

SCHOOL BRITISH WHIG

FIRST YEAR

THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1920.

NO. 128.

The new flavour H.P. sauce

is such a welcome change to the old-fashioned sauces.

Wouldn't it be worth you while to try the one and only H.P. Sauce?

FOR SALE

One excellent Express, or Farmer's Wagon; 1 1/2 inch gear and wheels which are almost new. A snap for somebody. Also one milk wagon rebuilt. Splendid value at the price.

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Feel Sick or Heavy?

—then probably you are constipated. Clogged bowels poison the human machine and prevent it working naturally.

You do not cure constipation, because it will keep on returning. You must remove the cause.

You may prevent further constipation and gradually remove the hard secretions from the bowels that cause constipation by taking Parol.

Parol is a highly refined petroleum oil of unvarying purity. It has a specific gravity of .865 to .870 at 15° Centigrade.

Parol keeps waste matter soft by lubricating it and causing it to pass out naturally.

One week's treatment with it will benefit you wonderfully. If you suffer from recurrent constipation it should banish it by removing the cause.

Most druggists sell it, \$1.00 a bottle. Don't accept a substitute—you'll be disappointed. Parol—that's the name.



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SALT RHEUM FOR FIVE YEARS

On Face, Arms and Hands. Cuticura Heals.

"I have had salt rheum for the past five years. My face, arms, and hands broke out all over in rough scaly patches so that you could hardly put your finger where there was not a patch. I got so I could not sleep at night.

"Seeing Cuticura Soap and Ointment advertised I thought I would give them a trial, and after using a full-sized box of Cuticura Ointment with the Cuticura Soap I was healed."

(Signed) Mrs. Thomas Hogan, Essex Junction, Vt., Dec. 18, 1918.

Use Cuticura for every-day toilet purposes. Bathe with Soap, soothe with Ointment, dust with Talcum.

Sole U.S. Dispensary, 26 and 28a, 54d Broadway, New York, N.Y. Canadian Dispensary, 140 King St. W., Toronto, for the Empire.

Get Cuticura Soap wherever you can.

Sports that Make Men Athletics

Pavement Tennis

There isn't a game which is better for a fellow than tennis, but everyone hasn't got a tennis court and the fixings. In the city, especially, unless one is a member of a club or of the Y. M. C. A. or something of the kind, or unless one has friends who have a court, it is difficult to get a game.

Every couple of fellows, however, can get a piece of chalk, a tennis-ball, a back-yard, or a side street where there is little traffic. On a piece of hard dirt road, the court can be marked with white stones.

The dimensions of the court should be 32x16 feet and should be marked like a tennis court for singles. If doubles are to be played a line 4 feet wide should be run parallel to each side, making a court 36x16.

The rules of the game and the scoring are the same. The principle difference is that no rackets are used. The ball is a tennis-ball from which the cloth-cover has been ripped off—an easy enough thing to do, if the stitches that sew the 8-shaped pieces of cloth together are cut with a pair of nail-scissors. This makes the ball lighter and quicker on the bound.

A hard smash to the ground will make the ball jump about ten feet and a low volley will skin along the ground in a fashion that's hard to answer. Be sure that the central line, which marks the net, is very clear and easy to see. That will prevent disputes.

Pavement tennis on a summer day is not child's play. There's as much action in it as tennis, and as much action to have a swimming hole or a swimming pool near at hand, to jump into, half an hour after the game. You'll need it. Don't jump in at once, when overheated, of course, or you're inviting erysipelas. But after your fast sport which any fellow can get at without the cost of joining a tennis club or the buying of all the paraphernalia, take pavement tennis.

(Tomorrow—Starting A Heavy Train.)



The All Round Girl

Red Cheeks and Pep

Whoa, There!

BY MOLLIE PRICE COOK

"They just had thousands of candy eggs at the party!"

"Oh, yes, and I ate six-pieces of cake and hundreds of dishes of ice cream!"

"Whoa! there, girls, how many did you eat?"

"When you get into the hundreds and thousands, you're going some!" Mr. Smith smiled as he said this, and passed on.

An exuberant girl finds it hard to check herself. The other day a prominent man said:

"The modern girl tells things in utter disregard of fact. And if she isn't exaggerating, she is bragging about herself."

Girls! Girls!! Girls!!! Is this man right? Will you be responsible for such criticism? It is true that exaggerating is as bad as lying. The English language is good enough to express anything you wish to say.

If you get into the habit of using "very," "awfully," "fearfully," "lovely," "grand," "awful," and "wonderful," for ordinary things, what adjectives will you have left when you want to describe something really sumptuous and grand?

The girl who exaggerates gets the habit. People get used to this habit of hers and discount everything she says.

"I always take what Mary Wilson says with a grain of salt," said her employer. Now this is unfortunate for Mary because some day she will want to impress her employer, with her information on some subject—and her words will not carry weight.

Braggadocio is another pastime of some girls. The girl who brags about herself stands in the same shoes as the exaggerator. Nobody believes her and all the other girls make fun of her behind her back.

Hold in the reins! Check yourself! When you discover that your own good opinion of yourself is running away with you, relax. Be quiet instead of letting your tongue wag.

(Tomorrow—Card Index of Names.)

LETTER FROM UNCLE SI.

Dere Childern, — Ez I wuz sayin yistiday, one uv the good things bout them there telephones is that a feller cant borrow money from you by it. Ef yer skairt about a feller is goin to hit you up an you want to tok to him bout sumthin then jist borrow the neighbors telephone for bout five minnets an speek yer mind wout enny fear uv retaly-ashun from the other party. The other day Seth Jones from Sour Milk Valley came down by ml place in his 1909 Flivver Speeder an stopped to get sum water fer the contraphun. It must run on water bekoz Seth ain't never bin noon to buy gasyeen. I wuz sittin in the shade on the verandy with ml feet hooked onto the edge uv one uv them there hangin baskets fer flours, Mirandy bein absent sumwheres, an he cums up an asks ef I kin lend him a fiver. I sez I reckon I cood—ef I hed it. Then I tells him that all the cash in the house is ninety-three cents an Mirandy has that. I also tells him that ef he kin get it from her that he is shure welcome to it ez I hed tried in vain to get fifteen cents fer terbaccer. He declines with thanks an pursos his lonely way after a haiff hours argyment with the Flivver.

Yurs trooly, —UNCLE SI.

Pencil Twister

CAN YOU CHANGE THIS PUPPY DOG INTO AN EXCITED HEN?



Answer to Yesterday's

between the leaves and blossoms, and the prettiest and largest blossom said, "Dear little girl, we are happy because we do work. We work to make the world sweet with perfume, and then our good friends, the bees visit us often, and we must prepare honey and wax for them. But best of all, dear little girl, we have some precious nestlings in a little green nest. We must feed them and make the nest soft and thick to protect them. You cannot see them now, but sometime when they are fully grown, you may open the nest and find them. But then the nest will have grown rusty-checked and sweet, and you may have it to eat. Oh! indeed we work. We are very happy to work."—Josephine Cuccio, junior III.

A High Forehead

"How is it, Aunt Jennie, that Mary, in spite of her pretty face, looks so plain? I think it is a real pity for her."

"It lies in a very small thing, Corinne. Remember, the prettiest face can look out of all proportion if the hair-line framing the forehead does not harmonize with the features. You see, Mary has a slim and long nose and a rather high brow. Throwing back her hair, the way she does it, increases the apparent length of her nose and seems to diminish the lower part of the face. In her case, slightly hiding the forehead and temples would bring out her slim prettiness. It is the opposite for you. Having a narrow face, you ought not to uncover your temples. Let them free. Your eyes will look larger and your whole appearance will balance better." —GEORGETTE BEAURET.

Bagging Substitutes.

The United States Bureau of Standards is experimenting with substitutes for jute burlap used in bags. It has several grades of fabrics made from paper and from cotton. Bags of sand and dirt are exposed to sun and rain on the roof and inspected at intervals; they are also thrown from heights in order to test the seams, the tying and the strength of the material.

Clothes may make the actress and the lack of them the chorus girl.

St. Vincent's Academy.

Obituary.

The pupils of Junior Fourth Form, St. Vincent's Academy, feel most keenly the death of their little classmate, Margaret Lawless. Being of a particularly sweet and lovable disposition, Margaret was a general favorite and a host of little friends will miss her cheerful presence and gay sense of humor. She made a record as a brilliant student, and won the esteem of teachers and companions. She gave proof of her wonderful energy by attending school on Friday, May seventh. The day was far spent before she admitted that she was not feeling well and asked leave to go home.

The following day the doctor declared she had diphtheria, not a most malignant type and she was brought to the General Hospital. After nine days of suffering, borne with fortitude, she gave up her pure young soul to her Maker with all the generosity of her child-heart. A few hours before dying she received the last imposing rites of the Church in perfect consciousness. She requested her sorrowing mother to recite her favorite prayers and to the end was heard repeating pious ejaculations.

Little Mary flower transplanted in the garden of Heaven, she will speak to the Blessed Virgin of our love, our gratitude, and our desires; and true child of Notre Dame, her prayers on high will support ours in obtaining for all her school friends the grace of final perseverance.

Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to her bereaved parents, brothers and sisters.

The Apple Blossoms.

One May morning a little girl sat under a maple tree waiting on some work that her mother had given her. The apple blossoms were so beautiful that the little girl said, "Oh! what beautiful blossoms! You must be so happy because you have nothing to do."

There was a great fluttering be-

while they are not just like one family yet, they can often get along together pretty well without smashing each other's heads. That is a great step in advance.

CIRCUS DAY ON THE WAY

One of Greatest Shows Kingston Has Seen.

Years may come and go, times and customs change, but a circus is always a joy to old and young. So all will be delighted to know that the Sparks Big Three Ring Circus is on its way and will exhibit here.

Certainly this is one of the greatest shows that has ever come to Kingston. It includes almost everything in the way of entertainment, from the champion high jumping horse of the world to Madge Evans, a dainty little miss who puts a herd of monster elephants through their paces twice daily. There are feats of strength and balancing that seem to defy every law of gravitation. There is the great Matoka in his front and backward slides for life on a narrow, threadlike wire, extending nearly the entire length of the "big top." There are truly remarkable exhibitions of bareback—Post graduate high school

OUR FIRST TWELFTH.

On many a Twelfth of July the sounds of life and drum have pierced the ears of the dweller about the Cataragi and the outlet of Lake Ontario. But the first of all these occasions, according to Miss Machar's "Story of Old Kingston," was in 1673.

It was certainly not an orthodox Orange celebration. Instead of paved streets with buildings of gray stone or red brick, there was only a group of tents and wigwags on the shore, surrounded by the virgin forest. There was no gay crowd of holiday-makers, laughing, cheering, and devouring ice-cream and soft drinks. Spectators there were, indeed, but they looked on in dignified silence. Instead of dull coats of serge or broadcloth they wore brilliant coats of paint, with deer-skin moccasins in place of freshly shined shoes, and tall feathers instead of tall hats.

The parades, too, were different. They marched like professionals, as indeed they were. Their swords, pikes and bayonets glittered in the evening sunlight, not with gold paint, but with the polish given them by constant use both in Europe and America. Above them streamed a stately banner. It was, however, none of the complex devices in blue and orange which head the modern parades, but a white one sprinkled all over with the lilies of France. The files played as merrily as they do now, and the drummers thumped away almost as lustily as now (not quite—the true Twelfth of July drummer is unsurpassed and unsurpassable.) The tunes, however, were different. "The Protestant Boys" played in that camp would have earned you a rapier-blade through your midriff, only that no one there would have known or understood it. For these were the French and their garrison, Frontenac, come from Quebec to set up a fort at the outlet of the lake. What would they have said and thought if they could have foreseen the future, and learned that the fort they were to build would later, under an alien flag, develop into a stronghold of Protestantism and an inexhaustible source of Orange parades?

The good Abbe D'Urte would probably have exclaimed in pious horror over the triumph of the Protestants, resigning himself, however, to the will of heaven, and turning to his work with fresh vigor, that he might snatch as many Indian souls as possible from the wrath to come. Many of the soldiers might have

cared little enough. "Too bad that the heretic dogs are to win out," they would say, "but we'll all be dead before them, so why worry? Pass the bottle, Raoul."

As for Frontenac himself, he might not have felt much concern over the coming downfall of the priests. "Let them go," he might have said, "A man can't sell a keg of rum to the Indians, but they try to interfere. A good riddance, that part of it. But France!—France to go down like that!"

It was just as well that the old man could not foresee what was to come. The utter defeat of his country would have broken his spirit, and left no heart in him for the great and necessary work he was still to do. He foresaw nothing; he did his work, and the children of his own race, side by side with those of his bitterest enemies, reap now where he sowed.

Side by side they reap, English and French, Catholic and Protestant; and

GET OUT IN THE GARDEN.

Are you short of the wherefore to purchase good "eats" Like "laters" and cabbage and onions and beets? Do you hunger for spinach where'er there's a death, And lettuce and radishes fresh from the earth? Get out in the garden!

Would you like to have peas, also luscious green corn, Each dinner in summer your table adorn? Are you fond of young carrots with tasty cream sauce, And would have them quite often if you were the boss? Get out in the garden!

Do you suffer from headache and kinks in the back? Are you longing for something, know not what you lack? Are you grouchy and peevish, pernickety, blue? You need exercise. My advice is to you— Get out in the garden!

If you'd be your own middleman, own profiteer, With nice money balance at end of the year— If you'd like to see stored in your cellar for once Enough vegetables for the long winter months— Get out in the garden!

So if you would add to the state of your health, Kill two birds with one stone and add to your wealth, By digging and raking, and by planting good seed, And produce your own foodstuffs—all that you need, Get out in the garden!

SCIATICA

Would you be rid of that sharp pain—first sharp knife-like thrust along the sciatic nerve—course of every movement—made have found leaving relief?

Templeton's Rheumatic Capsules

Many doctors prescribe Write Templeton, 148 King St. W., Toronto, for free sample. Sold by reliable druggists everywhere for \$1.00.

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