

THE BRITISH WHIG SIXTY YEAR



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Cold feet often keep a hot head out of trouble.

Breakfast bacon is fat meat that got into society.

An auto speeder discovers his mistake by accident.

There isn't much about a loafer to make fortune smile.

You can't get ahead by spending your time getting even.

Many men who pass for optimists are just too lazy to kick.

The straight and narrow path is wide enough for its traffic.

We have so much trouble because we make it for everybody else.

At thirty: Ambition. At forty: Rich. At fifty: Sanatorium.

The mosquito and the fly were merely awaiting warm weather.

Money talks, but it doesn't hesitate long enough to say much.

Big business manages to control about everything except its appetite.

It isn't equality men desire so much as a chance to soak their betters.

A man who marries for money can't get along with or without his wife.

Radio fans will soon be able to rest up to take their summer vacations.

Epitaph: He thought they were hold-up men instead of dry agents and didn't stop.

Titles are meaningless in this free country, and at times sub-titles are like that, also.

Any kind of fellow will do if the possession of him makes his girl friends envious.

A HURRYING AGE.

In the list of what may be called the chief characteristics of our present era may be found the assertion that this is an age when "nobody has any time."

They draw their proof for this assertion from the ever-increasing speed of our means of transportation. A half-hour reduction in the time it takes to go from Montreal to Toronto; a mile added to the record of the number per hour in aeroplane travel; a half hour gained in a trans-Atlantic trip—these are events that our hurrying age greets with joy.

Thus runs the lament of the critics. But is it indeed a matter of such grave concern? True, there was a time when men had more leisure than they take to themselves to-day, but we have yet to learn that in those days men had a greater abundance either of social progress or human happiness than we have to-day.

We can't deny that we are in a hurry, but as compared with more leisurely periods in history it isn't to be denied that we get things done. And, after all, that is what counts.

MOTHER'S BUSY SEASON.

There are some weeds to be dug, crops to be gathered in, fences to be mended and cows to be milked, but down on the farm this is the season when mother is the busiest person alive. Soon there will be roasting ears in hampers brought from the fields, peas, tomatoes and cucumbers ready for canning; wild cherries, peaches, plums, early apples and blackberries in buckets, tubs and pans.

The rich aromatic pungency of sweet spices, cinnamon, cloves and ginger fills the air. And in stained pulp bags dripping purple juices, white plates of golden brown discs in the sun, and full, steaming containers on the stove, there is promise of jelly, jam, preserves, pickle and sauce. Busy fingers peel, cut, slice and pit, stir, pour, bottle and cap, seeming never to ask or find a moment of relaxation. Quietly but hurriedly for the fruit may spoil, the work is carried on until shelves are stocked with the good things that make a house a home.

On a smaller scale canning is done in the city. Despite the development of wholesale preserving, no substitutes for products prepared at home have been found. Even in the two-room, light-housekeeping apartment one or two jars of peaches, plums or grapes reverently are being laid aside until winter comes again.

Then when the last robin has winged its way to the south and the shrill wind of winter demands entrance to the home, mother will go to the pantry and proudly produce a jar, can or bottle. The hard work on long, hot days will be forgotten; the memory of abundant fields, of juicy fruits and luxuriant gardens will remain. This is the season mother tries to keep until it comes again. Alas, however, such mothers are not always to be found in the city these days. But many a city man has proud and reverent memory of such a mother—and of such delectable concoctions as her dear hands prepared for her loved ones.

OUR RADIO EARS.

The ordinary house fly, as everyone knows, has thousands of eyes. Each of them gives him a different picture of his surroundings. All his eyes, however, are bunched together, and every eye sees almost the same scene. The only way Mr. Fly can see something new, is to go to the new place, and take his generous supply of vision along with him.

Man is pretty much in the same fix. His two eyes see just about as much as the fly's many eyes, and he has to move his whole body around the world, if he wants to feast his eyes on some new picture. Photography and the printing press have, of course, done something for man. They bring him more or less faithful reproductions of distant scenes and things, and the motion picture puts a measure of animation into those images.

But the fly can see the pictures too, so man is not much better off, so far as seeing is concerned. The pictures may not mean much to the fly, he may misinterpret them, but man frequently makes the same mistake, and no one would choose to look at even a motion picture, rather than see the scene itself.

Man's ears were even more limited than his eyes. He could see great distances, he could look into the very depths of space, and with the telescope and the microscope, see the greatest and the smallest (or almost the smallest) things in the universe. He could hear only over very limited distances, a few thousand feet, and there were no instruments to increase this power of hearing.

Then came the telephone and later radio broadcasting.

The telephone, in its present state of development, makes it possible for anyone to talk to anybody almost anywhere. It extends our ears and our voices, and annihilates the miles that may be between two people who must talk to each other. It is a tremendous help to us.

It also provides many fine things for us to hear. Some of us, a very limited few, can find the time and the means to travel and see some small part of a beautiful world. The rest of us must stay at home and be content with what we can learn from pictures and books. Also, some few of us live in the great centres where the feasts for the ear are to be found, and some of us can go and hear them. But here again, most of us cannot hear things, or could not until radio came.

Radio broadcasting extends our ears. Even to-day, with this new art starting its fourth year, we send our ears into a dozen different places of amusement, almost any time we wish to. We can send them to great cities to hear the symphony orchestras, we can send them into the churches to hear the famous preachers, we can send them into the studios where carefully chosen artists have come to sing or play for us. We can send them into the hotel dining rooms where dance orchestras are playing, and we can send them to banquets and conventions.

ADVERSITY A SPUR.

Are you up against it? Don't worry. It's up against you.

Eight years ago Alfred Floegel arrived in New York from Leipzig unable to speak English and without money or prospects. But he had himself and a will to work. And work he did, as house painter, stucco worker, ship's painter and kalsomner. As much time as he could he spent in his squalid little studio, for his ambition was to be an artist, not an artisan. So it is announced that he has won the Prix de Rome, which entitles him to a three years' residence in the Academy of Arts and to an income of \$3,000 a year.

Floegel was up against it, many times. But it was up against him. Adversity seldom keeps a good man down. For adversity makes him work the harder, and the harder he works the more the good that is in him is made strong and dominant.

They say that when nations become rich and powerful they turn to the arts and win fame in them. That is largely true, for a young nation like Canada, hewing its way in the wilderness, has little time for the cultivation of life's finer side. That will come in the fullness of time. But this must be said, that they who will win fame for this country in the arts will be—as were those who won immortality for Italy and Greece—chiefly those who must fight their way. Nations turn to the arts in the day of their prosperity, but their fame is won by men who battle with adversity.

PRESS COMMENT

Britain and John W. Davis.

Mr. John W. Davis has been nominated Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States. That fact, perhaps, is of greater interest for Englishmen than all the vast and confused American issues—domestic and foreign, religious and social—from which so satisfactory a result has at last emerged. To them, at least, it cannot but be satisfactory. They have no desire to be thought to take sides in Transatlantic politics. They do not count on any special advantage to themselves in the triumph either of Republicans or of Democrats in the forthcoming Presidential election. But they know Mr. Davis at first hand as few candidates have ever been known in England before; and it is of natural interest to them that a man who has lived amongst them as one of the most sympathetic and competent in the long line of distinguished American Ambassadors should be chosen so soon after his return as a popular leader in his own country.—London Times.

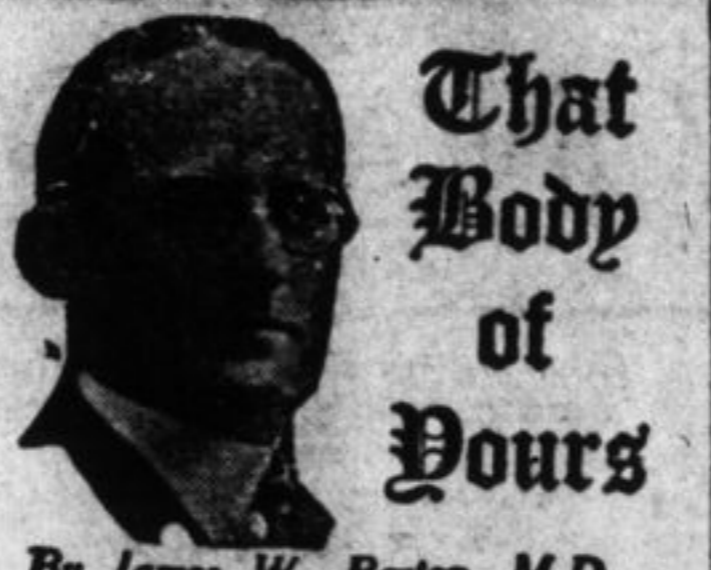
WHY THE WEATHER?

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

Dust Whirls. Amusing, and sometimes unpleasant, whirls of leaves and dust are common beside tall buildings on windy days and in more open country on quiet, sunny days in summer. Small convectional dust whirls are caused by overheating of the lower air to the height of a few feet, and are favored by barren surfaces in level regions. Thus dust whirls were observed frequently, sometimes at regular intervals of eight to ten minutes, on a Texas parade ground. The tops of their columns were found to rise about ten feet per second, and at times to become capped with a cloud in 10 to 15 minutes. The whirls may turn either clockwise or counter clockwise; with diameters seldom more than a few yards near the ground. They are too small to be much influenced by the direction of the earth's rotation. In arid, tropical countries, dust whirls may become truly formidable the dense and dark "dust-devils" of the desert, lasting sometimes several hours.

But, as Dr. W. J. Humphreys points out, "however violent, this sort of storm is never a tornado; it originates near the surface and is sustained by the supply of warm air below, while the true tornado is generated and developed by conditions that occur at the cloud level."

Some cats are domestic, and another kind abominable house work.



By James W. Barton, M.D., Which to Obey—Your Dentist or Doctor.

You have had swelling of the joints, or pain in joints, or in the back, and have gone to your family physician regarding same.

He overhauls you thoroughly and tells you that rheumatism is not a mysterious ailment any more, that there is some definite cause, that he will try to locate the cause, and with your help get you free from this painful and serious invader.

After finding no evidence of trouble in the tonsils, nor history of sore throat, nor any trouble with the nose or ears, and no history of constipation, he concludes that there is nothing left but the teeth, and there at the roots are some slight areas of infection.

In consultation with your dentist he suggests the removal of those teeth that look suspicious to say the least.

The dentist in his endeavor to preserve a good grinding surface for you rather hesitates to remove these teeth. He sees more teeth than your doctor, and a great many of them show these slight infections at the roots, and there is no trouble in the joints or elsewhere.

Naturally he is inclined to disagree with your doctor, and you are up against the proposition of offending your doctor or your dentist. Now a dentist should know more about teeth than a doctor, and you may therefore feel inclined to do as your dentist advises.

Now this is my point. Your dentist knows more about the teeth than your doctor all right, and often understands the body as a whole very well, but just the same the doctor is treating you for a general condition of the blood, due to some poison, and as he cannot locate the cause anywhere else, he is naturally justified in blaming it on the teeth.

If he asked you to have the teeth removed before investigating every other source, then you and your dentist would be right in objecting to this.

You see one tiny abscess at the root of a tooth may contain such a virulent poison, that your entire system can be poisoned thereby. Fortunately nine times out of ten the dentist and the doctor agree as to the course to pursue, because a dentist's training now, is of such a nature, that he is in a position to appreciate general disturbances of the system.

But, where you are up against this difference in opinion, remember that your doctor is responsible for the relief of your rheumatism, and you must co-operate with him to the fullest extent.

Tenth Anniversary Of the Great War

August 8th, 1914.

Guards of men of the 14th Regiment have been placed on duty at the Kingston Shipbuilding Company's dock, the Catarqui bridge and the wireless station at Barrieffield.

Twenty men of the 14th have applied for enlistment for overseas. They are being medically examined by Capt. R. J. Gardiner, medical officer for the regiment.

Allan ("Scotty") Davidson, Portmouth, the noted hockey player, says he intends to volunteer.

The I.O.D.E. and the Local Council of Women held meetings this week to discuss raising funds for a hospital ship. A meeting of the Red Cross Society has been called for next week. St. John's Ambulance Association has formed a committee to provide surgical supplies for the wounded in the war. The committee includes Mrs. Iva Martin, president, Miss E. Macdonell, treasurer; Miss M. Redden, secretary; Mrs. H. A. Panet, Mrs. H. R. Duff, Mrs. A. E. Ross, Mrs. J. B. Mowat, Miss L. Mowat, Mrs. Gilles, Mrs. Tower, Mrs. H. Macpherson, Miss F. Cunningham, Miss Norton-Taylor, Mrs. J. M. Campbell, Miss Sawyer, Miss L. Kirkpatrick, Misses H. and E. Hague.

"Business is practically dead, due to the war," says a prominent real estate man.

KINGSTON IN 1851

Viewed Through Our Files

ANOTHER CONFLAGRATION.

Oct. 27.—This morning between twelve and one o'clock, a fire broke out in a stable in the rear of Mr. McCammon's bakery, in the block bounded by King, Wellington, William and Earl streets. All the houses on William street with the exception of the corner house occupied by Mr. Ferguson were burned to the ground. Among the sufferers we may name Messrs. William Derry, Robert McCammon, Papineau, Paul Hugg and Peter Hanley. Dr. Sampson's house on the opposite side of William street was for some time in much danger but escaped. Great praise is due to the military and the city fire brigade for saving the houses on the opposite side of William street.

Wouldn't it be great if we all made as much money as we claim we do?

BIBBY'S Big Clearance Sale Is On. Are you getting your share of the many bargains we are offering? NOBBY STRAW HATS, SUITS, MEN'S SOFT COLLARS, MEN'S ATHLETIC UNDERWEAR, MEN'S OUTING SHIRTS, OUR SPECIAL \$29.50 SUIT SALE, MEN'S SILK HOSE, MEN'S GENUINE ENGLISH BROADCLOTH SHIRTS.

BIBBY'S

Canada's Story Day by Day

By B. Odwen Davies

August 8th.

On the shores of Hudson's Bay are to-day the crumbled and lonely ruins of the finest fortifications built in Canada. There once stood the splendid Fort Prince of Wales, in its time greater than the fort at Quebec. Its massive walls, three hundred feet long each side, were thirty feet wide at the base and tapered to twenty feet wide on top. They were built of dressed stone, and lined with great bastions which guarded each of the corners. Forty great cannon were mounted in the fort, numerous enough and powerful enough to bring defiance at any enemy which dared penetrate the fastnesses of Hudson's Bay. The ancient company, the Hudson's Bay Company, spent forty years at work upon the fort. Within its walls were buildings which were used as living quarters for the traders and soldiers, as storehouses for food, furs and trading supplies, and as offices for business and administration. Samuel Hearne, the discoverer of the Coppermine river, and the first white man to reach the shore of the Arctic Ocean overland, commanded the fort in 1772, when, on this day, he surrendered it to a French fleet which threatened to besiege it. He had only thirty-nine men in his command, where four hundred were needed to guard its walls and man its great guns. Hearne perhaps hoped to secure reasonable terms by surrendering without bloodshed, but the triumphant invaders turned the inhabitants out into the woods to fare for themselves and set their troops to loot the fort.

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Atlantic.

"Mother," said the Professor, "I am married to an American girl. And she has bobbed her hair."

"Has she, my son?" returned Mrs. Fikret Bey calmly. "Well, so has your revered aunt in Turkey, who is 40 years old. There have been many changes in Turkey. Turkey has become very European or American recently. The women wear no veils and their dresses are not very different from those worn by women here."

WOMEN OF TURKEY BEING EMANICIPATED

Widow of Fikret Bey Tells Son Ottomans Are Becoming Westernized.

New York, Aug. 8.—Allah may disapprove all of this. But facts are facts, and Mrs. Fikret Bey, widow of Turkey's most distinguished poet, sees no reason for hiding them.

Her son, who is Assistant Professor of Engineering at the University of Cincinnati, met her as she came down the gang plank from the Asia, aboard which she had crossed the Atlantic.

The Canadian National Exhibition is now in its forty-sixth year. It started in 1879 but really dates back to 1846 when the Association of Ontario Arts and Agriculture was formed, an institution that had its start with the first fair in Canada, established at Niagara in 1793 when the future settlers decided to grow flax for the purpose of furnishing the raw material for the canvas that provided the motive power for the British Navy and Mercantile Marine of that day.

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WHEN the weather seems mild and balmy at this time of the year it may be blinding. Remember that there is a cloud behind every silver lining and remember our phone number when you make up your mind to order coal.

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The school of scandal, you will notice, is always crowded with apt and eager pupils. It is not best to be close communion with your good and helpful ideas. The speech of the people would make a volume of conflicting ideas.

BIBLE THOUGHT

COMMIT THY WAY unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.—Psalm 37:5, 6.