

THE BRITISH WHIG 97th YEAR.



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There's many a slip between the coal mines and the cellar.

Ireland's nearest approach to stable government is constable.

You can't judge a man by what or where he came from. Learn why he came.

Much of our distress is due to tax methods. And the rest of it to tax methods.

Bolshevism is neither a hope nor a faith, but rather a memory and an appetite.

Russia may lust and slay if she will, but she only postpones the fiddler's bill.

Bryan says he is a Democrat still. The significant thing is that he is a still Democrat.

When the headline speaks of a speeding car nobody suspects that it refers to a freight car.

As we understand the complaint of the radicals, the capitalist is guilty of being a success.

Use hair tonic externally to stop falling hair. If taken internally, your son will be falling hair.

The radical really doesn't care who governs the country if he can do the greater part of its talking.

De la Huerta's threat to make Mexico dry has quieted the jingo talk of annexation in the United States.

Radicals hold varying opinions, but they all agree the world can be made better by frisking the rich man.

Lenine is doubtless determined that the Allies shall recognize the Soviet or be unable to recognize Poland.

A physician says a pound of steak has as much kick as a drink of liquor. Perhaps he means a mule steak.

As long as machine guns are manufactured it will be just as well to make boundary lines in Europe portable.

A bore is one who gives you very little opportunity to brag about your successes or whine about your troubles.

The fact that the Japanese language contains no curse words leads naturally to the belief that Japan has no mosquitoes.

Anyone who is waiting for coal to come down should remember how the Board of Commerce lowered the price of sugar.

When women get into the game some patriot will win immortality by regretting that he has but one wife to give to his country.

When the coal miner has worked for three consecutive hours he leans on his pick to remark that it is a long time between strikes.

Kingston has a good chance to secure sites for manufacturing concerns in the north-east end. The sites are necessary. The Industries committee is being seconded by the council to the fullest extent possible in landing new industries.

It was very clearly demonstrated at a recent Division Court session that increased assessment was due

In Kingston. A property valued at \$5,500, and for which \$50 a month rent was asked, had an assessed value of \$2,450. Usually property should be assessed at eighty per cent. of its value.

The federal government, in the years it has been union in character, has developed along safe and sane lines; it has had men of ideas and progress and quite unafraid to go ahead. The programme for the future is replete with promise and calls for stalwart support. Its reconstruction purposes call for energy and skill.

PRISONERS UNREFORMED.

The two young prisoners who made their escape from the provincial penitentiary at Portsmouth went forth unreformed. If their morals had been improved they would not have escaped from custody but would have proved themselves worthy of the trust reposed in them. Instead of doing that, they took advantage of the trust, and the result will be felt probably by other prisoners hereafter, for it is not likely that the prison heads will care, for a time at least, making "trusties" of inmates. No doubt a mistake was made in the case of the two missing young men. Burglary brought the pair to penitentiary and the period of their incarceration does not appear to have done them good, for in escaping they resorted to every device of the burglar and thief. Fortunately they got away without the use of firearms or other weapons, but in order to get clear away they will have to do further stealing. It is very apparent that prison life at Portsmouth—as well as in other dominion penal institutions—is not conducive to reform. A different system of treatment might have improved the morals of these two young fellows and their flight might not have occurred. Their escape only adds to the demand for a change in the federal system of dealing with men who have violated certain laws of the land.

HAIRBRUSH AND APRON-STRINGS

Several generations have speculated on the spiritual efficacy of the old-fashioned wooden-backed hairbrush physically applied as a corrective in the case of young women inclined to be wayward. Now comes a judge with the suggestion that mothers' apron-strings should be used to tether young people in the straight and narrow path. This judge observes that he is required to pass judgment on an increasing number of young people in the last of the 'teens. He attributes this condition of affairs to the frivolity of modern mothers and the lack of proper moral training of the young men and women who are now arriving at the age of courtship and marriage.

"The youth of my day," he says, "were taught morality at the mothers' apron-strings." "The youth of my day" has always been a favorite topic for the elderly. In those days the youth of the previous generation was held up as a shining example. The grandchildren of Adam undoubtedly told their grandchildren of the virtues of unfortunate Abel. And so it has gone. Hairbrushes and apron-strings are in the discard, for the time being at least. That children generally are the worse for their new freedom is not yet demonstrated. If mothers and fathers of the coming generation decide that their parents have been too lax, then we may be sure that the hairbrush and the apron-strings will return. So it has gone, and so it will continue to go. An excess in either direction brings its own correction.

BEAUTY THAT IS SKIN DEEP.

It is a poor week that does not bring some strange tale from Paris. The latest is of a woman who, nearing fifty, has recovered the beauty she had when twenty-five by a simple operation. Small incisions were made behind the ears and on the scalp. It is said, and the skin drawn as a carpet might be stretched. Only two or three small sutures are left to tell the tale, and their tale is hidden under a wealth of hair.

There are spots on the sun, however, and blemishes on this record. The woman so suddenly given back her youthful countenance must never smile again less through laughter she spoil that finely stretched tegument. She can be happy only as long as she remains as animated as a mummy swathed in gorgeous garments that give off the odors of secret spices.

Is the price worth paying? Life has many compensations at fifty that are unknown at twenty-five. Would it not be better for this Parisienne, anxious postulant of beauty though she is, to take the good with the less good? There is not much use in living if all hope of laughter is lost.

Of all women, it is agreed the least attractive are those who go farthest to force the ways of youth on bodies that make a mockery of their efforts. A woman who seeks to look and to act her age—assuming that she has taken life with the rich and clean delight in its struggles that it deserves—is always the one whom a world, rejoicing in her dignity, likes to honor. False feathers do not make either fine birds or fair ladies—except at the circus.

MUSINGS OF THE KHAN

The Villain Still Pursues Her.

A generation ago on the inaccessible farms near the stump-infested side lines a farmer's boy weeding corn would occasionally lean upon his hoe and figure out what he would be when grown up. The law was never popular with the boys, because they never saw one during their impassioned years. There are fewer farmers' sons in the legal profession than in any other. Almost all the preachers come from the farms, for the reason intimated above. The well-to-do, well-read preacher was always before the lad. Two Irishmen sat down on the job for a few minutes one hot day.

"Dennis," says one, "what would you be now, supposin' youse had your choice?" "For a good, aisy job," said Dennis. "I'd like to be a bishop."

I don't believe that medicine was ever really popular with the bare-footed boy with the hoe. If one of them studied medicine the career was chosen for him by his parents. I fancy the average boy would rather keep store than be a doctor. Driving a candy wagon for a nation outfit was better than either.

But what did the girls think about, the lonely girls away in the back pastures? I honestly believe that girls think of something else besides getting married. You have no conception of the number of girls who are thinking up a career. A few years ago school-teaching opened up new prospects, and the girl who could stick it out till she got a third-class certificate was saved from being a hired girl or a factory worker. And slinger in a hotel, or from starving to death genteely as a seamstress. They let no grass grow under their feet, for, with a few exceptions, they took possession of every school in the land. The he school teacher withdrew a way before the blast and served him right! He was only in the profession to get enough money to start him in something else. There may have been one here and there who mean it for a life calling, but the majority of them used the job as a stepping stone to what they called higher things. Here's where a lot of the doctors came from and many of the preachers. They loathed their work, they despised the three old mossbacks who made up the trusted board, they had a contempt for the rich farmer who gave them a room and eats. In short, they weren't there to stay. Many more of them would have studied medicine or theology, only they fell in love with the old man's daughter and that queered their college career. They dropped out of the teaching profession to make hen-coops and stretch fence, or work a farm with a blanket mortgage on it. At his funeral it was known for the first time to many that once on a time, when he was a dashing Lothario, he had taught school. They blamed it all on their wives.

"Say, Harriet, that's enough of that! That'll do now! You've sed too much, more'n flesh'n' blood'll 'bar. You know I wanted you to wait till I got my doctor's diploma before we got married—but oh, no! You wouldn't take no chances. That'll do now, Harriet—I got the floor. You know how you kept on. You wep and snorted and' clung about my neck. That'll do now Harriet, that'll do. You know dang well that what I'm saying is the gospel truth. What chance had I to be a doctor, or preacher, either, with you and a young one on my hands? I come to board at yer dades, a young, innersent feller with a great future before him. I mighta been another Dr. Osler—or I might've been president of the Conference by this time, but oh, no! you wouldn't let me be. Yes, you did, too, Harriet. It was you put me in the hole, an' then you say I'm too darn lazy to work. When I think that I mighta been preachin' the Gospel in the Metropolitan church, Trontah, to-day I jest throw down my hoe in despair, and go to hev a sleep in the barn, and soothe my troubled soul. Kin I hev a clean shirt? Uh-huh!—so that's it. All right, Harriet, all right, old girl—I kin go without a shirt fer that matter."

And so the villain still pursues her. Was there ever a girl who didn't have a jinx? No matter which way she turns, the villain still pursues her. It seems fated that the school-ma'am shall die unmarried. She doesn't even have a beau. There is always a trustee on the board who scares her to death. When she comes—a stranger—to the section to teach, some old hen loads her up with the names of the young men whom she must avoid and on no condition be seen with, and they are invariably the only young fellows in the neighborhood worth while—and the villain still pursues her. If the school-ma'am would be let alone when she comes into a section, and if she would take folks as she finds them and not be dominated by a jinx committee, she might have a chance to make a man out of some handsome scapegrace with one hundred acres of land. But she pulls out at the end of her term, a year older, a year homelier—a year cabbed—and the villain still pursues her.

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THE KHAN. The Wigwam, Rushdale Farm, Rockton, Ont.

PUBLIC OPINION

Why Cost Price is High. (Seattle Argus). A Philadelphia preacher says that all profiteers go to hell. Perhaps that accounts for the high price of coal.

An Impossibility. (Detroit Free Press). The government is again forecasting a big sugar crop but you can't can peaches with a government forecast.

No Place for the Wets. (Woodstock Sentinel-Review). Almost everyone looks forward to a mansion in the skies, but that would not appeal to the wets. These mansions have no collars under them.

A Good Suggestion. (Toronto Mail and Empire). The suggestion is tardy, but it might have been a good idea to limit Olympic contestants to those who were not paying their first visit to Belgium.

When the Battle Was Over. (Brooklyn Eagle). We abandoned the Allies as soon as the fruits of victory were beginning to ripen or to decay, as the case might prove to be. This was the sort of a tribute we paid to the dead we left behind, and it was as much of a case of desertion "after the fact" as it would have been before it had Pershing withdrawn his forces in the face of the enemy. It sharpens into a needle-pointed barb and statement that but for the desertion things might be entirely different, and the humiliation avement that we have no right to talk. For further particulars apply to the senators who played a political game with table stakes, the table being the world and the stakes the destinies of mankind.

Rippling Rhymes

THE LOAFERS.

I ply my lyre the whole day long, and have since long ago, and ship out bales of deathless song at fifty cents a throw. And if I fattered in my zeal, the sheriff would appear, and promptly place his large red seal on all my wordly gear. And when my harp gets smoking hot, its cooling system clogged, to some calm park or kindred spot I oftentimes have jogged; and there the loafers always sit on benches, day by day; they do not toil, they do not knit, they never strive for pay, I see the same old musty groups by day, and after dark: barred out from all the city's coops, their home is in the park. They seem to think there's nothing wrong, they burble and they laugh, until some peeler comes along and prods them with his staff. How doth the seedy little shirker still find existence nice, when men who buckle down and work can barely raise the price? How doth the boozey little bum contrive to stay on earth, when we must toil and make things hum, to gain our board and berth? It is a mystery, I wot, that beats the Dutch; much; and when my air cooled harp gets hot, I muse, to

—WALT MASON.

GROPING IN THE DARK

Time was when the purchase of advertising space was a "blind groping in the dark." Advertisers had no means of checking a publisher's statement of circulation and often these figures were unreliable. In six years the Audit Bureau of Circulations has solved this perplexing problem. By a systematic analysis of distribution and methods, this organization is able to supply just the data an advertiser needs. The darkness is dispelled and the bright light of verified facts takes its place. Space buyers no longer find it necessary to grope in the dark.

There are no dark spots in the British Whig's circulation. Our records are audited by the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

BIBBY'S Boy's Clothes. Are the Boy's Clothes in good condition for the fall term? If he needs a new suit—and it's most likely he does—send him here at once. We select the best looking and most durable fabrics and then employ the best maker we know—and mark you we know them—to make the Suits in the best possible manner. We'll modestly assert that we are showing the best School Suits in Canada for the money. Boys' School Suits, \$8.50 to \$28.50. See our High School Suits; sizes 2 9 to 34—\$18.50. BOYS' SEPARATE BLOOMERS. Fine quality Tweed; good full cut, with Patent Governor Fasteners. Special values. \$3.75 per pair. BOYS' SEPARATE KHARKI BLOOMERS. Sizes 28 to 34. Special value \$1.75 per pair. TRY BIBBY'S FOR BOYS' STOCKINGS. BIBBY'S

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 Hardware King St. Phone 388

SUMMER DRINKS. —LIME JUICE —GRAPE JUICE —LOGANBERRY JUICE —ORANGEADE —LEMONADE —RASPBERRIADA —GURD'S GINGER ALE —GURD'S SODA WATER —GURD'S DRY GINGER ALE —ADANAC DRY GINGER ALE. Jas. REDDEN & Co. Phone 20 and 290. 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 882 KING STREET Phone 285

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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 1217-54 QUEEN STREET

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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... 85c. DR. CHOWN'S DRUG STORE. PHONE 242. 485 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. 50 acres \$2,350. 254 acres 2,500. 115 acres 3,900. 32 acres 3,300. 90 acres 5,500. 100 acres 4,000. 81 acres 4,200. 100 acres 4,750. 102 acres 5,800. 100 acres 5,900. 125 acres 5,250. 122 acres 6,000. 150 acres 6,000. 110 acres 7,000. 203 acres 6,000. 200 acres 2,250. 150 acres 9,300. 200 acres 10,200. 247 acres 11,000. 300 acres 15,900. 250 acres 16,000. T. J. LOCKHART. Real Estate and Insurance. KINGSTON, ONT. Phone 1035w or 1797j.