

SCHOOL BRITISH WHIG

FIRST YEAR

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1919

NO. 84

How to Purify the Blood

Fifteen to thirty drops of Extract of Roots, commonly called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, may be taken in water with meals and at bedtime, for the cure of indigestion, constipation and bad blood. Persistence in this treatment will effect a cure in nearly every case. Get the genuine at druggists.

THOMAS COPLEY Telephone 30.

Wanting anything done in the carpentry line. Estimates given on all kinds of repairs and new work. Also hardwood floors of all kinds. All orders will receive prompt attention. Shop 28 Queen street.

Grip, Influenza

Hamilin's Wizard Oil a Reliable, Antiseptic Preventive

During influenza epidemics spray the nose and throat several times a day with one part Wizard Oil and two parts water, using an atomizer. If you haven't an atomizer, gargle the throat and snuff the mixture up the nose. This treatment sets up an antiseptic wall of defense against "Flu" germs.

Chest colds and sore throat lead to grip. Stop them at once with Wizard Oil before they can develop into dangerous influenza.

Get it from druggists for 30c. If not satisfied, return the bottle and get your money back.

Ever constipated or have sick headache? Just try Wizard Liver Whips, pleasant little pink pills, 30c at druggists. Guaranteed.

Yes, Cold All Gone—Not A Bit of Cough Left

Feel great this morning. As soon as I felt it coming on yesterday I used Gray's Syrup and nipped it in the bud. Just couldn't miss an hour at the office, just as busy and short-handed. Gray's Syrup is a habit in our family, the folks have used it for sixty years.

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM

Prepared by D. WATSON & CO., New York

Do This Tonight!

If you have a Cold Apply THERMOGENE! Its dry, comforting, medicated warmth is just what your cold-ridden system craves. By morning, your cold will be a "has-been." There's no harm in trying, is there?



INFLAMED GUMS—THE CAUSE OF TOOTH-BASE DECAY

Just as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums.

Permit the gums to become inflamed or tender and you weaken the foundation of the teeth. This condition is called Pyorrhea (Riggs Disease). Loosening of teeth is a direct result. And spongy, receding gums invite painful tooth-base decay. They act, too, as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Pyorrhea (Riggs Disease) attacks four out of five people who are over forty. And many under that age, also. Its first symptom is tender gums. So you should look to your gums! Use Forhan's, which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. It also scientifically cleans the teeth—keeps them white and clean. Brush your teeth with it.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

FORHAN'S, LTD., Montreal.

FOR SALE 50 acres; 3 1/2 miles from Kingston, on the water front.

W. H. GODWIN & SON Real Estate & Insurance 80 Brock St. Phone 494

Very seldom does the photograph of a woman look lifelike—perhaps because she had her face closed, at the time.

Dollar-Making Ideas

Cleaning Windows BY BELLE CASE HARRINGTON Is window cleaning a work too commonplace to attract you? Think twice before you turn it down, for it is one of the best after-school jobs you can find. The "tools" needed are not expensive and the cash returns are large in proportion to the time spent in work.

There are a great many ways of washing windows, but here is one of the easiest and best: Get two good-sized chamois skins (if you can, get two which have been used for washing automobiles. They will be better, as the new ones are apt to be gummy). Have two pails half full of soft water to which you have



added one tablespoonful of household ammonia to each half bucket of water. If there is a great deal of soot on the outside of the window, use a separate cloth to wipe off the worst of it. Then wash the glass quickly with the wet chamois. Fold the chamois in the second water, keeping it very smooth; wring it until every particle of water is out of it, smooth it out again and go over every part of the glass. The idea is not to rub the window, but merely to take up the water. The windows will be clear, with a beautiful polish.

Rinse the chamois carefully after each half window, and be careful not to let the first water dry on the glass before wiping it with the second chamois.

You will be surprised to find how many of your neighbors and friends will be glad to hire their windows washed regularly once a month—some of them perhaps once a week. Two boys can work together to good advantage, and it will not be a bad plan to distribute cards announcing that you will do the work. Make a sliding scale of so much per window; this will be much more profitable than working by the hour. A fair price would probably be from six to fifteen cents per window, but that will be governed by wages in your home town.

(Next week: "Daily Duty Calendar.") Boys and Girls' Newspaper Service Copyright, 1919, by J. H. Miller

A Questionable Item. An eight-year old boy from Bath Road draws the editor's attention to a short line item, which appeared in the Whig of December 9th. While looking for the School News his eye fell on this little item which read: "Some people sin a lot of times by telling the truth." He drew his mother's attention to it, as it appeared to be distinctly contrary to what she had taught him a few days previously. She had given him a lesson on this subject in the following way.

"T is for try to be patient and good, R for right and justice and have them we should; U is for using them in a just cause; I is those who went to duty's call; H is for how we shall master them all (our secret enemies)."

The moral is to trust in God and do the right, for this boy had been told by his mother that truth is the light and that the light of the world is Jesus, so that it cannot be a sin to tell the truth.

This little correspondent puts a difficult question before your school editor. The item in question was one used to fill up a column, and while it did not appear in the school page space, though on the same page, it evidently has been the subject of much interest in at least one home. The meaning of it appears to be that there are times when it is better to keep silent than to tell the truth about some things; that there are times when it would be a harmful thing to tell the truth and that anything harmful is sinful. Still, we would not like to say anything which would in any way hurt the simple faith of this little boy, and he is indeed to be congratulated on having a mother who goes to such pains to train him in the first and best principles of true living.



JUST THAT Newspaper (proudly): It's a boy. And, say, I'm going to start a bank account for him right off. Waggle Friends: Sort of a fresh hair fund, eh?

A philosopher of world renown Once said in a language terse: "Poverty is sad when a man is down. But when he's up it's worse."

We often wonder why the man who is always boasting of the splendid positions offered him continues to hold down his job.

Photographs are seldom true to nature. No one ever saw a small boy as clean as he appears in a picture.

St. Vincent's Academy.

The Do-Nothing Family. The Do-Nothings are a very large family, some members of it are found in all parts of the world, and there are very few schools in which some of them are not in attendance as pupils.

You can tell them by their untidy appearance and the lack of interest in their faces. They do not do anything, whether it is work or play, with their whole heart. Their hands and faces are in disorder, their lessons and their clothes look as if they were hurriedly put on. They are never on time. They are often absent from school and often late, but they always have some sort of an excuse.

A girl of the Do-Nothing family gets up late in the morning, dresses in a minute and comes downstairs in a bad humor from the feeling that she has begun the day wrong. Breakfast is over and she sits down to take her lesson. She knows she has some lessons to learn before school, but she picks up a picture-book belonging to her brother and begins to turn one leaf over after another.

Nine o'clock strikes and she jumps up, puts on her coat and hat and hurries to school as fast as she can, but she is late and gets a mark for tardiness. She takes her seat, and instead of listening while her teacher is explaining a problem in arithmetic she should have learned at home. After some time she takes out her arithmetic and tries to do a sum, but she cannot do it, and thinks it the fault of the pencil. She then proceeds to sharpen it, and by the time she borrows a knife, whittles her pencil, breaks the lead a few times, she is ready to work arithmetic, but now it is time for her geography lesson.

She is asked a question, and does her best to mumble an answer. She does not know it, and gets a bad mark. She is told to study it, but cannot fix her mind on her task. So she puts a cover on a book, writes a note to one of her family, and the bell for dismissal rings.

This is a fair sample of the whole school-life of Miss Do-Nothing. It is a long succession of half prepared lessons, of blotted copy-books, of wasted hours and lost opportunities. The Do-Nothings are never happy, and I hope I'll never belong to their family.

The Do-Somethings are another family. The girls of this family are always busy, cheerful and happy. They work heartily when they work. They are the joy of their parents and the delight of their teachers.—Beatrice Reid, Junior Fourth.

Auburn in Its Prosperity. (From Goldsmith's Deserted Village.) The little village of Auburn is supposed by many to be the Irish village of Lissoy. The poet describes it as being replete with every charm which nature could confer upon it.

The beautiful season of spring seemed delighted to shed over it its refreshment and brightness. Auburn in its prosperity was especially dear to the writer for being the place of his birth. All associated with it brought up memories of his happy youth. Even in his old age, he loves to picture the fair village as it was to him during his childhood.

His home, a neat little Queen Anne cottage, in its quaintness and simplicity formed the middle of the landscape. On each side sloped off the well-worked verdant fields. In front rippled a frolicsome little brook, which hastened on to the busy mill. In the distance on a small green eminence was plainly visible a pretty well-kept church, the pride of the humble villagers.

Auburn in Its Desolation. Auburn in its silent loneliness is again before us. The boys and sports which once rendered it so attractive are no longer to be found. The long stretches of plain are left uncultivated. One master rules all the land, and scarcely gives a thought to its condition. Where once the hum of busy life was heard is now the solitary domain of the bittern and lapwing. The monotonous song of the latter alone breaks the silence. No longer the brook ripples merrily on, for it has long since become obstructed with weeds. The once "decent church" stands as a touching remembrance of the past. Its walls crumbled and falling, are fast becoming the toys of the ivy which recklessly winds itself about them. The mill, once so busy, whose whir and motion so delighted youthful streams, lies a wreck beside the sluggish stream. Its wheel broken and shattered, swings to and fro, obedient to the fittest gusts of the ivy which now passes. The shady lawns, the lovely bowers are nowhere to be seen. All, all is changed. The hand of the tyrant has been felt and has left an impress on everything.—Catherine Keenan, Form II.

The Avocations of a Lover of Idleness. (As Suggested by Goldsmith's Writings.) Of all the avocations in which our famous Goldsmith indulged he seems to have loved idleness best. When all else failed he seemed to find that this falling was the most pleasing, and it was in this vice he most frequently indulged.

In 1755 and 1756 "Goldie" made a tour around Europe, and surely he impersonated idleness during this wonderful tour. He started out with "his trunk under his arm." This was like a poor Irishman who landed in America, when the custom house officers asked him where his trunk was, he replied, "Sir, me trunk is on me back."

Poor "Goldie's" trunk contained one shirt and his magic flute. Perhaps magic is not the right adjective. I really think it was as magical as the lyre of Orpheus, for Goldsmith procured from his flute much amusement, lodging and a tour in Europe.

During this tour he would enjoy himself by exploring nature, for we are told that Goldsmith was a real man of nature's truest mould, and, therefore, he "enjoyed" traveling through her vast domain. He also employed his time by frolicking with the children, for with them he forgot his heavy debts, and it was generally after these gambols that he had begun the day wrong. Breakfast is over and she sits down to take her lesson. She knows she has some lessons to learn before school, but she picks up a picture-book belonging to her brother and begins to turn one leaf over after another.

Every Day Science

for Boy Mechanics

Why Doesn't Our Phone Ring BY GRANT M. RYDE "Browns are on the same telephone line with us, Dad, for I can hear Jack talking sometimes, but our phone doesn't ring when theirs does. Why?"

"It's because of a new system of selective ringing for party lines which was recently invented. Most cities have it now to replace the old system in which each party had a different number of rings. To understand this selective system, you must know what goes on inside a telephone.

"Trace the wires in the drawing, which is a diagram rather than an exact picture of the inside of a telephone. The whole business, you see, depends upon whether the receiver is hung up, for the receiver hook is the switch that separates the bell circuit from the talking circuit. That's why central cannot call us when the receiver is down.

"When central wishes to ring our phone, or call us, she presses a button which turns current into our line. The current comes in at A, runs along the wire to D, then along the hook to E, then up the wire to the bell at M, then back out again at B to the outside line. When I take down the receiver, the spring pulls up the hook so that it touches F, instead of E. Then the line circuit runs from A, through D, then F, then H, through the receiver, back to H and K, through the transmitter, then back to the line at B.

"When our phone rings, the current, while passing through our bell circuit, passes through Browns' and two other phones on our party line. Only our bell rings because, in the selective system, central has four different kinds, or voltages, of current that she can send over the line, and each bell is tuned to respond to just one kind. To ring us, she sends the voltage that will ring our bell but through the same current passes through Smith's bell, it does not ring because their bell is not tuned to that voltage. Sometimes, of course, something is out of order and two or three phones ring, instead of just the one that is called.

"If you leave our receiver down, you see, it keeps central from calling, not only our phone, but Browns' and all others on the party line, for the current goes through one after the other in succession."

A Sunset. Fatigued both in mind and body, I sauntered out to the lake shore. The trees in the park were at peace. There was not the slightest breeze to disturb their many colored dresses. It was early fall, and there were tiny ripples on the water. I sat on a rock near the shore and rested my

waved brain by watching the small waves. A beautiful stream of light on the water attracted my attention, and I looked up to behold the western sky clad in a glorious sunset. There were islands in the distance, and the sunset, now a huge red ball, sank behind one of them. The roses, pink, purple and reflections on the sky were almost indescribable. I was fascinated with the beauty, and wondered how many were contemplating the scene in the same manner.

The same sunset lowered over the graves of our poor soldiers on Flanders fields, on the heart-broken people in other parts of the world, who were victims of the terrible war. An invalid would surely be comforted by a sight of it, and oh! "how many stories that sun could tell." The scene seemed to breathe but rest and peace, and as I wandered back to my home these words of the poet came singing in my ears:

And the night shall be filled with music, And the cares that infest the day, Shall fold their tents like the Arabs, And as silently steal away.

—Ben Fowler, Form I.

A Kind Deed. The scene of my story was the platform erected in a park of a large city which was preparing a celebration in honor of its founder.

A number of ladies had come there earlier than the rest of the people. With one of these was a little girl named Anita. She got up early in the morning, hurried to the park and got a good seat at the front of the platform. Later the crowd began to pour in, and finally every place was taken. Then it was that Anita saw a poor old woman trying vainly to see. At this moment the band began to play, but she could hear naught but a wail which was thin and sad. This had better give up your seat. This lady is old, and may not be able to come to another parade like you."

"Then the little girl reasoned. "Well, I have tried so hard to get my seat, I do deserve it." Before she could make up her mind, she finally went up and said to the old lady, "Please take my place. I see another one farther on." The old lady took the seat, and before she had time to say thank you, Anita had slipped into the crowd. She soon found a place where she could see a little by standing on her toes. Just then a young soldier came up, and with real gallantry drew her attention to a young lady, who took her hand and said, "I saw you give the old lady your place. It was very kind of you. Now you are going to sit here with me. There is plenty of room for three." One kind deed deserves another.—Ola Payne, Form I.

THE BRUTE She: Before we were married you called me an angel. He: I know I did, but it was a case of mistaken identity.

DARK DAYS Coffee Pot: No sugar and one dollar coffee will put us out of business side fellow.

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"Browns are on the same telephone line with us, Dad, for I can hear Jack talking sometimes, but our phone doesn't ring when theirs does. Why?"

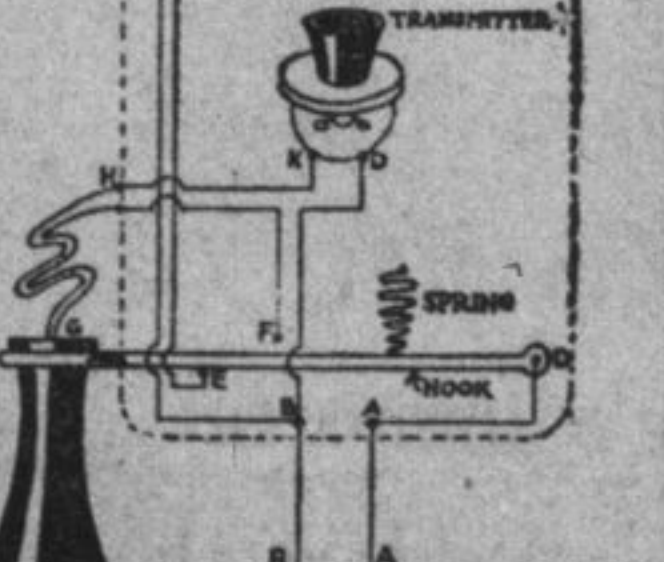
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(Next week: "Ancestors of Automatic Pistol.") Boys and Girls' Newspaper Service Copyright, 1919, by J. H. Miller

Ace was himself caught one night. The thieves fled, while the dog with a wounded foot was unable to get away.

Among the inmates of the house where the robbery was attempted was a little boy. He had a very tender heart, and felt sorry for the poor dumb animal, so he hid the dog and carefully watched it. Ace, accustomed as he had been to harsh treatment and brutal usage, did not know what to make of this kindness, and grew to love the boy.

Finally, the little lad told his parents of the concealment of the dog, and also won their consent to let him keep his new charge.

From that time on Ace led a different life, and even his name was changed. Many times did he show his gratitude in helping his young master.

To the end of his days the dog limped whenever he moved. This was the mark he bore of his former evil life.

Evil doing always carries its consequences—and it sometimes takes a lifetime to live down the effects of youthful follies.—Helen O'Hara, Form II.

A Trip to Palestine. School children, how would you like to be able to take a trip to Palestine and see the city of Jerusalem being captured from the heathens and passing into British hands? Through the efforts of the British Whig, you can see this at the Grand Opera House on Tuesday afternoon. Date Carnegie, the famous traveller, will present his own and colored pictures of the British campaigns in the Holy Land, and will tell the whole story. Clip out the coupon which appears in to-night's school British Whig, and take it with you to the Opera House next Tuesday afternoon, and you will be admitted to see this wonderful sight for fifteen cents.

THE BRUTE She: Before we were married you called me an angel. He: I know I did, but it was a case of mistaken identity.

DARK DAYS Coffee Pot: No sugar and one dollar coffee will put us out of business side fellow.

KEEP STRONG On a little of pure, emulsified medicinal cod-liver oil taken now, may do you more good than a dozen taken a month hence. It's more economical to give your body help before resistance to disease is broken down. A very little SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE MEDICAL COD-LIVER OIL goes a long way in sustaining strength and keeping up resistance. Resolve that you will buy a bottle of Scott's Emulsion at your druggist's on your way home, and start protecting your strength. It's Scott's you ask for. Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

Robertson's Limited Moorcroft Ware Just opened a large variety of dainty pieces. Don't fail to see them. MOORCROFT ware is an entirely original Staffordshire Slip ware. Each piece is thrown on the Potters wheel. In harmony and richness of colouring, in the beauty of design and delicacy of finish, Moorcroft ware is wholly admirable, and it is very reasonable in price.

Robertson's Limited

Nujol For Constipation SICKNESS PREVENTION It is the "ounce of prevention" which today inspires medical science in its fight for the race. Vaccines, sanitation, health departments, all carry forward the good work of Sickness Prevention. Science has now developed an agent that effectively meets the condition which is the originating point of over 90% of all sickness—constipation. That effective agent is Nujol. The dangers of constipation are so widespread because through self-poisoning it reduces the body's power of resistance. Nujol by relieving constipation prevents the absorption of poisons which otherwise would be taken into the blood and undermine the whole system. Leading medical authorities agree that pills, salts, castor oil, etc., simply force and weaken the system. But Nujol is different. Nujol softens the food waste and encourages the intestinal muscles to act naturally. Nujol helps Nature establish easy, thorough bowel evacuation at regular intervals—the healthiest habit in the world. Get a bottle from your druggist today. For valuable health booklet—"Thirty Feet of Danger"—free, write Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), 50 Broadway, New York. Warning: Nujol is sold only in sealed bottles bearing the Nujol Trade Mark. All imitations. Insist on Nujol. You may suffer from substitutes.

The Season's Greetings And All Good Wishes For a Merry Xmas From Victory Shoe Store M. R. Clarke J. S. Hadden