

The Weekly Ontario

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1914.

IN SPITE OF THE MAMMOTH WAR, HUMANITY IS STILL ADVANCING.

"Measuring the progress of mankind through 100,000 years by this war," a humanitarian writes, "it appears that human character has not advanced an inch."

Don't you believe it?"

A hundred thousand years are a long way further back than our records go; but even a hundred years ago human character was in many ways worse than it is to-day.

Men were then brutally thrust into the foulest of jails for debt; and, if they couldn't pay, were left to rot.

The sale of men, women and children in slavery was common 100 years ago, and the cancellation of relatively only a few was revolted by it.

The treatment of prisoners of war was then quite heartless, unless they chanced to be prisoners with a pull. There will be no war prison in Europe during the current unpleasantness which will be as cruel in its neglect of simple mercies as were some of the soldiers' detention camps even as late as our own Civil War.

It is significant that the makers of the present war are ashamed of it and are trying anxiously to dodge the blame which they know in their hearts will be branded upon them by the writers of its history. There was little of such sensitiveness a thousand or even a hundred years ago. Never did Napoleon or the great Frederick go into battle apologizing.

The respect shown for the persons and property of neutrals and for the sick and wounded will far exceed that of any prior war; because, even though individuals here and there may now and then revert to savagery under the demoralizing influence of blood lust, there will, in restraint upon them, be a higher average of moral standards than the world has heretofore known.

Throughout the world intelligence is higher than ever before and humanity is warmer in its sympathies. I doubt this would be to ignore a million evidences before every eye.

Of course, the best of wars at best is still awful; and this world-wide struggle, so sudden, so huge, to the mass of folks so unexpected, seems at close range peculiarly wanton.

But easily to be seen in it is a swift focusing of the world-old conflict between opposing schools of philosophy—those on the one side who believe in the imposed rule of a superior few; and, on the other, those who believe that the earth and its benefits are for all of earth's children.

It will be worth to the long future a great many present sacrifices to have this conflict determined definitely.

—Witchita Beacon.

BERLIN'S MEANS OF DEFENCE.

Unlike Paris, Berlin in no sense of the word is a fortified city, yet it is well protected. In times of peace, the Kaiser maintains about 23,000 troops in and about Berlin, but troops do not constitute fortification, even though they go a long way toward helping in the defence.

On the outskirts of the city are numerous green covered breastworks that probably shield guns for Berlin's defence, but they are not to be compared with the great chain of detached fortresses that bar the way to Paris.

In place of formidable forts, the Germans at all times have counted on a mobile defence in the form of concentrations of troops at strategic points. The purpose of these army corps is not so much to insure victory as it is to cost the enemy dearly in killed and wounded for every mile of his advance.

With this work done, it has always been the plan for the troops to fall back on the fortified cities of Koenigsburg and Allenstein, hold them as long as possible and surrender them only after the enemy has suffered terrible losses and then continue the gradual retreat.

Next in line comes the main defence of Berlin, the fortified cities of Danzig, Virchau, Marienwerder Graudenz and Thorn. Here it is that the Germans must put up their stiffest fight, for falling in this the next strategic position permanently fortified is Posen.

After Posen on the Warthe river comes Berlin's second line of permanent defences on the Oder, beginning at Custrin and including Glogau and Breslau, and possibly Neisse and Glatz, although the latter is really on the Austrian frontier.

MAKING A MATINEE STAR OUT OF A MAN "WANTED" FOR MURDER.

The surrender of Dr. Robinson upon the City Hall steps was a piece of stage-play that cannot increase public respect for the conduct of the provincial police. The taking in custody of the man wanted in the Tamworth case was attended by a cheap theatricalism which might prudently have been shunned by a body which certainly has no reason for showing off. It is hard indeed to fathom the state of mind of Joseph E. Rogers, superintendent of the provincial police, who apparently thinks that the humiliation of the department under his charge is a fit subject for a moving-picture performance. The record of the Tamworth case is a serious blot upon the chronicles of the provincial police. If that department is not to become a laughing-stock, Chief Rogers and some of his subordinates should at once be called to an accounting. If they can explain their eccentricities in the matter, let an impatient public have the facts. The Attorney-General should make it clear to Mr. Rogers that the conduct of the whole case does not reflect credit upon the provincial police, nor does the cheap stage-play upon the City Hall steps enhance a damaged reputation.

An emissary from headquarters searched the residence of Dr. Robinson, whose disappearance from Tamworth aroused suspicion that he might be connected with the disappearance of Miss Blanche Yorke. The sleuth found nothing. Some days later a bailiff entered the physician's house and found in the cellar the dismembered body of the dead girl. No explanation has been attempted of this almost incredible slackness of the provincial detective. Possibly Mr. Rogers thinks that no explanation is necessary. The public thinks otherwise.

And the public desire for an explanation of the conduct of the Tamworth case is accentuated by the proceedings which culminated in Dr. Robinson's surrender on the City Hall steps. Apparently the detectives were in direct communication with the much-wanted doctor for days. They could consult him, but they could not catch him. It was left to the doctor to dictate when he would give himself up. When he telephoned that he was good and ready, Inspector Greer was detailed to act as a sort of hall porter, to extend him a welcome on behalf of Mr. Roger's baffled department. Dr. Robinson chose Labor Day morning as the time and the City Hall steps as the scene for the semi-final act of the Tamworth case.

This was the pretty spectacle which was staged on Monday. There were sufficient newspaper men on hand to see that the great triumph of Mr. Rogers and his band of sleuths did not go unheralded. It might have been thought that the detectives had performed some brainy exploit which would put Sherlock Holmes to the blush. Instead, the surrender of a man who had evaded the police for weeks and communicated with them for days was the culmination of a display of ineptitude which put a smirch upon the annals of Mr. Roger's department that can only be wiped away by a very full, very prompt, and very convincing explanation. It is the duty of the Attorney-General to see that such an explanation is made.

The belief is growing that considerable shaking-up is needed in the Department of Provincial Police. The Tamworth incident is not the first example of a deplorable fall-down on the part of that department; it is, however, the first time that its chief executive has deemed the humiliation of the mea under his regime as the sort of material to make a Labor Day matinee out of, upon the steps of the City Hall.

—Toronto Telegram.

WAR.

The red glare of savagery has flashed over the world and millions of humans are plunged into misery through the act of one or two of those who rule by "divine right." Homes are broken, towns and cities are devastated, fields that are intended for husbandry are turned into rivers and lakes of human blood and the hand of man is turned against his fellows, to satisfy the "outraged" dignity of "houses" which have no human right to be. The conflagration which is consuming Europe and which bids fair to envelop the entire world was not commenced through the desire of any nation to serve humanity in a large way, it was not started as a means of righting a great wrong done or to be done to an unoffending people, it was not begun as an act of retribution on a country whose people had committed an overt act, but it was brought about through the insane desire of a power-crazed monarch to show to the world the dangers to be encountered by those who came within too close range of the "Mailed Fist." Sorrow and Penury are following in the wake of the marching hordes and where Agriculture smiled and Industry thrived, Want, Desolation and Disease will hold high carnival for many years after the plodding feet of the conscripted thousands have ceased to mark time to the rolling drums. War, even when waged in a righteous cause, is an appalling thing. This war requires the coining of a new word or a series of

words to express the feelings of those, who stand by and look on as the gruesome spectacle unfolds itself. When the greed of the sullen God of War shall have been satisfied and the exacting of his human toll shall have been paid, let us hope that History will imprint on her page the true reason and the correct names of those whose diseased minds have caused the pall of death to be spread over a serene and happy world.

—Chicago-Belleville News.

Join the Rifle Association. Learn how to shoot.

Four former members of the Ontario office staff are in camp at Valcartier training for foreign service.

Trenton has raised over \$1,000 already for the patriotic fund. Belleville has contributed \$1,200 to the fund, and this will be greatly augmented as the days go by. Patriotic citizens of Rawdon township collected \$320 in a single evening at Harold. And so the movement goes on and spreads all over the county and district. When it comes to a demonstration of loyalty by the concrete evidence of action, this old, reliable Bay of Quinte district is never found lagging in the rear.

War has its compensations for some concerns, but these are greatly outnumbered by those that are adversely affected. A canvass of considerably over one hundred companies, made by the Montreal Journal of Commerce shows that 80 were confronted with a loss of revenue so soon as hostilities had commenced. The balance were either in a position to make money notwithstanding the dislocation in trade, or were immune from the influence of warlike pursuits. The latter however, are few indeed, and of these only three were Canadian companies.

In its issue of August 18th, the London Times printed the following interesting extract from its issue of one hundred years ago:

Thursday, August 18. Price 6½d.

DUTCH MAIL.

BRUSSELS, Aug. 8.

Some battalions of English Guards are expected here from England, and it is understood that they will disembark at Ostend. These fine troops, it appears, are destined to form the garrison of Brussels, in conjunction with the corps at present here.

This is not an exact description of what is taking place in 1914, but it is sufficiently near to be decidedly remarkable.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

The supreme test of the strategic ability of a commander and of the morale of troops is the conduct of the retreat. Sir John French's conduct of the retreat from Mons will surely go down in history as one of the greatest and most glorious achievements in the military history of the world.

It has been well compared to the retreat of the British before and after the battle of Cornua. The latter was one of the series of battles between the British and French in the Peninsular war and took place January 16, 1809. During the battle, Sir John Moore was killed by a cannon ball which carried away his left shoulder. The British won a splendid victory over a superior force and the following day completed their retirement to the coast whence they embarked for England.

Charles Wolfe's immortal poem commemorating "the burial of Sir John Moore" is given below.

This famous ode is here printed exactly as it stands in "Wolfe's Remains," where it is copied from the original manuscript. The Rev. Samuel O'Sullivan, writing under date of April 22, 1841, says: I think it was about the summer of 1814 or 1815 (I cannot say which), I was sitting in my college rooms (in Dublin), and reading in the Edinburgh Annual Register, in which a very beautiful and striking account is given of the burial of Sir John Moore. Wolfe came in, and I made him listen to me while I read the passage, which he heard with deep and sensible emotion. We were both loud and ardent in our commendation of it; and after some little time I proposed to my friend to take a walk into the country. He consented, and we went our way to Simson's nursery, about half way between Dublin and the Rock. During our stroll Wolfe was unusually meditative and silent and I remember having been provoked a little by meeting with no response or sympathy to my frequent bursts of admiration about the country and the scenery, in which, on other occasions, he used so cordially to join. But he atoned for his apparent dullness and insensibility upon his return, when he repeated for me the first and last verses of his beautiful ode, in the composition of which he had been absorbed during our perambulation. These were the only verses which our dear friend at first contemplated; but moved, as he said, by my approbation, his mind worked upon the subject after he left me and in the morning he came over to me with the other verses by which it was

completed." Wolfe (b. in Dublin, Dec. 14, 1791; d. Feb. 21, 1823), neither published this poem nor took pains to claim it. Manuscript copies were taken down from recitation, and it was finally printed, with the initials "C. W." in the Newry, Ireland, Telegraph, from which it was speedily copied far and wide.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.
We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeams misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.
No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.
We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!
Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.
But half our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.
Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

No, the report that the Kaiser has changed the name of Paris to Wilhelmsburg, is not correct.

Impossible as it is to estimate from the official reports of "killed, wounded and missing" the true extent of each nation's casualties, it seems undoubted that the Germans have lost most heavily. Germany has lost four generals by death on the battlefield, the Russian and French troops one general each, and the English none. No report of the Austrian casualties is available. The generals lost so far by Germany are Gen. von Buelow, Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Friedrich of Sach-Meiningen, Prince Wilhelm of Lippe. The Russian general killed was Samsonoff; the French, Plesier.

THE MAN WHO KEEPS HIS HEAD

Harold Begbie, in the London Chronicle, eloquently sings of the duty of the stay-at-home Britons, in a poem entitled "The Man Who Keeps His Head." It is as follows:

There's a man who fights for England, and he'll keep her still atop,
He will guard her from dishonor in the market and the shop,
He will save her homes from terror on the fields of Daily Bread,
He's the man who sticks to business; he's the man who keeps his head.

Let the foe who strikes at England hear her wheels of commerce turn,
Let the ships that war with England see her factory furnace burn;
For the foe most fears the cannon, and his heart most quails with dread,
When behind the man in khaki is the man who keeps his head,
Brand him traitor and assassin who with miser's coward mood
Has his gold locked up in secret and his larders stored with food
Who has cast adrift his workers, who lies sweating in his bed,
And who snarls to hear the laughter of the man who keeps his head.

Let the poor man teach the rich man, for the poor man's constant strife
Is from day to day to seek work, day by day to war with life,
And the poor man's home hangs ever by a frail and brittle thread,
And the poor man's often hungry, but the poor man keeps his head.

When the ships come home from slaughter, and the troops march home from war;
When the havoc strewn behind us threatens the road that lies before,
Every hero shall be welcomed, every orphan shall be fed,
By the man who stuck to business by the man who kept his head.

Begbie tells the situation to a nicety. The greatest service the men who do not go to the front can render the Empire is to keep the wheels of business going, thus preventing paralysis of trade with its inevitable accompaniments of unemployment and suffering.

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