

THE WEEKLY ONTARIO.

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W. H. MORTON, J. O. HENRY, Business Manager, Editor-in-Chief.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1916.

ALIENS IN AMERICAN SCHOOLS.

There appears, says the New York Sun, to be something the matter with the American child, the child of the native American stock, when compared with the child of recently arrived immigrants, and a good many thoughtful persons are wondering what it is. Year after year the results of regular examinations and special tests show that highest honors for scholarships go almost altogether to boys and girls whose names indicate foreign extraction. Although here and there in the lists occur American names, it is the Bohemian, Italian, Polish, Syrian, German, and especially the Jewish names, that are found over and over again. For example, a day or two ago a despatch from Albany announced that 1,270 pupils in the schools of Greater New York had passed successfully the examination for university scholarships provided by the State. The fortunate boys and girls who will be awarded the prizes for the most part bear names of other than Anglo-Saxon origin. In a list of ten pupils in each county of Greater New York who passed examinations with highest marks one happens now and then on such names as Weston, Harris, Littlewood, Smith; but by far the larger number include Greenburg, Rohrer, Kabak, Schoenberg, Steinberg, Rabi, Wolff, Bou, Volkhardt, Poepel. The American child falls down on his job at school because neither he nor his parents regard it as of serious importance. The foreign child, especially the Jewish child, drives ahead in his studies because to him, to his parents, to brothers and sisters and cousins and aunts and grandparents and every one else interested in his welfare the school is the most important thing on earth for that child. Nothing must be permitted to interfere with it or to lessen the child's interest in his work. There is the situation in a nutshell. The foreign child is in earnest; the American child isn't.

PETTICOAT INFLUENCE AND MILITARY CAPACITY.

In an article going the rounds of some of the American papers, the statement is made that while Gen. French was in command of the British armies in France the beautiful Irish Countess of Clonmel was much around his headquarters. So much was she there, indeed, according to this report that "even General Joffre was finally compelled to remind Sir John that the soldiers of France were indulging in none of the pleasures of feminine society, and hinted that it would be quite appropriate if British soldiers made the same sacrifice. The storm of criticism in England broke when Prime Minister Asquith himself was refused admittance to the famous pink and grey brocade drawing-room in which Lady Clonmel held court as Sir John's guest. This, added to the charges that Sir John's delays were serious handicaps in the carrying out of Joffre's plans at Mons and Loos and Neuve Chapelle and Artois brought things to a climax."

The story seems wholly improbable. It is true that some famous warriors have been unduly susceptible to feminine charm. Even if Nelson's first thoughts at Trafalgar were of "England, home and duty," nearly his last thoughts were of "dear Lady Hamilton," and Flodden was lost, not in the field itself, but in Lady Heron's boudoir. It seems altogether unlikely, however, that the man who made the only worth-while military reputation on the British side in the Boer war, who had in the present war the greatest opportunity given a British general up to that time, and who must have realized that the eyes of all Britain were upon him, would yield to folly of the nature hinted at. The story seems still more improbable because of the charge, with the story as a basis, that the first British chief in France failed as a commander. He did not fail. When, early in the war, his right was exposed by the treachery or incompetence of a French divisional general, he displayed a capacity never surpassed by any other British general in saving his army from utter destruction. If, later on, his offensive failed at Loos and Neuve Chapelle, it did not fail to any greater extent that subsequent offensives have failed, despite the fact that infinitely larger resources were at command for their prosecution.

THE VASTNESS OF STELLAR SPACE.

So enormous are stellar distances that casual observers of the heavens would never suspect that the "fixed" stars, as they are often called,

are actually moving, or rather rushing, through the universe with velocities measured by miles per second and exceeding the swiftest flight of a cannon ball.

A few exceptional stars spoken of as "run-aways" have the almost inconceivable velocity of 100 to 200 miles per second. Stellar velocities from ten to twenty miles a second are common, and many stars, especially those that are extremely faint, are moving with velocities more than double this amount. There seems strong grounds for the belief that a decrease in the brightness of the stars is accompanied by increase of speed. The brighter and younger stars are comparatively sluggish, and as a star increases in age and passes its zenith of brightness its luminosity gradually falls away with cooling temperature and its speed increases. The dark stars, of whose existence we now have many proofs, are doubtless travelling through space much more rapidly than their brilliant neighbors.

How immeasurable must be the distance that separates the stars from each other and from us that they can continue their journeys without interfering with each other's motion in the least! It has been stated as a law of stellar motions that the stars pursue their paths through the universe independently and uninfluenced in the main by each other's presence.

Of course systems of double or multiple stars, and systems like our own solar system, which consists of a central sun encircled by dark satellites, have their relative motions undisturbed by the onward motion which is shared by all. The entire system in such a case is translated through space as a single unit.

Collisions between stars are rare. It is believed that the flashing forth of "temporary" stars is caused by the collision or near approach of stars or possibly by the passage of a star through dark or faintly luminous nebulous matter but within the last 2,000 years not more than a score of temporary stars have been noted. So stupendous is the scale upon which the universe is fashioned that the millions and millions of stars, nebulae and star clusters that compose it evidently pursue their journey onward ceaselessly and rapidly with no deviation from a straight line and undisturbed in the highest degree by neighboring stars.

"THE GENTLEMAN HUN."

One of the most remarkable men in Germany, and perhaps the one outstanding personality of the day, is Maximilian Harden, editor of a weekly journal called Die Zukunft. Born about fifty-five years ago, of a Hebrew-Polish origin, Harden has won for himself a leading position among international journalists. The articles which he publishes in his journal are eagerly read by hundreds of thousands in Germany, and are reproduced in all the chief newspapers of the Allies. In Great Britain, Harden is known as the "Gentleman Hun." France admires him for his impartial courage, and in Italy he finds a favorable public.

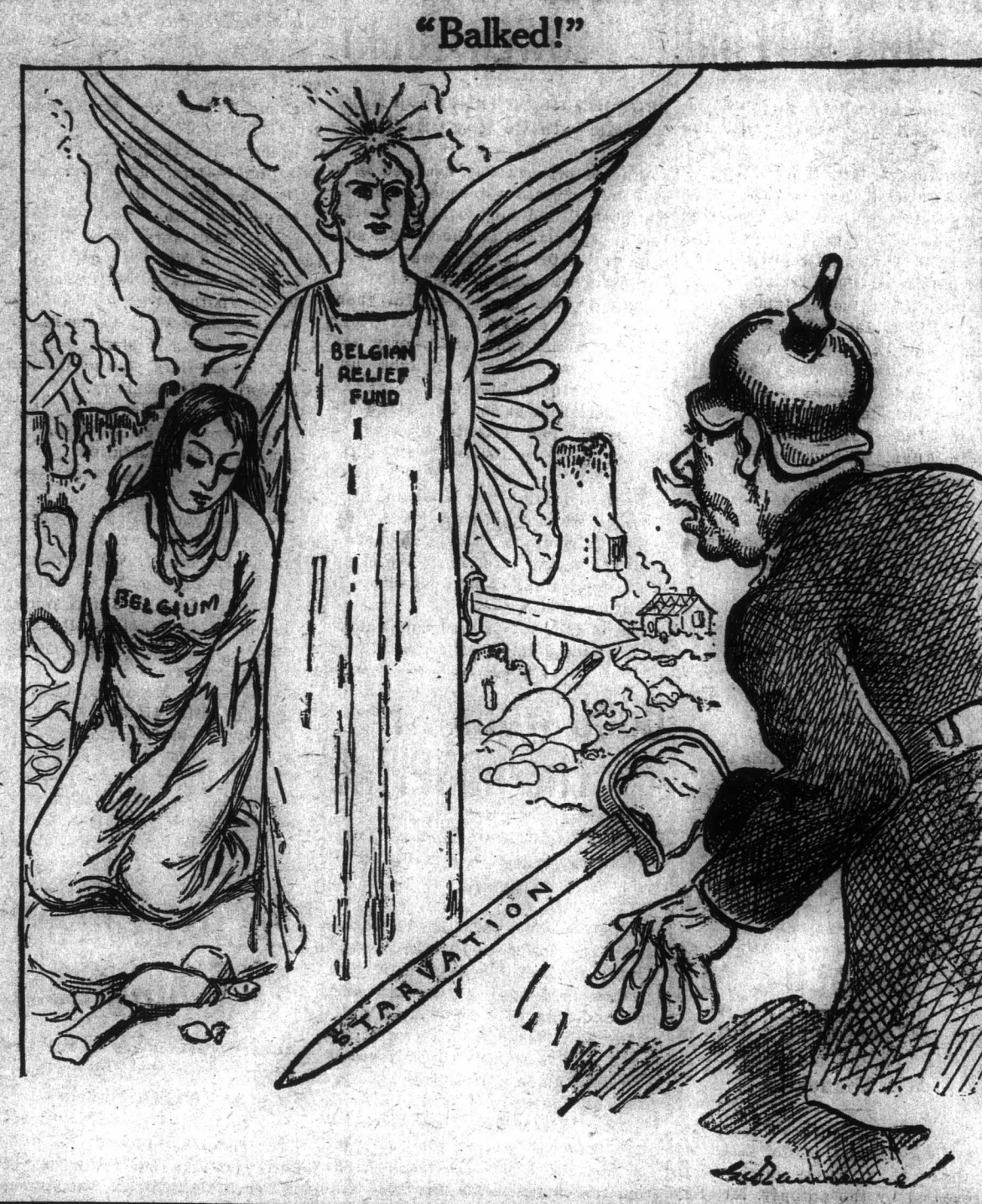
He is looked upon, says one writer, as "A moderator of the delirious pride of his fellow-countrymen, almost as a prophet giving warning of coming evils, in a subdued way, but in one clearly intelligible to those who hear."

The utterances of Die Zukunft are being closely watched by the Allied nations in Europe as an index to German thought. Ever since his journal was started in 1892 Harden has been recognized as a "barometer of German sentiment." The genius of the man lies in the fact of his amazing ability to give expression to the uppermost thoughts in the general German mind. He is, in other words, a mirror faithfully reflecting the minor workings of the national attitude. Harden has his thumb on the German pulse. He writes the things that are in the mind of the mass. Die Zukunft is eagerly read by the crowd because Harden fearlessly gives expression to the very thoughts that already have possessed the crowd.

At the present time Harden is writing of terms, settlements and peace. This fact is regarded by the Allied press as one of great significance. When Harden writes a thing it means that the nation is thinking that self-same thing. Diplomats and statesmen regard him as a supersensitive personality; first and foremost an assimilator of current ideas and general sentiment. It is not that Harden is disloyal to Germany when he writes with an evident lack of esteem for the Kaiser, and still less for the Crown Prince; nor when he discusses "terms" and the advisability of seeking peace. It is not disloyalty, it is the mere fact that he has sensed the prevailing thought of his countrymen, and voiced in his journal their views to the world. Harden does not create or seek to create public opinion in Germany—he is German public incarnate. If, today, he is writing of peace it is because Germany is thinking peace. If, tomorrow, by some amazing miracle, Germany achieved a complete victory over the Allies, Harden the human barometer, would instantly indicate sentiment towards her conquered foes. As a long life student of Harden, and his work has said:

"Among the cruel voices that would then be raised would be his and his would again be heard surpassing all others."

In that event it is more than probable that



Great Britain would no longer call him the "Gentleman Hun."

A VERY DANGEROUS SITUATION IN IRELAND.

Away back in the early eighties, when Manitoba was seething with discontent because of the harshness of the then C.P.R. monopoly fastened on the West by the Federal Government, Hon. Wm. Macdougall warned Ottawa of the danger of a "Real" rebellion if the evil complained of were not removed. The position in Ireland today appears to be even more serious than that which existed in Manitoba 35 years ago. As a result of the cold-blooded murder of Skerrington and the wholesale executions that followed the suppression of the Dublin rising, the greater part of Ireland is like a volcano, almost ready to burst forth in flames. A correspondent of the London Times says that in the counties of the south, southwest, west and east, the Sinn Fein has spread rapidly. Sinn Fein colors are worn, Sinn Fein flags are unfurled when opportunity occurs, Sinn Fein literature is published and bought in quantities, Sinn Fein songs are written and sung, and the portraits of rebels exhibited in every show window elicit silent tributes from passersby.

"He would," the correspondent says, "be blind indeed who sojourned an hour or two in most of the towns of the southwest or east of Ireland without being amazed at the profound feelings which have been stirred by the Dublin executions. Those feelings may be unpardonable from any equitable point of view, but that they exist to the verge of a dangerous passion is a fact it would be folly to ignore."

It would take very little to start a rising in Ireland that would as far surpass the Dublin outbreak in seriousness as a rebellion of the white settlers in Manitoba in the eighties would have surpassed the first Riel trouble of twelve years before.

Indiana celebrated the centenary of its admission into the Union this summer, and Illinois, Missouri, Mississippi, Alabama and Maine will have similar observances within the next few years. Illinois celebrates in 1918 at Springfield, Chicago and Vandalla. Mississippi will be 100 years old in 1917, Alabama in 1919, Maine in 1920 and Missouri in 1921.

Many of the tobacco planting companies of the Dutch East Indies have sold their entire crop at double and more than double the average price recorded last year. So great is the tobacco hunger that fabulous prices have been paid for the most inferior sorts, even for almost unworkable material. The demand comes from Germany, from which country other sources of supply have been barred by the Allies.

Benny Niegowsky, a laborer in the Retsof salt mine in Livingston county, N.Y., was reported missing after the nightly checkout. His companions believed he had quit his job and so reported to the police. William A. Wheeler, District Attorney, was not satisfied, however, and insisted on a search being made of the mines,

and Niegowsky was found two weeks later in a worked out section of the salt caverns, and brought to the surface. He was emaciated, almost a skeleton. His face and body were black. After he had been fed and put in a hospital he explained that he had lost himself in the maze of mining channels. He searched for ten days looking for the opening to the surface, and then he gave up through exhaustion and was dying slowly when his rescuers found him.

Fourteen motors were engaged in a race at Kalamazoo, Mich., on a recent Sunday. While going 80 miles an hour one car crashed into a fence and then slid back on the track where ten other cars piled on top of it. Two men were killed, one having his head cut off, and the other his head crushed and both hips smashed and a number of others were seriously hurt.

Mexico should be in better condition within a few months if General Carranza's statement is true concerning the present harvest. The Mexican crop, he says, will be the best in ten years. That may be, says the Springfield Republican. The country, in much the larger part of it, has had peace and order since last autumn, and it has been possible for the people to cultivate the land with some security. The disorder and banditry has been mainly in the thinly populated north.

SOLILOQUY OF THE ELDER BROTHER.

(Written for The Ontario)

"Moral, hardworking, patient, dutiful"—Fit words of praise upon my life bespoken! Yet in them I discern scant note of true or beautiful.

Upon them hath my spirit often broken.

Nay, in my serious moods, they seem as coarse. Save one, they might be spoken of my father's mule or horse.

I've stayed at home and labored like the beast. And if it doth not please me to attend my father's feast,

What of it? Wherefore may I not mine own will sometimes do?

But hark! the censure of another voice! Whose reputation I can not escape tho' 'twere my choice:

"Ugly-tempered," saith it, "childish, jealous, selfish too,"

"Insolent and disrespectful," epithets not a few! To crown them all, "unbrotherly and hateful as a Jew!"

Because upon this reptile I am now disposed to frown, Who from his father's house went down and down

To harlots' haunt and swine-trough degradation; With no excuse, nor cloak, nor palliation. That he came to himself, they now apologise say.

Then from himself he must have been away; And sin must be a madness in the brain.

That brings a man to shame and grief and pain. Excluding heaven's music from my heart.

Even truth I reckon better unexpressed, If 'twill another save, and give the evil spirit rest.

—E. C. C.

Other Editors' Opinions

THE NEW "LANDSHIPS."

With the development of close-quarter trench fighting, tactics have made some curious "progress backwards" during the past year. But the appearance of the new "landships" on the British front is a development for which no genuine parallel can be drawn from past warfare. They suggest the arrival of a fighting arm almost as new and of its own kind as the aeroplane has proved. "A new type of heavy armored car" is the reserved way in which General Haig introduces them; "Like nothing on earth" is the more impressive version of a wounded soldier who had seen them "on parade." This gives a picturesque idea of their total effect, but it is not difficult to see that in essence they must be a combination of two readily realized things—a very large armor-plated van and the "catapult" tractor which has been used throughout the war for army haulage over broken ground. The front wheel of the tractor is apparently protected by what in a translation from the "Matin" is described as a "cowcatcher"—but as what it "catches" can matter very little to one of these huge monsters, presumably this means an attachment for ploughing through or thrusting aside all obstacles, like barbed wire, which will not bear the weight of being climbed over. At a solid obstacle like the sloping approach to a trench the hind "wheels" of the tractor will come into play; and the amazing sight of one of these monstrous engines rearing its front wheels ponderously in the air as it climbs the obstacle and prepares to come down on the other side—which it will do if it behaves after the manner of the lesser tractors—is not calculated to encourage the moral of the German infantry. The mere shell-hole will not throw it out of its stride. It would need a mine crater to do that, and mine craters can be avoided. A machine-gun would merely tickle its ponderous sides, shrapnel would scarcely make it scratch its head. A direct hit from a piece of some calibre would doubtless finish its progress pretty effectively, but with screened guns all used to working on a hidden objective it will not be very easy to register a direct hit on one of these iron horses as it lumbers over the No Man's Land between the trenches. In theory at least the new weapon is the best answer to the war of the trenches that has yet been made. It is to be hoped that later reports will prove that it is also a decisively practical answer.—Manchester Guardian.

MR. RAYMOND ASQUITH.

Few of the many brilliant men whose lives have ended in Picardy and Flanders have been eminent among their fellows at so early an age as Raymond Asquith, and if he had not been the son of his father he would not less have been singled out at the outset as destined to be exceptional among his contemporaries. For gifts and graces had been heaped on him by nature, and to these was joined the advantage of beginning life in the most brilliant and powerful circle in England. His mind had the most singular resemblance to that of his father—lucid, balanced, reasonable, moderate, and like his with the defects of these qualities and rather unemotional and unoriginal. His academic achievements were more extensive and very remarkable, though not unparalleled. He failed in nothing that was open to him, and took every prize; so if he has been equalled, at least he cannot ever have been surpassed. But the writer doubts whether anyone so rich in scholastic honors has ever had so great a personal prestige, so great an amenity of manner and speech. He was a far better speaker than the political great men who seem to descend and mix with undergraduates and barge them, surpassing and eclipsing these grandees easily in that mixture of stimpacy and felicity of speech which is the secret of the after-dinner address, and filling the Union, of which he was without delay made president, to overflowing. He was more admired than popular, and supposed to be cold and cynical—a charge which was repeated in a parrot and unthinking way in London. But what he was was an intensely fastidious man, applying the same rigorous standard of conduct to others that he exacted from himself and easily ruffled in his extremely sensitive way by faults of manner and behavior in others. He was the first easily, the first, of his time at Oxford, and would certainly have become one of the first of the country for which he gave his life.—A Balliol Friend in London Morning Post.

Mr. W. C. Mikel is in Toronto today. Mr. John A. Mackie, who is in the hospital is very much improved today.

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