

The Weekly Ontario

Morton & Herity, Publishers.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1914.

AN AMERICAN COMPARISON.

It does not appear that, in any department the German army is superior to that of France. Military experts even, declare that, in some particulars, France excels her adversary. An interesting comparison of the troops of both nations is furnished by Major George T. Langhorne of the United States army, at present United States military attaché in Berlin. Major Langhorne witnessed the German army maneuvers and has this to say of the armies which are meeting on the French frontier:

"The German army impresses one by its excellent organization and its modern equipment. The uniformly mediocre instruction seems to replace the individuality to which we are accustomed, but this very fact enables one commander to know what his confere will do under certain given conditions, and the huge machine moves on in its irresistible way, guided by the master mind, along carefully studied prearranged lines. But against an enemy in anything like equal numbers that will take advantage of the reckless exposures we witnessed, its losses would be so great that marked changes would have to occur in its manner of maneuvering and fighting.

"I was disappointed in their artillery. Watching a pursuing regiment ascend a not very severe hill, we noticed at least one gun out of every battery stall and the horses balk. The colliers in many cases were too tight; the horses were wheezing and choking; the drivers did not move their animals together, and beat them in an unintelligent manner. Had the limbers been filled with ammunition the climb would not have been made in some cases. In going into action for indirect fire they almost invariably exposed themselves to the view of the enemy.

"The French cavalry," Major Langhorne says, "is superbly mounted. Many of the officers rode thoroughbreds. They covered the ground at the regulation nine kilometers an hour, one at a walk, and three at the trot. All rise to the trot, and even the private troopers understand the alternate use of the diagonals, thus saving the horses as much as possible while getting a great quantity of work out of them. The horse artillery kept up with the cavalry, crossing any ground, and was always ready.

"It was interesting to watch the ease with which the army corps were handled. They were as pliable as the fingers of one's hand, and under conditions of constant soldiering the commanders, guided in many instances by the general staff, employed their troops with an ease that was very gratifying. The different arms have learned to appreciate and respect one another.

"The infantry march with an ease that is extraordinary, yet many that we saw were reservists. They move with a swing, carrying their packs as naturally as a schoolboy his books. There is never the least confusion."

In view of the fact that the German and French forces are likely to clash in earnest in the next few hours an opinion of their relative ability expressed by an independent and competent observer should prove more than ordinarily interesting.

THE WAR SPIRIT.

It is certain that Canadians generally do not as yet begin to realize the seriousness and importance of the gigantic conflict now going on in Europe. We have been for a hundred years at peace except for the minor part we played in the campaigns in Egypt and South Africa. Our young men are not therefore imbued with the military spirit as we have seen it manifested in those of the Old World birth.

That our young men do not accept service with the same alacrity as is the case of those whose native homes are touched by the war is probably true. This will be noticed more especially in the disproportionate number of British born who have already offered their names as volunteers here in Canada.

If there were the remotest prospect in the minds of our men that Canada herself were likely to be invaded there is hardly a man in this dominion so pusillanimous that he would not spring to the support of the colors. Canada herself would in the hour of need not lack for brave and willing defenders. But there is not the same universal appeal when it comes to volunteering for service on the soil of France and Belgium or to take part in Old World quarrels, or to foil Continental ambitions.

And yet this is beyond question a war against Canada. The very existence of the British Empire is at stake, and our own existence as an independent nation within the Empire.

The odds are heavily against German success both on land and sea, but let us remember that war is an uncertain thing. Take the British fleet for instance. It is potentially twice as strong as the German fleet at the present time. But suppose the Germans by successful submarine or aerial attacks send a majority of the British dreadnoughts to the bottom, would we then feel as confident of the issue as we do now? This is not probable but it is very possible, and we

must give the Germans credit for skill and daring. As long as the German fleet is intact, the possibility of their obtaining command of the sea must always be borne in mind. We believe that we are stronger and more resourceful than they, but the history of past naval wars shows that the battle has not always gone to the strong.

It is somewhat similar on land. The Germans are seriously outnumbered by the allies, but they have probably assembled together the greatest fighting machine on earth. If they happen to have in supreme command a man with the military genius of Napoleon or the Von Moltke of the Franco-Prussian war, it might well be a doubtful issue.

None of us believes that there can be anything but one result to this war—the ultimate crushing of German militarism, but we should not in our confidence commit the fatal mistake of underestimating the power, and courageous tenacity of the enemy we have to face.

There has been a splendid response to the call for volunteers issued by the Minister of Militia, but we are free to confess that we expected the number would be greater.

We do not believe this is due to any lack of bravery or of patriotism on the part of the Canadian youth, but rather failure to appreciate the seriousness and magnitude of the task that confronts the British Empire.

This has been shown in the lack of enthusiasm displayed over the very necessary matter of rifle practice. The members of the Belleville Rifle Club offered to train and instruct all volunteers in this pre-eminent requirement of the soldier, and yet we are informed that there has been a disappointing response, practically all who have come being English born.

To allow men who do not know how to shoot to go to war is simply homicide. Modern military authorities assign ninety-five per cent. of a soldier's efficiency to marksmanship, and five per cent. to knowledge of military evolutions.

We trust there will be a general and serious attempt on the part of our soldiers to attain to the highest degree of efficiency and to make strenuous preparations for any possible outcome of the present war.

ARMAGEDDON.

A good deal is being heard nowadays connecting the present war with an Armageddon. As a result a degree of interest attaches to the origin of the term. In the Book of Revelation, chapter 16, St. John describes the great conflict that will precede the Day of Judgment. After the earth has been devastated by fire and terrible plagues, then a last desperate struggle will ensue between the forces of evil and the forces of good. And the writer asserts that "He gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon."

There is considerable difference of opinion as to the locality to which St. John refers. Some authorities affirm that he had in mind a high tableland, surrounded by hills, in the mountain of Megiddo. This spot was the scene of some of the most important and decisive struggles in Hebrew history. Many of the battles fought there were occasioned by moral and religious considerations, and as a consequence the place acquired a peculiar significance. Cheyne and other modern authorities regard the term Armageddon derived from the name of the Babylonian god of the underworld. He asserts that it does not refer to any particular locality, but to a state of conflict between moral forces. In popular speech the word refers to any great slaughter or final conflict.

Time alone will tell whether it is either one or the other, but there does not appear any reason for believing that the present conflict is the great war that shall precede the winding up of things mundane, though admittedly this has been an age of wars and rumors of war. Considerable interest is being taken in a prophesy that was made years ago, to the effect that 1914 or 1915 would see the great conflict of the nations of the world. According to that prophesy there will be a new alignment of the nations of the world after the war is over, with Germany wiped out, France's possessions restored, and the great, final battle to be fought at Hanover. We shall see what will happen.

There's a worthy Volunteer
Known as Smith,
He's a patriot, it's clear,
Noble Smith!

Yes a quiet little man,
But an enemy he'd tan;
Deride him if you can,
Plucky Smith!

Though he likes to march to church,
Sabbath Smith!
He'll not leave us in the lurch,
Proper Smith!
No! it isn't all parade,
With accoutrements displayed;
For of real grit he's made,
Sterling Smith!

If your cartridges gave out,
Grimy Smith!
You'd give one defiant shout,
Baffled Smith!
Then your teeth you'd firmly set,
And you'd fix the bayonet,
And you'd send it home you bet!
Tiger Smith!

Success is never found in loafing places.
Temperament is generally the mild word for temper.

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cept in military circles, will win the glory prize of supreme soldiery. In event of an all-inclusive conflict, we are likely to learn at any minute that some-one whose name the majority of men have never heard of before holds the destiny of a powerful army, the issue of a desperate battle or the fate of a decisive campaign in his hands. How many Canadians knew there was such a man as Skobelev, till the Russo-Turkish war. How many ever heard of Moltke till the Prussian-Danish war of 1864?

As it was then, so it will be now. The conflict will be a creative maker and a relentless unmaker of military reputations.

Estimating generals by what they are known to have done, and what they are in all probability capable of doing again, we should say that the first soldier in Europe now is Lord Kitchener. Some may be inclined to dispute that distinction in favor of Gen. Savoff, the Bulgarian chieftain who conducted the tremendous and amazing campaign against Turkey. But Savoff's career has been too meteoric really to justify such an assumption. Kitchener's military celebrity is on both a big and solid basis—it is established on uniform success and extensive experience.

But it is in nowise improbable—indeed it is likely—that in a six-power conflict some military genius will arise whose achievements will throw those of Kitchener into the shade.

Who is the Great Unknown?
Will the British Isles, Germany, France, Russia, Austria or Italy furnish the man whose superiority as a leader of armies will flare across the lowering skies of war like a red, blazing comet?

AUSTRALIA'S FLEET.

A Shanghai despatch reports that several Australian war ships have joined the British squadron in East Asiatic waters.

The naval forces of the Australian Commonwealth in July comprised the battle cruiser Australia of 19,200 tons, with an armament of eight twelve-inch guns, sixteen four-inch guns and four three-pounder guns. She carries a complement of about 900 men.

The Encounter, a light cruiser, of 5,880 tons carries eleven 6-inch, eight 12-pounder and one 3-pounder guns.

The Melbourne a light cruiser of 5,600 tons, carries eight 6-inch and four 3-pounder guns, with a crew of 376.

The Pioneer, a light cruiser of 2,200 tons, carries eight 4-inch and eight 3-pounder guns and a crew of 227.

The Sidney, a light cruiser of 5,600 tons, carries eight 6-inch and four 3-pounder guns and a crew of 376.

The Derwent, the Parramatta, the Warrego and the Yarra, torpedo destroyers, are of 700 tons each and have crews of sixty-six men. They are very fast.

There are also the Gayundah and the Protector and several submarines.

Hats off to the Servian who wished to enlist and go to the front with the Fifteenth! Those people from the little countries in south-eastern Europe have been derided as "chocolate soldiers," but when it comes to patriotism and scrapping, they are the real goods.

We had a call a couple of days ago from an English reservist. He had just heard of the order calling out reserves and he was anxiously inquiring where he was to report. He was filled with enthusiasm that he would have an opportunity to go to fight the battles of the motherland. He seemed pretty accurately to correspond with the description of Private Smith given in yesterday's Ontario.

There's a worthy Volunteer
Known as Smith,
He's a patriot, it's clear,
Noble Smith!
Yes a quiet little man,
But an enemy he'd tan;
Deride him if you can,
Plucky Smith!

Though he likes to march to church,
Sabbath Smith!
He'll not leave us in the lurch,
Proper Smith!
No! it isn't all parade,
With accoutrements displayed;
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Then your teeth you'd firmly set,
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THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE ENGLISH AFTER ALL.

I've been me
is told,
There's someth
They may be too bent on
after gold,

But there's something in the English after all;
Though their sins and faults are many, and I
won't exhaust my breath

By endeavoring to tell you of them all,
Yet they have a sense of duty, and they'll face it
to the death,
So there's something in the English after all.

If you're wounded by a savage foe and bugles
sound "Retire!"
There's something in the English after all;
You may bet your life they'll carry you beyond
the zone of fire

For there's something in the English after all;
Yes, although their guns be empty, and their
blood be ebbing fast,
And to stay by wounded comrades be to fall,
Yet they'll set their teeth like bulldogs, and pro-
tect you to the last.

Or they'll die—like English soldiers—after all.

When the seas demand their tribute and a British
ship goes down,
There's something in the English after all;
There's no panic rush for safety, where the weak
are left to drown,

For there's something in the English after all.
But the women and the children are the first to
leave the wreck,

With the crew in hand, as steady as a wall,
And the Captain is the last to stand upon the
sinking deck,

So there's something in the English after all.

Though the half of Europe hates them, and would
joy in their decline,

Yet there's something in the English after all;
They may scorn the scanty numbers of the thin
red British line,

Yet they fear its lean battalions after all;
For they know that from the Colonel to the drum-
mer in the band,

There is not a single soldier in them all,
But would go to blind destruction, were their
country to command,

And call it simply "duty"—after all
—Bertrand Shadwell.

RULE BRITANNIA.

By far the most popular national song of Great Britain, aside from the national anthem, is "Rule Britannia." The author is James Thomson, the Scottish poet, who flourished 1700 to 1748. "Rule Britannia" was one of the songs from the masque "Alfred" written by Thomson in conjunction with Mallet, and produced for the first time in 1740.

"Rule Britannia" would be more popular still were it not attached to a tune whose sinuosity tests the capabilities of even trained vocalists.

When Britain first at heav'n's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain:

"Rule, Britannia! Britannia rule the waves
Britons never will be slaves."

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish great and free
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

The muses still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And many hearts to guard the fair.

NEEDS PATCHING.

Poor Mexico!
I have no doubt
Your seat of war
Is most worn out.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HE NEEDS MUST FIGHT.

He needs must fight
To make true peace his own,
He needs must combat might with might,
Or might would rule alone;
And who loves war for war's own sake
Is fool, or crazed, or worse;
But let the patriot-soldier take
His need of fame in verse.
Nay though that realm were in the wrong
For which her warriors bleed,
It still were right to crown with song
The warrior's noble deed.
—Alfred Tennyson.

As far as possible treat everybody alike in your business dealings.

THE FIGHTING RACE.

(By Joseph J. G. Clarke.)

"Read out the names," and Burke
sat back
"Killy dropped his head,
Shea they call him Seboler
at down the list of the dead,
Officers, seamen, gunners, marines,
The crews of the gig and yawl
The bearded man and the lad in his
teens
Carpenters, coal-passers—all
Then knocking the ashes from out
of his pipe
Said Burke in an off-hand way:
"We're all in the dead man's list,
by eripe,
Killy and Burke and Shea."
"Well, there's the Maine, and I'm
sorry for Spain,"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Wherever there's Killy there's trouble,
He," said Burke
"Wherever there's Shea's the game,
Or a spice of danger in grown man's
work"
Said Kelly, "you'll find my name."
"And do we fall short," said Burke
getting mad
"When it's touch and go for life?"
Said Shea "It's thirty odd years,
bead,
Since I charged to drum and file
Up Mary's heights, and my old
canteen
Stopped a rebel ball on its way
There were blossoms of blood on our
sprigs of green—
Kelly and Burke and Shea
And the dead didn't brag." "Well
here's to the flag,"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"I wish 'twas in Ireland, for there's
the place"
Said Burke, "That we'd die by right,
In the cradle of our soldier race,
After one good stand-up fight,
My grandfather fell at Vinegar Hill,
And fighting was not his trade,
But his ruy pike is in the cabin still,
With Hessian blood on the blade."
"Aye, aye," said Kelly, "the pikes
were great,
When the word was 'clear the way'
We were thick on the roll in ninety-
eight
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
Well here's to the pike and the
sword and the like,
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

And Shea the scholar, with rising joy
Said, "We were at Hamel's;
We left our bones at Fontenoy,
And up in the Frenchness,
Before Dunkirk, on Linden's plain,
Cremona, Lille and Ghent,
We're all over Austria, France and
Spain.
Wherever they pitched a tent,
We've died for England from Water-
loo.
To Egypt and Dargai;
And still there's enough for a corps
of crew,
Of Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's to good honest fight-
ing blood,"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

Oh! the fighting races don't die out
If they seldom die in their bed,
For love is first in their hearts, no
doubt,
Said Burke, then Kelly said:
When Michael the Irish Archangel
stands
(The Angel with the sword)
And the battle-dead from a hundred
lands
Are gathered in one great noode,
Our line that, for Gabriel's trumpet
waits
Will stand three deep that day
From Jehoshaphat to the Golden Gates
Kelly, Burke and Shea"
Well here's thank God for the race
and the sod—
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea."

WELLINGTON, ROBERTS, KIT-
CHENER, CALLAGHAN may be
added to the list, and not least the
name of one of Erin's sons—who
with an honorable record of twelve
years' service in the British army—
leaves his wife and five children, and
recently became attached to one of
our military forces. Yes, he's back to
the army again, Sergeant. Back to
the army again!—What about his
family in our city? What about the
Princess Patricia Regiment of British
service men—just organized—
many married men—and ONLY FIVE
CANADIANS in the list? With the
Mayor of Montreal—let us damn every
man NOW and FOREVER—who
says a word against the English
who are filling our Canadian ranks,
and defending our Empire! They and
the Scots and the Irishmen, today
are OUR FORTS.

"Over all the earth where our flag
flies there are trenches and graves
where side by side rest the bones of
the men of Sussex and Kent. The men
of great Highland race and their dust
mingles with the dust of the men who
first saw the sunlight as it breaks
through the mist and the rain,
and touches with gold the lakes and fields
of that EVER-BLESSED ISLE of
joy and tears, of laughing children
and big, brave men."

"It is always very well to dream
as long as dreams are not your only
master and it is always very fine to
think as thoughts are not your only
aim, but dreams and thoughts are
only empty bubbles unless translated
into actions and beliefs," and the
time has arrived for action and be-
liefs and men as discharged soldiers,
—single or married are willing to go,
if so, let some go, but retain others
in our home military ranks—and
Clarke's lines "The Fighting Race"
for the inspiration.

—J.S.S.

AMELIASBURG.

Ameliasburg.—Mrs. G. Carley and
granddaughter, Eveline Pulver spent
Sunday afternoon at Concession
Mr. B. O. Adams entertained guests
from a Massasauga on Sunday last.

We are sorry to report Mr. J.
Weese is very ill.

Mr. F. F. Carley spent Sunday at
Mr. D. H. Yocco's.

Mrs. D. H. Snider spent the latter
part of the week at Wooler.

Mrs. J. R. Coon and family are
spending their holidays with Mr. M.
S. Carrington's and other relatives.

Mr. Cecil Carley spent Sunday at
Wm. Elvin's.

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