

THE BRITISH WHIG SIXTY YEAR.



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You don't have to know a girl to see lots of her.

The home stretch these days is in the pocketbook.

The worst habit is the habit of forming bad habits.

A small bank balance is a true sign of a hard winter.

Most of us think we were born a few years too soon.

Lots of society buds become blooming wall flowers.

Distance doesn't lend much enchantment to prosperity.

Some girls think they have got to be fast to catch a husband.

The line of least resistance is sometimes the waist line.

The modern girl's hope chest contains an alimony recipe.

If all our wishes were granted, who would build the autos?

The height of ignorance is thinking you know everything.

Skinny girls are good swimmers because the stay in the water.

Thinking you know is never as important as knowing you think.

See things as you travel along, because life is a one-way street.

They are discovering ways to do everything fast except sleep.

Nearly everybody who is glad to meet you is selling something.

Looks like the women with the most clothes wear the fewest.

Only thing worse than a man who can't cuss is a woman who can.

Cheer up! Four months from now we will wish we had some heat.

Many fish would starve if it wasn't for the man who tries to catch them.

Some fellows are glad to get back to school; others can't make the team.

When a girl tells a man to save his money it's a sign he is going to need it.

A man on a vacation spends more money accidentally than he does on purpose at home.

There is some doubt about who won the war; but not about who is paying for it.

Everybody knows the horn of plenty, but the horn of too much is the saxophone.

Most of these men who long for the good old days would hate to go to bed at 6 o'clock.

Many divorces are caused by two persons who are in love with themselves getting married.

These men who always want to start something are never around when you want something started.

Ever since fashion men said night-shirts were back we have been looking for a hotel fire to see if it is true.

BIBLE THOUGHT: HEAR, O ISRAEL: THE LORD OUR GOD IS ONE LORD.—Deuteronomy 6:4.

QUEEN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The year 1924 appears to be unlucky for Queen's university, which has lost two of its buildings by fire in six months. The destruction of the old medical building will cause keen regret wherever there is a medical graduate of Queen's. It was in this building that all the older graduates still in practice sat at the feet of Aesculapius and received their whole medical education; and in later years all graduates received part of their training in this same building, which was erected in 1858 and handed over to the medical faculty in 1880 when the old arts building was completed. For forty-four years it has been the central part of Queen's medical college and from its classrooms and dissecting department and laboratories have gone forth doctors who now occupy leading places in their profession throughout the world. Some of the founders of Queen's medical college taught in this building, the last being the late Dr. Fife Fowler, who was dean for many years. Then Hon. Dr. Michael Sullivan, one of the first graduates, was also for a long time on the surgery teaching staff. Besides Dr. Fowler, the original medical staff of Queen's consisted of Dr. Sampson, Dr. John Stewart, Dr. Horatio Yates, Dr. J. R. Dickson and Dr. William Hayward.

It is just seventy years since Queen's medical college was established. The records show that certain students attending the Toronto medical college, having been informed that they could not obtain the degree of doctor of medicine unless they conformed to certain religious tests which were distasteful to them, petitioned the leading physicians of Kingston to establish a college in the Limestone City, which was done, and the first session was opened in a building near the corner of Princess and King streets in the autumn of 1854. The Queen's Medical college passed through many trying times, but to-day it ranks with the best on the continent. The misfortune which has now overtaken it will be surmounted just as all other misfortunes were overcome, and the destruction of the old building of many happy memories will assuredly prove a blessing in disguise.

RAINMAKING A FAKE.

Rainmaking on a commercial scale is an unadulterated fake. This is the opinion of W. J. Humphreys, professor of meteorological physics at the United States weather bureau. Dr. Humphreys, who reported his researches to physicians at the British Association in Toronto, has investigated the more persistently urged schemes for producing rain from the point of view of the underlying scientific principles they involve, and they have also been subjected to quantitative experiments in order to try them out practically. The outcome of the study is the conclusion that artificial rain is a magazine-cover myth.

Among the methods speedily dispatched were the production of loud noises, the use of chemicals, mechanical or forced convection, and the use of fog collecting screens. Later dusting the sky with the idea of providing nuclei for the formation of drops of water in unwilling clouds failed; spraying liquid acid on cloudbanks did not chill them sufficiently to cause precipitation; finally, sprinkling the clouds with electrified sand with the hope that there might be some electrical phenomenon involved, did not produce the desired result.

"None of these rainmaking methods are practicable in the commercial sense of the term," concluded Dr. Humphreys. The research, however, did have the result of uncovering data valuable from the meteorological point of view.

ONCE IS ENOUGH.

Lieut. Arnold, one of the American globe flyers, remarked while in Paris that he would not part with the experience of the flight for a million nor would he undertake it again for a million.

Since the aviators had endured the storm and cold of Alaska, the heat of South China and India, the sandstorms of the Persian Gulf region, and having come safely through it all, it is comprehensible that there should be elation that all this had been endured and survived in a record-breaking feat, but at the same time there would be no desire to repeat the experience. Once is enough. If every obstacle could be foreseen when men set out to do something which has never been done before, if there were not a glamour over that which lies in the future, perhaps many notable feats would not be performed under the conditions which surround the doing.

The day may come when flying over the route taken by the aviators will not impose the hardships encountered by the pioneers, but the change will be due to improved craft and the presence of human habitations where storm-tossed air-men may find a haven when needed. The trail-breakers in any difficult enterprise may make the way easier for those who follow. If the around-the-world flight is successfully completed we may expect next an effort to better the time made. There will

be others willing to try without a million being offered.

Because man has this spirit of seeking to excel, the world moves forward. Were mankind of the dead level sought by the social dreamer, were none permitted to rise above the herd, there would be no globe flights. Such strenuous effort would not be worth while, for it would get one nothing.

THE IRISH BLOCKADE.

J. H. Thomas, the colonial secretary in the British government, is having a taste of what former British cabinet ministers have had to endure in endeavoring to pacify the diverse elements in Ireland. For months he has been trying to have the question of a boundary commission to define the limits between the Irish Free State and Ulster brought to a satisfactory conclusion, but so far all his efforts have failed. This failure has not been due to any slackness on his part, but due to the absolute refusal of the Ulster government to consider appointing commissioners on the boundary question. He takes the stand that the boundary commission is fully provided for by law, and is endeavoring to accede to the demands of the Irish Free State that action be taken in accordance with the law. In spite of this, Ulster seeks to interpret the law differently, and is blocking the final settlement of the matter.

Mr. Thomas has announced that he intends to take the matter to parliament, and to pass legislation compelling a settlement of the boundary dispute. It is very likely that such legislation, if it is found necessary, will be passed. The boundary commission is provided for in legislation which was passed by the former Conservative regime, so the Conservatives cannot very well, at this stage, oppose a measure putting into effect the provisions of its own legislation. Strange things sometimes happen, however, in politics, and it may be that the Conservatives will find some pretext for opposing Mr. Thomas' bill.

The important point, however, is not whether or not the legislation will pass the House of Commons, but what the result of the legislation will be. The history of Ireland's troubles for the past twenty years shows that if an Irishman does not want to submit to any particular legislation regarding his own country, then he fights it to the bitter end. He has no respect for any law which he thinks is intruding on his national rights, so the question naturally arises as to whether the North of Ireland government will be any more willing to submit to a new bill than they are to submit to the laws which are already in effect. Truly the lot of Mr. Thomas is not an enviable one, and he will be a fortunate man if he can solve the question without blood being shed once again in Ireland.

Canada's Story Day by Day

By B. Owen Davies

AUGUST 11.

On this day in 1791, the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, arrived in Quebec, where he had been assigned to military duties. He had travelled by warship, from Gibraltar, the two ships which had made the journey together, the "Ulysses" and the "Resistance," taking seven weeks on the way. The young Duke was fond of life at Quebec, and Kent House, at Montmorency Falls, now a hotel, was his country residence. He was popular with the people during his three years in Quebec and more than once he lent a helping hand in fighting fires in the city. He spent four years in Halifax and that city has several mementoes of the gay young officer. He was hurriedly called from the free life of Canada which he loved to the West Indies, on the outbreak of fresh wars. He made a hasty dash by sleigh in winter across Lake Champlain, on his way to embark. The ice gave way and all his belongings were lost, though he happily escaped with his life. Arriving at last at Boston he embarked on a tiny ship of six guns, ran the gauntlet of French warships, and was fired on but escaped again. In Canada he formed warm friendships with Alexander MacKenzie, the explorer, and with distinguished French-Canadians. His long correspondence with Col. de Salaberry, continued almost till his death, is now available in the Canadian archives.

WHY THE WEATHER?

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

The Insides of a Thunderstorm. We, who remain on the ground generally have little idea of what goes on within the great towering mass of thunder cloud above us. The few aviators who have flown through a thunderstorm and come out alive, are better acquainted with its violent air currents. They agree that the turbulence within a thunderstorm is awful to experience. The heavy fall of rain and the coolness of the air under the cloud produce a downflow of air which spreads laterally in the form of a squall. The air which goes down in a thunderstorm is supplied by a return flow above the squall. Many aviators have been caught in this great up-current which occurs in the front of the squall wind issuing from the base of a thunderstorm. In one such case the aeroplane was lifted from an elevation of 2,000 to 7,000 feet in almost no time. An aeroplane in the squall wind itself will be troubled by gustiness and eddies. In the rain within the thunderstorm, a plane is likely to be carried down, not only by the weight of the rain, but also by the downflow of the air. According to one aviator, in the main storm mass, there was lightning all around, but it was pitch black otherwise, and the plane was tossed helplessly up and down. It is evident that the aeroplane has opened to the meteorologist a new means of investigating the phenomena of the air. With heavy cloud masses like the thunderstorm, little of what goes on within can be observed from the ground. How much more satisfactory, though how much more dangerous, it must be, to be

ECHO.

In all the sobbing of the seas I hear faint voices calling low Across the centuries that are dead, From silent lands where no winds blow.

They speak no tongue that I call mine— Theirs is the language of the tides, But from the stars their whispers come And in my heart their song abides.

They are the bards of other years, And from the world beyond the night, Their chanting echoes for all time From lands beyond the sunset light. —R. R. Greenwood in the Boston Transcript.



By James W. Barton, M.D.

The Brook and You. I watched a little brook one day as it tumbled down over a small precipice.

The water churned itself into a mass of foam, seemed to circle first in one direction and then into another, as if undecided as to its proper destination, then moved along again on its way.

I couldn't help but think of how much it resembled the individual who has been under a severe strain, has had a serious illness, a shock of some kind. He flounders about in his life's affairs, knowing not which way to turn.

His whole mechanism, nervous and muscular, is in such a turmoil that it is incapable of functioning properly. The result is that he says and does things that are not like him, because of this shock, and the after turmoil.

His ordinary habits of life are likewise in such a muddle that his eating, sleeping, his ordinary exercise, just walking only, are all askew.

As I watched the brook I noticed that some sticks, branches, and pieces of debris were helping to dam back the water, and kept it in small whirlpools, instead of letting it get along on its way.

I removed these obstructions, and immediately the waters burst away into the general stream.

You can thus see that after you have had a shock or illness, and are floundering around, that often there are little obstructions, physical and mental, that keep you for days, weeks, perhaps even months, from getting back to your normal self again.

These obstructions may be due to some physical cause. For instance when you are well and strong an infected tooth or tonsil may not affect you, because your resistive forces overcome the effects. When you have been ill or have suffered a shock these forces are weakened, perhaps paralyzed for the time being.

If something is "on your mind," is worrying you, it also can be the obstruction holding back your natural flow of health.

Look around, take hold of yourself, mentally and physically, and get the obstruction removed.

KINGSTON IN 1851

Viewed Through Our Files

Wolfe Island Canal.

Nov. 10.—To His Worship, The Mayor of Kingston: Sir,—The undersigned citizens of Kingston respectfully request that you will be pleased to call a public meeting of the inhabitants thereof on Monday next, at one o'clock p.m. to take into consideration the necessity of adopting immediate measures to construct the Wolfe Island Canal, so that it may be ready for use at the same time with the Rome and Cape Vincent railroad now rapidly drawing to completion.

No. 11.—The meeting took place in the City Hall and was well attended. The speakers were Messrs. John A. McDonald, A. Campbell, Rev. J. Allen, W. Ford, J. Counter, J. Forsythe and some other and all their arguments were in favor of a canal across Long Island, from Cape Vincent to Kingston. So it was determined to appoint a committee at Cape Vincent to take measures to dig the canal during the coming winter.

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BIBBY'S. able to fly up and investigate personally what is happening? The new rate is \$5.15 a hundred-weight.

Tenth Anniversary Of the Great War. August 11th, 1914. The 14th Regiment now has 120 men doing guard duty about the city. In the Sons of England Hall, on the night of the 10th inst., enthusiastic endorsement was given a resolution that the flag floating over the building remain there till the Germans are defeated, or it is worn out.

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WRITTEN AT KILLARNEY. How soft the pause! the notes melodious cease, Which from each feeling could an echo call; Rest on your oars; that not a sound may fall To interrupt the stillness of our peace: The fanning west-wind breathes upon our cheeks Yet glowing with the sun's departed beams. Through the blue heavens the cloudless moon pours streams Of pure resplendent light, in silver streak. Reflected on the still, unruffled lake. The Alpine hills in solemn silence frown, While the dark woods night's deepest shades embrown, And now once more that soothing strain awake! Oh, ever to my heart, with magic power, Shall those sweet sounds recall this rapturous hour! Mary Tighe.

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THE WEATHER MAY SEEM FAIR AND WARM—BEFORE THE COMING OF A STORM! COAL

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Crawford. PHONE 9. QUEEN ST. Inwardness, mildness and self-renouncement do make for man's happiness. Language is the amber in which a thousand precious thoughts have been safely embedded and preserved.