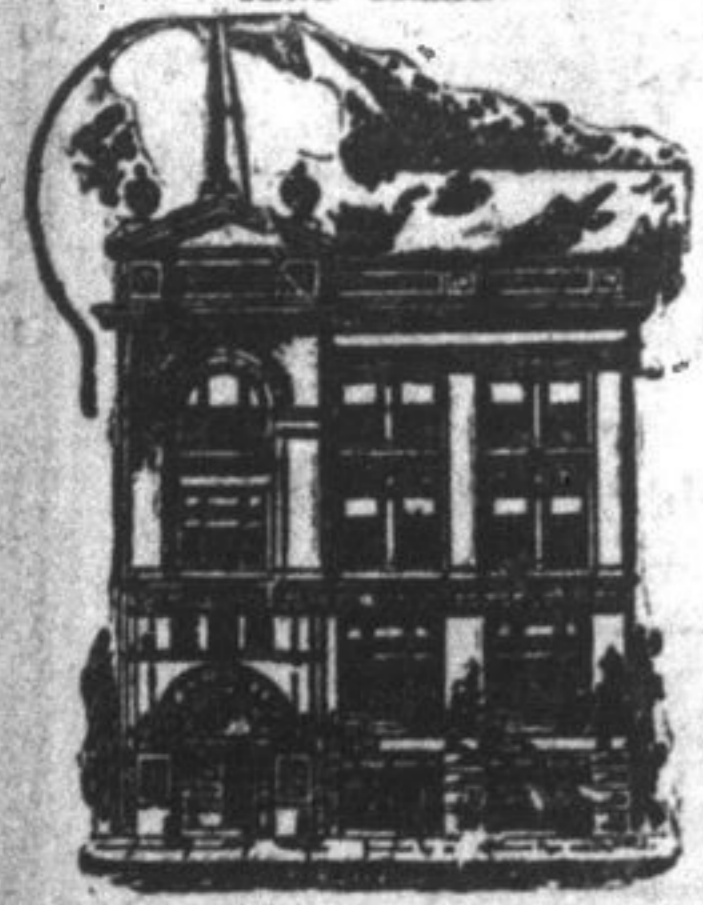


THE BRITISH WHIG  
22ND YEAR.



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

J. M. Campbell, President  
Lemon A. Gold, Editor and Managing Director

TELEPHONE  
Business Office 243  
Editorial Rooms 2612  
Social 2613  
Job Department 2614

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
(Daily Edition)  
One year, in city \$7.50  
One year, by mail to rural offices, \$2.50  
One year, to United States \$3.00  
(Semi-Weekly Edition)  
One year, by mail, cash \$1.50  
One year, to United States \$2.00

OUT-OF-TOWN REPRESENTATIVES:  
F. Calder, 23 St. John St., Montreal.  
F. W. Thompson, 100 King Street, W., Toronto.

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

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

The circulation of THE BRITISH WHIG is authenticated by the A B C Audit Bureau of Circulations.

The early fish gets the worm.

Greatness: Mediocre contemporaries.

Conviction: A grievance in full blossom.

Former friends: Those who formerly were useful to the great man.

A barber seems out of place at a resort. You must tell him to trim you.

The Indians had a hard life. But they didn't have to listen to popular songs.

Every once in a while you see a prize-winning poem or story that is very good.

Example of faulty European grammar: "What makes you dun me like you do do?"

Marriage is an institution from which too many are quitting before graduation day.

Example of husband having the last word: "Blah! You haven't got the nerve to shoot."

The sun's rays reach the earth in only eight minutes, so no wonder they are so hot.

One good thing about a resort is that you can enjoy the view every day without tipping it.

It is well to be fastidious, but a new divorce suit every season is going a little too far.

The reason a man doesn't try on every hat in the shop is because he really intends to buy one.

The little things count. But they don't count accurately, and that makes them good caddies.

Russia claims to be out of debt. Ah, well, we have bankruptcy proceedings in this country.

Even when the meek inherit the earth, doubtless they will keep up the habit of meekly paying taxes.

You can't always tell whether it is crime publicity or an agent of the law favors, or personal publicity.

You must reason from effect to cause. There is only presumptive evidence that Ananias had progeny.

The young Chinese wish to start a war with Great Britain and Japan. The man at Doorn once felt that way.

You can't hurry Nature. Debt collections must wait upon the natural development of the right slogan.

Thousands of laws were passed last year, none of which will seriously interfere with being a decent citizen.

Correct this sentence: "We stayed at the resort a month," said she, "and spent no more than we had intended."

When at last we are perfect, doubtless law breakers will hasten to fall and stand patiently in line to await their turn.

BIBLE THOUGHT  
SHOW ME THY WAYS,  
O Lord: teach me thy paths. Let integrity and uprightness preserve me: for I wait on thee.—Psalm 15:1, 21.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Those of us who have known him at his best will be sorry that the old-fashioned family doctor appears to be passing. The specialist and community health service are combining to cut down his sphere of usefulness. He filled a large place in our rugged pioneer period and down to comparatively recent years. He is still indispensable in districts beyond the sphere of the city surgeon and physician.

In discussing this evolution, Dr. George E. Vincent, President of the Rockefeller Foundation, talked very frankly the other day about the probability of the family physician being crowded out. Said he:

"Such an outcome is to be viewed with concern. The well-trained, properly equipped, experienced, general practitioner of ability, character and personality, is a fundamentally valuable person. He is a good diagnostician. He sees his patient as a whole. He knows his peculiarities and circumstances. He can decide when to refer him to a specialist and when to protect him against the very real danger which is threatened by a narrowly specialist point of view. He cheers and encourages, warns and commands. He is not only a physician but a friend and counselor. The disappearance of the general practitioner would be a serious loss. The stimulating philosophy of individualism with its insistence upon independence, initiative and ambition, seems to be embodied in the general practitioner."

Dr. Vincent thinks the general practitioner will survive; but he will have to meet the new conditions. He will have to keep in touch with the laboratories and the best medical thought of his time. In doing this he will probably cease to be the picturesque personality he was in our boyhood days. The country doctor, or village doctor, was known by everybody and was everybody's friend. He answered all calls and treated all diseases. He took his pay when he could get it. His life was a cross-section of the physical troubles and social trials of the entire community.

The family doctor was loved as well as respected. He knew the inner life of many homes. He was friend and counsellor, as well as healer. He was the best-known man within his bailiwick, and that is why he often got into Parliament. Having got there, he was usually trained; for, while he was at Ottawa for from three to five months each year, some bright young graduates from the medical college moved in and appropriated his practice. That has happened to many scores of doctors.

The growing tendency in the medical profession is toward specialization. As Dr. Vincent points out, it is the tightening competition from such highly trained men that is constantly pushing the general practitioner further back or taking his business away from him. The telephone and the automobile have shortened the distance between rural homes and the city specialist, and they are also among the adverse forces against which the family doctor has to contend.

The colleges are also helping to eliminate the doctor of boyhood recollection. They are now sending out thoroughly trained and well-equipped men, who bear little resemblance to the rather weakly qualified practitioners whose places they are taking. These modern graduates will never know the hardships and handicaps of the country doctors of half a century ago, nor can they fill in the life of the community their place. There will be gain, however, on the side of skill and usefulness. Yet those of us who can look back to an earlier period in our national development will miss the gruff but genial old family doctor. He served, and served at great sacrifice, his day and generation.

TO STOP WAR PROFITS.

Mr. Bernard M. Baruch, of New York, appears to be among those who do not believe we have seen the end of wars; for he has just given the Walter Hines Page School of International Relations \$250,000, to be used in "finding a way to take the profit out of war." It is expected that it will take three years to carry out a comprehensive course of studies, covering the whole field of war profiteering. Assuming that the peace of the world may again be broken, this work may prove useful. There should be ample material on which to concentrate the minds of those who will undertake these studies.

There is a peculiar sense of fitness in having this work begun in the United States. It was there, during the recent war, that profiteering assumed enormous and unparalleled proportions. In all history nothing approaching the waste and stealing which accompanied the operations of the Air Board and the Shipping Board has been recorded. The former was organized to have 22,000 airplanes in France by 1st July, 1918; yet, after spending over a billion dollars, not a single flying machine was delivered on that or any later date. The money was either thrown

away or stolen. Henry Ford was put at the head of a committee to investigate the matter, and at the end of three months he and his associates gave it up. He found that there was not even a trace of a voucher for over \$300,000,000 of expenditure.

The Shipping Board expended about three billions and a half, and the net result was several hundred ships which were later found to be utterly useless. The most recent offer for the whole lot was \$1,700,000. In the entire annals of war profiteering nothing approaching the ghastly story of the American Shipping Board has ever been uncovered. From start to finish it was a saturnalia of mismanagement, incompetence, and wholesale stealing. Before a committee of the Senate it was proven that an account for a pair of hinges, worth 80 cents, had been handled by so many different "rings" that it became \$387.80 before being paid. That was found to be typical of tens of thousands of cases. Although the final cost of the Shipping Board was three billions and a half, it was conceded by the investigating tribunal at Washington that nearly two billions had simply been stolen. No vouchers of any kind exist for over \$700,000,000 of the total outlay.

In the case of the Air Board, as cautious and unemotional paper as the New York Times declared that the primary director had apparently allowed his name to be "used as a rubber stamp for anybody who wanted a million." It was conclusively established in connection with the operations of both the Air Board and the Shipping Board that supplies on a huge scale had been paid for eight and ten times. In one instance, a carload of lumber was shown to have been delivered thirteen times and as many times registered as received and paid for, yet the Shipping Board never actually got a foot of it. Thousands of cases like this caused the Times to suggest that all investigation cease and the lost billions be charged up to the "waste of war."

Looking back on the black history of war, we must all see that part of the great rise in prices was due to a psychological cause. It was in everybody's mind, the moment hostilities began, that war meant a tremendous advance in prices. Nobody seems to have paused to ask why. Had they done so, it would have been difficult to find a logical answer. We had no hesitation, for example, in conscripting the farmer's son, but we regarded his hog as sacred. Had the principle of conscription been applied to supplies as well as men, it is obvious that there could not have been such serious profiteering. Thus it came about that while men in vast numbers went to the battle front, and gave their lives to the cause of freedom, tens of thousands staid at home and made fortunes. If Mr. Baruch's gift leads to the discovery of a way of preventing the repetition of such a sickening story the money will have been well spent. Let us all hope, however, that the opportunity will never recur. If wars have taught the world anything it surely is that they are as wasteful as they are futile.

OUR TRADE BALANCE.

Our favorable trade balance, as between exports and imports, has grown during the past three years from \$142,716,593 to \$284,429,106. This has come about because our imports have slightly decreased and our exports have very considerably increased. To be exact, our exports amounted to \$945,295,837 in 1923, and to \$1,081,361,643 for the fiscal year ended 31st March last. To realize what that gain means in the comparative sense, it is only necessary to point out that our sales abroad in 1900 had a total value of \$183,237,555, and in 1914 of \$455,437,224.

Part of this growth has, of course, been due to enhanced prices. That was why we showed a total of \$1,286,658,769 in 1920. Prices were then at their peak. But the plain truth is indubitably clear that we are now producing more and selling more. We are advancing most satisfactorily in commerce, both domestic and foreign. If we hear complaints about depression, it must be understood that the underlying cause is in some degree to be found in the fact that more people are constantly embarking in business. They cannot all succeed.

We do not, however, deceive ourselves by attaching undue importance to a favorable trade balance. Between 1903 and 1914 there was not a year that our imports did not exceed our exports. The adverse balance during that period was almost a billion dollars. Yet it would be utterly misleading to assume that we were to that extent impoverished. Allowance must be made for the character of the trade, as well as for important collateral factors. Great Britain, for example, has for many years bought more than she sold; yet she has steadily gained in wealth and financial strength. Her "invisible exports," created by the fact that she does most of the carrying for the world, joined to her enormous revenue from investments abroad, account for her ability to prosper under conditions which, superficially at least, appear to be ruinous. At the same time, it is both com-

forting and reassuring to know that the balance of trade is substantially in our favor. It is better to have it that way than the reverse. To the extent that we have invisible exports, as we undoubtedly have, we are that much better off. In fact, a calm and judicial examination of our position as a trading nation, gives us the assurance that no other country is perhaps doing as well. It is a reasonable expectation, having regard to our potentialities, that we will continue to grow in all that makes for genuine strength.

NATURE LORE  
BY  
Wallace Havelock Robb

One day, last June, when I was afield getting bird pictures, and sitting at times on nearby rocks or fences, just watching the processes of nature, I was out of luck, or, as some might say, I was not having success in finding birds to study.

It was a warm day, and I had let up a little towards noon, for the best times are early morning and late afternoon, and I was not taking my work seriously. I had lost interest and was weary.

About this time, along came a fifteen year old lad, and we chatted a bit, sitting on the fence. I was glad of his company and he was glad of a rest, for he lived out on the edge of the town and had a long way to walk.

This boy was a quiet type of humanity. He could grin like a basket of chips, but was not heavy on the big talk. Every different kind of bird I mentioned, he mumbled, "Get some of them at my place." Every time I mentioned some sort of tree or bush, "Get some of them down home." Every time I said anything, he grinned and, "Yeh, we've got lots of those."

Well! It gets a fellow's goat after a while, you know, and I began to look at this lad with a bit of a question in my manner.

He had a frank, open face, and seemed too sober to kid me with jokes, and yet, he had a peculiar grin of secret satisfaction which puzzled me to the point of getting down off the fence and doing a little serious thinking all my own.

So, I said to this contented mannered lad, "Fishing is great sport."

"Yup," says the lad.

Then I thought maybe I had found something where we could both be of even ground, and he would not have any advantage over me, so I picked on fishing. I would tell him about what wonderful trout fishing we have up in the mountains and how the trout streams are not more than a mile or so from camp and how we enjoy several good catches every season. That would be fine; I would swap fish stories with him and he would not be able to show me anything in that line which would outdo me.

Yes, that was what I thought I would do, but I took another think when he just grinned more than ever and said, "Got them too, and don't need mountains."

??? What's that you say? said I, in very great astonishment. "Why, what do you take me for, to be telling me with your 'Yups' that you have this and you have that, for everything I name in Nature?"

No answer!

This boy got off the fence, slowly, deliberately, said he guessed he would go, and started off. It was no time to argue, so he had me for company, for I told him I was going to see for myself. When he said it was quite a walk, I invited him to come in my auto. He did not say one single solitary word all the way.

When we arrived, his mother, who was indeed motherly, met us and made me welcome.

It would take me too long to tell all I saw there. It was the most natural garden I was ever in, with not one artificial thing about it. Pigeons, hens, a dog, but no cat. Apple trees old enough to have holes in them and every hole with a bird's nest. One hole had a great crested flycatcher nest and eggs and the usual cast off snake skin, a peculiar thing about this bird, for a snake skin is generally in the nest. Two bluebird nests with young; several robin nests; our beloved "Rossgal," the song sparrow, in an old can; two wrens, one in a hat on a post, a hole through the crown to let them in and out, the other in a watering can on the fence; an oriole's nest, swinging so low that we at once sent for lumber and built a scaffold from which to photograph it, and, though it was many feet in the air, the birds accepted us as friends after a little patience and we got good pictures.

There were meadow larks in the field beside the house; barn swallows in the barn; the door being kept open for them. A truly wonderful place.

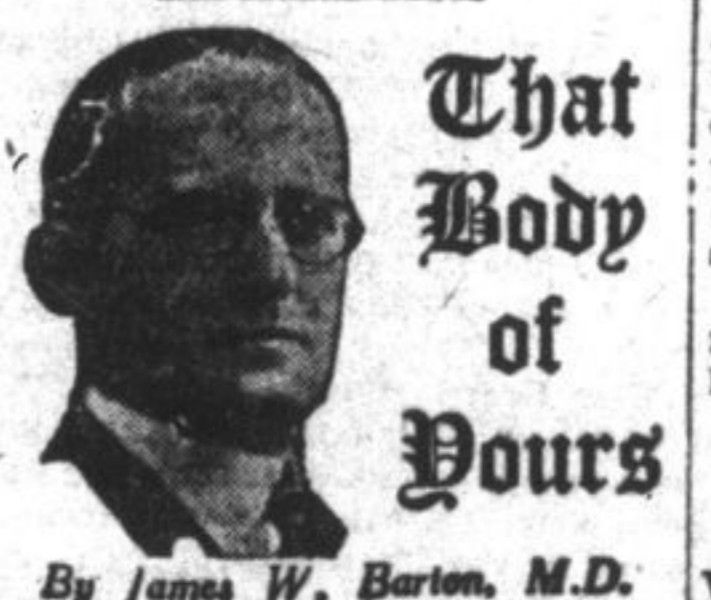
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size of a robin. It likes the vicinity of green woods and likes to nest in holes in orchard trees.

It has a grey throat and breast, shading into yellow lower down on the belly and underparts. Its long, light brown or rufous colored tail is conspicuous when it flies about. It has a harsh note, not very musical, and sometimes folks have these birds in the orchard and do not know it, as it is sly.

Why it likes cast off snake skins for nesting material is unknown. It may think that the skin will scare away all enemy birds. How each pair manage to find the necessary snake skin for almost every nest is a question that will send a naturalist crazy if enough folks get asking, for he cannot answer it.

The Kingbird, the Phoebe, the Crested Flycatcher and the Wood Pewee are all cousins and all eat enormous quantities of annoying insects.



By James W. Barton, M.D.

The Real Cause.  
I was very much interested in the appearance of three prosperous looking men, at or just past, middle age, who were walking down the street.

They were of average height, but all three of them were very stout, their weights ranging from about two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds. They were deeply interested in what one of their number was saying, and unconsciously I passed them I likewise listened. It was as follows:

"What's the use of talking about it, arguing about it, or reading about it, we all know what's the matter. We all just eat too much, that's all there is to it."

I would have liked to have joined the conversation, and added the one further point, "Yes and exercise too little."

It's unfortunate, but it is only too true that the overeating, and the underexercising, so hand in hand to complete the job of overweight.

One of our insurance companies has published an excellent little book for the policyholders about this matter of overweight. It states that the company is afraid of all its overweight cases irrespective of the cause of the overweight, whether due to heredity, faulty gland action, or just plain overeating and laziness. Hence the suggestion.

And the main suggestion is the cutting down on the amount of food eaten, that it be cut down about one third. Their arrangement called for the cutting of the breakfast and lunch to one half the usual amount, and the dinner in the evening left practically as before. This is perhaps a nice method from the family standpoint, but is not the best for the stout individual himself or herself.

The reason is simple enough. During the morning and afternoon there is bound to be exercise of some kind taken, which helps to use up the food eaten. After dinner at night however, there is not likely to be much physical work done, and this

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PLANS FOR NEW SCHOOL  
Will Be Considered at Meeting on Tuesday Evening Next.  
Architect Drever has been busy engaged preparing plans for the new Hildeau school, and they will be ready for the consideration of the Board of Education at a special meeting to be held next Tuesday evening.

Just as soon as the plans are accepted, the next move will be to call for tenders, and it is the desire of the board to award contracts so that the work on the school may be undertaken as soon as possible. The members of the board hope to have the work on the new school under way by August 1st.

Cost of social service in England is about \$5,000,000 per day, says former government official.

Detroit woman seeking divorce claims her husband pawned the gas stove to buy bootleg liquor.

Summer Drinks  
—Kia-Ora Lemon Squash  
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