

THE BRITISH WHIG 1937 YEAR.



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The hope chest is with us yet, but it seldom contains a cook book.

Some men of thirty-five are such cut-ups that one takes them to be fifty.

Prosperous times: Those in which we charge one another too much.

It takes a woman's sewing circle to develop a lot of conversational habits.

Still, the happiest people are those who are married yet instead of again.

In a world of turmoil the most annoying sign of the times is a doctor's sign.

The predominant characteristic of the efficiency expert seems to be self-sufficiency.

A tick town is a place where bridge is worldly, poker wicked, and gossip orthodox.

People are queer, and only the rich can afford to wear jewelry from the ten-cent store.

Most of the things we long for might be ours if we had the nerve to ask for them.

Now if you had bought all your coal at once, your regular winter cussing would be done.

Lowly origin won't keep you down. Think of the rodents that have become sealskin.

A movement to which we will heartily subscribe now is a national "Give-Us-A-Rest-Week."

The strange part is that husbands who lose their memories and wander away take all the cash.

You can get vaccinated against almost everything except a grass widow who has designs on you.

With all his ingenuity, the only thing man has made to function like a porcupine is a windshield.

The world has fewer dreamers now and it is assumed that they tried it in the midst of traffic.

The crossword puzzle ought to prove a blessing in a two-party family where the other is a radio fiend.

And now "in conference" may mean that he is trying to think of a seven-letter word ending in "s."

The trouble about fighting for one's rights is that more rights appear as one becomes a better fighter.

Many a poor man dies and leaves his family a car that isn't respectable enough to attend the funeral in.

There's one born every minute. You can recognize him by his conviction that he can beat the stock market.

An editor declares that the youth of to-day is far ahead of those of previous generations. He remembers what youth was when he was a boy.

BIBLE THOUGHT

O COME, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our maker. For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture.—Psalm 95: 6, 7.

COMPLIMENTING MR. MEIGHEN.

It is impossible not to wonder with what feelings the Right Hon. Mr. Meighen read the affectionate utterances concerning himself which on Wednesday evening fell from the lips of Mr. Armand Lavergne, for several years his bitter opponent, now his frank and discerning friend. Or rather, it is impossible not to wonder with what feelings Mr. Meighen read the translation of them in the Conservative but not particularly Meighenite Montreal Gazette.

For Mr. Meighen is a practical politician of long experience, and would probably be perfectly satisfied to have Mr. Lavergne speak kindly of him in French, if only his enemies would not translate the encomiums into English.

Mr. Lavergne explained that he is still, as always, a Nationalist, by which he means of course a Quebec Nationalist. Since his Nationalism has compelled him for the last ten years to be in opposition to Mr. Meighen, whom he has hitherto regarded as an Imperialist some explanation of the change was necessary.

And while it has taken Mr. Lavergne a long time to arrive at that explanation, it must be admitted that when he got to it it was a brilliant one. In brief, it is that Mr. Meighen cannot help being an Imperialist, because Laurier made the whole of Canada Imperialist. And since it was the French-Canadians who by their "cult of idol-worship" put Laurier in a position to make Canada Imperialist, it is really the French-Canadians who are to blame for the whole thing.

This idea evidently enthralled the French-speaking audience to which Mr. Lavergne was addressing himself, and which apparently wanted more particulars, for we learn from the Gazette that at a late hour the orator was still speaking "to a wildly enthusiastic crowd which refused to let him stop."

Mr. Meighen, however, was never quite so much misled into the dangerous paths of Imperialism as his misleader, Laurier. As evidence of the half-heartedness of Mr. Meighen's Imperialism, Mr. Lavergne cited the Conscription Law, which was "an exemption law in reality" (we are quoting from the Montreal Gazette's report), was wanted by both parties, and was actually a necessity when once Canada had entered the war.

Had we not had the Conscription-Exemption Law, we must, according to Mr. Lavergne, have had "the Laurier Act of 1904 in force," which apparently would have been much worse. There has long been some suspicion that in the Province of Quebec the Meighen Conscription Act did indeed operate in some such manner as Mr. Lavergne suggests, and it is advantageous to historic truth to have the matter thus cleared up. On the whole, it appears that Mr. Meighen is henceforth to be regarded as much less dangerous to Quebec Nationalism than Mr. Mackenzie King.

Twenty years from now Mr. Lavergne hopes that it will be possible to have a premier less Imperialist than either Mr. Meighen or Mr. King, but not earlier. "It will take twenty years to destroy the spirit of Imperialism that the Liberals taught us," he says, referring to the Laurier tradition.

All of which will be exceedingly pleasing to Mr. Meighen, if only he can go on getting credit in Ontario and elsewhere for being the sole champion of Imperialism, while in Quebec he gets credit for being the best available friend of Nationalism. But really, if Conservative newspapers are going to print in the English language these tributes which sound so lovely in French but so crude in the less delicate Anglo-Saxon tongue, what is to be done about it? Sir Robert Borden never had to put up with anything like that. The Nationalists whose assistance put him in power in 1911 never made the mistake of paying him any spoken compliments.

A MODERN JUDAS.

Canon Shatford, of Montreal, is right when he declares: "A man who would kill Santa Claus in the mind of a child is a Judas." Iconoclasts, at the peril of dire devils, keep hands off Santa Claus. The iconoclast is a rabid red radical in the realm of sentiment. He has no imagination, and he would dogmatically, selfishly prohibit the exercise of this inner source of pleasure to others. It costs him nothing; it cannot do him harm for others to enjoy what is beyond his reach; what business is it of his that there are myths that bring joy and happiness to millions?

Years ago the New York Sun printed an editorial in response to a little girl's question, "Is there a Santa Claus?" That editorial is a classic. It has been annually reprinted by many papers the world over. The argument was all presented, the assurance vividly clinched, the world of little folk was given the positive assurance that the good saint still lives and will live long after all the iconoclasts and Scrooges that ever were are turned into the commonest sort of clay. There was once a man who attended the funeral of a great and good citizen and in the midst of the sincere tributes of friends who recalled the kindly deeds and exem-

plary virtues of the deceased, rose and reminded the congregation of mourners that once, when the deceased was quite a young man, he had made one mistake. That tactless violator of all that is decent and sacred and of taste and appropriateness is a pattern of perfect thoughtfulness by the side of the crass smasher of the delightful fictions which have made youth happier through all the centuries.

THE OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS.

Old-timers caught in the holiday rush and gazing at the wonderfully alluring panoramas of the shop windows—often fall into a reminiscent mood and re-live the Christmases of the long ago. Who does not fondly recall the magic of Christmas in his childhood?

Most of the presents were homemade. Perhaps grandma furnished mittens, knitted by oil lamp after you had been tucked in bed—thick warm mittens with a long cord that extended up through coat sleeves and around the neck to prevent loss. Aunt Sophronia gave you a basket of Christmas cookies, shaped like animals and stars and covered with delicious colored sugar.

Uncle Tom gave you a watch, and his generosity appalled you even if it was the old turnip that he had discarded. You can imagine the reaction you would get if you tried giving a 1924 boy a second-hand timepiece.

Most of the presents were useful, in the old days, including a refter overcoat and a new pair of shoes. As for "boughten" presents, they were limited to "The Erie Train Boy," by Alger; Henty's "With Clive in India," a New Testament, a sled, a pair of skates and that most wonderful of all old-time toys, a tin monkey that climbed a string.

At that, Christmas of long ago represented proportionately as big an outlay as now, comparing earnings in the two periods.

But the gift itself was secondary to the spirit of the giver. Somehow every grown-up can't help believing the Christmas dinners of those days were superior. The Christmas eve entertainment at the church was as enjoyable as the modern movie. And the ride in a cutter over the deep snow beat the auto-trip of 1924.

Christmas is always changing and (to adults) never for the better.

THE REFORMERS.

"I have a deal more faith in the average business man than I have in the average reformer," Elbert Hubbard once wrote.

Hubbard may have been the first person who put the thought into print, but it cannot be gainsaid that "them has long been the sentiments" of the average person. It is no secret why right-thinking men and women have more faith in the business man than in the reformer. It is simply an eternal admiration for the creator. The man in business is creating something. He is in the service of the people, filling a positive demand. But what is the reformer? At best he is only a theorist. While the business man is filling the public's order, the reformer makes orders for the public to fill. The business man renders his service before demanding his pay, while the reformer demands his pay and then promises a service, guaranteed only by his word.

Reformers have never been over popular, because theory is ever hypothetical and there has never been found a method of separating the sincere from the imposter. Centuries ago business was on a similar basis with honest and dishonest merchants in the same bazaar. Then the public watched the reformer with one eye while he kept the other on the merchant. It is lamentable that reforming has not kept pace with business. Today business is firmly established on a foundation of public service and one price. Reformers are still guaranteeing no service and claiming many prices.

KINGSTON IN 1855

Sidelights From Our Files—A Backward Look.

Jordan Crossed. Feb. 24.—In the first division court, Anthony Jordan vs. John Counter. This action was brought by the plaintiff against the defendant on the following account: "To eight days cab driving at last-weekly elections, at \$10 per day, \$20. The defendant contended at the trial that the charges were excessive and illegal. Judge Mackenzie's decision: The defendant and the Hon. John A. Macdonald were candidates for the representation of the city of Kingston in the parliament of the province at an election held in the month of July last. The plaintiff was employed a few days before the election by an agent of the defendant to drive the agent about through the city in canvassing votes and to carry up voters to the poll during the election. Some days the plaintiff had one horse, and other days he had two engaged. The usual price for one horse in Kingston is fifteen shillings a day, and for two horses twenty-five shillings a day. The plaintiff himself was a voter of the city of Kingston at the time of the election. That he voted for the defendant at the election in question and gave him his general support. He stated further that he would have been employed by the other side, by the Macdonald party, had it not been for his engagement to the agent of the defendant, and in that case he would be a supporter of the other side. It appeared beyond doubt that his vote for the support of the defendant, rested entirely upon his employment for hire by the defendant's agent. The claim of the plaintiff cannot be entertained for one moment in a court of justice, because it is contrary not only to the spirit and policy of the law but to the very letter of the statute.

ODD FACTS ABOUT YOURSELF

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

Terrorized by Darkness. Don't scare your child by telling him stories of the bad men who prowl around at night and eat bad children. You yourself, as an adult, shrink from a shadow at night.

Some people believe that if they watch a shadow it may jump up and embrace them, which means they will immediately die. Sunlight is a great cleanser which kills germs more effectively than does drugs, but darkness is odious and fearful. Is your pet fear to be found among these:

"I have always dreaded shadows and feared to go up stairs alone."

"I used to dread a certain window in my house which I could never pass after sunset without feeling that a hand was reaching in to grab me or that a face was peering in."

"I never go through any dark place without looking behind me and I am always seeing shadowy, sitting forms."

"I can never trust myself to look

behind in the dark and must always be the first to enter the house."

"I can go into a dark room if I tip-toe so as not to hear my own foot-steps and the floor does not creak, but I always shudder from fear of something near and about to touch me."

"A great shadow over my early life was the dread of the moment when my mother should kiss me good-night and leave me alone in the dark. I lay tense and rigid, held my breath to listen with open mouth, always kept my head covered, fancied forms bending over me and often awoke with my heart pounding and a sense of dropping through the air."

"I always look in every crevice of my room before going to bed. Once, five years ago, I found a broom which my brothers had dressed up and placed behind the door. The shock robbed me of all control, and for months I would laugh and cry without occasion."

"I used to have the habit of holding my breath and breathing as little as possible in bed because I read of a man who saved his life by doing this when a lion was smelling him and thought, by thus feigning death, I might escape any monsters in the room."

One woman writes that all her fears sprang from a great terror of darkness. "I never like to kneel to say my prayers lest some invisible hand under the bed should cut my legs off, nor to have the blinds up at night lest a strange face should appear at the window and I should see its lips moving to pronounce my name."

Thirty-four mothers in Detroit agreed that up to eight or nine years boys fear the dark more than girls, that parents were often to blame, but that it was unwise to try to break up this fear by forced methods.

The dread of knowing that every night fears assail you because of darkness is too great a tax on you. Light up your room or your house, surround yourself with company until the place holds no fear for you and try to free yourself of the terrible condition.

Monday—The Death Fear.

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