

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.

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.

JOB PRINTING—The Ontario Job Printing Department is especially well equipped to turn out artistic and stylish Job Work. Modern presses, new type, competent workmen.

W. H. MOERTON, Business Manager. J. O. HERITY, Editor-in-Chief.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1917.

AUSTRIA AND TURKEY WAVER.

Rumors of difficulties which have arisen between Austria-Hungary and Germany are gaining strength as the probable reason for them becomes apparent, and there is hope that before long, Germany will find herself no longer able to use her allies as puppets and make them dance to her tunes.

Austria-Hungary is showing strong leaning towards democracy, and what it still more significant, Emperor Charles is said to share this leaning. If the Austro-Hungarian people desire democracy, there is only one thing for them to do—drop their present partnership with Germany and do whatever lies in their power to assist the Entente Allies. This is becoming known to them. They are not quite so tied to militarism as are the Germans, and they have had sufficient intercourse with Germany during this war to realize that democracy will be a lost cause if the Teutons triumph.

Moreover, Italy's powerful offensive of the last few days has probably added weight to the already pressing demand for peace, and it is not unlikely that Charles himself is as eager for the end of hostilities as his people.

Germany's troubles do not begin and end in the Austrian situation. Friday's despatches report that Turkey is swept by famine and disease, her people are panic-stricken and her army's morale a thing of the past. For many months Turkey has been kept in the war by German influence alone. This influence has been used without mercy, and the forces have been placed under Teuton officers, who have not hesitated to use the iron hand without gloves in dealing with the men. There never was love for Germany in Turkey; now there is sure to be a growing hate.

It might be ultra-optimism to expect that in the near future Germany will be left alone in her struggle, but it is not impossible. Much less likely things have happened.

RECRUITING STILL NEEDED.

There is an inclination in many quarters to slacken recruiting efforts since the announcement that conscription was to be applied in Canada, and this is one of the worst mistakes that could be made.

During last week, reports from all corners of the Dominion told of a rush of volunteers, men eager to get into khaki before such an action becomes compulsory. So far so good, but these have come without special work on the part of recruiters, who take it for granted the proposed measure will be enforced.

There is a possibility, remote as it may be, that the idea of making service compulsory will be abandoned, or rather defeated. If this should happen, enrollment would certainly fall off alarmingly.

Now is the most favorable opportunity recruiting officers have been offered. There are hundreds of young men wavering and hesitating whether to enlist at once or wait to see what happens. Many of these who are pursuing the waiting policy only require a little persuasion to sign up voluntarily, but there is danger that they will not receive this, that recruiters will fail to strike while the iron is hot. One man in khaki today is worth half a dozen prospects, and it would be a pity to risk losing men for lack of a little missionary-work.

LAVERGNE BACKS OUT.

Armand Lavergne has announced to a Quebec gathering that he will be shot or hanged before he will accept conscription. He utters this martyr-like phrase, however, well knowing that neither shooting nor hanging will be the lot of the man who refuses to obey the law, but that a prison term is all that need be feared, and that he prefers to any danger of getting an honorable wound in battle or of giving his life.

It is not very long ago that Lavergne publicly stated that he would not enlist for active service under the voluntary system, but if conscription were enforced he would go where he was ordered. He did not expect compulsion, and so used its absence as an excuse for not acting the part of a man. But conscription draws near and Lavergne reconsiders, with the

result that he decides he prefers the prison. Of course, "Col." Lavergne would not have it understood that he is anything but a man of valor. It must be admitted that he has changed his mind about just when and under what conditions he will fight, but he has set another date to replace the former one chosen. Now he is ready to serve only "for the defence of Canada." He would refuse to help fight a forest fire until it had reached the boundaries of his own property. The necessity of extinguishing the blaze while yet it was at some distance he will not see, or admit that he sees.

THE MEANING OF "BIT."

An American contemporary suggests that a new phrase is wanted to take the place of "do your bit," on the grounds that in America the emphasis is too generally laid on the last word, whereas EVERYONE must do EVERYTHING possible along the lines of saving and service in order to bring speedy victory.

Perhaps some Canadians have been prone to make the same mistake as this paper accuses the Americans of making. Some of us may have given to the Patriotic Fund or some other Allied cause and considered that when that was done, so was our "bit." Some may have cut out certain luxuries, decreased the quantity of bread eaten, or subscribed to war loans at good interest, and then have rested content that their "bit" was accomplished.

In this phrase, "bit" does not mean small portion or something. It means "do your all," make every possible sacrifice that will help to end the war and prevent the slaughter of more of the Empire's finest men. Our "bit" is never done while there remains something else we can do to help, and there are few who cannot add a little more to their patriotic efforts. If all will keep the thought constantly before them that every bit of waste avoided means more food for the needy; that everything useful produced increases the chances of the hungry being fed, the wounded having comforts, or the naked being clothed, and that every cheerful letter written to a boy at the front encourages him, and thus improves morale, that intangible quality which means so much to the soldier, wonders will be performed.

The soldier who offers his life does his "bit." Those who stay at home cannot be justified in considering their "bit" as any less.

MESOPOTAMIA

Very little has been heard from Mesopotamia during the past few days. Though there may be no advances, yet so far as information goes, there are no retreats. The British advance forces are nearly eighty miles beyond Bagdad. It is an unreasonable period for fighting, because the heat must be becoming intense. Bagdad, however, is certainly under British rule, and fragments of information which filter through the censorship, tell us that the usual British practice is being employed of utilizing friendly natives through native organizations, to conduct the details of administrative affairs along lines protective of the interests of the Indo-British troops. Trade is reviving and nearly all the bazaars are now open. The people find that that which they have to sell is paid for and not confiscated and hence public confidence is being restored with the natural consequences. The London Times, speaking of Bagdad, says:—

Modern Bagdad is but a poor shadow of the renowned city of the Caliphs. Its streets have no distinctive character, and not even the mosques, which in all Mahomedan cities are conspicuous objects, suffice to lift it out of the commonplace. Yet it is still a large town—its population is variously estimated between 100,000 and 130,000—and it is the center of a considerable transit trade, which comes up the Tigris and goes overland to Persia and elsewhere.

The original city was built on the western bank of the Tigris, but this is now only an unimportant suburb, connected with the main town by a bridge of boats. The most important streets and buildings are near the water's edge on the eastern bank—that by which the principal attack of Sir Stanley Maude's army was made from the River Diarra. The town has been built without the slightest symmetry, its thoroughfares being winding and intricate and entirely unpaved. There is a very large Jewish colony, and the western part of the city forms a separate quarter for Shiar Mahomedans, with its own bazaars and mosques.

Outside the city the banks of the Tigris are lined with shady date groves, but in spite of the fertility of the soil the environs generally are a desert. Formerly Bagdad was intersected by innumerable canals which carried the water of the Tigris and Euphrates through the streets and into the houses, but these have all vanished, like the vast system of irrigation which once made Mesopotamia one of the most fruitful lands in the world.

FERDINAND NEXT?

It would not be surprising if Ferdinand of Bulgaria should be the next monarch to be retired to private life by the action of his subjects, and certainly there are few who have less claim for consideration.

Ferdinand, the Fox of the Balkans, pledged his country to fight with Germany from the meanest of motives, material gain, and in doing so made it a traitor to its old-time friend and protector, Russia. There was no general desire in Bulgaria to join the Teutons, in fact there was an evident wish to line up alongside France, Britain and Russia, but court intrigue managed to cover up the national feeling and thrust the people into the now welcoming but formerly antagonistic arms of Turkey.

What has been the result? They were promised gain and honors and a speedy victory. Through long months they have fought and endured hardships, making gains at first but now seeing these disappear and realising that their last state is going to be worse than the first.

Bulgarian Socialists on their way to the Stockholm conference, declare that there is an almost unanimous demand for peace in their country. The people are sick to death of war and only anxious to lay down their arms and resume a life of peace. The head of the delegation, Dr. Sakaroff, says they went willingly to war against Turkey in 1912, unwillingly against Serbia and Greece in 1913 and had to be dragged into that against the Allies.

"Willingly" against the Turks. That enemy was one which had earned their hatred. They had an incentive to fight and their hearts were in the battle. In the present war they are struggling against old friends and on behalf of natural enemies. They hate the task. In addition, they have suffered heavily, have experienced hunger and face prospects of harder times to come.

Ferdinand drove Bulgaria to war, and quite likely will pay the price. His downfall would not be without precedent in that land.

It is not surprising to learn that there is a strong feeling in Russia in favor of calling upon the Grand Duke Nicholas to resume his place at the head of the Russian army. The revolutionists made a serious blunder when they sent that great soldier and good man into retirement. The best thing that could happen Russia would be the appointment of Nicholas as military dictator until the end of the war. It would be safe to trust him.

It appears now that the French have added "tanks" to their equipment and are worrying the Germans. There is little question that the "tanks" have certain disadvantages, yet they are formidable instruments of warfare in attacking an entrenched position. Lieut.-Gen. Von Arden, a military expert writing in a Berlin newspaper, says:—

"The British tank is probably the most amazing weapon which modern land warfare has produced. He admits they have caused the Germans heavy losses, particularly by their flanking fire, though they are by no means invulnerable to the German artillery."

When it is remembered that this testimony comes from an enemy, it must be admitted that the tanks have well earned the popularity they enjoy among the British and French troops.

An interesting incident, which has a side-rearing upon the war, is found in the announcement that H. E. White, British diplomatic agent has left Tangier for Fez to convey the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George has bestowed upon the Sultan of Morocco. The London Times says:—

His Shereefian Majesty Mulai Yussuf is a son of the Sultan Mulai Hassan, who died in 1894, and a half-brother of the two ex-Sultans, Mulai Abdul Aziz and Mulai Hafid. He is a young man of considerable intelligence and ability, of enlightened views and sincere religious principles, and most desirous of promoting the welfare of his people. Though it was by no means easy to reconcile in the eyes of his people his acceptance of the throne under a French protectorate he has succeeded in gaining their good will and affection. The old state ceremonial are still in force, and the entire religious surroundings of the Shereefian Sultans, as descendants of the Prophet, are still maintained.

It may be remembered that in May last his Shereefian Majesty sent, through "The Times," a greeting to the people of England, stating that he was proud that so many thousands of his soldiers were fighting side by side with the British and French troops in France for justice and right, and that the

mingling of their blood upon the field of battle could only serve to bring still closer the ties that bind Islam to the two great protecting powers of Islam, England and France.

The bestowal of this honor upon the young Sultan will be welcomed as a mark of appreciation of the good example he is setting his people both in his public and private life, and of the valiant courage of his troops upon the battlefields of France.

WHAT MAKES A SOLDIER GREAT

The things that make a soldier great and send him out to die, To face the flaming cannon's mouth, nor ever question why, Are 'lliacs by a little porch, the row of tulips red, The peonies and pansies, too, the old petunia bed; The grass plot where his children play, the roses on the wall; 'Tis these that make a soldier great. He's fighting for them all.

'Tis not the pomp and pride of kings that make a soldier brave; 'Tis not allegiance to the flag that over him may wave; For soldiers never fight so well on land or on the foam As when behind the cause they see the little place called home. Endanger but that humble street whereon his children run, You make a soldier of the man who never bore a gun.

What is it through the battle smoke the valiant soldier sees? The little garden far away, the budding apple trees, The little patch of ground back there, the children at their play. Perhaps a tiny mound behind the simple church of gray. The golden thread of courage isn't linked to castle dome. But to the spot, where'er it be—the humble spot called home.

And now the 'lliacs bud again and all is lovely there, And homesick soldiers far away know spring is in the air, The tulips come to bloom again, the grass, once more is green, And every man can see the spot where all his joys have been. He sees his children smile at him, he hears the bugle call. And only death can stop him now—he's fighting for them all.

—Edgar A. Guest.

WAS SHE RIGHT?

A waning moon, a summer night, O'erhead the stars like lanterns bright. A wearied man, just home from town, Saw on his porch what made him frown— A handsome youth, a maiden fair, To say "Good Night!" were standing there, "I'll just wait here in fir-tree's shade Until he leaves," the father said.

Forgotten were his youthful days! Exceeding great was his amazement To find how long such partings are; Yet loath was he their joy to mar. The young man asked for just one kiss, For him 'twould prove the crown of bliss; He begged and begged, but she said "No!" He begged again, and would not go.

An hour had passed the father knew, For he was tired, and angry too, His wrath increased with every word Of pleading from the young man heard; No more forbearance could be shown So when again the girl said "No," Aloud he cried, in irate tone, "Do kiss the fool, and let him go!"

A flash of white up stairway sped, A long black streak as swiftly fled, With panting breath and flying feet, Out through the gate, adown the street, The father entered study dim, A smile played o'er the features grim, It was a wise man now I see Who said, "What fools these mortals be!"

In after years, when as a wife, She calmly viewed this thing called life, Remembering oft that summer night, She wondered if she did right, "To solve this doubt in vain I try; Please tell me," said she, "all ye know, Now would it better been had I Just kissed the fool, and let him go?"

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Clark and Mrs. S. Bougart motored to Toronto yesterday.

Mrs. T. H. MacDonald of Niagara Falls, Ont., is in the city visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Rowsome, and son Garnet, are home after an extended trip West.

Other Editors' Opinions

FIELDING ON CONSCRIPTION

The Montreal Journal of Commerce the editor of which is the Hon. W. S. Fielding, former Minister of Finance, makes the following comment on the government's proposal to adopt selective conscription:—

"There will be many in every province of the Dominion who will receive Sir Robert Borden's announcement with unqualified approval. Many others, however, will hesitate to express such endorsement. The principle of conscription is something so different from what our people have been accustomed to in the past that many will be inclined to regard it as at variance with the essential elements of our citizenship, and even in the face of the urgent reasons advanced by Sir Robert Borden they will probably still oppose it. Some, no doubt, will think that Canada should be as careful in the matter as Australia, where even such a strong imperialist as Mr. Hughes felt that conscription should not be resorted to until it had received the approval of the people by a direct vote. There was a referendum in Australia which resulted in the defeat of the conscription proposal, although Australia generally were heart and soul with the mother country in their desire to carry on the war.

"Many there will be who will doubt whether such a very exceptional step as that of conscription can be effectively taken through the machinery of party government, in which, it would seem, the question of party patronage enters almost every movement. All these and other views of the subject will be presented in the discussion that is to be opened up. . . . There can be but one end—the triumph of democratic civilization over almost barbarous military autocracy. But that end can only be reached by continued and increased effort on the part of Great Britain and the Allies. While Canada's forces have played a noble part in the war, it has been at a heavy cost of blood. Thousands of the flower of Canadian manhood have given up their lives for the cause of right. Their places should be filled, to the end that the sacrifices of the past may not have been made in vain. Let the efforts to obtain volunteers continue; let us hope that they will be more fruitful than they have been of late; perhaps the present movement may accelerate volunteering; but if there is not the necessary response, there will be an unanswerable case for some form of conscription.

BOYS AND THE FARMS

While collegiate and other boys are said to be giving satisfaction on the farms to which they have gone, with a desire to help production, there are, unfortunately, some cases in which they are by no means getting satisfaction, and these are proving most discouraging to those who are working so hard to bring to the land the labor that is sorely needed. One such case may be detailed. A farmer asked for a boy to do "chores only." A fifteen-year old boy took the position for \$15 a month. After a few days' work he fainted in the middle of one of his duties, and for the following two days was unable to do anything. Inquiry showed that he was being called from bed at 4.30 a.m. to clean out stables, learn to milk, chop wood and do a hundred and one other things which, in their total, would have taxed the endurance of a strong lad brought up in the country and familiar with the work. His employer had also intimated to him that he would have to make up the days lost through illness at the end of his term.

This is the kind of farmer who brings discredit on his fellow-agriculturists, and makes it difficult to get needed help. There are not many of the type, but one is enough to do a great deal of harm. He lacks all sense of fair play; he wants to pay a boy's wages and exact a man's labor. He has not even sense enough to see that by overworking the youth at the beginning, he is making him less useful eventually, and is therefore losing by his greed.

It would be well if other farmers, learning of such incidents, interviewed the culprits in a body and impressed upon them the fact that such conduct would not be tolerated. These others are, or should be, deeply interested, for every case of the kind reflects on them as a community, and makes their labor problem harder to solve.—London Advertiser

Mo
Ch
At price

Man
mothers
You
bracing
Infan
Wh
\$1.25 to
Dres
with ma
Dres
Prints,
pretty st
Child
25c, 40c,
Child
Com

Playe
We b

150 Fro
Well K
GI

Mr. Willa
Ont., is
Dress by
may Rem

Hatling
Special
well-known
shouting
Kidney Pill
aim of two
dangerous
bladder tro
Yes, I
and bladder
said when
since I too
Kidney Pill
also had
ness of be
of lights
and I was
troubles ha
Dodd's Kid
Others i
used Dodd's
that they
remedies fo
kind, Dodd
dialists. T
that is all
reason they
ing rheum
diabetes an
all of these
sick kidney

WEN
Major J. M
oeth

The Fly
eronto—Mo
were busy
thousands
of the cou
the home o
J. M. Wils
dell, from
to make a
than pleas
had been t
The road
deep with
of all kind
solutely
machines
over three
had starte
ed for sol
Major W
going up
who was
was put
stunts; in
keeping th
After bein
minutes
Mungel v
in-law. B
interesting