

THE BRITISH WHIG 88TH YEAR.



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

J. G. Elliott, President; Lenora A. Gault, Editor and Managing-Director

TELEPHONES: Business Office 243; Editorial Rooms 229; Job Office 252

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: (Daily Edition) One year, delivered in city \$4.00; One year, if paid in advance \$3.50; One year, by mail, cash \$3.50; One year, to United States \$4.00; One year, to United States (Semi-Weekly Edition) \$3.50; One year, by mail, cash \$3.50; One year, if not paid in advance \$4.00; One year, to United States \$4.50

OUT-OF-TOWN REPRESENTATIVES: F. Calder, 23 St. John St., Montreal; F. W. Thompson, 100 King St. E., 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 ABC Audit Bureau of Circulations.

A PARADOX IN EMPLOYMENT.

The upset in economic conditions during the past five years has brought about many paradoxical situations in the labor world, but there have been few cases so outstanding as that of an Oxford University graduate who is earning a very ample living as a taxicab driver. The hero of this case is Rudolph Rossiter, of Portchester Square, Mews, Baywater, London. He is at work daily, driving his faro to and fro, and collecting his dues as shown by the taximeter. According to the dispatch in which the story is told, his car is known as the "swiftest taxicab in London" it is a distinctive grey, with three-quarter landau body, deep seats, upholstered in Bedford cord, one provided with more than thirty brass fittings, including a barometer. It outshines anything of its class in the business. When questioned, Mr. Rossiter admitted that he was an Oxford University graduate, and the master of six languages. But he has no regrets on the steps he has taken, for the elegance of his car has brought him the finest trade in London; he is reaping a rich harvest, and, he says, is a great deal better off than if trying to live on six languages.

This case may be a little more outstanding than the average, but it is typical of the state of affairs which has existed in the labor world since the war came to turn things upside down. While the wages of mechanics, artists, and even laborers grew by leaps and bounds, those of professional men stood still, while the cost of living advanced. Railway men earned more than college professors; factory hands had larger salaries than school teachers; miners were paid more than ministers; until it became a known fact that those of the professional class, who qualified for their positions only after long terms of education and training, were in a worse position economically than men whose work required little training and more physical labor.

With a return to normal conditions, things may improve for the "collar and tie brigade," as the professional men are sometimes called. They have had a hard row to hoe during the past few years, and their position has not been an enviable one. Living on fixed salaries, with living costs soaring, has been a great strain, and it is not to be wondered at that some of them have turned to less dignified but more profitable callings.

There is one commendable point in the philosophy of Mr. Rossiter. It means nothing to him that he is working in a more or less menial capacity, that he has stepped out of the class to which his intellectual attainments entitled him. His main thought is not of the nature of his job, but the way in which he does it. His ideal is, that no matter what he is doing, he wants to do it well, do it just a little better than anyone else. The luxurious nature of his taxicab, its elegant appointments, and the service which he gives, are all part of his philosophy of doing his job as well as he can, no matter what it may be, and his philosophy is making money for him. It is a mighty good ideal to have, and if it were found more universally, there would be less unrest and labor trouble in the world.

THE PSALMS AGAIN.

When you watch religion at work you find a morality, when you converse with religion in thoughtful moods you find a theology, but when you get to the heart of religion you find a song. Morality may be cold, theology may be dry, but religion stands for something deep and vital, something of which our best deeds are but shadows and our largest creed a broken and stammering story. That is perhaps the reason that the great hymns come nearer than anything else to uttering the last deep secret of the religious life. They have in them that which is instructive in religious conviction, vital in morality, basal in spiritual experience. Therefore a church that does not sing is a decadent church. Sometimes the church cannot sing. Sometimes she has asked, how can we sing the Lord's song in a foreign land? She could have recited the creed of Zion in a strange land, she might even have borne testimony to the faith of Zion, but to sing the glory of her history and destiny, to set the great redemptive notes of Hebrew faith ringing in alien ears, was to lay bare their broken hearts—so their song remains unsung. And the unsung song comes in a later day as a much richer, deeper experience; for the half of music is to be grieved. For as Charles Kingsley somewhere points out, man did not want the laws of music, he has only found them out, and if he be self-willed and break them, there is an end of music instantly; all he brings out is discord and ugly sounds.

So it has happened that the Psalm book has moulded the very language and desires of all devout spirits, binding ancient and modern, eastern and western. It was our Lord's Hymn Book. Of the 283 quotations for the New Testament from the Old, 118 are from the Psalms alone.

Jesus sang the Psalms the night in which He was betrayed. His last utterance is from the Psalms. In the early church no man was admitted to the superior orders of the clergy unless he could say the Psalms by heart.

Paul and Silas sang them in prison. In the time of Jerome, the Psalms could be heard in the fields and vineyards, the plough man, reaper, vinedresser, boatman, and galley slave sang the Psalms. Augustine, at his conversion, burst into the language of a Psalm. Chrysostom in exile, Bernard on his deathbed, Huss and Jerome at the stake, Xavier and Savonola sang comfort to themselves in the Psalms.

Cromwell at Dunbar gave out the 68th Psalm; the fugitives crowding the French prisons, dragged by the hair and beaten; women and young girls were mixed with the vilest criminals, and the Psalms were their defence against oaths and foulness. Meeting among the mountains in Scotland, the sound of the Psalms guided their friends to the assemblies of the Covenanters; in Edinburgh, at the beginning of the 19th century, every morning one could hear the sound of the Psalms from every dwelling.

The Psalms give shape and intensity to all those delicate, lurking instincts and cravings which lie unformed in the heart; they gather our wide, profound experience, our better and worse selves, into the searching, beneficent presence and pity of God. They are not of any age; they meet the inner longing of every age.

Walt Mason THE POET PHILOSOPHER

THE SOREHEAD

For years I went to Grocer Gregg's to buy my prunes and cheese and eggs; I went ten thousand times, or more, and wore a path around his store, till every board I could recall, and every nailhead in the wall. And when each month of trade was gone, I always paid him hand made mon, and never said "Please chalk it down until my goat comes back to town." Then, for a change, I bought my goods, my prunes and cheese, at Grocer Wood's. I thought I'd trade there for a while, since change of base is all the style, and then return to Gregg's once more as in the festive days of yore. But, meeting Gregg upon the street, and giving him a greeting sweet, he handed me a frozen stare, as grouchy as a grizzly bear. Oh, he was sore and full of bile because I left him for a while, he seemed to think he owned my soul and had a mortgage on my roll. The good old years will roll away, and whiskers red will change to gray, and bow-eyes turn to winnowurst before I go to Gregg's again to blow my hard-earned iron men. The merchants in this world of ours should always speak their thoughts with bricks; if they express their thoughts with bricks they drive off patrons by such tricks.

—WALT MASON.

BITS OF BY-PLAY

By LUKE McLUKE Copyright, 1920, by The Cincinnati Enquirer.

You Know Him! The fellow I'm roasting. Deserves lots of roasts; For he's always boasting That he never boasts.

Mean Brute! "Why do you claim that women talk more in Summer than they do in Winter?" asked Mrs. Gabb. "The days are longer in Summer," growled Mr. Gabb.

Good Dope! When you feel your anger growing, Let a grin replace your frown; When your temper gets you going, Go away back and sit down.

Cruel and Unusual. The Pale Man and the Red-Faced Man were members of a party that had just been through the State prison. "My!" exclaimed the Pale Man, after

the party reached the open air once more. "It must be terrible to have to serve a sentence in a place like that." "Yes," agreed the Red-Faced Man, as he lit a cigarette. "Just imagine having to give up your golf that long."

Another Pest. With his advice he is too free. He is a bird, to shun. He can't do things himself, but he knows how they should be done.

No Joke. "You can't make silk purses out of sows' ears," remarked the old Fogey. "Maybe not," commented the Grouch. "But some of the silk purses the women carry look like they were made out of mules' ears."

Police! She has been ill, but Mrs. Low is better now, my friend. She says that she is "so-so," so. I know she's on the mend.

Ouch! (From the Revised Statutes of Illinois) The Governor shall appoint five persons to be called the Board of Admonition. One person shall be qualified to advise the board. One person shall be the President. The remaining three members of the board shall be reputable citizens.

Aw, Gwan! Luke old pal, you're very kind. Or facts you have a board. So tell me, and relieve my mind. Just where does Oulja board? —J. E. S.

Why, Ethel! The school teacher was calling at the home of a woman acquaintance who had a little daughter. The school teacher patted the little girl on the head and smilingly said: "Ethel, are you going to be a school teacher when you grow up?" "No, ma'am," replied Ethel. "I'm going to be a lady."

Little Journeys. I'd hate to live in Poland. It's too close to the Hungaria. But if I lived in Poland, I know I'd live in Zdunska.

Atta Boy! "Read Luke's column and laugh and grow fat. Don't envy a Corn Fed, but be one." —J. Miller, Milwaukee.

Mercy! When you hear a little boy say "O Heck!" in the Pheville, Ky., school, he isn't swearing. He is merely mentioning the name of his teacher.

Oh, Very Well! The sun is setting in the west. And yet we do not fuss or fret. We know that it is for the best. It has no other place to set. —Luke McLuke.

The sun comes up at break of day. And yet we do not fuss or fume; We know that that has been its way. And will be till the crack of doom. —Canton (Ohio) News.

Ho, Hum! Oh, well! anyway, the Volstead Act can't keep the mercury from taking a drop when it feels like it.

Names in Names. Mary Holst lives in Delaware, Ohio.

Our Daily Special. Quit Knocking And Give Opportunity A Chance.

Gladsop! "No thin men on the farm for me." Observed old Farmer Weller; "A stout man always husks more corn. For he's a husky feller." —Simian Goober.

Stratford is Engulfed In a Wave of Crime

Stratford, Feb. 19.—Stratford is now engulfed in the general crime troubles faced by other cities. Recently there were no less than five hold-ups in one night between 9.15 and 10 o'clock. The net haul was \$16.75. Two of the victims were girls, but neither had any money. The three others were farmers returning home. One was held up on Erie street and the two others just outside the city limits on the same road, probably by the same man. One had \$15 taken, one \$1.75 and the other nothing.

Many who have complained of the filthiness of paper money will know how it gets so dirty. A Crook-roff, a Woodstock organ builder, says there is nothing like paper money for cleaning the roads in large pipe organs, \$2 bills being used by preference.

Advertisement for VOL-PEEK. TWO MINUTES AND HALF A CENT SAVES A POT OR PAN. It's not worth spending two minutes, and half a cent, to save the cost of an expensive pot or kettle? That is all that's needed to repair any leak with VOL-PEEK STOPS THE LEAK. No more leaking—no more water—no more boiling, no more steam. Vol-Peek is the only pot and kettle repairer in the world. Made of the finest materials of all kinds, including Granite, Aluminum, Copper, Brass, Tin or Iron—over 100 different kinds of dishes usually. Ask your dealer or send 2c to us. DO NOT ACCEPT SUBSTITUTES VOL-PEEK MFG. COMPANY P. O. BOX 9000 - MONTREAL, QUE.

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Sacrifice Sale of Soaps FOR ONE WEEK. 25 cent Cake for 17c. 3 for 50c. 15 cent Cake for 10c. 10c. cake 12 for \$1. 5c. cake .6 for 25c. See our south window. Pay and carry only. No telephone orders. Dr. Chown's Drug Store 185 Princess St. Phone 343.

DAVID SCOTT Plumber. Plumbing and Gas Work a specialty. All work guaranteed. Address 145 Frontenac Street. Phone 1377. Adjustment Expected. Washington, Feb. 19.—The state department officials expressed confidence that the controversy with China over the threat of that government to cancel the contract of an American company to erect a high power wireless station at Shanghai, would be satisfactorily terminated before the new administration comes into office March 4th.

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