

THE WEEKLY ONTARIO.

DAILY ONTARIO is published every afternoon (Sundays and holidays excepted) at The Ontario Building, Front Street, Belleville, Ontario. Subscription \$3.00 per annum.

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

ADVERTISING RATES on application.
W. H. MORTON, J. O. HERITY,
Business Manager. Editor-in-Chief.

THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1916.

BRITAIN'S STAYING POWER.

At one of the welcoming functions for the Parliamentary delegates from Overseas, who have been visiting the Old Country, Mr. Bonar Law, Secretary of State for the Colonies, gave an illuminating account of what the Old Country had done and was doing to secure a triumphant issue of the war. Mr. Bonar Law pointed out that as so often happened in the history of the British Empire, we began slowly but our staying power showed itself, and steadily, month by month, it is going to increase, until the end which we all have determined to secure, has been reached by the bravery of our troops.

Touching the suggestion that the German Emperor was the great Empire builder, Mr. Bonar Law remarked that it was not his own Empire which he was building. What the Germans stood for was the very antithesis of everything on which the British Empire existed. Force, and force alone, was the God which the Germans worshipped. They not only did not understand but they despised moral forces; yet, they were finding out, said Bonar Law, that in the long run, moral forces counted, too, and nowhere was there a better example of the strength of such forces than in the union of the British Empire today. Perhaps the best example of this moral force, was to be seen in the Union of South Africa, where Boer and Briton are so loyally and so ably upholding the Empire's cause.

Mr. Bonar Law said that he had spoken very often in praise of what the Overseas Dominions had done, and, not inappropriately, he took occasion to put the other side of the picture and show what the Old Country had done. We quote his interesting remarks on this point:

"I do not think the Mother Country has done badly at all. I am not going to say anything about the Government. It is a peculiar kind of Government. (Laughter.) I said, at the beginning, what I felt as to the future which might be in store for a government of this kind. I said 'It is a Government which shall have no friends.' The kind of friends a government needs, above all, is those who will back the government when they are wrong. We have no friends of that kind, and I don't think we have many who will back us when we are right. (Laughter.) But contrast what has been done by this country and what we expected when the war broke out. We relied upon our Navy—our Allies expected that from us, and we have have not disappointed either ourselves or our Allies. (Cheers.) The sure shield of our navy has not failed us, and more than anything else it has kept the Allied cause alive and has enabled us to accumulate resources which eventually will bring us victory. (Cheers.) The Allies trusted also, and we trusted, in our financial power. That has not failed us.

Our financial strength will not last for ever, but of this I am sure; it will last longer than the resources of our enemies, and will enable us to hold them to the end until we have won the victory. (Cheers.) There is no sign of that decay which has marked the end of great nations in the past, no sign of our being so steeped in luxury that we are not ready to defend our possessions with our own blood; and before there was any compulsion we had raised by voluntary means alone between three and four millions of men, I venture to say that never in the history of the world has there been an achievement like that in any country except in the United Kingdom. (Cheers.) If you can picture to yourselves, as I do, how strong was the feeling amongst the largest section of our people against compulsion, I think not the least striking of the achievements of our people is the way in which, having found it necessary, they accepted compulsion and threw their whole weight into this terrible war."

"It has not been," said Mr. Bonar Law in conclusion, "our financial resources, it has not been our Navy, it has not been the bravery of our soldiers which have carried us through our struggle a hundred years ago almost as dreadful as this; it was the staying power of our race. We have got it still, and it will see us through to the end."

Great Britain entered upon the Great War largely unprepared as compared with Germany.

True, her Navy which has been the salvation of the Allies, was at the highest point of efficiency, and she had for the first time the organization of an Expeditionary force; yet she was not prepared for the prosecution of war on the tremendous scale which it has assumed. There were some people who doubted the ability of the Mother Country to weather the storm and carry it through. Frankly, it must be said that most of the criticism has come from the Old Country itself; that is the British way. But, as Mr. Bonar Law has said, events have amply proven that the old British spirit exists, and Britain has shown to the world that that spirit is unconquered and unconquerable. From this time on the strength of her "staying power" will be revealed more and more until victory is achieved and justice is done.

"LORDS OF THE AIR."

This was how a French officer, just back from the Somme, described the British flying champions, in the course of a heartening interview. In admiring words he related how the British have wrested the mastery of the air from the Bosche fliers:

"Your brave aviators," he said, "have come into their own at last, and France today salutes them as the lords of the air. Never since the war began has there been so much aerial activity as within the last three or four weeks, especially in the hours preceding the start of the glorious Anglo-French offensive.

"Even the Bosche fliers, who have been captured by us have had the chivalry to admit that the British airmen have accomplished some noteworthy performances. Not only have your intrepid aviators flown far over the German defences and defied the anti-aircraft guns, but single-handed they have fought and beaten off as many as three and four Fokkers at a time.

"The Bosche fliers, who, a very few months ago, looked with contempt upon your airmen, today respect and admire them as the result of bitter experience.

"That great young British aviator who sent Captain Immelman to his death, has become a terror to the Bosche. You ought to have him on all your picture-postcards. Like all your men he is a real hero, and France is proud and gratified for their invaluable co-operation. 'Oui, ils sont magnifiques.'"

LOCATING A LOST CONTINENT.

This planet is no place for a continent to try to hide.

The ancients lost one, at least they said they did, and all down the centuries, somebody has been everlastingly trying to find out whether they told the truth or not.

Now modern scientists say that they were probably perfectly honest about it.

Their poets called the lost wonderland "Atlantis," and they placed it outside of the Pillars of Hercules which we call the Straits of Gibraltar. They wrote marvelously of its magnificent cities and of its size—it was larger than Asia and Africa—and of its collapse, in a day and a night, by earthquake and inundation.

Recently a French scientist, Pierre Termier, asserted that what we have always called a myth is probably genuine ancient history.

It seems that a map of the floor of the Atlantic Ocean would correspond most surprisingly with ancient descriptions of the geography of the lost Atlantis.

Geology, it appears, proves the volcanic nature of the Atlantic islands and indicates that they are the tips of old mountain tops. Zoology and botany contribute their share of evidence to prove the fable true.

We learn that it remains for "ethnography, anthropology, and oceanography to solve the problem as to whether man lived" on the ancient continent at the time it was submerged.

We'll willingly accept what the "ologists say.

What worries us is this statement: "The entire eastern zone of the Atlantic bottom forms an unstable zone on the planet, and in such zone, great cataclysms have occurred and may occur again at any moment."

But there isn't room for all the continents to lose themselves at the bottom of the sea. Maybe we'll stay on top.

The Dominion Government ought to make it impossible for Germany to get a pound of Canadian nickel, even if it necessary to forbid exportation altogether.

The report that Hon. "Bob" Rogers is seeking a soft place to land is not improbable. There is about to open in Winnipeg an investigation in which he is deeply interested and the outcome of which may greatly concern his future. The building of the Agricultural College, which was carried on while he was Minister of Public Works, in Manitoba, is to be probed. The valuation of these buildings made by outside and ex-

pert valuers shows a trifling discrepancy between book values and real values, of about one million dollars. The object of the inquiry, instituted by the Norris Government, is to show, is that be possible after this lapse of time, what happened to the million.

The River Somme, along the banks of which much history is at present being made, is the classical Samara that played an important part in the earliest annals of old Gaul. It gave the ancient name of Samarobriva to modern Amiens, where Caesar held a meeting of the Gaulish tribes in the autumn of B.C. 54, and which he made his headquarters during the following winter. It was from the estuary of the Somme, according to a plausible theory, that Caesar started on his second invasion of Britain.

There are 21,000,000 able-bodied men in the United States between the ages of 18 and 45 years, runs a special report made by the census bureau. This number represents what is called the total available unorganized strength of that country.

Military experts reckon 50 to 75 per cent of a nation's availables as its effectives. This would give the United States a total war strength of between 10,500,000 and 15,600,000 men in a great extremity.

The greatest danger encountered by men in submarines is from the petrol gas escaping from the fuel tanks. It vaporizes continually and collects in large volumes in the hermetically sealed submarines. The danger from it is two-fold. It is highly inflammable and will poison and suffocate. Human beings frequently do not detect its presence until it has accumulated in dangerous quantities. White mice detect it instantly and will scream lustily if released into a vessel where the smallest quantity of the deadly gas is present. These small animals are now being utilized upon most of the American submarines to warn the men of the presence of danger.

The loss of the national leaders—General Gallieni and Lord Kitchener—is commemorated in articles in the Contemporary Review. Colonel Maude, who writes of the late Secretary of State for War, holds that Lord Kitchener was fortunate in the hour of his death. "In all essentials his work was done, and had he been spared to us it is humanly certain that he would have to undergo the bitterest trial of all great men's lives, the hour of betrayal and denial by a section of his countrymen." The success of Lord Kitchener he holds to have lain not in the fact that he was a leader of opinion, but in his capacity to give form to the ideas common in the mind of a nation. Mr. Charles Dawbarn comes nearer to rhapsody in his account of the former War Minister of the French, and the man was prepared to defend Paris at all costs. "His love for France knew no bounds; he served her with the passionate devotion of a lover to his mistress. Scholar as well as soldier, linguist as well as writer of picturesque and forceful prose, he was a philosopher and a sceptic who kept bright and undiminished his faith in humanity."

Grim necessity and Mrs. Cretia McIntyre, sixty-two, of Barberton, O., have battered the high cost of living down to ten cents a day. The dime covers food, clothing, fuel and other necessities of life. Since November 14th, 1915, Mrs. McIntyre's income has averaged ten cents a day. Though hindered by rheumatism, she makes her own way, sewing, washing and peddling household articles. Despite her financial handicaps, Mrs. McIntyre is cheerful.

She said recently: "I will make more this summer, when my rheumatism is better and I can work faster. I guess I can stand it a little longer. I'm not going to live to be as old as Methuselah." She has struggled with adversity for twenty-eight years. Her diet consists chiefly of rolled oats, corn meal and skimmed milk. She buys six pounds of rolled oats for a quarter, corn meal at two cents a pound, skimmed milk at five cents a gallon. Mrs. McIntyre makes herself oatmeal pancakes in the morning. What is left she fries in the evening and makes some corn mush which she eats with a little skimmed milk. Occasionally she has an egg. In the last six months this economist has spent \$1.00 for coal and \$1.50 for kindling wood.

The superintendent of schools in Boise, Idaho, recently asked seven leading grocers of that city what subjects, in their opinion, a boy should study in order to fit him for the business of conducting a grocery. The answers indicate a curriculum of surprising scope and diversity. Thirty-six subjects are indicated by these seven successful merchants as affording desirable preparation for embryo grocers, and these subjects range from ancient history and botany to farm machinery and household chemistry. Three men out of the seven include music and one desires a year's study of French. Only four of the thirty-six subjects are suggested by all seven of the men—English, penmanship, commercial arithmetic and commercial law. Such a choice

shows that, widely as the seven differ, they stand upon a common platform as regards the fundamentals of a practical education.

THE SONG OF THE NIGHT.

Editor's Note: Every one of our readers will be amply repaid by reading and re-reading the following beautiful lyric contributed to The Ontario by Miss Lillian Leveridge, Carrying Place, Ont. Miss Leveridge in this, as in her preceding work, displays a mastery of artistic workmanship quite beyond the ordinary output of the amateur verse-maker, and a true touch of genius that places her unmistakably in the very front rank of Canadian poets.

"The Song in the Night," as it is read, should be held before the mind as a picture and then the succeeding beauties of the poem will be appreciated. In the chaste simplicity of her diction and style, the vividness of her imagery, the evident sincerity and directness, Miss Leveridge, in this poem, reminds one very strongly of Keats, when Keats was at his best.

It is midnight here in my chamber,
And my study lamp burns low,
Mid the hush of the sleeping household
My wearied pulse beats slow.
'Tis long since the morning-glories
Were ringing their fairy bells:
The hour groweth late for toiling,
The ticking time-piece tells.

It is midnight out in the garden,
In the sweet world washed with dew,
Where, drenched in a flood of moonlight,
Stand the pansies, gold and blue;
Where the roses, crimson and yellow,
Their baby buds unfold,
While a breath of the wind-stirred clover
Blows up from the waving wood.

It is midnight out in the orchard
Where the brooding oriole swings.
Does she dream of roses and clover?—
Perchance of lovelier things.
Tonight is the whole world resting,
Enfolded in dew-sealed sleep,
While I, with the wakeful poets,
A thoughtful vigil keep.

It is midnight down by the water,
And the waves sing a sleepy song,
Lap-lapping above the pebbles
That glisten the shores along.
The sails are asleep, and the breezes,
And the hissing leaves on the tree;
But the stars keep watch, and the poets
To bear me company.

It is midnight—O hush! O listen!
A ripple of silver song
Floats in through the open window.
How sweet is the strain, and strong!
O bird of the midnight music,
Were you waked from your dream of bliss
By the spirit-note of a poet,
Or a white star's amorous kiss?

Did you learn in your moon-wrapt visions
A secret you would impart
To me who claim as my brother
The bird of the song-filled heart?
It is midnight, and I was weary:
I had thought that I watched alone;
But the bird and the stars and the poets
Have claimed me for their own.

REMEMBERED BEST OF ALL.

When I'm looking back across the time-worn
pages
Of the book of years, one face I always see,
Just one gentle face that alters not nor ages,
But seems now and evermore the same to me,
I can feel a loving hand in mine entwining
When my faltering childish steps were fain
to fall,
With its watchful eyes like stars upon me shining—
"Tis the face that I remember best of all!

When I look around, and memory is bringing
Back again the echoed songs of long ago,
Songs that ever down the halls of time are ringing,
Songs that set my listening, youthful heart
aglow—
All the visions bright of years gone by they bring
me,
And they seem to hold my spirit in their
thrall;
But the simple air a dear voice used to sing me
Is the song that I remember best of all!

When I dream of all the gladness that has blessed
me
And the sunshine that has made life's path-
way bright,
When I long from all the toil of earth to rest me
Till the dawning of the day that knows no night,
I remember all the love the years have taught
me,
And the happiness that filled them I recall;
But a mother's love and all the joy it brought
me
Is the love that I remember best of all.
—Clifton Bingham.

"ANGEL OF DESTRUCTION"
MAKES GERMANS WINCE.

Rotterdam, July 23.—Max Osborn, in a despatch to The Vossische Zeitung of Berlin from Western Headquarters, says:

"We are shaken by burning pain as new streams of German blood are flowing, and we recognize our powerlessness over what cannot be changed.

"After two years of war the Angel of Destruction is passing through the ranks of the German arms with a fury and mercilessness as if the death dance of battles had only just begun.

"Whilst our enemies suffer fearful losses we do not blind our eyes to the new mourning come to us nor over the seriousness of the fate of this decisive battle raging on all fronts. We should be unworthy the stupendous task we have to fulfil and the almost incomprehensible sacrifices our heroes make if we were not able to understand the whole fury and burden of these weeks.

"We feel the raging storm of the united power of the enemy. It is now a question of everything for the life or death of our nation. We stand differently now from what we did in August 1914. Unexampled deeds of fate lie between. But still the concluding point has to be reached and everything is in the balance of death or life."

Describing Thursday's fighting, the correspondent of The Berliner Tageblatt writes as follows from Western Headquarters:

"The enemy seems unable to believe he is faced by an opponent with contempt for death. He appears not to understand that the German infantry is not yet overcome by the terror of these battles.

"Southwest of Belloy the French pressure also is very great; in fact, the whole day was a bloody one of such a character as only occurs once or twice in history. It has given us absolute conviction that the allies will not be able to break through the German wall."

PRESENTATION AND ADDRESS.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Woodcock, Avondale, on Tuesday evening, July 18, were gathered together a large number of friends and neighbors to bid farewell to another one of our brave boys (namely Willie Woodcock) who has donned the khaki and is going forth to do his bit for his country. The large number that were present showed that they appreciated the stand Willie had taken and feeling in a sense of word he was endangering his life for his friends.

The early part of the evening was spent in a very sociable manner. After which Mr. G. W. Bates, acting as chairman gave a word of encouragement to our young soldier boy, and reminding the crowd that he was the third one of our boys to answer the call of duty. Mr. Blanchard and Mr. Feeney were then called forward. Mr. Blanchard read the following address. Mr. Feeney made the presentation.

To William Woodcock,—
Dear Will,—As you are one of our brave boys of neighborhood to offer your services for King and Country in this the greatest war in the history of the world, we as friends and neighbors assembled at your home tonight, to spend an hour in social chat, and to extend to you our best wishes before you leave for overseas. We feel proud of the glorious achievements of our Canadian boys who have already been at the firing line and fought so nobly for our homes. As was said of the noble six hundred at the charge of the Light Brigade so may it be said of our Canadian boys "When shall their glory fade." We feel equally assured that the boys of the 155th of which you are one will eat the part well and quit themselves like men. And as you leave your native shores and wend your way to distant lands to wield the sword in the battle we pray that the God of battles may go with you. We will not forget you in your hours of loneliness but we will ever pray that God may protect you and shield you from harm. We now ask you to accept this wrist watch as a slight token of our good wishes for you.

Signed—
G. W. Bates
W. L. Vandervoort
Peter Feeney
Frank Reid
William Vassaw
Everett Bell

Dated the 18th day of July, 1916.
Mr. Woodcock made a suitable reply, after which refreshments were served. During the evening patriotic songs were sung. We were then favored with some selections on the gramophone. As it was nearing midnight, all returned to their homes feeling that the evening had been well spent and a prayer in their hearts for the war to soon cease.

Mr. Sam Woods, of the Toronto Globe editorial staff, a writer of articles on nature, and a former Belleville boy, was in the city Saturday and Sunday. He was accompanied by Mrs. Woods.

The Kind
in use
All Com
Experi
Infants

Castor
sore, I
contain
substan
and all
has bee
Flatul
Diarrh
assimil
The Chi

GENUINE

In
The

UN
BA
OF

practice
in the U
buy at C
balance,
independ

Belleville Branch
Picton Branch



BEL

J

Phaetons
Auto Seat Top B
Platform Spring
Platform Spring
Canopy Top B
Steel Tubular an
Cheese Factory
Royal Mail Wagon
Grocer Wagons
Coal Wagons
Bolster Springs

The Finn

Do

Than \$

For That PRICE

HANLE
320 FRONT ST