Whelan & Yeomans

List of Real Estate Offerings

FARMS FOR SALE.

SAY YOU SAW IT IN THE ONTARIO

One of the best Farms in township of Thurlow, 199 acres, first class buildings throughout, price right, on very easy terms.

$4000 for 100 acre farm, lot 30, 3rd Con. Thurlow, 5 room frame house with wood shed 20x20, barn 28x64, and 22x42, drive house 22x27, 4 wells all good water, 10 acres swamp with timber, acres apples and other fruit, 70 acres good work land, balance pasture land, one mile from school house, two miles from post office and church. R.M.D. applied for. 40 acres in hay, 6 acres in fall wheat. Easy terms.

$7000—Township Huntingdon, 200 acres clay loam, 125 acres work land, balance wood and pasture land, 2 good springs, barns 40x30, 30x50, 24x40, stone basements and cement floor drive house hog pens, hen house, implement shed, etc., well fenced and watered and all in good repair. Easy terms.

$5500—First Con. Tyendinaga, 100 acres of good farm land, with 9 room frame house, barn, silos, drive house, etc., all in good repair. Well fenced and watered close to cheese factory and three railroads. Free R.M.D. at door. Terms easy.

$3600—First Con. Hungerford, 4 miles west of Roslin, 370 acres, well watered and fenced with good house and barn. Over 150 acres of good timber (saw mill 1½ miles).

100 Acres on Kingston road. Fine brick house and barns. One of the best market gardens close to Belleville and Point Anne markets. Would also make a good dairy farm.

$3600—First Con. Hungerford, 4 miles west of Roslin, 370 acres, well watered and fenced with good house and barn. Over 150 acres of good timber (saw mill 1½ miles).

A BARGAIN block of 12 lots on Sidney street.

$3500—Lot 2, 6 Con. Township of Haldimand county of Northumberland 100 acres clay and sandy loam, 6 acres good orchard, two storey brick 8 room house, basement barn, drive shed etc., 7 acres of good pine timber worth about $1,000. Well fenced and watered.

100 Acre farm, close to city, first class land suitable for a garden or mixed farming.

$2500—Three miles from city, 9½ acres good land, first class buildings and fruit.

100 Acres on Kingston road. Fine brick house and barns. One of the best situated market gardens close to Belleville and Point Anne markets. Would make a good dairy farm. Between 600 and 700 apple trees in first class condition.

$5000—For a good 125 acre farm, 5th Con. Thurlow. 9 room house, barns 24x48; 36x64, and drive house 18x24; hog pen, hen house, etc., 2 good wells and spring, about 40 apple trees and small fruit. Fall ploughed and 11acres of wheat. All well fenced. R.M.D. and main telephone

[illegible]

$6500—200 [illegible] sandy loam [illegible] and watered on Bay [illegible] from Picton, two storey [illegible] house, large new verandah [illegible] large cistern, large barn [illegible] 25 head sheep and cattle [illegible] house with large loft [illegible] and about 25 acres [illegible] D. and close to church, school and blacksmith shop, building [illegible] terms.

$6000—2[illegible] of Tyendinaga, [illegible] 100 acres clay and loam [illegible] acres good elm swamp [illegible] balance in pasture, well watered by spring and [illegible] barn, shed, drive house, [illegible] 10 room frame house [illegible] large wood shed, about [illegible] close to churches, [illegible] station. Terms.

$2500 [illegible] Tyendinaga, [illegible] Consdale, 112 acres, 6 room [illegible] with kitchen drive shed [illegible] barn 34x54 timber for [illegible]

$3000 [illegible] 92, Con. 2 [illegible] good frame house, barn [illegible] etc. All well fenced and [illegible] of fire wood 5 acres or [illegible] acres of work land. Soil [illegible]

50 Acre farm, [illegible] of Thurlow, 2 storey frame house, [illegible] house, and two barns [illegible] all kinds of fruit, 8 acres [illegible] balance fall plowed; [illegible] Two wells and well [illegible] terms.

LOT 1 [illegible] on the 5th Con. Tyendinaga, over 100 acres of clay loam [illegible] acres bush and maple timber, [illegible] balance in pasture, well watered, large basement barn with cement floor, windmill [illegible] New 10-room house frame, furnace and hot water. Can be bought with or without crop on easy terms.

BLACKSMITH Shop and wood-working shop with all up-to-date machinery for carrying on business, drilling machines, planers, etc. This place for sale at a bargain. Easy terms. Good reasons for selling.

75 Acres, Big Island on bay shore, brick house, well fenced, and good barn, would accept one-quarter down, balance easy terms.

110 Acre farm 2nd Con. Sidney, all good work land, well watered and fenced 10 room frame house 2 barns sheds, stables, drive house, etc., 3 acres orchard.

$3500—95 acres, Thurlow near Latta P.O. Good house, barn, and drive house. Possession after harvest.

HOUSES FOR SALE.

SAY YOU SAW IT IN THE ONTARIO

SEVEN Room House, good barn well and cistern; in good locality on East Hill. Snap for quick sale.

SEVEN Room Frame House, Foster Ave, barn, two extra lots, good garden, some fruits, good well at a bargain.

$800—Strachan street, 7 roomed house, in good repair. City water in house, outside shed.

$1400—Two storey frame house, South Pinnacle street, water and gas and hot water heating Large lot with barn.

$1200—One and one half storey frame double house, Pinnacle street, large lot, city water.

$1350—Solid brick house, Bleecker Ave. three minutes walk to G.T.R. station. Large lot. Will make first class boarding house.

$3500—Up-to-date eight room brick house on John street. Electric light and gas, full sized basement. Five minutes from Front street.

$4000—Solid brick house George street, full view of Bridge street, all modern conveniences and fine basement. One of the best located homes in the city.

$2600—A bargain on Dunbar st. eight room brick house, house with verandas, modern conveniences, electric light and gas, large lot

$2400—Alice street, two story frame house 10 rooms, electric light and all modern conveniences

$650—Frame house with large lot, West side Yeomans street.

NINE up-to-date frame house on Great St. James street, large verandah, hardwood floors throughout, electric light and bath, large lot.

$2000—Two storey, 8 room brick house near Albert College Easy terms and handy to G.T.R.

$800—Five acre block near Albert College, just outside city Land suitable for gardening. Seven minutes' walk from Front Street.

DOUBLE brick house, Mill street, lately remodelled up-to date with full plumbing and hot water heating, electric light and gas, large stables suitable for livery or boarding stable. Deep lot 80 foot frontage

$1100—Fine 7 room fram house, with gas and water in house, good large lot with shade trees on South St. Charles street.

$1600—Brick 10 room house, Commercial street, gas, water and bath, also small barn.

$1500—New two storey, 8 room frame house, electric light and water, large lot, South St. Charles street

A New 8 room brick house all modern conveniences, electric light and gas full size cement basement. Five minutes from Front street on North John street.

$4000—Eight roomed solid brick house, just off Commercial street on Warham street, three large lots, finest view of the bay and harbor in the city.

$1800—On Sinclair street, fine 7 room brick house, with verandah, large lot and barn. About 70 ft frontage. Terms arranged.

$4000—Large lot on east side of Front street, about 80 foot frontage with two houses and other buildings.

$200 Each—Burnham street, 5 lots, 42x132.

$12 per foot—Cor. Bridge and McDonald Avenue.

$350—Albert street, 50x100, West side.

$1200—8 room roughcast house, and lot, near Albert College and G.T.R. easy terms.

$125—Dufferin Avenue, between Pine street and Victoria Ave. 5 lots about 60 feet frontage.

$300 each, two large lots on Chatham street, North

$500—Corner Dundas and Charles streets, 50x88.

$250—Lot 65x135, Lingham street, just north Victoria Avenue.

6 ACRES on bay shore, the best factory site in the city, good dockage and along C.N.R. Double frame house on ground.

$125 each for two good building lots 40x174, on Ridley Avenue, next to Bridge street.

$75 each, North Coleman Street, 5 lots, 45x160.

$600—Frame seven-room house, Catherine street.

$150 each for two lots east side of Ridley Ave. size 40x170 feet,

$1500—Frame house, Great St James street.

BARGAIN.

Fine Brick House on east hill; within five minutes of Post Office; all conveniences; large basement. Parties wishing to invest will do well to inquire about this property

FOR SALE.

One of the best 100-acre farms in Thurlow; within three miles of the city; farm and buildings in first class shape. On reasonable terms. Apply to Whelan and Yeomans.

We have several farms and city properties not advertised. Call in and see us

Important Changes, Canadian Pacific Train Service Effective Dec. 13.

The attention of the travelling public is respectfully directed to the improved train service via "Lake Ontario Shore Line" in connection with Toronto–Montreal route.

Commencing Sunday, December 13th, the following fast trains will be operated via Oshawa, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Belleville instead of Peterboro, Havelock, and Tweed as heretofore.

Eastbound

Train No. 20, "The Canadian" leaving Toronto 9.00 a.m., daily arriving arriving Montreal 6.10 p.m. Train No. 22, "The Wolverine" leaving Toronto 11.40 p.m. daily, arriving Montreal 8.55 a.m.

Westbound

Train No. 19 "The Canadian" leaving Montreal 8.45 a.m arriving Toronto 5.40 p.m. Train No. 21 "The Dominion" leaving Montreal 10.00 p.m. arriving Toronto 7.35 a.m.

The Christmas Guest

By C. M. Edgar.

Dear Mr. Murray:

Every day I keep thinking of you and wondering if you have heard all that has happened in the last few months. I have wanted so to write you all about it; and now I must write or it seems to me my heart will break. I know that you are the last in the world that I have any right to look to for sympathy, but I believe you will have it for me all the same, and I can trust you not to misunderstand.

After you went away things went on as usual till about the end of February when dear papa was taken ill. At first it was only a bad cold, but in a few days it developed into pneumonia. We saw that the doctor was very much alarmed, but Mamma and I hoped against fear till the very last. He died on the 6th of March. The shock was terrible to mother. I know it was only by a great effort she kept up. When the new man came to take charge of the works, of course we had to give up the house. We made up our minds to go to the city where I could get something to do. The moving seemed an awful undertaking; we were both tired and the weather was so cold. The doctor warned me that mother was not able for it, so I wrote to my uncle, her brother and he came down and tried to persuade her to go home with him and wait for me, but she would not go; she insisted an staying till everything was done. By that time she was quite ill. Uncle thought it best that we should both come to his house till mother would be rested and we would have a chance to look for rooms for ourselves. But instead of improving mother seemer to get weaker every day. She lingered through the summer, but she was never strong enough to undertake the move to our own rooms. When the fall came we saw her failing very fast. O Mr. Murray, I cannot describe that awful time. I do not know how I lived through it. Mother died on the first day of October. I was sick my self for nearly three weeks after that and I do not think you will be surprised or blame me that I used to wish that I might die too and go to my dear father and mother. I thought I would die too. There didn't seem to be any reason why I should live; no one needed me and I had nothing to live for. All the time I was getting better I kept wondering why it should be so and sometimes I wonder a little about it yet. I got a position in the Conservatory of Music as soon as I was strong enough, that was two weeks ago last Monday. It was better for me to be doing something. I am staying at my uncle's still, but am going to get a room for myself after Christmas. They are very very kind to me here, but there is a big family and they are all so bright, I feel myself a kind of skeleton at the feast.

Dear Mr. Murray, you were so good and kind to me in the old days; I would like to thank you for it and tell you how sorry I have always been for my rudeness and ingratitude. I do not think it was ingratitude really, though it must have seemed that to you. I was a foolish girl and did not realize what I was doing; that was all. I would like to know that you forgive me. I feel better now that I have written this. You were papa's friend and if it is only for his sake I know that I will have your sympathy, and that is so much to me.

Your little friend,
Clare Elder.

Clare leaned back in her chair with a long sigh of relief. The task that for months she had been wanting to do and shrinking from doing, was done. She felt that her letter was awkwardly worded, but she knew she could not write it again, so she sealed it hastily without reading it over lest her purpose should fail. Rob would understand. Dear old Rob, she could trust him for that! She glanced at her watch. There was still time to catch the evening's mail. She put on her hat and jacket and hurried out to the post box. On the way back she calculated the time carefully. It was Saturday. He should get her letter on Monday evening or Tuesday morning at the latest and an answer might reach her by Thursday morning.

The days that intervened seemed interminable. But they passed as ever the days must pass, bright or dark. And Thursday morning's mail came and Thursday afternoon's, and Friday morning's, but none of them brought the answer. And now she had ceased to hope for she knew Rob well. He would have responded at once or not at all.

Coming wearily up the steps of her uncle's house, she looked with positive dismay at the close-shut door. She had hoped it might be ajar. She did so want to slip in and get to her room unnoticed. But there was no help for it. She pulled the bell and her cousin Helen opened the door. Perhaps it was Clare's own morbid sensitiveness that made her fancy a covert contempt under Helen's bright greeting.

"Take off your things, Clare, and come in with us. We girls are having a cup of tea."

"Thanks Helen, but my head aches and I'd rather go to my room."

There was no mistaking the bored expression that passed over her cousin's face now. She closed the door and turned away without any further remark.

A clatter of girlish voices and peals of merry laughter came from the drawing room and as she passed the door on her way upstairs Clare had a confused glimpse of dainty china, bright faces and gay draperies. Instinctively she looked down at her own black-robed figure and was smitten with an overwhelming sense of her isolation. In the hall upstairs she halted a moment to glance at the table where she knew the letters were always left. There was only one and it was for her cousin Grace, who evidently was out. Heartsick she turned away. Her aunt was sewing at the window. "Do you feel tired, Clare?" she asked kindly.

"Oh yes, Auntie," she returned, "awfully tired." And she went into her room and closed the door. She felt that she was abrupt almost to rudeness, but there was something in her throat that made it very hard for her to speak. She put her hat and coat away and sank into a chair exhausted.

What a Christmas Eve it was! Christmas Eve! A dull wonderment took possession of her. Who was she who sat here alone in the gathering gloom with such a nightmare of misery behind her and the future, a blank, before? And what connection had she with the high-spirited girl, who just a year ago at this very hour was urging a merry party home in her consuming impatience to see her Christmas gifts? The early winter shadows were gathering then even as now, but they brought no gloom with them. The darkness seemed to fall that night just to give the Christmas stars a chance. How glorious it was skimming home under the evening sky aglow with its myriad tiny lamps, Home! Home! the lights! the music! the warmth! the love! Her hands went up and locked themselves above her head.

"Oh papa, mamma, how could you go and leave me alone!"

"Clare! Clare! Mamma, where is Clare?"

It was her little cousin's voice. A kind of panic seized her. She was tempted to spring to the door and turn the key.

"Hush, Don, hush!" she heard her aunt saying. "Clare is in her room and I think she must be lying down. She is not strong yet and the day tires her."

Welcome suggestion! Slipping out of the chair, she stretched herself on the bed and when the little boy looked in and saw her lying there he closed the door softly again and she heard him asking his mother if 'Clare had got a letter,'

"No dear," his mother answered, "was she expecting one?"

"Yes, mamma, and I wish she had it. She looked so sorry last night when there was none, and I heard her asking Gay this morning to phone her if one came." There was real concern in the little boy's voice and it went to Clare's heart. She followed his footsteps till they reached the nursery and they were slower than usual.

The thread of her self-communings was broken. How tired she was! If she could only sleep. The room was quite dark now. The girls were singing some catchy new thing in the drawing room below. Presently the bell rang. There was a sound of bass voices in greeting. The girls trooped out into the hall. A clatter of many voices and much preparation followed The outer door opened and closed and again all was still.

She too, had had friends in the old days, such numbers of them! And what a happy lot they had been! It came to her as she lay there, to wonder how it was that they seemed all to have melted away like snow before the sun, and in her direst need she had found herself standing practically alone. It struck her as strange, too, that the one she had thought least of, the man she had slighted and set at nought, should have been the one amongst them all to whom her heart reached out for comfort and sympathy in the hour of her desolation. Standing by her father's coffin she had thought of him, and day after day since then, as troubles thickened in her path, she had struggled with a passionate yearning for the re-assurance of his presence and the ready sympathy of his strong true heart. In the days when she lay burning with fever and the confusion of her thoughts was torture, she used to fancy his kind face bending over her and she would hear his voice bidding her not to think but to leave everything to him. And she would lie back so still and revel in the luxury of rest. Then in the weary weeks of convalescence, when the shadow of death mocked her, now darkening around her, then lifting and flitting away his eyes haunted her always, at times brimming with tender pity, and again as she had seen them last, full of dumb reproach.

In the old days, that seemed so far off now, she had thought of him more as her father's friend than hers for he seemed older than his years. Then too, he had always treated her as a child to be petted and humoured, and she, accepting the situation, had come in time to regard him merely as the ready slave of her caprices. So it was that in the life of one little thoughtless girl had been re-enacted the history of many a national calamity. The use of a privilege had developed into an abuse until the outraged subject, rising against his young despot, in the torrent of his just anger the props of her throne had been swept away. How blind she had been and how cruel! She had thrown away the choicest gift life had to offer, the love of the best and truest man she had ever known.

The bell rang again. This time, when the door opened, it was her cousin Grace's voice that sounded clear and happy.

"Thank you, Harold! Good-bye! Merry Christmas!" There was a low rejoinder and the door closed again. Grace ran lightly up the stairs and she heard Donnie's question repeated.

"Mother, was there a letter for Clare this afternoon?"

"Grace, there was none."

"Oh, I'm sorry, She is disappointed, I know, for she seemed so anxious. Where is she?"

"She's in her room lying down."

"She's too much in her room. It's not good for her."

"She was asleep when Donnie looked in some time ago."

They talked of other things then, of the afternoon's skate with Harold and of their plans for to-morrow.

Yet once more the bell rang and Grace hurried to answer the summons. There was a murmur of low voices in the lower hall and, presently Grace ran up again and came straight to her door.

"Clare, Clare, may I come in?"

"Yes, Gay."

"Clare, get up and come downstairs There's a gentleman waiting for you in the drawing room."

"Oh Grace, I can't come down! Say I'm not well. Grace, I couldn't see anyone to-night!"

"Yes, you will come down. You shouldn't be moping here by yourself in the dark. It's bad for you. Come now, get up and don't keep him waiting." She stooped over the bed and almost lifted the little figure out on to the floor.

"Why, you little mouse, you're shivering! Are you cold? Here put this on. You look a hundred per cent. better with it anyway."

She produced a dainty black jacket from the wardrobe and slipped it on.

"Now, sit down her a minute and I'll do your hair."

Grace was such a kind-hearted girl, quickyl and deftly she loosened the pretty hair and put it up again. Then, with a kiss, she pushed the girl towards the door.

"Now, run along! I havn't any idea who it is; never saw him before. But I'm dying to know!"

Clare went slowly down the stairs and into the drawing room. A tall broad-shouldered man, with a kind face and gracious presence, stood near the door.

"Rob! Mr. Murray!"

A moment she stood rooted to the spot. Then, with something between a laugh and a sob, she slipped into the loving arms outstretched to her.

"Poor little sweetheart! Poor little darling! How did it all happen? And I never heard a word till I got her letter!"

Specially contributed to The Ontario.

LIEUT. WILKINS AT THE FRONT

First Belleville Boy Outside of Reservists to Reach the Battle-line

Lieut. Harold O. Wilkins, a well-known Belleville boy, who was given a commission in the Bedfordshire Regiment shortly after the outbreak of war and left early to join the regiment, in the first Bellevillian (not a reservist) to reach the front. A letter has been received from him stating that he arrived at the front on Dec. 8th, two weeks ago last Tuesday.

Lieut. Wilkins is a nephew of Miss Alice Wilkins, 323 Albert street, and is a graduate of the Belleville high school and the Royal Military College, Kingston

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

For a Pure Water Supply

Editor Ontario,—

Dear Sir,—Some few days back I read a very good editorial in your paper regarding the trouble at the water works intake pipe, and have been expecting to see more comments from some of our large property owners, I have heard it said that the saving in fire insurance would amount yearly to many thousands of dollars, and if you could get in touch with some insurance men, they would be able to give you valuable information. The putting of the reservoir into the island would not be such a big expense as some think. The excavation of the gravel would pay for itself, I have no doubt but that there are contractors who would be glad to make the necessary reservoir for the gravel they take out, and if taken out to a depth of say six feet below the bay water level, then a good high fence could be built around it, and it would be ready for the intake pipe, and here I suppose, not being an engineer, is where the expense would be, but apart from the cost, the time is coming when it will have to be done. I have heard that the sum of $10,000 was once voted by the people but why it did not go to a completion, I do not know. Keep at this good work Mr. Editor, and coming generations will bless you,

—Water Drinker.

Belleville, Dec. 24, 1914

Wishing the owners and entire staff of The Ontario, A Happy and Prosperous New Year.

TOWNSHIP WINS DAMAGE ACTION

Before Middleton, J.

Tighe vs. Township of Tyendinaga —E. G. Porter, K.C. for plaintiff, S. Masson, K.C. for defendant. Action to recover $1,000 damages for injuries received by plaintiff while in employment of defendant, alleged to have been caused by negligence of defendant. Judgment—Action dismissed without costs

LICENCE REMOVAL

Liquor is now obtainable under usual conditions in the bar at the old Victoria Hotel The opening took place on Thursday, Dec. 24th. It will be remembered that in the summer the Victoria's license was discontinued. Now the license of the Balmoral Hotel which was burned is to be transferred to Mr. Felix Allore at the Victoria and the bar in the latter is opened up under a permit. This is subject to the issuing of a transfer which has been applied for and which will likely be granted at a meeting of the license commissioners to be held on Jan. 8th, 1915. As yet the license is in the name of Messrs. Johnson and Bottum.

A few weeks ago the commissioners refused to grant the license to sell liquor in the Balmoral Hotel building, subsequent to the fire, owing to the accommodation requirements not being fulfilled.

DEVASTATED FRANCE

We publish today the final despatch from our Paris correspondent, who has just completed a tour of the French positions on the invitation of the French Government. His description of the steady destruction of the city of Rheims lends additional weight to the vivid account of the wholesale devastation in the Argonne and elsewhere contained in the powerful despatch which we printed yesterday. We commend these lurid narratives to the attention of those people in this country who can still find it in their hearts to utter maudlin apologies for the Germans and their ruler. There can be no mistake about the real spirit in which the German nation is waging this disgraceful war. We find it revealed in the despatch which no less a person than Herr Bassermann, the official leader of the National Liberal Party, has just delivered to his followers in the Reichstag. His words were uttered in secret, and were not meant to be made public. He said:—"We shall hold fast for all time the countries which have been "fertilized by German blood . . . . "By bloody and splendid victory—"that is the motto of this great time." We owe it to the "Vorwarts that this shameful declaration has been rescued from behind the veil, and it forms an appropriate commentary upon the public speech delivered just before by the Chancellor. How completely the German Army has lived up to the first part of the motto our correspondent has told in words that sear the heart. He speaks of towns and villages so completely obliterated that the wretched survivors can no longer trace the very sites of their once pleasant homes. The Germans have stamped upon the countryside and left it desolate; and it is regrettable to think that there are still Englishmen left who can call righteous indignation at these ruthless and abominable deeds "malignity." We prefer the spirit of the poor French peasant our correspondent encountered upon a hillside, shaking his fist at the invaders, and declaring that the Germans must be "made to pay for all this." That is the real word, wrung from agony such as the dwellers in these islands have never known, and we trust may never know. The Germans must be "made to pay." Not in "malignity," not in blind revenge, but with a stern and burning determination that such suffering shall never be lightly inflicted on the world again, the land of the Germans must be invaded until they are compelled to pay the price of all their wanton destruction of lives and property.

They dread invasion. Conscious of all the evil for which a reckoning will be sought they are haunted by fear of the day when the Allies will demand a settlement upon German soil. The shrewdest among them foresee that the time must come when the Allies will be their judges, stirred by none of their own hysterical hatred, but fired with an inexorable resolve to force them to atone, so far as may be, for their guilt. We cannot restore the smiling face of the Provinces of Belgium and of Northern France, but we can exact reparation, and prevent the recurrence of the crime. In this grave matter we are not mere spectators. Only our unconquered fleet saves us from even greater devastation. If we do not render it impossible for Germany ever to contemplate such monstrous wickedness again, the time will come when the iron will enter into our souls also. More than any other nation, we are at present responsible for the future welfare and security of the world. Were we to fall, the world would Were we to fall, the world would never know rest or ease.

The stoicism with which the French have watched the wrecking of their beautiful land gives the measure of their unflinching attitude. They have divested themselves of outward emotion. The task which lies before them is too grave and too formidable for heroics. They speak no more of revenge, but go forth to battle with a grim calmness which scarcely reveals veals the white flame that glows within. Never has the immortal and unquenchable spirit of France risen to nobler heights than in these days of sadness. The world sees afresh the great truth visible throughout the ages, that France is indestructible, and possesses a spirit that will survive every shock. Amid the ruins of these battered towns, a new France is being created against whom all the guns that Krupp ever made might thunder in vain.

France is fighting like ourselves for more than her own fair cities and plains. She is bearing the brunt of this mighty struggle so that happiness and security may be restored to the world which has lost them. She is giving the blood of her best freely and without a moan. She has already achieved military triumphs greater than Napoleon ever knew, for she has withstood the onslaught of a nation in arms which has stealthily planned for years to accomplish her overthrow. She has developed new arts of warfare, and against her impregnable lines the enemy storms in vain. Soon, with her Allies, she will move forward to victory, and we shall see a change in this almost immovable position which still confronts us

We are not disturbed by the reports of the successes which the Germans claim to have achieved in Poland. If there is any truth in them, the answer is that Russia can face many hammerings and still remain unconquerable. The Allies must win because their failure would mean the Germanization of the world, and that means, as we see in France and Belgium, the preliminary destruction of modern civilization as we have known it. The dream of holding the world in fee has attracted the distorted mind of many conquerors. It has never been realized and never will be realized. An inevitable fate awaits the nation which goes to war with the deliberate intention of flouting every law of God and man.—London Times

Mrs. M. S Hoile and children are spending Christmas and New Years with her sister, Mrs. R. D. Snelgrove, Peterboro.

WEDDING BELLS

GAY—FLEMING

On Wednesday, 23rd inst., the home of Mr. J. Williamson of Stockdale was the scene of a very happy event it being the occasion of the marriage of their niece, Mabel Anna Fleming, to Herbert James Gay of Sidney. The home was beautifully decorated for the occasion, a beautiful alcove of evergreens decorated with a large white bell and anchor occupying one corner of the parlor. Sharply at 12 o'clock as the sweet strains of "Wedding Bells March," rendered by Lillian Gay, sister of the groom, sounded through the halls, the bride, leaning upon the arm of her uncle entered the parlor and with the groom took up her position under the alcove of evergreens.

After the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. R. M. Patterson cousin of the groom, assisted by Rev. Raymond Richards, cousin of the bride, the guests, numbering about sixty, were invited to the dining-room where a sumptuous repast was enjoyed by all.

The bride who was given away by her uncle was handsomely attired in a gown of ivory duchess satin and wore a veil of embroidered tulle decorated with orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of lilies and carnations. There were no attendants but the bride's little sister Hazel, very nicely performed the duties of flower girl.

The presents to the bride and groom were numerous and costly, testifying to the esteem in which they both are held.

The groom's gift to the bride was a gold watch fob and to the flower girl a signet ring.

The happy couple left amid showers of confetti for Trenton where they took the 5.35 train for Toronto and other western points. The bride's travelling dress was of Copenhagen blue serge with hat to match.

Upon their return from their honeymoon tour a reception will be tendered them at the groom's home, "Plainview Farm," Sidney.

NO ENTHUSIASM ON ACCOUNT OF APPOINTMENTS

Special to the Ontario

Toronto, Dec. 26, 1914—Practically all the comment on the appointment of Hon. T. W. McGarry and Hon. G. Howard Ferguson, to the Ontario Cabinet, includes prominent mention of the fact that these two men have been especially active in the public Accounts Committee. This, of course, is true.

It would have been thought, however, that their connection with this committee would have been an effective bar to their elevation to Cabinet rank instead of a recommendation. Their chief exploits on the committee were the blockings of free investigation in the Proudfood and Snider cases. Of these occasions several of the most influential Conservative newspapers protested vigorously against the methods used by Ferguson and McGarry.

To judge from comments heard pretty generally, these two Cabinet appointments, although expected, are not well received by the general public, Conservative or Liberal, whose confidence in the two men was shaken and seriously shaken by the series of incidents in the last two sessions of the Legislature. It is generally felt that Hon. Mr. Hearst had to put them in the Cabinet as a reward for what they did to extricate the Government from a number of nasty situations. This aspect of the case, however, does not tend to strengthen public approval.

Three events have seriously affected the Ontario Government in the last few months. First, the death of Sir James Whitney, secondly, the serious loss of votes sustained by the Government candidates in the two bye-elections in West Hamilton and the County of Dundas, and now this third one, the appointment of McGarry and Ferguson to the Cabinet is another influence which is likely to involve the Government in continuous and growing difficulties.

MIDNIGHT MASS WAS CELEBRATED

A most impressive service was held at St. Michael's church on Thursday night when Midnight Mass was celebrated, Rev., Dr. Killeen officiating. The solo parts were all particularly well taken and a special orchestra executed some very difficult numbers in fine style. Mr. H. Ingram, the organist gave a very expressive rendition to the difficult music connected with some of the numbers.

The program included Marzo's mass in F. soloists R. Blaind, jr., T. Barrett and E. Brown. Offertory solo "O Holy Night" J. V. Doyle.

Solo, Gounod's "Ave Maria" — R Blaind, jr.

Solo "A deste Fideles," T. Barrett

The orchestra consisted of Mr. E O'Rourke, violin; Mr. R. Blaind, sr., cornet; and Mr. Weese. cello

There was a very large congregation in attendance

"CLUB" NEARS COMPLETION

The directors of the Belleville Club, Limited, are now dealing with the question of furnishing of the club at the corner of Pinnacle and Bridge streets. The plumbing and heating systems have been installed. Since the removal of the pole and wires on the east side of the building, the building has a much better appearance.

The date of the grand opening has not yet been set.