

THE BRITISH WHIG 88TH YEAR.



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After all, words mean very little. They are having a hot time in Chile.

The young man of to-day burns midnight oil in cylinders instead of a lamp.

There is one consolation. If the Mexican oil wells dry up, the jingos will.

"Sh," warned the mountaineer. "The very corn has ears; keep the moonshine still."

About the only time a fat man gets any applause is when he is chasing a straw hat.

After all, you can't blame lightning. It never strikes except for shorter circuits.

When a reckless driver goes out for a high bid time he usually spreads himself.

The United States has no magazine called "Nasty Stories," but it has a few that ought to be.

You may revise and revamp tax laws as you will, but the burden falls on consumers still.

You can say one thing for wild oats. Wild as they are, they always come home to roost.

An inherited taste for alcohol won't ruin his young life now unless he inherits a cellar with it.

Announcement is made that a new continent has been discovered in the Antarctic region. Wet or dry?

When the parents are broken and old, the children don't go into court to fight for custody of them.

The honeymoon is over when she goes about the house during the morning hours with her shoes un-laced.

When they charge seven cents for that kind of cigar, you can't help wondering why the bands are so expensive.

If the man says he didn't profiteer during the war you are safe in asking him what part of the front he occupied.

The greatest difficulty in the way of punishing those who brew at home will be to find somebody to throw the first stone.

When a woman storekeeper in Chicago showed fight, a bandit leaped through a window to the street. A married man, doubtless!

A boy grows tired of education about the time he discovers that the present system is teaching him things he will never have any use for.

Leland Stanford University is to establish a course in proper eating. Wonder if it will do away with the affinity of gravy and clean tablecloths.

A study of the dawning of the era of universal brotherhood and everlasting peace convinces us that it will be a fine age for everybody except those who are easily liked.

BRAIN FAG. The new name "brain fag" covers a multitude of ailments. But it is to be observed that for the most part they are ailments of people who use their brains the least. Possibly

there is a limit to the brain's endurance. But no man has ever found it. The brain may be likened to a carpenter's chisel; while he has it in constant use it is kept bright and keen, and it is only in the hands of an idle fellow that it becomes rusty, dull and hard to work with.

People who do heavy intellectual work are not the ones who complain of "brain fag." Their bodies may run down, their stomachs give out and their livers become recalcitrant, but the brain, like the much-used chisel, is ever ready and equal to all demands upon it.

"Brain fag" is the new complaint of the idle rich of London and New York. No doubt it will spread to other cities. People who are always looking for new ailments to complain of generally do not have far to look.

But "brain fag," if it is to reach the highest possible limit of popularity among the well set, must be given a more exclusive name, such as "cerebral fatigue," or something of that sort which does not sound common. "Cerebral decay," would be more exactly expressive, but it is too much so. It leaves nothing to the imagination, and, to the ailments of the idle, imagination is most important.

Busy people who have nothing to do but earn their own living have no idea, of course, of the enormous strain put upon people who have constantly to amuse themselves.

The unceasing task of making oneself agreeable to oneself is one which people who have their pleasures largely supplied for them in their daily labors cannot appreciate.

People who have to work hard have their recreations and enjoy them. The busy brains find rest in wholesome slumber. The brains of these are as clear and sweet as brooks that run from never-falling springs.

But the brain of the idler is a stagnant pool. It has no purposes to give it outlet; no sympathies to feed it fresh; it is dammed up in a sink of selfishness and breeds malarial imaginings.

It is an ailment that science can do little to remedy. Only common sense can cure it, and common sense can suggest nothing but purposeful employment of the fagged brain.

IN UNION IS STRENGTH. It is fifty-four years since the first British provinces were united to form the Dominion of Canada. That union is generally looked upon as a success. True, local jealousies still exist. In spite of the Bonne Entente's efforts, Ontario and Quebec keep spitting at each other occasionally like a couple of cross kittens.

The maritime provinces are like a small man in a family of six-footers, and their motto is: "Wha daur meddle wi' me?" The west gets impatient at our slowness and formality. But still we all stick together somehow.

Our union has survived the test of the war—not without strained joints, to be sure, but that is not surprising. On one side were the great majority of Canadians, regarding the war as a crusade, a sort of religious duty, and unable to comprehend how any one could fail to see it that way. On the other side stood a large section of one province, suspicious, stubborn, and sulky, listening to the reproaches of the rest with a rankling sense of injustice. The split seemed irreparable. Yet even at this early date there are signs of healing; and the Fathers of Confederation are resting easy once more, for their work still stands.

It was a great work those men did, and well-earned honor they gained. But a far greater work, and a far greater honor, may be waiting right now for men big enough and bold enough to form a real World Confederation. Impossible? Well, it hasn't been tried out, of course; but it's a question whether the consequences of trying it could be worse than the results of letting things slide. We have a nucleus already in the League of Nations. H. G. Wells has been making suggestions for a world-wide union, and while you may not like all he says, you must admit there is a good deal of common sense in it.

One point that seems weak in his scheme, however, is the way he insists on abolishing patriotism. This can hardly be done, and would scarcely be desirable anyway. Is it not possible to retain an honest pride in and love for your own country, while recognizing that her interests must be secondary to those of the world as a whole?

Our union in Canada has not done away with our local patriotisms. We still think Ontario the finest province, with probably the finest people, in the dominion. And, curious to relate, the Blue-nose has the same belief about Nova Scotia, and so has the Alberta man about his province. But loyalty to Canada takes first place. It might come to be the same with a Confederation of the World.

Some people might object that a confederation needs the threat of a common enemy to cement it properly, and that there could be no such thing in a world-wide union. Grant that such a bond is needed; there would still be common enemies; for example, disease and famine. The latter, however, should soon be done away with. The tragedy of last win-

ter's famine in China lies in the fact that it was so unnecessary. If even the Chinese government had been on the job it might have been prevented. But with an efficient world government it would never have been allowed to reach a serious stage. During the war we saw what could be done when the strength of half a world was bent upon destruction. What might not have been accomplished last winter in China, if the command of the relief workers? Canada gave men, locomotives, rails, whole world's resources had been at and wheat to save the world's liberty in France. Would she not have given them just as willingly to save life in China? But there was no organization great enough to carry out relief work on such a scale, and that is why crowds of people have been dying of starvation and disease.

Extended League of Nations, United States of the World, whatever may be its name and form, it looks as if it had to come.

Across the sodden plains of death these men have charged and fought. They bore the agony and strain and our salvation wrought; They did not swerve, they did not flinch, but on and on they pressed.

Shall we, then, now forget the past in selfishness and ease, And say they have no claim on us, such glorious men as these? If on a nation's throne to-day our country takes her seat, It is the work of broken men that pass us in the street.

Bestow not on the dead your praise, they heed it not above. The men that live and suffer still are they who need your love; The very stones cry out to us, too long have we delayed, The debt of honor faces us and that debt must be paid.

—Canon Scott, Quebec, June 21st, 1921.

THE WINNERS. The men who reach the higher places are not cast down by each reverse; they drape some smiles around their faces and say the luck might be much worse. Of men whose fame is now immortal, a vast percentage started poor, and not for them did fortune chortle, when they set forth, dead broke, obscure. They had hard knocks and kicks, and bruises, and they remarked, when going lame, "In life's grim race the faint heart loses, the brave heart scores and wins the game." The faint hearts quit as roads grow rougher, and to the skies their walls ascend; the fellows built to strive and suffer press on and reach the journey's end. The faint-heart lads are often gifted; they will might win some prizes gay, but in hard luck their hands are lifted, and they surrender right away. How many poets, angel-throated, have missed the fame that might be theirs, because their early rhymes were voted too punk to feed to polar bears? How many painters are forgotten and planted under grassy knolls, because some said their work was rotten, and froze the current of their souls? The faint-heart scout, though wondrous clever, throws down his tools at fortune's frown; the stout-heart guy toils on forever, and gets a mortgage on the town.

—WALT MASON.

Seven Sentence Sermon. No one can clearly see his rights who is blind to his duties.—Omn.

If we find but one to whom we can speak out our hearts freely, with whom we can walk in love and simplicity without dissimulation, we have no ground for quarrels with the world or with God.—Stevenson.

"Remember, youth once gone is gone; Deeds let escape are never to be done."—Browning.

Let Israel hope in the Lord; for with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption.—Psalms.

Patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest, too.—Ruskin.

Thy fate is the common fate of all, Into each life some rain must fall, Some days must be dark and dreary.—Longfellow

The many prove the wisdom of Hesiod, who says that the road to wickedness is smooth and very short, and there is no need of perspiration; but before virtue the immortal gods have placed the sweat of labor, and long and steep is the way thither, and rugged at first; but when you have reached the top, then, however difficult, it becomes easy.—Plato.

The first lottery of which there is any authentic record was one held at Bruges in 1446 by some Italian merchants, who, possibly suffering from depression in trade and being ignorant of modern clearance sales and "bargain basements" endeavored to dispose of their wares in this novel and alluring way.

OH MOTHER!

MASOUD'S 238 Princess St. Kingston, Ont. Phone 980

The Debt of Honor

Our nation's debts go piling up, the war debt is immense. But one great debt we have to pay regardless of expense; It is the debt we owe the men who fought for us and died, And who for healthy living limbs wear wooden ones instead.

It is the debt we owe the men who come with broken lives To struggle once again to keep their children and their wives; Among the darkened homes of these the famine-spectre stalks, And daily in the streets and squares we pass them in our walks.

Is Canada so deaf and blind she cannot hear and see The mute appeal of proud, brave men and children at the knee, And suffering women pinched and starved in houses cold and bare, While wealth and ease go rolling by without a thought of care?

Across the sodden plains of death these men have charged and fought, They bore the agony and strain and our salvation wrought; They did not swerve, they did not flinch, but on and on they pressed.

Shall we, then, now forget the past in selfishness and ease, And say they have no claim on us, such glorious men as these? If on a nation's throne to-day our country takes her seat, It is the work of broken men that pass us in the street.

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Letters to the Editor

Timely Hint to Bathers. Pictor, July 4.—(To The Editor): As the season is now on for bathers in the open bays and lakes, I thought a few words of caution would be of great benefit to those who cannot swim. Quite a number know and everyone should know the bottom of the bays and lakes along the shores are veritable death traps to all bathers who cannot swim, on account of the unevenness of the bottom. There are a great many drowning accidents in the summer season, of which the greater part could be avoided.

First of all, I would say to those who bathe in the bay or lake: Don't wade deeper than breast high unless you are accompanied by a swimmer as there is great danger of getting drowned by stepping suddenly into deep water. Swimming cannot be easily learned in less than three or four feet of water. Every young person should be taught to swim, as many a life would be saved from boat wrecks.

In using cork jackets to learn swimming, care should be taken to have them well adjusted, and securely strapped on if in deep water, as one breaking loose from the body suddenly or slipping down too far on the body, might cause drowning. Water wings holding compressed air are not as safe as cork jackets.

In closing I wish to give a hint or two to swimmers who have their heads under water considerably. Never do that without first plugging the ears with cotton batting, so as to keep the water from entering therein, as you are in danger of injuring your ears and possibly losing your life. I wish to state here that many lives lost in the water, supposed to be by drowning through cramps in one or more limbs, is nothing more than water in the ears which bursts something, I believe, in the inner ear, rendering the persons suddenly unconscious. Consequently he sinks at once without calling for help. Anyone taking cramps in the water remains conscious and with the great pain, would call loudly for help.

—ARCHIBALD HARRISON.

Strange how a girl can't get used to having a new stepfather around the house the way she can get used to having a new husband around the house.

BIBBY'S July Specials In Men's Wear. All Summer Goods must go while the going is good. This is the time to get just what you need when you need it at prices that will please you. MEN'S BATHING SUITS Navy with white trim. Our big special \$1.50. BATHING SUITS Pure Wool; two piece. Our big special \$3.50. BATHING SUITS Pure wool, one-piece with skirt; our big special \$4.00. MEN'S OUTFIT SHIRTS with Collar attached; white grounds, neat stripes. Sizes 14 to 16 1/2. Our big special \$1.50. MEN'S FINE SHIRTS Plain white, neat stripes; first quality making. Size 14 to 17 1/2. Our big special \$1.98. PONGEE SILK SHIRTS With separate Silk Collar. Our big special \$5.00. See our NEW SUMMER COLLAR Thintex Lowtex 25c. MEN'S HOSE French Lisle Thread; Navy, Black, Brown and White. Our big special— 50c. per pair. MEN'S PYJAMAS Neat panel patterns; summer texture. Our big special— \$2.75. PURE SILK HOSE Our big special \$1.00 per pair. INVISIBLE OR COATLESS SUSPENDERS Two or four point. Our big special— 50c. Beautifully made garments; all new fabrics; new colorings and designs at wholesale price. —The Reno—\$25.00. —The Milton—\$25.00. —The Don—\$18.00. —The Harvard—\$18.00. —The Astor—\$32.50. —The Bud—\$32.50. —The Natti—\$35.00. —The Claude—\$35.00. —The Ashby—\$30.00. —The Alert—\$30.00.

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