

THE WEEKLY ONTARIO.

Morton & Herity, Publishers.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1918.

HARPIES FATTENING WHILE WORLD BLEEDS

A London correspondent of the New York Sun deals in a scathing manner with the gilded gambling resorts of that city. The correspondent says that in one of these resorts an American officer lost \$2,100, another \$1,500 and a Canadian \$500 just before leaving for the battle front.

These resorts, as a rule, are in quiet quarters in a residential section; in some cases they are conducted in actual residences occupied by people who have at least some sort of social standing. In such instances the game is played in what appears to be the most respectable house and among most respectable people. Young and fashionably dressed women haunt the foyers of the more expensive restaurants and public rooms. And there is wonderful power of fascination to the average young man in this type of women. They press her to accept dinner and theatre invitations, and attempt to buy her presents and jewelry, but without success. That is not the plan. The bewildering stranger smilingly shakes her head. She has already accepted an invitation for dinner and a quiet hand of cards that very evening. But if he would care to come with her friends—and so on. The invitation is accepted, cards follow dinner and the visitors are duly seated.

Regular gambling resorts also employ women as decoys. One of these resorts is located on a stretch of water that is extremely popular. Boats, canoes and motor boats go flashing up and down from early morning until well after dusk. Half a mile up stream is situated the riverside annex of one of the most exclusive London clubs. Thitherward every afternoon and evening the beautiful "daughters," attired in the most fetching costumes and in the daintiest of dainty canoes, goes paddling. The younger members of the club are also fond of the river. There is a fleeting smile as they pass in mid-stream, and they very soon become acquainted. At first the maiden appears inclined to be reserved. There are the proprieties to be observed. She is no fool. It is no use frightening your fish at the first bite. But toward the end of the flirtation she relents somewhat. Her mother is giving a small dance—"Nothing formal, you know; just among ourselves"—that evening. "If Mr. Jones will drop in they will be delighted to see him," Mr. Jones goes. More often than not he takes a friend. They dance and are accorded the most hospitable reception. Mother is there, a charming, statuesque woman in flowing draperies. Father—they apologize profusely—is in a somewhat merry condition. That is obvious from the thickness of his accent and his halting gait. The visitors in such delightful company—there are numerous pretty girls, unconscious snafes of the hand—pass the matter off with a smile and a jest. But father is not quite so "mellow" as he would have them believe. At least there is nothing the least bit unsteady in that searching glance to which he treats them from beneath beeding brows. And the hand that pours out the drinks is hardly that of a drunkard. At last they grow tired of dancing. A friendly hand of bridge is suggested as an alternative. Only small stakes are allowed at the start. But as hand follows hand and drink follows drink they increase in value. Between 11 p.m. and 3 a.m. the host and hostess may make anything from \$1,000 to \$2,000 out of the gamble—a gamble for them, but no gamble for the untucky army subaltern or the impecunious college youth.

Once they have rid themselves of all their available loose cash they are courteously sent home, with a pressing invitation to return some other night for their revenge.

Women, wives of men at the front, are victims as well as men. The women, says the correspondent, become even more infatuated with gambling than do the men. They take their gambling seriously—dead seriously. To them, is nothing of the sporting element of the affair; it is cutthroat business of pay and receive. Once a woman is seized with the gambling "bug" nothing on earth can hold her. "I have," says the correspondent, "seen women, pretty, buoyant, confident, arriving with their few hundreds of pounds in the afternoons; their hands perfect, their eyes bright, and in the early hours of the morning they have come away 'broke,' maybe in tears, decidedly in a violent temper one with another, their eyes dim and bloodshot, their hands positively dirty."

The story is told of one woman, the wife of an officer in the English Aviation Corps. They got hold of her through the maitre d'hotel of the restaurant she frequented. One day a charming woman of distinguished appearance strolled over to her table with a polite request to share it with her. Consent was readily given, and they got into conversation. The welcome stranger sympathized with her loneliness, and finished by inviting her to a dainty maisonette off Park Lane. After dinner cards were produced. And the fleeing had begun. By the time her husband was able to get home on leave and rescue her the unhappy woman had been robbed of the best part of \$20,000.

THE BRITISH FLAG IN BIBLE LANDS.

A British soldier's letter, stating that he is on guard at the very manger in which Christ was born in Bethlehem; the advance of the British beyond Jericho, and the further victories in Mesopotamia, all call attention again to the historic scenes of the Middle East which centres in the great war. It has been truly said that the war is a tremendous lesson in geography; and if the general reader will use his opportunity he can brush up his history amazingly.

Recently a British officer has written his impressions on visiting Jerusalem and Bethlehem after their capture by General Allenby's forces.

"Our first point of interest," he says, "was David's Tower, which is I believe, the oldest tower in Jerusalem. We visited an Armenian monastery showing two places where St. Peter was warming himself, a piece of original mosaic pavement and a piece of a pillar on which the cock that crowed stood. After this, we went into the room in which the Last Supper was held, with pillars and arches, so that except for it being on the upper floor, it did not agree with my childish imagination. I was told one interesting thing, and that was that the directions given by Jesus to His Disciples to find the room were very definite, because in this country, no man ever carried water unless such carrying had to be done, it always being done by the women, so that when they were told to look for and follow a man bearing a pitcher of water there would probably be only one man doing it.

"We wandered out to a portion of the old wall from which we looked across the Valley Kedron to the Mount of Olives, and the Garden of Gethsemane," he goes on. "This garden is disillusioning, for now it is made up in neat paths and flower beds, which is not what I pictured. It has eight cypresses and some very old olive trees in it, one being said to be an original one, and is surrounded by a wall. It is quite small and at first one does not notice it, for one's eye is attracted to the large, triangular garden above with a huge, and to me unsightly, church in it. This proves to be the Russian Church, which was built as near to the garden as possible."

"On arriving at the home of Samson," the officer says in another letter, "I could not help contrasting the squalid native village with a few dirty inhabitants to the palace as depicted in the opera, 'Samson and Delilah.' I can conceive him pulling down any part of the village of today, but not the huge marble pillars, as was supposed. Yet all things are possible, and I certainly saw the base of a pillar about two feet in diameter in one of the narrow streets, as if belonging to some prehistoric period. This is probably one of some Greek temple or even of a church of the Crusaders, for many traces of the Greek temples are being unearthed, one piece of mosaic of beautiful design and color in particular having been unearthed. This one is supposed to have a representation of our Patron Saint, St. George, and at present it is not decided whether it will go to Australia, whose sons claim to have found it, or to the British Museum. I hope the former have it, as it is only fair that the young countries who have fought for us should have some relics of the past, and surely we have enough."

Six hundred miles to the east another British column is pressing its way up the valley of the Tigris towards Mosul, by the ruins of ancient Ninevah. Here was the palace of

Sennacherib and the reputed tomb of Jordan, with all that these names mean in the history of the world. These hot, dusty lands have had few visitors in modern times except men bent on scientific missions seeking to uncover the past and bring mementoes to Western museums as tangible evidence of former civilizations. Of these scientists, William Warfield, went up the Tigris and on the Black Sea since the war began, and his freedom of movement was because he was an American, though his statement that he spoke the "English" language frequently aroused suspicions of the ignorant Turks, who for that reason classed him as an Englishman. In his book, 'The Gate of Asia,' he criticizes the thieving and inquisitive Turks, but speaks well of the more kindly and hospitable Arabs. The party rode raw-boned ponies, and their progress over the hot sands, though the nights were cold (it was in March), was marked by many discomforts, and sometimes adventures. "As we looked over the sorry aggregation of horses," he says, "we recalled stories we had heard in childhood of gallant Arab steeds, and then remembered with pleasure that though we had contracted to pay our Arab friend several times the value of his nags, there was no stipulation that title should pass to us at this or any future time."

The party carried tinned meats, rice, potatoes, and dates, and planned to buy fowls, eggs and native bread en route. Besides the heat of the sun they had occasionally to endure clouds of tiny, biting flies that rose from the roadway. Animal life on the desert was rare, but occasional villages in the palms gave relief, though not particularly happy change. Storks were the chief birds, and their nests were characteristic sights in the villages.

The route has been popular through the ages for trade between north and south, but there is little now to attract people of Western tastes. The Kurds are a light people, blue-eyed, and commonly with flaxen and red hair. Their dress chiefly differs from the Arabs by the use of a turban of blue cotton. The large market town of Kifri is built of dark sand-stone, and has a bazaar, roofed like those of Bagdad, though smaller, Kerkuk, farther north, is a dirty, unattractive city, with houses of stone, mostly covered with stucco. It is distinctly Turkish, and has a population of 20,000. The principal mosque in the city contains the tombs of Shadrach and Abenago, while Meshach also is said to be buried there, though the place of his interment is forgotten. There is also in Kerkuk a strong colony of Jews, who claim to be the children of the captivity of Nebuchadnezzar.

Near Arbela was fought in 331 B.C., the great battle in which Alexander the Great defeated Darius, the last of the Archemenian Kings of the vast Persian Empire founded by the great Cyrus. For this titanic struggle of that day Darius collected an enormous army. "There were wild horsemen from the deserts of Khorasan, Afghans and their neighbors in northern India and Beluchistan, Scythians, Parthians, Hycanians, and fierce mountaineers from the Caucasus—all these and more, besides the picked troops of the Medes and the Persians, and of Babylon and Syria, that formed the backbone of the vast host."

On that fateful day East was ranged against West, Asia against Europe, and Darius broke his hordes against Alexander's splendid Macedonian phalanxes and his squadrons of irresistible cavalry from Thessaly. If there is any comfort from this great battle for the present struggle, it may be found in the fact that in the Asiatic hordes the individual counted for nothing, while in the European army the development of individual responsibility was strong.

The gentle Germans must be grieved when they find the Ukrainian peasants burning their crops rather than have them fall into German hands. Nobody seems to love the poor Teuts.

Sir George Foster tells us that we should buy no new garments, but should make old suits last three years at least. How would it do

to decree that patched garments are fashionable?

A German life insurance paper reports that the death rate among civilians in the Fatherland is as high as among the soldiers at the front. It is safe betting that there are not many German insurance men in the war party.

Miss Grace Lusk, the spirited Illinois woman who shot and killed her paramour's wife, has had on an average three offers of marriage a day since her trial started. Her admirers are probably gummen.

Ukrainian peasants having caused the German soldiery more trouble, several villages near Kiev have been drenched with poisonous gas and their inhabitants exterminated. And it must be admitted that this is a most effective way of imposing peace upon the people of the Ukraine and elsewhere.

Neither Clarkson nor any other "valuator" has set any "value" upon the Bay bridge. The probability is that Clarkson never saw the Bay bridge and he would not be the right man to set a "value" upon it even if he did see it. Clarkson is an expert accountant and not an expert engineer. Clarkson's figure of \$78,000 had reference to the original investment of \$85,000 by the Sutherland estate in the bridge, the cost of subsequent repairs and the accumulated interest. The Clarkson statement had no more to do with the present actual value of the bridge than it had to do with the price of cheese on the moon. The company has a bridge that it desires to sell. The city, as one of the prospective purchasers, is no more concerned with the size of the investment of the Sutherland estate in the bridge than the city is concerned about the loss of its own original investment of \$30,000 in the original company. What does concern the city in such negotiations is what the bridge may be worth today. Will the city be a party to paying over \$78,000, or \$72,500, or \$65,000, or any other amount for this property, until the city has ascertained, by the unquestionable expert opinion of the most competent engineers, the present value of the bridge, basing their opinion upon a thorough examination of the piers, the steel-work and the flooring? We fancy the city will not.

ONLY A SONG

It was only a simple ballad,
 Sung to a careless throng;
 There were none that knew the singer,
 And few that heeded the song;
 Yet the singer's voice was tender
 And sweet as with love untold,
 Surely those hearts were hardened
 That it left so proud and cold.

She sang of the wondrous glory
 That touches the woods in spring,
 Of the strange, soul-stirring voices,
 "When 'the hills break forth and sing,"
 Of the happy birds low warbling
 The requiem of the day,
 And the quiet hush of the valleys
 In the dusk of the gloaming grey.

And one in a distant corner—
 A woman worn with strife—
 Heard in that song a message
 From the spring-time of her life.
 Fair forms rose up before her
 From the midst of vanished years;
 She sat in a happy blindness,
 Her eyes were veiled with tears.

Then when the song was ended,
 And hushed the last sweet tone,
 The listener rose up softly
 And went on her way alone.
 Once more to her life of labor
 She passed; but her heart was strong
 And she prayed, "God bless the singer!
 And, oh thank God for the song!"

—Chambers' Journal

venture in independent journalism. The lessons learned in conflict with the politicians who tried to run the Daily Telegraph contributed to J. Ross Robertson's second venture in independent journalism—The Toronto Telegram. The kindness of the late Goldwyn Smith in offering a credit of \$6,000 to the establishment of The Telegram in 1876 was gladly acknowledged, and Mr. Robertson was always eager to proclaim his gratitude to the man who started him in the beginnings of his great life work.

The newspaper life of J. Ross Robertson was a journey from strength to strength, from the day that The Telegram was founded in April, 1876. "The Telegram paid from the start" were the words of quiet satisfaction in which the founder of The Telegram would rejoice, and tell how the Toronto publishers laughed at the battle cry of "A cent a word and a cent a copy."

Ten years more of life and the days of J. Ross Robertson would have ended in an ideal outcome from the twilight of evening to the dawn of the Eternal Morning. He stepped almost from his office to his death-bed. There was no pain, no gloomy anticipation of the inevitable. His last, conscious thoughts were thoughts of his wife and sons, of the little ones in the hospital that he aided with the last stroke of his pen; and of the newspaper that he loved and cherished.

So John Ross Robertson passed over in dreams untroubled by regrets that he had ever betrayed the people who trusted The Telegram, and accompanied to his death by the knowledge that throughout his newspaper career—
 "No man, woman or child, ever got the worst of it without J. Ross Robertson trying to give that man, woman or child, the best of it."
 Toronto Telegram.

WADDELL-GIDDY

At the Tabernacle parsonage on Monday, June 3, 1918, Miss Gertrude Lena Giddy, of Odessa, was united in marriage to Mr. Ralph Waddell, of Frankford, Ont. Rev. S. C. Moore was the officiating clergyman.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Owens, Miss Irene McLaughlin, the Misses Ruth and Dorothy Jones, motored from Oshawa and were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jones, John Street North.

A quiet wedding took place at the Tabernacle parsonage on last Saturday afternoon, June 1st, when Ethel Stewart was united in marriage with Matthew J. Johnston, both of Rawdon. Rev. S. C. Moore officiated.

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Chas S. CLAPP

PAID UP CAPITAL PROMPTLY SECURED

Other Editor's Opinions

MANY FARMERS FOLLOW OLD TIME

Farm clocks generally are keeping standard time and ignoring the daylight saving plan. In some households the farmer has moved his watch on an hour, but the clock ticks off the minutes and the seconds according to the old time schedule and the hours for meals and for rising and retiring are regulated by it.

"We are getting up at five o'clock now and there is no use of advancing the time and getting up at four o'clock," said one farmer to The World. "We are using all the daylight as it is and the new time

makes no difference to us." The rural school clock harmonizes with the new time, and this is regarded as a hardship in the farmers' family as the children who return for their midday meal require their dinner one hour earlier than the men who come in from the fields at 12 o'clock by old time.

On the whole, however, the farmers are content to follow their own way and say that if the town people are benefitted they have no complaints.—Gowanus World.

JOHN ROSS ROBERTSON

"Don't let The Telegram miss an edition when I go," were the words in which the late founder, publisher and proprietor of The Telegram expressed his wishes for the continuity of John Ross Robertson's life work. These wishes are today obeyed as orders by those who have to fight the fight that J. Ross Robert-

son fought, and defend the principles that J. Ross Robertson defended.

J. Ross Robertson owned three weeklies and one daily newspaper before he was thirty. His genius as an original and daring newspaperman was illustrated in the Daily Telegraph. That newspaper was away ahead of its time in the character and quality of its features and news service. The Daily Telegraph gave an independent report of John A. Macdonald, but pursued a line of its own in the exposure of the Welland Canal scandal. The word came from Ottawa that the Daily Telegraph was to "call off its dogs." J. Ross Robertson sent back word to Ottawa that John A. Macdonald and his associates "could run the Government and he would run the Daily Telegraph."

The antagonism of the Government at Ottawa contributed to the failure of J. Ross Robertson's first

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