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J. O. Herity, Editor-in-Chief.

THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1918.

POODILISTIC JOURNALISM

After a month of priming and loading and not thinking The Intelligencer has fired its twenty-two mile gun. As a result of the learned editor's heavy artillery discharge The Ontario office is sprinkled all over with such gaseous gems as "ghoulie glee" "double distilled rabid Gritism," "meanest kind of treachery," "trying to knife honest men" and "cannot forget their spleen."

For a month past The Intelligencer has been frankly puzzled. Its big gun has been repeatedly loaded but when the fuse was applied the load always proved to be a blankety-blank shell, emitting nothing more than a sickly odor and a vigorous backward kick. The versatile editor has been worrying himself sick to discover whether his erratic weapon was a mechanical mule or a genuine gas howitzer.

What the editor really wanted his gun to shoot was some good hot stuff somewhat like this—

"Mr. Edward Guss Porter, King's Counsellor, representative in the House of Commons for the Federal constituency of West Hastings is a gentleman whose unsullied statesmanship and whose veneration for the truth are equalled only by his impeccable sense of honor, his immaculate parliamentary record and his majestic presence. Before such supreme greatness we poor worms of the dust should bow ourselves and crawl in meek submission. Enough, that he spares our unworthy lives! His indefatigable efforts to double the tolls on the Bay of Quinte bridge are but another evidence of the lofty patriotism that has ever been the mainspring of our revered representative's course. Mr. Porter's laudable efforts to keep the hayseeds of Prince Edward away from Belleville should meet with the hearty approval of every business man in our fair city. Belleville for Bellevillians should be our motto. If Prince Edwarders are determined to come here to enjoy the beauties and advantages of this wondrously favored community, make them pay and pay handsomely for the privilege. In thus bravely battling for the rights of beautiful Belleville, Mr. Porter has proved again how his eagle-eye is ever on the pinnacle of the watch-tower scanning the horizon for opportunities to serve his fortunate constituents. He would keep this urban center of cultured refinement exclusively for the enjoyment of its own inhabitants. Rash intruders from Prince Edward must be kept at a respectful distance. Therefore in the words of the poet we would say, 'E pluribus unum!' 'What we have we hold!' Belleville for Bellevillians!"

That was the kind of long-range weepun The Intelligencer seemed to think it was handling or should be handling or wanted to handle. But the gun it actually did shoot, on a dozen or more occasions, made a noise more like a pea-shooter or that other kind of a shooter and sounded rather like this—

"We don't dast to say all that we'd like to say on the present inauspicious occasion, about that dod-gasted Bay bridge. We merely rise to remark that the hull thing looks like politics to us and dirty, low, mean, Grit politics at that. Feller Conservatives, beware! This ain't no time for hagglin' about pinhead, picayune tolls. Them bonehead Grits is out with a long knife after the G.O.P."

"The Bridge? Aw, fergit it!"

In order to assist the industrious but inexperienced editor to a better knowledge of his big weepun we would suggest that he patiently study out the following problems or lines of thought—

Is Mr. E. Guss Porter, K.C., solicitor for the Bay of Quinte Bridge company?

Is Mr. E. Guss Porter, M.P., representative in the House of Commons for the constituency of West Hastings?

If a question should arise in which the

interests of Mr. Porter's constituents were directly opposed to those of the Bridge Company, whom should Mr. Porter serve?

Whom has Mr. Porter served?

Does The Intelligencer approve of Mr. Porter's course in serving whom he has served? If so, why so? If not, why not?

Does The Intelligencer approve of the attempt to double the tolls?

Does The Intelligencer approve of the actual increase of the tolls by fifty per cent.?

Does The Intelligencer favor the purchase of the bridge at \$72,500?

Why was the announcement of the application to parliament for permission to double the Bay bridge tolls advertised only in The Weekly Intelligencer and not in The Daily Intelligencer?

Why did The Intelligencer have nothing to say about this very important public question until it was taken up by The Ontario, after the latter paper had chanced to discover the advertisement in a very roundabout way?

Did The Intelligencer intend to ignore the matter if it had not thus been forced upon its attention?

Has The Intelligencer said or done anything to assist in opposing the movement to have tolls increased?

In case a parliamentary representative takes a notion to pursue a course directly opposed to the interests of his constituents, should a public newspaper serve the general public or serve the parliamentary representative?

In case one newspaper in a town serves the general public and another newspaper in the same town opposes the public interest and serves the parliamentary representative, which newspaper is more likely to be "playing the game of politics"?

A number of other problems along the same line might be formulated but these will be sufficient to solve at one sitting. A faithful effort to determine these may lead to a more extended range next time on the part of the big gun.

"OVER THE HILLS OF HOME"

As was noted in our columns last week in the excellent appreciation by Mr. J. J. B. Flint, a new volume of poems has appeared by that gifted poet and author, Miss Lilian Leveridge, under the title "Over the Hills of Home."

Miss Leveridge needs no introduction to the readers of The Ontario. She is a native of Hastings County, having resided first near Coe Hill and later at Carrying Place. She is now living in Toronto. She has honored this journal with the first publication of several of her beautiful lyrics. Of these the most notable was "Over the Hills of Home."

This wonderful poem made an instant hit. It was copied by "Public Opinion" of London, England, and afterwards by many of the leading journals of Great Britain. Coming back to Canada through its publication by The New York Times Current History of the War as one of the most notable poems of its kind, it was taken up and republished by many Canadian papers, read and recited at recruiting meetings and patriotic entertainments. It appeared also in The China Press of Shanghai, China, and other English papers throughout the world.

The tender sympathy and compelling pathos of these verses is attested to by the many letters written to the author regarding them—letters from mothers and fathers who had been bereaved—letters from soldiers in the trenches, letters from England, Scotland, France, California, China, Australia. This brave and noble heart-song has truly "girdled the globe."

"The touch of the thing got into my throat when I read it" wrote Sir Gilbert Parker. "What you have written is so excellent that I am not surprised that it has travelled so far."

is the appreciative reference in a letter sent by Mr. J. W. Ross, Canadian Trade Commissioner, Shanghai, China. "The verses are a God-given inspiration and will be a help and blessing to a great many" is the strong commendation sent by Rev. Leonard Hills, Bradford, Eng. From distant Australia, Mr. J. D. MacInnes, of Caulfield, Victoria, wrote, "So touching a tribute is it to the memory of a beloved one that I have seen one try to read it aloud and have to break down in the effort." Another message comes from Mrs. J. Whitson, Glasgow, Scotland. "Your poem is so beautiful, and has touched the hearts of so many friends of ours who, like you, are mourning for their 'laddies.' One of my sons fell in France in September, 1916."

The volume is attractively bound and printed and contains twenty-five of the author's best poems! It is being sold for the moderate price of seventy-five cents. Every reader of The Ontario should have a copy in his home and should send one or more copies to his friends. It is being sold locally by the Jennings & Sherry and Geen's bookstores and is published by McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, Toronto.

It may be of interest to note that the first order of a considerable number of copies re-

ceived by Jennings and Sherry was sold out very shortly after being put on sale. The author has also just received the gratifying news that one of the leading publishing houses of New York has accepted the book for publication in the United States.

We quote a few stanzas from "Over the Hills of Home,"—

Laddie, little Laddie, come with me over the hills, Where blossom the white May lilies, and the dogwood and daffodile; For the Spirit of Spring is calling to our spirits that love to roam Over the hills of home, laddie, over the hills of home.

Brother, little brother, your childhood is passing by, And the dawn of a noble purpose I see in your thoughtful eye, You have many a mile to travel and many a task to do; Whistle a tune as you go laddie, whistle a tune as you go.

Laddie, soldier laddie, a call comes over the sea, A call to the best and bravest in the land of liberty, To shatter the despot's power, to lift up the weak that fall, Whistle a tune as you go laddie to answer your country's call.

Brother, soldier brother, the Spring has come back again, But her voice from the windy hilltops is calling your name in vain; For never shall we together 'mid the birds and blossoms roam Over the hills of home, brother, over the hills of home.

Laddie! laddie! laddie! "Somewhere in France" you sleep, Somewhere 'neath alien flowers and alien winds that weep, Bravely you marched to battle, nobly your life laid down, You unto death were faithful, laddie; yours is the victor's crown.

Laddie! Laddie! Laddie! How dim is the sunshine grown, As mother and I together speak softly in tender tone! And the lips that quiver and falter have ever a single theme As we list for your dear lost whistle, laddie, over the hills of dream.

Laddie, beloved laddie! How soon should we cease to weep, Could we glance through the golden gateway, whose keys the angels keep! Yet love, our love that is deathless, can follow you where you roam, Over the hills of God, laddie, the beautiful hills of Home.

SOME CHANGING PHASES OF THE WAR SITUATION

When the present Kaiser before ascending the throne felt it necessary to make explanation to the world respecting his alleged attitude favorable to warring upon the world, he in February, 1888, before being sworn in as the Kaiser, said:

"I am well aware that the public at large, especially abroad, imputes to me a thoughtless inclination for war and a craving for glory. God preserve me from such criminal levity! I repudiate such imputations with indignation."

With the glory of his impending authority already resting upon him, he felt impelled to repudiate the reputation already required for waging a world war and in the above he describes such an inclination as "criminal levity," and he indignantly repudiates the same. That was in 1888, but in 1918, 30 years afterwards, although he has waged war for three years to achieve a world conquest, he still hypocritically presents the same indignant denials of any such desire or responsibility, but after ascending the throne, he sometime in June or July of 1888, in his proclamation to the army used these words:—

"Thus we belong to each other, I and the army; thus we were born for one another; and firmly and inseparably will we hold together, whether God's will gives us peace or storm."

It is not God's will, which has given Germany storm, but the Kaiser's will, the most brazen liar and hypocrite who ever ascended a throne. He struts and prates upon the world stage as if he were the lineal descendant of the upstart thief upon the cross.

Prince Lichnowsky in his memorandum telling the diplomatic story of his German ambassadorship at London from 1912 to 1914, in pointing out so clearly Germany's guilt and of his remarks gives utterance to this re-

markable prophecy:—

"And what result have we to expect from the struggle of people? The United States of Africa will be British, like the United States of America, Australia, and Oceania; and the Latin States of Europe, as I said years ago, will fall into the same relationship to the United Kingdom as the Latin sisters of America to the United States. They will be dominated by the Anglo-Saxon; France, exhausted by the war, will link herself still more closely to Britain. In the long run, Spain also will not resist."

"In Asia, the Russians and Japanese will expand with their limitations and their customs, and the South will remain to the British."

"The world will belong to the Anglo-Saxon, the Russian, and the Japanese, and the German will remain alone with Austria and Hungary. His sphere of power will be that of thought and of trade, not that of the bureaucrats and the soldiers. The German appeared too late, and the world war has destroyed the last possibility of catching up the lost ground, of founding a Colonial Empire."

Famine and Food Profiteers go hand in hand with war. They seem to be inseparable. As today, so yesterday! The Melbourne (Australia) Age, tells the story of the part which might well be the story of today in these words:—

At the end of the seven years' war the most noted of Germany's generals had fallen, hosts of officers had disappeared, the lands were untilled, the seed corn was eaten, and men hunted men for food. One-sixth of the men capable of bearing arms were dead; the only laborers in the fields were women and girls, and these well-nigh perishing of starvation. The very cattle for food and agriculture were swept away by famine and disease. Ten per cent. of the whole population were dead. Selection and rejection of men for the army were impossible, and at the close the fighting ranks included whole battalions of deserters from the other side, or prisoners captured in the war.

The war has cost Russia nearly five million deaths—either on the field of battle or from wounds. There has been about six million wounded and three million prisoners. More than 40 per cent. of the wounded are incapacitated from ever being able to gain a living. A large percentage have lost their sight. Of the three million captured, more than half are tuberculous or are in some other incurable condition! Recapitulating these figures, we reach a total of more than ten millions who have either been killed or made unfit for work. No wonder the Russian masses grew weary of war.

Mr. John Wannamaker, of New York and Philadelphia, asserts that the four years after the war will be the most prosperous ever known. We hope that he is a true prophet.

IN GERMAN SCIENTIFIC AND PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNALS POLYGAMY IS NOW BEING FRANKLY ADVOCATED AS A NECESSITY FORCED UPON THE EMPIRE BY THE DEPLETION OF ITS MAN-POWER IN THE WAR. THIS IS NOT AT ALL STRANGE. INNUMERABLE CRIMES GREATER EVEN THAN POLYGAMY HAVE BEEN DELIBERATELY ORDERED AND COMMITTED FOR THE GERMAN WAR LORDS DURING THE PAST FOUR YEARS.

The food situation is reported to be growing even more critical in the Dual Monarchy, where racial strife has taken a secondary place in political consideration. The government has decided to dissolve parliament lest the latter body should be a hindrance in the solving of economic problems. This is an explanation which needs more explanation than the action itself. Apparently there is more behind the dissolution than the Dual Monarchy censors will permit to escape.

WANTED TO KNOW. He came to my side with a trusting air— Dear little child with the big bright eyes!— And he leaned in confidence on my chair— Bless my soul, he believes me wise! And he promised me true (as he'd promised before) If I'd answer one question, he'd ask no more.

I said "My boy, I am always glad To tell you all that you want to know, What can be puzzling you now, dear lad?" (Fathers should always respond just so.) "Bring all your questions to dad," I said "What's going on in that busy head?"

He climbed to my knee with a happy smile— Dear little child with the dimpled cheek!— He settled down on my arm a while, An thought for a minute before he'd speak— "If you was up to neck in muck, And I threw a brick at you would you duck?" —Ted Robinson, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Other Editor's Opinions

A NEW ENGLAND

It is generally accepted that after the war there will be a new England an England of the people, an England with new ideas and ideals. The claim that this is a war for democracy will not have served its purpose when the war is won and ended. The men who have saved democracy will insist on enjoying it. The wise and more reasonable of the privileged classes in England have already begun to realize that the change must come, and they are preparing for it.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review

WHY LABOR IS IN STEP

At the beginning of the war British labor held semi-bolshevik ideas. It viewed the war as being a capitalist enterprise, more or less.

But with the call to arms came the response of the "leisured" class. With cook's son came Duke's son and son of better earl. They joined the fighting forces and there in the trenches, shoulder to shoulder with each other the laborer and aristocrat became acquainted for the first time in their lives.

The British workingman found out that "my lord" was also "my chum" and "my lord" in turn found out that rakk was but the golden stamp that the man was the gold for a that.

And that we believe is one reason why labor is now in step.—Buffalo News.

ITS OPPORTUNITY GONE

No nation will again endure a system that seeks to take advantage of its hospitality to destroy its industries and spread sedition and disloyalty among its people, a system that will make an ambassador a paymaster for malefactors who violate its laws.

It has been said that Germany was utterly unable to understand the psychology of any other people than the Germans. The course pursued by members of her service who have been accredited to foreign countries has borne out the statement. This "fact" of German representatives abroad, their disregard of the right of hospitality and their reaction to the impulses and sympathies of nations in which they reside, has led one of their own writers to say that they "acted less as peaceful representatives than as prospective conquerors." The day of the Von Bernstorffs and the Luxburgs has passed. Germany will truly have to change her foreign service after the war. There will be no place for it as it formerly existed.—New York Sun.

IS THE HORSE BECOMING OBSOLETE?

The horse is fast becoming obsolete as a means of transportation. Only a few years ago the horse had possession of our streets and highways. Now the horse-drawn vehicle is far rarer on the streets of Picton and the highways of Prince Edward than the motor car.

Few of us realize how rapid has been this evolution or to what extent it has already progressed.

Ten years ago there were very few motor cars in Prince Edward. Today there are over 1,000 and a large proportion of these are owned by farmers. These are being utilized not only for pleasure driving, but also for business purposes. It is not an uncommon thing to see a farmer driving into town these days with his motor car loaded with produce of various kinds. Often a crate is tied on one side and calves or pigs are transported to market in this way. A recent development has been the attaching of a democrat or spring wagon as a trailer. This wagon is loaded with live stock or produce and the farmer makes a speedy trip to town. The horses are left at home at the farm work while the farmer does his delivering by motor. If large quantities of fruit or vegetables are grown he buys a farm truck or gets his old car transformed for truck purposes.

A notable development of the motor car in Prince Edward this year has been the large number of motor trucks in use both by business firms and farmers. The economy of their operation as compared with the horse-drawn vehicle has been fully demonstrated as their use is increasing.

The farm tractor is also developing. Its practicability and economy under average farm conditions in this country is now being tested and the future may hold as great a revolution in the use of motor tractors for farm work as has already taken place in the matter of transportation.—Picton Gazette.

WAS INSA THE

Waukesha, V. the wearied eye the torment of months ago school teacher's moments her com did what people posed to do w times.

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