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Shortage of rain, liquor and potatoes seem to go hand in hand this season.

Many hands make light work, but did you ever try it when there was only one pie at the picnic?

Our city fathers are going to give us eight band concerts this summer. Thank you, sirs, for the kind words.

Chicago is well named the "windy city" after one reads about the republican convention held there this week.

What is more beautiful than the bridal wreath these June days? asks an American editor. Why, surely, the bride herself, man.

Canada settled its troubles with Great Britain years ago without embroiling the whole world. Why cannot Ireland do the same?

The Watertown Times wonders if Mrs. Woodrow Wilson read Senator Lodge's speech at the republican convention out loud to the president.

What's in a name? There is a globe-trotter in Montreal now with 50,000 signatures of famous men on his shoulder. They are not tattooed, but in a book.

It does not matter much what candidate the republicans choose, for the democrats will come along and declare him absolutely unfit to occupy the United States' presidential chair.

Before the Board of Health summons citizens for not obeying the sanitary by-laws, it should hale before the police magistrate the City Council, for maintaining a nuisance in the city park.

The big republican leaders in the United States are opposed to internationalism. They would have the United States reap the benefit of international trade but would leave to Great Britain and France the policing of Europe and the Far East. Small spirit, surely.

Hon. W. L. McKenzie King expects to spend a month campaigning in North York. By the end of the month—if Ottawa reports are to be believed—there may be a new leader of the Liberal party at Ottawa. At all events, an anti-conspiratorist will never succeed in guiding the Liberal party out of the wilderness.

The aldermen who voted against spending money for band concerts in the city parks this summer should not complain if the public classes them with the man described by Shakespeare, who, having no music in himself nor being moved with concord of sweet sounds, "is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils. . . Let no such man be trusted."

CANADA'S INDEMNITY CLAIM. Any part of the population of Canada which is hoping to get a share of the indemnity that has been demanded from Germany by the Canadian government had better not entertain too great expectations. The veterans who have been clamoring for large bonuses, and who have hopes of securing their demands when the indemnity is paid, should not let their hopes run too high. Canada has little chance of obtaining the sum that she has asked for.

The exact figure of the indemnity demanded by Canada is \$1,871,000,000, nearly two billion dollars. The chances of securing this are very slim. At a recent conference at

Hythe, England, the total amount due by Germany for reparation was fixed at approximately thirty billions. This, however, was to be stretched over a long period of time, and no interest was to be charged. The present value of the reparations, taking into consideration the exchange conditions, therefore, would be about fifteen billion dollars. Under an agreement with our Allies, the share of the British Empire would be one-fourth of the total, or roughly \$3,500,000,000. If Canada's claim was accepted under this plan, and placing the combined claim of Australia and New Zealand at the same amount, the whole payment of the British Empire would be expended, leaving nothing for the United Kingdom, South Africa or India.

Another proposal, put forward by a group of official American financial experts, is that reparations should be made of a present value of \$7,500,000,000. The American commissioners place it at \$4,025,000,000. No one will for a moment pretend that the losses of Canada were of such an extent as to entitle her to a sum nearly fifty per cent. of that awarded to France, in one instance, or within \$200,000,000 of that awarded in another. If Canada is warranted in asking nearly two billion dollars, then surely France and Belgium would be entitled to at least ten times that amount. Canada asks for more than has been allotted to Belgium or Italy, although no one will for a moment argue that our war losses were to be compared with those of the two countries mentioned.

The German statement is that the most that can be paid in indemnity is ten billion dollars. If this is accepted, two and a half billions would come to the British Empire. Canada's bill would absorb four-fifths of that amount, leaving one-fifth for the rest of the empire. It hardly sounds feasible. Canada will be fortunate if she receives payment of one-fourth of the sum asked for. The major portion of the British share of the indemnity rightfully belongs to Great Britain, whose losses were many times greater than those of any other part of the empire. The other dominions must also have consideration, and if Canada receives a quarter of what she asks it means that other parts of the empire will have to be slighted. So those who are looking for compensation from the indemnity had better face the fact that it is practically impossible for Canada to receive the amount she has asked for. The fixing of Canada's claim is likely to prove embarrassing to the British statesmen who are entrusted with the handling of this matter, so we must be prepared for disappointment, and must face it with as good grace as possible.

dentists and denistry. "Is the Schemen angry—angry with Ruth, Because she cries with an ache in her tooth That would make a Sagamore jump and cry And look about with a woman's eye?" Thus Ruth Bonython tried to allay the jealous suspicions of her Indian suitor Mogg Megone. Her excuse had the defect of not being true; but Mogg accepted it readily. For, if we can believe Whittier's note, toothache was the only pain an Indian could not endure. One might think that burning at the stake would be quite as bad; but we are in no position to argue against the wider experience of the Indians, who had tried both.

If the young gentleman wanted to shine before his best girl he got the priest to stick some gold leaf on his front teeth at strategic points—that is to say, where it would dazzle her eyes when she smiled at her. When the mummies of some of these dandies were first discovered, it was announced that the Egyptians had practiced the art of gold filling. But the pretty story was spoiled by some scientist. A scientific man must always be poking at things. If you doubt this, go over to Queen's and watch them. One of the tribe poked at the supposed gold filling and exposed not only the perfectly sound tooth under it, but also the vanity of its former owner. Real gold fillings only began to

be used about a hundred years ago; and they were crude affairs, jammed in by hand. Lead was tried before that. Sets of false teeth were first made with springs that held them in place by pressing against the jaws. We understand it was worse, on the whole, than wearing a bit. Effective denistry, then, is a modern affair. The dentist's work is always delicate and sometimes disagreeable. Most people now-a-days are toothbrush addicts, but at times the dentist meets one whose mouth bears evidence of a lofty scorn for that humdrum habit. Then there is always the little girl who shrieks bloody murder, poor thing, when she sees the machine begin to revolve. In grown-ups, who are slaves to convention, this very natural impulse is repressed up to a certain point.

Dentists should get very cynical; they see human nature at its weakest. Yet they are often quite humane. Most of them are extremely careful, always on the watch for the slightest sign of pain. They don't want you to keep quiet if they are hurting you, as a rule; they want you to let them know. Would that we all were as likely to get what we want! Last year the Department of Education investigated the physical condition of the children in many county schools of Ontario. In the first county inspected, 1,900 children out of 2,500 were found to have decayed teeth. Now this means that many a youngster on our Ontario farms is being forced to put up with the kind of pain that an Indian couldn't stand. He wakes in the morning with a nasty dull ache in his jaw, swallows his breakfast in half-chewed lumps, and hustles off to school. At recess, if he gets hot playing ball and takes a drink of cold water, it starts the dirty thing jumping like mad, and how can he learn division of fractions with that going on? When he goes home he may feed the pigs and carry in the wood, because he has to; but he has no heart to go swimming with the other fellows. And when he finally goes to bed, he may be tossing around half the night.

It may be that the high cost of dentistry is partly to blame for all this. In some future Utopia dentists may be nationalized like railways, and every man with a sore tooth will have the right to get it fixed at the public expense. If all men are brothers, why should anyone suffer agonies from toothache for lack of ready cash? No doubt there would be difficulties. If you happened to know that John Jones saved his toothbrush for Sunday mornings before church, you might object to paying taxes for his crown and bridge work. Or if you suspected Dr. Brown of neglecting to wash his instruments between operations you might not like to have him get the appointment to your district. Still, the idea might be worth consideration by the Drury government.

Chinese Dear Days. (The Texarkanan) In the old days a poor appetite was a cause for complaint. Now it is one for thanks. Why Sugar is Dear. (Kitchener Telegraph) One reason for the high price of sugar, it is pointed out, is the fact that it keeps well in storage. Knows the German. (Cleveland Plain Dealer) Germany proposes to ask for the return of some of her colonies. Pretty soon she'll ask that the whole war be reconsidered. With Truth. (Brookville Recorder) It is said, perhaps with truth, that if Canadian laws were fewer and simpler they would be more readily understood and obeyed. "Sport" Ahead. (Baltimore Sun) Now that Uncle Sam has shown his unwillingness to accept a mandate for Armenia, the future seems bright for Turkish sportsmen. Not Likely, Certain. (Woodstock Sentinel-Review) The promise in Ontario is for one of the most abundant fruit crops in many years. But the crop of excuses for keeping up the price is also likely to be quite abundant. Queer. (Philadelphia Record) Why should we call the women

"dear" nor speak of men that way? Most men have got their price we hear, yet brides are given away.

Good Advice. (Toronto Telegram) American Federation of Labor should mind its own affairs and keep the preambles and resolves of the Montreal convention in absolute isolation from the affairs of Ireland.

Can't Deceive the Consumer. (Brantford Expositor) Arguments about what constitutes luxuries will not deceive the consumer. Nothing will convince the public that staple articles of food are in the same class as silks, furs and motor cars.

Canada—East and West Dominion Happenings of Other Days.

Stoney Creek. On the 5th of June, 1813, the United States army that was lying in Canada in the war of 1812-1814 met with a severe defeat at Stoney Creek, Ontario and sustained great losses including the capture of General Chandler and Winter. The force of the invaders numbered about 3,500 men and it was flushed with a number of successes in the land. Col. Harvey, who had led an army from New Brunswick, offered to lead a night attack against the Americans so as to throw the enemy on the defensive. The result was a complete surprise at Stoney Creek where the unprepared Americans were surrounded and routed in about an hour and a half, the small British force retired at daybreak in good order with enemy in flight and with one hundred prisoners including the two generals. They had also captured several guns of good type. So precipitate was the flight of the United States army that they destroyed their baggage and munitions and fled to what is now known as Grimsby.

The battle was a great stimulus for the British for they had been meeting with reverses and the fact that with the handful of men, they had put such an army to flight was like the arrival of huge reinforcements to a disappointed force. The Americans decided they would retrieve their fortunes by a quiet stroke at Beaver Dam but they counted without Laura Secord for she overheard two of the officers talking of the plans of the enemy and making a terrible trip through the woods. She warned the British of the impending attack with the result that when the enemy appeared they met another severe defeat.

NAPANEE'S STAGE TALENT PRODUCED "WHY SHE LOVED HIM", TWO NIGHTS. The Play Was Put on Under the Auspices of the I.O.D.E.—A Good Sum of Money Was Realized. Napanee, July 11.—The I.O.D.E. of Napanee, under the able direction of T. H. Bird, presented the drama "Why She Loved Him" to a large and appreciative audience in the amburries on Thursday and Friday. The town is to be congratulated for the talent displayed by the younger set. To single out any one as a particular artist would be very hard to do. Every member of the play seemed to be especially fitted for his or her role. Grant Paul, in the part of the sergent has reassured his Napanee friends that he is well fitted for the stage. Mrs. Powell took the part of the girl of wealth and showed her splendid ability by her charming easy manner. Miss Alice Preston's part of the mother guiding her wayward son in the path he should travel was well portrayed. Mr. Bird was welcomed again to Napanee audiences in the role of the Slave. Miss Elsie Woodcock played a very touching part and captivated the audience through her suave manner. William McLaughlin played the role of the mountaineer with much credit. Hugh Burgess and Claire Huggill both excelled in their parts. Perhaps especial mention might be made of Miss Elizabeth Carmichael, who portrayed the part of "Chick", one of the mountaineers' daughters. Arthur Edmonston kept the audience in laughter with his Irish wit. The specialties given between acts have never been equaled here. The I.O.D.E. will realize a neat sum from the two night's performances. Mrs. J. S. Ham has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Hugh Blain, Toronto. Mrs. W. J. Doller is in the Kingston General hospital undergoing a serious operation. Mrs. Morrison, Toronto, and Mrs. Secord, Detroit, Mich., are the guests of Mrs. G. A. Wallace. C. I. Maybes is in the Kingston General Hospital improving nicely after an operation. Miss Madge Vanastier, of Toronto, is visiting her sister, Mr. Matthew Taylor. Two new Portland cement factories are to be built at Kawasaki and in Hokkaido, Japan, at a cost of about \$2,000,000.

PUBLIC OPINION

These Dear Days. (The Texarkanan) In the old days a poor appetite was a cause for complaint. Now it is one for thanks. Why Sugar is Dear. (Kitchener Telegraph) One reason for the high price of sugar, it is pointed out, is the fact that it keeps well in storage. Knows the German. (Cleveland Plain Dealer) Germany proposes to ask for the return of some of her colonies. Pretty soon she'll ask that the whole war be reconsidered. With Truth. (Brookville Recorder) It is said, perhaps with truth, that if Canadian laws were fewer and simpler they would be more readily understood and obeyed. "Sport" Ahead. (Baltimore Sun) Now that Uncle Sam has shown his unwillingness to accept a mandate for Armenia, the future seems bright for Turkish sportsmen. Not Likely, Certain. (Woodstock Sentinel-Review) The promise in Ontario is for one of the most abundant fruit crops in many years. But the crop of excuses for keeping up the price is also likely to be quite abundant. Queer. (Philadelphia Record) Why should we call the women

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Rippling Rhymes

A GLAD WORLD. This world's so fine and dandy that life should be a grin; there's always sunshine handy for those who'd wade therein. As cheerful as a colt is, I do my daily toil, there always is a poltice for every human boil. I brood not lest disaster of life should ruin make; there is a mustard plaster for every human ache. If life, at any juncture, seems desolate and grim, and hope receives a puncture, then run her on the rim; and laugh at Old Man Sorrow, and bet your Sunday lid that things will run tomorrow well as they ever did. I have the giddy habit of giving grief a slap; if there's a smile I nab it, and paste it on my map. The little tinhorn troubles that drive some men insane, to me are vagrant babies, they're empty things and vain. And when full grown afflictions come down in catarracts, I look on them as fictions that masquerade as facts. I fire them in a hurry, I bid them loop the loops; I say to them, "For worry I do I deal; it is the stuff I wade in, to back my daily spiel." —WALT MASON.

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