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It is a very easy matter to pick out the good men. They nearly always brag about it.

Delay in treaty-making reminds us that procrastination is also the chief of good intentions.

About the only way to make a night of it now is to sit up and read Bobby Burns and old Omar.

The cheapest and surest way to get rid of a bore is to lend him a small sum of money.

The next five years should determine whether that affair in Ireland is a revolution or a rebellion.

Some movies are realistic, and some contain righteous heroes who recoil from the beseeching arms of fascinating vamps.

The price of oil used in gas making has fallen from 20c. to 11c. Will the price of gas now be reduced in Kingston?

Give it another generation in which to complete the destruction of its civilization, and the white race will be whining for racial equality.

A Wisconsin woman tried to keep hubby home at night by buying him a whiskey still. Now he's in jail. Well, at least, she knows where he is at night.

New York city is digging itself out of the worst blizzard in years, while up in this part of the continent we have been enjoying spring like weather.

One hundred and ten men were arrested at a cockfight in Toronto early Sunday morning. That's why so many were late for church, remarks the Montreal Star.

Lloyd George will soon be forced out of the premiership, announces his opponents. Next day he wins a bye-election in Wales by a handsome majority. The people love a bonnie fighter, and Lloyd George is one.

The Renfrew Mercury is fain to say: "Whence all this marvel that an untitled Canadian girl should be chosen as the bride of a British nobleman? Is it not rather to be wondered at that so few of the nobility exercise so wise a choice?"

The provincial government is to be commended for its good roads policy. Good roads mean better country schools. They mean lower prices to the city man for country produce. They mean a vastly improved social life to the farmer, his family and his employees.

Thomas A. Edison has worked sixteen hours a day for sixty years. He is still vigorous and has the satisfaction of knowing that he has accomplished something worth while in the world. According to the findings of the uplifters he should have been dead long ago.

They say the female feet are growing splendidly as women commence to use them. The Toronto Star says: Now that she's going into business and athletics and all that sort of thing, there's no reason why Sister Susie shouldn't eventually hope to have as large and as well developed feet as most men have, and she'll need them as the years pass if she's going to stand up for herself in the battle of life in an age when chivalry shall be forgotten art.

A SHOWDOWN WANTED. Mayor Nickle demands a showdown from a hydro official who made certain statements regarding the incapacity of some of the local officials of the civic utilities commission.

The public, on the other hand, demands a showdown regarding the lack of efficiency in the commission's operations. The Whig gave voice to this demand in an editorial published last week.

Chairman Elliott seeks to draw a herring across the trail by complaining, not against the accuracy of the Whig's statements, but against our commenting on the commission's mistakes while they were still far from being rectified.

If the commission ousted the city auditor and his very necessary check on accounts, if faulty specifications of the gas tank were drawn up resulting in delay and additional expense, if the account of Davis & Farnum was overpaid to the extent of nearly \$7,000—if these and other mistakes were made by the commission or its officials—then, is it not time that the ratepayers knew what was going on? The fault lies with those who made these blunders, not with the Whig which called public attention to them.

Chairman Elliott should set his own house in order before he attempts to criticize the press for doing its duty. If these things had not come to pass, would the city be paying \$2.00 a thousand for gas to-day? Commissioner McFarlane is right in protesting against present day profits being used for the payment of extensions and improvements to the service, instead of this cost being borne, in part at least, by the future generations who will also benefit thereby.

Again, there is the question of the advisability of maintaining an up-town office for the utilities while plenty of space is available in the city buildings, where all branches of civic administration should be centralized. There has been lacking that co-operation between the commission and the city's officials without which the maximum of efficiency cannot be expected or secured. The Whig has touched only upon some of the most outstanding matters that call for explanation and adjustment. When the auditor's report is issued a few weeks from now more details will doubtless, come to light.

A STANDARD DRESS FOR SCHOOLGIRLS.

The spread of the desire for the ultra-fashionable in dress to school-girls is agitating the minds of educational authorities in several parts of Ontario. In London the agitation has taken concrete form, and the whole matter is to be threshed out by the Board of Education at an early meeting, when a proposal to adopt a standard form of dress for girls attending the London collegiate will be under consideration.

This proposal is by no means a new one. It has been tried in various cities and towns with varying degrees of success. Two years ago it was put into effect in Peterboro, and for a time it was popular, but the call of fashion was too strong and after the novelty passed away it gradually fell into disuse. Last fall the students at the Owen Sound collegiate adopted a similar idea voluntarily, and it has been very successful. Its success, of course, depended entirely upon the willingness of the individual girls to fall in line with the idea, and so long as the group instinct prevailed it worked well.

It is very doubtful, however, if such a proposal would meet with success if it were made compulsory, as is suggested in London. The arguments in favor of it are reasonable. Mrs. Hunt claims that it would eliminate the costly competition which now results in a daily "fashion parade" of girls in the collegiate. It is claimed that the daughters of the working classes, unable to meet the competitions of the girls of the wealthy, in many cases refuse to continue collegiate studies after a certain age, because of their dread of appearing shabby in comparison with their chums. To try to eliminate this by compelling the girls to wear a standard uniform, however, is certain to cause trouble, unless the girls can be persuaded to accept the idea as a commendable one, and adopt it because they want to. But the idea of a restrictive regulation is distasteful, and would result in stiff opposition to the plan.

One opponent declares that a standard dress would make the schools resemble penal institutions and would drive many students into private schools. Whether the scheme will be adopted or not, it has, to a certain extent, its good points. It would help to teach modesty and moderation in dress, and would keep many girls from acquiring habits which might later on become expensive and undesirable. If the pupils would adopt it themselves, it would be a splendid thing, and it might not be a bad idea if a little educational propaganda on its merits were put before the girls in every school.

If the idea were made to appear attractive, then it would be taken up eagerly, but therein lies its only chance of success.

PUBLIC OPINION

Gen. of Verse. Here's a sigh to those who love me And a smile to those who hate me And whatever sky's above me, Here's a heart for every fate.

Rest After Labor. (Arthur J. Burdick) If we never had to labor, We could never enjoy the rest, Don't you think that toil and trouble After all, are for the best?

Remains of the Rhinoc. (Punch, London) It is undoubted that the mammoth remains recently discovered in the foundations of Cox's Bank are undoubted deposits of the Rhinoceros.

The Ringside "Complex". (Syracuse Post-Standard) Making a newspaper, like other lines of business, grows constantly more complex. Who would have thought that it would become necessary to send the society reporter to prize fights to describe the gowns worn at the ringside?

Brand Your Goods. (Farmers' Sun) Ask the first dozen men you meet either in town or city to mention the names of autos, soups, underwear, shoes, hats, plows, ractors or any other article. Ten out of the dozen will name several American articles before they will name a Canadian commodity. That is the fault of the manufacturer who refuses to brand his goods and advertise them.

Praise For Mr. Rowell. (Hamilton Herald, Ind.) We believe that the withdrawal of Mr. Rowell from public life will be regarded throughout the Dominion as a public loss. He has enemies numerous and bitter, but the reasons why he has earned their enmity are entirely creditable to him. His service as a high-minded, patriotic and idealistic statesman has been of very great value to his country.

BITS OF BY-PLAY

By LUKE McLUKE Copyright, 1920, by The Cincinnati Enquirer. Proposing. When he proposed, blunt Oswald Mills said, this to Bertha Box: "If you will let me foot your bills, I'll let you foot my box."

Advice. Read this, my son, for it is so: Let it be understood That if you'll just pay as you go, You'll find the going good.

Mean Bride! "Ah," sighed Miss Oldgirl, "love is the quest, and marriage is the conquest." "Yes," growled Mr. Oldbatch. "And divorce is the inquest."

The Widow's Mites. The widow's raising poultry now, And she's had fifty fights; The neighbors kick and howl because She has so many mites.

Ouch! "Do you know that radium will cure hardening of the arteries?" said the Old Fogey, as he looked up from the newspaper he was reading. "Maybe it will," commented the Grouch. "And the treatment will also cure hardening of the pocketbook."

Light. A million bucks I'd like to raise, I certainly would bet one That, though a hair is light, it weighs As much as a Bruffette one.

What's His Name, Dear? I've Brother lives in Gallipolis, Ohio.

Some Wet Towels. Dear Luke: I know that you are always hunting for a wet towel. You can take your pick of these: Watertown, N. Y.; Walters, Penn.; Waterloo, Iowa; Rainwater, Ind.; Waterville, Me.; Waterford, Ohio; Clearwater, Fla.; Coldwater, Ohio.—Billie Wood.

Gobs of Gloom! Ida Mae Dye, Marietta, Ohio. Dr. H. J. Death, Franklin, Ohio. L. H. Doom, undertaker, New Carlisle, Ohio.

We Know Everything. Of course they wouldn't think of wearing them. But I'll bet a nice warm petticoat would feel pretty good these cold mornings. Luke McLuke.

Improving His Grammar. There is a twelve-year-old optimist in the Jewish Hospital in Cincinnati. His name is Alex. Fall, and his home is in Nashville, Tenn. He was injured in a football game last fall, and his leg was amputated above the knee a few weeks ago. In spite of adversity, however, he is the most cheerful little chap in the United States, and he sees the bright side of life. He is confined to his bed, but he draws funny cartoons and thinks up funny things to tell his friends. He told Luke a story the other day about a tough boy in school who was always being punished by his teacher for using atrocious grammar. One afternoon he used the term: "I have written," instead of saying: "I have written," and the teacher made him stay in after school and told him to write: "I have written" 100 times to cure him of saying: "I have wrote." The teacher was called to the phone and when she returned to the room the boy was gone.

but she found this note on his desk: "Teacher—I have wrote I have written 100 times and I have went home."

Ouch! Dr. O. K. Hole, Dgntist, Danville, Ill.

Oh, Joy! Whatever else may happen Since our country has gone dry, The sailor still will have his port. The farmer have his rye; The cotton still will have its gin. The seacoast have its bar; And each of us will have a bier. No matter where we are. —C. Lafayette, Ind.

Names In Names. May Fish lives in Buffalo, W. Va. Our Daily Special. Most of The Hero Werahippers Are Their Own Heroes.

Walt Mason THE POET PHILOSOPHER

SIMPLICITY. Our thoughtful president-elect has wisdom in him by the mile; he does not think it quite correct, in times like these, to put on style. And when to Washington he goes to cinch the presidential chair, he wants no costly furnishings, no bunting swishing in the air. "Cut out the pomp," says Warren G., "to all vain fuss attach the can; simplicity looks good to me, for I'm a common, corn-fed man. At Marion, where I abide, I do not travel on a float, or in a circus wagon ride, when I go forth to seek my goat. I am no Caesar, I'm no king, I do not head a captive train, and I won't ride around, by jing, upon a stately, gilded wain. I do not hall with obnoxious glee the plans that hint of pomp and state; my fiver's good enough for me—three cylinders are hitting great. To Washington efforts I'll track, and march along the storied street, a gingham shirt upon my back, old fashioned gaiters on my feet. I'll wear my long jinswinging coat, the same I wore when I was wed; I will not ride upon a float, or have punk garlands on my head." And over all the smiling land the voters say, "He's safe and sane! His sentiments are fine and grand! There are no cinchbugs in his brain!" For what the country wants and needs is thrift in every form and guise; economy! the nation pleads for that with wet and wooly eyes. —WALT MASON.

Taking Out Many Logs.

The Black Donald Company have this winter taken out 3,000 logs on their own lands and the timber has been banked on White Fish Lake. As soon as the lake is clear of ice the logs will be floated to the company's sawmill at the mines and there cut into lumber. This will be used to build a large warehouse at Calabogie to replace the one destroyed by fire some time ago. It is estimated that the 3,000 logs will cut over 100,000 feet of lumber.

Will Build Addition.

J. B. Tesyons, proprietor of the Hotel Pembroke, is planning the erection of a 30x40 addition to the building. The ground floor will be devoted to a billiard room and twenty additional bedrooms will be provided on the other floors.

The Government of China is planning to make some 10,000 postoffices telegraph offices.

THE "FLU" Dare Not Return

The "Flu" will certainly get a warm reception this winter if it dares show its ugly head in our peaceful midst for the people are confident now that they can deal it such a smashing blow it will never survive. In every village, town and city in Canada, families are fortifying themselves with the greatest "Flu" ammunition known to science—Buckley's Bronchitis Mixture. Colds, coughs, etc.—the advance guards of Flu—are met with withering fire, and relief from these troubles is sure every time. One hundred thousand Canadians are only too willing to testify to the great healing power this remedy contains. It has conquered coughs of 35 years' standing. It cannot fail to do for you what it has done for others. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose, as it is sold under a money-back guarantee to banish coughs, colds, bronchitis, bronchial asthma and prevent you from getting the "Flu." It is not a syrup, but a scientific mixture, 30 times stronger than any other cough cure. One dose gives instant relief. Price, 75 cents. Take no substitute. None genuine without my signature. Ask your Druggist Sold in Kingston by: Mahood's Drug Store, T. H. Sargent, F. J. Hoag, A. G. Harris and other reliable drug stores.

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