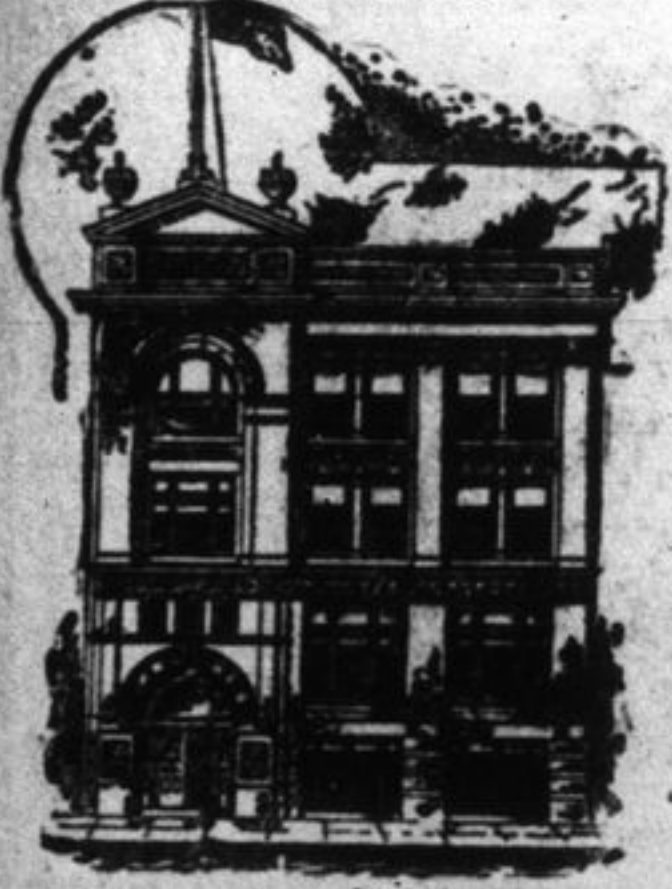


THE BRITISH WHIG  
90TH YEAR.



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Another excellent and popular endurance contest is life.

Chinese bandits retire to a mountain. Over here they retire to a country estate.

And so the Reds are praying for Lenin. Ah, well; it's fair enough. He preyed for them.

If we become what we eat, hash probably isn't a recent invention. Paul was all things to all men.

Another amusing thing about the new-rich is their obvious ignorance of correct methods of dodging taxes.

If a man tells his wife everything, it may be that he loves her. And then it may be that he merely loves a fight.

These educated apes, while human enough to be interesting, are not quite human enough to be offensive.

If Judge Garry is right, and the world can't find anything better than Christianity, it might be a good idea to try it.

The distressing part, however, is that one half of the world apparently doesn't care whether the other half lives.

Man spends half his life cursing the old foggies and the other half worrying about the rising generation.

Some drivers trust to breaks and some trust to dodging. Either method works if the pedestrian is a mind reader.

If only we had some way to harness the foot tons generated by those who bounce up and down on the back seat of the jitney.

Many a man ekes out a bare living writing magazine fiction when he might be devoting his talent to all book literature.

We shall not form an opinion of Premier Baldwin until we see what he does about getting the Prince of Wales safely married.

And yet, if Shakespeare had waited until today to do his stuff, it isn't at all probable that anybody would have published it.

Correct this sentence: "I haven't anything extra fixed," said the wife over the phone, "but I'll be glad to have you bring your two friends."

We note by the magazine advertisements that a man isn't considered well dressed unless he has on a collar that makes him look funny.

"HERE'S TO FATHER."  
Sunday next, June 17th, usher in a new and important day in the calendar of dates to be hereafter annually observed—Father's Day.

Hitherto there have been special days set aside for this and that, for this one and that one, from commoner to king. But now, for the first time in the long history of mankind, dad is to be honored by having a whole day dedicated to himself. Probably, however, if the mat-

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY  
If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.—John 15:7.

ter had been left to his choice he would have preferred a night instead of a day. We have heard a rumor to the effect that some fathers have shown a strong partiality to night celebrations, but this may be erroneous.

A popular poet has sung of the deference that should be paid to father by the members of his household. Stop the clock, he says, for it annoys him; throttle that canary bird; take the baby to the cellar, where its howling won't be heard; you must speak in whispers, children, for your father's tired and sore, with his feet upon the table and his hat upon the floor. He is wearied and exhausted by the labors of the day; he has talked about the tariff since the dawn was cold and gray; he has lost eight games of checkers, for his luck to-day was mean, and that luck was still against him when he bucked the slot machine.

But Father's Day was not intended for this kind of chap. It was prompted by a question repeatedly asked by many little children: "Why isn't there a Daddy's Day?" The child who asks such a question must assuredly have a father who is worth remembering at least on some particular day. There is something good, something noble, in the man to whom a little child gives its love and confidence for its trust instinctively. Fathers (as well as mothers) sacrifice much that their children may enjoy privileges and pleasures they themselves were denied. So why not a special day for Dad?

Perhaps one of the finest tributes ever paid to Dad was penned by the newspaper poet, Walt Mason, who wrote:

"Dad is growing old and weary and there's silver in his hair, and his eyes are always solemn, he has seen so much of care; he has seen so much of sorrow, he has known so much of tears, he has borne the heat and burden of so many bitter years. Dad's already in the twilight of life's little fleeting day, and perhaps we'll often ponder, when his load is laid away, on the steps we might have saved him when his feet and hands were sore, on the joy we might have given to the heart that beats no more. We'll recall a hundred errands that we might have gladly run, and a hundred kindly actions that we might have gladly done; we'll remember how he labored, while the boys were all at play, when the darkness hides him from us at the closing of the day."

So here's to Dad! May Father's Day bring him many delights, not the least of which would probably be a few kind words of appreciation.

ROUND ONE  
Mr. W. F. Nickle's return by acclamation, as member for Kingston, may be described as round one in the provincial election contest, the main bout of which will take place on Monday, June 25th. Mr. Nickle has been fortunate in winning several elections in this city, and therefore acquired a prestige that stood him in good stead on this occasion.

Quite frankly, it may be stated that there were those in the Liberal party who did not encourage a local contest in this election. They preferred to husband their strength against the coming of a federal election, which they believed to be much nearer than most people imagine. Representation at Ottawa is much more important than representation at Toronto, at least as far as this city is concerned. Whether this viewpoint is right or wrong, the Whig is not called upon to debate; sufficient to say that it prevailed and was, in large part, responsible for the acclamation now tendered to Mr. Nickle. Apparently local Liberals are hard to please when it comes to endorsing a candidate; there are many factors that divide and less that unite. It has been many a year since a more largely attended or more enthusiastic gathering of local Liberals has been held than that which tendered the nomination to the president of the women's Liberal association. That she felt unable, for private reasons as she explained it, to accept the nomination was a matter of deep regret.

Mr. Nickle may be elected, but rest assured, Liberalism is not dead in Kingston. It is but resting on its ears. When the opportune time arrives it will be found ready for the fray. As long as there is an abuse to be removed, as long as there is a wrong to be righted, as long as there exists a just cause that needs a champion, Liberalism will survive and will perform a service of outstanding benefit to the people of this country.

In the old days, to the victor belonged the spoils and the congratulations. The spoils—much to the regret of many politicians—are now gone, but the occasion for congratulation remains. That, at least, is something to be thankful for. So, taking advantage of this privilege, the Whig extends to Mr. Nickle, M. P., its congratulations on his good luck and the honor he has won in one more representing this city in the provincial legislature.

ANOTHER RECORD OF EXTRAVAGANCE.  
While the extravagance of the

Drury government is one of the issues held before the electors in the provincial election fight, too little attention is being called to another record of extravagance, that of the Conservative government which held office from 1905 to 1919. The increase in expenditures and in the national debt during the past four years may have been more spectacular than that of the Conservative regime, but it was, nevertheless, a huge total for the time in which it was incurred, and in contrast with the expenditures and the debt during the regime of the Liberals prior to 1905.

The Liberal government held office for thirty-four consecutive years, from 1871 to 1905. This was the period of the greatest development, proportionately, in the history of Ontario. In 1904, their last year of office, the ordinary expenditures for the whole year amounted to \$5,267,453. In spite of the development work accomplished, and the growth in the needs of the province, the expenditures were kept down to that figure by a policy of sane and safe economy. In 1904, the last year of the Liberal regime, the provincial debt was \$11,709,650, after thirty-four years of Liberal rule.

Then the Conservatives came into power, finding the debt low, the expenditures low, and the condition of the province one of high standing. After fourteen years, the Conservatives were defeated, solely on their record of mismanagement. In that time, the ordinary expenditures had grown until they reached \$21,464,574, a sum four times as great as they were when the Liberals handed over to them the affairs of the province. The provincial debt had stood at \$97,575,571, nearly nine times as much as when the Liberals were in power.

These figures show that the Conservatives are also faced with a record of extravagant spending which ill fits them to take over the reins of government at the present time. They accuse the U.F.O. of being extravagant, but they shut their eyes to their own unenviable record. They increased the provincial debt nine times over, but it could not be said that the prosperity of the people of Ontario was nine times greater than under the Liberal government. Since 1905 there has been an absolute departure from those wise financial policies which marked the thirty-four years of Liberal government, and which are needed above everything else in Ontario at the present time. The electors can face with confidence the future with a Liberal government in power, but the record of the Conservatives is such that their return to office could give the people no hope of any betterment in conditions, financial or otherwise.

PRESS COMMENT

Free The Land!  
Many of our farmers own their land, but many of them bought at exorbitant prices, at the very top of the boom; and they are seldom content with little farms, which one family can manage if everyone contributes. Very large farms and very small ones—that is the solution for us. But small holdings are hard to get, and no one will take up big-scale farming till our system is altered. That is the first necessary step in the improvement of our agriculture. Free the land!—London Daily Herald.

Revolution in Transport.  
Man has wrought a revolution in transport, and has not yet realized what he must do to provide for the new needs. It is sometimes said that we have restored the road to its old place in the national economy. Actually we have done more. At no era did the road play so large a part in daily life. From a nation of comparatively stay-at-home people we have evolved into restless beings who must ever be travelling for business or pleasure. The consequence is an immensely increased expenditure on the ways along which we move at a time when money is short and the ratepayer is in arms against the burdens he carries. The motorist resents the special taxation imposed upon him, and yet that taxation does not meet a quarter of the road costs. No perplexity of this kind can be solved by private individuals constructing a few great thoroughfares and setting up toll-gates along them. The time for that is past. Good transport facilities are almost a first need of a community congested as ours is. Without them we cannot get to our work or have brought to our doors things by which we live.—Westminster Gazette.

Canadian Questions and Answers

Q.—What is the value of New Brunswick's fisheries?  
A.—New Brunswick's fisheries yielded, in 1933 \$4,539,274 a good average year.

Q.—What was Canada's first pilot?  
A.—Canada's first pilot was Abraham Martin after him the Plains of Abraham were named. He was of Scotch descent and his son was the first child to be baptized in the parish church of Quebec. He died in 1644 and a granite shaft was recently unveiled to his memory in Quebec.

Along Life's Detour  
BY SAM HILL

Never Be Broke.  
"I'd like to be a frog."  
"Indeed, I would," said Henry Mack.  
"For then I always would  
"Be sure of having a green back."

Observations of Oldest Inhabitant.  
When you hear the long-faced joy-killers denouncing the young people of to-day for doing so much kissing you can shut them up by asking 'em if they ever played those games, so popular in their youth, known as "postoffice," and "pillow."

The Ananias Club.  
"I was surprised to read in the paper the other day that women are wearing longer skirts. I hadn't noticed the change," declared the old sport to his wife.

No Longer.  
"The honeymoon lasts  
I should say," quoth Dick,  
"As long as the kiss  
Retains its kick."  
—Boston Transcript.

"The honeymoon ends,  
I'll bet," mused Rick,  
"About the time that he  
Begins to kick."

Hint to June Grooms.  
"Pa," said Clarence, "what's a for-gone conclusion?"  
"That even when the bride promises to obey, she never will," replied his dad.

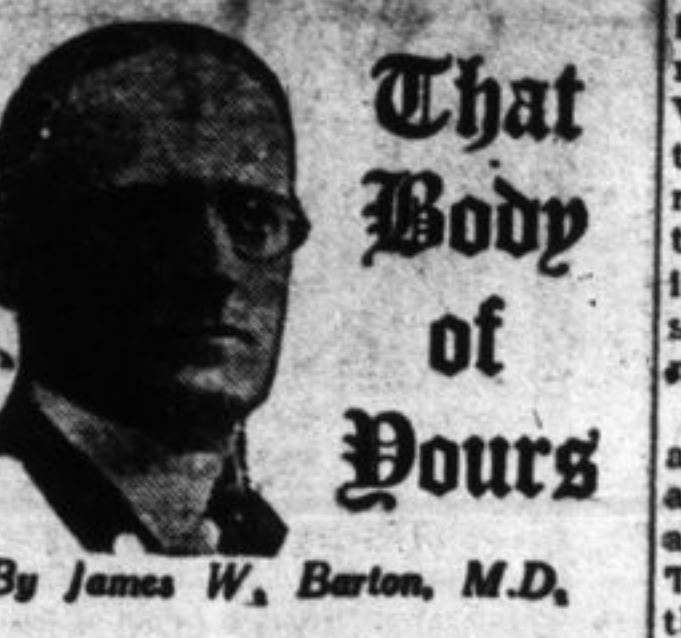
Just Barely Possible.  
A Chicago woman boasts of carrying the same pocketbook for 56 years.—News item. Maybe it hasn't worn out for the same reason that a lot of family Bibles haven't. You can keep most anything a long time if it isn't subjected to any wear and tear.

Blinks—I am beginning to change my opinion of Jones.  
Jinks—Why so?  
Blinks—Well, I guess he really doesn't think his faults are all right, after all.  
Blinks—Howzat?  
Blinks—Well, you see, he condemns them so unmercifully when he sees them in other people.

Needs a Memory Course.  
Forgetful is  
That fellow William Black,  
He borrows five  
And never pays them back.

Friendly Philosophy.  
Whatever you undertake, make "best" your object. An inferior product or quality may apparently hold the leadership at rare intervals, but it will be but for a few fleeting moments, for in its very prominence lies its defeat. —J. E. F.

Oh, Help!  
"You say he just took a long tramp?" asked the stranger.  
"Yes," grinned the village half wit, "he's our Constable and he just took a tramp who was six feet and six inches tall to the calaboose."



That Body of Ours  
By James W. Barton, M.D.

That Crown and Bridge Work in Your Mouth.  
At a medical convention two or three years ago a very prominent American dentist illustrated his address by lantern slides. He threw on the screen a picture of a badly crippled woman, unable to walk, and with joints double their normal size.

He said "Gentlemen I alone am responsible for the crippled condition of that woman, I did crown and bridge work for her in the very early days, and this is the result."  
"I have since removed all that crown and bridge work, have extracted some of her teeth, treated others, and now look at her. You will notice that she is up and around, is able to do a portion of her household work, and will show gradual improvement for some time to come. She will never have perfect joints, but I'm thankful that I've been able to help her over this much."

Does this mean that all crown and bridge work should be removed? Not by any means. That type of work has been a great boon to the health of the human race, as it has enabled us to have a chewing surface practically as sound and effective as our natural teeth. What then is the lesson?

Well, crown and bridge work over decayed teeth is the cause of a great deal of the general debility, and also joint affections of the human body.

Sometimes you are aware of it, and sometimes this infection is in the root of just one tooth and you have no means but one of locating the trouble.  
And that means is by the use of the X-ray.

The statement is made that the X-ray is the cause of the removal of perfectly good teeth because of improper reading of the films. That may be so, but a good operator who can properly read his results will save your teeth often, and save you much suffering also.

The habit of securing one X-ray of your bridge work every 3 to 5 years would be of value to that body of yours and likewise to your peace of mind.  
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty is worth a whole eternity in bondage.  
Time wipes out the fancies of imagination and strengthens the judgments of nature.

BIBBY'S  
REMEMBER FATHER'S DAY, JUNE 17th.  
MAKE DAD GLAD  
Suit Sale  
\$22.50, \$28.50  
\$33.50, \$37.50  
Not in many a day have you seen such values. Every Suit is marked down to rock bottom! They're shorn of price consideration, and everything is thrown into quality and style. Grasp this opportunity to outfit yourself in the best clothes you can buy at the lowest prices.  
OUR SWISS SILK NECKWEAR  
95c. and \$1.25  
are beauties—such excellent Ties cannot fail to bring a gleam of admiration to his eyes.  
OUR \$5.00 PURE WOOL CHEVIOT TROUSERS  
Neat hairline stripe—would be nice for Dad.  
OUR SPECIAL \$2.50 SHIRTS  
Potter's English Prints, fast colors, new designs, many with separate collars—the best \$2.50 Shirts in Canada.  
SALE MEN'S UNDERWEAR, \$1.15 SUIT.  
BIBBY'S

KING TO VISIT  
HOLYROOD CASTLE  
("Spotlight" in Toronto Telegram)

Caedonia's misty mountains are calling King George and on his way to bonnie Desdelle he will stop off at old Holyrood Palace on the outskirts of Edinburgh. "I don't know of any place where I can get such a complete rest as at Holyrood, and I need a rest," quoth the monarch recently to a friend. And thus George V., who will later go north with the Queen, perhaps to visit his son's new in-laws, the Strathmores, and thence to Balmoral, will bide a wee in the grim old palace so splendidly situated at the foot of that grassy mountain, Arthur's Seat.

In days of old Holyrood Abbey was a sanctuary for thieves, and many a haunted man has dashed frantically towards its sheltering walls. Though death was the sentence for theft, excommunication was incurred by any person daring to arrest thieves within the abbey. Indeed, the doctor found safe refuge in Holyrood House and its precincts until late in the 17th century. But this sanctuary did not protect everyone. Crown debtors could be seized. Abolition of imprisonment for debt in 1851 cancelled this privilege of manacled thieves.

Royal Mile—Old High Street.  
The King and his consort will doubtless drive down Princes street and across the eastern end of the city to reach the ancient residence of Scottish royalty, but visitors who journey thither and desire to seek in the romance of days gone by seek another route. Climbing steep side-walks that lead up from modern Edinburgh to the Old Town which clusters about the Castle, they find themselves on High Street. Down that narrow, medieval thoroughfare, past noisome houses, whose coat-of-arms wrought in the stone over grim doorways, evidence the once noble occupants of staid dwellings, past St. Giles' cathedral with its lantern tower, past John Knox's house and the Tolbooth where Jennie Dean's sister languished, the visitor walks down the Royal Mile to the gates of Holyrood. Suddenly one steps out of a crowded old world city into the Scottish countryside. Before one rises the Grampians wild, grass-clad and dotted with sheep, and in the foreground loom the towers of the palace.

Holyrood was founded in 1128 by David I. of Scotland, a remote ancestor of King George, whose name, though Welsh in the later connection, is perpetuated in that of the Prince of Wales, known in the family as "Davy." Tradition says that David, who lived in the Castle on the crag, was hunting in the forest near by when his horse threw him and left him at the mercy of an angry white stag. Escaping its horns he founded the abbey in gratitude.

Apparently Holyrood remained a religious house only until the early part of the 15th century when James IV. and James V. built the palace. The invading English burned it down in 1544 and 1547, and the reconstructed building was again destroyed by fire in 1656, when Cromwell's soldiers were in occupation. But some portion of the old building survived the flames and was incorporated in the present building, begun during the Protectorate and completed by Charles II. A beautiful fountain, adorned with the statues of soldiers and of lords and ladies in hunting costume of the days of Mary Queen of Scots, a replica of the old fountain at Linlithgow, meets the eye at the gates. Inside, the palace is a gloomy place of uncarpeted floors, drab decorations and exuding the general dreariness of an old building which has not been really lived in for generations.

Queen Mary's Apartments.  
The musty little boudoir of Mary Queen of Scots, wherein Rizzio fell slabbied to death by Darnley and his friends, still draws its thousands of tourists annually to stare and ponder on the tragic queen who slept in the huge fourposter under the now faded silken coverlets nearly 350 years ago. Till lately the reputed blood stains of the murdered favorite were shown on the floor. The ruins of the beautiful chapel adjoining are more cheerful to gaze at. Part of it dates back to the 12th century and though fire partly destroyed it in the 16th century, and the roof fell in a hundred years ago, the remaining pillars and arches and carvings of a building which architects say cannot possibly be restored are a delight to the eye.

Holyrood Forsaken of Kings.  
There are royal apartments, of course, at Holyrood, more habitable than those of Queen Mary, but the public rarely sees the moorland suite which is scarcely ever used. Ever since James I. left Scotland to ascend the throne of England, and London, not Edinburgh, became the capital city of the Stuarts, Holyrood has been neglected by royalty. Charles II. visited it as little as he could, and the Georges scarcely went near it. Prince Charlie stayed there during his brief triumph of 1745. George IV. was received there in 1822. Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort occupied the palace on several occasions. King Edward, while staying at Dalkeith Palace in 1903, held court at Holyrood, and King George and Queen Mary have been visitors there more than once.

British Justice.  
The ordinary person may find some comfort in the tremendous protection of the Habeas Corpus Act. It proves for him that no matter of what crime he may suspect, no matter how much suspicion may surround his actions or his activities, the law of the land is his protection against prolonged imprisonment, without trial. Whoever has blundered, the impartiality of British justice is made manifest.—London Express.

WHY?  
Try to make yourself a new Hat out of materials that are as common as postage stamps. You spend from \$3 to \$5, spend hours in the making of it and what have you got when it is finished? Something your friends laugh at a block away.  
No doubt you have a Hat you used to like but are tired of the shape. Let us rebuild it up-to-date. You will have a Hat when it is finished. It won't cost more than \$1.50 and probably less.

The Kingston Hat Cleaners  
UPSTAIRS  
163 Princess St. Phone 1488.

MAZOLA  
Will be demonstrated in our store during the week, June 11th to 16th.  
MAZOLA  
is the wonderful Salad and Cooking Oil extracted from Corn.  
Jas. REDDEN & Co.  
PHONES 20 and 990.  
"The House of Satisfaction"

DAVID SCOTT  
Plumber and Gas Work a specialty. All work guaranteed. Address 145 Frontenac Street. Phone 1277.

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We carry a stock of Trusses from the best makers—all sizes from the infant truss to that required by the largest and heaviest man. We give you a perfect fit so that, no matter what your work, your rupture is secure. Silk Elastic Stockings, Knee Caps and Anklets—a perfect fit guaranteed.  
HEADQUARTERS FOR CRUTCHES and RUBBER TIPS  
DR. CHOWN'S DRUG STORE  
PHONE 948.

FEED YOUR STOVES THE PROPER FUEL—IS A VERY HEALTHFUL RULE!  
CRAWFORD'S COAL QUARTETTE

HERE'S a springtime prescription for what seems to be the matter with you. It was written out in plain English by Old Dr. Commonsense. He says that good coal will cheer you up after everything else fails. We never fail to be politely attentive to our customer's wants.

CRAWFORD'S  
PHONE 9. QUEEN ST.