and it can point proudly to its record of having wound up Victory year with "something over."

Perhaps it will be news to the majority of people to know that last year the Council could direct the expenditure of only six mills of the taxation. That is, it could only legislate upon the expenditure of about one-fifth of the city's revenue. The balance of the revenue went to fixed things—debentures, interest, salaries, schools, street lighting, fire and police departments, etc. This year's Council will not have any more money to expend without increasing the tax rate, and it is a lowering rather than a raising that the people look for.

O'CONNOR FOR MAYOR.

Kingston is in need of a good mayor for 1919. There are many problems that have to be faced and the mayor will have to take the initiative. Aid O'Connor has shown the qualifications essential for such a task. He has filled many of the chairmanships of the council and is versed in municipal administration. He has shown force and vigor in his work, both public and private. He has demonstrated a capacity for service that is entitled to reward at the hands of the citizens. He was not given to verbosity in the council, but when he spoke his words were listened to with respect, for he possessed full knowledge of the subject under review and his convictions carried weight. He was a business man and brought to bear all the hard-headed experience time had given him. He was not vituperative or bombastic; he gave his facts clearly, concisely and convincingly.

His claims have been made to the electors in courteous terms, modestly, and yet, we hope effectively, expressed. They should be weighed and discussed, for the closer they are looked into the more appealing they become. He has passed the duty of civic government to the people who have the decision in their hands. This being so, Aid O'Connor awaits their verdict with confidence.

The campaign has been carried on with dignity and in a commendable spirit. Aid O'Connor has placed his aspirations to the mayor's chair on stable grounds. He is a devoted lover of Kingston's welfare, and if chosen, as chief magistrate there is every guarantee that he will do his utmost to warrant the approval of the electors. Support Aid O'Connor for mayor.

PUBLIC OPINION

The Important Thing. (Quebec Herald) Let the women take their seats in Parliament if they want to, so long as they don't demand the men's seats in the street cars.

If Not Supply, Then Price. (London Free Press) The fuel controller says our worries over fuel are over. But if we cannot worry over supply, at least we have left to us the worry that \$12 per ton involves.

Why Not Perpetuate It? (Toronto Star) The Allies have been acting together in the closest and most cordial way during the war. Why

should this co-operation cease after the war? It may take a long time to frame a constitution for a league of nations.

School Control. (Brantford Courier) A school session comprising a few dozen families cannot hope to do very much in the way of providing adequate educational facilities for the children of the section. Why should not the county build and maintain all the schools, appoint all the teachers, and foot after all the matters of education generally? The country could do so much more than the school section can.

DEROGATORY STATEMENTS

Have I been Made and Denied About Distinguished Pair. As certain derogatory statements regarding the Marquis and Marchioness of Aberdeen and Tonnair, in connection with their visit to the United States, and to their recent departure, have appeared in Canadian papers, and are believed by some, we are asked to give publication to the following statement from the British Assistant Provost Marshal, New York city.

In answer to your question, I beg to state that the Marquis and Marchioness of Aberdeen and Tonnair left America of their own volition on completion of their highly successful mission to this country, which was the collection of funds for the Women's National Health Association of Ireland.

From figures and statements submitted to this office it would appear that Lord and Lady Aberdeen were instrumental in sending to Ireland nearly \$100,000, and that this money was raised at an extremely low outlay. Lord Aberdeen himself staid most of the expenses of the trip to this country.

The British Assistant Provost Marshal in New York paid Lord and Lady Aberdeen the respect of aiding them in every way possible, and he would say of other distinguished Britishers visiting this country, who, like themselves, have done good work for the Allied cause.

But see, this is no royal couch. 'Tis but an outcast's cot; And hark, wild clamorings for blood, Pierce cries "Let him be shot!" I am awake! This is no dream; 'Tis true—my God, my God!

W. W. BENGOUGH

HUSBAND CAN'T TOUCH \$10,000,000 SHE INHERITED



MISS ALICE DE LAMAR.

No husband can handle the income of \$10,000,000 left by Captain Joseph Raphael De Lamar, capitalist and mine owner, to his daughter Alice Antoinette De Lamar. He so stipulated in his will that she married and has offspring the principal of the trust passes to her children. Otherwise the ten millions reverts to the residuary estate which is divided equally among the medical schools of Harvard, Columbia and Johns Hopkins universities.

John Franklin Ellis, in his 59th year, passed away at Toronto last week after a week's illness from pneumonia. He was born at Madoc

Knights McGregor, the "gilded baritone" although a native of Scotland, has spent the greater part of his life in Canada, and is proud to call this great country his homeland. His first bid for prominence in the musical world was at the Western Canada Musical Festival at Edmonton in 1911 when he carried off the gold medal in the baritone class. In 1914 he won a coveted honor when he was awarded the Stutchbury cup for the best work done in the gold medalists' class at the Alberta festival. Since then he has toured the United States as a concert soloist with phenomenal success, and received a continuous round of ovations from the music-loving public. This gifted artist is to appear at the City Hall on Tuesday, January 7th, at a grand recital under the auspices of the G.W.A. Seats may be booked at Uglow's book store on Saturday, Monday and Tuesday.

Variety Show. On Nov. 15th a number of friends and relatives gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rosson, Westbrooke and presented Mr. and Mrs. Harold Babcock with a variety shower. The gifts were numerous and beautiful.

WEAK, RUN DOWN WOMAN Tells How Vinol Made Her Strong. So, Kaukauna, Wis. I was weak all run down, tired all the time, and had a "ma" so I could hardly keep around and do my housework. After everything else had failed to help me, Vinol built me up and made me well and strong.

Mrs. Jay Parker. The reason Vinol was so successful in Mrs. Parker's case is because it contains the necessary elements to create an appetite, aid digestion, make pure blood and create strength. It is the beef and cod liver peptones—iron and glycerophosphates in Vinol—that does it. You will not be disappointed if you try it. Mahood's drug store and the best drug stores in every town and city in the country.

Rippling Rhymes THE EXILE On an island cold and bleak Kromping Willyum Friedrich stands, worn and pallid in his cheek, and he sighs and wrings his hands; and a hot and briny tear drops into his stain of beard, for no chorus girls are near, and no clanging German bands. See the idol of the Huns, in a dismal fisher's shack, stripped of all his swords and guns, and with gooseflesh on his back; and the fisher's grin and mock as he takes his daily walk, and his dreams are of the black, of the galloway tree and rack. For he knows the nations look on his presence as a threat; they would bring the pris to book, and they will, already yet; and he sees himself a wreck with a rope around his neck, while the vultures at him peck—and he sweats a clammy sweat. Pull of fear must be the dreams of this prize, whose day is o'er, when the midnight tempest screams at the window and the door; when the sky is black o'erhead, and he hears the steady tread of the legions snickersneak; every fierce avenger seems loaded down with drastic schemes; but I'd leave him to his dreams, and the visions he must see.

WALT MASON.

Kingston Milling Co., Limited Manufacturers of High Grade Flour "White Rose" and "Hungarian Patent" For sale by all dealers

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DOOM

From Potsdam's august banquet hall, Where blaze of glory shone, And Germany's proud chiefs acclaim'd the splendor of my throne, I sought my peaceful royal couch When all the guests were flown.

With glowing thoughts I lay me down A King of happy fate, Who ruled by an unquestioned right O'er an aspiring State, Rising through commerce, science, art, To a future, speechless great.

And then I slept, and in my sleep A nightmare seized my soul; My glories all were swept away, I heard war's thunders roll, And earth was torn with rage and hate and ruin from pole to pole.

The honor all mankind had held For my Imperial name, Seemed turfed by some foul devil-blight.

To loathing, scorn and blame; My crown was crushed, my royal robes Were turned to rags of shame!

The Germany great Goethe sang, And Mozart made divine, The treasure trusted to my hands As heir of Frederick's line, Lay shattered round my ruined house Through some mad fault of mine!

O God! the terror of that dream No mortal man has felt; I sweated drops of blood, I swear, My marrow seemed to melt; In that dread trance a nameless hour In Hell itself I dwelt!

And then I woke; thank God, I woke, And quick turned on the light; My mirror showed an ashen face, Contorted, drawn with fright; 'Twas mine! What? Wilhelm conquered By a vision of the night?

But see, this is no royal couch, 'Tis but an outcast's cot; And hark, wild clamorings for blood, Pierce cries "Let him be shot!" I am awake! This is no dream; 'Tis true—my God, my God!

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DR. CHOWN'S DRUG STORE 197 Princess St., Phone 524. Remains of Wilfred Phillips, burned to death in C.P.R. coach fire, were buried at Phillipston, and now township, where his parents reside.