

DISRESPECT TO THE KING.

It seems like making a very grave charge to say that in a center of patriotism like Belleville, in this home of the descendants of the United Empire Loyalists, there should be open and general disrespect to His Majesty, King George the Fifth, sovereign ruler of the British empire. Yet such is undoubtedly the case. The proof is easily obtainable.

Go to the theater on any night when a big "show" is present and watch the crowd when the orchestra strikes the first bars of "God Save Our King." There is an instantaneous hubbub, a hasty seizure of coats and hats, a lightning donning of wraps, a mad rush for the doors by a sprinkling of the quickest-change artists. A few soldiers in khaki and a few foolish-looking citizens bravely stand at attention but they are in a hopeless minority.

People who have been loafing all day, and boys who have been spending every other night for a week past in pool-rooms suddenly become seized of the precious importance of time as soon as the advance notes of the national anthem are sounded. At this particular part of the evening, men and women who have sat patiently for three hours and endured the vagaries of Mutt and Jeff, and paid \$1.50 for the privilege of doing so, begin to move with that immoderate haste that would indicate their time to be worth at least \$1.50 a minute.

What is this national anthem that we so little respect and so thoughtlessly desecrate? Ignorant people, of limited vision, think it is nothing but a rhymed petition, of doubtful literary quality, invoking the Almighty to look after the personal safety and well-being of our king. Those who can see nothing more than that in our national hymn ought, perhaps, to be excused for the discourtesy they show, on the ground of non-accountability.

The national anthem is a prayer in metrical form. It is addressed to God, on behalf of our government and state. When we show disrespect during the rendition of the national anthem we do by that act show irreverence towards God, to whom the petition is addressed, we also show disrespect to our sovereign king, to the state or empire of which he is the head, and, in the final analysis, we show disrespect to ourselves, for in this democratic nation sovereign power is in reality vested in the people.

What would be thought, if similar scenes took place at church during the singing of the doxology or while the minister was pronouncing the benediction?

We hope soon to see a change from these thoughtless and unseemly manifestations that are generally current, not only at our theaters, but also at the end of concert programs. The trouble is not confined to Belleville alone but is common over the province, though we see it here in an aggravated form.

If we cannot have a fitting decorum and a reverent respect during the rendition of the national anthem it would be well to withdraw it altogether from our programs so that it may not be treated with the indecent contempt we now notice everywhere.

ABOUT DELIVERING PARCELS

At the present time of the high cost of living we are looking about to consider where economies may be practiced or effected.

One of the main causes of increasing costs is that we are demanding increased services of various kinds which cost money.

Perhaps the most potent single cause of increased costs is the adoption and general extension of the delivery system.

Once upon a time the thrifty burgher in Belleville fastidiously sold his walking dairy and is now pleased to pay twelve cents for the lactical imitation he calls milk.

The grocer is now obliged to spend several hours a day at the telephone booking orders and must maintain horses and an outfit of delivery wagons and sleighs and pay the salaries of men and boys to do the work.

We look upon the delivery system as something that has come to stay. It is easier and more economical of time for the grocer to take the orders to several hundred customers than it is for several hundred customers to spend their time walking from places more or less distant and carrying home their own parcels.

The system has come to stay but it might be easily improved upon. We have in previous issues pointed out the wasteful competition and duplication of services on the part of our milkmen who are compelled to charge high prices but are not getting rich.

In Toronto, merchants quite generally are now making a small extra charge for delivery. That is quite fair to the person who is willing to carry his own parcel.

In some towns the merchants have pooled their delivery systems and in that way save a barrel of money. Why might not one delivery wagon look after all our shoe stores, for instance? The project looks both feasible and economical.

THRIFT OR EXTRAVAGANCE

Economy is the keynote sounded in municipal, provincial and federal affairs this year, and it is a note which appeals to the people. But to strike the note is not sufficient, the time which follows must carry out the promise.

The Ontario Legislature has an opportunity to observe thrift or to force an unnecessary expense on the parents of the province, and its choice will be closely observed. This year the authorization for fourteen school books expires and on three of these an extension has been granted. It remains to be seen what will be done with regard to the remaining eleven, but there is a suspicion that, as the time limit is midsummer and no statement has been made as yet, the change will be enforced.

To make obsolete one set of books and to order the purchase of new ones at this time would be unjustifiable extravagance. Loss would be incurred not only by manufacturers and dealers, but by thousands of parents throughout Ontario. It would mean that in all those families where a child has finished with the books and another is ready to use them, the old volumes are to be "scrapped" and new ones purchased. It might not cause very heavy expenditure in any one household, but even small unnecessary purchases are a severe drain at this time, and in the aggregate the amount involved is large. The books in question include the public school text books in arithmetic, English history, hygiene and composition, and the high school text books in reading, English grammar, French grammar, German, physics and bookkeeping. What changes have taken place in arithmetic, composition, grammar and bookkeeping within the last few years to make the change essential? None. It may be, and no doubt is, true that improvements could be made in the books, but it would be difficult to prove them of sufficient importance to warrant the expense in this year of economy.

The question is not simply one of money-saving, but also of paper-saving. The cost of white paper and the shortage of labor make it inadvisable to throw away useful books at this time, and use up hundreds of tons of new paper and binding in manufacturing substitutes. The Hearst Government should see to it that an extension for a definite time is allowed on all the books now in use.

EDUCATION

One of the after-the-war problems certain to receive a new impetus will be education. One of the best accomplishments of the Province of Ontario has been its educational system, and the name of Dr. Ryerson will ever be remembered as its founder.

Education appears to be of many kinds. Education in political ideals in Great Britain and America is one kind, and education in political ideals in Germany is another kind. Indeed, both education and religion appear to be differently understood in these countries.

This education forms the common mind, just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined. An address delivered by Charles Sumner in Boston on July 4, 1845 is as true today as when delivered. It should be part of the education of every boy. His subject was the true grandeur of nations. Speaking of the fathers of the American republic, he said: "Cease to vaunt yourselves of what you do and of what has been done for you. Learn to walk humbly and to think meekly of yourselves. Cultivate habits of self-sacrifice and of devotion to duty."

Your words be always in your minds. Never sin at aught which is not right, persuaded that without this every possession and all knowledge will become an evil and a shame. Strive to increase the inheritance which we have bequeathed; know that if we excel you in virtue, such a victory will be to us a mortification, while defeat will bring happiness. It is in this way that you may conquer us. Nothing is more shameful to a man than to find his title to esteem, not on his own merits but on the fame of his ancestors. The glory of the fathers is doubtless to their children, a most precious treasure; but to enjoy it without transmitting it to the next generation and without adding to it yourselves, this is the height of imbecility.

Following these counsels when your days shall be finished on earth, you as friends receive friends; but if you neglect our words expect no happy greeting from us.

In this spirit I propose to inquire what, in our age, are the true objects of national ambition—what is true of national glory—national honor—what is the true grandeur of nations?

I hope to rescue these terms, so powerful over the minds of men, from the mistaken objects to which they are applied, from deeds of war and the extension of empire, that henceforward they may be attached only to acts of justice and humanity.

Spoken in 1845 by one of the greatest of Americans, how splendidly have President Wilson and the American nation met his expectations! They have proved to the world that they are disciples of Sumner's views, that they believe the true grandeur of the United States is unselfish devotion to the brotherhood of man, is in a participation in the

European war as an act of "justice and humanity."

They have met his expectation, too; they have not rested their fame on the glory of their fathers, but they have shown themselves ready even to abandon their faith in the Monroe doctrine, to take a nation's part, and a man's part, in the great world war for humanity's sake. They have earned the right to be received "as friends receive friends." They may expect the "happy greeting."

Canada when the war is over will have problems to face very similar to those faced by the United States in Sumner's time and since. Canada has had men of the Sumner type in its public life. Men, high-minded, noble men, of great ability. It has had its Thompsons and Abbotts, Macdonalds and Tappers, Browns, Mackenzies, Blakes, Lauriers, Fieldings, Mills, Cartwrights, Mowats, Merediths, Rosses, P. R. dees, Baldwin, Howes, Davies and Huntingdons, and it would be unfair to leave out Papineau and Lyon MacKenzie. The work of Canada's statesmen in the past has been very good, but the future will tax men more. There are good men in the House of Commons today. The war franchise act, with all its injustices, will soon disappear. A parliament elected under it, the majority of whom do not like to be unjust, will remove it from the statute book. Perhaps "the recording angel will drop a tear" upon the whole page "and blot it out forever."

The generosity of the Liberal chief may see some of the old boys afar off. Then they may run to him and carry out his program, perfected by over forty years' experience, which is exactly the policy Canada needs for the future.

A TRIBUTE TO THE COW.

The following is credited to Col. F. M. Woods, the well-known auctioneer of Lincoln, Neb., in opening a letter some time ago: "Grind and noble brute, of all man's animal friends she is the greatest! To her we owe the most. Examine all the channels of trade into which she enters and note the results: should she be blotted out. A Sunday stillness would pervade the great stock yards of our large cities and grass would grow in the streets. One-half the freight trains that plow the continent from ocean to ocean would sidetrack, for there would be nothing for them to do. Fifty per cent of the employees would draw no pay on Saturday night and our tables would be bare of the greatest luxuries with which they are now loaded. The great plains of the west that the cow has made to blossom like the rose would revert to the Indians from whence they came and millions of prosperous homes would be destroyed.

None other is like the cow. There is not a thing from the nose to tail but that is utilized by man. We use her horns to comb our hair; her skin is on our feet and horses' backs; her hair keeps the plaster on our walls; her hoof makes glue, and her tallow makes soap. She gives us our cream, our milk, our butter and cheese, and her flesh is the meat of all nations. Her blood is used to make our sugar white; her bones, when ground make valuable fertilizer, and even the contents of her paunch she has herself put through the first chemical process for the manufacture of the best quality of white board paper, and now it has been discovered that this paper can be made into the best false teeth.

O, you who would abuse the cow, I wish that I could for once take from your table, as you are about to sit down to the evening meal, all that the cow has placed thereon. I would take the cup of milk sitting by the baby's chair. I would take the cream biscuit, the custard pie, the cream for coffee, the butter, the cheese, the smoking roast of beef or steak or sweet corned plate of juicy meat. In fact, I would leave you to your meal upon Irish potatoes, beet pickles and toothpicks."

Rumor has it that Turkey will seek peace soon. Terms ought to be dictated by the Ar-

Other Editor's Opinions

A THAWLESS JANUARY

Even the January thaw has succumbed to the weather. The advantages of a "steady" winter, that pleasant fiction invented by the local patriots of people who live where they can never get any other kind, are not so apparent when the spectre of an empty coal cellar haunts the average household and when snow-shovelling is almost a daily occupation. Citizens who do their own shovelling are surprised at the moderation of the Meteorological Bureau in recording the snowfall during the month at only 23 inches, which the official temperature was

not at some higher than this figure.

A shivering world hopes for some relief in February, though February is seldom a relenting month. Its average temperature in Toronto for the past sixteen years has been 22.9 degrees, compared with 21.8 for January. Our St. Jacob's correspondent says the coldest weather is to come, judging by other cold winters. His record of 1885, when the mercury went below zero 43 times after the middle of January, is not a comforting omen, but perhaps the January thaw has only been postponed, and will compensate us next month. It is a cruel coincidence that at this crucial stage at the front a brutal winter should disorganize the war industries of this continent, upon which the Allies so greatly depend. The disruption of railway traffic by weather conditions has intensified the coal shortage and seriously retarded the war preparations of the

United States. The cold is bitter also in Europe beyond the memory of living men, and the suffering of millions of people, particularly in those areas over which a curtain of silence has fallen, will be known only when survivors tell the tale after the conflict. To multiply the horrors into which German savagery has plunged half of Europe, nature shows herself in her most wolfish mood.—Toronto Globe.

It is unfair of a German paper to refer to Wilhelm as a Judas. Judas had a conscience, even if it showed up late.

It may help enjoyment of bread made from standard flour to remember how glad the people of Britain, France, etc., would be to have this luxury.

London will endure air raids with more fortitude, knowing that German cities are having similar experiences. Hitting back brings consolation.

That operation to remove the cancer of patronage from Canada's political system was a failure. Didn't seem to go any further than administering the anaesthetic.

Those Germans who periodically try an attack on Verdun are so accustomed to being repulsed they probably arrange meeting to take place after their retreat.

Windsor has found out what many other cities have discovered to their sorrow, that the Bell Telephone Company has a grip on the city which only an act of Parliament can release.

Patronage has been eliminated or abolished, says Premier Borden, but he fails to inform the nation what new name has been adopted to designate the actions formerly known as patronage.

An editor in England who has been in the trenches says the war is over, and that the finish only waits the psychological moment to strike to wind it up. Dog-gone glad to know it. Let's pray for that psychological moment.

"FLANDERS' FIELDS" AUTHOR DIES IN FRANCE

Brandon, Jan. 29.—Lieut.-Col. McCrae, the author of "In Flanders' Fields," died yesterday in France from pneumonia, it is reported by cable to the Deputy Minister of Militia in London.

At the time of his death Colonel McCrae was in command of the medical side of the Canadian Hospital No. 3, the McGill unit, at Boulogne, France. At the beginning of the war he entered active service with the First Brigade of Canadian Artillery on the staff of Brig.-Gen. Morrison, and during the early period of the war up to and through the second battle of Ypres served with his brigade in the double capacity of staff and medical officer.

Colonel McCrae was a distinguished physician of Montreal, and on the professional staff of McGill University. He was a son of Lieut.-Col. David McCrae, of Guelph, Ont., and a brother of Mrs. J. F. Kilgour, of Brandon. The deceased was 45 years of age, and unmarried.

Probably no poem has been so widely quoted since the war began as his "In Flanders' Fields," which is as follows:

In Flanders' fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below,
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from falling hands we throw
The Torch—be yours to hold it high;
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep though poppies grow
In Flanders' fields.

ST. OLA

Startled were the people in this neighborhood when the news came that Mr. Frank Welsh, one of our brave heroes had returned home. He signed up with the 155th B. T. and trained in Madoc and went overseas eighteen months ago. He was slightly and seriously wounded. He is minus of one leg and one finger.

His mother, brothers and sisters were more than delighted to have him home once more and the friends who have called on him since return on the 18th inst, show that the whole neighborhood welcome him home. He is leaving today for Toronto for further hospital aid and expects in two or three months, to return again with two legs, if one is a cork leg.

Mrs. W. B. Green returned home on Saturday after visiting relatives in Peterboro for a few days.

On Saturday 19th, a little baby boy came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Phillips to stay.

Mrs. Herbie Moore, of the Ridge, visited her parents on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Green visited at Mr. T. Homs on Sunday.

Mrs. Arthur Reid and Ola Ham visited Aggie Casement on Sunday.

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WHERE POPPIES BLOW

Lieut.-Col. McCrae has been laid to rest "between the crosses, row on row," that mark the hallowed couch of Canada's immortal dead who have fought on foreign soil. He went out as so many have gone, as a physician to heal the scars of war, not to engage the enemy in battle, but he sleeps as a soldier of war within sound of the guns, having given all that man may give for the honor and the liberty of his country.

His name will be remembered for generations to come as one who wrote across the scroll of fate in imperishable lines his own epitaph. It is a challenge to the patriotism and the manhood of the Canadian nation. It is the voice of the dead that may be heard above the crashing shells on fields where poppies blow in summer sun, and where the lark overhead cheerily chants his lay, unconscious of the deadly strife below. Beneath those green mounds, laden with the tributes of the women of France, he, too, now sleeps whose poetic fancy once caught from these flower-docked graves the last message of the warrior dead, and, touched with the burning coals from the altar of Freedom, translated it into words of prophetic fire that thrilled the heart of a nation. These lines will be recited around the fireside of Canada as long as the memory of these inspiring days remains green. With the gallant dead he, too, listens to the guns, hears the lark bravely singing in the azure sky, and waits for the dawn, where—

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ESTABLISHED
PROMISE
CONSERVATION

MANUFACTURED
TOWNSHIP, ONTARIO

Will Leave Book
Cotswold

At the meeting
John St. Chu
G. O. Mitchell at
call to Rothsay
Presbytery of St.
released after
17th, 1918. Rev.
of Foxboro was
moderator of R.
pulpits vacant at
in a call when
pared.

ENTERTAINMENT
WAS A

The entertainers
Y.M.C.A. Monday
Tette's dramatic
for Club moved
all that Miss T.
accomplish. Follow
the Play.

Anita
Mrs. Deacon Popp
Luella Ann Popp
Dorothy Poppin
Aunt Matilda
Glover Wells
Evelyn Manning
Kato Parkerson
Nan Postצוע
Merry Hyde
Helen Jay
Piano solo—W
Song—Vera C
Piano solo—L
Song—Anita B

His Honor Jus
all day Tuesd
in the case of
after six o'cl
Saturday, the
fish. Figure
in confusing
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Mikel, K.C. fo
Porter, K.C.,