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A LIBERAL TRIUMPH.

Never has the old city of Kingston witnessed such a Liberal demonstration as that of last night. It was a good thing that there was plenty of out-doors, as the two big halls could not begin to hold the eager throngs that desired to hear Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, the Liberal leader, before addressing the meeting in Allen's theatre, he spoke to more than a thousand people who had congregated on the street because they could not gain admittance to either hall. Every inch of space in Allen's theatre was crowded. Enthusiasm everywhere prevailed. Mr. King's various addresses were broken by frequent cheering, and he was listened to with studious attention. For nearly two hours at the Allen theatre he dealt with the varied questions of the day. Forebly, incisively and eloquently, he laid bare the shortcomings of the Meighen government, and in an impassioned peroration he carried his audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm. Tumultuous applause followed tumultuous applause, as Mr. King droye home some thrust at the government or sketched the appealing outlines of the Liberal policy. He is easily one of the foremost platform speakers of the country. In debating power, in the mastery of political and economic questions, in the logical arrangement of his arguments, in the forcefulness and at times grace with which they are expressed, he excited the admiration of his hearers. He scored Mr. Meighen unmercifully for his usurpation of power without a mandate from the people; he dealt exhaustively with the railway problem, stating that the people were asked to pay a deficit of \$100,000,000 a year to a railway commission that refused to give information to parliament. On the tariff question, the Liberal leader was most explicit. "The Liberal party does not stand for free trade," he declared amid cheers. "Free trade is not an issue. Free trade means the absence of all tariffs. It means, instead of raising the revenue of the country by indirect methods of taxation, we would have to resort to direct taxation. Last year parliament voted \$560,000,000. To raise that amount of money by direct taxation from a population of eight or nine millions of people would mean a direct tax of \$61 per head of the population, or \$310 for a family of five. The thing that affects every man, woman and child in the dominion is the high cost of living. The high cost of living is influenced by the high cost of government." His plea was for a better, fairer, squarer deal for the common people. He charged that the affairs of Canada are to-day in the hands of a little group of political autocrats, on the one hand, who have usurped the power and right to govern, and a group of industrial plutocrats on the other. These two were working together to serve their own ends at the expense of the great body of the people of Canada.

His condemnation of the government for its failure to revise the tariff, as promised in the speech from the throne, and after it had sent a commission from one end of the country to the other to seek information, elicited rounds of applause. Meighen's minister of finance, who headed this commission, had not as yet uttered one word as to its revision.

Taken all in all, it was a masterly address, such as Kingstonsians have seldom had the pleasure of listening to. It was more—it was convincing. Liberalism was triumphant in this city last night because it stood forth as the champion of the people and the foe of the vested interests, and because its message was delivered eloquently and courageously by speakers who carried conviction to the hearts of their audience. If anyone doubted Mr. Campbell's chances of election on Tuesday next, they doubt them now no longer.

SIR HARRY LAUDER.

Welcome, Sir Harry, Rotarian Harry or just plain Harry as most people affectionately call you! The purpose of this editorial is not to give you a free ad—there are no free ads in this office—but just to say that everyone likes you because your ministry of laughter has helped the weary world along. We hear that you have been preaching down in Montreal for George Adams, and we will wager that you gave them some sound counsel, and even if there was an occasional ripple of laughter in the sermon, it would be clean, wholesome laughter, good both for the livers and the souls of the audience. Do you mind, Harry, the time almost twenty years syne, when you went down the west coast to San Francisco and the select group of the Scotemen of that wicked city gave you a dinner? You recall how they planned it, the choicest food riches could buy and enough champagne and Scotch to make everyone roarin' drunk. And you mind how you took in at a glance the deliberate intention of everyone to get drunk, in a good, glorious, old-fashioned Scotch way. Do you mind what you did? Well, they toasted the King and the Empire and the United States and you, and then when you got up to

WHAT GOD WILL DO:—

He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth; for the Lord hath spoken it.—Isaiah 25: 8.

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY

ill-fated board of commerce being a brilliant example. But perhaps the worst feature brought to light and one that exasperated the people was the government's complicity in the depredations of the profiteers whose effrontery was shown in the sugar scandal that touched every household. No attempt was made at retrenchment in public expenditures and additional taxes were laid upon the people, while industries closed down and production ceased, throwing thousands out of employment. At each succeeding session of parliament appropriations were voted far exceeding the possible revenue, and nothing but a change of government can save the country from bankruptcy.

The dominant spirit of the people has been aroused. They have had ample opportunity during the past three years to form pretty definite opinions respecting the function of government, and they have detected in Hon. Arthur Meighen and his cabinet the nominees of particular interests, individuals who represent no party, class or section of public opinion in the country, and none of them are entitled to confidence or support. They have rendered no service to the country that entitles them to either, many of them being practically unknown in a national sense, and nobody knows what considerations prompted their selection as cabinet ministers.

What is needed most of all to-day is confidence in the government and in Canada, and this can only be brought about by the overwhelming defeat of Mr. Meighen and the formation of a new government representative of the people. Such a government will be free and unfettered, and able to inaugurate aggressive and constructive national policies that will undoubtedly usher in a chapter of progress and development in Canada. The demand for such a change has grown universal, and has given rise to political organizations never before experienced. We must have in Canada "government of the people, by the people and for the people." Vote for Campbell.

SHORT CUTS TO LONG LIFE.

A Chicago physician is the latest to offer a short cut to a long life. His trick is even simpler than Prof. Voronoff's grafting of apes' glands. It is—radium pills. Carlyle, writing his "Past and Present," to bare the industrial and social ills of Great Britain, was furious with those who demanded a single quick-cure to put all to rights. When the biologist in Shaw's play, "Back to Methuselah," broaches his theory that men might live 300 years, the politicians at once want to know the name of the medicine. Perplexed with troubles, men have always dreamed of some direct and magic way out. Be their difficulties physiological, social, ornamental, they have ever been ready to cry for a patent cure. The alchemist in the Middle Ages toiled long in search of a way to turn the grosser metals to gold. A little later the Spanish followed Ponce de Leon in quest of the fountain of perpetual youth. Some thing, some device or medicine, would, they thought, bring riches or happiness if only it could be found. This persistent faith in a simple nostrum besets many to-day. A bookseller tells us that by reading fifteen minutes a day we can become educated. Get wise "quick." Out in the west a prosecutor said recently that the farmers in one district had lost \$250,000,000 in unsound securities. Get rich "quick." A doctor announces that he has a tablet or serum that restores youth to the aged. Get healthy "quick."

HOW TO VOTE.

Kingston is thoroughly aroused over the election. Not in ten years have there been such sharp and definite divisions between the people not only in the city of Kingston but through the whole of Canada. The efforts to bridge the gap by the government speakers have been unavailing and the government is doomed to defeat.

The reasons for this are apparent to the most casual observer of politics in this country. First there never was a government that enjoyed a greater measure of the confidence of the people than the Union government. The vast majority gave their hearty support throughout the period of the war, overlooking many things that shocked them and which, in normal times, would have been deemed sufficient cause to put the government out of office. They showed the greatest patriotism, giving unstintingly of their time and money, giving till it hurt, but how were they rewarded? By efficient and economical administration of the public service? No, the government simply took every advantage of the people's patient acquiescence to carry on the business in the most irresponsible manner, and left them a prey to prodigals who never paused either before or after the armistice in their nefarious business of extorting the last dollar and the last cent. The government became so unpopular that it dared not go to the country at the close of the war, and after it decided to do so following Mr. Meighen's appointment to the premiership, its friends toured the country and in the most brazen manner upbraided the people for lack of discipline and impatience under the most galling conditions of depression and unemployment brought about by the extravagance and inefficiency of the government. It was the victim of its friends whose rapacity is shown in the enormous expenditures that have heaped up the burden of debt approximately \$3,000,000,000. It lost the confidence of the people through its inability to meet new conditions, or to realize what was expected of it in the way of initiative or restoring the country to a semblance of its former self. Every movement was a pretense, the

spoke you told them you didn't like the look of them, that the thing you were least proud of about Scotland was the thing they were making the distinctive characteristic of Scotsmen away from home. Do you mind how you grew tender and reminiscent, and told how from the time you were a miner until King Edward took a shine to you, you had tried to steer clear of drink and strange women, and that you had never worked at your stage trade on Sunday? Man, how those Scottish Americans looked at you. And how you awoke some latent memories, too long neglected, in their hearts. Do you mind that day, Harry? Some of them haven't forgotten it yet, they tell us.

And do you mind that other day when you went up the line in Florida in the high power car and whenever you met the boys coming out from their feast with death, you would climb out of the car with your crooked stick and sing to them and make them laugh? You, who were going to the grave of your only son. And after your lonely vigil there, when on the way back you met the boys going into the line, you got out of the car, with the sob still in your throat, you great apostle of laughter, and you wagged your kilt and you swung your crooked stick and you cheered them on their way to death. You were a brave man that day, Harry.

And you mind that other day in the city temple when—but that's another story and you must tell it yourself. Something happened to you that day; and that's why George Adams got you to preach in Montreal. We're glad you've come, Harry. Because, quite apart from your rollicking fun, your very presence here is a necessary palliative to our overwrought nerves. What with the terrible seriousness of the election, in which no one can see the joke, the seriousness with which we take ourselves, so that we cannot feather a remark about even the weather with a touch of humor, lest we shall be misunderstood and miss a golden opportunity of putting in a word for our favorite candidate, we are really in a bad way.

Why even our women are a solemn looking lot. They are new to the sport of politics, and they are terribly serious about it. We are getting alarmed about them. It will wear off the men the day after the elections, but the women! We're glad you've happened along just to relieve the pressure and spell them off a bit, and take the solemn look from their haggard faces for an hour. You are a good sport, Sir Harry, and you have a great heart, and you have also a real message. We think that if Dr. Denney were still alive he would revise his earlier judgment that the cultured people did not like your songs. The fact is that now everybody likes them partly because everybody like you. Welcome, thrice welcome, thou apostle of laughter!

Walt Mason THE POET PHILOSOPHER THE GOOD EXAMPLE. Ex-Kaiser Bill has stocks of wood, with royal hands he sawed it, and while men find his conduct good, and roundly they applaud it. He labors, labors every day, his bones and sinews wrenching; he's fired his gardener. They say, to do some more retrenching. And now with his own princely hands he'll ply the hoe and shovel, and cultivate the fertile lands around his Holland hovel. "That's it, time to cut expense," he says, "is plain to thinkers;" and he repairs the garden fence and carries out the clinkers. "It's no use hiring headless men," he says; "I'll do my duty;" and so he cleans the porkers' gear, and cranks the motor tooty. When'er we hear of exiled Bill he's doing something useful, he nails a board or saws a sill, or rears a pumpkin jukeful. I used to hate his very name when he was wildly reigning; and putting up his war lard game all helpful tasks disdainful. But when the Kaiser had to quit, and fold his spangled banner, he took his soup, we must admit, in quite a dead game

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Santa Claus IS COMING TO MOORE'S TOYLAND. Everybody come out and make this a big event for the kiddies. They have longed to see Dear Old Santa himself. So come! JUST LEFT NORTH POLE. MY DEAR KIDDIES:— Well, Kiddies, I sure am on my way and everything is fine. I will be there rain or shine, snow or no snow. Now be sure and be on hand to wave at me. I am all prepared for snow and cold weather, so won't disappoint you. Saturday is the big day, at 3 o'clock. This will be one of the biggest events of the year. Meet me on Princess Street between Ontario and Division, or in front of Moore's Toyland, where I will have a great big treat for every Kiddie. Write me, care Moore's Toyland. YOUR DEAR OLD SANTA.

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