

A DANGEROUS GAME

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

The Lodge reservations, as they now stand, cannot be made a part of the resolution of ratification, and they should not be. Their effect would be to destroy the possibility of a real American participation in the League of Nations, and so, finally, to destroy the league itself. This the American people do not want, for they are in favor of the League of Nations; they will be quick to see through, and to condemn emphatically, the effort of these opponents of the league, who have failed to kill it with amendments to achieve the same end through so-called reservations. We are inclined to the belief that the group of men who are responsible for this policy cannot be blind to the fact that in the end they must abandon it. The United States will not ratify the League of Nations with the ideal of international order and peace sealed with the blood of its sons on the battlefields of the world's freedom. It will not make of itself a Pecksniff among nations by proclaiming its distrust of every people but its own. It will not write itself down a weakling by refusing to co-operate with other nations unless it is exempted from obligations they are willing to assume. But if this be true; if these men are aware that they cannot hoodwink the people and put over their program, the insistence with which they urge it, is the more discreditable because the less sincere. To be deliberately crafty and obstructive at this perilous time in the affairs of the nation and the world is to be guilty of an unforgivable sin. To arouse prejudice and passion to appeal to international jealousies

Youngest Soldier in the War

A PEASANT SCHOOL-BOY OF BRITAIN. Enlisting at Fifteen, Fought Three Years For France.

Throughout France, from Paris to the humblest village, the eyes and hearts of a grateful people are turned at this time towards the tablets whereon are graven the names of heroes fallen on the field of honor. At such a time the splendor of glory lights up the humble house where was born the youngest soldier of the great war. It stands in the village of Faouet in Brittany, among the gold and purple of heather and briar, not far from the Gulf of Morbihan, where the fishers of the place and their fellows from Senec, Triscoat and Arzdon spread their pink sails to the breeze as they set out for the sardine catch. Travellers are many in the Breton country these days, and they may not fail to visit the humble cottage where was born Jean-Corantin Carro, who volunteered at the age of fifteen and who died for France three years later. His age made the lad a member of the class of 1920, and he could have awaited the calling up of the conscript to-day. But as soon as the war was declared he asked his parents to let him volunteer. They gave their permission, for his reasons were their reasons, too. They were Breton peasants they had already given two sons to the army, and they had not need of long deliberation before consenting to this new sacrifice.

The Motto Of His Life. The school teacher of Faouet, Monsieur Mahébeze, had one day said, "Life in itself is nothing if it be not richly filled," and this simple maxim wherein all mortality is ashured, struck young Jean-Corantin with the force of a revelation at a time when he was one of the best boys of the village school. He made of it his device, his rule of conduct and his guide toward the teacher who had thus made clear to him the meaning of human existence, was infinite. It was from the teacher, when his regiment was holding one of the most difficult sectors of the battlefield, that on March 5th, 1917, he wrote this admirable letter to his school master. "On those school benches where I wore away not a few trouser seats I learned that the greatest thing in life is duty. There I learned that my country meant not only the land where I was born, but all the respect that must be paid to all the traditions and honor of our race. I did not volunteer in order to make them talk of me, in order that they might say, 'That's a fine fellow.' I prefer to remain unknown and all I seek is the personal satisfaction of duty done. In this way we mustn't say, 'One more or less won't matter, because one more or less won't save France.' Certainly it will not—but it will help to save her. France has need of all her children, and all must be ready to sacrifice themselves for her. I'd much rather be sitting by a comfortable fire than to be standing guard at night at the bottom of a trench with mud in my knees or moving forward to the attack, offering my breast to the shells and the bullets of the enemy. But must we think of that when a great army threatens to ravage and destroy our country? I could not live under the yoke of enemies who, at each instant, would make me feel their superiority—that is why I am a soldier. And this idea of honor I got at school, and you, Monsieur Mahébeze, are among those

who taught it to me. I could wish that all the little scholars of Faouet might understand the lessons you give them as I understood. Life in itself is nothing if it be not richly filled. It can be seen that this was the idea fixed, the essential principle of all that he did. In another age, this young knight, without fear and with out reproach, would have made these words his war-cry, the device upon his standard. But he is very modern in his clear vision of an end not far off, and yet of near realities. In him we can glimpse the peasant of France who is so proud as a gentleman, because he knows how noble is the stock from which he comes and how fair is the country he serves.

WOULD YOU LIVE LONG?

Then Follow the Example of Luigi Corvaro, the Venetian. Do you want to live past the century mark? If so, there are many systems which pretend to offer to their adherents the boon of long life, but the one which has best stood the test of time, and which has been followed by the greatest number of men, is that of Luigi Corvaro, a sixteenth century Venetian who has been the inspiration of thousands of men and women. Perhaps the most distinguished of Corvaro's twentieth century disciples is Thomas A. Edison, who has repeatedly stated that he expects to live to be a hundred as a reward for his adherence to the regimen of the famous Italian. "If community should stop short and follow the teachings of Corvaro," said Edison on one occasion, "there is no reason why the life of the coming people should not reach 150 years."

It was 453 years ago that Luigi Corvaro died at his home in Padua, Italy. He was only 102 years old at the time of his death, but in a treatise written shortly before his taking off he explained that, while he did not expect to live long after passing the century mark, his untimely end would be due to the fact that he was born with a "poor constitution" and had not lived correctly in the first forty years of his life. Corvaro's wife, who survived him a short time, was well past the century mark when she died. Their only child, a daughter, was born with a constitution which was not so good as her mother's, and she died at the age of eighty-six. He wrote the first of those pamphlets on longevity which have been so widely translated and read. His first step was to confine himself to the simplest and most easily digested of foods, and to take these only in small quantities. At the end of a year he was rid of the ailments which had threatened his life. After that he began to experiment with various foods and quickly discovered that the palate is a poor guide. Many foods which tasted good were resented by his stomach. Gradually he eliminated from his diet everything that disagreed with him. He chewed his food thoroughly and always made it a point to leave the table before his appetite was quite satisfied. Fresh air and mild exercise were important features in his system. He avoided extremes of heat and cold, never permitting himself to perspire or freeze nor to become excessively fatigued, and he had his regular hours for sleep. In reply to those who scoffed at his

Origin of Some Modern Customs

REMOVING HATS AND GLOVES. Most of These Customs Date From the Days of Armor.

In polite society a man may under no circumstances shake the head of a woman unless his own be bare. This custom like many others, dates from the days of armor, when men wore iron gauntlets, which were removed before shaking hands not on account of any conventional idea, but for the best of reasons—that of avoiding do injury to an unarmed hand. And it is on this account that we see men struggling with their hats and gloves in these days, as if they were lived four or five centuries ago and not in a age when the cause for this unnecessary ceremony has been non-existence for generations. Another law imposed upon man, namely, that of removing his hat, dates from the same period. On arrival at the castle in days gone by you took off your helmet or entering the hall to bow your head and his friends that such confidence had you in his good will, you were not afraid of your head being unarmored and did not anticipate a surreptitious "buffet" from sword or mace. To enter an apartment or to delay before your head within a reasonable time, was tantamount to saying that you did not feel sure of receiving a friendly greeting and preferred to run no risk. And from this eminently practical custom our present ideas on the subject have evolved. The military salute constitutes what some soldiers call "going through the motions" and the meaning of it is that you would be ready to unhelm out of politeness if the exigencies of the moment did not forbid you doing so then.

Using Blank Cartridges

A third custom which comes to us from those days is that of firing "artillery salutes." When guns were fired into the air before a man was given up it was considered an act of great courtesy to any great personage who happened to arrive at your castle if you loaded all your guns with blank cartridges and fired them off as he approached. Your reason was the same as for removing your helmet—to show how perfectly you trusted your visitor by emptying your guns. As there was no quickfire in those days and as loading and firing a gun took a considerable time this meant a good deal more than the ceremony of the modern day. You had indeed rendered your self open to attack at a disadvantage, and if your visitor chose to make things unpleasant for you you were in a very tight corner. The practice was not kept up in its original form for very long. There must have been too large a number of accidents among those approaching a castle in such a custom ever becoming really popular and it was decided very soon that blank rounds answered the purpose very well and were not so dangerous at least to the oncoming visitors.

The origin of offering the right hand is the same as that of barring the head and firing salutes. Formerly, when one man met another and wished to show that he had no weapon, he would hold out his right hand. He was friendly, he held out his unarmed sword arm, thereby giving to the other man the opportunity to see that he was not going to leave it and that his right hand had no reason to fear an attack. The sword is also responsible for our habit of mounting a horse on the near side—a custom in all probability, of comparatively modern origin. In the days of civilized nations before and at the beginning of the Christian era were not only very short, generally speaking, but worn on the right side of the person. But when blades began to lengthen the sword came to be necessarily worn on the left, as a very long weapon cannot be drawn with any speed or convenience by the hand on the side at which it is worn, and in consequence, men took to mounting their horses from the near side because it was impossible to do it otherwise with any convenience.

Origin of Coat Buttons

The consequences of attempting to mount from the off side when wearing a sword are apt to be disastrous, as any military man can testify. To the sword, likewise, we owe the two buttons that are placed on the back of a coat, and seemingly about to die of necessity to support the sword belt, as they do on a soldier's tunic to this day. They are not of any great antiquity—probably not over two hundred years old. Those who have been on board a man-of-war know that you are expected to salute the quarterdeck as soon as you come onto it, but perhaps not many are aware of the origin of this practice. A good many people probably have a hazy idea that the origin is in the fact that a man who has been on board a man-of-war is expected to salute the quarterdeck as soon as you come onto it, but perhaps not many are aware of the origin of this practice. A good many people probably have a hazy idea that the origin is in the fact that a man who has been on board a man-of-war is expected to salute the quarterdeck as soon as you come onto it, but perhaps not many are aware of the origin of this practice. A good many people probably have a hazy idea that the origin is in the fact that a man who has been on board a man-of-war is expected to salute the quarterdeck as soon as you come onto it, but perhaps not many are aware of the origin of this practice.

theories and who stood for "a short life and a merry one." Corvaro said simply and convincingly that he had simply never realized the world was so beautiful until I reached old age."

The Wearing of Socks

If there is one thing presumably certain on this earth, in the opinion of most of us, it is that socks are essentially feminine, and that the special feature of masculine attire is a bifurcated garment. But nothing is further from the truth. To this day the majority of the male element of the human race, so far as it wears clothes at all, is skirted. And in past times not so very long ago, a gown down to the feet was the correct wear of respectable gentlemen. An anecdote told of St. Louis, King of France illustrates this well. That monarch was the stoutest of warriors, a man whom no one knowing anything about him would dream of assuming to be effeminate, but on one occasion he seriously offered to exchange costumes with a richly dressed female relative who had blamed him for wearing the imprudent garment. He usually attended to his duties in a suit, but she thought his gown was to plain for her, so declined the offer. Now it is impossible to imagine a man like Louis ever suggesting such a thing, which she said were unsuitable to him. But she thought his gown was to plain for her, so declined the offer. Now it is impossible to imagine a man like Louis ever suggesting such a thing, which she said were unsuitable to him. But she thought his gown was to plain for her, so declined the offer. Now it is impossible to imagine a man like Louis ever suggesting such a thing, which she said were unsuitable to him.

On His Country's Altar

Alas, Jean-Corantin Carro was never again to see his Faouet. He was shot down in the school where the best of masters had revealed to him the true meaning of human life. Feats of bravery at which his officers marvelled brought him promotion to sergeant and then to adjutant. But the epic beauty of this bravery he alone seemed not to realize and after two years with the infantry he held that he had not done enough for the more than common of his country. He was troubled, more and more, by a scruple. This adjutant of seventeen commanded fifty men, some of whom were double his age. He entreated for them to be discharged, but they were too heartless to let him impose authority upon his "pollux," though in truth this authority had been established without question by his courage. "I am leaving the infantry," he writes, "not because of the misery that is our lot in that arm of the service, but that I found the responsibility of the fifty human lives I command a little heavy for my young shoulders. In the aviation I shall try to show what a Breton of the 11th is worth."

Impatient to imitate and to avenge himself on the world, he had a profound admiration, Jean-Corantin Carro was to find in his new career a glorious death, fit image of the sublime end of his chosen hero. On March 15, 1918, Jean-Corantin Carro was flying over the lines before Verdun when he was attacked by three enemy planes. Incapable of flight, he fought with all his customary energy and succeeded only to the crushing superiority of numbers falling mortally wounded in a plane riddled by bullets. He lies where he fell, beside the road between Bar-le-Duc and Metz, where he had mounted guard with the good fighters of the infantry.

A Woman's Character Is Shown by Her Hands

If you are looking for the womanly woman for a wife, then search for the girl whose fingers are very long and smooth, and the tips of these same fingers inclined to be square. She should at the same time possess a long, rather slender thumb—not too broad at the top. She is the one to whom you may tell your secrets, knowing they are safe. Tell her also all that may annoy or worry you—she will listen attentively, and at the close she will give you her understanding and her sympathy. You will be much comforted, for her optimism will send you back to the old world with brighter visions and a lighter heart. She is the one true home woman, and will gladly labor to keep it attractive. As she is honest, she will never fail to pay your bills, and your hard-earned money will never be spent on those passing fads. Her wide-awake imagination will see through practical problems, and therefore she will be capable of very quickly and quietly solving them. Her initiative inspiration will serve to better advantage than all your mental and logical conclusions. She is the mother of whom her

FROM THE MAN WHO TILLS

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The Farmer's National Congress has been in existence almost forty years in this country. It is made up of farmers—men who exclusively work on farms, who know the business thoroughly and who make a livelihood from tilling the soil. It has had a wide influence on national legislation. It is chiefly responsible for rural free delivery of mails, for railroad legislation that abolished open freight discriminations, for postal savings banks and farm loan bank and for parcel post. When this body asks for a legislative measure there is sure to be something practical contained in the request. This organization closed its annual session this week. Its platform should be written in big letters in the halls of Congress, in State legislative halls and wherever men and women meet. It is so different from the resolutions of professional agitators and common politicians. Legislative that was ever dreamed of cannot by itself right this topsy-turvy world of ours. Work is needed, hard consistent work; and this work cannot be done on Bolshevist hours. "We know that the forty-four-hour week cannot feed the world, and we proclaim that it cannot clothe it," the resolutions declare. If all the others insist on working shorter hours and striking whenever the fancy moves, why not the farmers? And if they would strike, the other strikers would be insignificant, side issues compared to theirs. The farmer's work, like the housewife's work, is never done. There are times when he works "six hours" before dinner and six hours after it," and does not think that he is an object of sympathy.

children are proud—the sweatshirt from whom a man never ceases to stray—and the best friend a man can make in this world. SHE WHO LIVES FOR ROMANCE. Should you discover that your sweetheart has "fingers of medium length tapering gradually toward a narrow tip, with medium thumb, you have found one who lives for romance. The girl seldom cares how much you income is, but only "Do you love her?" If you have imagination, then by all means use it. Tell her all the fairy tales you can invent, and as long as they deal with your real or pretended emotion for her, she will listen with the greatest attention. When this hand is small as to size, soft, with a short thumb, it would then be the hand of one who loves luxuries in every conceivable form. An easy and smooth life wanted, and nothing else. This woman is quite capable of adorning a rich man's home; but a poor man had better stay away. These women generally demand, and others provide. Should this same hand have a thumb that is long and slender, the whole firm to the touch, and a slight flattening of the tip of the thumb, and the tip of the first finger, many good characteristics will be found; also various lovable traits and a kind nature. She will be emotionally religious, fond of reading (love stories), will be spontaneously generous; will love all kinds of music, and as a rule, just one man—all her life.

Sahara Desert is Not Dry

Some It May Not Be a Desert at All. It is one of the widest beliefs that the Sahara is perfectly dry. As a matter of fact it rains there, animals and plants live there, and it is inhabited by close on half a million people. It is certainly a very dry region, but throughout the Sahara Desert there are wells and oases which supply plenty of water. Nor is the desert without plants and trees. Palm trees, mimosa shrubs of all kind are found scattered all over the desert and the fact has turned the attention of French experts towards the region, who argue that if anything grows there, naturally, much more will grow if the land is cultivated. Schemes are on foot, in fact, to cut a road right across the desert, enlarge these wells and oases, and generally cultivate a region which has really got its bad name because it had been allowed to run wild for centuries. Round the wells grow fig trees, apricots, peaches, grapes and date palms, which, with very little care, would bring a wonderful profit. One of the greatest troubles, however, the French, who have a protectorate over the Sahara, have to face is the people who live there. Like the country, they are wild and absolutely unscrupulous not hesitating to rob and murder any traveller who attempts to cross the desert. To the writer of sonnets there is a secret satisfaction about being anonymous that is far sweeter than fame.

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pathy either. It has been claimed that farmer's organizations are ready to join the extremist labor organizations in a union that would hold the country at its mercy. President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor has called a convention or conference of union labor leaders and farmer's organization representatives at Washington next month. If the labor leaders are reasonable and have rid themselves of foreign influences, well and good, otherwise there is no chance for a combination of farmer unions with trade unions. The Farmers National Congress is on record against strikes, and survival of the day of physical force argument and believes in national arbitration boards and the abolition of strikes altogether. It is opposed to introduction of Bolshevism into American life. But the congress does believe in organization and a campaign is to be inaugurated for that purpose among the farming population. Farm Bureau Associations of half dozen central states in recent session adopted a set of resolutions of the tenor as the other farm body, going on record against strikes and other extremes, calling for more work and better work among all the people as the work at large can be recouped. All honor to these level headed, horny fistet stalwart men who form the firm and durable basis of our civilization. They know the right and dare to maintain it, and in their answering patriotism rests the nation's hope and unflinching confidence that all is well for the future.

THE "Clinging Vine."

Finally, there is the tiny handed girl with a small thumb—a little piece of softness that makes your heart go pitter-pat when you hold it. It is hard to tell, but there is an old saying that a small thumb woman cannot keep a secret, and she will never shoulder burdens—the true and rightful "clinging vine" sort. Who ever saw a large handed woman demanding homage? It has always been the small hand that has been kissed with headed knees—for the simple reason that the large and long-handed woman "wouldn't stand for it." She would laugh, and that would spoil the tableau. Small thumb women and sometimes small handed women show cleverness, but is more often by the tricky way. It is put on, or bluffed—for small handed people, both men and women, make good actors, being always clever at mimicry and counterfeiting emotions.

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