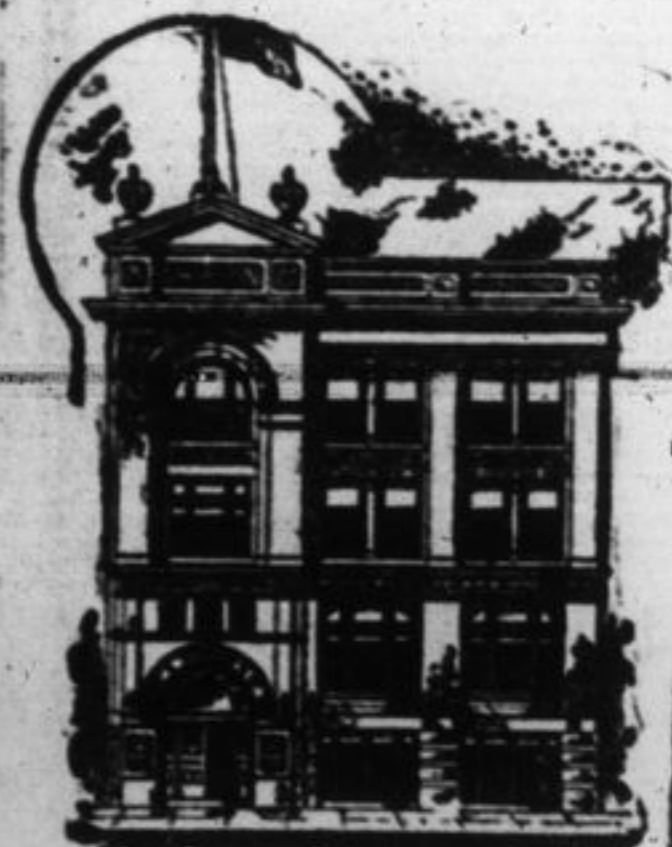


THE BRITISH WHIG 87th YEAR



Published Daily and Semi-Weekly by THE BRITISH WHIG PUBLISHING CO. LIMITED

J. G. Elliott, President; L. A. Guild, Editor and Managing Director

Business Office: 243; Editorial Rooms: 229; Job Office: 222

Subscription Rates: Daily Edition, One Year, \$4.00

One Year, if paid in advance, \$3.50

One Year, by mail to rural offices, \$4.50

One Year, to United States, \$12.50

One Year, if not paid in advance, \$4.00

One Year, to United States, \$12.50

Six and three months pro rata

OUT-OF-TOWN REPRESENTATIVES: F. Calder, 22 St. John St., Montreal

F. M. Thompson, 407 Lumsden Bldg., Toronto

Letters to the Editor are published only over the actual name of the writer

Attached is one of the best job printing offices in Canada

The circulation of THE BRITISH WHIG is authenticated by the A. B. C. Audit Bureau of Circulations

The profiteer and his conscience are soon parted

When a man goes out for a lark he usually gets on a hat

The trouble about a vacation is that one always needs it worse when he gets back

It is possible to raise boys without spanking, but why encourage the building of jails?

The only thing one can brew at home with the assurance of a satisfactory kick is trouble

This "Glorious War" stuff is always written by men who don't get close enough to smell it

A statesman would much rather talk about the problems of Europe than the price of sugar

A smoking stand is a nice piece of furniture, but it is always across the room when the ash drops

The annoying thing about a very good man is that he seems always to be calling attention to his halo

The effort to conserve the supply of gasoline should be considerably encouraged by the present price

Cotton is a wonderful plant. It provides cotton cloth, olive oil, silk stockings and all-wool clothing

A man really doesn't know how to appreciate a good wife or a good stomach until they go back on him

This back-to-the-farm stuff is like war. Those who furnish the eloquence expect others to do the work

The ex-kaiser is making his own clothes. There was a general hope that a piece of hemp would furnish his close

The fattest calf wasn't such a treat for the prodigal son. He had doubtless been enjoying the society of chorus girls

Peace bath her heroes. There is the salaried man who asks the price of a tenderloin steak and tells the man to wrap 'er up

First thing you know, every family in the country will feel too rich to do its own washing and then the health department will get us

In the United States sympathy for the oppressed doesn't function properly unless the oppressed are a thousand miles from that country

A Texas boy drove five miles before he discovered his best girl had fallen out of the buggy. You would never catch a Kingston boy being as careless as that

The New Haven Register has put it right when it says one of the best ways to bring back gasoline to twenty cents a gallon is to use a 1920 model walking stick

The July brides have put it all over the June kind, both in weather and garb. We read the other day of a bride whose going away outfit was a bit of mahogany shade!

Here's an Overall Club that is worthy of its profession. In one Ohio city 2,000 business and professional men are willing to give a day's work each week to the farmers in that state

The Germans have only one way of acting. They bluff and bluster

and then back down. They never are able to pull off any new tricks. The blubber in their brain is all moulded in the one pattern.

A FLAG LESSON.

Even in Toronto they do not know the proper flag to fly. Major-General Victor Williams, officer commanding up there, and who until recently was in command of No. 2 military district at Kingston, found what looked to him like a merchant marine flag floating over the war veterans' plot in Prospect cemetery. He doubtless marvelled that Toronto was so unlearned in regard to national colors that it should fly anything from a staff but a union jack. That is our flag as well as Great Britain's. Gen. Williams saw to it that the union jack will henceforth float over the Toronto veterans' plot. Here in Kingston we know a little more about flagology than Toronto does. Only the union jack floats over our city hall.

THE REAST OF BURDEN.

For a number of years the Humane Society has organized bands of mercy in connection with the schools in order to teach children to be kind to dumb animals. There is no doubt that through this agency the children of this decade are more kindly disposed toward the dumb creatures than were the youngsters of three or four decades ago. The school children might be used by the Humane Society in reporting cases of abuse of horses, those beasts of burden which have been man's helper throughout the generations. Even children can tell if a horse is being cruelly beaten because it does not perform the task that some drivers impose upon it. The majority of drivers—cabbies, for instance—treat their horses kindly and see to their comfort, but the cruel driver is always with us.

There is another kind of cruelty to animals that only a veterinary can detect. It is claimed that many horses are constantly being raced on tracks when they are doped to a marked degree, and when the cocaine or other drug wears off they suffer agony. This kind of cruelty is even worse than that of beating a horse when it falters in dragging a load beyond its power, because it is more difficult to detect.

IS IRISH CIVIL WAR IMMINENT?

With the situation in Ireland rapidly becoming worse, and the British government apparently quite powerless to hold the Sinn Fein party in check, it looks as if Ireland is doomed to civil war, no matter what course may be adopted. De Valera from the safety of his refuge in the United States, where he can carry on his propaganda to force Great Britain to recognize the Sinn Fein republic, urges his followers in Ireland not to submit to British rule. They obey him by a constant policy of lawlessness and terrorism. The British government continues to pour troops into Ireland, not knowing what to do with them when they are there, but desirous of having them ready for an emergency. And Sir Edward Carson, leader of the Ulsterites, declares that rather than submit to separation from the British Empire, the people of the north will organize to defend Ulster against Sinn Fein.

Truly no statesmen were ever confronted with a more complex problem. No matter which way they turn they are faced with threats of civil war. Should the Home Rule bill now under consideration be passed, the Sinn Fein party will reject it. They demand a clean break away from Britain and the establishment of an independent republic. There is hardly any chance in a thousand that Britain will grant this, so the Sinn Feiners, urged on the path of destruction by De Valera and his Irish-American zealots, are ready to fight for it and to plunge Ireland into civil war. Britain would then have the unpleasant task of conquering Ireland.

That, however, is not the only black spot in the future of Ireland. Even if Britain were to grant the Sinn Fein demands and to acknowledge Irish independence, the trouble would not be at an end. Up in the north is Protestant Ulster, led by Sir Edward Carson, ready to fight rather than submit to the rule of Sinn Fein. The Ulster volunteer army, which was formed in the spring of 1914 and went to the aid of the empire overnight when war with Germany was declared, is still alive, and contains much of the best fighting blood in Ireland. Carson is ready to lead it in defence of Ulster should there be any threat of separation from Britain. Here again civil war threatens.

The way out of this is yet to be found. The Sinn Feiners demand their right to self-determination, yet they refuse to grant the same right to Ulster. If the Sinn Feiners believe they have the right to decide how and by whom they shall be governed, they cannot refuse the same right to the Ulster-Protestants. Only by a new and broad spirit of toleration can the problem of Ireland's future be settled. Unfortunately there is little hope for such a spirit becoming manifest at present. So Ireland is almost inevitably doomed to civil war.

MUSINGS OF THE KHAN

Let Them Go.

Amid this talk, "Back to the Land," we hear the cry that the boys leave the farm. It's a good thing that some of them do! It's a good thing for the farm and it's a good thing for the boy. It isn't fair to a piece of good soil to have a man working it who loathes the job. It is a humiliation to a field of good clay loam to have a man tilling it who feels above his occupation. The boy who is always watching the clock ought to go to the nearest town and join a union. If he works overtime he will get paid for it, and he will have to carry a watch. The walking delegate, or whatever they call him, carries a watch, and he winds it up with regularity and precision.

The jitney is coming to the rescue of the good old farm. The jitney tractor and the jitney plow and the jitney binder. He has very good reasons. There's Bilhad Duckunder. I wondered what in Sam Hill he was going about to all the sales last fall and this spring, buying up all the old binders and mowing machines that he could lay his hands on. He will bring home a disreputable-looking binder, and he will patch her up here and there, and give her a few buttons on her, and sew her a new pliant, and slash on a little paint here and there, and she's as good as new. Does Bilhad do all this for his health? No, he's got an excellent health—there's nothing wrong with Bilhad. Folks wonder what he wants with so many wagons and two or three threshing machines. Bilhad is looking into the future. Some day in a great crisis he may furnish the whole township with a jitney service. He will be in a position to put the crops in, cut and harvest them, thresh them, yea, and market them at—five cents a mile!

There are boys on the farm who will never make good. The city is calling to them all the time, and they can't hear anything else, unless, indeed, it is the noon whistles at Bullock's. Corners twenty miles away. These boys remind me of Missus Sevenpiper's Tiddy. I am sorry for that young one. Missus Sevenpiper locks her in the parlor for two hours every day to practice her lesson on the piano. It is as great a cruelty to the poor child as if she were shut in there with a nice, big, shiny lizard with a row of teeth a yard wide. Tiddy has a horror of that piano, and no one will ever know what she suffers, but she has got to keep thumping away, as her many brothers, if she lets up on the dreadful plunk, plunk, plunk, plunkity, plunk for half a minute Missus Sevenpiper bounces into the room, wiping her red arms of her apron, and wants to know what's wrong of er. She will accuse the wretched child of base ingratitude and remind her that the hull, family made sackeresses so's she could get that instrument. "We hev'n't been to the Exhibition, me ner yer dad, fer three year, savin' and savin', an' this is the thanks we git. Look at yer brother Hiram—jes' look at him! He's out there thinnin' turmots when he had oughter be at High school, an' what fer? Jes' so's you c'd hev a planny and be a lady!" Missus Sevenpiper has always

hoped that she would live to see the day, or evening rather, when at a big garden social she would hear the chairman announce: "We will now be favored with a musical toon on the piano by our gifted young friend, Miss Tiddy Sevenpiper, entitled 'A Storm on the Hamilton Mountain.'" Her mother's heart would swell with pride to see Tiddy stride through the throng on her long, spindly shanks, scramble on the platform and leap upon her prey. For an encore she would play "A Rainy Day on the Island."

Better, far better. Tiddy studied elocution and recited "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night." The piano will soon be as extinct in these parts as the wildcat and the bald-headed eagle. After listening to "Boney Crossing the Alps" on a gramophone I simply can't endure Tiddy any more. Some boys are no good on the farm, for the good Lord He never intended them to hoe corn, and they know it. It is a greater hardship to make them work than if you did it yourself. The chances are you will have to do it yourself anyway.

The great law of compensation is at work. The city is beginning to compensate the farm. A fair exchange is no robbery. The day is near at hand when the town will jitney the crop in and jitney the crop off, and jitney old Hard Times to the House of Refuge.

THE KHAN, The Wigwam, Rushdale Farm, R.ckton, Ont.

PREACHED AT ST. LUKE'S

Rev. S. B. G. Wright the Preacher at the Morning Service. Rev. S. B. G. Wright, a brother of the rector of St. Luke's church, preached in St. Luke's church on Sunday morning and delivered a most inspiring sermon before a large congregation. The visiting preacher is stationed at All Saints cathedral, Halifax.

Rev. Mr. Wright preached on "The Power of the Cross." He at first dwelt on the significance of it, and proceeded to point out how it stood for love, forgiveness and self-sacrifice. He spoke of the great power of the church, and the part it played in the great war.

Mrs. Morris rendered a beautiful solo at the evening service.

Peace with Poland is possible after a triumphal entry of the Soviet army in Warsaw.



Deacon Shirt Company, Belleville - Canada 55

Rippling Rhymes

THE DEEP.

The ocean beats the headland steep before my humble dwelling, and I sit there and view the deep, and hear the seabirds yelling. There are a thousand wondrous tales in every wave that's rolling, of coral isles and frantic galleons and temple bells a-tolling. But who will tell a tale to me, so I may write the story? For I have never been to sea, and haven't known its glory. And there are seamen all around, who've been to every harbor; I meet them by the village pond, and when I seek the barber. They've been on ships in every clime, they've fought through tempests thrilling, and they could tell yarn sublime if only they were willing. In vain I tempt these ancient men to talk of seas and sailors, though they will spiel again, again, of tinkers and of tailors. They'll drool away on topics cheap until my soul grows limper, but of the wonders of the deep I cannot draw a whimper. Oh, none will tell of heathen chiefs who rule o'er blood-stained acres, and I can't hear of distant reefs, or blue lagoons or breakers. The mariners of many ships their secrets will ere guarding, but they will open wide their lips to talk of Warren Harding.

—WALT MASON.

Seal Brand Coffee

Nothing else will do

No other can compare with Seal Brand. Made only from the finest mountain-grown beans, which have developed slowly, absorbing goodness from the air, the sun and the luxurious soil of the cool wonderful Tropic Uplands.

Perfectly Blended and Roasted, the rich aroma and rare flavour sealed into the Tins.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

The Road to Independence

Trouble comes to all of us at one time or another.

The man with a snug bank account, is fortified against the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune"

It is the duty of every man to lay aside something for the inevitable rainy day.

Open a Savings Account today—and take your first step along the road to Independence.

THE MERCHANTS BANK

Head Office: Montreal OF CANADA Established 1804. KINGSTON BRANCH: H. A. TOSHELD, Manager. PARRAM, VERONA AND ARDEN BRANCHES: J. W. McCLYMONT, Manager.

BIBBY'S Kingston's Cash and One-Price Clothing House. SEE OUR YOUNG MEN'S SUITS - "The Jake"—Men's regular models at \$25.00. These are not \$50.00 Suits for \$25.00, but they are the best \$25.00 Suits in town. SEE BIBBY'S \$35.00 GREY SUITS - in the new Ritz models; splendidly tailored; good domestic Cheviots and Tweeds. Sizes 34 to 42. SEE BIBBY'S \$30.00 SUITS in grey, brown or fawns. Sizes 36 to 44. SEE BIBBY'S \$35.00 BLUE SERGE SUITS. SEE BIBBY'S \$45.00 BLUE WORSTED SUITS Blue Indigo Imported Cloth—stout, slims and regulars; men's and young men's models. BIBBY'S FOR SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES The Dorsay—\$45 The Claude—\$55 The Drake—\$52.50 Sale of Panamas.

McCLARY'S GAS RANGES "The Finest Finished Ranges Sold in Canada." "FLORENCE AUTOMATIC" OIL STOVES Endorsed by Good House Keeping Magazine. Sold at: BUNT'S King St. Phone 388

SUMMER DRINKS - LIME JUICE - GRAPE JUICE - LOGANBERRY JUICE - ORANGEADE - LEMONADE - RASPBERRIADA - GIRD'S GINGER ALE - GIRD'S SODA WATER - GIRD'S DRY GINGER ALE - ADAMAC DRY GINGER ALE. Jas. REDDEN & Co. Phone 20 and 890 Store closes at 1 p.m. Wednesday

Gourdier's For FURS Nuff Said

CHOICE MEATS - Spring Lamb - Spare Ribs - Tenderloins - Pork Sausages - Choice Western Beef. Daniel Hogan 332 KING STREET Phone 285

DAVID SCOTT Plumber Plumbing and Gas Work a specialty. All work guaranteed. Address 145 Frontenac street. Phone 1277.

WE ARE PLEASED to announce that our Mr. McNAMEE is back again in charge of our Repairing Department, and trust we can give you the old time satisfaction that has made ours a busy shop. Work and prices will be right. McNAMEE & SLACK PHONE 1217W. 84 QUEEN STREET

Robinson & Wiltshire Automobile Repair Shop All Kinds of Cars Repaired Promptly. Also do Motor Boat Repairing 405 Princess St.

G. Hunter Ogilvie Agent for: Excelsior Life Assurance Co. Royal Exchange (Fire) and Automobile. British Empire Underwriters. Eagle Star & British Dominions. Fidelity (Fire) Underwriters. Montreal Underwriters Agency. General Accident Assurance Co.'s. Dominion Gresham Guarantee & Casual. In close touch with Montreal and Toronto Stock Exchanges. 281 KING STREET. Phones 568j & 1087

Bathing Caps Dainty and serviceable; new shapes and color combinations; 25c to \$2.00. DIVING CAPS Plain extra heavy . . . 85c. to \$1.00. WATER WINGS With new Valve . . . . . 75c. EAR STOPPLES Prevent water entering ears . . . 35c. DR. CHOWN'S DRUG STORE PHONE 843 185 PRINCESS STREET

Coal That Suits The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad's Celebrated Scranton Coal The Standard Anthracite The only Coal handled by Crawford Phone 9. Foot of Queen St. "It's a black business, but we treat you white."

FARMS FOR SALE A splendid farm of 267 acres, on good road in Township of Kingston; good buildings; about 150 acres of good clay loam under cultivation; plenty of wood for fuel and some valuable building timber; an overhanging spring for stock; no pumping; good fences; no low or swamp land. A farmer with ordinary intelligence and willing to work should be able to pay for this farm in six or seven years. Price \$11,000.00. For further particulars apply to: T. J. LOCKHART Real Estate and Insurance Clarence Street - Kingston