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This is Safety Week. Don't be a jay-walker

Few of these uprisings get far enough to be on the level

Still, a patriot's threat to starve himself is rather an empty boast

Italy has come upon an evil day, and communism won't make the dago

Jitneys have come down, but the cotton twine needed to repair them is just as high as ever

And yet it must be admitted that the business of government includes the government of business

After that other great disaster, Noah planted a few grape vines in order to indulge in social unrest

A bitter-end wet says there will always be whiskey. Well, there may always be something called whiskey

When a man is down his relatives won't acknowledge him, but as he grows wealthy he begins to put on airs

When a building burns in Ireland an outsider can't tell whether the fire was caused by patriotism or religion

The situation might be worse. The Japanese in California haven't yet appealed to the League of Nations for independence

The average office holder will accept the resignation of President Deschanel as sufficient proof that he was a little bit added

Lenine's situation is growing desperate. The people are growing restless and there are no property owners left to butcher

Now that the hunting season is here, the slogan "Hook before you shoot," should be added to the list of Safety Week admonitions

Every rose has its thorn. When prices get back to normal, likely enough one will find it necessary to do a normal day's work

It is reported that Johnson and Bryan have many things in common. A newly-discovered faculty for keeping still is one of them

The broad way that leads to destruction is still open to traffic, but there are fewer wrecks occasioned by skidding on the wet spots

What has become of the old-fashioned boy whose ambition was to own a bicycle? He is probably hitting the high spots in a \$3,000 auto

"The characteristic of the age is craven credulity," said Disraeli—in 1844. He was right; and it was the characteristic of all the ages that went before him and of all the times that has come after—Boston Transcript

A sound body is not only the foundation for a stirring mind, but is also the basis of moral and economic efficiency. No man or woman can make the maximum contribution to the home, to business or to our country, if suffering from ill health

The Toronto Mail and Empire naively says the Toronto Globe for one blissful moment must have forgotten Union government when it says of Canada: "There can be no catastrophe in a country that has no magnificent a foundation"

THE AVERAGE MAN.

The average man, or, in other words, the general public, suffers in every conflict between capital and labor. Upon his shoulders the burden always falls. C. V. Young, in the Power Magazine, raises his voice on behalf of the average man whom he takes to be the individual most affected by the upper and nether millstones known as capital and labor.

"Mr. Speaker, Honored Legislators and all the Lobbyists within reach of my voice, I rise to interrogate: Just where does labor leave off and capital begin? Who looks after the rights of the disorganized you-an-me proletariat in between? I belong to the Majority Party of the Men-Who-Pay-the-Bills, and I am getting sore on languid labor and corpulent capital. I don't wear overalls and haven't a silk hat. I can't afford to own a yacht, and I can't afford to go on strike, although I have worked hard for twenty years.

"I have a family and I am more or less respectable. I pay my bills on the first of the month; likewise I pay town, state and national taxes. I have never been confined in a jail or in any institution supported by public funds. I want to know what the government, apart from political necessities, offers as a permanent and orderly cure for these periodic eruptions of strikes. If capital is to blame, what's the remedy? If labor is to blame, what's the remedy?"

These are questions that many another average citizen is asking. They are questions that sooner or later must be satisfactorily answered.

KINGSTON'S ASSESSMENT.

The report of Assessor Mooers shows that Kingston's total assessment for 1921 is about two million dollars more than for 1920, or an increase of thirteen per cent. This is a better showing than the civic committee had hoped for, and the new assessment will yield an additional revenue of sixty thousand dollars next year, which, according to Mayor Nickle, will more than take care of the additional expenditures the council of 1921 will have to meet.

While Kingston's taxable assessment is close to sixteen million dollars, there is over five million dollars of property exempt under statute. This is a large amount, and until the Ontario legislature sees fit to tax church land, the exempted total will continue to slowly increase.

It is a matter of regret that the city's population has fallen off. The locomotive works strike of last year is chiefly responsible for this, as many families had to move away during that eventful summer. It is most gratifying that the same works are now running full blast, or Kingston might have had to face a population loss of more than a thousand. A strike in a big industry has a very bad effect upon a small city, and Kingston certainly felt the ill-advised walkout at the locomotive works. The loss of population is also due to quite a number of young men seeking their fortunes elsewhere. What Kingston must get is more industries, so as to keep its young men at home. The civic industries committee has done well this year in securing three industries to locate here. Their efforts are most encouraging, and should be continued. More industries mean the erection of more houses, and additional revenue to the city exchequer through taxes. There is every hope that Kingston this coming year will more than regain what it has lost in population. Through active work on the part of the Board of Trade and the city council, a big boom can be started, and Kingston will surely come into its own.

A NATION IN PROTEST.

A wave of righteous indignation has spread across Canada as a result of the recent ruling of the Board of Commerce in fixing the price of sugar at 21 cents a pound plus freight. The board has been in bad odor before, but to-day it is generally regarded as a distinct menace to the welfare of the public. Its attempt to regulate the price of newspaper was a dismal failure, just as all attempts to regulate prices of any commodity must ever be. Markets rise and fall in accordance with supply and demand, and artificial restrictions always do more harm than good. The board, however, did not profit by its experience in the newspaper matter, for it now seeks to interfere in the sugar market. Originally intended as a means of protecting the public from exorbitant prices, it now goes to the other extreme and throws the mantle of its protection around the sugar refiners. Why it should rush to their defence, neglecting the interests of the public, is a matter of no little wonderment. The board was wrong in hampering the operations of the refiners a year ago; it is no less wrong in coming to their rescue

now. The refiners have been caught on a falling market; a risk that every business must take at times. But this fact does not justify government interference, much as one may sympathize with the refiners. The principle back of it all is wrong and indefensible. There should be no intervention against the rise and fall of prices. The consumers of this country are aroused as seldom before, and are flooding Ottawa with messages of indignant protest. The interests of the people are vastly greater than the interests of those whom the board seeks to protect, and the government has done well to recognize and act on this assumption. That sugar should sell in the United States at 11 cents a pound and in Canada at 21 cents, and that all imports should be prohibited under the anti-dumping clause in the tariff, are intolerable conditions. No wonder the consumers are indignant.

MUSINGS OF THE KHAN

The Ancient Order of Scouts. If you would wish to know why in winter or summer, baseball is perennially fresh I would venture to say that it is because of the wise system of scouting. It is to the credit of the lasting credit of baseball that it hath revived this ancient and prehistoric order, the most important order ever organized among men. And yet how only order that has any good right and claim to the term "ancient." The majority of us belong to the Masons or the Oddfellows, or the Knights of Pythias, or the prehistoric order of Chair Warmers or to the Charmed Circle of the Hot Stove, but which of us is a Scout?

The potent ball organizations on this continent have scouts on the road all season and it is just possible that the game last week between the Mudville Pie Artists and the Bulls' Corners Cake Eaters was witnessed by a scout. Why not? Since the dawn of time one of the principles of the Ancient Order of Scouts is never to despise the little places. Once on a time it was necessary to find a king for a great people, but the Lord did not look for him among the aristocrats or the mighty men of valor who thronged the city where was the Temple. Nay, He sent a scout away out into the wilderness, away on the other side of Nowhere at all, and found a boy keeping sheep. You would think that was the last place to look for a king, but there's no question about it there's where he got him. I am not saying that he was a great pitcher. In his very first game he beamed Goliath, who was the Babe Ruth of those days. But he certainly could curve them over all-right.

Horace wrote in a remote farm house. Shakespeare penned his immortal plays in an obscure tavern. I don't believe that either one of them ever saw the inside of a university. The only parallel for the baseball scouts of today are the people who go up and down Italy seeking out great voices. They do not confine themselves to Rome and Turin or Naples, nor any of the great centres, but they drift hither and thither through the fields and among the hills and at eventide they pause on the edge of an unheard-of village and listen—listen for the celestial voice.

There's millions in it! The other night at a Harvest Thanksgiving festival I heard an alto that is worth a million right now. Oh, such a sound, smooth, full and velvety voice it is! It belongs to sixteen-year-old Lindy Sevenpiper and she does not know that she has the most beautiful voice in the world. No one else knows it. It is admitted that she has a nice voice and she can sing purty well. Lindy works in the Basket Factory. Her voice is going to be lost. Half a dozen golden fortunes are going to be lost with it, for that divine voice will never be heard outside of Gumbo.

If the Lord were running this country today a fine old scout would find his way into the Sevenpiper home some afternoon and he would look the bunch over and get them to open up the old cabinet organ and sing. "Pull for the Shore, Sailor," and "Joy to the World," etc., and, finally, he would say to Ole Jess Sevenpiper: "Are here all thy children?" and Jess would reply: "Not yet, the youngest, she's got a job in the Basket Factory. She'll be home in a minute or two." and sure enough in half an hour, but her Maw laid for her in the lane and took her round by the barn and into the house by the back way so's to give the poor girl a chance to get into her georgette and give her beautiful hair the once-over, and then she comes into the parlor so demure. She's an awful clip, but you wouldn't think to look at her that sugar would melt in her mouth. And her Maw says, "Lindy, this here ole scout wants to hear you sing something," and Lindy says, "Oh, darn it, Maw, I can't sing!" and her Maw says, "Yas, yuh kin, too—sing 'Sweet Marie' for the ole scout," and after a lot of sidestepping and clinching Lindy twirls the old-time music stool and sits down and sings like an angel, and the old scout comes across and claims her for the world of song.

There's millions in her! For ages men have been going about the world looking for gold by the world looking for platinum, copper and iron. That's the way they get them. Strange that no one ever started out to prospect for brains! There are men and women going to waste in this country who are worth more than all the gold mines in the Klondike. We want to overhaul our great all-the-year-round game of politics. What kind of a scout was it who went about among the bush leagues last fall? Some of our players on the first nine are not only ineffective, but they are crooked. They won't play the game! The greatest player we have is kept on the bench—why?

In days gone by it was almost impossible to get out of a bush league, but now it is difficult to get into one. They are exclusive. They may say what they like about the old rotten leagues, but them fellows could certainly play ball—but these bushers can't go crooked because they can't keep straight.

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

Walt Mason THE POET PHILOSOPHER

COMMON BLESSINGS. Deprived of teeth, I cannot chew, and so I live on liquid glue, and boneless soup and oatmeal mush, and all varieties of slush. Strange longings throng my bosom fit, as in the dining room I sit, my neighbors call for steaks and chops, while I refresh myself with slops; the men and women all around have molars firm and strong and sound; they know no spasms when they eat large slabs of beef and other meat; their laughter fills the dining room while loaves and fishes they consume; and I sit in a shaded place and pour cheap gruel in my face. And once I had such teeth as theirs, and I could bite the rungs from chairs; and to that boon I gave no heed; all thoughtlessly I used to feed, and never gave a word of thanks for my long fangs in gleaming ranks. We never taste Dame Nature's gifts until rebuking hand she lifts and takes some precious boon away, and then we cry alackaday! The dentist's working hard and well to make me teeth of tortoiseshell; he says he'll have them in my mouth before the worst of my travel south, until which time I'll have to spill into my works all kinds of will.

—WALT MASON.

PUBLIC OPINION

Popularizing Railroads. (Knoxville Journal and Tribune) If they raise the railroad rates again people will have to get reservations three weeks ahead for a seat in the day coach.

The Working of Providence in Alabama. (Marion County News) Ike Strong has made him a barrel of sweet cider. Ike says there's no law agin' it. He further says, if the cider gets hard, it's as much an act of Providence as if the lightning struck his cyclone cellar.

It Makes No Difference. (Philadelphia Record) The government forecasts a bigger sugar crop than ever, but the prediction is merely of academic interest to the consumer, who knows what is being done to him this fall after an increased production of more than fifty million tons of coal over the amount mined last year.

A Near-Necessity. (Montreal Journal of Commerce) The automobile is halfway between a necessity and a luxury. The cheaper it is, the more it approximates to a necessity. If it enables a man to save his coat in car fare and house rent—to live in the suburbs instead of queuing himself into the central parts of town, or to keep his sons and daughters on the farm or in the village by enabling them to get away to the town at will—then it is a necessity. Every ten dollars knocked off its cost makes it a necessity to a wider public than before.

An Educated Man. (Sydney, N.S. Record) Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, names the six traits which make an educated man. The first he says, is correctness of speech, the second, standards of feeling and appreciation, the fourth, the power of reflection, the fifth, the power of growth, and last but not least, the ability to do efficiently without nervous agitation. The last, in Dr. Butler's opinion, is the rarest of all. How many have you?

Boys And Their Kingdom. (London Times) However other boys may occupy their minds, your London boy can talk of little but machinery. There are few exceptions to the rule. He knows every type of aeroplane and motor car. He makes models when he ought to be learning his lessons. His highest ambition is to be a pilot or a chauffeur. Short of this he would like to drive a locomotive. For a generation or two we have known such boys, but there has never yet been a time when all boys—for the exceptions hardly count—were so keen on machinery.

Hard Times In Japan. (Tokyo) London papers depict long queues outside the theatres and a general rush for amusements as one of the features of modern life in the British Metropolis. It is hard to see, too, in Tokyo during the war years, but the summer's economic depression has brought theatre-going to a sudden end, and people are now more concerned with how to obtain money than how to spend it. Hard times have hit Japan. The flush and open-handed ways of war-time are no more; and all places of amusement and public resort, as well as dealers in luxuries, are feeling the pinch.

Getting in Touch With the Best. Edward Everett Hale used to counsel young people to converse every day with some one older, better and wiser than themselves. We cannot all do that, but we can do the next best thing; we can get in touch with them through the printed page and enjoy the fruits of their wisdom and experience. Probably no publication contains so much from the writings of men and women distinguished in many ways as The Youth's Companion. A constant reading of the paper is a serial education of mind and heart.

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—T. J. Lockhart
The Youth's Companion, Commonwealth Ave. & St. Paul street, Boston, Mass.

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