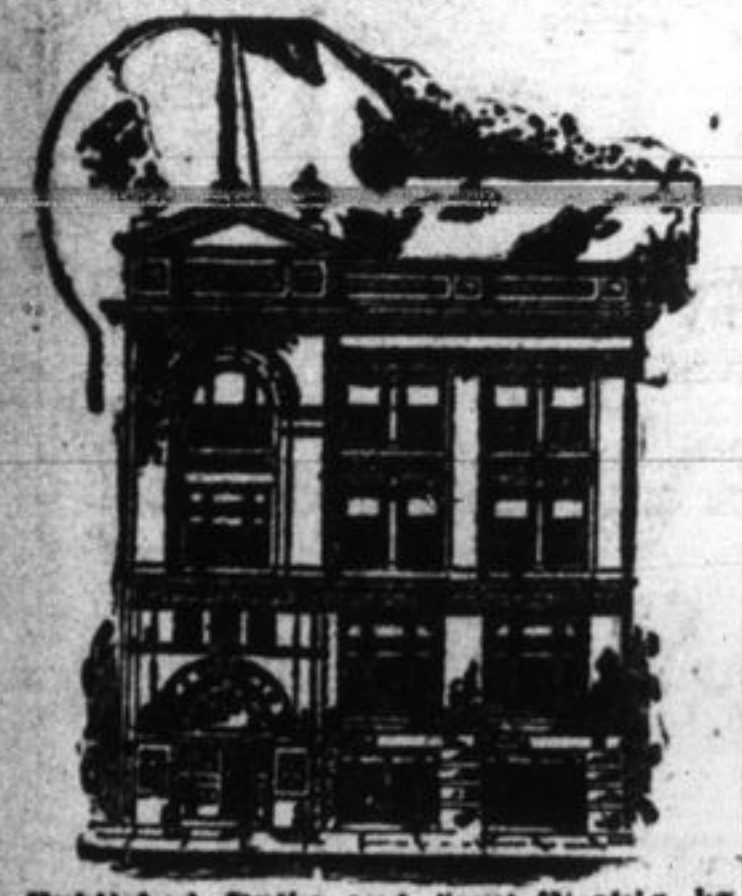


THE BRITISH WHIG 107th YEAR.



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It is better to be straight even though the corkerew has a pull.

A man is known by the company he keeps, and a woman by the kind she avoids.

Samson was blind when he pulled down the temple to ruin his enemies. Paris papers please copy.

Old-fashioned form: "May I presume to introduce myself, sir?" Modern form: "Gotta match?"

As a general thing, the reformer who says the forces of hell are opposing him is flattering himself.

The concert of nations seems to have degenerated into a French solo with snail accompaniment.

We have our doubts about the sportmanship of sneaking up on the North Pole in airships.

These days a man should be suspicious of any chap who offers him the first drink out of the bottle.

In the old days "jag" cure institutes flourished. Bootleg run now curbs its votaries by killing them.

The ideal husband is the one a woman uses as a standard while voicing an opinion of her second one.

The happy homes are run on the give-and-take plan. The husbands give up and the wives take the reins.

The man who depends more on cleverness than old-fashioned honesty is usually headed for an awakening.

The old-fashioned statesman split rails; but some of the new ones seem more interested in splitting the party.

Correct this sentence: "Just keep your seat, dear," urged the husband; "I know where to find my shirt studs."

The crossing of the Red Sea doesn't seem so miraculous after one gets accustomed to crossing Princess Street.

Civilised man is like that kind of egg. You don't realize how bad he is until adversity cracks the pretty shell.

Woman's mind develops more rapidly than man's, which seems to indicate that frequent change encourages growth.

The most satisfactory job is that of an efficiency expert. The boss never can tell whether he is loafing or thinking.

A surgeon can change the shape of your face, or you can get it changed by telling people what you think of them.

If the buyer is to be held equally guilty with the bootlegger, why not hold the snooker equally guilty with the stock swindler.

These college men who protest against football seem to come mostly from institutions whose teams did

Matrimony doesn't settle down to normal comradeship until he is ready to tell her what he really paid for the engagement ring.

THE CAVE WOMAN.

French gallantry is again to the fore. The latest fair one to be rescued from insult and abuse by the Frenchman is the earliest—none other than the cave woman. Ever since the cave woman has been known to receive and ship her products the "Swiss navy" might not cease to be a joke, for the nation would have no use for such an appendage, but a Swiss merchant fleet might not prove intangible, though improbable.

DEDICATING A TEMPLE.

The ceremonies that last evening marked the dedication of the new Masonic temple and the banquet that followed it will live long in the memory of those Masons who were privileged to attend. It was by far the largest gathering of the craft that ever assembled in this fine old city. The commodious new lodge-rooms could accommodate scarce half of those who sought admittance to witness the dedication services. City members kindly withdrew to give place to the visitors from the surrounding countryside and from distant points. Over 800 members of the order sat down to the dinner in Ontario hall, and here again the accommodation was overtaxed, and Memorial hall had to be called into use.

The event while highly creditable to the Masonic order, will be a fine advertisement for the city. Visiting officials were unstinted in their praise of the city and its manifold attractions. Some of them, who visited Kingston for the first time, expressed their surprise at our handsome public and educational buildings and at the beautiful new home which was so fittingly dedicated by the Masons last evening. Such gatherings do much to make a city known and respected far beyond its confines. The Masons of Kingston and district are to be congratulated on the success they attained.

A DANGEROUS POLICY.

The Canadian Association of British Manufacturers has brought to light a matter which is of interest to all Canada. It is the acceptance of the lowest tenders for advertised contracts by public bodies.

Tenders, a difficult subject and one not ordinarily to be interfered with, have caused a lot of trouble here and there. In some cases one tender may be lower than another which, by reason of certain clauses, is more desirable. But in the general run the lowest tender should receive best consideration if fair trading is to be maintained.

Recently, both in Ontario and Quebec, instances have been recorded when Canadian firms were awarded contracts in total disregard of much lower tenders by British firms, and, in some cases, in a manner that was not only unfair but also unbusinesslike.

It is a laudable policy to encourage Canadian enterprise—but it is dangerous when done in such a manner. After such rebuffs have been repeated several times, British capital will simply transfer itself to other fields of activity where competition is fairer, and the "whole show" in this country will be left in the hands of a few Canadian firms. From such situations come monopoly and all its abominations, not the least of which is the fusing of a much larger bill by the taxpayer.

A POSSIBLE SWISS SEAPORT.

There may have been a time when isolation from the sea was not a serious drawback to the prosperity of a nation, but that condition is no more.

In the setting up of new nations after the war, ports were eagerly sought even though they were reached only through a corridor. No nation can attain its highest development in commerce unless it affords opportunity to shipping to reach its boundaries without paying tribute to its neighbors. Switzerland has ever been an inland nation, but there is a chance that its long-sought seaport may be in the way of realization. Italy is said to have made a proposal to the Swiss government whereby a sea outlet may be secured to the hitherto land-locked nation, which would free it from having to account to surrounding nations for the movement of all products to and from its borders.

If Italy grants Switzerland a port, doubtless it is for a consideration, but the possession might be of vastly greater value to the recipient than withholding it would be to the proposed giver. Italy has an abundance of ports, and could share with the Swiss without robbing herself. With a port in which

THE ANANIAS CLUB.

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

Those who have been against Colonel Theodore Roosevelt possibly underrated him, and those who have clung to him have perhaps sought to defy him. As Macaulay said of Warren Hastings, the real man is somewhere between the views of the two extremes. But among the men at either extreme, those who laud and those who do not, none will deny that the ex-president of United States organized the famous club that bore the name of the late and unlamented and very worldly wise Ananias, and that he was the committee on membership during the years of the club's existence.

STILL QUARRELLING.

A clash like that which agitates "fundamentalists" and "modernists" over construction and interpretation of the Bible would not have been a matter of surprise in the Middle Ages. But that the present, with its boasted liberty and progress, should witness such a controversy is not only surprising but discrediting.

If the world has been taught one thing by experience, it is that no man or set of men can dictate to the consciences of others. Yet the fundamentalists are branding the modernists as anti-Christian for daring to doubt the verity of a literal interpretation of the Bible in certain passages. Undoubtedly the fundamentalists think they are right. But this does not give them the right to condemn the modernists for differing in opinion. The latter unquestionably also think they are right and have a right to hold to their contentions.

Medieval history is crowded with records of such clashes and incident bitterness, but the history of these times should be free from them.

Nature Fakirs.

In talking of fabricators and manufacturers and inventors in relation to stories of adventure one day in Washington, he related several anecdotes that he had read in books and declared that these things could not have happened. "These nature fakirs belong to the Ananias Club," was the colonel's opinion, and he enlarged upon it though he did not quote from Jonah's journal of the voyage in the whale.

The phrase "Ananias Club" hit the public right in the fancy. The public appropriated the title for daily use. Post cards appeared on the back of which were blanks, which the sender filled out nominating the addressee for membership in the new club. It was quite the neatest way of informing one person just what another person thought of him.

The colonel in Washington did not use cards, however. He merely told it to the reporters, or, as associate editor, printed it in the Outlook. Reporters never thought of approaching the colonel singly, however. Seldom fewer than five would interview him. It was much safer. A single reporter did not venture to report. He did not dare to unless corroborative witnesses were present. Several Washington correspondents still at the capital will tell anyone why.

Writers of hunting "fiction" were small fry compared to many men whom the colonel nominated and passed into the enjoyment of all the privileges of membership in the Ananias Club. At the Gridiron Club, he shook his fist under the nose of J. P. Morgan one evening, and nominated Harriman of railway fame, and over his signature declared that the railway wizard's statement was "a deliberate and wilful untruth—by right it should be characterized by a shorter and uglier word."

"Shorter and uglier word." There was a smack in that which "delighted" the whole people, especially as railroads were in for a lacing then, and railway officials had much medicine to take every day. The phrase was in the mouth of many men, and children learned it too. It was as popular as Ananias and the postcards. It was also immensely valuable as an advertisement like the teddy bears, and no individual on earth knew this better than Theodore Roosevelt.

If the colonel had not been a politician he might have run a super-advertising agency, that would have commanded international attention. He could have out-propagated the Kaiser. All by himself he might have won the war.

Politics interested him much more than money, and he succeeded in that, no one will deny. The people elected him so emphatically when he ran against Parker that hardly anyone noticed that his opponent was in the race.

Parker received nomination to the Ananias Club and the "committee" passed him a few days before his political submergence. Quote the colonel: "Slenderous accusations repeated time and again by Judge Parker." "He has neither produced nor can he produce proof of their truth." "Judge Parker's accusations against Mr. Cortelyou and me are inventions." "The statements are unqualifiedly and atrociously false," and Judge Parker was at once and automatically a member of the club.

An Unknown Editor.

William Howard Taft's brother Henry read in the papers one morning that he had said that friends of the friends of the colonel had spent a million in his behalf. He, Henry, had started a netterate falsehood not an offhand accidental lie, but one that showed cool purpose. Henry

PRESS COMMENT

Lady Astor. Lady Astor in her Plymouth campaign for M.P. indignantly offers £500 reward if anybody can prove that slumlandlordism adds to the income of the Astors. She is safe enough. New York knows that the Astor family, never sentimentalists, have nevertheless been good landlords.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Christmas Goals. The ample provision which Seroge saw in his vision of Christmas Present is nothing to the variety of goods of our season. The four corners of the world send us their treasures, our own factories have labored to contrive something better than the best of other years, and if ever there was a moment when all parties should join in support of home industries this it is. On the whole, the shops are to be congratulated on their general good fellowship, while we testify our desire to be at peace with all the world by buying from its products what our own people have not learnt to make.—London Telegraph.

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The club came into existence somewhat as follows: Colonel Roosevelt, as all the world is aware, had a passion for killing things. If a moose in friendly curiosity sniffed round the outskirts of a ranch where the colonel happened to be holidaying, he would shoot it. It never occurred to him to do anything else—to reciprocate the curiosity and friendship, for instance, and make a pal of the venturesome beast with an ear of corn or an apple or a lump of sugar. His instincts were Cro-Magnon.

But in the business of killing, he was clever. He went about it scientifically. He acquired fame. The museums of the world coveted the specimens he collected. As a natural historian, he achieved first rank. He had astonishing stories to relate of what he had seen and heard of the daring of the hunter. His knowledge guided him in separating fact from fancy in tales of the chase. He had an instinct for truth and a frankness in discussing anything that suggested Baron Munchausen.

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