

THE BRITISH WHIG 91ST YEAR



Published Daily and Semi-Weekly by THE BRITISH WHIG PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED, KINGSTON, ONT.

J. H. Campbell, President; Lomas A. Guild, Editor and Managing Director

Business Office: 242; Editor's Office: 212; Social: 213; Job Department: 214

Subscription Rates: One year, in city, \$7.50; One year, by mail to rural offices, \$8.50; One year, to United States, \$12.00

Out-of-Town Representatives: F. Calder, 23 St. John St., Montreal; F. W. Thompson, 100 King St. W., Toronto

Letters to the Editor are published only after the actual name of the writer.

Printed in one of the best job printing offices in Canada.

The circulation of THE BRITISH WHIG is authenticated by the Audit Bureau of Circulations

Another state governed by woman is the state of matrimony.

The dea are not like some caterpillar patrons. They pass on.

A war period is one during which only disloyal citizens cuss the country.

Thrift is the art of keeping a fly in the bedroom instead of an alarm clock.

No country is doomed until its gride begins to feed exclusively on its past.

A hick town is a place where a man with \$15,000 enjoys telling how he got rich.

There may not be enough cars to go around, but too many trying to go around.

The poor are lucky at that. They can't afford things and thus make them desirable.

An educated man is one who can quote Shakespeare without crediting it to the Bible.

As to density of population, it seems very hard for the dove and stork to co-operate.

If the boy is wandering it may be either a spirit of adventure or lack of parking space.

Correct this sentence: "You dance divinely," said the sweetie to her fat and ancient meatlicker.

The art of powdering red noses was developed too late to do the village oak any good.

Loss of memory never makes a wanderer of the man whose wife has enough to support him.

Conscience doth make cowards of us all, not to mention making mediocrities of about half of us.

However, that new Old Testament in modern language doesn't call them Solomon's "sweeties."

When the swords are turned into plowshares, the same crowd will turn war profits into steel shares.

Correct this sentence: "We've been married a year," said she, "but I still think of the house and everything as his."

Wall of unfortunate loser: "People talk about me." Wall of unfortunate winner: "People don't talk about me."

Grand Duke Cyril has received a hint to move out of Bavaria. That land has not more than room enough for its own would-be monarchs now unemployed.

When Eastern society is unable to have a real empress to entertain, it will do the next best thing and know to a woman who would like to be empress.

Those Cleveland folks who predict the world will come to an end in February are considerate in a way. They might have brought the world to an end before Christmas.

BIBLE THOUGHT

HE THAT WILL LOVE LIFE, AND SEE GOOD DAYS, LET HIM REFRAIN HIS TONGUE FROM EVIL, AND HIS LIPS THAT THEY SPEAK NO GUILT.—I Peter 3:10.

THE MATTRESS EVIL.

There is a movement on foot for the passing of legislation by the federal government forbidding the sale of unfumigated second-hand mattresses. The sale is declared to be one of the greatest evils of today. There has been an agitation for some time in New York in regard to the matter and early in the present year the East Toronto Ratepayers' Association entered a protest against bedding from quarantined homes being bought by rag pickers. Federal legislation against the manufacture of the unfumigated material into new mattresses was urged. It is declared that in the United States unscrupulous manufacturers use the contents of bloody, pus-soaked and vermin-infected mattresses without fumigation and make them into new ones, which are nicely covered with bright colored materials. Bacteriological examination of the contents of some new mattresses has shown them to contain germs of infection. Is it any wonder then that scarlet fever and worse diseases break out in communities where health officers are at a loss to account for their origin. Germ-infected mattresses can spread various diseases and the manufacturers of them are enemies of mankind.

A REPLY TO GOLIATH.

"This is a dead town," said a representative of Big Business to the Collegiate Institute pupils the other evening. Of course he was far too suave to use those exact words, but they convey his meaning. The speaker had as his ideal the big, "progressive" standardized city, and because Kingston stoutly refuses to be anything but herself he totally failed to comprehend her. His assurance was superb and of course the youthful audience accepted his solemnities as seriously as he delivered them.

It would be great sport to reverse the situation and send a successful Kingstonian to patronize the wage earners of the Unecda Typewriter Company of Toronto somewhat as follows:

"Since leaving the train in your so-called Union Station, I have been walking around using my eyes and wondering more and more what ails your city. I am still wondering. I notice you have a charming situation on the lake, and you will pardon me if I point out that you have allowed the ugliest possible sheds, factories and docks to shut you away from enjoyment of it. I am told you have to go seven miles to Scarborough Beach or Sunnyside to enjoy what lies at your door. We manage better in Kingston, I need hardly say. Half our waterfront is a park, bordering lake water so clear that you are tempted to drink it. I just refer to this small matter because the contrast made a painful impression as soon as I arrived.

"Only a person who has had the advantage of enjoying life in a real town can appreciate how unfortunate you are who live here. Your city grows bigger every year, like a lubberly fat boy, and there seems absolutely no hope of arresting that growth. You are compelled to be progressive in order to keep from being strangled by your trampling crowds. Thank heaven, we don't have to be progressive down our way. When we want an improvement we get it, but any we don't want we do quite nicely without. And the price you pay, my friends, for living in a big, growing city! Think of the hours out of each day that you waste being hauled around in street cars, a nuisance to yourself and to every one who wants your seat. Think of your city debt, which is like a two-thousand dollar mortgage on every house in the place. Think of the way you live, my friends, in apartment houses with about as much privacy as a goldfish, sandwiched between the quarrelsome family below and the dancers above. What would you give for a house of your own with a bit of garden in which to grow weeds and things, all within twenty minutes' walk of your job? More than half my employees enjoy just that, a privilege which not one in all this audience has. I am afraid that you who are content to grub along in a big city lack ambition. It is the dwellers in towns and small cities who achieve the good things of life which most of you wish for in vain.

"Of course I walked along your main street, Yonge street I believe it is called, to see the changes there have been since I was here fourteen years ago. How depressingly you have changed. It must be a hard life out there on Yonge street, where not one business in five has survived the years. The window displays are beyond praise, but it struck me that almost everybody is too busy rushing past even to notice them. If I dare criticize, and I trust no word of mine will give offence, you believe too implicitly in 'pep.' Pep is your ruination. In an easygoing community the peppy individuals do assuredly get ahead, but where the whole community is speeded up, the advantage is lost and all have to go at top speed merely to keep in the procession. And what things you have to discard in that scramble, only we who have time to enjoy life and friends

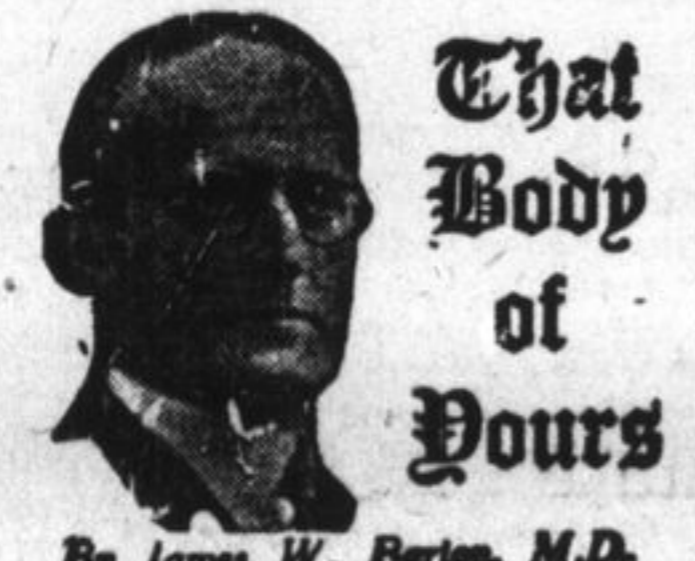
can appreciate. Your president has kindly expressed his opinion of my city. Ladies and gentlemen, it has given me great pleasure to express my opinion of his. I thank you."

ARTIFICIAL BREAD.

"Will you have artificial oysters, Sir, or a nice synthetic steak?" Such may be the ingratiating question of the future waiter who, no matter how much his vials may have changed will doubtless still be looking for his tip.

Our present means of supporting life are as antiquated as Adam. All food is composed of various combinations of the elements nitrogen, oxygen, carbon and hydrogen, with a dash of mineral salts. When we eat vegetables and grains we acquire these elements at second hand, after the plant has selected and blended them for its own use. When we devour meat, it is at third hand that we get these essentials. Henry Ford had realized something of this when he remarked that the cow is the most inefficient machine used by man. It will be a great day for mankind when we learn to manufacture carbohydrates ourselves, cheaply and directly from coal and atmospheric nitrogen. Already we have learned to make plant food electrically out of air. If we could learn to make even part of our own food likewise, and fatten food plants on chemical fertilizer, the whole economic basis of our civilization would be changed.

The Malthusians, those cheerful folk who can prove that the world will shortly be so crowded that the inhabitants must starve to death, do not put much stock in this notion of artificial foods. It would defeat their theory considerably if they did. But even without assistance from chemical science, the starvation line may be much more distant than the calculating Malthusians will admit. It is said to take fifteen acres to produce the meat consumed in a year by one man. But those fifteen acres will grow potatoes enough to feed thirty people. What is to prevent future generations from living exclusively on potatoes and proceeding without a quail in the merry business of populating the earth?



Dr. James W. Barton, M.D.

That Body of Yours

Dropping of the Stomach. You have heard of some friend who has been having trouble with his stomach and digestion, and he informs you that his doctor says his stomach has dropped down a bit.

Now many of these cases are due to a poor muscular tone all over the body, just a general weakness, and the stomach shares in it. Unfortunately however, a great many of these cases are brought on by the simple method of overeating and overdrinking.

It doesn't seem to occur to these folks that if they overloaded the stomach with foods or liquids, that the muscles of the stomach will be overstretched, and can't take hold of the food properly to churn it up. If the stomach muscles are below par any way, you can readily see what is going to happen. The actual weight of this overload of food is going to cause the stomach to drop downwards from its natural position.

This means that the food has to be thrown upwards, by muscles that are stretched, and have lost some of their tone or power. The result is indigestion, a heavy feeling, and gas pressure. Further, these folks that eat so much are very often the very ones that take no exercise.

What is the result? Why the muscles across the abdomen which would help to hold the stomach up in its proper place (even if the stomach-muscles themselves were weak) are soft and flabby. You see the poor stomach gets it coming and going. First it is overloaded, and then it gets no support from the front abdominal muscles.

Well, what is the best thing to do when the stomach has dropped downwards? Just two things. First. Don't eat or drink too much at meal times. Remember Milk, water, or tea take up room just the same as solid food. Second. Develop the abdominal muscles by three minutes of bending exercises daily and the stomach can't drop.

In the meantime eat small meals even if you eat oftener. This condition will right itself if you are willing to observe the few suggestions above.

KINGSTON IN 1855

Sidelights From Our Files—A Backward Look.

Schools and Some Visitors. Feb. 9.—(Items from Board of School trustees meeting). Resolved: That the board make quarterly payments to the teachers and that an addition of twenty-five percent, be added to the rate of sal-

ary enjoyed by them prior to last year.

That a system of finance be considered so as to enable the board gradually to erect suitable school houses and form at least one school library.

And it was resolved that the salary of the local superintendent of schools be £105 for the present year.

The following committee of visitation was appointed: 1. For Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins' school—Dr. Mair, Rev. Mr. Burns and Mr. G. Hunter.

2. For Mr. Morrison's school and the school on Union street—Rev. Mr. Rogers, Mr. O'Loughlin and Mr. Bibby.

3. For Mr. Scott's and Mrs. Linton's school—Rev. Mr. Wilson, Mr. Acheson and Mr. Rudston.

4. For Mr. Dugdale's and Miss Graham's school—Rev. Professor Smith and Rev. Mr. Fenwick.

ODD FACTS ABOUT YOURSELF

By YALE S. NATHANSON, B. Sc., M.A. Department of Psychology, University of Pennsylvania

Are You a Coward? Fear has been man's greatest enemy. Strong and stalwart savages face wild beasts and battle until one of them dies. They fear nothing that moves about them so long as there is sunlight, but at night, when the shadows begin to lengthen, they are afraid.

Perhaps it is unfair to say that fear is man's enemy only, because in another sense fear has been the one great incentive to make man do bigger and better things and has spurred him on to feats of great courage.

Often the man who appears on the surface to be very brave is at heart a great coward. During the recent war a German officer was repeatedly decorated for bravery. He rushed into machine-gun nests and braved the bayonet charges with remarkable courage. Soon after the armistice was signed, however, he committed suicide and left a note saying that his supposed bravery during the war was done in the hopes that he might be killed. He had committed a crime prior to the war and was afraid of arrest. Too much of a coward, he hoped that the war might do it for him. The real hero is the man who is afraid and yet remains at his post.

Who is the better actor, the man who plays his part on the stage and weeps and wails because he actually suffers as if it were his own sad life he was depicting or the man who moves his audience to tears and yet in his own heart does not feel, at all the emotion which he is portraying? Perhaps you like better the actor who actually feels the part, but, as a matter of fact, the better actor, from the professional point of view, is the man who plays his part as any other individual does his daily work.

If you have any fears, it is possible, usually, to direct them to some particular happening. Perhaps the thing occurred way back in the early days of childhood. For example, some people suffer a special fear of persons. One woman says, "I can never step up and meet strangers cordially. I can never look people in the eye, and I dread a stare more than a smile."

An analysis of this case shows that when this woman was about five years of age she was frightened by a nurse who was cross-eyed, and the peculiar eyes used to remain in her mind as a constant source of dread.

If there is some particular fear which you have, it is necessary, before the fear can be removed, that you make a study of your own case.

Some people are frightened into a nervous collapse by some one scaring them suddenly. The receipt of bad news has been known to turn a person gray overnight. Fear is best dispelled by investigating the mystery of the thing feared which then becomes quite simple and ordinary.

To-morrow—Are You Afraid of Water? Copyright, 1924, by Public Ledger Company.

Bankrupt stock sale. The Club, three doors below Grand Opera House.

Largest selection of gifts in the city at Robt. J. Reid's.



HUGE PILE OF DIRECTORIES

Not a pyramid in Egypt or Yucatan, but a pile of New York City telephone directories waiting to be made into pulp and then into new paper. The New York directory has become so bulky that the latest issue is in two editions. Men atop the pyramid give an idea of the bulk.

BIBBY'S STORE OPEN EVENINGS Men Like Gifts that Garb Them. Lovely Pyjamas \$2.00, \$2.45, \$2.95 to \$6.75. Real Nobby SHIRTS \$1.45, \$1.95, \$2.45, \$2.95. PURE SILK SHIRTS (White) \$2.95, \$4.75. Elegant NECKWEAR 35c., 75c., 95c., \$1.25 and \$1.50. HANDKERCHIEFS SOMETHING SPECIAL 2 for 25c. Better ones 3 for 50c. Still better ones, 4 for \$1.00. ENGLISH AND IRISH HOSE 50c., 75c., 95c. and \$1.25. SILK AND WOOL HOSE 75c., 95c., \$1.25. CLUB BAGS SOLID LEATHER \$13.90, \$16.50, \$18.50, \$22.50. DRESSING GOWNS \$9.50, \$12.50, \$14.50, \$18.50. BATH ROBES \$7.50, \$8.75, \$10.75. HOUSE COATS \$7.50, \$9.50, \$12.50. BOYS' SUITS \$7.50, \$9.50. TRY BIBBY'S FOR YOUR NEW SUIT AND OVERCOAT. We think we can save you a few dollars. Trunks, Club Bags, Suit Cases, Umbrellas, Caps, Driving Mitts and Gloves.

The French Ivory Gift Shop. Beautiful Gift Sets in dainty Satin-lined boxes. Brush and Comb Sets—Manicure Sets—Manicure Rolls. An endless variety of separate pieces—new and interesting. Come in and see them. DR. A. P. CHOWN 185 PRINCESS STREET 'Phone 848.

TOM SMITH'S Christmas Crackers and Christmas Stockings in greater abundance than ever. Early selection advised. Jas. REDDEN & CO. PHONES 20 and 900. "The House of Satisfaction"

Moving and Hauling FREIGHT, FURNITURE, PIANOS, ETC. Local and long distance given our careful attention. C. L. HENRY 547 Albert Street TELEPHONE 1678F

MONEY TO LOAN. We have considerable funds to loan on Farm, Village and City Properties, at lowest current rates. We have some good farms for sale at present, also some bargains in city property. T. J. Lockhart Real Estate and Insurance Agent 55 BROCK ST., KINGSTON Phone 5232 or 17972.

WE'RE HOT PERFORMERS AND OUR COAL—WILL WARM YOU FROM YOUR CROWN TO SOLE. CRAWFORD'S COAL QUARTETTE. If your body is kept thoroughly comfortable north and south of your heart you're apt to go through the wintertime with a smile upon your face and with ambition showing in your demeanor. What we mean is we'd like you to buy coal of us because we sell a good article and act on the level with folks. Crawford PHONE 9, QUEEN ST.

Pembroke Resident Drowned. Pembroke, Dec. 18.—William Hanusch, aged forty, of this town, was drowned in the Ottawa river Tuesday night when he broke through the ice while skating. Wicker Fernalis, 44.25, 33.50, Robt. J. Reid's.