

THE BRITISH WHIG 87th YEAR.



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

J. G. Elliott, President; Emma A. Gold, Editor and Managing Director

TELEPHONES: Business Office 222, Editorial Rooms 220, Job Office 220

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One year, delivered in city \$4.00; One year, by mail in advance \$4.50

OUR OFF-TOWN REPRESENTATIVES: S. Calder, 21 St. John St., Montreal; W. M. Thompson, 677 Lansdowne Bldg., Toronto.

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 A B C Audit-Bureau of Circulations.

Labor won the war, it ought let capital have the peace.

It begins to appear that woman's sphere is this hemisphere.

The umpire should announce the betters among the batterers.

This vamp business was probably started by the old woman who lived in a shoe.

We can't establish virtue by statute, but we can make it the lesser of the two evils.

The price of coal is fair enough when you figure the value of heat units in the bill.

The warm weather of October enables the girls to wear their furs later than usual.

Picking strawberries and raspberries in October has become a national pastime in old Ontario.

The Albany Journal has a heading reading, "Albany woman will not keep silent." Call that news!

How will the League go about stopping a war between rival country-savers of a member nation.

If all English-speaking people who can't have their own way would fast, there would be an abundance for starving Europe.

Members of the Board of Commerce have resigned. The government should make it impossible for others to follow their example.

If the king of Greece should die, it will not be the first time that too much monkey business has proved fatal to royalty.—Chicago Post.

Armour & Co., Chicago, as well as a number of the individual officers, have been indicted for profiteering. Nothing like that ever happens in our country.

Some of the people who are selling building materials at top prices have the same proud and independent ways as the sugar speculators had up to a few weeks ago.

Women in Hamilton are incensed over the action of Magistrate Jelfs in sentencing to two months in jail, for stealing a few dollars worth of store goods, a woman with a nursing baby. The attorney-general should surely interpose.

The two convicts who escaped from Sing Sing prison were caught. The two who used the car of the warden of the Portsmouth penitentiary to make good their escape are still at large. Are our police officers less clever than those across the border?

The amount of new capital collected for business enterprises in Great Britain during the first eight months of the current year has reached \$294,509,849, or more than \$50,000,000 in excess of the entire new capital issues for the year 1913 which established the previous high record.

The Clarence street park would make an ideal site for Kingston's new hotel. The surroundings are the very best. The government owns the land, which is leased to the city for ninety-nine years. If the council would transfer the lease to the hotel company, with the government's sanction, an admirable hotel could be erected on the plot. The favorable consideration of the council is sought.

A MAKER OF QUEEN'S.

Among those who have had their names inscribed upon the list of "The Makers of Queen's University," none is more worthy than Geo. Y. Chown, who is retiring from the positions of secretary, treasurer and registrar. For twenty-five years, Mr. Chown has served his Alma Mater in a noteworthy manner. He not only directed the clerical and financial departments of the university, but he had also a good deal to do with the arrangement of the curriculum, as he was better posted on courses than most members of the senate. "The power behind the throne" perhaps best describes Mr. Chown's relation to Queen's which knew not only of his labor on its behalf, but also of his bounty, for last year he endowed a chair for a contribution of fifty thousand dollars. George M. Grant was the guiding star of Queen's during the closing twenty years of the past century, while Geo. Y. Chown was largely responsible for the steering of Queen's course during the past two decades. Queen's university never had a more worthy son to honor than G. Y. Chown.

A NEW REVOLT.

Poor, down-trodden man—mere man—has turned, at last, driven to desperation, made frantic, he has risen in revolt. Toronto is experiencing just now the throes of this new revolution. It is not a serious movement, and yet it indicates that the long-suffering of more men has a limit, after all. For objection is being taken, in quite decided terms, to public drinking on the part of young ladies in that city. No longer must mirror and powder be produced on the street, in the trolley or at the matinee to mend the freshness of the beautiful. The men, apparently, are no longer going to endure it. Here, for instance, is the scathing letter sent to Varsity, the University of Toronto newspaper:

"Sir: The name of this organization shall be The Public Drinkers. Any adult male who owns a suitcase, valise or carpetbag shall be eligible for membership.

"There are no dues, but there are duties, viz.:

"Whenever a member sees a woman on a train or trolley car bring out her mirror and powder her nose or rouge her lips, he shall:

"Open his bag, produce a large comb and run it through his moustache.

"If he has no moustache, he shall bring out a pair of military brushes and slick his hair.

"If he has no hair he shall get out a whisk broom and brush his clothes.

"If he has no clothes he shall bring forth a blacking brush and polish his shoes.

"If he has no shoes he shall produce a small tub, with water, soap and washrag, and take a bath.

"The motto of this organization: 'PRIVACY BE DEMMED.'

SAVE THE LEAVES.

The Brockville Recorder calls attention to the dangerous and unwholesome practice of burning leaves on public streets. This time of year it is a popular pastime with children. The element of danger in so doing is also present. It cannot be obviated so long as the practice is permitted. There also is the effect on the atmosphere of the smoke from the burning leaves. It is anything but invigorating. In this country we get, in the natural course of events, a long, cold winter. These delightful autumn evenings are a great boon to the public, but unfortunately are too often marred by the smoke-filled air. The dead leaves are a good and powerful fertilizer. This view is discussed in a trenchant letter to the London Advertiser by a well-known farmer of the Niagara district, and is worthy of publication. He says:

"Now that the ground around the trees is being carpeted with falling leaves, would you let me call the attention of those who have garden plots to the great value of these as fertilizers? In the past it has been a too common practice to collect them in heaps and burn them instead of storing them on the beds for future use or at once digging them in. The fallen leaves of each autumn are, apart from decaying trunks and branches, nature's systematized and almost only material contribution to the fertility of the forest soil, which gives strength and size and grace to the trees. The department of agriculture at Washington has given it out as a scientific fact that as a fertilizer they are better than barnyard manure. To show that they are equally valuable in our gardens, I have this year been making some experiments. Previously I had utilized them as a winter cover for strawberries, and then in the spring dug them in, with the result of having berries of large size; but, late in March last, they were placed to the depth of six inches over the beds in which were to be grown sunflowers, asters, melons and beans, and were well dug in. No other fertilizer was applied beyond waste liquids from the kitchen. The soil was a sandy loam, and care was taken to have surface cultivation, and to provide, throughout the summer, ample moisture. The result was a revelation. The sunflowers grew to eleven and twelve feet in height and their flowers were all ten to twelve inches across. The asters were two and a half and three feet high, and their flowers were all four to five and a half inches in diameter, and in their perfect shape were like chrysan-

themums in beauty. The melons overran the beds allotted to them by several feet, while the beans, although not very specially noticeable for the growth of their stems and leaves, continued up to the middle of September to contribute about every second week to our dinner table. It does not follow that the same fertilizing agent will do for all garden plants, but in these days when artificial fertilizers are so unnecessarily expensive, it is well to have so readily accessible that which nature has so liberally provided."

MUSINGS OF THE KHAN

Take Care of Yourself!

The recent Safety Week started a great many people thinking. They realized that after all only a fraction of one per cent of the population was destroyed by accident, the results of carelessness or stupidity. What killed off the rest of the crowd?

There is a funeral coming down the road. What happened this fellow? Was he knocked out by a car? Did he undertake to lead the bull to water with a piece of yarn? Did he stumble into the cylinder when threading a coat? The chances are a hundred to one that he died in his bed just as usual. Here comes another funeral! If you make enquiries you will find that he died in his bed also. One would think—in fact, he is taught from his earliest years—that bed is the safest place for you: "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep," and "Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, bless the bed that I lie on!"

That's all very well as far as it goes, but the stupendous fact asserts itself that the Spare Bed hath killed more folks since last January than the automobiles, and got away with it.

There's ole Abner Teeple. He came down from the far west this fall to see his folks and incidentally visit the township show and meet up with his acquaintances. He safely ran the gamut of a thousand-mile trip, he dodged steam, gasoline and electricity and he wasn't so awful spry on his feet, either, but today he is dead—yes, sir, ole Abner he's gone. He sleeps his last long sleep in a clump of briars and choke-cherry trees in the left hand corner of the Rock Chapel burying ground as you go in.

I saw Abner lying so peaceful in his coffin and there wasn't a scratch onto him! Nevertheless, I hold that an inquest should have been held and the verdict should have read like this:

"We find that the subject under discussion snuffed out in Heskiah Teeple's spare bed and that the said spare bed had not been slept in since his grandmother, the esteemed Missus Sevempier (Jim's wife) died in it on the eighteenth of last February. We find that Ab. died in the hope of a glorious resurrection, but no propitiously to speak of, the yarn that he owned a million-dollar ranch in Alberta in all but name, we recommend that everybody be obliged to take out a license to run or own a spare bed, and that the government appoint an inspector in spare beds with power to confiscate and permanently destroy all unsound spare beds that don't come up to the regulations; and whereas and furthermore we recommend that a royal commission be appointed to investigate the whole bed situation and find out what the matter is of us anyway. All of which is respectfully submitted. God Save the King!"

"We certainly should take better care of ourselves. When I was a little shaver Missus Spudgin—Bead's Missus—was slated for an early journey to the tomb. She enjoyed bad health. I'm not joking, I never joke. I repeat she enjoyed bad health. The biggest insult you could offer her was to up'n say, 'Oh, Missus Spudgin, you look the picture of health!' She would never forgive you. She's alive today and still enjoying bad health. She has buried all her family but little Bead, and it looks to me she's good for another generation. How did she manage it? The thing is quite simple. She took good care of herself and she made everybody in the house take care of her. She was an invalid, don't you see? And she couldn't, or rather wouldn't, work—anyways she was never asked to work. She got the best that was going and everybody waited on her till they died and others took their places. She never got her feet wet—not even damp—in forty years, I am told. She never wet a finger. She never set in a draught. She took her breakfast in bed and never got up all the house was as warm as pie. She had a cushion as big as a bed tick in her pew at church to sit on—and she is alive today. When I was a kid I heard folks say to each other, 'Ah, the pore thing, ain't long for this world.' These folks have all predeceased her as the saying is, and all because she took good care of herself."

Old Jim Losee applied for life insurance when he was twenty-one. He's seventy now. They turned him down because they said he couldn't live a year. He had only one lung and that wasn't much bigger than a postage stamp. Nevertheless, Old Jim is alive and kicking today fifty years after his doom was pronounced, and he had the laugh on the insurance company. How did Ole Jim manage it? Quite simple. When the awful news was broken to him fifty years ago he decided he would take care of himself—and he did!

And that's all there is to it!

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

CARNEGIE'S ESTATE

Reduced to \$28,247,161 Owing to Life Gifts.
Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 26.—The appraisal of the estate of Andrew Carnegie has been completed and is published here. It shows a gross value of \$28,247,161 and a net estate of \$23,247,161, which is even less than the estimate of Mr. Carnegie's fortune (between \$25,000,000 and \$30,000,000), made at the time of his death.

The huge fortune which he once possessed was reduced to these relatively small figures by the many public and private gifts Mr. Carnegie made during his life.

Walt Mason THE POET PHILOSOPHER

MAN AND HIS JOB.

From Massachusetts comes the news, "The labor market's glutted," and many workers have the blues who lately found and strutted. Then tollers were in such demand that they could name their wages; there never was a snap so grand in all the by-gone ages. A silken shirt that cost much kale adorned the haughty tinner, and in a diamond studied pall blacksmith's wife, in royal furs, went gadding here and yonder; a stately limousine was hers, which made the banker ponder. It couldn't last, this sort of thing, it jarred all sense and reason; a janitor may ape a king—but only for a season. And now the earnest student sees the signs of sense grow plainer; we're starting back by slow degrees to better times and saner. We've looked on labor with a frown, we've been so independent, as we went looting through the town, in garments most resplendent. We've seen employers on their knees, beseeching and imploring, that we would help them put up cheese, their briny teardrops pouring. And now they're standing on their feet, and if we'd earn their money, we have to seek them, looking sweet, and cut out tantrums funny. To saner, wiser thingumobbs we go, by easy stages; soon men will learn to guard their jobs, and prize their weekly wages.

—WALT MASON.

PUBLIC OPINION

Placing Lindsay. (Galt Reporter) Lindsay Crawford seeks the Hme-light as a professional agitator for the money there is in it. He lives on agitation.

Outcasts. (Providence Journal) If Lenin and Trotsky do not lose their heads when they lose their jobs, where under the sun will they be suffered to take up a Residence?

What He Meant. (Boston Transcript) She—The idea of your telling Agnes that her face was like a poem. He—I meant like one of Browning's poems—there are some hard lines in it.

Would Block Traffic. (Edinburgh Scotsman) Policeman—What are you standing 'ere for? Loafer—Nuffink. Policeman—Well, just mose on. If everybody was to stand in one place, how would the rest get past?

Mild Winter Forecast. (Minneapolis Journal) Indians encountered by hunters in the north section declare a mild winter may be expected. The man-rats are building their houses along the lines of summer cottages, and the bark on the trees is unusual thin, all of which the Indians declare means a mild winter.

Something Worth While. (London Advertiser) The American Museum of Natural History, New York, will carry on a search in Asia, which will cost \$250,000, just to discover where man originated. If they could dig out the place we are going to we wouldn't object to adding our mite to help pay for the expedition.

Harding's Position. (Victoria Times) Senator Harding, Republican candidate for president across the border, told a meeting in Des Moines yesterday that he would no more tell Great Britain what to do with Ireland than he would permit her to tell the United States what it should do with the Philippines. He also expressed the opinion that Great Britain was approaching a solution of the Irish problem.

The Individualists. (New York Globe) It revolution ever comes in this country it will be over some tangible grievance, like the tax on tea or the slavery traffic, not for a general and comprehensive scheme to make the world better. We are not a revolting people. We care a lot about what hurts us, but we do not really care much about theories and institutions—except as they affect us particularly. We may talk for or against the constitution or the single tax, but what we really care about is whether or not the world treats us right according to the rules of the game that actually prevail.

A memorandum pad in a water-tight case that can be attached to an instrument board of steering column is a new convenience for automobilists.

Headache

Resulting from sluggish action of the liver and bowels is quickly relieved by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose, 25c a box, all dealers.

Dr. Chase's K & L Pills

G. Hunter Ogilvie

INSURANCE AND GENERAL BROKER
In daily communication with Montreal and Toronto Stock Exchanges. Dominion, Provincial and Municipal Bonds for sale.
381 KING STREET
Phones 568j & 1087

BIBBY'S Men's and Boys' Wear Stores. Don't Miss Seeing Bibby's Nobby Ulsterettes \$35.00. THE TOURIST, THE PRINCELEY, THE ACE, THE ADMIRAL. All new models; expert tailoring; choice all-wool fabrics. These Coats cannot be replaced for less than \$45 to \$47.50. Sizes 34 to 40. Pleased to show you—buy if you wish. MEN'S UNDERWEAR SPECIAL! Fenman's Ribbed All Wool Shirts and Drawers; heavy weight; soft and comfy-like; extra special value \$2.50 per Suit. Where Society Brand Clothes are Sold. BIBBY'S 78, 80, 82 Princess Street.

EVERLASTIC READY ROOFING MADE BY THE BARRETT CO. IN 1 PLY, 2 PLY, 3 PLY. We have an exceptionally fine price on this line. BUNT'S HARDWARE. KING ST. PHONE 388.

Hudson and Electric Seal Coats Compare Price and Quality. Gourdier's BROCK STREET

EGG COAL \$16.50 per ton, STOVE COAL \$16.50 per ton, NUT COAL \$16.50 per ton, Pea Coal \$15.00 per ton. Carrying 50c. extra. PHONE 185. ALL SALES FOR CASH. Phone orders C.O.D. SOWARDS COAL CO.

Williamson & Wellwood Crescent Wire Works Tailors. Try us for your next Suit or Overcoat. Style and fit guaranteed. Our own personal attention is given to all orders. 20 MONTREAL STREET. Two Doors From King Edward Theatre.

FARMS FOR SALE. 90 acres about 10 miles from Kingston on the York Road, 2 miles from Odessa, first class buildings; about 80 acres good tillable land; well fenced; soil 200 acres of very fertile soil has been under cultivation; good fences; plenty of water; enough wood for fuel and some valuable building timber; a choice farm; splendid location; must be sold; a reasonable offer will be accepted. T. J. Lockhart. Clarence Street, Kingston, Ont. Phone 1035 or 1075.

NEWFOUNDLAND Canned Lobsters. We have just received a shipment of these choice Lobsters. Sold only under license, and passed by the Newfoundland Government. For one pound flat tin, price, per tin ... \$1.00. Jas. REDDEN & Co. Phones 20 and 990.

CHOICE MEATS. Spring Lamb, Spare Ribs, Tenderloins, Pork Sausages, Choice Western Beef. Daniel Hogan. 332 KING STREET. Phone 355.

Lake Ontario Trout and Whitefish, Fresh Sea Salmon, Haddock, Halibut and Cod. Dominion Fish Co. Canada Food Board License No. 2-2522.

Coal That Suits. The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad's.

Celebrated Scranton Coal. The Standard Anthracite. The only Coal handled by Crawford. Phone 6. Foot of Queen St. "It's a black business, but we treat you white."

The Easiest House Plants. For winter blooming in the house there are no flowers more easily grown than Dutch Bulbs. —Fragrant Narcissus. —Roman Hyacinths. —Freesia. —Chinese Lilies. These, if placed in a bowl or jardiniere of water, being kept in place with a few pebbles, will blossom in a few weeks and fill the house with fragrance. —HYACINTHS. —DAPPODILS. —FLIPS. —TULIPS. Planted now will be in bloom for Christmas. Our Bulbs for outdoor-get are exceptionally fine this year. Come early and get the choice. Dr. Chown's Drug Store. 185 Princess St. Phone 348.