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Belleville

## OAK HALL

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Put every dollar you can get together into Victory Bonds—and then go to the banks and buy more bonds. By paying ten per cent. down and ten per cent. a month you can buy through the banks all the Victory Bonds you can pay for in ten months. It's the smartest way to save, you will never miss a few dollars each month. Don't wait—act now.

# Buy Victory Bonds

## OAK HALL

### Teach the Children to Save

Habits are acquired early in life. Children, who are taught the value of money and the habit of saving, grow up into good business men and capable women.

The easiest way to teach children to save, is to start a Savings Account for each child (\$1.00 each is sufficient). After a child has saved another dollar to make an additional deposit, he or she will have a better appreciation of just what a dollar stands for, and how much work and self-denial it represents.

## THE MERCHANTS BANK

Head Office: Montreal OF CANADA Established 1864  
BELLEVILLE BRANCH,  
N. D. McFADYEN, Manager  
Safety Deposit Boxes to Rent.

## The Standard Bank of Canada

ESTABLISHED 1873

Through good times and bad times for the past 45 years this Bank has steadily given its best efforts to the development and upbuilding of the agricultural, manufacturing and commercial business of this Country. Our efficient service is available for the benefit of all customers.

JOHN ELLIOTT, Manager Belleville Branch

Shannonville office open Mondays and Thursdays.  
Foxboro office open Tuesdays and Fridays.  
Rednersville office open Wednesdays.

READ THE WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

## WITH CARDINAL MERCIER AT THE CANADIAN CLUB

Contributed to The Ontario by Chas. Geo. Smith  
B. D. Ontremont, Montreal.

Since coming to Montreal I have heard the most remarkable array of notables of the earth at the Canadian Club. Samuel Gompers, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the Governor-General, General Pan, the Archbishop of York and William Stebbins—these are but a few of the aforesaid "notables" who have spoken to us in the great Rose Room banquet hall of the Windsor Hotel. They have talked about everything under the sun—that ought to be talked about—all the way from "the League of Nations" to Esquimaux and reindeer's meat. And now I have to add another name to this Bead-roll of Canada's Great Men—the person of "Desideratus Peliclen Francis Joseph Mercier"—otherwise known, if you please, by the less jaw-breaking more lovable name of "Cardinal Mercier," who was the guest of the Club last Friday noon.

His coming to the Club this season is an event, even in a club where "events" are commoner than good mushrooms are in the vicinity of the Belleville bowling green. It was an "event" of every angle of life—religious, national, patriotic, heroic, academic, literary, military, domestic and personal. The great Rose Room of the Windsor Hotel was ablaze with light and color for the occasion. The great Union Jack was entwined in a blessed and holy trinity with the tricolor of old France and the flag of gallant little Belgium.

When Cardinal Mercier entered the banquet hall he was accorded an upstanding welcome, that was affectionate and spontaneous and wholehearted—indeed, as he himself said, at no place in all America has he been received with more sincere demonstrations of affection, admiration and respect than in the city of Montreal and at the Canadian Club.

The Cardinal has a most stately, ascetic figure, and this is enhanced by his enormous height. The description of the first king of Israel fits him perfectly—"A chestnut man and a goodly; and there was no one among the children of Israel a goodlier person than he; from his shoulders and upward he was higher than any of the people." He was greeted in the flaming scarlet robe and the white border lace was the touch of jewelled gold and those lovely gems of purest ray serene, in the neck of a chain of gold, with a richly jewelled cross dangling from it. But the Cardinal most appealed to me when, having removed his little scarlet skull cap, in response to our repeated cheering and clapping, he revealed to us one of the sweetest faces that mortals ever gazed upon—careworn it surely was, and criss-crossed with deepest lines of suffering and privation, and yet such a gracious and fatherly smile. And that lovely smile, very hair and that noble forehead! Again two passages of the Bible express better than any other language I can borrow, the Christian hero of Belgium as he stood in our midst that day: "And Moses was not that the skin of his face shone while he talked . . . and all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."

It is possible my conception of the distinguished guest's true worth and eminence was enhanced by the very simple, unaffected style in which he spoke as he recounted in our ears the incidents connected with the declaration of war by Germany, and little Belgium's determination to resist those brutal Hun invaders to the last man. Emerson said truly "nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be sincerely simple is to be great." He said it in the exact medium between too little and too much." And this statement of the sage of Concord exactly fits Mercier.

Speaking first in English, the Cardinal was at times haltingly slow. He seemed to be in a dreamy mood, and the silence could be felt as he uttered each sentence in chaste English, pronouncing each word so distinctly and with dignified emphasis, but in a few minutes began to speak more rapidly and loudly until he made the very chandeliers and rafters ring with his burning eloquence. And then he did something which, to me, is well nigh miraculous (especially so, as I am singularly lacking in the gift of tongues), namely, he made a second address in French, repeating considerable of his English speech, with embellishments, anecdotes, and personal touches, that the vast majority of Canadian Clubbers present seemed to understand and appreciate. Lucky Montrealers! Lucky bi-lingualists! Nevertheless, hurrah for English! And hurrah for Ontario, where it is well taught, and will be forever spoken world without end!

There is only one other grace of Mercier's I have not referred to in this sketch, and yet he possesses it in boundless measure, and he exhibits it so chastely and unconsciously that it becomes an attribute. I refer to his humility. It is not a meek humility, either, nor an ecclesiastical "Ugh! Hoop" or "Chadband" couch which I always think is utterly abominable. No. His humility

takes on the hue of deep gratitude to God, and sincere acknowledgement of the part played by the common man of all creeds and all colors in the great war. And it is crowned by the utter absence of boasting, "side" or egotism. Yet again, as I listened that day, the great Bible aptitude seemed so appropriate to Mercier—"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

He accepted our kindness—"dinner, cheers, words, and crowds and all"—he declared, not for himself, but as the humble representative of a devoted, broken, brave little Belgium. He paid high tribute to the Canadians in the great war, and said their sincerity, courage and indomitable loyalty were a wonder of all Belgium and of Europe. He referred to the high ideals and personal honor that animated our Canadian men, and their courage at Ypres, when, after other troops had fallen back before the strange and awful German poison gas they had hurled themselves into that poisonous, hellish breach and saved the day. He added that the Canadian army has a unique distinction in the minds and hearts of all Belgians, since it was the one army which never left one man in the hands of the foe. He paid a tender tribute of Christian respect to our men who had made the supreme sacrifice performing such gallant deeds in Belgium, and said it was a source of deep sorrow to his soul, and he wished to convey to all the mourners the sincere sympathy of his king and country, and also the consoling of the great Heavenly Father and the crucified risen Christ.

At the beginning of the speech Cardinal Mercier, the people of Holland urged King Albert and the Belgians to "play safe" with Germany, and to formally march their army to the frontier, make a diplomatic protest to Germany, yet make no show of force, much less to attempt opposition. They then would save both their honor and their country—at least this was the "Dutch" idea of it. But the brave Albert and his brave people, though helplessly outnumbered, and on paper, beaten before the first shot was fired, refused to act such a hypocritical "Dutch" part—in fact they spurned it angrily.

The Cardinal, himself, was approached by the same incident talk about saving their honor and their country. I fear I became very angry once, he said, for I seized this particularly brazen spy by the breast and shook it as scornfully demanding of him, "Sir, do you know what your 'honour' means?" With fine scorn the Cardinal asked what would have happened had Belgium played such a cowardly role, with a barbarian horde of Hun whose specialty was the savaging and slaughter of women and children and the ruthless destruction of libraries, universities, churches, homes, and priceless works of art gathered through the long, long ages.

The war, he declared, had welded together the two main peoples of Belgium, namely the Flemish and the Walloons, who heretofore had been the deeply divided. A new national spirit of oneness had been born in the awful furnace of war's afflictions, and the Belgian soul was awakened and it is still broad awake and facing the new dawn.

Finally, the speaker touched all our hearts as he solemnly confessed that, in the darkest hours of those long years of horror, his faith in God, and in the ultimate triumph of the Allies, never once faltered. He said, "I have been constantly sustained by God, and the prayers of dear Christian people of all names and in all lands. He told the personal story of a Belgian miner, to illustrate the Belgian trust that God would never leave them nor forsake them. He said, 'I have done your duty. We have done ours. Now let God do His duty!' And this faith and hope was answered in God's good time, and in a way that few of us ever dreamed possible when the war was raging, and he is holding this high note our saintly old hero-guest concluded his speech. And that high note will strike the tune for a thousand Canadian Clubbers in more ringing tones than ever before. "Hill the drum thrum no longer, and the battle-flags are furled, in the Parliament of man, the federation of the world."

WINTER COMING.

The winter's approaching, the frost is encroaching, and turning green verdure to gold; the evenings are chilly and calm. Beach looks silly, and are you prepared for the cold? In pomp you go riding, your swift motor gliding, I often behold you go past; you surely seem stately; I envy you, joyfully—but are you prepared for the blast? Is coal in the cellar, oh, joy-riding fellow, and have you some spuds in the bin or are you just burning the coin you are earning, just blowing your salary in? Oh, winter is mixing its war paint and fixing to give us a job in the kitchen. There is only one other grace of Mercier's I have not referred to in this sketch, and yet he possesses it in boundless measure, and he exhibits it so chastely and unconsciously that it becomes an attribute. I refer to his humility. It is not a meek humility, either, nor an ecclesiastical "Ugh! Hoop" or "Chadband" couch which I always think is utterly abominable. No. His humility

cigars? Say, have you provided a ham that's lopsided, some bacon and wienies and flour? And have you invested in coats double-breasted? For winter in drastic and doer.  
—Walt Mason.

## Eggs Dearer: Butter Easier

Many Fowls Offered Today—No Change in Meats.

Eggs were again the feature of the market today, when they sold from 70c and upwards per dozen. The offerings were very much limited owing to the slaughter among fowls on account of the high cost of feed and grain. Quite a number of eggs sold at 70c, the top price of 75c being secured by only a few salespeople.

Chickens are easier at \$1.00 to \$2.50 per pair. Many farmers are killing off their stock. Butter eased off to 58c and 60c per pound. Ducks brought \$1.25 to \$1.75 each and a large turkey was offered at \$3.25 per pound.

Potatoes sold at \$2.25 per bag. Young pigs were offered at \$4.00 each. It is reported that in some parts of the country, porkers are selling as low as one dollar each. Apples are quoted at 55.00 to \$7.50 per barrel. Meats remained unchanged, beef hindquarters bringing \$17 per cwt. Hogs are offered at \$16.25 live weight. Lamb is worth 20 cents per pound wholesale. Grains are stationary, oats \$1.00 and upwards, barley \$1.25 to \$1.40. Hay is offered at \$21.00 and \$22. per ton.

## Ten Commandments of Driving

- I. Drive on the right side of the road; it's just as good as the left.
- II. Slow down when approaching a crossroad; it is nearly as dangerous as a railway crossing.
- III. Look out for children. You can never tell what they'll do, and you're always in the wrong if you hit one.
- IV. Try to help instead of hinder the traffic officer; he's there for your good, and he's got a tough job.
- V. Be sure that your "dimmers" really dim; it's no joke driving into a blinding glare, as you probably know.
- VI. Read and obey the warning signs; they're not put up as ornaments and they're made available through a really dim; it's no joke driving into a blinding glare, as you probably know.
- VII. If you feel you've got to speed—do it where it won't kill anybody but yourself.
- VIII. When making minor repairs stop where your car may be seen from both directions, otherwise you may stop longer than you anticipate.
- IX. Speeding around corners is a straight route to the hospital. Don't race past a stopped street car. Some day the jury may call it manslaughter.
- X. Use discretion. The fact that you had the right of way won't bring anybody back to life—least of all yourself.

## County and District

### Early Days in Kitley

Some interesting side lights on life in the Township of Kitley in its early history, the forties and fifties, is made available through the perusal of two old day books belonging to the late James Rudd, a merchant in Frankville at that time. The books have been handed to the Recorder and named by G. M. Laverette of Frankville. Whiskey seems to have been the chief article of commerce at that time and at many different places in the book entries are made in favor of prominent member of families of the township for the sale of whiskey which was disposed of at two shillings (fifty cents) per gallon. The day books cover roughly the period from 1840 to 1854. In the earlier years of the period Mr. Rudd evidently conducted a shoe-making establishment. The price of shoes is shown to be on an average \$2.50. The shoes were often paid for in hides and produce such as eggs which sold for 10 cents a dozen. The prices of other commodities were as follows:—Raisins, per lb 25c; vinegar, per quart 9c; brandy per quart 75c; oats, per gallon 25c; beans, per bushel 50c; peas, per bushel 75c; pork, per lb 12c.—Brookville Recorder and Times.

### Hotel Fire Victim is Related in Lindsay

It is feared that Mr Joseph Thompson, who was one of the victims of the Trafalgar Hotel fire at Belmont, is a cousin of Mrs. Henry Jackson of Lindsay.

The hotel was totally destroyed at an early hour on the morning of Nov. 2nd, and Joseph Thompson, a retired farmer, aged 85 and unmarried, who was a guest at the hotel, and a young domestic, perished in the flames. A domestic soldier was seriously injured by jumping from a third story window.—Lindsay Post.

### Making Islands Valuable

For several weeks past G. C. McClean, Hartley street, has been engaged by the Dominion Government making a valuation of all the islands on the Canadian side of the river

## HELPLESS WITH RHEUMATISM

Until He Took "Fruit-a-lives" The Fruit Medicine

R. R. No. 1, LORNE, ONT.  
"For over three years, I was confined to bed with Rheumatism. I treated with doctors, and tried nearly everything without benefit. Finally, I tried 'Fruit-a-lives'. Before I had used half a box I saw improvement; the pain was easier and the swelling started to go down. I continued taking this fruit medicine, improving all the time, and now I can walk about two miles and do light chores about the place."  
ALEXANDER MUNRO.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

In the United-Counties of Lewis and Grenville for purposes of a more equitable taxation by the various township councils. The district, extending from Brockville to five miles west of Gananoque, has been covered by Mr. McClean and he is now engaged on his report, which include everything above water from the smallest shoal to the more pretentious inland with its costly buildings.—Brookville Recorder & Times.

### Searching for Auto Thief

H. J. Grasse, chief constable of Toronto holds a warrant for the arrest of C. J. Hughes on a charge of stealing a Chevrolet touring car, model 490, from the Queen City, on Nov. 3, according to information received at police headquarters this morning. Hughes' description is as follows: Age 25 years, height five feet and six inches, slim build, fair complexion, clean shaven, wears dark clothes black cap. He is a returned soldier. The stolen car carried an Ontario license plate numbered 17625; the serial number is 34857.—Brookville Recorder & Times.

### Had Miraculous Escape

A party from Napanee had a miraculous escape from death while travelling in an automobile a short distance beyond Cataract a few days ago. The car ran into the arms of one member of the party, a little boy, was thrown against the windshield and suffered slight cuts. The party was composed of a man and his wife and three children. Two Kingston men rendered first aid and afterwards word was sent to Napanee and the car which was disabled, was towed there.

### Brakeman Killed Near Glen Tay

Frank Hartwich, a C.P.R. brakeman died in the Public hospital, Smith's Falls as a result of injuries sustained when he was struck by a freight train at Glen Tay. He was stepping from the forward door of his van when the train moved forward and the jar given, when the slack ran out, threw him under the wheels, mangle his legs and arms terribly. The unfortunate man was taken to Perth where Dr. Melghe boarded the train and accompanied him to Smith's Falls. He died an hour after being admitted to the hospital. His home was in Ardenade Ontario.

### Cobourg on the Aerial Route

That aerial routes throughout Canada are in active steps toward reality is evidenced by a letter received by the town council on Monday evening. When the Aero Club of Canada wrote asking if the town was prepared to build an aerodrome to be operated either by the town or leased to a company Cobourg is one of the aerial routes proposed, and has been inspected by airmen looking for the best site for an aerodrome. Cobourg Sentinel Stat.

## How the Prince Was Grieved at Trenton

Graphic Description of Memorable Visit by The Ontario's Special Correspondent—Other News from the Border Town.

About ten o'clock on Wednesday, Chief of Police S. Cottrill made known to the merchants of the town that H.R.H. Prince of Wales, would pass through the town, via C.P.R. shortly after twelve-thirty. The news soon spread, and about that hour the road leading to the C.P.R. station was alive with traffic. Everywhere could be seen autos and footmen. As the C.P.R. engine came through the mountain and slowly crawled over the high bridge, the crowd surged westward as our Prince was supposed to be in his private car. Those who were fortunate enough to be left in the rear, had the best view of the Prince, as he was in the cab, driving the engine. When the train came to a standstill, great cheers met our Prince, as he stepped from the train. Little children pushed toward him, raising their hands to shake his hand. Very kindly he took several at a time, and treated all to a handshaking. He walked from the engine to the rear of his train, the crowd followed. One old countryman called, "Hello, Master David" and was rewarded by the kindly smile and recognition of Master David. (Which is his Welsh name.) Another was "to handed him a flag, another older one threw him an apple which he dextrously caught with his left hand. One wo-

man remarked, "I thought they said the Prince was always smiling." An enthusiastic photographer called out, "Prince." At once that smile came, as though to satisfy the questioner. One of the number with the Prince called for returned men. One of our boys, Douglas Curry, who had been presented with a medal by the Prince, at Kingston, was again recognized by him. As the train bearing the Prince again pulled out of sight a very much satisfied people turned homeward. They had all seen the beloved Prince, and were unanimous in saying he is splendid and every inch a man.

## October Wedding

A wedding of interest to our readers was solemnized at Camrose, Alta., on Oct. 22nd, when Miss Kathleen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jno. McIlroy, formerly of Flinton, was united in holy bonds of wedlock to Mr. A. J. Zaczekowski. The following announcement is taken from the Camrose "Canadian": A pretty wedding was solemnized at the Roman Catholic church on Wednesday morning, October 22, at 7:20 a.m., when Kathleen, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jno. McIlroy of Camrose, was united in marriage to Alphonse J. Zaczekowski of Heizer, by Rev. Father Schmittler. The bride was given away by her father, and looking very lovely in a suit of navy French serge trimmed with velvet and braid, a hand-painted georgette waist, white velvet picture hat with white fringe and ostrich ornament, and a white fur. She also wore a corsage bouquet of violets. Her attendant, Miss Lucille Zaczekowski, was attired in a navy coat dress trimmed with braid, and a navy hat with sand stitching. Charlie McIlroy, brother of the bride, supported the groom. The wedding march, Grieg's Bridal Chorus, was played by Tom Dugan, and Miss Irene McIlroy sang very charmingly "O Mother Bless." The marriage was performed at the altar, decorations of white and pink carnations and white roses giving a very beautiful effect.

After the ceremony, the wedding party repaired to the bride's home where a tasteful wedding breakfast was served. Only the immediate relatives of the bride and groom were present, including Miss Marygerite McIlroy of Edmonton. Mr. and Mrs. Zaczekowski left on the Grand Trunk train for Calgary and western points for a short honeymoon, and upon their return will be in Camrose for a few days. They will then visit at Heizer, later going to their farm at Lloydmaster, recently purchased by Mr. Zaczekowski, who is a veteran of the 78th Artillery.

Every wish for their future happiness will be extended to Mr. and Mrs. Zaczekowski. Mrs. Zaczekowski is one of the town's own girls, having gone to school here and taught with splendid success in a number of the district's schools. She was the recipient of many beautiful gifts, among them a case of Community silver from her parents.—Tweed Advocate.

## WELBOURNE—WEESE

A marriage of interest to many people here and elsewhere took place in Belleville on November 5th when the Rev. A. S. Kerr united in marriage, Mrs. Gladys Weese, of Rossmore, and Mr. Willard Welbourne of Peterborough. Mrs. L. Gerow attended the bride, while Mr. L. Gerow ably supported the groom. The bride was well and favorably known here and will be greatly missed as she was a general favorite, both with old and young, while the groom is connected with the Bell Telephone Co., Peterboro' he having held a prominent position with that firm for the last 15 years. They left by motor in the afternoon for their new home in Peterborough, the bride travelling in a navy blue serge suit, grey hat and grey fox furs. They were accompanied by the good wishes of a host of friends that wishes them bon voyage through life.

## Died in Hospital From Fall From a Train

William Walt, Saskatchewan Farmer Fractures Skull.  
William Walt, a Saskatchewan farmer, aged 57 years, died in Cobourg on Tuesday morning, the result of jumping from a Canadian Northern train on Monday. Just this side of Trenton, he had recently returned to Murray township from Saskatchewan, having sold his farm there and was on his way to visit relatives in Concession, Prince Edward Co. He got on the wrong train, and apparently jumped to avoid being carried too far out of his road. He was picked up by train crew and brought to Cobourg hospital, where on Tuesday he was operated on by Dr. Forst to relieve a piece of bone pressing on the brain the result of a compressed fracture of the skull. He never regained consciousness. He is a widower and is survived by his 37-year-old mother, who accompanied him, also by a daughter in Saskatchewan. An inquest was opened on Wednesday afternoon by Coroner Dr. T. C. Lapp. After viewing the body the inquest was adjourned until the next evening.—Cobourg Sentinel, Star.