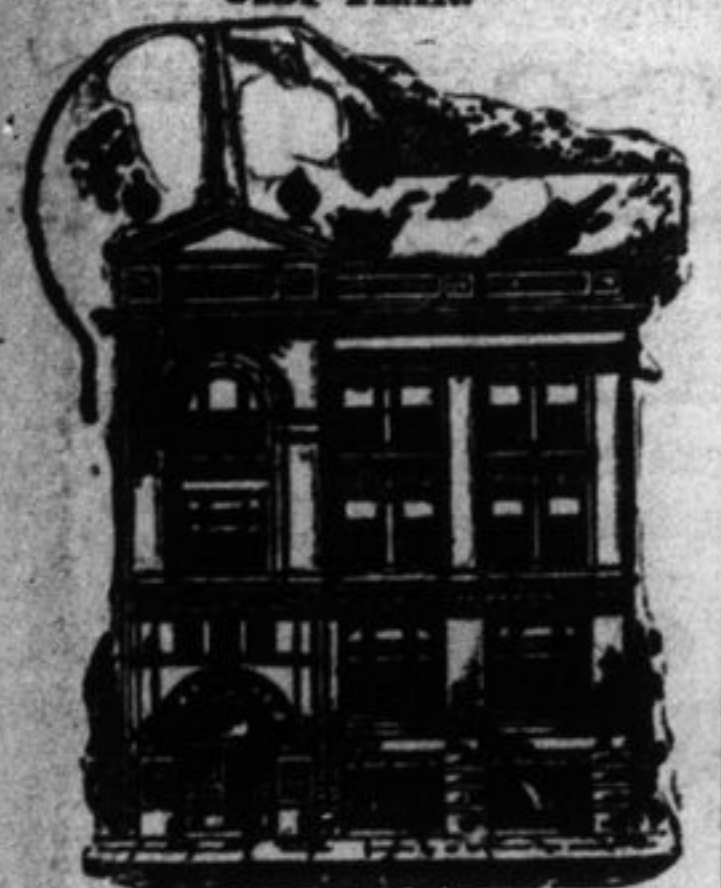


THE BRITISH WHIG  
SIXTY YEAR



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The friendliest terms are cash on delivery.

Winter will eradicate the bathing suit evil.

Falling in love and falling in debt are about the same.

Many women worth looking at are not worth listening to.

Interesting people are those who take an interest in us.

Music is the sunshine of the soul; jazz, the moonshine.

Nothing is certain, except that it won't happen as the experts predict.

An autoist must have a good outlook, a pedestrian, a good look-out.

One easy way to a man's heart is to ask him what he does for a bad cold.

If they find goodwill more profitable than warfare, they are called friends.

The most hateful alien is the one who accumulates money faster than we can.

When this divorce wave subsides, someone should put out a "Who's Whose."

Some go to the movies to rest their feet; others to practice reading aloud.

There's small choice. If he scolds, he is a reformer; if he jeers, he is a critic.

Personal charm will enable you to put over almost anything except an overdraft.

More widowers than widows remarry. All winners wish to play another game.

Still, once in a while you meet a young intellectual who has good hard sense.

Bachelors are like automobiles—girls don't want one that has been run 10,000 miles.

He is not a genuine dry, however, if he uses a hip flask to carry his patent medicine in.

It's a case of true love if he can remain for an hour and forget to light another cigarette.

You have to be an old man before you believe a fellow ought to work and save while young.

You can continue to respect your friends if you will learn to say "No" when they need money.

Whom the gods would destroy they first equip with the notion that they could lick the world.

Rickshaw men in China are required to bathe now. Perhaps that was enough to start a war.

Some things have been improved, but four sacks are no longer good enough to be made into underclothes for the children.

BIBLE THOUGHT

LET US NOT BE WEARY IN WELL DOING for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.—Galatians 6:9, 10.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR CRIME.

If Clarence S. Darrow has been correctly quoted, the lawyer who managed to save the lives of Loeb and Leopold believes society should be lenient with the monstrous Rev. Lawrence H. Hight, poisoner. His view, as reported, is that "the Hight case is simply a case of where the primitive instincts were too strong for the inhibitions."

Carry this to a logical conclusion and all the laws which society has made for the protection of its members would be set aside, or almost any crime which may be imagined is simply an act of reversion to the primitive.

In the Darrow philosophy allowance is made for the "original human being, wholly ruled by impulse," who should be treated differently from one who is restrained by the rules, habits and customs made, recognized and practiced by society. Allowance is made in our laws for "primitive instincts." One who kills on impulse, in a moment of great excitement or provocation, acting on the promptings of surging passion, does not look in vain for that pity which leads naturally to clemency. But this kind of a killer is very different from the one who alone or in conspiracy with another deliberately plans a crime and executes it.

The workings of primitive instinct cannot be pleaded on behalf of such as Hight, Loeb and Leopold. They consciously and deliberately defied the rules, habits and customs of society. They consciously elected to risk the penalties provided for the crimes they plotted and carried out. What right have they to expect clemency? If crime is to be regarded as atavism, none can be held responsible for its commission. What a sweet world it would be then.

IN NOAH'S FOOTSTEPS.

Mount Ararat, traditional landing place of Noah and one of the oldest landmarks in history, is suggested by the Armenian government at Erivan as an international park dedicated to the advancement of world peace. By what irony of fate is this most forbidding of sites and this centre of bloodshed and hatred offered to the service of peace on earth? Perhaps it was the thought of the authors of the proposal that international peace should take root where there is the least of it.

Mount Ararat is 50 miles from the dusty lethargy of Erivan. Much of the intervening space is filled with rice-paddies where the water-buffalo grazes. Through the midst flows the rapid Araxes River, which must be bridged. Between the river and the mountain is a no-man's land terrorized by marauding bands of Kurds, whose passion it is to lie in wait for travelers, kill and rob them, and then skip across the frontiers into Russia, Persia or Turkey. For Ararat is the giant landmark at the point where these countries come together.

Between the Tartar Kurds and the Armenians the bitterest hostility is manifest, since on the map Armenia claims sovereignty over the mud villages where the banditti disport themselves when they choose to come down from their mountain cryeries. These freebooters ride fast and shoot straight and have no compunctions. If a traveler is lucky enough to get a chieftain to take him into the sheepskin tents of one tribe, it is considered a grand joke on the hospitable nomads when an adjoining tribe raids the camp, breaks up the party and kills the guests.

If one is not murdered on the way to the mountain, then there is the problem of the parching climb through lava-blocks piled like lumps of sugar in a bowl, and thence over the steep snow-slopes to an altitude of more than 17,000 feet. The fucular railway, if it could be built, would obviate the lesser discomforts. But Ararat rises 12,000 feet above the plain, and most tourists would be sick and dizzy from the sudden change, at a height half a mile in excess of that of Pike's peak. Noah and those who have climbed the mountain since his day made the ascent more gradually.

Altogether, the invitation to capitalists to put their money into a pleasure-resort on Ararat's snow-capped, storm-veined brow does not appeal to those who know anything about the mountain.

THE "GOOD OLD DAYS."

England gets ready to celebrate, in 1932, the 300th anniversary of the first use of forks by the British. Before then, they ate with their fingers. Three centuries seems long ago. It is. But in 1632, when some unknown English progressive brought the first fork over from France, the "good old days" were at their best. Shakespeare had been dead sixteen years; The Immortal Bard never used a fork. He never even saw one. It must have been a sight to watch people eat in those "good old days."

Sewage systems were not in use in the "good old days." Refuse and dishwater were tossed into the gutters. Small wonder that plagues made people die like flies. No one had running water for kitchen and bath. Carrying water in buckets a long distance or buying it from water carts—these are not attractive

ways. People bathed so seldom that they had to invent high-power perfumes in order to get within speaking distance of each other without suspecting that a regiment of stunks was at large.

It was an age of discomforts and inconveniences. No labor-saving devices had been invented for homes. Women worked themselves into their graves prematurely. Ignorance and medical superstition were frightful. Morals, several centuries ago, were so lax that, by comparison, the jazz tendency of our generation is tame. Crime was far more prevalent than now. No one could take a short stagecoach trip between towns safely without carrying a brace of pistols. Men were imprisoned for debt.

The "good old days" have been painted in romantic colors by fiction writers. That is why they seem attractive to people to-day. But if you could turn the clock back a few hundred years and live the life of those times, you would buy a return ticket promptly. A fiction writer makes an old-time dungeon alluring, romantic, adventurous. Truth is the dungeon was damp, cold, dark, infested with rats, reeking with lice. Guards were brutal. Justice was slow. Penalties were severe. Food was mainly mouldy old bread and water.

Romance? Good old days? It's a joke. Fine from a distance. The good old days are now.

OCTOBER.

These are the days when Ontario's fields and forests are aglow with glory. The luxuriant foliage which held sovereign sway through spring and midsummer has been invaded by a host of yellow conquerors whose triumph is assured. Here and there maroon, russet and crimson intermingle in lovely confusion and the commonest hedge row is adorned with splashes of scarlet and variegated with delicate tints and vivid colors in most unexpected places. The leaves are falling faster with each passing day, until bye and bye the ground will be carpeted in a pattern of commingled brown and carmine and old gold.

The bird life is meagre now and suffers sadly when compared with those choruses that made forest and field vibrant with melody in May. But the cheery notes of the chickadee, the friendly chirp of a vagrant woodpecker and the harsh measures of the handsome but unmusical blue jay compensate in part for the absence of the velvet-throated songsters of yesterday.

The first frosts have come. The nutting season will soon be on in earnest. An azure haze hangs over the horizon and throws a filmy veil across every vista. There is a tang in the air and the smell of burning brush. The wild geese fly honking overhead, dreaming of the sunlit pools of the southland. The chipmunk scampers across the road to a place of safety under a rail pile where, certain of security, he scrutinizes the passerby.

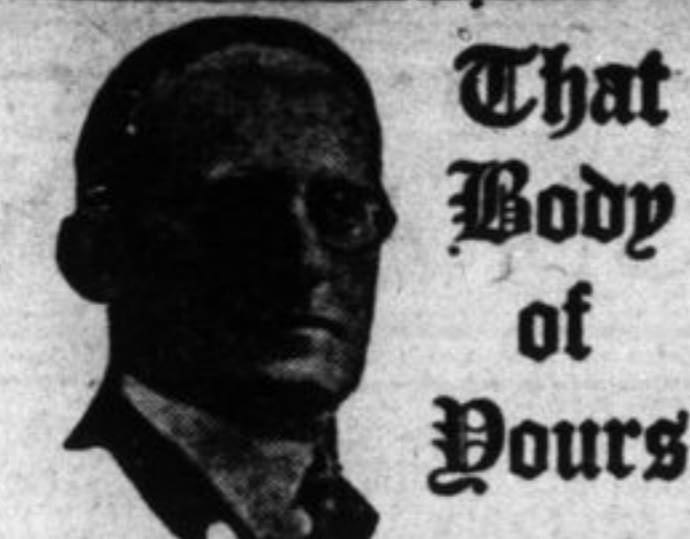
It is October, mellow with the maturity of a year four-fifths gone, rich and riotous of color, but melancholy and sad only to those who will have it so. It is a great month for the pedestrian to be on the road and to tramp across the fields. It is time for the city man to forsake the streets and boulevards and to take the nearest highway that leads to farm land, forest and stream. It is the month of all months to be out of doors and to range at will over highway and woodland ere winter comes and the long nights and the biting cold induce one to linger long by his wood fire and browse among books and magazines.

October in Ontario is a season of witchery.



October 1.  
In the year 1872 two famous Canadians set out to cross the Dominion for the purpose of mapping out a railway route. They were Principal Grant, of Queen's University, and Sir Sandford Fleming. At that time neither of them were as famous as they were afterwards to become, but both were indicating the qualities which made them great. Having made their arduous journey across the prairies and the Rockies to the Pacific coast, they pronounced it, in the words of Principal Grant, "not suited for lotus-eaters to live in, but fitted to rear a healthy and hardy race."

Sir Sandford Fleming was not only a great railway engineer, though much of the Canadian Pacific and Intercolonial railways were built under his direction, but he was a man of many parts. In 1880 he retired from business and became Chancellor of Queen's University of which Principal Grant was then chief. He devoted himself to Imperial interest and dreamed a dream of a state-owned system of telegraph lines linking the Empire. He lived to see the great link forged between Australia and Canada in 1902. He also led in the movement for the unification of time throughout the world, and for this purpose he attended a conference on the subject of the prime meridian on this day in 1884 at Washington as Canada's representative.



By James W. Barton, M.D.

That Body of Yours

Exercise You Don't Like.  
When I was at high school, one of our masters amused us one day by telling us how to exercise.

He was getting rather stout and was a pretty fair eater. His method was to shovel a part of a load of sand from one part of his cellar to the opposite side. He did half in the morning, the other half at night, and the next day the sand was shovelled back to its original position.

He stated that this was a definite amount of work, and he looked upon it as one of his daily duties.

One of the boys in the room suggested, under his breath of course, that he had a pile of wood in his cellar and that he'd be mighty glad to have the master come down and saw it for him. This would be more useful work than shovelling the sand from one part of the cellar to another.

As for me, I figured that with baseball, football, and the ordinary playground games I was getting my share of exercise.

Now what about his sand business?

Well, it had its helpful side to this master, because it was something definite for him to do, to get done.

Did he enjoy it?  
Not particularly.  
Did it help him?  
Yes! Although work or exercise in which you are interested, really does you more good than uninteresting or "duty" work or play, nevertheless this regular work done twice a day gives splendid results.

Why?  
Because of its daily regularity. Perhaps you have the idea that exercise such as games which you enter into with zest, is the best form of exercise.

It is, if you play often enough, that is daily, or at least three times a week.

But if you think a game of golf Saturday or even Sunday afternoon, can replace daily exercise—even if it be shovelling sand—you are making a big mistake.

That body of yours wants changing conditions to be kept in good shape.

You want your meals and sleep daily if you are to feel right.

You'd have one great life of it, if you did all your eating and sleeping for the week, on Monday.

Now play, or a game, is certainly more beneficial and more relaxing than shovelling sand, but the regular exercise is the important point.

The body needs it, and needs it regularly, just as it needs food and rest.

Tenth Anniversary Of the Great War

October 1st, 1914.

There is still no decisive result in the Battle of the Aisne, now closing its third week, though the Allies' manoeuvres are compared to giant claws opening out to clutch at the outspread wings of the German army. The enemy's line is now an "L," 180 miles long, with its upright arm facing west.

The London Daily Telegraph prophesies immediate war between Turkey and Britain.

The enemy is shelling Antwerp with its heaviest guns.

Seventy thousand Indian troops landed in France last week.

Hon. W. H. Hearst has been chosen as Ontario's new premier.

Over 3,000 people attended the second and closing day of the Kingston Fair to-day. A ball-game, two horse races, a balloon ascension, vaudeville and the midway were the features. The receipts to-day were \$1,200.

The Montreal Board of Trade has appealed to the local Board for relief for the Belgians.

Ottawa's recent campaign for the Patriotic Fund raised \$371,000.

WHY THE WEATHER?

DR. CHARLES F. BROOKS  
Secretary, American Meteorological Society, Tulsa, Ok.

Average October Weather.

October, with most of us, is pleasantly associated with clear cool weather, frost, sunny harvest days, and bright, fall colors. For two of our staple crops, October is a critical time. Corn is subject to considerable injury by too early frosts, and the picking of a good crop of cotton may be hindered by too frequent rain. Concerning average October weather, a Government bulletin says: "The normal October temperature is 10 to 15 degrees lower than that for September in most sections of the country, the most pronounced reductions being in the northern Great Plains States and the more elevated western districts. East of the Rocky Mountains, the October normals range as a rule from slightly less than 45 degrees along the northern border of the country to about 70 degrees near the Gulf coast. On the average, killing frosts

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"East of the Rocky Mountains October rainfall as a rule is considerably less than for the months immediately preceding. From the Rocky Mountains westward, rainfall during October does not as a rule differ materially from that of September, except that rains usually become more frequent and extensive in the Pacific Coast States. The average for the month is as much as 10 inches at points along the coast of Washington. East of the Rocky Mountains little snow usually occurs during this month, but in the higher elevations of the Western States, the amounts are sometimes heavy, more than seven feet having been known to fall at Summit, California, in October."  
Baboon in Police Cell.  
A baboon which escaped from premises at Barnett, England, belonging to Messrs. Chapman, animal dealers, entered Barnett Police Court when the magistrates were not sitting, and after visiting the court room took refuge below in a cell. Here it climbed to the ventilating grating near the roof, and for some time defied capture. Finally two keepers caught it in a net and carried it back to its cage.  
American stamps for sale at Whig Office.

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Member of the Board of Lectureship of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.  
will be given in the CHURCH EDIFICE, 95 Johnson Street. 8.15 O'clock THURSDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 2nd, 1924.  
All are cordially invited to attend.

The Rancher and the Editor.  
Hanover Post.  
We noticed in the daily press the other day that Will Rogers, the famous comedian, and the Prince of Wales had met and fraternized, and that Rogers paid the prince a compliment he, no doubt, appreciated in calling him "a regular guy." This reminds us of the story told by Charlie Clark of the High River (Alberta) Times, as we were journeying across the Atlantic a few months ago. High River is the nearest town to the prince's ranch, and one day last fall he and his ranch manager dropped into the Times office. The prince said to his manager, "Do we get this man's paper?" "No," replied the manager. "Well, we want it," said the prince, and straightway produced a couple of iron men to pay a year's subscription in advance. Being warmed by the prince's manner (in fact, all editors feel kindly towards a new subscriber) Charlie plucked up courage enough to invite the prince up to his house for some liquid refreshment—which was straightway accepted. Charlie agrees with Rogers that the Prince of Wales is a "regular fellow."

THE WEATHER PROPHETS ALL AGREE—SOME REAL COLD WEATHER WE SHALL SEE!  
CRAWFORD'S COAL QUARTETTE  
GET ready for the cold wave. It is just as necessary to have coal in the house as it is to have the medicine chest properly stocked with remedies. Maybe it is somewhat more important. If you keep warm the chances are you'll keep your health.  
Crawford  
PHONE 9. QUEEN ST.  
on a resolution urging that E. W. J. Owens, M.P.P., be appointed senior police magistrate in Toronto.