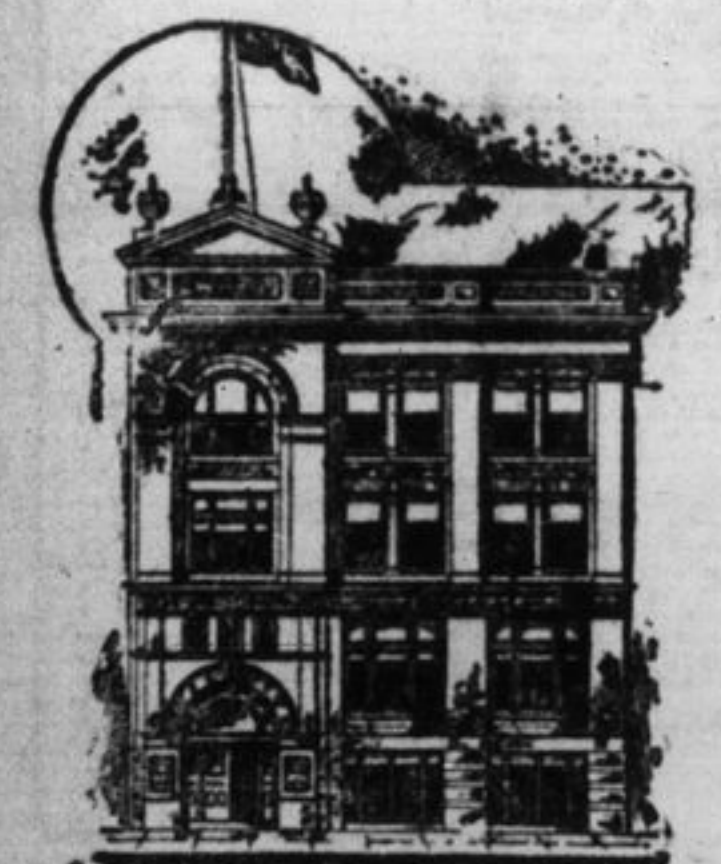


THE BRITISH WHIG 87th YEAR.



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Some men stand by their convictions and some break jail.

Russian Red isn't a fast color, but it makes a land die fast.

The only part of emancipation that interests some women is the man.

Lenine's bright little idea is to make the world slave for democracy.

There is something about the atmosphere of a jail that encourages reckless driving.

Whenever Germany washes a bit of dirty linen she hangs it on the Hohenzollern line.

The estimate of this year's corn crop carefully avoids reference to liquid measure.

A hunger-strike method of winning liberty is what the police would call an inside job.

A crisis is the thing that exists when the statesmen on the job don't know what in thunder to do.

Success is relative. It depends on how much is required to inspire the envy of the neighbors.

The election in Mexico was quiet. Official bulletins do not explain why the ammunition failed to arrive.

Italy and France depend on England for coal, and the light little isle is doing her best to make it hot for them.

Everybody is convinced that everything is in a frightful fix, but is getting along very nicely himself, thank you.

If paper suits become popular and the price of paper gets too high, stack up people can put on a layer of postage stamps.

Very likely every statesman is sincere in his prophecy that the world will go to the dogs if he doesn't have his way.

As another evidence that the world is upside down, it might be noted that more lightning storms occurred in September than during the three summer months.

General Baron Wrangel has destroyed the Red Thirteenth army in South Russia. The superstitious will probably point out that thirteen is always an unlucky number.

The railways in the United States are not taking sides in favor of either presidential candidate. Both Cox and Harding have figured in railway accidents since they began their speaking tours.

Armoured cars and tanks are being used to carry factory payrolls from the banks in Chicago. Other protection against the numerous gangs of bandits has failed. Pre-war conditions were never as bad as those existing in the big cities today.

SELLING GOVERNMENT LAND. The advertisement of the Department of Militia and Defence calling for tenders for the sale of Lake Ontario park and the land occupied by the Catarqui golf club, subject to present leases, is causing more or less comment. It is claimed that before disposing of these lands to private individuals the municipality in which they are situated should be considered. Lake Ontario park lands should be taken over by the municipality and maintained as a public park for the benefit of the

people, and not allowed to fall into the hands of a corporation. No suggestion is made as to how a municipality like Kingston or Portsmouth could conduct a public amusement park. Indeed it would be taxable as private property and a source of revenue which is not the case at present, and the latter municipality stands to gain by the change in ownership. Part of the land is valuable as farm land but there is little valuable land in the parcel used by the Golf Club.

Inasmuch as both parcels of land adjoin Rockwood Hospital, the Ontario government may be interested enough to purchase them. It is almost a foregone conclusion that Rockwood will need these lands in the future.

THE FACE OF JESUS CHRIST. Some years ago there was a researcher of art in Italy who, reading in some book that there existed a portrait of Dante painted by Giotto was led to suspect that he had found where it had been placed.

He commenced his search in an apartment used as an outhouse for the storage of wood, hay and the like. He sought and obtained permission to examine it. Cleaning away the rubbish and experimenting on the whitewashed walls, he soon detected signs of a painting beneath.

Little by little, with loving skill, he opened up the sad, thoughtful, stern face of the old Tuscan poet, and gave back to the world one of its most famous paintings.

It would seem that the church of Christ is waiting for some one to rediscover the true divine lineaments of the Christ which have been swept over by human plastering, and to draw forth again from its hiding place the glory of God as it shines in the clear, calm face of Jesus Christ.

One wonders what the average congregation would do if the Master were to wander into a service—poorly clad, unassuming, but with a great look in His deep and penetrating eyes. Would any one offer Him a place in the pew? Who would? If unannounced and unobtrusively He entered, would He contend to be placed in the back pew; would He protest against going near the front? Would the minister know He was there? Would He find himself at home? Would He think that the worship was in spirit; would He find in the religion—His religion—as practiced by the people, a depth and a sincerity? Would He find in the life of the Christian people a great likeness to His own? If that great Presence were to come among us, how would He view the situation among Christian people?

Yet it would be altogether good if we were to let Christ come in upon the selfishness and worldliness of our life. As one writer says: "What Christian people need is an honest attempt to secure that perpetual revision of life which is implicit in the conception of Christ's authority," or to return to the illustration with which we began, to clear away the non-essentials, "the wood hay stubble," and to see in all its transforming beauty and power the face of Jesus Christ.

A CITY'S GATES. However charming most Canadian cities are, the approaches to them, especially by rail, are anything but inviting. The railways usually enter through the poorest sections, where dilapidated buildings, ugly sign boards, piles of rubbish and muddy streets greet the eye of the visiting traveller. This, it must be admitted, only too true in respect to Kingston. Our various railway stations are located on unpaved streets, where wretched conditions prevail. Consequently, the first impression that a stranger gets of this grand old city is an unfavorable one. And, unfortunately, first impressions are apt to be lasting ones. We are no worse off in this respect than other cities, but local conditions cannot be excused on that ground.

Surely the city council, the horticultural society or some other civic body should possess enough public spirit to cause it to demand an improvement in the localities referred to. The gates of the city should be made attractive and inviting. They should be beauty spots, instead of eyesores. Kingston has long suffered because of its location off the main line of railway travel, and this affords all the more reason why the approaches to the city should be as attractive and pleasing as possible. As far as the Whig has observed, no effort has been made to improve conditions.

The horticultural society of St. Thomas, realizing that similar conditions obtain in that city, is making an effort to improve them. It has invited F. J. Moore, landscape gardener in the employment of the Ontario Public Works Department, to visit that city early in October and advise as to the best course to pursue. The society proposes that boulevards should be constructed along the various entrances to the city. Industries located in these districts have agreed to co-operate, and an ambitious scheme has been prepared for the beautifying of the approaches to the city. What St. Thomas requires, Kingston requires; what St. Thomas can do, Kingston can do. Public spirit here should not be so lacking in initiative

as to permit such an important matter to long remain unheeded and unattended to. The local horticultural society has done excellent service in the past along other lines of activity. If no other public body is prepared to wage war for the civic improvements above referred to, the Whig hopes that this organization, like its contemporary in St. Thomas, will lead the way. The press will give it every possible support and assistance.

MUSINGS OF THE KHAN

Infernal Machines. The average person rolls up his eyes and piously implores heaven to deliver him from infernal machines. Ten to one he is a maker of infernal machines, and uses them at stated periods with regularity and precision.

We are the last people on earth who should look with dismay on an infernal machine. For three generations we had been imploring legislature after legislature to give us prohibition. Well, we got it at last. A great and good man named Hearst, William Hearst, Sir William Hearst, to give him his proper title, handed it to us with a "Bless you, my children." To make this great blessing secure to us we gave our sisters, our cousins and our aunts a vote—free for nothing. He gave our grand-mother a vote and if she was dead and gone he gave our grandfather's wife a ticket to the show. You can't keep your grandfather from getting married if he is a single man and got a whole lot of property. And what did we do to Sir Billy for this? We didn't do a thing to him!

Last October we piled a heap of infernal machines on his doorstep. Each of them was about as big as had a slot in the top. Each machine bore the legend, "Drop a stick of TNT in the slot." Each of these sticks was wrapped in a piece of paper which was facetiously described as a ballot, and then they set a time clock to explode the combination on the 19th. It exploded all right, with the result that this country is a good deal like Mesopotamia—it has a large and sonorous past.

The average infernal machine is a harmless toy compared with a ballot box. Away back in our fathers' time social reformers and political reformers claimed that the ballot box would right every wrong and be a panacea for every woe. Our grandfathers used to vote like men in the open—in broad daylight. When the returning officer asked them who they voted for they raised up in plain English and they didn't give a continental who heard them either. Today we vote like anarchists—on the sly, in secret.

I have an idea that the ballot box suggested the infernal machine, or the infernal machine suggested the ballot-box. They couldn't have much in common. Neither of them knows who is going to be killed. It is or whether they will blow her down or just break the windows. The ballot box was an innocent and possibly a thing till rascals saw the possibility of using it in an infernal machine. An election in this country—it is an explosion. The ballot box does not construct any more—it blows things down. And it is high time we were asking ourselves if there is not too much Bolshevism in our religion, our business, our social relations and our politics.

There is not a municipality in Ontario, big or little, that has not at some stage in its history put a beggar on horseback. Where do we get this stuff? The French Revolution was a case of putting a beggar on horseback. There is a beggar several of him—on horseback in Russia today. To the south of us a band of savages would put a beggar on horseback next November, and—what of this country? You can't go out on the street but a beggar on horseback rides right over you.

The most distressing beggar on horseback is the one who bobs her hair, wears divided skirts and rides straddle like a man. Out of the way for the mounted pelisse! The average male voter is a horse, or rather he is an ass, and his chief business is to tote infernal machines from one scene of devastation to another. If you wish to terrify a scoundrel or make a good man uneasy put a ballot box on his doorstep!

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

We Have Them Too. (Brookville Recorder) There are a lot of fellows in Brookville wearing silk shirts and looking as prosperous as a gasoline pump who are always kicking about the rich getting richer and the poor getting poorer.

A man's integrity ought to be one of the dearest things on earth to him.



W. F. McBroom 42-44 Princess Street. Phone 1252

FARMERS I

You will have Savings to invest this Fall. Are you going to accept 3% just because you are handed a neat, little passbook and a smile? Why let the other fellow make the money with your hard earned cash? Come to our office and we guarantee the smile, and also that your savings will be invested direct in the very securities in which the institutions that pay you 3%, turn round and re-invest yours. You will find your intelligent investing friends in our office looking over 4 and 5% securities as a resting place for their money until it is needed. Not in the Savings department of a 3% institution as in the old days. We shall be glad to show you in dollars and cents just what you are losing by depositing your funds at 3% and remember your savings should be made to earn you money just as surely as you make it by the sweat of your brow. Why throw away 4% year after year? Call at our office or write for our full list of Canadian government and municipal investments as these are always readily saleable and we recommend them as the most intelligent investment that can be made to-day.

BONGARD, RYERSON & CO. Government, Municipal and Corporation Bonds KINGSTON, ONT. 237 BAGOT STREET.

Walt Mason THE POET PHILOSOPHER

THE GOSSIP. I burn some joss-sticks every night, and as they burn I say, "Preserve me from the evil plight that Jinks is in this day!" For Jinks possessed the gossip's tongue, and every spiteful tale by him was far and farther flung, until the lie grew stale. With him a slander foul and grim was sure to make a hit, and baseless rumor seemed to him like proofs of holy writ. A man may thus traduce his friends in safety for a time, but soon or late his effort ends in carnivals of crime. And Jinks passed on some vicious yarns, as he was prone to do, concerning J. Adolphus Barnes, which tales were far from true. Alas, alas, my spirit shrinks from setting down this line; for J. Adolphus climbed on Jinks and skated down his spine. This J. Adolphus is a gent of mighty bones and thews, and when he for his victim went steel spikes were in his shoes. And Jinks, to spread his gossip vain, no longer blithely trots; he's lying on a bed of pain, all tied in sailors' knots. The doctor says he's but a wreck, who once wild rumors chased; his arms are wound around his neck, his legs around his waist. No neighbors seek his humble cot to say that Barnes was wrong; and people cry, "He merely got what he's invited long."

Getting Back to Sanity. (New York Sun) It will be remembered that some months ago he (Lenine) announced that the present war would see the end of capitalism in all Europe, the establishment of the World Soviet. Now his efforts to attain this end by force of arms has met with disastrous failure on the plains of Poland, his propaganda offensive has sustained a defeat not less decisive at the hands of the Italian workers. It can no longer be doubted that the tide of anarchy and revolution which for a while threatened to engulf all Europe is slowly but surely receding; sanity and patriotism are resuming their sway.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Makes Food Taste Good. Creates an appetite, aids digestion, purifies the blood, and thus relieves scrofula, catarrh, the pains and aches of rheumatism and gives strength to the whole system. Nearly 50 years' phenomenal sales tell the story of the great merit and success of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is just the medicine you need now. Hood's Pills help—fine cathartic.



The Good Judge Announces that the capacity of the Mill is being again increased and we are now able to supply those who have not been able to secure this high grade Flour, all fresh Flour, no old stock war Flour. Our special process enables us to make Flour of improved color and whiteness without removing the best part of the grain—all the old-time flavour of Mether's and Grandmother's Bread retained with all the modern color added. Thousands of bakers and householders are now certifying to the above and sending renewed orders. It's the flavour does it.

THE JUDGE-JONES MILLING CO., LTD. Belleville, Ont. Buyers of all kinds of Grain.

GIVE YOUR POULTRY OUR SPECIAL FEED and get results in the egg basket and in thriving chicks. This feed is one of our specialties and those who use it are its enthusiastic admirers. Try some and note the improvement in laying hens and growing chicks.

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