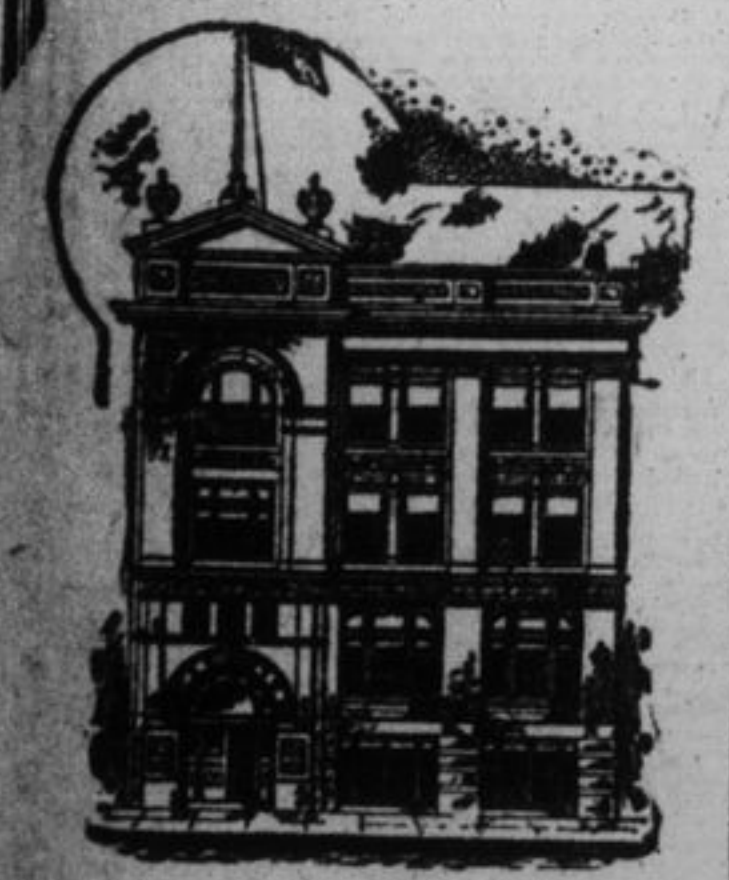


THE BRITISH WHIG 87th YEAR.



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

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

TELEPHONES: Business Office 243; Editorial Rooms 228; Job Office 222

SUBSCRIPTION RATES (Daily Edition): One year, delivered in city \$5.00; One year, if paid in advance \$4.00; One year, by mail to rural offices \$5.00; One year, to United States \$3.00

OUT-OF-TOWN REPRESENTATIVES: F. Calder, 22 St. John St., Montreal; F. M. Thompson, 492 Lansden 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 Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Is the goddess of free love called Bolshevism?

As a rule, when men bury the hatchet they go home and sharpen the axe.

It is best to carry savings-bank insurance. There are no fire-proof jobs.

The engagement doesn't stick when the discoverer that the diamond is false.

The field a young man sows to wild oats is usually washed away by a bridal wave.

When the farmers strike, there will be a sympathetic strike by several million stomachs.

Ferguson's timber limit concessions and Drury's Backus concessions are not so different after all.

The steady drop of water wears away the hardest stone, and the steady drop in prices makes it hard to float a loan.

A mere layman can't understand why efficiency experts don't get into business for themselves and monopolize the world.

Hold-ups are numerous in every town and city these days. But they don't hold any terror for the married man; he's used to 'em.

There is a landlord in town who will not rent to a family with children. The only thing he believes in raising is the rent.—Ogdensburg Advance.

"Fish talk to one another," says Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. Probably just repeating the conversation they overheard about "the big one that got away," or remarking on the wetness of the bait used by the anglers.

Centuries ago there prevailed in India a belief that at long intervals Wisdom returned to the earth and was revealed to mankind through a chosen person. The world to-day is ripe for another such return of Wisdom.

Alexander the Great was the wrecker of the slowly maturing possibilities of a once free and tranquil Hellenized world. Will Constantine now prove to be the wrecker of that greater Greece that has been evolved as a result of the great war?

When the mind grapples with a great and intricate problem, it makes its advances. It secures its positions step by step, with but little realization of the gains it has made, until suddenly, with an effect of abrupt illumination, it realizes its victory.—H. G. Wells.

That this is a materialistic age is shown by the fact that colleges which formerly sent their finest young men to the divinity schools now send them to the schools of law, medicine and business instead. In the United States alone, as a result, there are 40,000 churches without pastors.

During the great war the nations spent some \$250,000,000,000 in order to kill 4,705,665 men in battle, to wound over 10,000,000, to consign nearly 10,000,000 to vile prison camps where most of them died, and to indirectly contribute to the death through privation and suffering of untold millions of old men, women and children. Verily, as Shakespeare says: "What fools we mortals be!" The devil himself must grin when he contemplates the fiendishness of mankind.

CONSERVING POWER.

The white clouds of steam which curl up from the countless roofs of business buildings on a clear day in winter may be said to constitute a symbol of the daily waste of all sorts of valuable power which goes on in the face of all the attempts at economy.

A telegram from Paris in the other day's news tells of the invention, said to be successful, of a French scientist named Colardean, recently described by him before the French Academy of Sciences. "We waste too much energy," was his text; and if waste be charged against the French, what must be the characterization of the far looser methods prevailing in this country?

M. Colardean's plan is too utilized the "scandalous waste" of the free winds of heaven and of the power latent in the water forced by pressure from the kitchen tap. In his own house he has fitted to his supply pipe a high-speed water turbine, giving directly to a dynamo with a little battery of accumulators, and when the taps are turned on the miniature generating station works and the batteries accumulate the power. In country places he would use the wind to pump water to the necessary height and draw the water into his storage plant. The inventor claims much for his process, and nobody will be inclined to pooh-pooh the possibility of so plausible a representation.

SHOULD DIVORCE

BE ABOLISHED? Judge, A. J. Pearson, of Cleveland, Ohio, has made a statement in which he advocates the absolute denial of divorces, regardless of what the alleged grounds for separation might be. His reason for the statement seems reasonable for he says:

"When a man who has failed to qualify as a good husband receives a divorce, it permits him to fool some other woman, and if the fault lies with the woman it permits her to fool some unsuspecting man. The result is that another divorce case will be filed in the courts in a short time. If no divorces were granted, children would receive better care. If the parents remarry, the children, if there are any, seldom get as good care or attention as before."

There is a great deal of truth in what the judge says. During recent years, divorces have become far too numerous, and marriage vows are regarded all too lightly. The modern tendency seems to be for hasty and reckless marriages which terminate very abruptly in the divorce court, and there is assuredly a need for some check upon this state of affairs.

How serious the divorce problem has become in the country to the south can be gathered from the statistics issued in Wayne County, Michigan, for last week. During the week eighty-seven marriage licenses were issued, but during the same period one hundred divorce suits were started. A significant thing is that most of the applicants for divorce are childless, which leads the judge of Wayne county to remark that, in his opinion, children do more to bind parents together than anything else.

Whatever may be the cause of this great increase in divorces, it is evident that the problem is a serious one. Even in Canada divorces are much more numerous now than ever before, and yet, in this country, the divorce laws are far more stringent. Whether divorce should be abolished, as Judge Pearson suggests, is a question on which there would be a great division of opinion. The growing number of divorces provides food for serious thought, for it is dealing a blow at the home, which is the most sacred and important institution of modern civilization.

IS IT AS BAD AS THIS?

The dance hall, the automobile and the moving picture, declared Dean Jones, of Yale University, are fast bringing his country face to face with a crisis of hunger and starvation. The nation-wide epidemic of gayety which he traces to these three means of self-gratification and which he sees sapping and undermining the moral ideas of the nation, began ten years ago and not after the war, in the dance hall craze. The first effects of this evil were seen, not in the men, but in the young girls, and the dean says that parents were not courageous enough to take a definite stand against the increasing gayety; and hence the result.

The public dance hall has had a distinctly harmful effect on young girls and is at the bottom of many infractions of the moralities on the part of men, according to the Yale University official.

In the moving picture theatre, he says, the whole nation is not only spending its spare time but time that is not spare. The moving picture is producing a generation of loafers and the time daily spent in moving picture theatres would, if employed in labor, solve and resolve the present economic crisis, declares this student of modern life. This general criticism of the movies is too sweeping, and will not find many supporters, especially in Canada where the moving picture theatre affords for the most part wholesome amusement.

The automobile in the hands of the young man is another serious calamity. It not only wastes time and begets indifference to life in the speed mania but it has a definite and very real bearing on the sex problem, for

MUSINGS OF THE KHAN

Once a Year.

There is a stream in this province which is a mighty river for twenty-four hours once a year. All the rest of the time it is an insignificant rivulet, a "crick," although the population on its banks ever respectfully speak of it as the "river." It winds its way among beautiful hills and through vast meadows of incalculable richness, but save as a place to water cattle and fill the tanks for the threshing machines I don't see what use it is to this country. It costs more than it is worth to bridge it, for the bridges must be long and high as it is a mighty river once a year.

Once a year it gets into the same class as the Ganges and the Mississippi and the Danube and is a most tremendous stream than the Shannon or the Thames. It is as noisy and formidable as Niagara—for twenty-four hours; as majestic as the St. Lawrence for one day; and then she fizzles out and fizzles out till you could roll up your pants and wade across her most anywhere.

There is something barbaric about all this. This river is a savage. That's the way the savages do. They have a great Sun dance or Pottlatch at stated periods and they are a mighty and potent people dressed in priceless blankets and beaded buck skins and then they fizzle out and sink back into the wilderness where they are neither useful nor terrible.

This stream reminds me a good deal of a boarding-house where I used to hang out. It was called the Palace. It appears to have been the earthly home of a bishop in prehistoric times. On Sundays we had great eats—good enough for a royal duke. The next day they were not so gorgeous. The following day they were somehith' fierce. Thursdays there was a long-felt want and nothing to fill it with, on Fridays grim famine raised her hidjus front and on Saturdays we had to smuggle kippered herring, sardines, crackers and cheese and bologna into the house or die. Then on Sunday she broke out with meals which would make the King Edward envious and fill the Royal Connaught with despair. Our landlady boasted that she kept a great table. She surely did—on Sundays.

This here river I was telling you about is just like that boarding-house, with the difference that the river blowout is an annual affair. For the rest of the year it goes slithering along here and there until it fills spills into Lake Erie. A few days after that it turns a great turbine which furnishes all the little towns and cities along that river's banks with light, power and heat. If all the power, wasted by this fool river in one tremendous day were distributed over the other three hundred and sixty-four it would be a river to some purpose. That stream reminds me of the man who occasionally shows people what he could do if he liked and then doesn't do it. When it is bank full on a spring day and roaring through the world like a real river I have the same respect and admiration for it that I have for a drunken bully at a fall fair. Both of them are ridiculous. Not that they are not dangerous sometimes. This river will carry away a bridge occasionally and ye bully will pull the lunch counter out by the roots, but they will both fizzle out before morning.

When a boy I heard that a party of young people had been drowned in that river and when I came to see the stream I could not believe it possible that anyone could drown in that insignificant chain of puddles.

We have wasted our forests. We have no more stove wood. Sometimes at night we are cold in bed. There is enough heat going to waste in that erratic ditch to keep us as warm as the proverbial pie—and furnish the heat to keep us in hot meals till the dog days come round again.

In a great town in Ontario they have a bridge nearly a quarter of a mile long and a few days ago the river flowing beneath it was about ten paces wide and ten inches deep. You couldn't drown a hatful of kittens in it.

For one terrible day next spring if all the people of Ontario were to fall into it they would never get out! —The Khan.

CRISP COMMENT.

Bud Jones says only bad women and good jelly shimmie.—Louisville Post.

It's getting too cold now to live in a flat where the heat is furnished.—Toledo Blade.

It's easy to call a girl dear in these times, when everything else is.—Louisville Post.

A cold wave is upon us, and heaven is again relied upon to protect the working girl's chest.—Kansas City Star.

Supreme court's ruling on the seizure law would have wider interest if more folks had anything left to seize.—Saginaw News Courier.

Squirrel hats are to be popular this season, according to fashion authorities. This is probably because nuts are more plentiful than ever before.—Caddillac News.

Sinn Fein is to carry its war into England, the famous English hedges having probably attracted attention as beautiful things to hide behind.—Toronto Telegram.

At the end of the school semester approaches, the student body becomes convinced that the faculty is putting into effect Joffre's famous words, "They shall not pass." —Sioux City Journal.

EDUCATE THE ELECTORS.

The tangle which resulted from the use of the proportional representation system of voting in the Winnipeg civic elections is not very encouraging to those who have been advocating the general adoption of this scheme. When the votes came to be counted it was found that the number of spoiled ballots amounted to about twenty-five per cent. of the total vote, a far bigger percentage than was every heard of under the old system. In this contest for the majority alone 2,077 ballots were spoiled, and the successful candidate, Edward Parnoll, had a majority of about one thousand over his opponent, H. J. Farmer. It is impossible to tell what the result might have been had these 2,077 votes counted. In the aldermanic contest over 9,000 ballots were spoiled, quite sufficient to have changed the entire result of the election. Thus the opponents of the system of voting by proportional representation have good cause for condemning it.

The cause of this debacle, however, did not lie with the system, which has been tried and has proven very successful in many elections. The fault lay in the failure of the authorities to fully educate the electors on the working of the system. Under this system, instead of using a cross to denote the candidate for whom the elector wishes to record his vote, numbers are used. The figure "1" is used to denote the first choice, the figure "2" the second, the figure "3" the third, and so on. Every ballot marked by a cross is a spoiled ballot. That is the reason why so many were spoiled in Winnipeg. They were marked by crosses. The voters in this case simply did not understand the system. It had not been made sufficiently clear to them. They had not been thoroughly educated in the workings of the new method of balloting. Thus the election was very unsatisfactory.

Proportional representation is like every other new system. It must have a fair trial before it can prove its worth. The electors must be thoroughly educated in the method which is adopted under the system. We have on various occasions in the past expressed our belief in proportional representation, and the result in Winnipeg does not mean that it is not a good system. Once the electors understand it, there will be no trouble, and it will give fairer and more equitable representation to all classes of the electorate.

USEFUL REGRETS.

I'm old and badly on the blink; I have no brains with which to think, no teeth with which to eat; my head is bald, my ears are blind, and rheumatism, the compound kind, is sizzling in my feet. I often gnash my toothless jaws, and wring my hands, with ample cause, regretting past mistakes; I once was quite a hunky lad, who didn't need a liver pad, and I didn't know no pains or aches. I didn't guard my precious health, which was a better thing than wealth, a better thing than fame; I joggled along with heedless fools and violated all the rules, and now I'm stiff and lame. I trace each ailment to its source, to conduct foolish, vain and coarse, in days when I was young; because of breaks made long ago I now have corns on every toe, a sprain on each lung. I see the young folks go their way, and turn the night time into day, where sports chase by in streams; they paint the town three shades of red when they should safely be in bed, and dreaming moral dreams. And when they're old they'll pay the bill; they'll look back from life's western hill, regretting conduct wrong; and there would be no bills to pay had they but walked the narrow way when they were young and strong.

THE WISE FOOL.

"A man never knows what he can do until he tries," observed the Sage.

"And then sometimes he is sorry he found out," reflected the Fool.

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