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88TH YEAR.



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The friendliest terms are cash on delivery.

A great many people think they are careful when they are merely hars.

Love: The quality that kids you into thinking you like the perfume she uses.

And then, the money saved by disarming will come in handy to pay for propaganda.

At times there seems to be little difference between a conference and a controversy.

If a dog or a man isn't worth a darn, he is almost certain to be fashionable.

As we understand the theory, the dogs of war won't die until they have a sticking spell.

The people who send you monthly bills show all the fervor of the other collectors of antiques.

Any good car would last three years if there were no telephone poles along the highway.

About the time a boy gets over being proud of his muscles, he begins to think he understands women.

As a rule, the steps saved in the kitchen are wasted in the living-room when the phonograph is started.

It's much easier to overcome evil with good if we haven't the cash on hand to pay for indulgence in the evil.

The dyes and the bootleggers agree in principle, but they don't appear to be in harmony concerning the de-kaffa.

Another thing that has been very effective in bringing music into Canadian homes is the installment plan.

One can buy a metal pencil that will feed itself, but what writing men are after is a pencil that will feed the family.

In this sophisticated age, a story of scandal in official life doesn't cause any more excitement than a weather report.

You can say one thing for Lloyd George. He can beat any man on earth thinking up ways to postpone the inevitable.

As the men at the next desk studies the rate of exchange, he wonders why they don't quote the English pound in ounces.

The friendship between the United States and England is deep-rooted. If it wasn't, it couldn't survive what Americans say of affairs in India.

There's so much bad in the best of us, and so much good in the worst of us, that it hardly behooves any of us to try to reform the rest of us.

Keep trying, and after a time you will become so important that you can leave the car at home and ride on the street car without losing caste.

The only person more obnoxious than the chap who boasts of taking a bath every morning is the fellow who boasts of taking a cold bath every morning.

WHILE RUSSIA STARVES. Lenin and Trotsky deny that they have any intention of admitting that their socialistic experiment has failed and of retiring to private life. In the meantime millions of their unfortunate subjects are perishing of cold and starvation.

But Lenin and Trotsky have not felt the pinch of poverty. Well fed, well clothed, well housed, it is not surprising to hear that they take an "extremely optimistic" view of the situation. So did the emperor of France before the revolution got started.

ROOM FOR REFORM. A movement has been started in France to eliminate the cough in the theatre. This suggests another improvement that theatre audiences might bring about with a little co-operation, not to say self-expression. In a musical show directly behind you there is always someone who insists on running over the tune which the artist on the stage is singing or playing. No statistics as yet have been compiled, yet it would not surprise the hapless victims of these embryonic artists in the audiences to find that ninety-nine out of every hundred never before heard the tune they are trying to hum or whistle, and that ninety out of every hundred, even if they do know the strain, have not been especially endowed in a musical sense. Means of suppression have yet to be discovered, since caustic remarks, baneful looks, stony stares, and a violent twisting around in one's seat so far have all proven ineffectual.

If the dry, breezy cough and the noisy gurgle can be eliminated from the French theatre, why can we not in this country do away with the hummer and the whistler and the candy eaters who indulge in the futuristic rustling of a piece of tissue paper covering the innocent piece of candy?

SHIRKING? Good wheat is being burned under the boilers of the Argentine. In parts of the United States corn is a cheaper fuel than coal, Russia, meanwhile, enjoys a varying diet of grass and bark; in spite of which some thousand a day die of starvation. It is a melancholy contrast.

Could anything show as clearly the breakdown of those forces and ideals which we term "civilization"? The intricate channels of commerce along which goods used to flow from places where there was a surplus to where they were needed, are disrupted. With them has gone our sense of national interdependence, so that we act as though the sufferings of others would not affect ourselves. Yet it is so unthinkable that Europe's inability to buy from us should, to a large extent, spring from the impossibility of selling her products to Russia?

"Help!" cries Russia, "We can't," chorus the nations, with half a mind to add, "It's your own fault." And, for lack of mutual aid, all sink together a little deeper into the mire. For this year's famine areas are likely to become next season's desert—an economic plague spot. But where international goodwill has broken down, the need for private sympathy becomes so much the greater. In Britain and the Scandinavian countries the "Save the Children Fund" is collecting for the support of a quarter of a million children whom they are feeding in the Sartov area. Several other bodies are also appealing for aid. The United States has for months been succoring important famine areas. Canada, so like Russia in topography and climate, has also heard the call—and passed by on the other side.

CANADA'S FIRST WOMAN M.P. With the shock caused by the sweeping defeat of the Meighen government now fairly over, attention is being turned to the most unique victor of the whole campaign, Miss Agnes McPhail, the first woman to be elected a member of the Canadian parliament. This is indeed a signal honour for Miss McPhail, and it is all the more remarkable when it is considered that she is but a simple daughter of the farm, who taught school for a number of years, and only began to be interested in political questions during the provincial election campaign of 1919. Outside of taking part in local politics, she had never been a national figure until her nomination as the Progressive candidate for North Grey, and even then she was looked upon more as a novelty than as a serious contender for parliamentary honours. But her blunt manner of speech, and her fighting qualities as a candidate won the day for her, and how she stands forth as the champion of the cause of the women of Canada in their greatest legislative body.

Miss McPhail is more than the member of parliament for South Grey. She is the representative of the womanhood of Canada, and they will watch her career as though she had really been elected by all of them. As she herself admits, what she does at Ottawa will either strengthen or weaken the cause of the women of this country. But Miss McPhail apparently is gifted with a large fund of good common-sense, and she has not the idea that she is

going to Ottawa to turn the world upside down, and to revolutionize things overnight. Her own statement of her aspirations is simple but to the point. "My chief aspiration is to be in Ottawa what I am here. I want reality to represent the people who are sending me, and of whom I am one." That is her aim, and if she truly carries it out, then she will indeed have made a notable contribution to the public life of Canada.

YOU AND YOUR WIFE. Let's suppose you are a business man. You have something to sell. You do not think it is fair for your neighbors, who want what you have to sell, to send to distant cities for these things. And you are right. You know that it pays to buy at home. Does your wife do all her buying in Kingston? Does she help Kingston business and therefore your business by buying what she needs in Kingston?

Let's suppose you are an employed man. You know that employment is increased as the business of Kingston banks, stores and factories is increased. If you and your wife buy in Kingston everything both you and your children need, the tendency is to increase the business of Kingston and therefore to increase the number of employers who look for your services. Let's suppose you are a stockholder, officer or employee of a bank. You know that the more money that is put into circulation in Kingston, the more money spent in Kingston, the more business the banks will do. Do you and your family buy what you need in Kingston?

Whatever you are, whether it be minister, doctor, lawyer, laboring man, clerk, investor, capitalist, it makes no difference. If your interest is in Kingston it is to your benefit that Kingstonians do their buying in Kingston. This is merely simple arithmetic. If we all buy out of town we have a half-town. If one tenth of us buy out of town, we lack ten per cent. of being the town we ought to be.

All of this comes with special force right at this time because this is the very time when doing your spending at home is most needed. A man or woman in Kingston who thinks business conditions could be improved and then buys several hundred miles away that which could just as well be bought right here at home is not helping Kingston at all. The money that could increase the circulation of money here, that could pump the life blood of business faster, is sent away and is gone for good. Spent here, it is turned over and over, getting into many pockets, making things easier for everybody. Spent away from home, it does no good for Kingston; spent in Kingston, it does not stop its usefulness with that one spending.

THEN AND NOW. Frederic Harrison, an Englishman of letters, writes in a reminiscent vein on the joys of travelling when he was a young man. Since this man's early efforts to see something of Europe date back to the middle of the last century, these reminiscences are interesting because they put side by side two entirely different modes of travel. European provincialism and quaintness are gone, Mr. Harrison tells us. In 1845 each Belgian town was unlike any other. Many of the little European towns visited were little changed from what they had been for three or four centuries before this Englishman saw them. They had an individuality. In Florence, Italy, the Arno river flowed beneath the same bridges as in Michelangelo's time.

To-day all this is changed. Well-appointed hotels all very much alike, modern styles of building, the one type but little different from the other, and all the rest of the standardized improvements have destroyed the essential characteristics which had clung to these little towns from the time of the Middle Ages. Fast and comfortable steamers take you by them, and trains almost as comfortable but faster than the steamers now rush you from one of these towns to the other so that there is little time for reflection and meditation and observing which in other days were the great delight of travelling.

There is, of course, another side to this story. At the age of ninety, and in circumstances which even now permit his travelling in luxury, Mr. Harrison is likely to overlook the fact that the very things of which he complains as being modern have made it possible for hundreds of people to travel as compared to a dozen who travelled seventy years ago. For our critic this may not be a gain, but for the great number of people living now it is a most decided gain. If our object is to keep the world very much as it always has been, if the past rather than the future is our chief consideration, then of course there is reason in this writer's melancholy message. But if our concern is the future, then the more we travel the better; therefore everything that makes possible easy means of social intercourse between peoples is to our advantage. From a poetic point of view of love for the past, Mr. Harrison is right, and in a great measure he may still indulge in that kind of

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY  
GIVING GETS:—There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.—Proverbs 11: 24.

travel if he wishes. But from the point of view of social progress there can be no doubt that the express train is far ahead of the stage coach.

ALONG LIFE'S DETOUR  
BY SAM HILL

Common Lament.  
December now is on the scene,  
And winter's wailing winds are feared;  
The bin once more is stocked with coal,  
But all our kale has disappeared.—Anon.

Observations of Oldest Inhabitant.  
I kin remember when every village had its town pump and town drunk.  
Mean More Domestic War, Though  
"I see they are trying to reduce the number of men under arms," remarked the dean.  
"What I would like to see is more girls surrounded by arms," replied the hopeful maid.

Defining It.  
Toledo Blade—Love is what keeps incompatibility from showing before marriage.  
Harford Times—Love—the emotion that persuades a girl she would enjoy "sweeping up a man's cigar ashes for life."  
Love—the hallucination that makes a man think he would enjoy paying dressmakers' and milliners' bills for a pretty girl.

Hide a Weet 'Niz.  
Gin ye be buskit like a doll,  
We dinna give a great, my girrie!  
Or gin ye wear no claes at all!  
But do your Christmas shopping early! —Bobby B.  
Advice.  
You had better start practicing writing 1922 now so you will not slip up on it after January 1.

A Modern Methuselah.  
(Paterson (Cal.) Argus)  
Eugene Horace Cogley, native of Iowa, 660 years of age, dropped dead in Santa Rosa Monday evening at 5:30.

Fool Questions.  
S. A. S. asks: "What does a 'scrub team' scrub?" Dunno, but as for the team—it usually gets whitewashed.

She Never Has Any Use For It.  
"Pa, what is a rhetorical pause?" asked Willie.  
"Something your mother never uses, my son," replied Pa, as he ducked behind his paper.

Why the Wedding Bells Didn't Ring.  
I bought for her  
A ring of brass,  
Set with a stone  
Of window glass.

The Joke is On Them.  
(Headline in a Philadelphia Paper)

TOMBSTONE CARGO ARRIVES  
Germany Seeks Outlet Here For Graveyard Paraphernalia.  
We fear the Germans have taken too seriously the jokes about the number of our citizens who are being killed by drinking wood alcohol and other "dry" drinks since the advent of prohibition.

There Are Others.  
There was a young man from Spokane  
Drove his car in front of the train;  
The coroner said, as he picked up his head,  
"I don't think he'll do it again."  
—G. N. S.

Daily Sentence Sermon.  
Keep hammering away at your job, but never knock your opportunities.

News of the Names Club.  
We have just learned W. E. Fly is a conductor on the L. and N. R. R. We suppose he is in charge of the Flyer.

Has Them Going.  
Just now the old  
Time diplomat  
Is not quite sure  
Where he is "at."  
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

And candidates.  
I must declare,  
Now find themselves  
Up in the air.  
—Hastings Tribune.

Have Nothing on Us.  
"The English law does not permit a man to marry his mother-in-law." News item. Well, haven't we an amendment to our great constitutional which prohibits the infliction of cruel and unusual punishment on any man? Of course, it is possible to get around the constitution, as the bootlegger has proved since the 18th was attacked, but a fellow always takes a chance when he does.

Walt Mason  
THE POET PHILOSOPHER

THE SAFE SIDE.  
"The time has come," said Colonel Hays, "when patience halts and fails, and we shall shoot all looted jays who try to rob the mails. Too long, too long have graceless scamps defied me to my face, and they have stolen postage stamps until it's a disgrace. And now at last, they've spilled the beans, they've shocked the voters' souls, and I have drafted the marines to shoot them full of holes. The ocean soldiers are on guard, no more shall bandits scoff, and he who steals a postal card will have his dome blown off." The postman comes to my abode, and tired and sore he feels, for he has dragged along the road a culverin on wheels. And he is loaded down with

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FOR SENATE VACANCY  
T. Ahearn, of Ottawa, is Prominently Mentioned.  
Ottawa, Dec. 15.—The Ottawa Citizen publishes the following: "An Ottawa vacancy in the Senate has been created by the death of Hon. T. W. Crothers, who was appointed a few weeks ago to succeed the late Senator Edwards, but died before he had the opportunity of taking his seat. The successor of Senator Crothers—virtually the successor of Senator Edwards—will be one of the first appointments in the gift

THE trouble with having your wife lose her temper is that she always manages to find it again. Considering how many people try to murder it every day, a popular song sure dies hard.