

# The Weekly Ontario

Morton & Herity, Publishers

THE DAILY ONTARIO is published every afternoon (Sunday and holidays excepted) at The Ontario Building, Front Street, Belleville, Ontario. Subscription \$2.00 per annum. THE WEEKLY ONTARIO and Bay of Quinte Chronicle is published every Thursday morning at \$1.00 a year, or \$1.50 a year to the United States.

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1914.

## THE WOUNDS OF WAR.

In the London Lancet there appears the first authoritative statement, a note by Dr. G. H. Makins, consulting surgeon to the British forces, on the nature of the wounds caused in the fighting in France. It was supposed that a great forward step had been taken when the blunt-nosed lead bullet was replaced by the modern steel-jacketed, pointed rifle ammunition. And, generally speaking, such rifle wounds as are now reported are declared to be relatively small and clean. But the tragedy is that the vast majority of wounds are proving to be not rifle wounds at all but shrapnel wounds. Apparently the great losses in the fighting thus far on the side of the Allies, have been due to artillery, not to rifle fire.

The wounds inflicted by the shrapnel are exceedingly severe. Dr. Makins declares that there is a little difference between them and the wounds produced by the round ball fired from an old-fashioned musket. The wounds observed in this war are exactly like wounds of the Peninsular War or the Crimean. The round balls scattered by the bursting of shrapnel produce injuries of the most severe "explosive type" when travelling at a high velocity. Lacerations are the rule and infection is very frequent.

So far as cures in hospital go, an admirable record is prophesied. But it seems certain that the percentage of deaths on the battlefield will be high. In one more respect the phrase "human war" turns out to be a very bad jest.

## A GRAVE OMISSION.

Reuter gives a highly interesting story told by an inhabitant of Huy as to what happened at that town during its occupation by the Germans. The German commander was Major von Baschwitz, and at one time he gave orders that twenty-three houses were to be burnt, on the ground that the inhabitants had fired on the German troops. The Burgomaster, who had been taken as a hostage, persuaded the Major to hold an inquiry. The result of the inquiry was remarkable—for the houses were spared and instead the Major circulated among his troops a proclamation, couched in severe terms, stating that shots had been fired by German soldiers, who, under influence of drink, had been seized with inexplicable panic, and had behaved themselves in a most shameful manner. Their act was rendered all the more culpable in that it had caused serious wounds to a German non-commissioned officer and a soldier, who were wounded by German bullets. The proclamation also forbade soldiers to set fire to property or to pillage without orders.

It is greatly to the credit of the German Major that he should have acted in this correct way, and The Westminster Gazette cannot help wondering whether if a similar inquiry had been held at Louvain that city would not also have escaped destruction. It will be remembered that at Louvain the German apologia for the burning was that the inhabitants had fired on German troops; the Belgians, on the contrary, alleged that what really took place was that Germans fired on each other. That is what they did at Huy, as a German court of inquiry has found out; and the German excuse for the infamy of Louvain is in consequence less plausible than it ever was.

## VIGOROUS ACTION NEEDED.

One can well understand the impatience which the Militiamen of the West, who are eager to go to the front, feel over the delay in proceeding with the organization of the Second Canadian Contingent. There are, as the despatches tell us, in the Western Provinces alone, 15,000 men who are ready to volunteer, and yet, according to the present arrangements, scarcely more than a tenth of these will be given the opportunity which they so eagerly desire, of enrolling with the colors to fight in the Empire's cause.

The dilatoriness which has been shown by those who are charged with the responsibility of assembling this force is naturally causing a great deal of criticism. More than a month has elapsed since our first expeditionary force was despatched to the Old Country, and yet up to this time, very little has been done in forwarding the organization of a second contingent. Every day brings fresh evidence of the need of reinforcements for the Allies in the western theatre of war. It is not a satisfactory explanation to say that, until the first Canadian expedition has been properly trained there is no occasion for hurry with the work of organizing

the second. There is, on the contrary, imperative need for hastening the work. The campaign is now at a very critical stage, and it is imperative that Canada should be in a position to send her best troops to the assistance of the Mother Country at the earliest possible moment. The quicker they are assembled and put into training the sooner they will be in shape to take their place in the field.

There is, so it seems to us, no reason in the world, why the soldiers who will compose our second expeditionary force should not receive in Canada, under the direction of the trained and experienced officers, at the command of the Militia Department, the training which would fit them for active service. At all events every day of training is a day gained. Already more than a month of valuable time has been lost, and in the end that time may be of the utmost value in deciding the issue of the battle.

There is no desire to unduly criticize those in authority, but the dissatisfaction with the delay is wide-spread, as is manifested by the call made by the Montreal Star upon the Government to "recruit more quickly, and hurry up its additional contingents." It is greatly to be feared that those charged at once with the duty and the opportunity of furnishing to the Mother Country the utmost aid which Canada can render in this life and death struggle, do not fully realize the need of haste. Let us hope that the protest which comes from the men of the West, who are shafing under the delay will spur the Militia Department to activity, and that the work of recruiting and organizing and drilling will from this time go forward vigorously and continuously, so that we shall be able to send a constant stream of valuable reinforcements to the Allied armies.

In no other way will the desire of Canadians to show to the world that they are ready to back the Mother Country with their last man and their last dollar, be properly expressed. From this time forth there must be prompt and vigorous action.

## IRISH UNITY.

Mr. Redmond made a very important speech at Wexford, in which he made a very eloquent appeal to the Irish people. Mr. Redmond, saying that he was following the example set by General Botha, put it "quite plainly." "Are you, the Irish democracy or are you not? Are you for Ireland with her own Parliament keeping her place as an autonomous nation in the confederacy of the British Empire, or are you not? On which side do the people want to stand—on the side of Great Britain and Ireland, and Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, or on the side of Germany?"

Mr. Redmond added: "Believe me, we cannot remain aloof. We hate war, but it has come upon us and we must make our choice. I have no particle of hesitation as to the only choice before us. The only choice of honor, the only choice of safety, the only choice of statesmanship is to defend everywhere it is necessary, either at home or abroad, the liberties and the possessions that Ireland has won within the Empire, and to join with the democracy of the Empire in defending its liberties against their declared enemy."

The best comment upon which is the London Daily Mail Special Correspondent's statement that Mr. Redmond was not out of touch with his hearers. "Recent visits to many parts of Nationalist Ireland," says the Mail correspondent, "have convinced me that the Sinn Féiners, who stand opposed to Mr. Redmond as separatists to the end, are a very small and dying force."

## THE RIGHT WAY.

On some bright future day, mayhap, the kings themselves will do their slaying, when wanting strife they'll go and scrap, and let their people do the haying. Then rulers of all grades and kinds must each one wield his private swatter, when they've made up their blooming minds and blood and death and fire and slaughter. The angry king will not command his subjects to go forth in armor; he'll take a broadaxe in his hand and swing it like a husky farmer. And while to scenes of gore he flees, and lops the arms from rival princes, his countrymen will trim their trees, and raise large crops of prunes and quinces. A few dead kings would make no odds, except to courtier and fawner, so let them battle for their gods, and for their crowns and misfit honor. I cannot see a reason why good men should into battle frolic, and lose their legs, and bleed and die, because some monarch is as the colic. Most men who on grim horrors sup, on fields of battle, at this writing, would scratch their heads and give it up, if you should ask them why they're fighting. Some king or emperor or czar had told them they must march to glory, and from their persons have the tar knocked by the foe—the same old story. And so I'm waiting for the day when men no more to war will rally, and kings who suffer for a fray will do their scrapping in the alley.

—Walt Mason.

A break in the struggle in Europe will be caused sooner by the destruction of Germany's credit than by the destruction of cities.

The more I study the world the more am I convinced of the inability of force to create anything durable.—Napoleon, at St. Helena.

If the German report on the number of prisoners of war, held in Germany, is correct, it will greatly reduce the casualty list of the Allies.

As if war had not given us the surfeit of real intrigue, several well known intrigue novelists have turned themselves loose on the unprotected public.

Lord Kitchener's appeal to the British public to assist the soldiers in maintaining sobriety by refraining from treating them is a timely and admirable temperance lecture. It should be passed along wherever men are in training.

Like the Emden, the Karlsruhe's achievements are confined to the sinking of unarmed merchant ships. If the British cruisers could once get within range of the fugitive Germans their raids upon non-combatant shipping would be speedily ended.

The chief concern of the German naval officers who used to drink to "Der Tag" now seems to be to postpone the evil day as long as possible. A square stand-up fight is apparently the last thing they want.

The first 500,000 men asked for by Lord Kitchener were secured in record time, and 240,000 additional men have been recruited, making 740,000 recruits since the war commenced. Men are now enlisting at the rate of over 3,000 a day, and the indications are that within the next few weeks the 1,000,000 men asked for will have rallied to the colors. In six months' time, Great Britain expects to have 1,000,000 men on the firing line.

Necessity is admittedly the mother of invention, and she is at least the stepmother of lots of other things. Among the things made scarce by the European war was camel's hair brushes used by artists. Some enterprising person got busy and has discovered that the hair from the inside of the cow's ear is as good, and as artistic, as the genuine imported camel's hair. The camel may get his back up over the substitution, but bossy can chew her cud still more proudly as she realizes she has at last broken into high art as something more important than an adjunct to and filler in of rural scenery.

Increased immigration to Canada after peace, has been forecast by many influential judges of economic influences. On this point The London Statist says: "If after the war there should, as seems probable, be a great exodus of population from the closely populated and war-stricken countries of Europe to the new countries where war is unknown and where a given amount of effort produces a much greater amount of income than in Europe, the adverse effect of the war upon the world income and world trade may be repaired in a relatively short space of time."

Although all the signs are favorable to the Allied cause, the veil of silence is so tightly drawn around the operations on the contorted line of battle between the Oise and the North Sea, that the issue of perhaps the most critical battle of the campaign in the western theatre remains, so far as the public know, indecisive. It is quite different on the eastern frontier, where the Russian army undoubtedly has won an important success. Even the military critic of The New York Evening Post, who has been severely critical, not to say skeptical, of the claims put forward by the allied headquarters, declares that "there can be no longer any doubt of the serious nature of the German defeat in Central Poland," and points out that the official statements from Vienna not only fail to contradict the claims of the Russian General Staff—"which are now fairly precise in measuring the distance which the Germans have been forced back from Warsaw to their own frontier"—but substantially confirm them.

## GLENCOE.

During our correspondence with Dr. William Henry Drummond he favored us with a copy of another spirited war poem, "Glencoe."

The battle of Glencoe was one of the few victories gained by the British forces in the generally disastrous first period of the South African war. The triumph of British arms was largely due to a brilliantly courageous bayonet charge by the Irish Fusiliers. The story of the battle as it appears in the poem is supposed to be told by one of the men. Dr. Drummond was himself a native of County Leitrim, Ireland, but came to Canada with his parents when a mere boy. He always had an ardent love for the Motherland, and was a master of the Irish dialect as he later became of the French-Canadian.

The poem "Glencoe" was recited many times during the time of the Boer war by Mr. George Fax, who was then a well known

entertainer, resident in Belleville.

Here's to you, Uncle Kruger! slainte! an' slainte galore,  
You're a decent ould man, begorra; never mind if you are a Boer,  
So with heart an' a half ma bouchal, we'll drink to your health to-night  
For yourself an' your farmer sojers gave us a damn good fight.

I was dreamin' of Kitty Farrell, away in the Gap o' Dunloe,  
When the song of the bugle woke me, ringing across Glencoe;  
An' once in a while a bullet came pattering from above,  
That told us the big brown fellows were sendin' us down their love.

'Twas a kind of an invitation, an' written in such a han'  
That a Chinaman couldn't refuse it—not to spake of an Irishman,  
So the pickets sent back an answer,—"We're comin' with right good will."  
Along what they call the kopje, tho' to me it looked more like a hill.

"Fall in on the left," sez the captain, "my men of the Fusiliers;  
You'll see a great fight this morning—like you haven't beheld for years,"  
"Faith, captain dear," sez the sergeant, "you can your Majuba sword  
If the Dutch is as willin' as we are, you never spoke truer word."

So we scrambled among the bushes, the boulders an' rocks an' all,  
Like the gauger's men still-huntin' on the mountains of Donegal;  
We doubled an' turned an' twisted the same as a hunted hare,  
While the big guns peppered each other over us in the air.

Like steam from the devil's kettle the kopje was bilin' hot,  
For the breeze of the Dutchman's bullets was the only breeze we got;  
An' many a fine boy stumbled, many a brave lad died,  
When the Dutchman's message caught him there on the mountainside.

Little Nelly O'Brien, God help her! over there at ould Ballybay,  
Will wait for a Transvaal letter till her face an' her hair is grey,  
For I seen young Crohoore on a stretcher, an' I knew the poor boy was gone  
When I spoke to the ambulance doctor an' he nodded an' then passed on.

"Steady there!" cried the captain, "we must halt for a moment here,"  
An' he spoke like a man trainin', full winded an' strong an' clear,  
So we threw ourselves down on the kopje, weary an' tired as death,  
Waitin' the captain's orders, waiting to get a breath.

It's strange all the humors an' fancies that comes to a man like me;  
But the smoke of the battle risin' took me across the sea—  
It's the mist of Benbo I'm seein'; an' the rock that we'll capture soon  
Is the rock where I shot the eagle, when I was a small gossoon.

I close my eyes for a minute, an' hear my poor mother say,  
"Patrick, avick, my darlin', you're surely not going away  
To join the red-coated sojers?"—but the blood in me was too strong—  
If your sire was a Connaught Ranger, sure where would his son belong?

Hark! whisht! do you hear the music comin' up from the camp below?  
An' odd note or two when the maxims take breath for a second or so,  
Liftin' itself on somehow, stealin' its way up here,  
Knowin' there's waitin' to hear it many an Irish ear.

Augh! Garryowen! you're the jewel! an' we charged on the Dutchman's guns,  
An' covered the bloody kopje, like a Galway greyhound runs,  
At the top of the hill they met us, with faces all set an' grim;  
But they couldn't take the bayonet—that's the trouble with most of them.

So of course they'll be praisin' the Royals an' men of the Fusiliers,  
An' the newspapers help to dry up the widows' an' orphans' tears,  
An' they'll write a new name on the colors—that is if there's room for more  
An' we'll follow them through the battle, the same as we've done before.

But here's to you, Uncle Kruger! \*slainte! an' slainte galore!  
After all you're a decent Christian, never mind if you are a Boer,  
So with heart an' a half, ma bouchal, we'll drink to your health to-night,  
For yourself and your brown-faced Dutchmen gave a damn good fight.  
\*slainte—here's health f' bouchal—sweet heart.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VI.—Fourth Quarter, For Nov. 8, 1914.

## THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Gal. vi. 1-10.—Memory Verses, 1, 2—Golden Text, Gal. vi. 7.—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The Golden Text is a awfully true, even for redeemed people, that "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." We have recently seen in our studies Judas Iscariot reaping something of the reward of iniquity. But we have also seen Jacob doing some bad sowing in the way of desiring his father, and we have seen him suffering for over twenty years for reaping of the same kind through the deceit of his own sons.

The reaping is generally more than we sow, as it is written in Hos. vi. 7, "They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind." Again, in Hos. x. 13, "Ye have plowed wickedness, ye have reaped iniquity; ye have eaten the fruit of lies, because ye didst trust in thy way." Again, in Prov. xxii. 8, we read, "He that soweth iniquity shall reap vanity." But there is a sowing to the Spirit and a reaping to life everlasting (verse 8).

The two aspects are seen in Jer. xvii. 5, 7, "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord." "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord and whose hope is in the Lord." From beginning to end of the Bible story it is God or the devil—God's way or man's way. The one is life; the other is death.

According to the epistle in which we find our lesson, the age is evil. "The devil, who is the god of this age, has a gospel of his own and enough religion to satisfy most people. But all mere good works of men leave all under the curse, for the law requires absolute perfection in every detail and is intended to turn us from ourselves to Christ. Nothing that man can do avails anything. Men must become new creatures in Christ (chapters 1, 4, 8, 9, 13, 14; iii. 10, 24; vi. 15). In the fullness of time God sent forth His Son to redeem them that were under the law, hopelessly trying to save themselves by doing the best they could, listening to the devil's gospel of good works and character and aiming to be like Christ without being born again (chapter iv. 4, 5)."

Not until we see Christ crucified for us, made a curse for us, bearing our sins in His own body and, receiving Him, see ourselves as crucified with Him, are we new creatures (chapter ii. 20; iii. 13; John 1, 12). Then we will gladly say, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, whereby the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world" (vi. 14). Whatever form of sin may have been our specialty as listed in chapter v. 19-21, the sin that is greater than all others and greater than all put together, the sin that causes eternal loss is the rejection of Jesus Christ as the Son of God and the only Savior of sinners (John iii. 18).

When we are made free from the curse and have become children of God by faith in Christ Jesus then it is our privilege to walk in the Spirit, be led of the Spirit, stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free and not do the things which the flesh that is still in us would have us do (chapter iii. 13, 26; v. 1, 16, 17, 18, 25). Those who are in the flesh live unto themselves; self is their center; they mind earthly things (Phil. iii. 19). The new creature in Christ lives no longer unto himself, but is able to say, "To me to live is Christ," and, but Christ, who liveth in me" (i. 1 Cor. v. 18; Phil. i. 21; Gal. ii. 20).

When we see others overtaken in a fault, as all are apt to be at one time or another, it is not for us to condemn them, but meekly restore them, remembering that we might some day need similar kindness and restoration. Thus we would manifest the Spirit of Christ, who freely forgave and said: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more" (Lesson verses 1, 2). When Noah became drunk, it was more Christlike to cover up his shame, as Abem and Japhet did, than to tell it, as Ham did. We have no right or reason to think anything of ourselves or to think that we know anything as we should (verse 3; 1 Cor. viii. 2). A proper attitude is that of Rom. vii. 18, "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing."

There is a sense in which we must bear our own burden (verse 5). "Every one of us shall give account of himself to God" (Rom. xiv. 12). If we have been redeemed from the curse of the law we are here to do good unto all as we have opportunity, having reference first to believers, the household of faith; never weary in well doing, knowing that the reaping time is sure and that our labor is never in vain in the Lord (verses 8, 10; 1 Cor. xv. 58). We may not see nor do the reaping, for we may sow for another to reap, or we may reap from another's sowing. But both sower and reaper shall rejoice together and gather fruit unto life eternal (John iv. 36-38). Whoever may plant or water, God alone can give the increase, but what an honor to be laborers together with God (1 Cor. iii. 5-9). Another verse comes to mind in sowing and reaping. See II Cor. ix. 6, and lay it to heart. "He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."