

THE BRITISH WHIG 89TH YEAR.



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

J. G. Elliott, President; Leman A. Guild, Editor and Managing Director

Business Office: 242; Editorial Rooms: 220; Job Office: 202

Subscription Rates: One year, delivered in city \$8.00; One year, if paid in advance \$5.00; One year, by mail to rural offices \$2.50; One year, to United States \$2.00

Out-of-Town Representatives: F. Diller, 22 St. John St., Montreal; W. Thompson, 100 King St. W., Toronto

Letters to the Editor are published only over the actual name of the writer.

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The circulation of THE BRITISH WHIG is authenticated by the ABC Audit Bureau of Circulations

The term "oil" starts many a turmoil.

Smartness too often masquerades as wisdom.

Don't pity the man with the hoe. He's probably after bait.

The aftermath of war is intense application to higher math.

From temperament to temper is usually only a short step.

The only place where eats come before sweat is in the dictionary.

Recipe for solving any government problem: First soak the tax-payer.

Drug stores aid a lot of girls in making roses bloom throughout the year.

Figures may not lie, but statistics sometimes back up a lot of misinformation.

Credit for winning the war is immaterial; the essential thing is credit to keep it won.

Thank God, pedestrians don't have to lose time changing gears when eluding a speeder.

In this free land no man is so great that you cannot approach him and say, "Gotta match?"

The length of the cigarette holder seems to be in exact proportion to the paucity of wit behind it.

The patience of the Canadian people is demonstrated in their resignation to weather forecasts.

A prevalent trouble is that too much wisdom is used in attempts to get the better of somebody.

Science has accomplished wonders, but it has not yet demonstrated the economic value of wars.

They never say "master" of the sea, but always "mistress." This is also true of the matrimonial sea.

The railroads need not feel that their achievement is unique. At one time Atlas held up the whole world.

You can easily tell a resident of Gummy street by the fact that he grunts when he bends to lace his shoes.

Paragraphs are not a heartless lot, and in the matter of Hollywood any of them would rather pun than punish.

The German government will clear all public buildings of monarchical insignia. At least no undue haste was exhibited.

Now if there is any emotion, activity or ambition that hasn't had a "week" dedicated to it, let it speak up promptly.

There will always be men to express honest opinions without fear of consequences. The poor we have with us always.

The original Homer never pulled down \$75,000 a year, and from this we infer that it is more profitable to write a horsehide than a tyre.

Submergence of a greater part of Europe and Asia Minor is a possibility, according to a prophet. But it is not contended that it will make conditions there much worse.

POSTAL ADMINISTRATION.

The report of the Postmaster General for the year ending March 31st, 1921, just issued, contains information that should be read by every voter as it shows how the postal service, as a revenue producing department, has been milked during the past eleven years.

From 1868 up to 1901 the postal service showed an annual deficit, but in 1902, under economies carried out by the Liberal government of the day and the establishment of penny postage there came a surplus in the annual statement. This surplus grew steadily until 1912 and then it fell off until in 1915 there was a deficit of \$2,914,541.90. In an effort to cover this deficit the Board of Post-offices increased the postage rate in 1916 and in 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920 and 1921 there were surpluses, the highest being in 1917, \$4,601,805.81. But the expenditure grew with the revenue and last year nearly wiped out the revenue. The total revenue last year was \$26,331,118.97 and the expenditure \$24,661,262.26, leaving a balance of \$1,669,856.71. This includes, of course, the war tax without which there would have been an enormous deficit.

TALKING MOVIES NEXT?

Talking movies, a new invention with enormous possibilities, have just been successfully demonstrated in Chicago. The process is different from the combination of phonograph and movie film which has been tried out by a number of experimenters. The latest talking movie is an application of the wireless phone.

The movie is produced in the studio, as usual. Then the films are sent to movie theatres, where wireless phones and automatic moving picture machines are synchronized—that is, the outfits in each theatre start at the same time and run at the same speed, regulated from the movie studio. The actors, watching the picture closely to "keep in step," speak their lines, just as on a stage. The radio carries the words for reproduction in the movie theatres. Other sounds also are sent out to be heard by the movie audiences—such as breaking glass, pistol shots, whistles. It is said oscillation even becomes audible.

At the first try-out of this new invention, Frank Bacon, star of "Lightnin'," was the actor in the leading role. The inventor, Harry J. Powers, Jr., has kept his radio talking pictures secret, pending patents. Shortly, however, they will be tried out on the public. One often hears it remarked that some of the great actors lose part of their effectiveness on the picture screen because their greatest histrionic ability—vocal genius—cannot be brought into play. A successful radio talking movie would overcome this objection.

MOTOR BUS EXCURSIONS.

Recently a bus excursion was run from Chicago to New Orleans. In this day a bus means a motor bus, of course. The fifty persons who took advantage of this mode of travel stopped at hotels along the route for meals and at night, arrangements having been made previously for accommodations. Naturally the party had to travel on a fixed schedule. It is reported that the excursion was a success. This instance suggests a new method of pleasure outing for those who do not maintain their own cars or prefer to go in a large company. By a similar means of travel it would be entirely feasible for a party to go anywhere there are fair highways.

At least it opens possibilities that cater to the public desire for travel are likely to try out. That a trip of this character would be different from one of equal length by railroad is really recognizable. Railroads follow the streams and hollows. Motor bus travel would take the passengers by the farm homes and along the main streets of the towns. While railroads are likely to present the most uninviting view the motor bus would show the travellers the best side of the region traversed.

Motor bus travel would not appeal to those who have their own cars, but notwithstanding the great numbers of cars owned there are still many people who have to take a public car were they to travel much by automobile. Motor busses running on regular schedule fill a place in transportation and it may be that motor bus excursions will become as common as popular as railroad excursions have been.

LOOK ON THE OTHER SIDE.

When a man buys a house he looks it over, front yard and back yard, inside and out, cellar and attic.

When he buys an automobile he examines the chassis and inspects the top, turns up the seat cushions and opens the motor hood.

No woman would buy a piece of cloth, calico or silk, without turning it over and over, examining both sides with care and caution.

There is a bottom and a top, an inside and an outside, a right side and a wrong side to everything.

We are mighty careful, in buying our rugs and our curtains, our wall paper and our table linens, to look on both sides.

But in selecting our ideas and convictions, our beliefs and principles, how many of us turn them over

to examine the other side? How many of us are content with the plausible, attractive side that the salesman shows? How many of us stumble blindly along unconscious that there is any other side than the side we first looked upon? How many of us engage in heated controversy to maintain that the side we see is the "right" side, when we have in fact made no honest attempt to examine the other side?

The ability to examine both sides of a piece of mental goods with tolerance and unprejudiced perception is an inescapable requisite of a useful life, a successful life, indeed of a happy life; just as the ability to distinguish between the right side and the wrong side of a piece of cloth, marks the alert, thrifty, tranquil housewife.

We may depend upon it that there are two sides to every question. And we cannot be sure that we have the right side until we have examined the other. We may plod along, in a sort of way, ignorant that we are prejudiced or narrow, or undiscriminating, but others will not be fooled. And if we are sufficiently awake we may read our error in the inquiring eyes and surprised faces of those with whom we come in contact.

When guests of our conversation lift their eyes in a puzzled moment, it is time to examine our mental furnishings.

NO ORIGINALITY IN JAZZ.

John Philip Sousa, the bandmaster, has given an interview in which he points out the weakness of jazz that is going to prove its doom. The jazz writers lack originality. As Sousa says, "they simply appropriate some inspired composer's tune and weave their own compositions around it," and they are not clever enough to conceal the theft.

The bandmaster thinks the jazz writers will run out of composers to copy and will start jazzing sacred music. "When the public hears 'Nearer My God to Thee' in jazz-time," he says, "it will rise in its wrath and do away with jazz."

The end of the abomination may not come about in just that way, but it is certain that before long there is going to be a revolution of feeling against the profanation of good music by the jazz writers. If the people were content with a mere blur of loud and rhythmic sound, as the aboriginals are, the lack of originality in the jazz writers would not be a handicap to them, and they would be spared the necessity of plagiarism. But at least a suggestion of tuneful melody is demanded, and as the writers are unable to produce anything of the sort out of their own brains, they turn to dead composers or those whose works are not copyrighted and whose admirers seem powerless to protect them. The day will come when the public will rebuke the plagiarists for their shameful thefts, even though they do not carry their brazen audacity to the point of jazzing hymns.

FATE OF THE ARMENIANS.

When Lord Curzon, British foreign secretary, last November publicly condemned the action of France in signing an agreement with the Turkish Nationalist government and declared that peace would never be achieved "if one power tries to steal a march on another and concludes arrangements on its own account," the world gained a sudden and surprising insight into the delicacy of the relations between France and Great Britain as a result of the Near Eastern situation. Now word comes of the terms agreed upon by Great Britain and France for the revision of the Treaty of Sevres, which was designed to settle the whole Near Eastern question, but which was opposed by the Turkish rebel, Mustafa Kemal Pasha. It should be understood that the recognized Turkish government, at Constantinople, was supposed to carry out the terms of this treaty. One article of this treaty provided for the freeing of the Greeks in Asia Minor from Turkish rule. It was also designed to safeguard the persecuted Armenians. Since the weakened Constantinople government was not in a position to combat the Turkish rebel and secure the rights prescribed for the Greeks, and the Allies stood by indifferent, it seemed up to the Greek government to defend its people, and so Greece got into this latest war. And now once more the civilized world is saddened by the spectacle of the Allies trucking to the Greeks, and the United States continuing to stand aloof when she might do so much to restore peace and tranquillity.

The net result of the new arrangement of boundaries, it is stated, is to extend Turkish territory and to strengthen the Turkish influence in those very quarters where it is apt to prove most baneful. The Mohammedan world once more receives the impression that the Allies are afraid of the Turks. The moral effect of the settlement is most unfortunate. But what of the Armenians and other oppressed peoples whom the Treaty of Sevres, now radically amended, was planned to protect? If the Allies and the United States have hitherto shown themselves so indifferent to the fate of these unhappy people, what can be hoped for them under this latest arrangement?

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY

A NATION'S GREATNESS:—Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people.—Proverbs 14: 34.

ALONG LIFE'S DETOUR BY SAM HILL

Watch Your Step. The miners who have struck. Forget, no doubt. That fellows who too often strike May just strike out.

Observations of Oldest Inhabitant. I kin remember when it was considered highly improper for a girl to be hugged and kissed by a man unless she was engaged to him.

He Found It So. Blinks: "Do you consider flirting dangerous?" Jinks: "Yes. My wife caught me doing it and now I am paying alimony."

Maybe She Was Counting on His Insurance. (Laporte (Ind.) Argus-Bulletin) SHOULD HAVE MADE A BETTER JOB OF IT. When Mrs. Barnhart saw that her husband was not killed she collapsed.

Girls of Yesterday. Where are the girls of yesterday Who seemed so fair? Better remember them so I say, And leave them there. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Alas! They were a proper lot, For they didn't care To wear the kind of clothes that caused The men to stare.

Zero in Things to Eat. "No, I won't give you that if it eat. Get out!" angrily shouted the housewife. "Ah, have a heart, lady. I been eating my own words for a week now and I gotta have some real food soon or I'll croak," declared the tramp.

How He Started. He did not object to short skirts except when she wore them.

That's Usually the Case. She was on time the day She met her fate, But now, when she meets him, She's always late.

Fool Questions. C. R. W. asks: "When a man is clothed in his right mind could you say he was well dressed?" No clothes are more becoming, we'd say.

Lays and Relays. Her charms; his arms—Cincinnati Enquirer. His bliss, her bliss—Hastings (Neb.) Tribune. His female; alas, his male—Barrie Payne. His knees; a squeeze—Welder in the Charleston News and Courier.

Get in Line There, Men, Get in Line. (Louisville (Miss.) Exchange) To the Citizens of the Fourth District: This is to notify you that when you commit any misdemeanor, come to my office, plead guilty and pay off. Misdemeanors \$5 up. Whipping your wife, from \$25 up. (Signed) R. B. McAvilly, J.P.

Hootch Hound. The man made dry Against his will May straightaway try To start a still. —Canton (Ohio) News.

The thirsty man Can get his drink If he just hears At whom to wink. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

A man may drink The old white mule. But don't you think He is a fool? —Youngstown Telegram.

Her Cakes Were Sold. Guest: "What's your wife doing in the kitchen?" Smith: "Stirring up trouble." Guest: "Sounds to me like she was stirring up a cake." Smith: "She is, but that means trouble for me. Her cakes always give me indigestion."

Daily Sentence Sermon. A short bank account makes a long face.

News of the Names Club. R. E. X. has just discovered there is a bill collector in Los Angeles named W. C. who lives up to his name. And B. K. sends in the name of Ina Spade, of Louisville, and states Ina always spades up her own home garden every spring.

Can't Blame Him. From early morn till night Her busy tongue will wag, So it's no wonder that He's always got a jag.

Walt Mason THE POET PHILOSOPHER

Evening. The young men are planning great courses they'll run; and I am outspanning, my work nearly done; I'm glad I am aging, the angelus rung; I like not the raging we know when we're young; the fury the passion, the strivings are gone; in indolent fashion I sit on my lawn; I have no profession, I toil at no trade; I watch the procession, the human parade, I sit in the morning out here by my gate, and offer a warning to many a skater. "The road you are taking," I tell youths, "is wrong; your bones you'll be breaking in mantraps ere long. I know, for I trod it; and now that I'm old I sit here and audit its sorrows untold. At first it is pleasing and bordered with flowers, and on you go breezing through sunny hours. Alas that you follow the treacherous way! Its promise is hollow, its pleasures decay; oh, turn, I beseech you, for if you per-

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