

THE BRITISH WHIG



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One evil peculiar to hotels in the hinterland is synthetic coffee.

Time it gets cool enough to sleep is almost time to get up.

If something must be hugged, let it be the curve, not the driver.

Wild women also serve. They help a man to appreciate the one he married.

We can't all go away. Some one must remain at home to receive post cards.

The man who refuses to do honest work usually expects to do honest workers.

An optimist is a man who can make a molehill out of a mountain of trouble.

If a man wants to marry a good job he must learn to love, honor and obey it.

Thinking twice before you speak is better than speaking twice before you think.

At this season the letter's "P.S." usually introduce a warning to water the ferns.

Some women won't be happy in Heaven unless they get new wings every pay day.

The midnight oil doesn't make as many successes as the midnight gas makes failures.

The failure waits for business to pick up while the success gets out and picks it up.

Another thing that puzzles us is when the poor flies sleep in an all-night restaurant.

Thank God for home. You can hang up your hat without paying a dime to get it back.

No prominent citizen seems as awesome after you see his matronly figure in a bathing suit.

Freud may call it a superiority complex, but what really ails the boy of sixteen is swellhead.

Correct this sentence: "My congratulations," said he, "are composed almost wholly of men."

The trouble with a man blowing his own horn is that he usually blows it to beat the band.

Few failures are so complete as that of a bald man with a pug nose in his effort to be a sheik.

Relatives are people who visit you after the weather gets too hot for them to do their own cooking.

Our capitalistic system may keep some men down, but as a cause of failure laziness still leads the field.

Spanking the old-fashioned boy may have been wrong, but it kept him from thinking his mother a valet.

Of course we are fair. We let autos carry passengers and tax the railroads to keep up the autos' road-bed.

BIBLE THOUGHT: IS NOT THIS THE FAST that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?—Isaiah 58:6

FLYING. An aeroplane in France remained in the air thirty-eight hours without coming down to earth. Unlike most air stunts, this is important. It demonstrates that flying is getting safer. Popular reluctance at going up in a plane is due to the fear of falling. As soon as a flier stays aloft a week it will be time to advertise for buyers of flying flippers. The aeroplane industry is obsessed with a craze for speed and long flights. It should, instead, concentrate on safety—the thing used to bring aeroplanes into widespread use.

MAN'S ETERNAL FIGHT. Grasshoppers have been so thick in Texas this summer that the people have had to fight them with arsenic by the trainload. In South Africa the government has just appropriated \$1,500,000 to fight a plague of locusts, the worst on record. In one district, near the Orange River, a single swarm of locusts "extending in an unbroken mass 150 miles in length" is reported to have devoured every bit of green vegetation. The peculiar weather of the last few years has been very favorable to insects of all kinds. Army worms have been destroying crops in the middle west of the United States. Grasshopper plagues. Further progress by the boll weevil. So on, insect enemies, countless billions of them, driving farmers nearly frantic. Reputable scientists frequently point out that a battle is on, between men and insects, for supremacy on earth. Some even believe that the insects will win. It wouldn't take many insect victories, on the scale of the ravages of the boll weevil which is wrecking the American cotton growing industry, to bring men close to starvation. Fortunately, man wins in the long run. Take the disease-carrying mosquito, it has not been vanquished, but it has been driven back—curbed.

Everything in nature has its destroyer and is in turn a destroyer itself. Man kills the insect. The insect kills man, by conveying disease, and also destroys his crops. Falling water destroys the mountain gradually by washing it away. The mountain destroys the valley, slowly lifting it. Grasshoppers eat the crops. Chickens eat grasshoppers. Man eats the chickens. Destruction equals or balances construction. The destroying and constructing are the manifestations of the activity known as life. Nothing is permanent in our existence of three dimensions. Life is an experience, a journey, a succession of changes. It would, after all, be a dull life if we didn't have these changes—including insects to battle. We would win against the insects easily if we were as united and active against them as when we destroy each other in war.

OUR UTILITIES. The report on the city's public utilities shows that the people are paying nearly \$400,000 a year for their electricity, gas and water. The total value of the three plants is in the neighborhood of a million and a half dollars, and the plants are in excellent condition—even the elegant collection office recently established down on Queen street against the expressed wishes of the citizens. The electrical and water departments are getting along well indeed, with their low rates. It is the gas department to which attention is chiefly directed, because even the reduced rate of \$1.65 a thousand cubic feet for gas is too high. If the commission could have seen its way clear to reduce this to \$1.50, the consumers would have been satisfied. When additional electric stoves are not now allowed, owing to power shortage, the people will have to use more gas, and the difference in price for cooking purposes is very marked. Gas at \$1.50 should be the aim of the utilities commission at the beginning of 1925.

WHERE ABORIGINES LINGER. A popular writer, who has been visiting certain of the islands of the South Seas and other parts of the world favored by novelists as scenes for stories of romance and adventure, assures us that he found civilization well advanced in all of these places. His disillusionment—apparently is complete, and the effect that it has on us is to convey the idea that there are really no wild places left in the earth where the aborigines reign supreme and thrilling happenings are of common occurrence. It is interesting to learn that this is a mistake—that there still exists one region on which the white man's civilization has as yet made little impression. The existence of the place is directed to our attention in a cable dispatch from Melbourne, Australia. It has just come to light that the crew and passengers of a steamer which sank near an island off the north coast of Australia about a year ago did not go down with her, as had been supposed, but were spared to death by the natives—that is, all were killed but two women, who were carried off into captivity by the aborigines. A relief expedition is now being organized in Australia to go to the rescue of the women. In its details the story, as yet incomplete, is as striking as the most exciting narratives of Beatrice Grim-

shaw and the other writers of South Sea fiction. The loss of the steamer, the gaining of the island by the survivors of the shipwreck, the fight with the natives, the carrying off of the women, the suspense of awaiting word of what has happened to them during their year of captivity, the organization of the relief expedition, whose part in the history is yet to be enacted—all of the incidents combine to establish that truth still is stranger than fiction.

BOYHOOD SCENES. It is the unwritten law of every Hindu that he shall revisit the place of his birth at least once every twelve years, Dhan Gopal Mukerji writes in the Atlantic Monthly. He advances the novel theory that a wave of homesickness comes to people in cycles or periods twelve years apart. How does this match your own experience? A trip to the old home town after an absence of twelve years is nearly always disappointing, even dismal. The thrill of anticipation increases as your train or touring auto nears the destination where your childhood was passed. You find many new buildings, though a lot of the old landmarks remain. The big change is in the people. Friends of long ago have scattered to the far points of the compass. Many have passed on into eternity. Of those who have remained in the old home town, only a few are "the same as ever." Others have changed so much that you hardly recognize them.

It is interesting to observe how Bill has improved and Tom deteriorated. The brightest boy in school, like as not, will be found holding down an unimportant job at low pay. The supposed dunce may startle you by his great success. The net result is a conclusion that very few people turn out as others expect they will. Time is the acid test. It destroys the weak. It unearths and elevates the strong.

On your visit to the old home town you meet a childhood chum. After a little coaching, he remembers your identity. You talk over the old days and exchange ideas and philosophies of life. Gradually, as you study the chum of long ago, you sense that you are talking to a 95 per cent. different person than the one you formerly knew. Time has changed his body, his thinking, his character. And you, to him, have undergone as great a change. Personality is not a fixed and permanent thing. It changes so much as time passes that it is doubtful if we'd recognize present associates at all if we met them 500 years from now in some other world. Or even fifty years from now, on earth.

PRESS COMMENT

Are Very Welcome. Why do U.S. tourists come to Canada in such numbers? One reason is that to travel northward in hot weather is inviting. Another is that improved highways afford an inviting opportunity which in years past has been lacking, and a third is because they hear so much about this country that they seek a personal acquaintance. Whatever the motive that prompts them they are very welcome, and it is to be hoped they will come in ever-increasing numbers.—Brantford Expositor.

Not So Simple. Premier MacDonald of Great Britain is a frank and honest man. He admits some things that he and his party would not have admitted before they came into power. Speaking of his government's scheme for creating new employment for those who needed it, he said in the House of Commons the other night: "When we were without experience, things seemed very simple to carry out; but when we became members of the cabinet responsible for them, they became very complicated and difficult."

The Prince in Alberta. The announcement that the Prince of Wales will visit his ranch this summer has caused pleasure but no excitement here. As he is again coming as a private gentleman the people of Calgary and of his Alberta home district will as a matter of course respect his desire to be so treated.

When he was here a year ago, as Lord Renfrew, it was conceded that Albertains acted toward their distinguished guest as he preferred to have them act. That is, they left him alone. He did what he pleased. He was not bothered by invitations to do this or that. He played golf, or dug fence posts holes, or planted trees, just as he wished, with no curious eyes following him. All this contributed to the pleasure that the stay here gave him. The Prince of Wales has since said that he likes Canada because it is a big, clean country. He can rest here. He can escape the trappings of royalty. And the people have been good enough to leave him to his own devices.

That is as it should be. When the prince comes again in August we can assure the success of his visit.

by again showing no more attention to him than would be shown in courtesy to any other English gentleman travelling in Canada.—Calgary Herald.



That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D., Better Health.

When you think of the great number of people crowded on the little island called England, you are apt to think that they would push one another off into the sea.

And yet it is really only in London with its teeming millions, and a couple of other cities, that there is really much congestion. A few miles out of London and you are in the quiet green fields, and the fine country roads and lanes.

Why the death rate for 1923 was the lowest in the entire history of England, "better even than when the population was only half the present figure."

Two reasons are assigned for this. First, the health officers take their work very seriously, and from the baby in the cradle, to the industrial worker in the factory, there is supervision, with the sanitary education for the individual that goes with this supervision.

The late hours in the retail stores, and the overtime work in the factories, are now becoming the exception instead of the rule.

Everywhere throughout the land the thought of health looms larger in the minds of the people, than does the thought or idea of wealth.

A hike in the country means more to an English child than a visit to the movies. In other words the outdoors is the first love of the English people. The second reason for better health and lower death rate is said to be due to improvement in the food of the British people.

England is an island, and depends upon her foreign trade for much of her raw and manufactured materials. And she has learned to eat the foods from all parts of the world brought on her ships.

Meat, eaten once a week in former years, is now eaten at least once a day by almost everybody.

This is possible on account of the outdoor life of the people. English people have always been fond of vegetables, and their market places are just hives of industry on market days.

But the big thing about the English people is that they live healthily, and everything is done that will give them a chance to get outdoors.

WHY THE WEATHER?

DR. CHARLES F. BROOKS, Secretary, American Meteorological Society, Tells How.

The Color of Lightning. Lightning flashes sometimes appear white, sometimes pink or rosy, and in rare instances, red. The red or pink flashes are supposed to be caused by the presence of hydrogen. It is thought that the lightning discharge may dissociate some of the water in its path into its elements, oxygen and hydrogen. The pink light is that of luminous hydrogen which has many red hues in its spectrum.

Sometimes the pink or red hue is due, not to hydrogen, but merely to atmospheric absorption. Distant lightning may appear red, just as the sun or moon look red when near the horizon. For smoke or dust particles in the air will absorb light of short wave lengths, and allow that of long wave lengths, orange or red, to pass through.

The white lightning is owing to the light from the oxygen and nitrogen of the atmosphere. Together these substances cover rather evenly all colors of the spectrum and therefore produce white light.

FISHING FOR BASS. A Number of Americans Come Into This Territory. Wolfe Island, Aug. 4.—The usual quota of summer tourists to the island has not been so large as in former years owing, no doubt, to the remarkably cool weather. The water has not been pleasantly warm for bathers nor the fishing so good as usual. Many American motor boats come right to our shores to fish for bass, though this privilege is denied Canadians in American waters.

Haying is about completed, and the grain still quite green. Jasper O'Connell, New York, is here visiting his father, who has been very seriously ill for some time. Miss Rose Scott returned to her duties in the parliament buildings in Ottawa today, after a pleasant two weeks at J. J. Conley's. Edwin Staley, Toronto, has been under the doctor's care for the past two weeks at his home here.

BIBBY'S \$29.50 Suit Sale. We're taking no half-way steps toward making this sale a real money-saving event for you. And we're making no pretences about our reason for cutting prices as we have. It's simply that we've got to clear our stock before the Fall goods come in. And there's only one way of doing that—making them at a price. You'll see the Suits and agree that we've done that. Your sense of values will stir you into an immediate purchase. Regular \$35.00 and \$37.50 values for \$29.50. Regular \$45 for \$35.00. SUITS \$14.75. SUITS \$18.00. SUITS \$22.50. BIBBY'S

KINGSTON IN 1851. Viewed Through Our Files.

Agricultural Progress. Oct. 8.—Canada has this year shown to the world that it is not the bleak and barren wilderness which Father Hennepin and some of his contemporary explorers found it. We have competed, and with honor, with the world, not only in the natural products of our soil, but in arts and manufactures (London Exhibition, 1851). We have also competed successfully with our neighbor at the state fair at Rochester, unquestionably the most important meeting of the kind ever held on this continent; and those who have been in the habit of attending our provincial exhibitions, and have seen the one just over, need not be told how much we have improved. Much of all this may be attributed to the self-reliance and enterprise derived from our Township and District Agricultural Societies. Formerly we looked on, and gazed with admiration and awe at such exhibitions, just as an enlightened mind would upon the map of the universe, viewing each excellence as worthy of all praise but unapproachable by us. Now matters are changed,—we have imagined ourselves able to cope and grapple with those wonders; the imagination has led us to endeavor, and success has been the result. But there is yet another and very important view to be taken of the case. Federal union between the British North American provinces has long been talked of theoretically; it has now been practically effected by bonds of wire which will ere long change into heavier bars. When the iron horses shall be daily traversing the entire length of the British American continent, which will be the case ere long, in spite of the paltry opposition of narrow-minded politicians, it will be found that a community of interests will bind us not only closer to each other but to the Empire of which we shall yet be the proudest boast.

Canada's Story Day by Day. The history of the province of Ontario goes back almost two centuries, when, on this day in 1737, the first of them was held. Gilles Hocquart the intendant at the time, was a man of vision, who in promoting the interests of agriculture and trade, was developing in the settlers a love of their new home and contentment of spirit. At the same time the products of the farms went toward supplying the needs of all the settlers. Hocquart was the man who discovered the red pines which he selected personally and shipped home to France for masts for the French ships of war. His object in establishing the fairs was to attract the Indians to the towns to trade. The fair held at Montreal soon attracted hosts of savages who swept down the river annually in fleets of canoes. They set up their wigwams and built their camp-fires outside the city walls, on the day of their arrival. On the day following, there was a great ceremonial council on the river bank. Usually the Governor of New France was present in all the splendor of the official costume of the day. We can imagine something of the rude splendor of the scene when men representing the two extremes of ex-

Tenth Anniversary Of the Great War

August 6th, 1914. The second day of the war found many men in Kingston offering themselves at the armouries and at the R.C.H.A. headquarters for service. Several ex-service men applied to Postmaster Stewart. The R.C.H.A. has received orders to bring the unit up to strength and be ready to move before the end of the week. It is thought the destination is Esquimaux. Capt. E. B. Sparks, adjutant of the 14th, has asked for recruits to bring the unit up to strength. Much enthusiasm was shown by "A" and "B" companies of the 14th when they paraded to the armouries on the night of the fifth to get in uniform so as to be in readiness in case of a call. Feeling runs high in the city. A resident who made a slighting remark on the street about the British Navy was attacked and badly furred before he escaped. Local public opinion thinks the war will be brief. For the first time in its history there were no sales at the Frontenac cheese board this week, the buyers having received instructions from Montreal not to buy for a week, owing to the war. Mayor Shaw, once a sergeant in the 14th, a Fenian Raid veteran, and holding captain's papers, is anxious to go to the war, if necessary.

SEVEN SENTENCE SERMONS. To be able to have the things we want, that is riches; but to be able to do without, that is power.—George Macdonald. He who persists in gentleness will increase in adequacy.—T. T. Lynch. Days change so many things—yes, hours. We see so differently, in sun and showers; Mistaken words to-night May be cherished by to-morrow's light; We will be patient—for we know why There's such a little way to go.—Anon. Our grand business in life is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle. What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee.—Psa. 56:3. And Satan trembles when he sees The weakest saint upon his knees.—William Cowper. Make a rule, and pray God to help you keep it, never, if possible, to lie down at night without being able to say, "I have made one honest being, at least, a little wiser, a little happier or a little better this day."—Charles Kingsley.

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THE WEATHER MAY SEEM FAIR AND WARM—BEFORE THE COMING OF A STORM! CRAWFORD'S COAL QUARTETTE

WHEN the weather seems mild and balmy at this time of the year it may be bluffing. Remember that there is a cloud behind every silver lining and remember our phone number when you make up your mind to order coal. Crawford. PHONE 9. QUEEN ST. A. F. Forest, Renfrew, passed away in hospital there. He was seventy years of age. One daughter survives. On July 25th at Tweed, Rev. A. E. Smart united in marriage Wilbert Noah Kimmerly and Hattie Curtis, both of the township of Kaladar.