

THE BRITISH WHIG
89TH YEAR.



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

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

TELEPHONE
Private Exchange, connecting all departments 245

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
(Daily Edition)

One year, in city \$6.00
One year, if paid in advance \$5.50
One year, by mail to rural offices \$5.50
One year, to United States \$12.50
(Semi-Weekly Edition)

One year, by mail, each \$1.00
One year, if not paid in advance \$1.50
One year, to United States \$1.50

OUT-OF-TOWN REPRESENTATIVES:
P. Calder, 22 St. John St., Montreal
V. W. Thompson, 100 King St. W., Toronto.

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

Attached is one of the best job printing offices in Canada.

The circulation of THE BRITISH WHIG is authenticated by the A B C Audit Bureau of Circulations

The point of the socialist argument is the vanishing point.

The law of gravity is about the only one that plays no favorites.

There will be many a switch between bobbed hair and long tresses.

The bright side of the Far East situation is this side of the Atlantic.

Science has not yet been able to do much with a case of exaggerated ego.

Where the flag goes, there goes also civilization and the white man's diseases.

The best love charm with which to hold a man is a diploma from a first-class cooking school.

It isn't difficult to tell a self-made man. For that matter, it isn't even necessary. He'll tell it.

There is little complaint of buttons in collection plates. Buttons are worth something now.

The Turk's desire for the peace of the world isn't as great as his desire for a piece of Europe.

A benedict never realizes how complete is his fall until he is sent to match a piece of silk.

Breakfast room: A cubby-hole in which the family has dinner and supper unless there is company.

She isn't really an old maid until she begins to dream of a cute kitchen instead of a handsome knight.

Every respectable newspaper has in mind a list of obituaries it would like to print for the good of the community.

In the old days the fool killer had a lot to do, but that was when there were no accelerators to do the work for him.

The objectionable thing about reckless motorists is that the bones they break are not always in their own heads.

A magazine writer says girls should be named after illustrious women. All the girls we know were named after Eve.

It must be a hard job to persuade peaceful and happy savages to believe in the superiority of our Christian civilization.

Radical: One who devotes his time to knocking his superiors and then complains that they are prejudiced against him.

There is an alarming increase in the number of wives who prefer husband-murder to the hot-or-miss methods of the divorce court.

Now a hen has laid 335 eggs in a year, making it necessary for someone to be an exceptionally able prevaricator to beat the record.

Toronto Globe says we do not want any men in this country who hide their faces. Looks like a wellop-at farmers and others who grow whiskers.

H. G. Wells says: "England needs a man like W. R. Hearst." The least Mr. Hearst should say would be: "The United States needs a man like H. G. Wells." That would make it a reciprocal case of tickling.

PROOF OF THE PUDDING.

If there is any citizen who does not sense just what a return to party politics in the city council really means a concrete example has been furnished him within the past few days. He should read, the diatribe against the candidature of Mayor Corbett, which has been published the last few nights in the Kingston Standard, because his worship was on a hunting trip up north when some distinguished visitors chanced to come to Kingston. As the deer hunting season lasts only a few days, we presume the mayor should either have petitioned the provincial government to extend the open season or stayed at home and taken a few more shots at the coal dealers who sold unscreened coal at \$18.50 a ton.

Anyhow, the Given-Sowards Municipal Party has added another plank to its platform. This time it advocates that no aspirant for municipal honors should go fishing or hunting. Lovers of the rod and gun will doubtless throw their hats up in the air at this new policy. Such sinfulness should be checked. Strange that some bright politician never thought of prohibiting this awful sin before!

As yet, however, there has been no indication of introducing a plank advocating cheaper coal. That's strange, too, isn't it? That would have been a popular move, but no such luck is in store for the people. The nearly two columns of abuse and ridicule above referred to is but an evidence of what we would be treated to, ad nauseam, during the coming year if politics were again to rule at the city buildings. Surely sensible citizens do not want this sort of thing. If they do, then it is a sad outlook, indeed, for the future of this fine old city.

TWO STRONG CHARGES AGAINST ONTARIO.

Prof. J. C. McLennan, a native of Ingersoll, Ontario, and a member of the teaching staff of Toronto University, has made two rather strong charges against his own home province. In an address made a few days ago, he said that the people of Ontario have little romance in their lives and have never felt that true love of the soil which must exist to make patriotism real. That was charge number one. The second astounding statement which he made was that the above said state of affairs was due to the lack of scenery capable of stirring the imagination.

Statements like these make the casual reader wonder where Professor McLennan has been living throughout the years of his life. Living in Toronto as he has been doing recently, he must surely be impressed with the intense patriotism of the people of that city. He could be forgiven, of course, if he has lived there for some time, for having said that there is in Ontario no scenery capable of stirring the imagination, for in the big cities, like Toronto, there is little in the way of beautiful scenery. But to both his charges there are complete answers, answers which will show the great unfairness of them, and the grave reflection which they place on his native province and its people.

One need not go very far back in history to prove that the patriotism of the people of Ontario is very real. Apart altogether from the fact that the province was originally peopled largely by Britishers who were so intensely loyal that they left their homes in the United States rather than live under a foreign flag, and were known as the United Empire Loyalists, it is only necessary to point to the magnificent record of Ontario during the recent great war to prove that its patriotism is of the real kind. It may not be of the flag-waving variety, but it is of the kind which expresses itself in sacrifice for the Empire of which it forms an integral part. No province in the whole Dominion gave so lavishly of its men during the war. The dozens of regiments which went overseas from this province were made up of men who were patriots in the truest sense of the word, men whose patriotism impelled them to leave their happy homes and their loved ones to cross the ocean and to face on the battlefield the most unprincipled enemy any army has ever had to face. Yet these men went willingly, impelled by a patriotism which was made known to the world by their sterling deeds of heroism on the battlefield. And the women who were left at home were no less heroic in their patriotism. With brave, smiling eyes, they sent their husbands, their sons and their sweethearts off to the battle, because they were sufficiently patriotic to believe that the Empire needed them, and it was their duty and privilege to go. In money, too, the patriotism was shown, for every call made was met by a generosity which astounded even the most hopeful. Ontario has never had so un-founded a charge flung at her as the charge that her patriotism was not real, and it is a charge which will be met with resentment all over the province.

The statement that Ontario has no scenery to stir the imagination can only come from a man who does not know his own province. Apparently Professor McLennan has never visit-

ed Kingston and made that wonderful trip through the Thousand Islands. Apparently he has never visited Niagara and watched that mighty torrent of water pouring over the falls. If he had ever seen those two distinctive pieces of wonderful scenery, he would be stirred to the very depths of his imagination, providing that he had any. And apparently he has never visited the Muskoka Lakes, the Kawartha Lakes, the Georgian Bay district or any of the many other beauty spots with which the whole province is dotted. Even in the more pastoral places, he would have found scenery enough to stir the soul of any man with an imaginative soul. As a native of Ingersoll, he must often have made the trip to Toronto. Did he never look over the valley in which lies the town of Paris, or the equally beautiful valley in which Dundas lies, without feeling that he was gazing on a scene of untold beauty? Some men go through life with their eyes closed to what is to be seen around them, for, of a truth, there are none so blind as those who will not see. We would like to place Prof. McLennan in that class, but from the statements made in his address a few days ago, he is trying hard to qualify for it.

ALONG LIFE'S DETOUR BY SAM HILL

"Der Tag." Although the Turk in Europe may not get it in the neck, you bet the Turk in old America will get it there, by heck!

Observations of Oldest Inhabitant. I kin remember when it wasn't mince pie if it did not have the "kick" in it.

Ah, Gwan! "You remind me of woollen cloth," snapped the old booter's wife. "Why so?" he growled. "Because you shrink so from water," she snapped.

Suggested by the Above. If wool shrinks when it is wet why doesn't a lamb's skin get awful tight when the poor thing is caught in the rain?

As Usual. To-day for dinner I am gonna eat My nil of both the white and the dark meat. Of pudding, pie and every kind of cake— To-night I'll have an awful tummy ache.

Nice Place to Be Seaside. (Sign on store at Sixth Avenue and Eighteenth Street, New York): Special Sale of Mattresses.

Officer, Do Your Duty. "Ever notice it?" asked Brown. "Ever notice what?" inquired Black. "How a match will flare up when you scratch its head!" grinned Brown as he made for the subway.

We'll Think About It. Dear Sam: Can you admit "Short Haul" of Wilmore, Ky., to the club? He might do the "hauling."

Real Chums. In boyhood days we were real chums. We stuck together just like glue; We wed two sisters, joined one church And slept together in one pew. —Reader.

Fool Questions. "Post Card" (who the heck is he anyway?) asks "Is a bootlegger a spirit medium?"

Things To Be Thankful For To-day. Hot-water bottles, mustard plasters and baking soda. That no amendment prohibits you eating turkey—if you have the price. That pumpkin pie can be made without brandy. That your wife hasn't used you for a target—yet. That Christmas still is almost a month off and you still can do your Christmas shopping early—if you have the price.

Way Up. "Turkeys are high this year," remarked Mrs. Jones. "As if the bootleggers were selling them," growled Jones.

Watch Your Step. Poor father slipped on a banana peel. Then son stepped on the gas and he fell and broke his head; now, he, too, is numbered with the dead.

Daily Sentence Sermon. The way you spend your declining years depends on the way you have spent your youth.

News of the Names Club. You can find Clyde A. Way at Fort Riley, Kan. supplies. Ed. Shines, of Cincinnati, sells electric light fixtures. Ed. Shines and so do the lights he puts up.

If its quality you can get it in Grimm's new line of assorted chocolates at 50c. Tweddell's Sale of Overcoats, \$19.

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.—The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.—Psalm 23: 1, 6.

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. Your mail and your neighbors' mail is delayed if you have no mail receptacles at your door with your name plainly written thereon. The failure to provide a mail receptacle not only tends to inconvenience the patron himself, but is an unnecessary hardship on the carrier. If the carrier has to wait at a door, even if only two or three minutes, and has to do it several times in a block, it means that he has to work that much harder to complete his deliveries. If the people understood this, for the carrier's sake, if for no other reason, they would provide a box.

Our Canadian Question And Answer Corner

Q—Where was Fort Malden situated, and what is its history?

A—The ruins of Fort Malden, in earthworks and mounds, stand in the town of Amherstburg, facing the Detroit River. A tablet gives its history: "This marks the entrance to Fort Malden, constructed by the British between 1797 and 1799. In July, 1812, Gen. Hull, in command of the Americans at Detroit, ordered an attack on the Fort which was repulsed at River Canard bridge. Hero General Brock, on August 13th, 1812, held council with the Indian Chief, Tecumseh, and marched to Detroit when Hull surrendered his post, troops and stores. After the battle of Lake Erie, September, 1813, the British abandoned the Fort and burned it. The United States troops then captured and partially rebuilt the Fort between September 1813 and July, 1815 when peace restored it to the British who completed the reconstruction between 1826 and 1831."

Tweddell's Sale of Overcoats, \$19. It isn't too early to buy gifts. Read the ads for dainty things that your folk will like to receive.

BELLEVILLE SWEET CIDER Just arrived. 60c. per gallon. Jas. REDDEN & Co. "The House of Satisfaction" Phones 20 and 990.

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 848

McCLARY'S "TECUMSEH RANGE" The Finest Range McClary's Ever Made. Come and see it. BUNT'S HARDWARE King St.

BIBBY'S MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR SEASONABLE GOODS AT REASONABLE PRICES OVERCOATS at \$25.00 \$30.00 \$35.00 We are quite safe in saying the best Overcoat values in Canada. All new models and new colorings. MEN'S BRUSHED WOOL SCARFS Heather, Camel and Browns—Full size—a beauty, for \$1.35 MEN'S FINE GLOVES Fine quality Cape Kid or Mocha, wool-lined, made with and without wrist strap—something exceptionally good for the money. Our special at \$1.90 YOU CAN SAVE MONEY AT BIBBY'S MEN'S PURE WOOL HEATHER HOSE Smart shades. Special 50c. PAIR MEN'S SUITS With extra Trousers—made from pure wool Tweed—Greys, Browns and Heather for \$25.00 MEN'S FINE SHIRTS With separate Soft Collar, neat patterns; all sizes. Our special at \$1.45 BIBBY'S

HURRAH KIDDIES! MEET ME Sat. Morning, about 10 o'clock ON MY LINE OF MARCH TO Moore's Toyland SPECIAL NOTICE Owing to such a tremendous crowd last year Santa Claus will not receive the Children in our store, but will say something to the children from our up-stair front window, and will depart immediately afterwards in an automobile. Every Child and Citizen turn out and make this a grand welcome. He will wave and speak to the kiddies on his way. MOORE'S TOYLAND SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS

