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Woman's lines are charming. The only one we don't care for is the false.

Democracy - A land where people confuse independence and bad manners.

The quickest way to achieve wisdom is to study the blisters one has acquired.

The way of a man with a maid requires little art. The hard part is the get-away.

We reflect with sadness that no status has been erected to the man who invented castor oil.

Some people keep on buying beef-steak when they haven't a spare liner tube to their name.

Pirpo has many things to learn, but the art of sneaking up on a nickle isn't one of them.

If you have neither birth nor wealth, you can be good and acquire that same superior feeling.

The reason they are called wild cats is because you seldom catch sight of them in daylight.

An economist says there are fortunes in waste paper. That's where many German fortunes are.

It's a quiet Sunday if you have nothing to show for it but a crumpled fender and two broken ribs.

You can figure out a way to live on \$300 a year if you have a pencil and paper and \$5,000 a year.

Another sad thing about the Italian situation is that d'Annunzio isn't getting any publicity out of it.

Sleeping powders won't help much unless you can arrange to slip them into the neighbor's phonograph.

Bolshevism may be the solution, after all. It leaves a country too badly demoralized to make war.

In an industrial controversy, the people never are asked to say how much they would like to be soaked.

The average man now lives thirty-one years longer than he did in 1809. He has to in order to get his taxes paid.

The present conflict between France and Germany is unfair. German verbs are so much more deadly.

Correct this sentence: "I want a real likeness," she explained to the photographer, "with every wrinkle showing."

About the only thing a special delivery stamp is good for is to thrill the neighbors when one arrives at Podunk Junction.

Italian view: The League is on trial. American view: The League is on probation. British view: The League is on the job.

An ad. says the better cars all have snubbers. Still, we've seen some very efficient snubbing done by women who drive Jitneys.

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY: WHITHERSOEVER - God is with thee, whither thou goest. - Joshua 1:5.

WAR WITH THE KLAN.

Those who have been inclined to look upon the United States as the home of freedom, liberty and democracy have received a somewhat rude shock by the reports which have been issued regarding martial law being proclaimed in the state of Oklahoma as the result of the efforts of Governor Walton to curb the activities of the Ku Klux Klan. In certain quarters his action in trying to wipe out this organization and put an end to usurpation of authority has been meeting with approval, and has been hailed as a step which required real courage. The Ku Klux Klan seems to consider itself a self-appointed medium of enforcing the laws of the state, and yet, in trying to carry out their constitution, its members have themselves been guilty of the most outrageous lawlessness. To such an extent has this spread that no man who was not a member of the order was safe from its deprecations, and for the past two or three years the problem of curbing its activities or of keeping them within lawful bounds has been hard to handle. Governor Walton has put himself in a perilous position by his strong arm methods, for it is certain that some effort at vengeance will be made if the members of the order can find a way open to inflict their punishment upon their enemy.

It is strange that a situation such as is to be found in Oklahoma could exist in a country which is supposed to be in a high state of civilization. The boast of the people of the United States is that their country is the most truly democratic in the world. Yet here we have the Ku Klux Klan, supposed to represent one hundred per cent. Americanism, booming the most autocratic organization of its kind ever brought into being. It recognizes no rights of its enemies. All who stand in its path are ruthlessly cast aside by its lawless methods of vengeance, and life and property alike are destroyed when its members feel that some individual has transgressed against the laws. There is no opportunity for defence, no thought of giving the victim any trial. Hooded and masked, the Klansmen set out on their errand of revenge or punishment, working under the cover of darkness, and they never rest until they have accomplished their object.

Their autocracy, however, is being met by an autocracy which is akin to their own. Governor Walton, sincere as he may be in his desire to curb the activities of the Klan, is deserting the principles of democracy when he denies to the state assembly the right to meet and discuss the situation. He has taken the attitude of a dictator, and is defying the constitution which is held so sacred by his refusal to invoke the civil law or the criminal law in his fight with the Klan. The spectacle is not an edifying one, and it makes one wonder whether the boasted democracy of the United States is so real as it is made out to be.

The situation in Oklahoma should be a warning to the people of Canada to have nothing to do with the Ku Klux Klan, which is avowedly making an effort to establish itself in this country. Although the attorney-general has stated that he will immediately take action against any attempt of the Klan to usurp the powers of the authorities in Ontario, that would simply be a case of locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen. The vital point is that the citizens of this province should be fully alive to the dangers of the Klan, so that when its agents come here in their efforts to organize, they will be given no encouragement, and will be told plainly that their organization is not wanted on this side of the border.

A BUSINESS NECESSITY.

The people of New York last week had an experience of how essential the daily newspaper has become to their lives. When the newspaper pressmen of that city went on strike without a moment's notice and made it impossible for the great newspapers of New York to publish for three or four days, the whole city seemed turned topsy-turvy. A combination newspaper, a limited number of which were published by the co-operation of eight of the newspaper offices, was but a drop in the bucket in comparison with the demand which existed for the day's news, and helped only to a small extent the situation. The only deduction which might be made from this is that the people of to-day have come to look upon the daily newspapers as one of the essentials of life, and when they are deprived of the newspaper, the loss is felt at once.

The lack of newspapers, however, was felt by the business interests of New York more than by any other class. It is a decided tribute to the press as an asset to business to have the heads of the big firms of New York declare that their business had come to a standstill because of the inability of the newspapers to circulate as usual. Robbed of the means of placing their goods before the public, through the advertising columns of the daily newspapers, there

was an immediate falling-off in their sales. Their stores were emptied of customers, and business was almost completely suspended. In speaking of this dislocation of business, the head of one of the largest department stores made the following statement:

"The slump in shopping is caused by our inability to advertise in the newspapers. The first day of the strike was not so bad—the impetus of the previous day's advertising carried us over. Yesterday it was worse. To-day it is awful. To-morrow and each succeeding day we cannot advertise it will be even more noticeable."

This experience leads one to the conclusion that newspaper advertising is the motive power which drives the machinery of business. It took only two days without newspaper advertising to dislocate business in the city of New York, and to make the business men of that city realize their helplessness without this means of placing their wares before the public. There is a great lesson in this. It shows that the newspaper and newspaper advertising are real business necessities, and that the merchant who would keep his business progressing must advertise. It shows, also, that little worthwhile benefit can be gained from a single advertisement once in a while. The impetus of the previous advertising carried the New York stores for only one day, and then the sales dropped. Yet there are men in business who advertise once or twice a month, or even once a week, and expect that their business will keep on growing. The lesson of the New York strike is that newspaper advertising is required to keep business on the move, and that the constant advertiser is the one who reaps the most benefit from it.

RESULT OF THE COAL STRIKE.

As was expected, the net result of the coal strike in the United States has been an increase in the price of coal. The same old vicious circle, of which the consumer is always the victim, has been put into operation, and every person who buys coal during the coming winter will be paying part of the cost of the strike which lasted two weeks, but which was, apparently sufficient to cause a substantial rise in the price of fuel. Although the president of the United States has stated that he could see no necessity for any increase in price owing to the strike, it is not likely that he will be able to take any action to control it, and the mine operators will have the satisfaction of securing a larger reward for their ownership of mines than they have ever had in the past.

If the public generally could be assured that the coal mine troubles had been settled once and for all, there would not be so much objection to a temporary increase in price, but there is no such assurance. It has always been a peculiar factor of coal strikes that there has never been any attempt at a permanent agreement. The parties in the dispute come to terms, but these are effective only for a short period, and the battle has then to be fought all over again. The recent strike was settled by an amicable agreement between the miners and the operators, but the new contract is one for two years only, and it expires on September 1st, 1925. When that time comes, the same old trouble will crop up, and if history is any guide, there will be another dispute and another strike. There will be no guarantee of protection to the public, who will simply have to stand aside while the battle is being waged, and then come forward and pay the price after another temporary settlement has been reached, and when that expires in its turn the same process will be repeated again.

It seems as if both the coal miners and the operators look upon strikes as unavoidable accessories to their business. It is sure that no real effort is ever made to prevent them, or to reach an agreement which would be permanent. The result usually is that the coal miner receives the increase in wages or the shorter hours of labour which he demands. The coal operator, in his turn, receives a higher price for his coal to make up for the cost of the strike and the increased wages he has to pay, and the consuming public have the whole cost, with a little more added, put on the price they have to pay for their coal. In any case, the miner gains little when the time he loses is taken into consideration, the consumer has to pay a great deal more than he should pay, and the operator sits back and smiles as he pockets the added profits he is able to make by increasing the price of his product.

When Eyesight Failed.

He seemed in these days to have the physical endurance of the best of the Indian guides, and was famous amongst them because of his prowess. Then came the catastrophe. His eyesight failed almost completely, and his brain speeded in its action that was terrifying at intervals. It seemed to be "running away." He had a fierce desire to work, but could neither read nor write a line. He could not exercise out of doors unless the day was dark. He could only walk about within doors and listen. He listened to readers for years. In times, he was able to write five or six lines at a time with closed eyes. Later he could use his eyes a little while, writing on orange-tinted paper.

Under these almost unbelievable conditions, Francis Parkman produced the volumes that place him at the head of the list of historical writers of the western hemisphere. Their titles are: Prisoners of France in the New World; The Jesuits of North America; La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West; The Old Regime in Canada; Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV. The Oregon Trail; The Conspiracy of Pontiac and the Indian War after the Conquest of Canada; Montcalm and Wolfe; and a Half Century of Conflict.

He knows not his own strength who has not met necessity.

November 8th, 1893. His life was an exhibition of unflinching pursuit of purpose, such as Smiles was keen for, and delighted to dwell upon, to illustrate his homilies, and he was, moreover, altogether devoid of self-seeking. Parkman's work, difficult as it was, and splendid, was wholly unselfish.

His father was pastor of the New North Church in Boston, Massachusetts. His grandfather, Samuel Parkman, was a man of means, whose home was perhaps the finest in Boston. Young Parkman lived in this mansion on Bowdoin Square before he entered Harvard. His mother was Caroline Hall, of Medford, Massachusetts, famous in its early days for its potent waters. She was a descendant of John Cotton, the framer of the civil laws of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, and teacher of the First Church of Boston, and who, incidentally, was in the colonies as a refugee from the persecutions of Archbishop Laud. A famous book of Cotton's was a New England catechism, which he called Spiritual Milk for Babies. He passed away in 1652.

The future historian's youthful days were thus in a sort of Yankee paradise. He was in an environment that few young men on this side of the Atlantic have enjoyed. He had behind him generations of culture, refinement and eminent social service. In his daily life, he was in touch with those who made Boston what it was then, "the Hub" of America's intellectual life. He breathed an atmosphere that one found in many places abroad, but without the taint of caste that was until very recently only too apparent in most continental towns. He looked forward to years of continuous production, free from mental or physical worries, and replete with all the highest social enjoyments. One would readily declare him to be the favored of the gods. He was favored, but the days were different in expectation and realization.

Grievously Handicapped.

Because of his courage in the face of disaster, and because of his continuous courage, and because of the triumph that was his, despite the odds against him, the story of Parkman's life is stimulating. As an example of persistent heroism in the service of truth and of humanity, Parkman's life will speak down through the vista of ages to come, and its message will be that one word "service."

Parkman wrote simply, he wrote beautifully, and above all, he wrote truthfully. One great historian has said of Parkman's work that it is the only story of the times with which it deals that will never need rewriting. His style is irresistible. The mere reading of it affords pleasure. Its buoyant joyousness and clarity exhilarate. When the reader pauses to recall that this grace and elegance and happiness of phrase came from the mind of a man who lived in blindness almost, a man whose nervous system was so disordered that none of the world's specialists could diagnose his condition, a man who could give but a few minutes at a time to mental concentration, and had to relax into complete quiet and darkness to recover from the brief moments of activity, a man who could not endure sunlight and could not venture out only on dull gray days, he is doubtful that the age of miracles passed nineteen hundred years ago.

But Francis Parkman did produce beauty out of suffering and the clear truth, and became famous, though fame was not what he sought. He carried through life a purpose from schoolboy days, until the number of his years, three score and ten, had come. How the author of "Self Help" would have gloried in the record!

The first twenty years of Parkman's life gave no inkling of the physical tortures he was to live under for upwards of half a century. He appeared far above the average in physical strength and endurance during his Harvard days. He came of splendid stock, sturdy and intellectual, with none of the antecedents that suggest a possibility of nervous collapse. He exercised consistently and spent all of his vacations in the Canadian woods, and the region he had already determined to write about.

Ben Irish's Father.

Ben Irish, whose famous race horse, Papyrus, won the Derby last June and is now matched to meet the best American horse, is the son of a Baptist minister. Sixty years ago, his father filled the pulpit of Salem Chapel, Ramsey, Huntingdonshire, at the same time that Rev. W. Howie Wylie—afterwards well known as an accomplished journalist who founded the Christian Leader—was minister of Great Whyte Chapel in the same town. Mr. Irish, senior, was a high Calvinist in doctrine and a strict Puritan in character and greatly respected by his congregation.—British Weekly.

A pretty autumn wedding took place on Sept. 26th, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Badgley, Thurlow, when their daughter, Annabel, became the bride of Clarence Meyer, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter P. Meyers, Belleville.

Francis Parkman

By Clarence Ludlow Brownell, M.A. Fellow Royal Geographical Society, London, England.

Were Samuel Smiles living he would write a sermon on Francis Parkman, the most beloved of Canada's literary friends, and pre-eminently as a historian, on this continent of North America. Parkman was born September 16th, 1823, and passed on seventy years later, November 8th, 1893.

BIBBY'S GETTING BETTER QUALITY Fall Suits \$30 - \$35 - \$40 Quality demands its price—but it's worth it! Getting better quality means better clothes—and better clothes means better value. Let us explain and demonstrate what we say. We can safely boast of having the finest display of Men's and Young Men's Suits between Toronto and Montreal. Moore's English Hats Stanfield's Pure Wool Underwear Pipin Poplin Shirts Stevenson's Pure Wool Irish Hose BIBBY'S Kingston's One Price Clothing House.

That Body of Ours By James W. Barton, M.D. The Weakest Link. Those of you who have driven a motor car, have been ready to throw the whole business into the ditch, when some part of the car has worn out on you and put you to some inconvenience. You say to yourself, "Isn't it aggravating, just after I've got a new brake lining put into my car, I'll have to get new pistons. If it isn't one thing it is another." You then decide to get a new car, rather than put up with inconveniences. "And so that body of yours when it is getting ready to let you pass out of the world, begins to give you a little trouble here and there. Perhaps it is a touch of indigestion that seems to come on you frequently, perhaps your feet are swelling at times. Maybe you catch cold rather easily. Now that is what we all must expect as we grow older. Parts of us will begin to "go down a bit" and any one of these parts may be the cause of our death. But just the same, before it goes old, any part of a car may let you down. Trying to drive the car without oil, or using poor gas, a bit of poor brake lining may render the car useless. Similarly a man or woman in the prime of life may have one single organ go wrong—his stomach, heart, kidneys or lungs, and he passes out of life notwithstanding the fact that the rest of his body may be in fair shape. So don't wait if you notice a single sign or symptom that is not normal. See your family physician and talk to him about it. He'll not laugh at you. That day has gone by. It may be a small matter, or on the other hand it may be serious. Remember what a little thing does to your motor car. Your body is worth many motor cars. Your chain of life is only as strong as the weakest link.

FARMS FOR SALE 1—20 acres of good, deep, garden land, adjoining the City of Kingston on Provincial highway; artistic bungalow, large barn with stables, hen house, garage, city water; a very desirable property. 2—27 acres, one and one half miles from good village; good buildings; about 80 acres of good clay loam under cultivation; well watered; good fences; lots of firewood. Price \$6000. We have a large list of farms for sale and many exceptionally good bargains. T. J. Lockhart Real Estate and Insurance 58 Brock St., Kingston, Ont. Phone 322J or 1797J.

OWENS Blue Soap Powder Cleans like magic. Cleans Carpets, Tapestry, Upholstering and Window Blinds. Removes stains and shine from clothes. It is being demonstrated all this week at our store. Jas. REDDEN & CO. PHONES 20 and 990. "The House of Satisfaction" Hotel Frontenac Kingston's Leading Hotel. Every room has running hot and cold water. One-half block from Railway Stations and Steamboat Landings. J. A. HUGHES, Proprietor.

MONEY AT WORK Brief but Important Lessons in Finance, Markets, Stocks, Bonds and Investments

NOT THIS— (BLIND OPTIMISM) BUT THIS (DETERMINED FORESIGHT) The strangest thing about a business boom is that most people don't realize that anything is wrong, until it is all over. In checking back over periods just preceding a decline in business, it is evident that very few expected it. Everything was wonderful. The sales force is always jubilant at that time and a plant can't manufacture enough goods to fill orders. The executive who gets cautious and wants to curtail expansion is usually laughed at. There seems to be no end to good times, until they are over. Yet it is this blind faith in continuing to rush ahead at advancing prices that makes the end so drastic when it comes. If we could manage to keep an eye on the future instead of merely concentrating on the present, we would soon develop enough reason and foresight to avoid booms.

Rubber Tubing All sizes, for all purposes — Red, Grey and Black. Fine Rubber Lacing, Combination and Douche Tubing. Highest quality — can be sterilized. Dr. Chown's Drug Store 185 Princess Street. Phone 348 Everything for the Sick and Sick-room.

WE'RE GLAD BECAUSE WE SERVE MANKIND—THE VERY BEST COAL THAT IS MINED! QUALITY CRAWFORD'S COAL QUARTETTE

WE are glad to be of real service to the people of this town. We feel pleased because they have rewarded our conscientious efforts to serve them. We will continue to merit their confidence. Remember our phone number. CRAWFORD PHONE 9. QUEEN ST.

The marriage took place Sept. 26th, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Juby, Belleville, of their daughter, Miss Edith Juby and Fred Harris.