

THE BRITISH WHIG 87th YEAR.



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

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

Business Office: 243; Editorial Rooms: 229; Job Office: 292

Subscription Rates: Daily Edition: One year, delivered in city \$6.00; One year, if paid in advance \$5.00; One year, by mail to rural offices \$5.50; One year, to United States \$8.00; Semi-Weekly Edition: One year, by mail, cash \$1.00; One year, if not paid in advance \$1.50; One year, to United States \$1.50; Six and three months pro rata.

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 ABC Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Every Post must have his season of sowing wild notes.

The tax on Heinle's shoulders leaves little room for a chip.

The "vulgar rich" are people able to buy the things we desire.

The dove of peace doesn't seem able to hatch anything except plots.

Tag days in Toronto have been forbidden. Other cities should take note.

At any rate the effort to keep up with living costs gives one a run for his money.

Duty: Noun, very singular, explaining why the other fellow should turn the grindstone.

One who buys a tenderloin in these days is justified in saying that his fortune is at stake.

If Wrangel would demonstrate his prowess, let him first take the crime out of Crimea.

"Cost of living on a declining scale," says a headline. Well, that's where most of us are living.

Heinle's definite decision not to join the Bolsheviks indicates that he got some profit out of the war.

Human nature is funny. Man will fight for freedom, and, having won it, set out to find him a slave.

When a man remarks that honesty is the best policy one suspects he learned as much by hard experience.

You can say one thing for the Russian government. It doesn't wash its soiled Lenine in public.

There are times when one regrets that Bill Hohenzollern caused no more anguish than Bill Colquhoun.

Possibly death and taxes are linked together because one concerns the income and the other the outgo.

Ocean freight rates are down thirty per cent, but railway freight rates are going in the opposite direction.

The budding genius whose lines are returned again and again doubtless reflects that poets are born and not paid.

Irish patriots live on and on without food, and now we understand how school teachers get along on their salaries.

Many great inventions are accidental discoveries, and some home-brew artist may yet discover a substitute for gasoline.

When the crack of doom comes, statesmen will sit tight and announce that they have decided to await developments.

If the League of Nations has a sincere desire to abolish the horrors of the charge, that Geneva hotel won't be like other Swiss establishments.

There is one encouraging thought. When men refuse to fight, diplomats may settle their quarrels in person and rid the world of one another.

No wonder New Yorkers detest prohibition, as declared in a recent news despatch. It puts them to the inconvenience of walking around to the back door.

LABOR IN BRITAIN.

The British labor situation grows blacker, and with the issue of strike notices to the miners there does not seem any possibility of averting the huge strike. The Peterboro Examiner says that the meeting of the miners' executive will be awaited with keen anxiety throughout the Empire, and that there will be a general hope that an unexpected twist in the situation will avert the suffering and distress of a tie-up in mining. The British government is maintaining a firm attitude and has no intention of yielding to the demands of the miners, who have refused to submit their wage demands to a competent court and who are considered to be menacing the country with an industrial strike for political purposes. The strangest feature of the situation is that while the government has apparently no doubt that the threatened strike will materialize, the British people have no fear of the coming trouble.

THOSE WHO CANNOT PLAY.

Edward Bok, for years associated with women's magazines, has recently retired from the editorship of the Ladies' Home Journal in order, after a life of work, to lead a less restricted and, to him, more pleasurable existence. He was not too old to work. He was not sick or tired. He had simply decided that he had served at his routine job long enough, and he quit it in order to "play."

In the Atlantic Monthly Mr. Bok tells how his action was viewed by his friends. They could not believe that nothing was the matter with him. He would come back to work, they prophesied, or in a year he would "degenerate." Themselves, they preferred to "die in the harness."

Why? There were younger men eager to take their places, capable of doing their work as well or better. There were the usual wives and children who had missed the fathers because business had absorbed them. There were public service, travel, books. Play, says Mr. Bok, is not golf, polo or horse riding. "God forbid that I should spend the rest of my days on the golf course or in the saddle." It is a broadening of mind and spirit, a greater freedom of activity earned by years of discipline.

Mr. Bok is entirely right in his conclusion as to why his acquaintances could not understand his retirement. They could not conceive of a life of play because they could not play themselves. Few business men can. In the drive at work, which has brought them some material satisfaction, they have lost the habit of play.

THE TARIFF COMMISSION.

From the manner in which Sir Henry Drayton and his associates are proceeding with their investigation, it is evident that the government is determined to obtain all information possible that has any bearing upon the operation of the tariff. As the evidence is made public its effect upon public opinion will be found to be pronounced, and the direct result will be a realignment in the attitude of careful readers who desire to judge from the facts in their bearing upon what they conceive to be the commercial and industrial prosperity of Canada.

It is well to bear in mind at the outset that the tariff is in reality the only division that exists between political parties in this country to-day, except possibly the United Farmers, who, in addition to desiring to abolish the tariff, believe that no man not a farmer is entitled to a farmer's vote. The government and the Liberal party are one in demanding a tariff for revenue, but Right Hon. Mr. Meighen goes further in his declaration of policy. He would protect Canadian industries in order that Canadian labor might be utilized to the fullest extent. This means that our workmen will not be forced into idleness while our home markets are loaded up with foreign-made goods.

The issue in Canadian politics to-day is purely an economic one, and we must, therefore, approach the subject from every angle in order that justice may be done to all the varied interests of the country. In the first place, there must be found an annual revenue of \$350,000,000 to meet all government charges. This money is now raised by import duties, income tax, excess profits tax and the sales tax recently imposed as a temporary measure. As it is not necessary to deal with the Liberal tariff, since it has been adopted by the government in so far as it advocates a revision of the tariff downward, we have to choose between the government's programme and that of the United Farmers who would establish free trade and devise some system of land taxation not as yet clearly defined. It is just here that the principle of protection comes in. Even were the owners of land willing to pay all of the taxes—and this means that the farmers would have to pay most—what would become of the industries of this country, representing a capital investment of nearly \$3,000,000,000, employing about 693,000 men, the value of whose products exceeds \$3,000,000,000? Last year we imported two dollars' worth of goods for every

one dollar's worth exported. By the adoption of free trade, or even an appreciable lowering of the present tariff, it is evident that the Canadian market for manufactured goods would pass into the control of United States' manufacturers, with whose enormous capital and highly organized industries we could never compete. With an over-stocked market, our industries would be forced to close down and thousands of our workmen would be idle. Do we want a situation of this kind here?

It is apparent, therefore, that we are going to see labor in this country stand for a protective tariff, as its interests and the interests of the manufacturers are identical. Whatever bonds of union may be found in provincial affairs, labor is bound by self-interest to take a stand for industrial prosperity and the preservation of the home market for Canadian-made goods.

Hon. Arthur Meighen has shown a master hand in forestalling the United Farmers, by the appointment of the tariff commission which will lay bare the essential facts connected with industry in Canada. A mass of evidence is being presented by the manufacturers, farmers and dealers that shows what they regard as necessary to their welfare; and it will be the duty of the commission to prepare a report for parliament conveying its findings and upon which the next budget will be based.

MUSINGS OF THE KHAN

Caught on the Rebound. More rarely than you would think a girl marries the man she wanted. More often than you would think there is a picture of someone in the secret chamber of her heart who, had circumstances and conditions been different, she would have wedded. But oh! his family or connections were impossible, or he was impossible or he was impossibly poor or impossibly rich, or he had an impossible religion or business, or nose, or mouth, or something impossible, it didn't matter what. She didn't get the man she wanted.

Young Matt Losee was hired for a year with Ole Mose Sockdologer, that rich barbarian who lives on the 5th Con., Gumbo, but he only stayed three weeks and Ole Mose he up'n paid him four months wages to get rid of him. It was too evident that no sutor for his only daughter's hand could come next or near the Sockdologer outfit while this here Matt. Losee was on the premises.

Young fellows would halt their car out on the side road and honk and honk till Elizabeth came out on the porch to see what on earth was the matter, and then they could coax her over the fence and take her for a ride, but that's no way to spark a girl. It's a pretty hard thing if you dassent come up to the house on account of the hired man. That wouldn't have cut any ice, but it was patent to Ole Mose and her Aunt Delliah, who kept house for them, that Elizabeth liked Matt. pretty well. He called her 'Beth. Now, I never in my life ever heard any one not even her dad or her aunt, call her anything but Elizabeth. She was that kind of a girl. There were other Elizabeths in the neighborhood, but they never got Elizabeth once in a blue moon. With them it is a Liz, or Lizzie, Lize or Lizer, Bet or Betsy. But our heroine always got Elizabeth—no one dared call her anything else till along comes this here reprobate Matt Losee, and starts calling her Beth if you please, so Ole Mose says, "I'll Beth ye, gosh hang yer impudent—yer git out to-night—understand!" and Matt says, "Ye out fer my master, my year wages, 'er out fer more'n eleven months yet," an' Ole Mose split the difference and made it four months and paid him down on the nail. That was three or four years ago, and Elizabeth has not been quite the same girl since. If the other fellows thought they would have a better chance now that Matt was fired they misseed their guess, for she pretty high set the dogs on them.

A couple of weeks ago she made up her mind she would go to Toronto Exhibition week and stay with the father's cousin, Mary, on Simcoe street—it's either Simcoe street or Church street—but she never went next or near the place. "I want this thing on the level," she told Matt, when she met up with him by accident, so to speak. "We'll get married and go home in your car; we can make it by dark. I don't want to go to the fair—this is show enough for me." So they got married in a clergyman's library, with a couple of servants for witnesses, and they struck for the Sockdologer home on the 5th Concession, Gumbo. This was the blow that killed father—figuratively speaking—as you couldn't kill Ole Mose with an axe. He dropped a pail of milk, however, and split every drop of it, and forgot to put the cows back in the spring erick lot that night, but he survived.

"Look here, dad," Elizabeth says, taking the old man by the whiskers and putting him down most affectionately on the back stoop, "you heard tell 'bout the new heaven and the new earth, and, as ole Dad Sockdologer would say, 'By hedges, it's here!' Things is altogether different since the war, but if you try to make trouble fer my Matt, you'll find out that the same old hell is doin' business in the same old place." "Let me up," says Mose. "I know when I'm licked!" The Khan.

The Wigwam, Rushdale Farm, Rockton, Ont.

Oliver B. Hay, Alexandria Bay, N. Y., an employee of the City National Bank, New York, was on the back of the neck by a piece of flying glass as a result of the explosion in Wall street.

At Smith's Falls, a pretty wedding took place on Wednesday, when Amy Lillian, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Wark, was united in marriage to I. J. Sackell, Goderich.

PUBLIC OPINION

Can't Miss Such a Chance. (Ottawa Journal) Prisoners are to have two new suits a year. Here's where we throw a brick through a window.

And More Profitable. (Baltimore American) Maybe one reason highwaymen are so scarce is that they find it safer to go into the restaurant business.

Slight Sarcasm. Tyrihaae (Christiana) She—"I never try to parade my virtues." He—"No, it needs at least two to make a parade."

Try A Less Distant Call. (Columbia Record) Falling to get Mars to answer, those scientists who are looking for something hard to achieve might try to get central.

Socrates. (Ideas and Ideals) When they asked him the reason he built such a little box for a dwelling, he answered, "There may be little reason, but small as the place is, I shall think myself happy if I can fill it even with true friends."

Ancient Inquiry. (Washington Star) "We are still seeking," said the scientist, "to ascertain the exact purpose for which the pyramids of Egypt were constructed." "Yes, some of these investigations do take a long time."

Walt Mason THE POET PHILOSOPHER

DEMPESEY. Jack Dempsey will battle 'em all, the short and the fat and the tall; he'll meet any chap who's intent on a scrap, and plaster him over the wall. Oh, long have we yearned for a champ who'd fight at the wink of a lamp; and it's been a long day, I am prompted to say, since we had a good boy of that stamp! But Dempsey, he rather would fight, than go to a lecture at night; he has no excuse when he's asked to produce "Invincible left" or the right. I hope in some bright coming year the prize ring will quite disappear; outworn and outlawed it will be, 'neath the sod, and no one will hand it a tear. But while it's a human device I think that the pugs should cut ice, and put up a mill with a hearty good will when anyone offers the price. So Dempsey's a solace to me; I watch all his motions with glee; a fighter who'll fight is a joy to the sight, whate'er his conditions may be. —WALT MASON.

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THE PRESS.

By Ewyn Bruch MacKinnon. Ye are both dreamer, prophet, sage, The teacher of the Word and more. Each hour upon this living stage. Set ye the drama of the human race. Each hour breaks forth the vital storm. And stories flash as lightning streaks the sky. Each hour to read the world with one small eye. Clio marks here posterity And fame the debtor here shall pay her debt. And from your common scroll Tradition set Her ever willing voice and speak less free.

Ye gleaners of the deeds of man. That delve the corners of the earth Outstrip the sun to gird the span, Ward well the cautious garnering And beauty, too, the blossoming bud is yours.

Seven Sentence Sermons

God never mocks the soul with an impossible ideal. Neither should the soul ever mock God with an ignoble one.—F. Watson Hannan.

Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.—J. M. Barrie.

For we know, not every morrow Can be sad; So, forgetting all the sorrow We have had, Let us fold away our fears, And put by our foolish tears, And through all the coming years, Just be glad. —Riley.

Be not lenient to your own faults; keep your pardon for others.—From "Japanese Proverbs."

Herein do I exercise myself to have always a conscience void of offence toward God.—Acts xxiv. 16. Don't look for flaws as you go thro' life.

And even though you find them Be wise and kind and somewhat blind. And look for virtues behind them. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The smallest act of charity shall stand us in great need.—Atterbury.

Still His Hole. Cardinal O'Connell, the Roman Catholic prelate of Boston, who has created a flutter in feminine society in that highly-cultured city by asserting that American husbands are given to petting and pampering their wives overmuch, has the reputation of being a very witty man. Almost his sole recreation is golf, at which, however, he does not greatly shine.

One day, the story goes, he was badly beaten by one of his parishioners. "Never mind, Father," said the latter consolingly; "you'll get your own back when you come to bury me."

"That's where you're wrong," sighed the rueful prelate. "It'll still be your hole!"

The death occurred on Wednesday of William E. Foster, Smith's Falls. Deceased had suffered for months from a complication of diseases, the result of which was injuries accidentally sustained while at work a few years ago. He was sixty-seven years of age.

BIBBY'S Sale of Men's and Young Men's Suits. Sizes 34 to 44. Blue Serge, Fancy Worsteds, Cheviots, etc. New Two Button, New One Button, New Three Button models—splendidly tailored by the best tailors in the land. These Suits are sold out, last one of a lot, no on-repeats, etc. Sale Price \$37.50. SALE OF OVERCOATS—YOUNG MEN'S TOP COATS. New Waist Seams, new Form Fit, and Chesterfields. Sizes 34 to 40. Nobby Coats, good coloring, smart styles. Sale Price \$27.50. BIBBY'S

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