

THE BRITISH WHIG 80TH YEAR.



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Civilization isn't cradled on political bunk.

There's no excuse for a pretty spinster.

One way to get back your health is to take more rest and less advice.

If an easy prosperity encourages vice, posterity will be a virtuous set.

Early to bed and early to rise, and you won't be molested by holdup guys.

The back-to-the-farm movement is a great success among those who urge it.

Many a man who has a great future ahead of him is unable to catch up with it.

An economist says that over-production causes low wages. Does the gentleman favor birth control?

People who keep on expecting the worst fall utterly to grasp the significance of the present.

We are still waiting patiently for the soda fountain clerk who will say: "This one's on the house."

The greatest density of population is north of the equator. Also, we fear, north of the ears.

In Utopia love of country is so genuine that everybody cheers when the tax collector passes by.

Since nations successful in war are called on to lend money to the vanquished, the losers are the winners.

The Japanese cabinet is not quite satisfied about Yap, but a bargain is a bargain when there is no way to get out of it.

Having observed how enlightened nations act, it looks like China was determined to go through with the full programme.

With girls bobbing their hair and boys wearing their hair in mops, about the only way to tell a boy from a girl is by his blushes.

After fifteen years, girls devote all their thought to getting a husband; but you wouldn't think it after seeing what some of them get.

The candidate with his head in the clouds may get the most cheers, but the one with his ear on the ground gets the most votes.

Prof. Hooton says monks branched off from the human family. That's reasonable. We know families that are beginning to branch now.

They say skirts will be worn longer this season. They will be worn months longer if this year's crops are a failure.

And the more energy a man expends in talking the less he may have left to assist him in making good.

The reformers would feel better if they realized that few on the beach are as attractive as the bathing-suit girls on magazine covers.

The man who brag about his honesty usually about as convincing as the girl who says that she is the first time she has been kissed.

GAMBLING WITH LIFE.

"There is no wealth but life," said John Ruskin; but there are few of us who will pause to consider the deep significance of that utterance. It comes to all sooner or later, in public and social life, in the professions, in the industrial and financial world. The startling nakedness of the assertion strikes with blighting force the family of the provider in the hour of bereavement, and it is then that the estimate of a life is summed up in relation to its responsibilities.

Do we gamble with life? This is a question that should be considered with more seriousness than we are accustomed to apply to many problems with which we have to deal, and the answer is one that the individual must find out for himself.

In an address delivered before the Life Insurance Educational Congress recently in Toronto, Chancellor A. L. McCrimmon, of McMaster University, emphasized the dignity of the life insurance profession and the necessity for greater education.

"Life insurance," said he, "deals with life, the most important thing in all this world. Philosophers have camped on its trail; scientists have cut to the centre of its habitation to find it; the mystery of life beckons on the inquirer with its interesting lure. We follow the life principle into all the nooks and corners of existence, watching its functions in plants and animals, until it rises to its highest expression in the personality of man. It is not only individual life that is at stake, but group life in family and in nation. These groups depend upon the individual. The material, therefore, upon which life insurance works is the most precious in the world.

"The function of life insurance is reflected in the insured who becomes stabilized and catches a view of the preciousness and sacredness of life. Obligation to his family and to his fellow men looms up before him. The sense of responsibility is cultivated in his soul. The searching questions respecting his physical condition, his habits, his parents, set him thinking. On the other hand, the improvident man is heading toward a disrupted home. With insurance in vogue, the family ties are strengthened and the solidarity of the home is effected. The dividend-earning capacity is perpetuated beyond the life of the individual. The good effect upon the integrity of the home cannot be gainsaid. If there were more insurance there would be less divorce."

The efforts of life insurance conserve public health. It is in its interest to prolong the life of man, and it enters upon campaigns of sanitation and prevention of disease. One of the most characteristic phases of modern economy is the spirit of humanitarianism. The relief of the wretched, the care of widows and orphans, assistance to the unfortunate, claim attention. Here life insurance stands out as a dispenser of humanitarianism. The widows and orphans are the beneficiaries. Its noble work during the late war was fully realized. The bereaved wives blessed its ministrations, and the warrior met his call from eternity in a quieter frame of mind because he knew his widow and his children would not be without support.

Society is further safeguarded against the loss of the individual and the waste of life both by the incitement to proper methods of earning and by the perpetuation of earning capacity through the capitalization of human life from which beneficiaries receive dividends.

A WORLD WHEAT POOL.

While the members of the Canadian Parliament were debating on the best methods of marketing the Canadian wheat crop, there was on the ocean near the shores of Canada a man who comes with a great wheat marketing proposition which will affect not only Canada but the whole of the British Empire. If not the whole world. This man is the Hon. A. K. Trethowan, president of the Farmers' Federation of Australia, and his proposal is for a gigantic wheat marketing pool for the whole English speaking world. He is coming to Canada, in the first place, to interview the Hon. T. A. Crerar on the subject, with a view to arranging for meetings of the representatives of the wheat growers of Canada. He anticipates that the Canadian farmers will heartily endorse the idea, and that with their co-operation it will not be long before the world-wide wheat pool will be an actuality.

Just what the details of the plan are has not yet been disclosed. So far, all that the Australian visitor has said is that one of the main purposes of the wheat pool is to eliminate the speculators and to maintain agents who will act with the minimum of interference between the farmer and the consumer. The proposal sounds idealistic to a certain extent, but there is no reason why it should not be successful, providing the right men are behind it, and it is adopted on a scale sufficiently large to attain the objective for which it is aimed. The elimination of the speculator in wheat will be a great step in advance. Speculation in stocks of foodstuffs has about it a tinge of immorality, for there

should be no speculation in the produce on which the people, rich and poor alike, are dependent for their very existence. The rich suffer little from such speculation,—indeed, some of them benefit very largely by it, but the man who is struggling along on what is barely a living wage finds his existence made very precarious by reason of the operations of the wheat speculators in the Chicago wheat pit.

If there is any possibility, then, that the Australian scheme can effectively deal with wheat speculation, and place the world's wheat in the hands of the consuming public with the minimum of spread between the price received by the farmer and the price paid by the consumer, then it is worthy of very serious consideration. Many efforts have been made to control wheat marketing in this way, but none of them have been fully successful. There was always some way in which either the farmer or the consumer had to suffer, and speculation went on just the same. Mr. Trethowan will find an attentive audience in the Canadian farmers, for they have been worrying greatly during the past year regarding the marketing of their wheat crops. He will find them willing to listen, and if they find that his scheme, whatever it may be, is a sound one, with certainty of success, then he will find them willing to go into it enthusiastically. But they must be shown that it is a good thing, and that they will not be victimized in any way, and they must also be convinced that it will enable Canada to dispose of her great wheat crops to the very best advantage. As one of the greatest wheat producing countries in the world, Canada has a vital interest in the proposition, but we feel that if it is as good as the Australian visitor seems to think, then he should take it up, not in an unofficial way through the medium of meetings of farmers, but in an official way through the government department which is interested in the matter.

ALONG LIFE'S DETOUR

BY SAM HILL

Too True. This coin is hard to get. But, gosh! what makes me weep Is finding that the stuff Is harder still to keep.

Observations of Oldest Inhabitant. I kin remember when a girl's picture was supposed to show her pretty face instead of her shapely calves and well-turned ankles.

War Note. THE CHIGGERS ARE DIGGING IN!!!

Might Help Some. "They broke the news gently." "Gee, I wish our cook would learn to break dishes that way."

Badly Framed Picture. But when folks are unkind But when folks are unkind It always puts her in An ugly frame of mind.

A Prize Fish Story (Warren (Mo.) Eagle-Democrat) Sell Johnson and son went fishing Saturday and caught a hoot owl.

Fool Questions. "Beatrice" asks: "What kinds of wool do people who knit their brows get?" May be it's the wool that has been pulled over others' eyes, Beatrice.

Even That's Dangerous These Days "To take a five-mile drop, I do not care," said Wink; "But if I could get it, I'd like a drop to drink."

Always Interrupting Him. "It says here that when reading a man usually gets through about 400 words a minute," remarked Mrs. Grouch. "He don't get through more than four words a minute if his wife is in the same room with him," growled her brutal husband.

People You Meet. Some fellows run their words together, like this when talking to you, and others draw them out like this.

Poems You Ought Not to Miss. (Discovered in Western Contemporary by K. L. of Piqua, Ohio) THE LINK You are large, and I am small, I don't know nothing at all. My old house is in the lane; Yours is high, and high again. I peeped thru my blinds at you Twining roses wet with dew.

(Down there where the chickens scratch); I went down to my rose patch, Found a rose, a twining one; Pinned it on my torn apron. Now I'll come and dance with you Round the roses wet with dew! —Mrs. Lora Potter.

Ouch! "I wonder why blondes are the ones who vamp the men," mused the Smart Aleck. "Probably a case of like attracting like. Most men are light-headed," snapped the Brunette.

Gives Us a Pain. Of things we hate There are a number, But hate the most A darn cucumber.

Them Was the Happy Days. "I surely do miss the dear old bartenders," said Colonel Boozem. "Why so, Colonel? You have a mighty good bootlegger and get all you want to drink, don't you?" asked his friend. "Oh, yes, but a bootlegger won't listen to you when you tell your

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY

SELF DENIAL.—Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it.—Mark 8: 34, 35.

troubles in the kindly way the old-fashioned barkeep used to," replied the Colonel.

What's the Fare to Wilmington? ("Dusty" Miller in Wilmington News-Journal)

"Whither do your footsteps tend?" asks a Cincinnati Enquirer poet. Well, to be honest about it, just now ours tend toward the kitchen where the cherry pie is.

Daily Sentence Sermon. Playing with fire is the world's poorest form of amusement.

News of the Names Club. C. O. Lector, of Miami, will find the "Nobody home" sign on the door when he calls at the clubhouse. Ohio Gaines, who used to live in Cincinnati, now is located in California, but Ohio keeps on gaining without him.

Chautauqua Subscribers

The following have subscribed for Chautauqua season-tickets: Chas. Anglin, Harold Anglin, Robert Anglin, Mrs. Ashcroft, Mrs. Asseltine, Mrs. C. Amey, Miss D. Amey, Mrs. I. Allen, Mr. Arbuckle, J. H. Birkett, W. Barsam, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Bateman, J. Bowen, Dorothy Bews, Mrs. Caruthers, Mrs. J. Carson, R. Collins, Miss Cox, Miss Currie, Mr. Corbet, D. E. Davis, Mrs. J. Donnelly, Mrs. R. Diack, Mrs. Duff, Miss Daly, Mrs. J. C. R. Dobbs, Miss Dainty, Miss Drummond, Mr. Davidson, Mrs. J. Dunlop, M. Davey, Mrs. A. Ellis, W. J. Fair, Mrs. R. Ford, Miss S. Fowler, Lt.-Col. Gillespie, M. Graham, Mrs. N. R. Grimm, Mrs. W. C. Grimm, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Guild, Misses Guild, E. Godwin, Miss R. Gamble, C. S. Gordon, Irene Gordon, Helen Gordon, Marjory Gordon, Miss Garbutt, Miss S. Guild, Geo. Hanson, Mr. Stams, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Jackson, Miss Jackson, R. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. H. Kelly, Rev. J. S. La Flair, Miss Lewis, Miss Lyman, Dr. E. Lake, J. Leslie, Mr. and Mrs. N. Landy, F. Ludlow, Prof. MacClement, Mrs. H. Macpherson, Mrs. McCulla, Mrs. R. N. F. McFarlane, J. B. McLeod, J. A. Miller, Miss P. E. R. Millard, Mrs. H. A. Millar, Mrs. E. A. Muirhead, Mrs. F. A. Monk, Mrs. E. Martin, Geo. Masoud, Misses Mowat, Miss H. E. Mowat, Prof. Matheson, Prof. Mitchell, Mrs. W. T. Minnes, H. W. Newman, Miss Nickle, Dr. Nash, Miss P. Neebitt, Miss E. O'Brien, Mrs. C. F. Posselwhite, Miss E. Posselwhite, Miss Percival, Mrs. Penn, Misses Poand, H. Packer, Mrs. G. Prager, Jas. Richardson, Bert Robertson, Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. Stephen, Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Sparks, D. A. Shaw, Mrs. H. Sargent, Mrs. W. Saunders, A. E. Smith, Miss Sanderson, Nancy St. Remy, Billy Stephen, Mrs. Bruce Taylor, Mrs. J. Taylor, R. M. Van Laven, W. Waldron, Miss E. Waldron, Mrs. Wemmlin, B. Webster, Miss B. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Ward, E. J. Wilson, Miss L. Williams, Florence Wilson, Mrs. E. Woodman, Miss O. Woodman.

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Our Canadian Question And Answer Corner. Q.—What are Carnegie Libraries? A.—The Carnegie Public Libraries in Canada are so called because they were built in part by gifts from Andrew Carnegie, the wealthy steel king of America. The Carnegie Corporation has given over \$3,000,000 toward 156 libraries in Canada. Q.—What are the dimensions of the Quebec Bridge? A.—Canada's greatest bridge in many respects is the Quebec Bridge. In its general dimensions as well as in its enormous size and weight of the structural members composing it, it surpasses any other structure of the kind ever built. Total length, 2,340 ft.; length of main span, 1,809 ft.; of suspended span, 640 ft.; 150 feet above water at high tide; main piers, 136 feet below high water.

Blows Right Leg Off. Montreal, June 23.—Charles Marcell, thirteen years old, of 391 Belanger street, this city, blew his right leg off when playing with a giant firecracker in a vacant lot. He is at the Royal Victoria hospital, where an operation was performed to save his life.

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Death of a River Guide. Charles J. Roop, one of the best known St. Lawrence river guides, died in the City hospital, Watertown, N.Y., following an illness of about one month. Death was due to complications. Mr. Roop was sixty-six years of age. Mr. Roop was one of the best known residents of Cape Vincent and was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church and was an attendant there when his health permitted. He was a member of the Cape Vincent lodge of Odd Fellows and was well known in fraternal circles. A wife and two daughters survive.

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