

THE BRITISH WHIG 87th YEAR.



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Walk: verb, primitive form of auto; obsolete.

Now if we can only make the world sane for democracy.

Everybody out to Kingston's big fair, the best in the land.

All roads lead to Kingston this week. The big fair is on.

The breath of scandal is no longer camouflaged with cloves.

The great need of the times is a carburetor that will use gasoline.

Strangely enough, the more idiotic the cause, the more zealous its followers are.

This is Bushell's week. May the measure be heaped up and running over.

There's one consolation about high prices. The loafer and his money are soon parted.

"Oh what a charge they made" wasn't written to perpetuate the glory of profiteers.

Some day the Reds will reflect concerning the lot of preachers and will demand a one-day week.

Some men are born rich, some work for riches, and some can recognize a sucker at a glance.

In Ireland they hunger in the cause of liberty. Over here they do it in order to teach school.

Debs is not an issue in the United States' presidential campaign. An issue is something that comes forth.

The poor Red who carries a rifle for Lenin may think it reads: "Prey for those who despectfully use you."

The example of MacSwiney is earnestly recommended to persons in this country who do not like our form of government.

You might say that Debs is the only candidate for the United States' presidency who is supported by the government.

Gasoline is about twice as dear in England as it is here, but one can take a day off and motor all over the British Isles.

Some people ought to remember that when a reporter asks questions he is fulfilling his duty to the newspaper and the public, not satisfying his own curiosity, and should therefore treat him accordingly.

A woman who took a chew of tobacco in front of a policeman is taking up a lot of space in the papers. Perhaps she shocked him, but she sure was miserable not to offer him a chew after receiving directions from him as to finding her way.

Except for that part of the provincial highway leading from Kingston to a point a little west of Cataract, the roads in the vicinity are incomparably worse than those which radiate from other towns and cities in Ontario. The business interests of a city demand good roads to-day within its trading area. The Motor League has done good work in putting up sign boards, but much remains for it to do.

THE TREND OF POPULATION. When the tendency of any sort begins to allow itself, people who love strong, mouth-filling generalities like to make it cover everything. A popular group of these pet summaries relates to the movement from

the country to the city. From the time when the present economic tendencies began, there has always been a tide from country to city. And the pessimists have been saying for centuries: "Soon there will be nobody left to till the farms and then we shall all starve." We are not dead yet—at least over 8,000,000 of us are not. The great majority of our people reside in the rural districts or in the small towns and villages, which are in close relation with the country districts and where there is more ebb and flow of the human tide. Munition factory wages undoubtedly worked havoc in the farm forces. But the great harvest which has just been garnered in his given the fields again their turn in the swing of attraction. A like influence is the dearth of city housing accommodation. When the decennial census is taken next year the proportion of people in the country may prove to be higher than at present. The movement is one that is satisfactory from every point of view. A study of the relation between industry and population, in city and country alike, will prove one of the most interesting and fruitful phases of the coming census. Everybody is familiar with the fact that it is not alone the lure of city amusements, comforts and wages which draws people from the country. They leave because mechanical improvements have made it possible for a diminished labor supply to produce an equal or greater return from the soil. If more men labored beside the machinery a higher return would be obtained; but the higher return would cost more than it is worth. In the cities the connecton between industry and population is far from constant, and requires careful analysis. This cannot be made with any degree of satisfaction until the next census figures are announced a year or so hence.

FRANCE'S NEW PRESIDENT. Evidently having in mind the delay and circumlocution necessary in choosing a new president for the United States, the Syracuse Post-Standard remarks that a campaign for the presidency of France is a short and simple affair. It is, in comparison, though we elected a prime minister in Canada a few weeks ago in a manner that equalled the example of France in some respects. France elected a president a few months ago, but he has quit because of ill-health, and the French chamber proceeded hurriedly to elect his successor for seven years, without any conventions or public meetings, any canvassing or speech making. The premier, M. Millerand, was spotted for the place. He sought to escape. He pointed out that the high honor should go to one of two men prominent in the chambers. They immediately ran away to avoid the embarrassment of declination. The legislative opinion returned to Millerand. Reluctantly he assented, and was chosen without practically any opposition. The presidency of the republic is one of great dignity. The salary is 600,000 francs, which under normal exchange is equivalent to \$120,000, with an equal sum for expenses. But the power in the office is small. The president has about the same function as the king of England or of Italy. The premier is the head of the government in France.

MUSINGS OF THE KHAN

Acc High. There is one spot that is always trump. Happy is he who finds the right spot, tucks it down to the solid earth and then stands on it.

Bidad Duckunder became separated from 'Lize Jane in the vast through in the Midway. He lost his head, of course. It was a run of losses from start to finish. First he lost his heart to Lize Jane, then he lost Lize Jane, then he lost his head, then he lost his way, then he lost his sense of proportion, direction, distance, time and eternity. More than that he lost flesh rapidly and several parcels. He dashed wildly hither and thither in a vain attempt to recover 'Lize Jane, till he attracted the attention of a grave, alert and capable police of-

the door closed behind an irate neighbor who had come to complain regarding certain of Tommy's shortcomings. A few moments later as he was tearfully preparing for a prematurely early bedtime, he said to his mother: "I wish we lived in heaven, mother."

His mother demanded to know the cause of his sudden aspiration toward better things. "Oh, well," he sighed, "you know the angels wouldn't be half so hard to please as the neighbors are."

The Swiss government is to ask the Lenin emissary to get out of the country.

ficer who pulled him up short. "What's the matter with you?" The officer listened to his tale of woe and became sympathetic and smiling.

"Don't you try to find her—she'll find you," he said. "Stand in one spot and don't leave it, and she will get you in three jerks of a dead lamb's tail," and he patted Bidad on the shoulder and left him. Sure enough 'Lize Jane pounced on him inside of two minutes. She lit on him like a hawk on a hen.

"Darn your skin, Bidad; I've been follerin' you 'round an' a-chasin' you fer an hour an' this is the first time you stood still fer half a second. I'd see you all the time, but you was like a hen turkey in a hurry patch. Blamed if I don't know as I had ought to be a awful trile—look out thar!—what you want to walk over that kid fer? Bidad, you had ought to have bells on you. Granmie says that most every man had ought to go out to the barn, Bidad, but I'd hev to go'n look fer you. You couldn't go down siller or upstairs but I'd hev to go an' look fer you an' find out what'n Sam Hill was keepin' yuh. Et I merry you, Bidad, I want you to promise that you'll stay put. I want to know where you be."

Opportunity is of the feminine gender and she is always looking for you. It's a mighty good scheme to stand on one spot and let her find you. I have known cases where Opportunity chased a man half way around the world before she could lay hold of him, but she is not always that way. She either gets weary chasing you or else she makes up her mind you are not worth all that trouble. Had you stayed in one spot she would have got you. You will be told that if you stay in one spot you will never see anything. A friend of mine shook a drop of water out of the rain trough behind the Wigwam on a sheet of paper and handed me a powerful glass.

In that drop of water I saw a world of living things—monstrous, magnificent, terrible.

You may live in a little sequestered village and Shakespeare may live on one side of you and Julius Caesar on the other. Across the way you can see Lewis Carroll mooning about in his garden. Stonewall Jackson lives on a side street and Jesse James keeps the village store. It is not known because it is not taught that standing still will create more curiosity and cause more speculation than if you moved about. If you stand perfectly still, neither bear nor wolf nor tiger nor python nor crocodile will touch you. They are leary of you. They are suspicious of the unusual. Your friend may start to run and they will take after him, but they won't put a toot to you.

You have heard the expression, "masterly inactivity." The devil's strong suit is to get you to run. So soon as you take to your heels you are done for. Stand in one spot! If you run he will get you same as the dog catches get their victims—with a bet. He will put it all over you like a tent. Stand in one spot! There is a great deal more than you think in that old hymn, "Simply to Thy Cross I Cling." If you cling to Thy cross your own cross will be a mere bagatelle—a toy—an ornament.

The young gentleman who stands in one spot soon becomes a conspicuous figure and attracts the notice of every passing girl. Venomous people sometimes say unkind things about the girls, that they chase after the men. They don't—and it's me that knows it. But I'll tell you what they like. They just dote on a man who is a landmark, there yesterday, today and tomorrow.

You will always find a bunch of girls hovering about that landmark. The shepherd leaves the ninety and nine and goeth out among the shadowy hills looking for the lamb that is lost. If the little cuss would stay in one spot the shepherd could be back before bedtime.

The word "spot" is a queer kind of a word, but it is the biggest word in any dictionary!

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

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Troubles of the Boy. The door closed behind an irate neighbor who had come to complain regarding certain of Tommy's shortcomings. A few moments later as he was tearfully preparing for a prematurely early bedtime, he said to his mother: "I wish we lived in heaven, mother."

His mother demanded to know the cause of his sudden aspiration toward better things. "Oh, well," he sighed, "you know the angels wouldn't be half so hard to please as the neighbors are."

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PUBLIC OPINION

The "Reason." (Baltimore Sun.) The reason an article costs \$10 more is because the material in it now costs 13 cents more and the labor 9 cents more.

Prohibition Ruining Everything. (Cincinnati Enquirer.) "Banana crop seriously threatened by droughts"—headline. It is simply awful the way prohibition is ruining everything.

An Abandoned Hope. (Philadelphia Herald.) William Hohensolern has made a new will. Who cares? The world has even ceased to hope for its early admission to probate.

Three Years Late. (Woodstock Sentinel-Review.) The Grand Army of United Veterans, through its president, makes a demand for the conscription of profiteers' hoards. We are afraid that this demand is just about three years too late to be of any use.

Hard To Prove. (Brookville Recorder.) The cost of living is away down, according to the Labor Department at Ottawa, but before the R. and T. is satisfied that this is so we would have to secure a glimpse through some big telescope to ascertain what the drop amounts to.

Always Innocent Victims. Never does it occur to the added bomb maker that his victims are certain to be, in the main, people from modest homes who work for a living, and who have no part in creating the economic or political conditions which anarchists profess to loathe and against which they would wreak violence.

Just Plain Tory. (London Advertiser.) What we have now is an old-fashioned Tory Government, which no one can support without becoming a member of the Conservative party. Those who think they can support the Government without becoming virtually members of the Conservative party are deceiving themselves.

We have had coalitions before in Canada, and their history has been the same as that of the combination which has now been dissolved. Beginning as coalitions, or, at least described as such, they have become Conservative.

Walt Mason THE POET PHILOSOPHER

CAREFUL DRIVER. I drive my car with jealous care, all laws and statutes minding, and only pause anon to swear when balky wheels need grinding. I drive upon old fashioned lines, as though a speed old fashioned line, I hank my horn when danger signs before me are appearing. I put my hand out when I'd turn, so those behind may know it, and doubtless they remark, "Goddamn! But he's the cautious poet!"

Two miles an hour is what I hit, when I go forth to travel; my wheels don't fill the air with writ, or throw up chunks of gravel. A man so careful, you would say, must dodge all kinds of danger; but one is crippled every day, and I'm that pilgrim stranger. Day after day they bring me home, home to my weeping nieces, with compound fractures in my dome, and organs shot to pieces. The speed fiends go their crazy ways unhurt, and still go faster; the reckless drivers spend their days unscratched, nor know disaster. But I, who follow all the rules, am marked for daily slaughter; and when my present poultice cools, they'll put on one that's hotter.

—WALT MASON.

The Open Road. Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road. Healthy, free, the world before me. The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose. Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good-fortune. Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing, Done with indoor complaint, libraries, querulous criticisms. Strong and content I travel the open road.

—Walt. Whitman.

At Gensan, Korea, twenty-five persons were killed in disturbances. It is claimed that students of the Canadian Presbyterian mission led the rioters.

The Entente powers will urge the Hungarian Government to ratify, at an early date, the Trianon peace treaty.

BIBBY'S Men's and Boys' Wear Store. Pre-war Prices. Suit and Overcoat Sale. Sale Overcoats Young Men's Models. Coats that were intended to be sold for \$32.50, \$35.00, \$37.50. Sale Price, \$27.50. Suit Sale Men's and Young Men's Models. All This Season's Style. Newest Colorings, Choice Fabrics. Extra Special Values at \$25.00 and \$35.00. SALE RAINCOATS. BIBBY'S

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Photo shows Premier Drury officiating at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Ontario College of Art, Toronto.