

THE WEEKLY ONTARIO.

THE DAILY ONTARIO is published every afternoon (Sundays and holidays excepted) at The Ontario Building, Front Street, Belleville, Ontario. Subscription \$3.00 per annum.

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THE WEEKLY ONTARIO and Bay of Quinte Chronicle is published every Thursday morning at \$1.00 a year, or \$2.00 a year to the United States.

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

WHEN THE SHOE WAS ON THE OTHER FOOT.

The President of the United States seems in his peace proposals and peace interference precedents, apparently to display a "cant towards Biddy," the latter on this occasion being German. He forgets, however, that in a joint resolution passed by the United States Congress during the war of secession on March 3rd, 1863, the United States declined most respectfully the French Emperor's proposals of mediation between the North and the South, in fact Congress resented most bitterly such an offer of interference or mediation. It must be admitted that the Entente Allies, though they replied to President Wilson courteously, yet nevertheless view with grave suspicion his mediation and offers of interference as most untimely. Here is the precedent, which the United States established itself in such matters:—

THIRD SESSION, THIRTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS, MARCH 3, 1863.

Whereas it appears from the diplomatic correspondence submitted to Congress that a proposition, friendly in form, looking to pacification through foreign mediation, has been made to the United States by the Emperor of the French and promptly declined by the President; and whereas the idea of mediation or intervention in some shape may be regarded by foreign governments as practicable, and such governments, through this misunderstanding, may be led to proceedings tending to embarrass the friendly relations which now exist between them and the United States, and whereas in order to remove for the future all chance of misunderstanding on this subject, and to secure for the United States the full enjoyment of that freedom from foreign interference which is one of the highest rights of independent States, it seems fit that Congress should declare its convictions thereon: Therefore

RESOLVED (The House of Representatives concurring) That . . . Congress cannot hesitate to regard every proposition of foreign interference in the present contest as so far unreasonable and inadmissible that its only explanation will be found in a misunderstanding of the true state of the question, and of the real character of the war in which the Republic is engaged.

That . . . while engaged in this struggle, on which so much depends, any proposition from a foreign Power, whatever form it may take, having for its object the arrest of these efforts is, just in proportion to its influence, an encouragement to the rebellion and its declared principles, and on this account IS CALCULATED TO PROLONG AND EMBITTER THE CONFLICT, to cause increased expenditure of blood and treasure, and to postpone the much-desired day of peace; that, with these convictions and not doubting that every such proposition, although made with good intent, is injurious to the national interests, CONGRESS WILL BE OBLIGED TO LOOK UPON ANY FURTHER ATTEMPT IN THE SAME DIRECTION AS AN UNFRIENDLY ACT, which it earnestly deprecates, to the end that nothing may occur abroad to strengthen the rebellion or to weaken those relations of goodwill with foreign Powers which the United States are happy to cultivate.

It will be noticed that Congress declared that it would regard any further efforts to proposed mediation as an unfriendly act, and this rebuke was administered, it should be recalled, not to Great Britain but to France.

DOMESTICATED OZONE.

Ozone is now available for everybody. We don't have to go to the mountains or the seashore for it. We can have it right in our own homes. All we've got to do is to install an ozone plant.

This plant is not a vegetable, but an apparatus. A company that makes air filters installed one in the Chicago public library in connection with its filter system, ozonizing 10,000 cubic feet of air per minute. No doubt something of the sort was needed there. Libraries as a rule are more deficient in ozone than any other spot in our man-made universe, with the possible exception of dry goods stores.

It's but a step from ozonizing a library to adapting the idea to household use. Ozone is a

form of oxygen easily produced by artificial means. Its domestication merely requires the production of the ozone in proper quantities and its connection with the ventilating system—if the house has such a thing. A stream of ozone is discharged into a stream of air entering the house. Or if there's a prejudice against outdoor air, as there is in many houses, the ozone might simply be turned loose in the house to mix with the stale air. Then the occupants wouldn't know the air was stale, because it would smell fresh.

However, atmospheric experts say, that's about all the good it would do. The air would still be about as bad as ever. For ozone is now regarded as a mild delusion. According to a scientific article in the Medical Review of Reviews, it doesn't really eliminate impurities from the air. It doesn't do any harm, but it does very little good. It's something like using perfume to hide a bad smell instead of eliminating the cause of the smell.

After all, why install an ozone plant when you can open the window?

A BEAUTIFUL WORD PICTURE.

The editor of the Philadelphia Public Ledger has taken his editorial pen in hand and drawn a beautiful word picture of a very common but beautiful romance. It is nothing more than a picture of an ordinary city home. The Ledger editor says:

THE COMMON ROMANCE.

A big city ought to have a big heart for all its little homes. There they stand, their own argument, two stories high, row upon row, block after block. Two young people came and started housekeeping. Rainbows bridged the little space from the kitchen range to the potted ferns in the parlor window. From the sidewalk you could see most of the wedding presents. Gilt frames there were, with pictures of a kind, a table of barber shop onyx, a piano all shiny facade—upright, of course, or it would not be tolerated. You might poke fun at the painted globe of the lamp, but it stood there a glowing quoreole of the affection of the giver.

Who shall write the drama and the romance of three meals a day, of washing and ironing, of babies crying and chuckling, of children going to school and bringing home their maltreated arithmetics and their strange tales of dehumanized teachers? Who shall find a novel between the shiny brown covers of the little account book that travels so often to the corner grocery and the meat market, and who shall read between the lines parental trepidation over rising prices and more mouths to fill?

Just look at the little tikes who live in the house going off to Sunday School! Do you believe in fairies? Out of the front door comes a small princess. You can tell that by the sash, and the curls made around her mother's fingers, and the pictorial hat of state occasions. The prince is resplendent in the blacking at one end and a real part in his hair at the other; and the dog mopes on the oilcloth in the cramped, dark hallway because he can not go with them.

Out into the street mother love travels after it has said good-bye; for mother does not care much what becomes of her if only her dreams come true in these her children. She stays at home and at work and grows pale, and her loving sacrifice is all too often thoughtlessly accepted. But sometimes after many days, and perhaps in a far country, one rises up and calls her blessed and comes home, and then she knows her reward even before God calls her and tells her she did well.

EL ARISH.

Probably no spectacular event has taken place in the present war and excited so little interest as the march across the upper desert of Sinai from Egypt to El Arish. Oriental fiction is full of rapid transportations in the arms of geni from one city to another; a man goes to sleep in Cairo and finds himself lying in his night robes outside of the gates of Damascus when he wakes in the morning, but that which was romantic in the days when the Arabian Nights incidents were told is becoming the commonplace of the present. The British Egyptian army starts from the banks of the Suez Canal, guided by aeroplanes flying in the air, escorted by artillery on trains, troops riding on camel back along the railway track, through the watches of the night. Lit only by the glittering stars, the British army marched towards El Arish and surprised it when the gray dawn was just being tinged with amber and scarlet, and the sandy desert commenced to absorb a new store of heat for subsequent radiation.

But El Arish is not a new name in warfare, Napoleon the Great, slightly over a century ago halted his troops there on his way from Egypt to invade Syria. He finds an imitator in the British of today, who also halt at El Arish. An English contemporary thus interestingly summarizes the history of this romantic little Egypto-Syrian town re-captured by the British:

El Arish, with a population of 3,000, stands on the Mediterranean coast at the mouth of the Wadyel Arish. It marks the boundary between Egypt and Syria. The oc-

cupation of the place by our troops shows how completely the tables have been turned in Egypt; for El Arish is 120 miles east of Romani, the site of the last battle with the Turks on Aug. 7. On Aug. 4, 14,000 Turks attacked the British positions at Romani, 23 miles east of the Canal, on a front of seven or eight miles. They were beaten off with a loss of 3,145 prisoners, and the survivors were pursued for 18 miles. Since then there has been no news of anything but aerial attacks on the Turkish bases in the neighborhood of El Arish. When Napoleon invaded Syria from Egypt more than a century ago he made El Arish one of his halting-places, and he then expressed the opinion that an army of 20,000 men could be collected and fed and watered there. El Arish has been open to the disadvantage that it could be bombarded from the sea, and there have been several attacks on the Turkish camps there by British warships. While the Turks could dispose of large forces of regulars and Bedouins, it was good policy for us to allow them to exhaust themselves by a tollsome march across the 140 miles of desert, carrying their own water supply, and this we did by defending the Canal. Now that the Turkish forces have been reduced by the Russian operations in Armenia, and by the need for sending Turks to fight in Rumania and Poland, it is evidently open to us to take possession of El Arish, and to fight them on their territory instead of ours.

BLOCKADE RUNNING.

In connection with the German attempt to beat the British blockade, there has become current a very good illustration of how the British authorities make the punishment of the attempted blockade runners fit the crime, when the offenders are women. A German lady of robust proportions sailed from New York to Rotterdam by a Dutch liner and when the steamer was intercepted off the British Isles, this lady was found to have a most extensive wardrobe, requiring fifteen trunks. Three of the fifteen trunks were filled with sole leather and in the remaining twelve there was an aggregate of over a ton of rubber. Her suitcase was full of dental rubber and rubber solution. The British authorities "looking the lady over" noted her magnificent proportions and probably thought she would look well posed in the nude. So she was sent into a state-room with a lady searcher. When she entered the state-room she weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds and when she came out, she looked as if she might have passed through the dreadful German famine. She had suddenly been metamorphosed into a tall, scraggy German woman. The searchers had removed from her body several hundred yards of pure rubber surgeon's bandage. She was actually swathed with this article from hips to shoulders. The British search of the "mails" has been almost as profitable as the women experts' search of the "female." In the mails have been discovered bags of rice, rolls of tan cowhide, steel hooks to be mixed with oats and fed to horses, a bag of rice packed in a roll of newspapers and an accumulation of tons of rubber. So desperate is the situation in Germany that the attempt was actually made by the payment of \$40 in postage to slip through a ten-foot long roll of cowhide. These illustrations will suffice to show that the British authorities had some warrant for undertaking to supervise the so-called American mail from New York to Germany and vice versa.

WHEN NAPOLEON PROPOSED PEACE.

Although on this occasion Great Britain is the ally of France, yet it is to the Napoleonic wars, that we must look for many precedents to guide us in estimating the value of certain present movements. Peace proposals have ever been as much a part of a war campaign as the actual military operations. Peace proposals were on Napoleon's part a favorite device. In the early part of the year 1815 before Waterloo was fought, Napoleon then had made offers of peace. One of the most eloquent of Irishmen, whose name will live as long as his country exists, Henry Grattan, in one of his greatest orations made on May 25th, 1815, delivered a reply to Napoleon's peace proposals, which with the necessary changes applies equally as forcibly to those sent out by the present Kaiser. A few extracts from Grattan's speech, read with the necessary mental changes to make it suit present conditions, are as follows:—

"England had checked his designs; her trident had stirred up his Empire from its foundations; he complained of her tyranny at sea; but it was her power at sea which arrested his tyranny on land—the Navy of England saved Europe."

"He who said, 'I will be like the Most High; he who smote the nations (small) with a continual stroke—this short-lived son of the morning, Lucifer, falls, and the earth is at rest.'"

"In the meantime, while he professes liberty, he exercises despotic power, he annihilates the nobles, he banishes the deputies of the people, and he sequesters the property of

the emigrants."

"Such offers of peace are nothing more than one of the arts of war, attended most assuredly by charging on you the odium of a long and protracted contest, and with much commonplace and many good saws and sayings of the miseries of bloodshed, and the sayings and good husbandry of peace. . . . But if you listen to this you will be much deceived—not only deceived, but you will be beaten."

"Suppose you treat for peace. You will have a peace upon a war establishment, and then a war without your present Allies."

"Do you wish to confirm this military tyranny in the heart of Europe? A tyranny founded on the triumph of the army over the principles of civil government, tending to universalize throughout Europe the domination of the sword and to reduce to paper and parchment Magna Charta and all our civil institutions. . . . an experiment to set Heaven and earth adrift from one another, and make God Almighty a tolerated alien in His Own creation."

"You must not consider the money you spend in your defence, but the fortune you would lose if you were not defended. . . . further, . . . recollect, you will pay less to an immediate war than to a peace with a war establishment, and a war to follow. Recollect, further, that whatever be your resources, they must outlast those of all your enemies."

It was less than a month after that statesmanlike speech was delivered and the peace negotiations dropped, that the decisive battle of Waterloo was fought and won.

The highest telephone or telegraph pole in the world has recently been installed to carry wires over a river in the State of Washington. The old pole at this point was ninety feet high, but the increasing size of the steamers using the river made it necessary to raise the wires. The new pole is 130 feet high, a single stick of Oregon fir. It took a crew of twelve men and a donkey engine to set it, and it is further secured by a double set of guys and braces, running from a point halfway to the top to nearby trees.

ROBERT BURNS.

Burns' anniversary is past, 'twas Thursday, I am told, An hundred weary years or more have o'er his ashes rolled. The man who taught the people how to smile and how to weep Is dead? I don't believe it; he's even not asleep. Tonight, outside my window, where the bull-mouthed blizzards blow, He's singing, singing, singing—I can hear him in the snow. I fain would ask him in to sit beside my cheerful fire; My Pharisee gets angry—the proposal lights his ire. He says: "I would never, never do! What would the public think? It's rumored in society that Robert used to drink!" Ah! friends, he's gone a hundred years—a long, long time to dwell For wine and women and a song down deep in muckle heel. I grabbed the croaking Pharisee and flung him through the door; His sanctimonious features, may I see them never more! I have no fear for Robert Burns; a noble life was his, I want to spend Eternity where the splendid Plowman lies. No matter where that place may be, I'm very little carin', E'en though it be the place where they'll roast me like a herrin'. The Pharisee will not be there: he'd give the rascals fits! Wherever Bobbie makes his home there are no hypocrites. Where'er the place may be, I know the time is never long; There's pretty girls, a cup of wine, and many a noble song! He's got a farm up somewhere outside the golden toon, Where he needna plow the mouset oot or plow the daisy doon; Where Mollie raises decent lambs that do her teaching proud. Afar from Holy Wullie an' Holy Wullie's crowd. The angels ken him rightly, this tenant on their farm, For Rob's a man for a' that, they ken he'll do nae harm. Where'er his little home is built, where'er that farm may be, O Robert Burns, I'd like to spend Eternity with thee! They've built you splendid monuments; they're towering aboon, You'll see them there an' yonder in almost every toon. But long before the people appreciated thee, Sad and broken-hearted you laid you doon to dee, You asked and prayed for, oatake when sickness numbed your brain, And then a generous people handed you a stane. You cried aloud for bannocks, you asked the folk for scones, They gave you chunks of marble and shafts of heartless bronze. Man, dear! you need no statues, no monuments on high; For in our loyal hearts, dear Rab, your name shall never die. The spirits of your lovers before your shrine keep watch, You leavened all the nations an' civilized the Scotch! Tonight your land o' Scotland's the proudest land on earth, Because she rocked your cradle—the country of your birth. Come ben the hoose, my Robbie; the night outside is dree. Make yourself at home, my lad, an' sing this sang with me; Shall auld acquaintance be forgot an' never brought to min'? Shall auld acquaintance be forgot av' the days of auld lang syne?"

THE KHAN.

MONEY

PRIVATE MONEY TO LOAN ON Mortgages on farm and city property at lowest rates of interest on terms to suit borrowers.

F. S. WALLERIDGE, Banker, &c. Corner Front and Bridge Sts., Belleville, over Dominion Bk. Bldg.

NOTICE

The Ameliasburg Canning and Preserving Co., Limited are now ready to contract for a limited amount of tomatoes for 1917. Parties desiring to grow tomatoes call at A. L. Parliament's residence, Redner, Belleville, 328-2nd St.

WANTED

LADIES WANTED TO DO PLAIN and light sewing at home, whole or spare time; good pay; work sent any distance, charges paid. Send stamp for particulars. National Manufacturing Co., Montreal

A Cheesemaker for Stirling Cheese Factory for 1917. Sealed tenders will be received up to Feb. 13th, make for 1916, 175,000. There is a set of agitators for use in the factory. C. M. Sine, Pres., Stirling, Ont., R. R. No. 1. 25-3rd St.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE. A few pure bred Holstein Bull-fits for service for sale at a bargain. Egbert Sine, Frankford. 27-4th 2 tw

BARN FOR SALE. BARN 22x30—16 ft POST, PINE frame and pine lumber throughout, all in good condition. For further particulars, apply to L. M. Hendrick, Frankford, 316-9th St. CHEESE MAKER WANTED. A CHEESEMAKER FOR THOMASBURG Cheese Co., for season of 1917. For further particulars apply to Robt. Morton, Pres., Box 87, Thomasburg. 316-9th St.

FARM FOR SALE. Consisting of 120 acres being the west half of lot 20 in the 2nd concession of Huntingdon, containing 50 acres. On the farm is a large brick house, a barn 30x50, pig pen and hayrack, 30x36, wagon house, 26x45, a never-failing well with water to barn and pasture field, and the west part of lot 20 in the 2nd concession, being 70 acres, 15 acres in wood, the rest in work land and pasture. Apply to Frank Morton, Thomasburg, Ontario. 428-4th.

FOR SALE

GENERAL STORE WITH DWELING in connection at Mofra, Large, reliable trade, good surrounding country; no nearby opposition, post office with business. Reasonable terms. Apply to J. F. Herby, Mofra, P.O. 318-6th St.

SNAP. FOUR SLIGHTLY USED CHEVROLETS, all in good running order and good tires. Will sell cheap. We also have three other cars in first-class shape, that we will sell cheap. McLaughlin Carriage Co. 318-6th St.

A NUMBER OF PURE BRED Ayrshire cattle. Registered. Apply to W. H. C. Roblin, Ameliasburg. 623-2nd St.

160 acres of good land in a square block, well watered and fenced, five acres of orchard, good buildings, etc., in County of Prince Edward nine miles north-east of Picton in the village of Demorestville. Further reference apply to U. Nelson, Demorestville, Ontario. 483-4th.

LOST

Between Ashley Stock Farm, Foxboro and Belleville on Monday, Jan. 15th, 1917, a black overcoat with papers and letters in pockets with my name on them, of no value to any other person. The finder will be rewarded by returning it to owner or leaving at Ontario or Intelligence printing office, Harford Ashley. 25-2nd—25-2nd St.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss: Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County of State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D., 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts through the blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

GOVERNMENT TO GO

To Present . . . ing With . . . to Help . . . Should Hav . . . Ago.

Something u . . . to the milita . . . After two and . . . it has been de . . . battalion and o . . . in their efforts . . . A scheme ha . . . whereby a ce . . . money has bee . . . military distric . . . under the supe . . . A battalion . . . number of mer . . . establishment is . . . late and submi . . . of which it bet . . . them.

The cost of . . . detailed and th . . . headquarters fo . . . accepted by t . . . money will be c . . . through.

Although co . . . in the war, it is . . . may at least re . . . relieved of the . . . for money with . . . the work of rail . . . In this con . . . made by R . . . General of Nat . . . the effect that . . . be created to r . . . duty." Officer . . . ions have consi . . . regardly way . . . ment hands o . . . ing when thi . . . means left to . . . duty. The Pr . . . taws is grind . . . copies of ol . . . which have lo . . . because of the . . . turn some of . . . nels whereby . . . responsible for . . . given authorit . . . advantageous . . . suit the local o

KILLED IN . . . Particulars . . . Frank Davis . . . which occurre . . . in Montana, . . . and Mrs. Dav . . . dian West. C . . . trouble, Mrs. . . . went to Mont . . . man who wr . . . Next she wr . . . requested his . . . clothes, and s . . . voice. On I . . . abouts, Mr. I . . . see her and b . . . her, had a co . . . appointment . . . evening at the . . . whom Mrs. D . . . kept the app . . . man was pro . . . and the othe . . . and shot Fra . . . minutes. Th . . . are now und . . . murder.

IMPORTANT . . . MUSE . . . To the ma . . . set along with . . . lowing is the . . . the habit: . . . 1. Start a . . . 2. You both . . . will have no . . . 3. Give you . . . buy a gallon o . . . ber, there are . . . 4. Buy you . . . only, and by . . . is gone she w . . . the bank and . . . again. . . 5. Should . . . continue to b . . . die with snail . . . have enough . . . respectable b . . . dren, buy a . . . a decent ma . . . boat you. . . Elmer F . . . Medical . . . DEATH . . . Charles N . . . 59 years of . . . over 30 year . . . was a real . . . was a farmer . . . an Angli . . . widow. . . BRON . . . Mr. Char . . . had the m . . . noon to tal . . . break his o