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QUEEN'S GREAT VICTORY. The winning of both the Intercollegiate championship and the Eastern Canada championships by Queen's rugby team is a matter of pride, not only to the university, but to the city of Kingston and all Eastern Ontario.

Saturday's fine victory over the Argonauts provided the reason for an outbreak of enthusiasm such as is seldom seen in this city. Dense crowds surrounded the bulletin boards, and when the final score was announced the friends and supporters of Queen's went wild with delight.

"Good old Queen's" was an expression commonly heard on the street, and it voiced the sentiment of every person in the city. The university is to be heartily congratulated on the success that has crowned the efforts of its athletes. They have shown that Queen's has the material out of which championships are made. The hard, untiring work of the officials, the trainers and the members of the team has at last brought to the city of Kingston and its popular university an honor which they richly deserve. The great battle on Saturday, when the famed Argos went down to defeat before the irresistible Tri-color, will go down in football history as one of the best and most sternly contested gridiron fights ever seen on a Canadian field. It was a brilliant victory for Queen's, and one that the boys richly deserved. George Awrey and those who assisted him in training the team are to be congratulated on the splendid success they have won. Here's to "Good old Queen's!"

YOU DO IT, DOC.

Don't talk baby talk to your baby. That's what Dr. James Sinnott Greene, founder and director of the National Hospital for Speech Disorders, says. It leads, he declares, to faulty enunciation in later years on the part of the young hopeful. Aw, Doc, have a heart! What would the women-folk do if they couldn't cuddle every now and then with the itchy tootly little twoey wootums, ess him was, an' dess haffa love him to pieces, ess would.

The scene: The happy parents, the baby, the relatives, and the neighbor who follows Dr. Green's advice. The neighbor advances. She picks up the squirming babe: "You are delightful, my dear; I find it causes me great enjoyment thus to hold you in proximity to my person."

Would she be unanimously voted looney? Would she or wouldn't she, Doc, we just ask you that? You reform the women and then the rest of the world will stop the baby talk.

YOUR EYES.

When you go for the first time to have your measure taken for glasses, it is vastly irritating to watch the chart of the oculist and realize that you can't read all the letters, row after row.

The F's and the R's and the E's look alike, and the V's and the Y's fool you. You need glasses, all right, and you know in your heart that you should have had them long ago.

Why do so many more folk wear glasses now than did a generation ago? Well, there are two reasons, a bad one and a good one. The bad reason is that the nervous strain on which our lives are ordered nowadays hits most of us in the same place—the eyes. They give out. Nature has given her toll for abuse. And most of us do abuse our eyes scandalously.

The good reason is that a generation ago most people suffering from defective vision didn't know it. We said a boy in school was stupid, while often he was merely suffering from eyestrain. We're wiser now. More common sense arrives in the world every year. Maybe some day humanity will have enough of it to stop abusing its eyes.

THE OTHER SON.

Something at last has been said of the Prodigal Son's brother. That much slighted individual is generally looked upon as a snarling fellow, too jealous of his kid brother, and stungly inclined when the fatted calf was to be killed.

But he was legally justified in such an attitude. And for the proof Prof. Albert Clay, of Yale University, points to the Code of Hammurabi, oldest laws of man extant, said to have been written—that is, chiseled in stone—some 4,500 years ago. The fourth law of Hammurabi says: "If a son say unto his father, 'not my father' from the house, field, plantation, servants, property, animals, he shall go forth; and his portion to the full amount his father shall give him. His father shall say to him 'not my son,' from the neighborhood of the house he shall go."

This, Prof. Clay explains, establishes that the Prodigal Son was legally dead, and entitled to nothing. So when he came snooping around to the kitchen, Big Brother had a perfect right to know what he wanted. Note that Big Brother didn't actively seek. He was just looking for information.

And so we know that the Prodigal Son's brother was "within the law." That doesn't change our estimate of him. His father, who killed the calf

and had Me open some of last year's preserves, didn't bother about the law. In the days of Christ and in the days of Hammurabi some men had souls above the law's allowance.

INVITATIONS TO HIDE.

No one drives an auto long on the public roads before becoming familiar with the wayside traveller who asks for a ride. Sometimes in the evening such pedestrians will disconcert one on lonely roads by making an arresting gesture. Begging a ride is becoming quite common. Very often the driver cannot check his speed until it is too late to answer the pedestrian's appeal. Men with good intentions are often in doubt as to whether they should accept these passengers, and there are several reasons why it pays to be careful.

The driver of an auto has a right to be suspicious of men who spring from the dark into the glare of the headlights and motion for a ride. Often the action closely resembles a hold-up. Such men should receive no consideration. The night is no time to make requests.

It should be remembered, however, that taking passengers is a risky business. If the guest is injured he may sue the owner of the car for damages. Then again there are thugs roaming the highways who from the comfortable back seat find it easy to hold up a driver. The accommodating autoist may feel cold steel under his ear while his hand is on the throttle. Granting free rides to unknown wayfarers should be confined to broad daylight and well travelled roads.

BUYING THE TOYS.

Some little girls will have big, flaxen-haired dolls smiling from their stockings on Christmas morning. Some little boys will have toy aeroplanes, bomb-throwers and all the other paraphernalia of modern nursery warfare.

Some other little girls and boys won't. But those whose dollies are the ordinary sawdust kind with eyes staring, it must be confessed rather stupidly, in front of them, and those whose toy soldiers are just everyday fellows, are to be congratulated.

The toys have known it all along. They have known, too, that the humbler ones of their assemblage, now so shiny with new paint in a thousand toy shops over the land, are due for a far happier life than their pretentious brothers and sisters who are destined for the homes of the rich. For a toy's happiness is measured by the love that is lavished upon it. And the child who has one simple toy thinks far more of it than he or she who has a new trinket for every mood.

Psychologists are beginning to find this out. They have worked out a whole involved system of toy teachings, in which the child mind dwells principally on simple objects, plain contours and brave, not delicate, colors.

So if a momentary sigh comes to you because you cannot afford to have Santa Clause bring "the best there is" to your little lad or lassie, smile instead. They will be all the better for it.

ALONG LIFE'S DETOUR BY SAM HILL

Comfort To This Girl 'Tis nice that charity can hide A multitude of sins; But these long skirts are handy, too, For hiding skinny shins.

Observations of Oldest Inhabitant. What has become of the old-fashioned widow who thought she ought to dress in black for a year after she had collected the life insurance?

Foolish Advice. The man had skidded on the slippery bridge and gone over into the river, crashing through the ice. A passer-by noticed him floundering around in the chilly water and shouted: "Keep cool and I'll save you!" "Well," chattered the victim, "if I was as sure of your being able to save me as I am of my keeping cool I would quit saying my prayers this minute."

Fool Questions. D. M. C. asks: "Why are so many men who get tight looked upon as loose characters?" Well, bite. Why are they?

Boy, Face the Stark. (Classified Ad. in New York Times) Young Lady—French, wishes a few more children, afterwards; neighborhood 2018 St. West; highest reference. L. 268, Times.

Gems From Guide Book To Success. Success in life, as in archery, demands concentration. Select your object; aim carefully; exercise keen judgment and pull firmly, as the steel mind like the wavering arrow never speeds true to the mark. —J. E. F.

Daily Sentence Sermon. Cutting out the foolishness will do more to prolong life than cutting out the tonsils, adenoids and appendix.

The Clerk Is Expected to Recover, However. Here's one from the Washington Times worth repeating: A lady of stupendous dimensions, stylishly attired, entered a shoe store and seated herself to be waited upon. Soon a bald-headed clerk came up to serve her. After rejecting this pair and that, she decided on some brown

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY

A SAFE FORTRESS.—As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever.—Psalm 125:2.

BLUNDERS



Why Is This Wrong? The answer will be found among to-day's want ads. (What "Blunder" do you suggest?) Copyright, 1922, Associated Editors.

By James Stewart.

Postmaster, City of Kingston. Do not wait until the last minute to mail Christmas letters and packages. Some people are thoughtful enough to mail their Christmas letters and packages in time for delivery before Christmas; many others, just as generous, but less thoughtful, wait until the last minute and then pour their Christmas mail into the post office in a perfect deluge, with the result that thousands of little folks, and grown-ups too, are disappointed and perhaps their Christmas spoiled because a letter or package is delayed and not delivered until after Christmas.

Please mail packages for out of town delivery early in the week beginning December 11th, and for city delivery during the week ending December 18th. Such letters and packages may be endorsed "Do Not Open Until Christmas."

The clerk knelt down to lace them and she gazed about the room. Suddenly she looked down and saw the bald head. Thinking that it was her rolled-topped knee, she modestly drew her skirt over it.

That's So. Whenever you see a man sneaking into a rummage sale you know he's there to rescue the only other pair of pants he owns and which his wife had donated to the heathen.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

He thinks, and correctly so, that he needs the old pants as badly as the heathen, who, if forced to it, can go without 'em and not be run in.—Tom Deming.

Ernest Was Getting Rid of Trouble, Not Answering It, EAR (Apple Tree Cor. McCreeary County Ky. Record)

Ernest Strunk traded his car to a man and got everything the man had, even his dog, except his wife and children; when he had gotten to them he thought he had enough.

News of the Names Club. Will B. Looney is reported from Los Angeles—probably trying to figure up where to get the money to buy Christmas presents or something.

R. J. K. tells us Eva Bunn, of Evansville, has a sister who is more obnoxious than the dry law—her name is Bets Bunn. Oh, very well. Janette Argues is reported from Lansing and, being a woman, we're willing to bet she does.

Huh! "It's a deep subject." "Well!" "Yes, a well."—G. R. (G. R., that isn't very deep, but it surely is mighty old.)

Our Canadian Question And Answer Corner

Q.—Where is the River Canard and what is its history.

A.—River Canard is a small stream midway between Windsor and Amherstburg, flowing into the Detroit River. A tablet on the present bridge gives its history: This marks the place of several engagements between the British and United States troops in defense of the River Canard bridge, where the first blood was shed during the War of 1812-14, on July 24th, 1812.

Culture pearls are said to be indistinguishable from the real ones, even when cut in two. Sixty per cent. of plum jam is said to be sugar and 40 per cent. plums.

TRUSSES

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS—For After Operation. Obesity. Relaxed Tissues. SHOULDER BRACES—Small, medium, large. SANITARY GOODS—Belts. Towels. Aprons. Private Display Office.

Dr. Chown's Drug Store 185 Princess Street. Phone 348

BIBBY'S SALE MEN'S GLOVES SALE MEN'S SHIRTS Big Overcoat Special 25 NEW, PLAIDED BACK ULSTERS NEW THREE-WAY BELTS Heather and Green shades; nice, soft, comfy woollens. Sizes 35 to 44, for \$25.00 20 NOBBY ULSTERETTES Shield lined—Plaided Back Woollens—rich shades of light and medium Greys, Bronze and Green. Silk trimmed. New models. Size 34 to 44. \$30.00 A REAL BEAUTY FOR \$35.00 New Harding—made with Raglan Shoulders, new Pleated Patch Pockets, Three-Way Belt. Made from fine quality Irish Pure Woolen Cheviot in the newest shades of Green, Belgium Blue, Camel and Heather. Sizes 34 to 42. BIBBY'S KINGSTON'S ONE PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE

Santa Claus ARRIVES SATURDAY, DEC. 2nd. HERE HE COMES! Time and route of procession will be announced on Thursday and Friday. Everyone arrange to bring the children out to see the jolly, old fellow, and make this a gala day for the children. Our store is filled with wonderful Toys of every description. Don't fail to see it! MOORE'S TOYLAND Santa Claus Headquarters

McCLARY'S "TECUMSEH RANGE" The Finest Range McClary's Ever Made. Come and see it. BUNT'S HARDWARE King St. NOW Is the Time to Get Your Watch or Clock REPAIRED L. C. HEMSLEY Watchmaker from R. J. Rodger 149 Sydenham St. Just off Princess BELLEVILLE SWEET CIDER Just arrived. 60c. per gallon. Jas. REDDEN & Co. "The House of Satisfaction" Phones 20 and 990. Crawford COAL Particulars adapted for Hot Air Furnaces and Quebec Heaters. Price \$15.00 PER TON The sparrowhawk, one of our most remarkable birds, has fierce yellow eyes, with overhanging brows.