

THE BRITISH WHIG 87th YEAR.



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

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

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Daily Edition, One year, delivered in city \$5.00; One year, by mail to rural offices \$5.50; One year, to United States \$10.00; 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.

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The circulation of THE BRITISH WHIG is authenticated by the ABC Audit Bureau of Circulations.

One can't get on by staying off the job.

Living is one of the few items worth what it costs.

Apparently the dove of peace has joined the swallow.

One's past confronts him when he gets into heaven or runs for office.

If Li Shun makes China powerful he will need to lie low and shun Japs.

The American attitude is that the Slav has a right to work out his own damnation.

Very likely the man who first called it glorious war was a manufacturer of crutches.

Labor calls the tune, capital keeps the box office, the government fiddles, and the public pays the bill.

A lot of people who get double prices for their products are very indignant because railway rates have gone up.

It was a "time" bomb that exploded in Wall Street, but it sent a lot of innocent people into eternity. —Toronto Star.

John D. Jr., is afraid his children won't be democratic, and this late increase in the price of gasoline will doubtless add to his worries.

A newspaper that continually poses as the friend of the big interests can never be the friend of the people. The public cannot be deceived for long.

A visitor from London, says the Montreal Star, had his pockets rifled twelve times in Chicago. Now he understands what is meant by "American pep."

The public, says the Toronto Globe, is waiting to hear the Railway Commissioners order the Bell Telephone company to ring off. It will probably wait a long while.

Henry Ford has reduced the price of his car to a pre-war time basis. Now set every other manufacturer follow his example and the high cost of living will disappear.

Sir George Foster, like Premier Drury, does not believe in class government. Responsible government, he says, is the last word in the experience of the human race.

"The German army of 1914 was a magnificent tool. Never again will Germany find another army of the same temper," said Marshal Foch in a recent interview. That is good news, at least.

The country fair has been more prosperous this year than ever before. And the small exhibitions have been generously patronized. They serve a useful purpose, and their success is a matter for congratulation.

Just when the miners of the United States decide to go back to work, comes word that the O.B.U. will close up the coal mines of Alberta. The consumer stands little chance of seeing the price of coal reduced during the coming winter.

GOOD CROPS IN CANADA. The Dominion of Canada has good cause this year to observe Thanksgiving Day in a reverent and thankful spirit. Throughout all our vast domain, from the wind-swept shores of the Atlantic to the peaceful shores of the Pacific coast, the harvest of 1920 has been bountiful and encouraging. A crop failure to-day

would have meant disaster. A final estimate of the 1920 crop has been prepared by the Northwest Grain Dealers' Association, showing the yield in the three prairie provinces as follows: Wheat, 14,026,000 acres at 15.2 bushels per acre, 213,245,000 bushels; oats, 10,973,500 acres at 32.8 bushels per acre, 359,000,000 bushels; barley, 2,108,000 acres at 23.5 bushels per acre, 49,538,000; rye, 237,500 acres at sixteen bushels per acre, 4,400,000 bushels; flax, 1,181,000 acres at 7.1 bushels per acre.

Reports indicate, says the Monetary Times, that less than 25 per cent. of the crop will be under three degrees, so that if favorable weather conditions continue until after threshing is completed, the crop as a whole should be above the average.

The above figures should be considered reliable, in view of the fact that they represent the combined judgment of those most closely in touch with crop conditions throughout the western provinces.

THE FARMERS AND THE TARIFF.

The studied utterances of N. P. Lambert, secretary of the Canadian Council of Agriculture, in his presentation of the claims of the farmers before the Tariff Commission is in striking contrast to the erratic statements sometimes made at farmers' meetings. The tariff is a very fine thing for organization purposes. You can tell the farmers how they are being robbed by the manufacturers on every hand with the assistance and connivance of the government in power; that there are no honest members of parliament fit to legislate where the interests of the farmers are involved. But when a man is called upon in his official capacity as a farmers' representative, as Mr. Lambert is, it is well to study carefully what he has to say.

After presenting the views of the Canadian Council of Agriculture, a body that assumes the responsibility of voicing the grievances and claims of the farmers of the country, he says, in dealing with suggestions for raising revenue: "It is not the desire of those representing the farmers' platform to bring about any immediate drastic changes in the customs tariff or the fiscal policy of this country which would endanger the business interests of the country as a whole." In urging greater efforts to increase the returns from the income tax, he expresses the belief that \$200,000,000 could be raised where only \$50,000,000 was so raised last year, and that the policy of direct taxation carried out in this way, with the addition of a tax on land, would be preferable to the present system by which everybody pays a share of the revenue raised from the customs taxes.

The foregoing serves to show that when a man is placed in a position that calls for very serious consideration it is necessary to keep within the bounds of reason. Mr. Lambert appears to pin his whole case upon the views entertained respecting two lines of industry, the textile manufacturers and implement makers. His complaint is that the raw materials used were imported free, but the finished article was protected, and declares that "a system that permits a comparatively few men to capitalize the need of a whole nation in the establishment of an industry which is anything but indigenous to Canada is wrong, and we maintain that such injustice should be speedily corrected."

In other words we ought not to have cotton factories because the cotton is grown in another country. What would become of the millions of workers in Britain if cotton and wool could not be imported to afford them employment? We can, according to Mr. Lambert, import manufactured cotton goods, but not manufactured farm products. Britain, owing to the limitation of her natural resources to coal, iron and tin, should, if Mr. Lambert's ideas were carried out, confine her activities to mining, her chief "indigenous industry," but the enterprise and resource of her capitalists built up the greatest commercial and industrial centre in the world by importing the necessary raw materials, and employed millions of her people who would otherwise have had to emigrate in vast increasing numbers to other countries. Canada possesses an abundance of coal and water powers, and it is absurd to argue that we should not import the necessary raw materials free and manufacture articles for both home requirements and export. This is not "capitalizing the need of a whole nation."

Britain was able to capture the world's trade and become the world's financial centre because of her industrial efficiency without which she could not have sustained her population. She was forced to adopt free trade by reason of her need of raw materials and foodstuffs, without which she could never have produced cheaply enough to compete with foreign industries, but she possessed coal and iron in abundance and these constituted the basis upon which all of her industries were built.

In Canada we possess the advantages of coal and iron, and in addition, we have water power, and we should not be content to export our raw materials, but should endeavor to create of them a constantly growing source of national wealth, concurrently with agricultural development, and by the maximum produc-

tion turn the balance of trade in our favor. This cannot be done by agriculture alone. The Tariff Commission is now doing the very thing that the Council of Agriculture would be compelled to do, upon Mr. Lambert's own statements, to carry out the policy it advocates. When the evidence is all in, the government will be in a position to arrive at a decision regarding the best course to pursue when the next budget is being prepared. In the meantime, it is pretty safe to predict that the wishes of the farmers will be met as far as it is possible to do so.

PUBLIC OPINION

Safely Leave It To Labor.

(London Free Press.) When the Bolshevizing the world tour begins—Canadian Labor will know how to deal with emissaries of such creatures as Lenin and Trotsky!

An Expert.

(New York Evening Sun.) There is a movement in Japan toward lessening the distance between the people and the throne. If the Mikado really wants to learn how let him write to the Prince of Wales.

Are We Thankful?

(Woodstock Sentinel-Review.) Canadians have much for which to be thankful; but it is one of the curiosities of human nature that the more reason a man has to be thankful the less likely he is to give thanks.

By Their Fruits.

(Buffalo News.) This Soviet system which the Lenines and Trotskys would force upon America and all other nations not now of the faith would wipe out not only democracy but kindness and tolerance; it would destroy the heritage of civilization, while hatred, suspicion and cruelty would become normal in the relations of human beings.

MUSINGS OF THE KHAN

Lost on the Field of Battle!

It will take us all the rest of our lives and then some to realize what we lost in the Great War. Near me in the heart of Ontario is a beautiful country and it is full of Germans. I liked them folks. If you want to see beautiful women and lovely children you ought to make a trip to Kitchener and hang around there for a week or two. They have fantastic, and in some cases altogether unpronounceable, names. I am convinced that the Hebrew strain is strong there, for I have seen Queen Esther flash by in her car, and out in the wonderful country Ruth hath leaned upon her hoe and watched me as I passed along the highway. Ah! those German girls were, and are, adorable—one of them, particularly, and she was always in the Wigwam, even when she wasn't there. But—she walked into my den one afternoon in the darkest days of our agony and she had the cheek, the nerve, the cruelty to defend the action of the Huns in sinking the Lusitania.

"Serve them right if they were drowned," she said coldly, "and your Edith Cavell got her just deserts." I put her out! I feared that if Sar' Ann got wise she would scold her—I tear her to pieces—obliterate her. I knew that at that very moment Orpheus Sevehpiper was sitting on the milkhouse steps knitting socks for soldiers. Aunt Lucy's only boy gave his life at St. Julien and she was in her room praying for his soul—for His mercy endureth forever, and who be they, forsooth, who dare tell us

we shall not pray for our glorious dead—and where do these anti-Christians get their scripture for it?

There were more things drowned than women and children when the Lusitania lurched down into the depths. The whole German Empire went down with her, Kaiser and the Pharaoh and his hosts were swallowed up in the Red Sea—the Hohen-zollern and his crowd were engulfed when the Lusitania went down into the dark.

So this German girl took herself off and I never saw her again till day at the fair. It happened in the machinery building of all places. I realized that someone was watching me intently and I looked about me to discover who it was. And then I saw her. She is thinner, but lovelier than ever, and now I know that I can never forgive her. Kaiser and his gang. Their iniquity can never be measured. It is so monstrous that their forgiveness cannot be contemplated. To hang the wretches would be no satisfaction—anyhow they do die daily.

I am getting sick of traitors inside our walls here. The folk in the south of us call their country the Land of the Free. They are wrong. This is the land of the free. This is the only country under heaven that I know of where you can openly preach and teach treason and get away with it. You couldn't do it in Red Russia, you'd be sent for breakfast—and you dare not do it in the United States—you would be hanged to the first lamp post.

I know this girl's pedigree. Her grandfather was starved out of Germany and came to Canada penniless. He tramped up the Dundas and Waterloo road with a bundle on his back and begged a drink of milk and some bread and butter from my grandfather. Now they are a damn sight fatter off than I am! A pretty good country—what!

There was a group of one-legged soldiers near us being instructed in some intricate machinery, and a blind boy was presiding over a heap of auto literature.

She held out a slim white hand to me and laughed a little gurgly laugh "Is the war over yet?" she asked, and she ne'er looked so beautiful. "You don't keep spite?" "Yes, I do," I replied, "I'd have been married now if it hadn't been for you."

—THE KHAN.

The Wigwam, Rushdell Farm, Rockton, Ont.

Walt Mason THE POET PHILOSOPHER

THE BIG SIGN.

They've put a monstrous wooden sign, where it obstructs my view. I cannot see the sunlight shine upon the waters blue. The sign appeals to passing rubes, and asks them for their trade; it says, "Eat Bulger's Tires and Tubes—the Kind that Mother Made." Before I lay aside the lyres whose strings I madly scratch, I s'pose I'll buy a thousand tires, with inner tubes to match. But take this statement from my hand, and paste it on your chest: In tires that bear the Bulger brand I never will invest. For Bulger's sign offends my eye and makes my spirit sore, shuts out a section of the sky, degrades the blue sea's shore. I show that signboard to my friends, and they get mad with me and say, "Our trade with Bulger ends, when crimes like this we see." Old Bulger's tires may be as fine as any casings made; but when he raised that beastly sign, he lost, for keeps, my trade. I'll toll along on weary limbs, or drive two claybank mares, or run my car upon its rims, before I'll buy his wares. —WALT MASON.

Postmaster Murphy, Cleveland, received an anonymous letter that several banks would be blown up before Wednesday midnight. Police reserves were rushed to the scene. Use the muckrake in your own yard first.

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