

THAT LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Written for The Ontario by
Chas. M. Bice, Lawyer, Denver, Colorado.

In the following article, written exclusively for The Ontario, Mr. Bice ably deals with the League of Nations idea and forecasts what we may reasonably expect to be accomplished in the near future.

That the Versailles peace congress will lay the foundation for a league of nations bent upon ending world wars seems highly probable.

That the league, when the congress adjourns, will be a full-fledged organization, ready to assume its duties as world arbiter, with an international land and sea police force behind it, is the dream of the internationalist and idealist.

That the league will be as the President of the United States desires it to be, is not to be expected.

That it will be more in conformity with the Clemenceau idea than the Wilson idea, is what may be looked for.

One of the distinguished correspondents of the New York Times recently gave an outline of the peace conference program as prepared in advance by the men who dominate the congress, and naturally he was proud of the fact that the American executive had a part in the preparation and gained his main contention:

The question of a league of nations will be taken up first instead of last, as some of the European statesmen desired; but the correspondent was careful to point out that the pillars of the league will come from four nations allied and associated in the defeat of the enemy. Later, other nations may be admitted, as they prove their capacity of self-government and their stability, and in time the former enemy can enter the brotherhood of nations if it does acts in the meantime mete for repentance and mends its ways. The four charter members of the league will be the committee on nominations and admissions.

To go further than the above outline would be to court disaster. Europe at this moment is as unstable as quicksilver. No one can foretell what will take place by the time the peace conference has closed its sessions. It may be that Central Eur-

ope will have been pacified by what remains of the German armies, aided by the Allied nations, or it is possible that the Bolshevik elements in Russia, Austria and Germany may make common cause against all the governments of Europe.

At any rate it will be impossible to deal with Germany in the time given to the congress and know whether the people accept the terms of peace there laid down and intend to carry them out in earnest.

It would be strange to make known to Germany her punishment for plunging the world into misery, with one hand, and with the other welcome Germany into a league of nations upon the terms set down by the American president, and we do not believe that the nations that suffered so much at the hands of Germany are in propinquity to that empire, or are going to attempt the experiment.

That the European delegates to the congress will do all in their power to meet Mr. Wilson a little more than half way is natural; that he will have something real to show to his people for his European trip and mission need not be doubted; but since his visit to the European capitals and his conferences with European leaders, does he expect as much as when he left these shores?

Is he of the notion that the furnace of war, terrible as it was to those who had to bear the brunt of it, has turned out a new man or a new nation or smelted the selfishness out of human kind? Has he not learned that self-interest is a tie that binds and without it there can be no lasting union of nations any more than of individuals?

On the other side of the ledger is to be placed the unquestioned deep-reaching influence of the presidential tour, the whole-hearted greetings by the people of the three nations to the American and the effect these wonderful demonstrations had upon the gentlemen who will sit at the congress by the side of Mr. Wilson. They, too, will be ready to give way to the Wilson ideas so long as the latter do not jeopardize their future or the safety of the nations they represent.

The Message of American Motherhood to You

Written for The Ontario by Hazel Alyea Asseltine.

Oh yes, I'm a little bit lonely,
I long for your dear voice again;
I'm putting away your old clothing,
My tears splashing down like the rain.

This coat! You were proud of it,
Laddie,
'Twas grey, but your new one is tan;

We're prouder by far of this last one,
The very best one for a man.

A button has come off your vest, boy,
'Twas getting a little bit old,
But now you've got buttons in plenty
All shining like pieces of gold.

And this cap! Dear heart, how I love it!
It sheltered your gay, boyish head;
But now you've a hat with a high crown,

Broad rimmed, with a cord on, instead.

My goodness, but these shoes are muddy!
You got that at baseball one day,
When you and your comrades were playing

In that lot just over the way.
'Tis the national game—you loved it—
Your bat and your ball and your glove

Were always at hand after school hours—
Success marked the ball that you drove!

Oh Laddie! my light-hearted laddie!
You're playing the game now in France,
The National Game of our Country

Has called, and you're taking a chance.
You're battling for Freedom and Life, boy,
You're making a right gallant stand,

That the oil of our faith burned undimmed,
Upheld by fair Liberty's hand.

You're going to go over the top, lad,
You'll carry the flag over, too,
The flag that we love more than life, son,

The Star-spangled Red, White and Blue.

I pray you'll come home to me, darling,
But not till our victory is won—
I'll knit and I'll work for our soldiers;

Each laddie is some mother's son,
But oh! my own bonny, brave laddie,
Keep pure and be true to your God;

For worship, was our country founded
By Pilgrims, on New England's sod.

You go to uphold our traditions,
Our birthright—we hold it divine;
Oh, I'm glad Old Glory's in France now;

I'm proud of that dear son of mine!

These garments are wet with my tears, boy,
My boy who is playing the game;
But my heart beats as high as your own,

Tho' my voice grows weak at your name.

I'm proud to have mothered a soldier;
My heart shall prove true to the test;

Tho' I pass through the Valley of Sorrow,
My boy will stand up with the best.

I travelled in anguish and longing,
Bought his life with my body and pain,
But no shirk-the-draft, cowardly slacker

Could ever call me "Mother" again
My boy! Yes, I'm proud of my laddie,
So bright, all my sunshine and joy;

No apron string kept him from duty;
But you are you proud of your boy?

Our country's existence is threatened,
O Americans, of naught dare we brag.

Except in one thing, and one only,
That we've done our best for The Flag!

Yes, my son and your son are needed,
Fond sister, your brother must go;
Dear sweetheart, your lover is fighting

For you when he's facing the foe.
Oh wives, if he calls comes, be ready:
From duty no Yankee e'er ran.

As women of old, face the struggle
And prove a fit mate for your man!
My boy, only God's heart can fathom
My love for my wonderful son,
Upholding the freedom of nations

In fire of the honorless Hun.
The Eagle has winged o'er the ocean
And peace for the world we will win.
For we're over the top and we never
will stop
Till we've carried the flag to Berlin!

COUNTY AND DISTRICT

Train Severs Man's Head

BISHOP BIDWELL OVERSEAS

Body of Farm Employee Found Hanging in Barn

Farm Laborer Takes Own Life

Peterboro, Jan. 17.—The body of Charles Cress, a man 31 years of age, employed by a farmer named McKay on the river-road running south from Pallings' Corners through Keene, was found suspended by a rope from one of the rafters of the barn. Cress was a peculiar character and it is thought that he took his own life in a fit of despondency.

Dr. Greer, the coroner, has gone to the scene of the fatality and will investigate the circumstances.

News of the Bishop

News has been received of Bishop Bidwell, who is visiting his aged mother in England. On Christmas Day he preached to the soldiers and afterwards visited the fleet in Scotland and saw his son. During this month he will preach in Peterboro and Bury St. Edmunds cathedrals, also Bradford College. On the 20th he will go to Oxford and receive his honorary D.D. on the 23rd.

James Devine Killed

Kingston, Jan. 17.—James Devine lost his life on Sunday at the Grand Trunk Railway junction when he attempted to board an eastbound freight. The train was passing the station at about ten miles an hour and Devine sprang to get on a tank car. He succeeded in getting a hold on an iron bar, but failed to get foothold. Mr. McDonald, a foreman, seeing his dangerous position, ran forward and attempted to pull him away, but he was unable to do so, as he kept his hold on the bar. A moment later he fell and rolled under the train opposite the restaurant building. The wheels severed the head from the trunk, passing over the shoulders. The head was carried about three hundred feet down the track. Dr. D. E. Mundell, coroner, was summoned and decided to hold an inquest.

Capt. Allison Home

Capt. Gerald Allison reached his home in Picton on Monday night last on his return from overseas. He landed in St. John on Friday of last week per Str. Scandinavian. He reports a very rough and stormy voyage. Since his return to England last spring, Capt. Allison has been on duty at a hospital at Blackpool, England, a beautiful seaport town near Liverpool. Capt. Allison intends to begin the practice of his profession as M.D. in the near future. He has served through the greater part of the war, enlisting early in 1915, and has seen duty in Egypt, Solonica, India, France and England.—Picton Gazette.

Cobourg Grocers Fined

On complaint of Inspector Jas. Hogan of the Pure Food branch, to local grocers appeared before P.M. Floyd on Tuesday morning and were fined \$25 and \$35.50 costs for selling adulterated maple sugar, which was not to the standard prescribed by the Pure Food Act. The fines go to the Government and the costs to the towns.—Sentinel Star.

A picture appears in the London Illustrated Herald of Dec. 15 which shows the 21st Battalion color party with their colors at Westminster Abbey, where they were handed over so that they could be taken into Germany at the head of the battalion. In the color party are Sergt. Major Jordan, of Picton, and Sergt. Cross, of Marmora, along with other members of the 21st Battalion.—Picton Times.

RAN HARRY LAUDER INTO A SNOWBANK.

Kingston.—Major Newman ran Harry Lauder into a snow bank while auting the Scottish comedian to the G.T.R. junction, at an early hour Wednesday morning, after a reception tendered him by the Veterans, and as the Mayor's car could not be budged the party had to walk three quarters of a mile to the station and Harry just managed to catch his train for Hamilton.

Raymond Finkle Has Passed Away

Young Man Sidelined Succumbed This Morning to Pneumonia.

Another has been added to the long list of deaths occasioned by the influenza epidemic. Mr. Raymond Edgar Finkle, a well and favorable known young man, whose home was near Bayville, passed away this morning after about ten days' illness from pneumonia following influenza.

The late Mr. Finkle was the son and the only child of the late Wesley Finkle and was born in Sidney township 27 years ago. He was married to Miss Winifred Ramsey and she, with one daughter, two years of age, survives him. He is also survived by his sorrowing mother.

Mr. Finkle, was by occupation a carpenter but had previously had experience in cheese making. He was a Methodist in religion and was a member of the L.O.L. at Bayville and of the A.F. and A.M. and the I.O.F. at Trenton. He was very greatly esteemed and respected by his brethren of the fraternal orders as well as by the community generally. His premature demise will be deeply mourned and regretted by an unusually wide circle of warm personal friends.

The funeral will be held on Monday afternoon under Orange auspices.

Former Canibal Caught in Act of Eating His Wife

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 20.—Solomon Kaimi, a former cannibal, who reverted to his cannibalistic instincts in an unguarded moment and began to eat his wife, is preparing today to return to Solomon Island in the South Seas.

Kaimi obtained release from police court Friday, when he offered to return to his tribe.

The savage was found last week, bending over the prostrate form of Mrs. Kaimi, eating her arm. She was taken to a hospital and will recover.

Psalm-Singing Hun Strangers

The Salvation Army has proved that the so-called "Psalm-Singer" is not lacking in courage on the battlefield. Some of the bravest deeds have been performed by men who before the war did no sterner fighting than knocking the devil out of fallen and depraved beings, though sometimes that was stern enough.

Lieut.-Col. McKenzie, the Australian Chaplain who won the V.C. at Gallipoli; Pte. Fynn, of South Wales who won the same coveted honor in France and many others, who got lesser decorations for acts of heroism in the fighting line, showed of what stuff the Salvation Army soldiers are made. No wonder Sir Douglas Haig said: "I value their presence here as being one of the best influences on the moral and spiritual welfare of the troops."

Wedding Bells

WALKER—WADE

The home of Mrs. James Wade, Newcastle, Ont., was the scene of a quiet wedding on Wednesday, January 15th, when her second daughter, Annie Frances, became the bride of John A. Walker, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Walker, Ameliasburg. Prince Edward county, Rev. F. J. Anderson, brother-in-law of the groom, officiated. The bride, who was unattended, wore a becoming gown of battiship grey satin. After the wedding supper, the bride and groom left for Belleville, the bride travelling in a navy tailored suit, with black satin hat and handsome lynx furs, the gift of the groom.—Port Hope Guide.

HARSTON—FOSTER

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Foster received a cablegram last week that their daughter, Nursing Sister Margaret Foster, was married to Capt. Chaplin Ernest Harston, formerly of Madoc, on Jan. 11th. Sister Foster enlisted in June, 1917, and went overseas a few weeks later.

The happy couple will still continue their work in the army. Capt. Harston is well known in Bancroft, having preached here in the Methodist church about five years ago.

Sweet and palatable, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is acceptable to children, and it does its work surely and promptly.

Irvin S. Cobb on Salvation Army

(From "The Saturday Evening Post.")

I have yet to meet any soldier, whether a brigadier or a private, who, if he spoke at all of the Salvation Army, did not speak in terms of fervent gratitude for the aid that the Salvation Army are rendering so ostentatiously and yet so very effectively. Let a sizeable body of troops move from one station to another and hard on its heels came a squad of men and women of the Salvation Army. An army truck may bring them, or it may be that they have a battered jitney to move them and their scanty outfits. Usually they do not ask for help from anyone in reaching their destination. They find lodgment in a wrecked shell of a house or in the corner of a barn. By main force and awkwardness they set up their equipment, and very soon the word is spread among the troops that at such-and-such a place the Salvation Army is serving free hot drinks and free pies. It specializes in doughnuts, the Salvation Army in the field does, the real old-fashioned, home-made ones that taste of home to a homesick soldier boy.

I did not see this, but one of my associates did. He saw it last winter in a dismal hole on the Toul sector. A file of our troops were finishing a long hike through rain and snow, over roads knee-deep in half-thawed slush. Cold and wet and miserable, they came tramping into a cheerless, half-empty town within sound and range of the German guns. They found a reception committee awaiting them there—in the person of two Salvation Army lassies and one Salvation Army Captain. The women had a fire going in the dilapidated oven of a vanished villager's cottage.

One of them was rolling out the batter on a plank with an old wine bottle for a rolling pin and using the top of a tin can to cut the dough into circular strips. The other woman was cooking the doughnuts, and as fast as they were cooked the man scrubbed them out, spitting hot, to hungry, wet boys clamoring about the door and nobody was asked to pay a cent.

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Farmer's Account Book

This book is as complete as we can make it. There is a place in it for everything you plant, raise, buy, sell, have on hand; with a summary of the year's business.

It puts your farm on a business basis.

It is free to Farmers. Call or write for a copy.

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 Head Office - Toronto

Quarterly Dividend Notice No. 113. Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Thirteen Per Cent. Per Annum upon the Capital Stock of this Bank has this day been declared for the quarter ending 31st of January 1919, and that the same will be payable at Head Office in this city and at its Branches on and after Saturday, the 1st day of February, to Shareholders of record of the 23rd of January, 1919.

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Head Office of the Bank in Toronto, on Wednesday, the 26th of February next, at 12 o'clock noon.

By order of the Board, C. H. Easson, General Manager.

Toronto, December 20th, 1918. John Elliott, Manager, Belleville Branch.

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

HUDSON SEAL COATS

TO BUY NOW IS TO SAVE MONEY

Every indication in the fur market points to an advance in prices for the year 1919. If you desire to save money our advice is to BUY NOW. We still have a few HUDSON SEAL COATS of strictly No. 1 quality which we are offering at the lowest price possible consistent with quality. While the present stock lasts, we can supply these coats at prices ranging from \$150.00 to \$280.00.

JOSEPH T. DELANEY, Manufacturing Furrier, Phone 797, 17 Campbell St.

COMFORT SOAP

For a few days we will sell the large Bar Comfort Soap 2 Bars for 15c

10 Bars limit to a customer. This is less than the new price. So get your 10 Bars before it is all gone.

The Beehive Chas. N. SULMAN

Inspect These

Phaetons, Auto Seat Top Buggies, Platform Spring Democrat Wagons, Steel Tubular Axle Wagons, Bolster Spring, Royal Mail Delivery Wagons, Factory Milk Wagons, Repairing Painting, Trimming, Rubber Tires. All kinds of Automobiles repaired, painted and upholstered.

The FINNEGAN CARRIAGE & WAGON CO. BELLEVILLE, ONT.

CAMPBELLFORD

Campbellford, Jan. 20, 1919.

Mr. D. F. Robertson is in Toronto on business.

Miss Hawley is spending a few days in Toronto.

Mr. R. Elliott, of Norwood, was in town on Tuesday.

Miss Elma Watts, of Stirling, passed away on Saturday last.

Mrs. (Dr.) Nicolle is visiting her father, Mr. T. Callaghan.

Miss Jennie Atkinson, R.N., and Miss Hazel, spent the week-end in Peterboro.

Mrs. M. H. Frederick, of Toronto, was the guest of Mrs. D. Mitchell over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Free were in Stirling Tuesday, attending the funeral of Miss Elma Watts.

Miss Mary Sharp, of Swift Current, was in town this week, being summoned on account of her father's illness.

A rink of Campbellford curlers