

THE WEEKLY ONTARIO.

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1916.

ALL HAVE BEEN HONORED.

The great honor that has come to Captain E. D. O'Flynn and Captain Roscoe Vanderwater, in receiving recommendations for the military cross, reflects honor upon every individual citizen in the district from which they came. When these two gallant young patriots volunteered their services to aid their native land at a time of supreme crisis, they performed a duty that placed a debt of gratitude upon every man, woman and child in the city and the township that proudly claim them their own.

The magnificent reception to Captain O'Flynn on Saturday, unpremeditated and spontaneous though it was, did not represent altogether an expression of gratitude or a tribute to one returning soldier. But all who took part in the demonstration felt that in honoring one, who symbolized their idea of what true soldierly conduct and fealty to the Empire meant, they were through him honoring the other valiant sons from the Bay of Quinte section who still remain to fight and suffer and endure. There was also the silent tribute of memory to those who will never return to receive the plaudits and congratulations of admiring fellow-citizens. The cheering was therefore subdued in tone, and free from the boisterous demonstrativeness that is commonly seen when emotions are not so deeply stirred.

GERMANY'S DOOM.

It looks at present as if the Entente Allies had at last really begun to unfold their opponents in a definite clutch. The Germans have long been held within a close circle of land and water; remnants through which they could nowhere break, in spite of their mightiest efforts, and all their convulsive struggles. They dashed themselves headlong against Verdun during nearly four months, but in vain. Maddened by the ever-growing discontent in the Fatherland occasioned by their Verdun failure, they at last took the desperate resolve of attempting an eruption by sea. They came, and got the Beauty, touch, and vanished—not as they came but with a shattered navy and blasted hopes. Their attempt disclosed the straits to which they had been reduced at home. Their complete and final sea-failure was the long-awaited signal to the Allies that the time to strike the final blow had come.

The Allies lost not an unnecessary hour thereafter. But they made no undue haste. They permitted the Germans to weaken themselves still further before Verdun, and allowed them ample time to do so until their own preparations were complete, and the ground ready for a general attack. Russia struck first, because Russia's preparations were farthest advanced and because Russia's opportunity first arrived. Austria's over-confidence and her burning desire to avenge herself on Italy gave Russia her chance. The Austrian armies in the East had been depleted to enable her to strike what was intended to be a crushing blow at Italy. Before that blow could be fully delivered Russia struck and struck home at Austria, and through her at Germany.

It is probable that, with her new armies, and abundant fresh supplies of artillery and ammunition, Russia would have beaten down the armies of Austria even had they been opposed to her with unabated strength. The ease and success of her advance against Austria, left Russia with abundant forces to deploy against the German armies to the north. She is using those forces to the utmost, and with most cheering prospects of success. The great Von Hindenburg, the military idol of the Germans, who triumphed so gloriously while he could fire fifty or a hundred shells for every one which the Russians were able to send back, now finds himself and his "strategy" on an entirely different footing. The "ring" tactics of a heavyweight against a middle or lightweight opponent may look quite impressive, but are apt to change appearance when attempted against a still heavier heavyweight of much longer "reach." Von Hindenburg and his Prussians are no longer driving; they are being driven, and sorely battered in the process.

Austria's attempt to escape irretrievable disaster, in the East, by hastily withdrawing troops from the Italian front, gave Italy her chance, which she was prompt to seize. The situation was not saved for Austria in the East; it was not even ameliorated. Her expectations in Italy were forever blighted. Italy is advancing victoriously and irresistibly thrusting back the

Austrian armies on her frontiers. The recovery of her stolen Provinces and the rectification of her Austrian border line in accordance with her national aspirations, so as to ensure her adequate defence and security for the future, are now within sight. The whole neutral and Allied world will rejoice with her in the prospect.

On top, and in co-ordination with the operations of Russia and Italy in the East, and South has come the pre-arranged, carefully-thought-out and long-prepared British and French advance in the West, which has not yet been seriously checked, and which, apparently is not to be denied. Most readers are familiar with the story of the torture chamber with folding walls, which closed inch by inch, hour by hour, day after day, on the victim enclosed within them to his final crushing in slow and horrible death. Even so are the Allied walls of armaments now beginning to press in on the Kaiser, his minions and their dupes, the German people. Which ever way they may turn, an armed and impenetrable wall is slowly but surely pressing in upon them. The end is neither to be misconceived nor avoided. The Germans are without friends and without hope in the world. They will howl to their "good, old ally," Woden. Those, who in old, savage times, fought in his name, were at least chivalrous according to their lights and brave. He was never the god of liars, "baby-killers" and cowardly murderers.

Germany, in her desperation, is face to face with a fearful looking form of judgment and fiery indignation from the whole civilized world, and from the just God whom she has despised and flouted while endeavoring to crush and enslave her sister nations.

Saloniki is now the only idle front, but an offensive from that direction may be one of the new developments in the near future.

The Russians are bagging so many prisoners that they will soon have in their clutches more effectives than the Teutons have left at home.

Canadians who are living in England come under the compulsory service law. Announcement is now made that they must enlist or return to Canada.

"I have come through a bombardment," writes a Canadian soldier in a letter published in an Ontario paper, "that an insect could not have lived through, you would think." This tells the story of what our boys are facing.

As a result of a women's campaign in favor of the prohibition of drink during the war, petitions have been signed by about 40,000 women in Edinburgh district, appealing to the Government to pass a measure to that effect. The campaign ended in a procession of about 3,000 women through the chief streets of the city. "Follow the King" was the inscription carried at the head of each section of the procession. Other banners quoted sayings of the late Lord Kitchener and Sir John Jellicoe in favor of abstinence.

Railroads of the United States handled more traffic with less loss of life in the July-September quarter of 1915 than in any previous quarter since reports were first made in 1901. According to a bulletin issued by the Bureau of Railway News, only 127 lives were lost by train accidents during the July-September quarter last year. The bulletin says that the smallest total in any similar quarter was 151, in 1914, when traffic was at low ebb. The report includes passenger, employees, trespassers and others.

IN TRAINING.

We've got our foreign service boots—we've 'ad 'em 'alf a day;
If it wasn't for the Adjutant I'd sling the brutes away;
If I could 'ave my old ones back I'd give a fortnight's pay,
And chuck 'em in the pair I got this morning!

We've marched a 'undred miles today, we've 'undreds more to go,
An' if you don't believe me, why, I'll tell you 'ow I know—
I've measured out the distance by the blister on my toe,
For I got my foreign-service boots this morning!

We've got our foreign-service boots—I wish that I were dead;
I wish I'd got the Colonel's 'orse an' 'im my feet instead;
I wish I was an acrobat, I'd walk upon my 'ead,
For I got my foreign-service boots this morning!

We're 'opping and we're 'obbling to a cock-eyed ragtime tune,
Not a soul what isn't limpin' in the bloomin' 'ole balloon.
But buck you up, my com-e-rades, we're off to Flanders soon,
For we got our foreign-service boots this morning!

—From Punch.

Other Editors' Opinions

N. PERTH MAKES MEREDITH-DUFF REPORT LOOK LIKE A SUPERFLUITY.

Sir William Meredith can put the Meredith-Duff report on the evidence submitted at the shell enquiry in the waste basket.

The people of Canada will put their report on that evidence in the ballot boxes.

North Perth put in an interim report on the Shell Commission evidence yesterday. The result in North Perth is in part a report on the evidence as to the work of the Shell Committee and other Militia Department bungles. That report is prophetic as to what will happen in this province if Sir Robert Borden keeps the Ontario candidates of his party hooked up to Sir Sam Hughes, K.C.B., the Shell Committee, and Hon. Colonel J. Wesley Allison—Toronto Telegram, (Conservative)

THE DISILLUSIONMENT OF GERMAN.

The German army of 1916 is not the army of 1914. The better part of the men who marched to Paris, officers and soldiers alike, have long disappeared from the battle line. Those who have filled their places are brave soldiers; many trained officers remain; but the flower of that army which so nearly repeated Napoleon's greatest triumphs is no more. And with it has departed much of the legend of German invincibility and of the moral "lift" that came from the faith that Germany could not be opposed, checked, or even temporarily halted. The legend of Sedan died at the Marne, as the "sun of Austerlitz" set at Leipzig. In the contest so far Germany has lost 4,000,000 men. She has made no great advance since September, 1915. In 1914 she told her people France would disappear in six weeks, and France has not disappeared. In 1916 she told her people that Russia would disappear as a military power in a few months, and Russia is coming back victorious from the Front to Friburg. She told her people last autumn that the road to Egypt was open and the Near Eastern menace would destroy Britain's Empire. All these things have not happened. On the contrary, Russia, France, Britain, with Italy into the bargain, are standing. Last year Germany whispered the magic word of peace to her own people, and there was no peace. Her chancellor has gone out into the market places of the world and clamored peace—"victorious peace," to be sure, and the answer has come in artillery.—(Frank H. Symonds in the New York Tribune.)

A WARNING TO KNOCKERS

After waiting ten months for hot weather, it arrived last week, but the knockers drove it away in three days. We must have a law against knockers, or nothing will stay in the Province.—(From the Greenwood, B.C. Ledger.)

A BOY AND HIS DOG.

Just a dirty little yellow cur! I called him homeless until I heard a dirtier little urchin yelling.
"Aw, gowan home" and pelting him with stones.
The youngster swore and I felt sorry for the dog. I wanted to wring the urchin's neck and save the dog. Just as I was about to put my thought into action a big black limousine came swerving down the street. The child darted before it, grabbed the little yellow cur to his heart and the two came rolling from beneath the whirling wheels. As I helped them from the gutter the boy was moaning.

"Where are you hurt boy?" I asked excitedly, turning him around on his gurdy bare legs.
"Dey didn't hurt me—but dey dern near got my dog," wailed the urchin between dry sobs.—(From the Columbus Dispatch.)

After you have taken Hall's Catarrh Cure for a short time you will see a great improvement in your general health. Start taking Hall's Catarrh Cure at once and get rid of Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Potatoes Potatoes Potatoes in Excelent Condition—\$1.60 per bag. Banish the Flies—Make the cows work better by using Royal Purple Fly Oil. FEED, FLOUR, SEEDS, ETC. a complete stock for you to choose from. THE HANLEY-NETTERVILLE CO. Phone 812 Belleville, Ontario.

IN MEMORIAM.

Our Heavenly Father, who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind, has in His infinite wisdom, taken from this life into the eternal, one of our most worthy and esteemed loved ones, one of our most efficient workers, Mrs. James Dickens, who passed away after a few brief hours of illness on June 30th, 1916. Her going from us, leaving a gloom over all, for our loss but gladdened by the knowledge that our loss is her eternal gain.

Mrs. Dickens, only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Denyes, was born in Thurlow fifty-three years ago. One brother Mr. Clayton Denyes of Thurlow survives; both parents and a brother Mr. Jay Denyes being deceased a few years. Since her marriage with Mr. James Dickens, whose home has long been in our midst, she has been a loving wife and mother, a faithful friend and neighbor. Her husband and little daughter Bessie are left to mourn. Our long and intimate relations with her as member and organist of the Methodist church, president of the W.M.S. for the past three years, and in the faithful discharge of those and all duties in the Christian work, are held and ever will be in loving, grateful remembrance; her influence ever an inspiration to all with whom she has worked in every walk of life. Her going leaves a vacancy deeply realized by all the members of our church, society and community. The funeral service on Sunday, July 2nd was conducted by our pastor, Rev. C. S. Reddick, in the church and was very largely attended. Interment in the cemetery at Eggleton, Madoc Junction. The beautiful flowers were silent tokens of love and esteem. We extend to Mr. Dickens Bessie and all the relatives our deepest sympathy.

Sad are the hearts of those who mourn The loved one staunch and true, Who triumphed in the Saviour's love Is gone from mortal view. She nobly did her part, In all things great and small, Walked humbly in her Saviour's steps Was ready for His call. Though earthly ties are severed And here no more we meet, To each one comes, that blessed hope We'll meet at Jesus' feet.

(Original from the Women's Missionary Society of West Huntingdon. Signed on behalf of the Society. Mrs. Aaron Ashley Corresponding Secretary.)

LISTEN FOR THE BRONCHIAL WHEEZE WHEN YOU BREATHE DEEPLY.

It means that disease will soon attack the lungs. Wheezing is distressing to the sufferer and annoying to his friends. Nothing half so certain in Bronchitis and throat trouble as "Catarrhooze"; it gives instant relief and cures even the worst cases. Bronchitis fairly flees under the magic influence of Catarrhooze which cures so thoroughly the disease never returns. Other remedies may relieve but Catarrhooze cures Bronchitis, Catarrh, and throat trouble for all time to come.

Beware of dangerous substitutes meant to deceive you for genuine Catarrhooze which is sold everywhere, large size containing two months treatment costs \$1.00; small size 50c, sample size 25c.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Hall's Catarrh Cure has been taken by catarrh sufferers for the past thirty-five years, and has become known as the most reliable remedy for Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces, expelling the poison from the blood and healing the diseased portions.

After you have taken Hall's Catarrh Cure for a short time you will see a great improvement in your general health. Start taking Hall's Catarrh Cure at once and get rid of Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

The NURSE'S STORY By ADELE BLENEAU Copyright, 1915. By Bobbs-Merrill Company

They had been hours in the work, but all the field had still not been searched, and I insisted on joining a party of stretcher bearers who were just starting out. It was no time for faint heartedness, there was too much to be done. The moon was still bright, and objects were visible some distance away. The fight had been a fierce one, and the German dead were nearly three times the number of the French. The bearers moved quickly but slowly from body to body, some of the poor fellows were contorted into fantastic attitudes, others apparently asleep. The whole scene in the silence of the forest was inconceivably majestic.



The Bearers Moved Quickly, Silently, From Body to Body.

Officers are never put in wars with the men, and besides these were all ready full and overflowing. After a consultation the matron and Dr. Schuchon decided that he should be put on the cot in Captain Frazer's room, that being absolutely the only available spot.

CHAPTER X. Close calls.

A FEW days after Colonel S's decision that I return to them, a decision that proved a momentous one to me, the Germans facing our left wing made a number of determined assaults, which our men, re-enforced by new troops, were fortunately able to beat off. These assaults resulted, however, in the taking of a number of German officers, for the attacking troops were landsturm and proved none too eager in the attack, and it was necessary for their officers to lead them. As a result many were taken prisoners and among them a number of wounded. We managed to find places in our hospital for all the worst cases—that is, for all except a certain Captain von Schilling.

As time passed rumors of impending danger came to our ears, and with them Von Schilling developed a queer exaltation, as though he felt the approach of the time when he should be in power. With it there crept into his voice and manner an arrogant and assertive tone which irritated me to the highest degree, though Captain Frazer passed it over in amusements. Then one morning the enemy's firing grew more distinct; carts began passing the hospital laden with household goods. Drove of cattle—even little boys and girls, each with a bundle done up in a towel or pillow slip—tiny mites of four and five doing all they could to save the home; mothers with babies at the breast—came in endless streams. Sometimes beside the roadway long rows of fugitives would sit, resting before recommending their journey. I recall one group of little children alone, unattended. It was a pathetic picture that will live in my memory forever.

As for the nurse, she was a Prussian, tall, slender and fair haired, with a certain youthful charm that might have made an attractive man of him, but for the insolence of his bearing. He spoke English well, as I discovered when he was first brought in, though he very seldom did so. I believe he resented using even the speech of the hated and despised English.

During the first few days he suffered severely, and the doctor kept him under the influence of an opiate. As he grew better, however, he grew communicative and kept me busy attending his many wants. When all else failed he insisted that I give him lessons in French.

As for Captain Frazer, I had hoped that he and the Prussian officer might become, if not friends, at least tolerant acquaintances, and so help each other beguile the tedious hours of convalescence. We always found that the men in the wards made no progress than the officers, who are isolated.

However, the first few days proved that my hopes for the two men were not to be realized. Captain Frazer and Von Schilling, though they belonged to the same social class in their respective countries, were as far apart in thought as east and west.

The Englishman is essentially an individual, and he remains so even in war, when he is making history. His tendency is to think that things English are badly managed, and he says so freely in unobtrusive terms, though only to his own countrymen. And he is not perpetually nursing himself with thoughts of the glory of his country, of the splendor of his cause or of the fact that he is a soldier in a famous army. These are things he takes for granted, and to his mind the legs said about being heroic or romantic are better. As for him, he has work to do, which, although he will not say so, he will do as only Englishmen can, but the romance or poetry of his deeds he leaves to others to express.

The German, however, is an absolutely different type. His passion for abstract thought has mastered him so that he sees abstraction even in concrete things. To no German is Germany merely a collection of Germans; to no German is he himself merely a man in a world of other men and nations. He is a factor in some far-reaching process, a unit in some great institution or in a cog in some intricate machine. Many nations have tried to imitate the English, but no one has ever tried to imitate the Germans because the German himself is imitative. As an individual he is ill at ease and prefers always to be typical and representative rather than simply himself.

On the other hand, the English officer, or at least so it seems to me from my observation of the few I have nursed, would rather be anything than a type, and what he says and does is said and done on his own initiative. During his convalescence Captain von Schilling's attitude toward me often left me, young and unsobered as I was, puzzled and at a loss to define a vague something back of his manner. Afterward I understood.

On the other hand, I had many delightful talks with Captain Frazer whenever my duties permitted, though I did not realize then how blank the time was between these talks or how I looked forward to them as the brightest moments in my day. Our conversations were simple and ordinary enough, but Von Schilling resented them and even went so far as to imply that Captain Frazer and myself were in some undefined way leagueed against him. Looking back, I realize how foolishly blind I was in those days, but in the light of succeeding events I can only thank God for my blindness.

Captain von Schilling often tried my patience to the utmost, but I made a determined effort to see only the best in him, though Captain Frazer's occasional cool interjections showed me the hopelessness of my efforts. The man was always sensible, but brutally callous by turns, an almost incredible combination of childishness and brutality.

As time passed rumors of impending danger came to our ears, and with them Von Schilling developed a queer exaltation, as though he felt the approach of the time when he should be in power. With it there crept into his voice and manner an arrogant and assertive tone which irritated me to the highest degree, though Captain Frazer passed it over in amusements. Then one morning the enemy's firing grew more distinct; carts began passing the hospital laden with household goods. Drove of cattle—even little boys and girls, each with a bundle done up in a towel or pillow slip—tiny mites of four and five doing all they could to save the home; mothers with babies at the breast—came in endless streams. Sometimes beside the roadway long rows of fugitives would sit, resting before recommending their journey. I recall one group of little children alone, unattended. It was a pathetic picture that will live in my memory forever.

London was confronted with a serious shortage of extra consumption of heat, and the consumption of extra pumps and open for well property. A deputation from the Flying Corps asked the Provost for financial aid.

(To Be Continued)

NEWS TOPICS Important Events Occurred During The Week The Busy World's Fully Compiled Handy and Accurate Solid Hours' Worth of News

The Austrians' action of five British Admirals. The Earl of Selborne's Board of Agriculture. The Provincial Council of the Church of Ford, Ontario. The consumption of Canada has increased reaching in the past of 1,165,027,345. Captain Holm in Toronto making the purchase of \$100,000 for transatlantic J. J. Bonosky, 57 years of age, \$80,000 from Kitchener, while at work in a separate, and high the summer course Agricultural College with 10% last year. Pte. John Campbell Battalion died at heat stroke, followed and there were 35 through the day. The Dominion's contribution of \$5,000,000 in the war with gratifying results. A scheme to develop horse-power of electricity Niagara Falls, at a cost of \$1,000,000, has been submitted to the Dominion Government to point a commission to look into the proposition. The Dominion Government cannot claim the Canadian mines, an Government is satisfied cautions taken are THURSDAY Mrs. Joseph Chazegle to be married. A German submarine English seaport and the Hungarians Empire's losses due at 600,000. Hydro-electric power in a prospective Ontario nickel in the Fred Wright, G. T. Sedona, and drilling in the Grand Rapids. The resolutions of Paris Economical Commission approved by Evelyn Elvidge, Clara Nevin of Winnetka at a Sunday evening. A carboy of sulphuric acid at the G.T.R. station plant exploded, three men killed. A report submitted Resources Commission shortage of labor in Toronto. The 110th Battalion at London camp 5 weeks as the camp Camp Borden is not an official statement. In yesterday's issue of June six-one of merchantmen, measured 069 tons, were sunk Austrian submarines. John Arsenault and were killed and seriously injured John N.B. when a of sugar slid upon encephalitis, and were working in the India steamer. One death and in from heat were reported. While the thermometers soared the official record Bureau last night temperature reached FRIDAY Two deaths were heat in Hamilton. Cases suspected paralysis have been Windsor and near. In battalion inspector the 109th of came first and the berland, second. The National Union Committee is called Tuesday and followed. Fire, believed to be by someone in a boat trouble of the Niagara & Toronto Railway Creek. Silas Dell, a work extra Falls-Port Erie passed it over in amusements. Then one morning the enemy's firing grew more distinct; carts began passing the hospital laden with household goods. Drove of cattle—even little boys and girls, each with a bundle done up in a towel or pillow slip—tiny mites of four and five doing all they could to save the home; mothers with babies at the breast—came in endless streams. Sometimes beside the roadway long rows of fugitives would sit, resting before recommending their journey. I recall one group of little children alone, unattended. It was a pathetic picture that will live in my memory forever. All this proved only too conclusively that the enemy was advancing and that our lines were hurriedly falling back.