

THE BRITISH WHIG 90TH YEAR.



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

J. G. Elliott, President; Leman A. Gold, Editor and Managing-Director

TELEPHONE: Private Exchange, connecting all departments, 243

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: (Daily Edition) One year in city \$7.50; One year by mail to rural offices \$8.00; One year, to United States \$15.00; (Semi-Weekly Edition) One year by mail, each \$1.50; One year, to United States \$2.00

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

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

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

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

After all, perhaps the worst thing about poverty is a five-cent cigar.

Home is the place you go away from for the week-end.

Another difference between death and taxes is that death isn't a perennial.

That King Tut's headband on the girls looks more like a headache bandage.

The idea of letting a man keep on thinking he knows it all never originated with a woman.

A boob is a man who has loaned money to a relative and classifies the note as an asset.

An idealist is one who thinks the discovery of vitamins in grapes made the price go up.

An old-fashioned practitioner is a doctor who can lance a boil with a nurse and two assistants.

You can say anything with flowers. We know a chap who sends his mother-in-law snapdragons.

Folks who once thought they were gambling in marks are now finding out that they didn't.

"Rich bachelor" is a contradiction in terms. If he's rich, how did he manage to remain a bachelor?

If you don't live where it is convenient for you to rock a boat, you can always sass a traffic cop.

Appearance counts. Any two-for-a-nickel apple will fetch a dime after a Greek has polished it lovingly.

Many persons act as if they would rather be without money than get the reputation of being tightwads.

It is estimated that only 1.3 per cent. of the girls who win beauty contests can make good lemon pie.

There isn't much excitement in a village except on the rare occasions when you forget to put out the cat.

What do umpires do during the winter? There are so few callings that adapt themselves to defective eyesight.

If the folks who are hunting trouble would quit, a lot of others who are dodging it would not be so nervous.

About the worst punishment that could be inflicted upon the gabby person would be to make him eat his own words.

The dollar may be worth only sixty cents, but it will buy several cartloads more in marks than it used to.

About all that is happening is that the lower class is becoming as naughty as it once thought the upper class.

We like the cynical frankness of the department store catalogue that lists books under the head of "furniture."

We shall not expect the perfect flower of altruism while people continue to enjoy watching the other fellow's property burn.

Correct this sentence: "Yes, you may go to the circus," said the father, "but you'll have to get somebody else to take you."

THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.

William Makepeace Thackeray in his Paris Sketch Book relates, in connection with the Sunday newspaper, that it had its origin in the puritanical and intolerant reign of Cromwell and the Commonwealth, when everything but fasting, praying and church-going was forbidden on the Sabbath and the aristocracy, which did none of these and out of indignance to their heads dared do nothing else, was driven to exasperation and desperation by Sabbath gloom and ennui.

Of this original Sunday paper the historian says: "It might be read in a clubroom, where the poor could not see how their betters ordained one thing for the vulgar and another for themselves or in an easy-chair in the study, whither my lord retires every Sunday for his devotions. It dealt in private scandal and ribaldry, only the more piquant for its pretty flimsy veil of double-entendre. It was fortune to the publisher and it became a necessity to the reader. Talk of English morality—the worst licentiousness in the worst period of the French monarchy scarcely equalled the wickedness of this Sabbath-keeping country of ours."

Laugh at the ridiculousness of such intolerance and a nation "so wicked and licentious that it read papers on the Sabbath," but remember that not a score of years ago American Sunday newspapers were blacklisted, the towns and cities prohibited their distribution and sale on the Sabbath and that church-going people bought Sunday newspapers at the sacrifice of conscience and scruples. It is interesting to note that the Sunday paper had its inception in the intolerant Nineteenth century and it is equally interesting to recall that the Twentieth century once found it incompatible with its scheme of Sabbath observance.

THE DAYS WE LIVE IN.

A transient trip through the average American city, remarks the Catholic Register of Toronto, will confirm the truth of the statements made last week at Brown University, Providence, R.I., by Secretary of State Hughes, that America to-day is dominated by a fleeting vision, a thirst for sensation and a relentless need for motion. "We find ourselves," said Mr. Hughes, "in the age of the motor, the movie and the radio, which, with freedom of locomotion, novel and easy intimacies and the ever present and constantly expanding enterprise of the press give us a delusive facility in acquiring information. It is the day of the fleeting vision. Concentration, thoroughness, the quiet reflection that ripens the judgment are more difficult than ever." Pleasure and the acquisition of money to supply pleasure is the mania of the moment. The quiet things of the spirit are forgotten. Only God and religion can recall the people to saving sanity.

NINE RULES FOR HAPPINESS.

Did it ever strike you, when you're listening to some one rail against the evil of divorce, that the happy marriage, as opposed to the unhappy, has never really had its fair share of publicity?

If one of your neighbors down the street has a family ruckus, the whole town will know it to-morrow. But if all the other folk in the block just have a quiet, happy evening at home, no one is the wiser.

It is not so important that a couple be fitted for each other as that they make themselves fit for each other once they're married. Adjusting oneself to an intimate companion of the other sex—that's the hard thing.

The British novelist, W. L. George, is touring on this continent with his wife. He is an expert on love, courtship and marriage. While he talks to big audiences, his wife sews his buttons on and glories in his celebrity. That doesn't mean that she hasn't an occasional thought about her husband's principal topic, herself. In fact, Mrs. George told some Chicago reporters her own ideas, and gave them nine rules on how to be happy, though married. They're pretty good. Here they are:

Do not open each other's mail. You might not like its contents. A woman should occasionally change her view, her ways and her hats. If you must be frank, let it be in private.

Once a day a husband should say to his wife: "I love you."

Once a day a wife should say to her husband: "How clever you are." Lies are no good, but you can exaggerate a little, as in courtship.

If it seems hard to be married to your wife, remember it is hard for her to be married to you.

Find out on the honeymoon if swearing or crying is most effective. Forgive your partner seventy times seven and then lose the account book.

It is the part of a great genius to force the mind away from the emotions, and the reasoning faculty out of the rut of custom.

Nicola Pashitch.

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

Mussolini is ruler in Italy, Napoleon's Boot, but he is not standing in Napoleon's boots, not yet. Count Apponyi, the grand old man of Hungary, fifty-three times a member of parliament, premier, and now speaker of the House of Representatives, who is now in New York City, can say this: The League of Nations has said it, and so has the oldest authority among the statesmen of Europe, Nicola Pashitch.

Pashitch has been prime minister of Serbia thirteen times, and has held a cabinet portfolio thrice as often. Now he is the one big man in Jugo-Slavia. In 1914, he received the ultimatum from Austria that hurried on the great catastrophe. He sat four years later at Paris with Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Wilson, but he has held his job, the only one of the leaders to do so. Despite his eighty years, Mussolini will find Nicola Pashitch no easy man to master. Pashitch and Mussolini do not agree as to Fiume. Fiume, with its committee of five in charge of its affairs, is supposed by those who do not know, to be independent. Pashitch says it shall be, and Mussolini thinks it should be Italian. Pashitch is now allowing Mussolini opportunity to think again. The League of Nations and all of Jugo-Slavia are with Pashitch, so it is likely Mussolini will take advantage of the Pashitch offer, and will reconsider.

Pashitch's power with the people is due to the fact that he knows them. He knows all classes in Jugo-Slavia. He has almost personal acquaintance with the 12,000,000 inhabitants of the new state. He knows what they will hold fast to, and what they will disdain. What they will fight for, and what they will fight against. He knows how to do in his country what press agents attempt to do in Canada and United States, and he does it so much better that the best press agent on this side of the Atlantic is a "piker" by comparison.

He can put out a "George Washington and His Little Hatchet" story so that it will spread from one to another and establish itself in the minds of the millions of peasants as fact. The nearest anyone came to such efficiency in the United States was in the Mugwump campaign that resulted in Garfield's election over Hancock. The opponents of Garfield claimed that he sold himself to the Credit Mobile (nothing to do with autos) for \$329. Instead of trying to disprove the charge, the friends of Garfield took the figures 3 2 9 and used them in many ways, in amusing stories, fairy tales and visions which kept the public in jokes all through the campaign. Immediately before election day, parades which were part of all political work in those days, displayed these three figures upside down in day time, and in the transparencies at night, indicating what had happened. They had aided the Republicans instead of extinguishing them.

Pashitch, who is an excellent business man, has a wonderful knack of finding stories to please the peasants and to establish himself in their imaginations. He knows Alice in Wonderland and Behind the Looking Glass. He knows how his people absorb his sort of story and how they really enjoy believing in the miraculous.

Here is a sample. It is gospel among the Serbs. It carried him through a campaign with colors flying. Its title is "The Tom Cat and the Candles." Once upon a time a great emperor, or hearing of Nicola Pashitch and that he was a man of wisdom, commanded his chamberlain to induce the wise man to come to his court. The chamberlain bowed to the great emperor seven times, in order that his mission should be successful, and in a few days Nicola Pashitch was in the city of the great emperor.

At the door of the palace, Pashitch was told to wait for twenty-four hours, and then to call again, when "you may come in and shall see the great emperor," he was promised, "but be very careful now you conduct yourself when the tom cat with the candles enters."

Pashitch thought half the night about the tom cat and the candles and went to the palace just twenty-four hours after his first visit, and found the great emperor.

"Tell me," said the great emperor, "is education greater than nature, or is nature greater than education?"

"Nature is greater than education, O great emperor," the wise Pashitch replied.

"And the superior people, as they call themselves, are they more worthy than the common people, or are the common people more worthy than those who call themselves superior?" asked the great emperor.

"O great emperor, the common people are more worthy," replied Nicola Pashitch.

Then the wonderful, mysterious, puzzling incident—the tom cat walking on his hind legs appeared. He held two candles between his fore paws.

"The cat is educated," said the great emperor. "Education has overcome nature. What have you to say?"

"Behold, O great emperor," said

Pashitch and he laid a mouse on the rug before the cat. The cat dropped the candles and took the mouse.

"The mouse is nature, the candles are education," said Pashitch. "Right!" replied the great emperor, "please sit on my throne. You are wiser than I."

"O great emperor," said the wise Pashitch, with seven bows. "If I am wise, the people of my beloved Serbia need me. Thank you for the throne, but I must go to my home."



That Body of Ours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

Does Your Youngster Look Like You?

I heard a speaker recount an experience the other day that was a real lesson.

He had returned to his boyhood home, and as he sat on the platform of the little school where he had attended as a boy, all the children under fourteen years of age were unknown to him.

And yet as he looked into their faces he was able to identify every child. He did not know their first names of course, but he placed every one of them by knowing the parents when they were children. He went even more fully into the matter than this; but what is the lesson?

We are what our parents make us in body, in mind, and in spirit. Therefore our children will be just what we make them in our homes.

I have no desire to go afield from the physical, but you can readily guess what it means in a child's life if the parent watches the school or everyday life, and likewise the Sunday life.

But from the physical standpoint what?

Well, your children will be strong or weak as you were strong or weak. If you have a strong body they will likely have the same.

If you have any weaknesses as to lungs, heart, kidneys or blood, they may have the same tendencies also. And so it is your duty to watch these strong points and these weak points also.

From their very earliest years you should see that the youngster gets outdoors a part of everyday.

That he learns to play with other youngsters even at three or four years of age.

If you see that he develops the play instinct, the battle is practically won. He'll want to be outdoors, and he'll want to play all games.

Your worries are practically over then because he will develop an all round body from these games. You may of course have the worry of a bruise, a bleeding nose, perhaps even a broken bone, but he has developed the ability to mix with others, to give a licking and take one, to control his temper, and to give way at times to his comrades.

Yes, you are responsible for the whole all round development of your child.

From Whig Fyles

OF TEN AND TWENTY YEARS AGO.

October 19th, 1918. R.M.C. defeat Varsity here by 15 to 14 and Queen's loss to McGill at Montreal by 49 to 2 in opening of senior intercollegiate rugby.

The city council is considering the purchase of Belle Island. The prison reform commission is continuing its investigation of conditions at the Portsmouth penitentiary.

The members of the grand jury recommend that increased grant be given to the local hospital.

October 19th, 1908. Rev. Dr. D. M. Gordon is installed as principal of Queen's University at a special convocation presided over by Chancellor Sir Sanford Fleming.

The jubilee year of Queen's medical faculty is celebrated by cores of old graduates. The Limestone defeat Brockville by 30 to 0 in intermediate O.R.F.U. game.

Mysterious disease among Wolfe Island horses has caused numerous fatal cases.

The Russian Territories Summoned to the Colors

Moscow, Oct. 19.—Soviet Russia to-day called upon the three military classes 1898, 1899 and 1906 for territorial army training. Simultaneously there appeared in the official newspaper Izvestia, striking cartoon depicting a stern-visaged red soldier watching the Polish border, with the caption: "They are risking it to pass the frontier of my patience."

The calling up of the territorials is in line with the long-contemplated militia training plan and probably has no particular significance, but it is obvious from declarations made on all sides from the Moscow government, while seeking to avoid participation in the German struggle, nevertheless, is taking no chance that it will be unprepared for eventualities.

Usefulness and happiness cannot exist in the same thing.

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Announcement Howe's Shoe Store. Wishes to announce that they will open SATURDAY MORNING, AT 175 PRINCESS ST. (Opposite Laidlaw's) With a complete stock of Men's, Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Inspection invited. Prices right.