

THE WEEKLY ONTARIO.

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

Subscription Rates THE WEEKLY ONTARIO and Bay of Quinte Chronicle is published every Thursday morning at \$1.50 a year or \$2.00 a year to the United States. (Daily Edition)

One year, delivered in the city \$5.25 One year, by mail to rural offices \$5.50 One year, post office box or sea. del. \$5.99 One year, to U.S.A. \$7.50

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H. Morton, Business Manager. J. O. Healy, Editor-in-Chief.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1919.

"A BIGGER AND BETTER BELLEVILLE."

In the municipal campaign that has just come to a close the alliterative slogan has been much in evidence, "A Bigger and a Better Belleville."

What meaning does this phrase, that rolls so majestically off the tongue, convey to us?

The "bigger" Belleville idea has been pretty thoroughly explained. Its purport is no longer obscure.

It means, in its bold outlines, that Belleville will, at no distant date, become a metropolitan centre, with 400,000 inhabitants. It will occupy all the vacant space between here and Trenton and probably make that busy hive a part of the corporation. Populous suburbs will be plentifully sprinkled along the Prince Edward shore of the Bay of Quinte and other suburbs will be scattered along the Moira, back as far as Plainfield and, to the east, to the confines of the Mohawk reservation.

A "bigger" Belleville is a plain expression, easy to comprehend. But the "better" Belleville?—when it comes to that we confess that we do not know and we have yet to find the man who can explain it or has even tried to elucidate its mystic intent.

A "better" Belleville? Surely there is some mistake about the insinuation that is implied. To most of us Belleville is just right. To talk of making it "better" sounds like an attempt to improve on perfection. It looks about as foolish as to try to convey a more exquisite odor to the apple blossom or a more fascinating tint to the June rose.

A "Better" Belleville? 'Twould be a work of supererogation or words to that effect. Isn't it already a well known fact that Jailer Ketcheson and Turnkey Colling have to cut their own cordwood because of lack of prisoners to do the add jobs and keep the castle comfortable? Were it not for the ignorant malefactors who drift this way from outside places and for the bumptious boys who ride down the hills on busy thoroughfares, our police force would be leading a life of pampered ease.

A "better" Belleville? Have we not abolished the barroom and booze? Have we not suppressed gambling, fighting, profanity, disorderly conduct, family jars, wife-beating, abusive language, watered milk, high-priced coal, low-priced labor, sweat-shops, bucket-shops—in short have we not done away with everything that was wrong or even had the appearance of evil? An unusually able evangelist, who has lately come to town, complains because his words appear to fall upon deaf ears. The "uppercuts" fail to land. The reasons is obvious. The deficiencies and inequities of other communities are absent from Belleville. Therefore the denunciation of such things awakens in us only a mild, neighborly interest. We know of them, not by experience or personal observation but only by hearsay.

A "better" Belleville? Nothing doing! Nothing to be done! But stop!—There is one thing we overlooked. There remains with us one gigantic evil that holds this city, or, rather, the male portion of this city in its pitiless tentacles. It throttles our boys in their tender years and holds them in perpetual thralldom. It masters mature men, breaks down their will and makes of them cowering slaves. It scatters dissension within the family circle, wastes enough money every year to pay all the charges of a national debt, destroys the virtue and the physical health of the human race, produces flabbiness of the tissues, wandering of the mind, loss of mental control, hardening of the arteries and the heart, elasticity of the conscience, dwarfed ambition, laziness, selfishness, polluted breath, stupefaction of the nerves, loss of vertebrae, indefiniteness of the brain, and moral strabismus.

For Alderman Robinson, the most courageous and astute of our municipal gentlemen, to expose this towering evil and its hideous nakedness the full glare of the searchlight of publicity. At

the nomination meeting he moved for its abolition and extermination.

More than one hundred years ago, human slavery was abolished wherever the British flag held dominion. For more than four years we have been engaged in a life-and-death struggle to preserve our dearly bought liberties, which were threatened by the unspeakable Hun.

But the most of us had forgotten that about ninety-seven per cent. of our Canadian manhood was still held, unresisting and powerless, in a vassalage more abject, insidious and humiliating than was ever imposed on the kinsmen of Uncle Tom.

There is no comparison between the two. To be held in subjection by other members of the human race is bad enough and mean and mortifying in all that. But in human slavery our masters at least belong to the same species as ourselves. Human slavery is nobility and exalted virtue and triumphant manhood when compared with that other kind of slavery. There is something to be said in defence of weaker men who are held in bondage by men who are stronger or better armed than themselves. But what can be said in defence of a big, strong man who is held in demeaning, contemptible servitude by a weed, and a miserable, stinking weed at that?

Little wonder is it that Ald. Robinson, looking about him and seeing the vast majority of his fellow citizens enthralled in malodorous bondage, was stirred with profound pity and determined to head a crusade for their rescue.

This is the most momentous issue of the hour, the noblest movement that could enlist the sympathies of mankind.

The poets have already endorsed the proposal and written memorable expressions in condemnation of the invertebrate masculinity that bows in tame submission and is halter-led, so to speak, by a rank, dirty weed.

One of our bards puts it this way.— "Tobacco is an evil weed That from the devil doth proceed, It stains the fingers, taints the clothes, And makes a chimney of the nose."

The poet Cowper also indicts this man-destraining plant in his poem, "Conversation."—"Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys, Unfriendly to society's chief joys, Thy worst effect is banishing for hours The sex whose presence cyllises ours; Thou art indeed the drug a gardener wants To poison vermin that infest his plants."

But the strongest indictment of all is offered by Fairholt in these stirring lines.— "Tobacco, an outlandish weed, Doth in the land strange wonders breed; It taints the breath, the blood it dries, It burns the head, it blinds the eyes; It dries the lungs, scourgeth the lights, It numbs the soul, it dulls the sprites; It brings a man into a maze And makes him sit for others' gaze; It mars a man, it mars a purse, A lean one fat, a fat one worse; A white man black, a black man white, A night a day, a day a night; It turns the brain like cat in pan And make a Jack a gentleman."

An anonymous writer expresses his or her abhorrence in this terrifying invocation.— "May never lady press his lips, his proffered love returning, Who makes a furnace of his mooth and keeps his chimney burning; May each true woman shun his sight, for fear his fumes should choke her, And none but those who smoke themselves have kisses for a smoker."

We may now begin to realize how the two ideas of a "bigger" Belleville and a "better" Belleville are inevitably linked up together.

As soon as Ald. Robinson succeeds in his great, philanthropic undertaking to abolish nicotine slavery from the confines of our beautiful city, then shall we be free indeed. Then will Belleville be "better" because her streets and public places and peaceful firesides will be delivered from the reeking pollution of cigarette paper, stale pipes and shag tobacco, because her sidewalks will be clean from the sickening sight of frequently expectorated tobacco juice.

To such a city people would flock from all over the world. Thousands would come because they would wish to live in a clean, wholesome environment, whose inhabitants were forever liberated from the yoke narcotic. Thousands of others, themselves the slaves of the weed, would come hither that they might begin life anew, free from the irresistible allurements of the Lady Nicotine.

Thus we see how a "bigger" Belleville and a "better" Belleville are practically one and the same thing. By making Belleville "better" then it must follow, as effect follows cause, that Belleville will become "bigger."

There is more in the idea than appears on

the surface. Many years ago Toronto began to advertise herself as, "Toronto, the Good." There wasn't really very much to it, you know, for even then Toronto was about as smug and smooth a proposition as you could come across. Even then her "philanthropists" would poke down their 27-per-cent. dividends into their wallets, while they unctuously exclaimed, "To be with the profits!" But "Toronto the Good," was extraordinarily good advertising and the net result is that Toronto has a population of half a million. Many people take you at your own estimate.

Therefore when Belleville has attained to absolute perfection by the abolition of tobacco we would suggest that our slogan should not be "A Bigger and a Better Belleville," nor would we suggest, "Belleville, the Good." But we advise that we adopt "Belleville, the Better," as the great population-bringer. With such a motto on our crest the 400,000 would be easy.

The movement for a "bigger" Belleville we might call a growing question. The movement to abolish smoking we might call a burning question. They demand our serious attention.

MORE HUN IMPUDENCE

What with merry-making at Berlin, triumphal home-coming for Prussian Guards and the launching of a new army organization by the Hun, sometimes we are inclined to think that President Wilson's "peace without victory" has come to pass.

Now comes the editor of the powerful Berlin Tageblatt with a boastful proclamation in which he impudently threatens the Allies with trouble if they do not fall in with Germany's "demands." He brags "our front was unbroken," and that Germany has not been humbled to the point of powerlessness. Also he "demands" that the peace terms shall be "negotiated, not dictated," and that Alsace-Lorraine's fate shall depend upon a vote of the people.

This is high and mighty talk from a leader of a nation whose armies have just been booted out of invaded territory, whose fleets lie in British harbors, and a large section of whose territory is occupied by Allied armies. Perhaps Foch may yet have to resume that trouncing where he dropped it at the signing of the armistice.

The choicest bit of impudence of the whole brazen statement is the reference to "Allies' brutal might." Nothing could be more decent or humane than the behaviour of Allied soldiers in the Rhineland. German methods would have made of Cologne, Coblenz and other places more or less of a shambles. Possibly the Tageblatt, peeved at the humiliator, and humiliated, is merely working off its distress after the

work and rate of wages, but customs, conventions, prepossessions, prejudices and habits evade alteration and, though commonly treated as trifling matters, are very strong and tend towards division and loss, except where they are swept away by gusts of intense national feeling. As an instance of habits which seem trifling but in reality divide us seriously, is the pernicious evil of snobbishness. Has it been weakened by the war? asks an English writer. Perhaps it will be well to settle first of all what snobbishness is. The snob has been defined as "one who places a false and vulgar estimate on material possessions and fashionable standing, especially such a one as modifies his mental or outward attitude towards persons or matters because of wealth, station, or the lack of them." That definition is satisfactorily exact as far as it goes, but it falls in comprehensive. Snobbishness cannot be readily defined, and is not absent from the moral sphere. People, for instance, who regard themselves as clever are often as unmistakably snobbish as the simpler folk who flaunt their superiority or their social position before the eyes of the masses.

Wherever men and women exalt themselves because of a fancied superiority, or are quick to impute to others a fancied inferiority, and so are led to put on airs, they are out of tune with the frank and open feeling which unites us socially as one, a feeling that has been promoted widely by the war through loyalty to the same ideals, the bearing of common sacrifices and the endurance of equal dangers. We do well to set our faces against this arrogance of snobbishness wherever it is found, for it is a disintegrator of society and a hindrance to the broad understanding, modest spirit on which alone a genuine unity of purpose can be built.

If we would exercise from the community the unusual whim of snobbishness we must have our eyes opened to its many manifestations and its ill-effects, and we must cease to smile at it tolerantly as a British absurdity. Above all we must be sure that we are not its victims in subtle ways which hitherto we have overlooked.

Anyone who has had a fairly close acquaintance with a wide range of social conditions will have observed the antics of various kinds of snobbish people, bustling along the road towards social, public or professional preferment. They magnify themselves on every opportunity. Then they try to business the vulgarity of "playing up" to those whom they regard as their superiors. They will

popular Prussian method of bluster. On the other hand it is worth noting that this belligerent attitude fits in with the establishment by Hindenburg of another of his "lines" fronting the most advanced positions of the Allies.

These things might cause the Allied world some disquietude were it not aware that the capable Foch is on the job. Anything they can "put over" on the little generalissimo they are entitled to. If the Tageblatt and the other junker influences really believe that the peace conference is to be one of negotiation rather than dictation they are due for a rude awakening. The Allies do not consider that Germany has a case, therefore there can be no negotiations, no compromise, no give-and-take. When the Allies have decided upon the method and the measure of the punishment Germany will be called in for sentence. German "demands" as to Alsace-Lorraine or any other subject which the conference shall pass will be disregarded. Any other course is unthinkable.

AT THE PEACE TABLE

Who shall sit at the peace table, then, when the terms of peace are made— The wisest men of the troubled lands in their silver and gold brocades?

Yes, they shall gather in solemn state to speak for each living race, But who shall speak for the unseen dead that shall come to the council place?

Though you see them not and you hear them not, they shall sit at the table, too; They shall throng the room where the peace is made and know what it is you do; The innocent dead from the sea shall rise to stand at the wise man's side, And over his shoulder a boy shall look—a boy that they crucified.

You may guard the doors of that council hall with barriers strong and stout, But the dead unbidden shall enter there, and never you'll shut them out; And the man that died in the open boat, and the babes that suffered worse, Shall sit at the table when peace is made by the side of a martyred nurse.

You may see them not, but they'll all be there; when they speak you may fail to hear; You may think that you're making your pacts alone, but their spirits will hover near; And whatever the terms of the peace you make with the tyrant whose hands are red, You must please not only the living here, but must satisfy your dead.

—Edgar A. Guest.

Other Editor's Opinions

CANNED GOODS According to a writer in The Montreal Star the price of canned goods ought to show a decrease within the next six months. He says that tomatoes are the first to drop in price. The writer says that the result was made. Tomatoes were to be cheaper. Forecast boded forth into reality and reality developed into history so that today tomatoes are selling at 20 cents a tin at most groceries, and some dealers are offering them at two for 35 cents, and some cheaper still. Today the grocer buys his canned tomatoes at 15 cents wholesale and not so long ago he was obliged to pay from 20 to 22 cents.

Canadian canned goods on the whole now enjoys the distinction of being much cheaper than the same quality as prepared by the United States canners. A prominent wholesale grocer in Montreal told The Star that Canadian canned goods are anywhere from 20 to 40 per cent. cheaper than the United States' packs, with the result that Canadian can operators are steadily carving their way to the habit of consuming the Canadian product, and thereby developing an ever-widening home market. Canadian canners, in spite of this fact, are striving for "more worlds to conquer" and with the home trade now accommodated, unlimited possibilities lend themselves to this effort.

THE TAIN OF SNOBBISHNESS Will the war leave the attitude of men and women of various social grades the same towards men and women of other social grades? Or will it bring to all a new sense of equality and understanding? Many will say that already it has brought all of us closer together, and doubtless they are in some measure right. Others will say, also with a share of truth, that some of us remain impatient in every feeling of helpful change. The fact is that the estrangements of mankind often depend on impassible sentiments that are not clearly recognized and cannot be controlled, but are only left, as we can regulate tangible things, such as food and clothes, the hour and

truckle to any who are what they wish to be, and they will recover the self-respect they may have lost through subservience by "taking it out of" others whom they rate as inferior. Such a mental attitude involving a constant measuring of ourselves with those above, below and around, cannot be sustained through snobbishness. Though the process may go on unconsciously, the snobbish is there—incipient, inevitable. —Saturday Night.

Bury Berlin Dead Independent Socialists Hold Demonstration on Occasion of Funerals Copenhagen, Dec. 3.—No disturbances had occurred in Berlin up to late Saturday afternoon. Rath began to fall at that time and the crowds in the streets dissolved. Huge processions and demonstrations were held on Sunday by all parties. The Independent Socialists, members of the Spartacus faction, and others held a big demonstration in connection with the burial of the victims of Tuesday's fighting. It is reported from Berlin that several hundred thousand persons participated in a demonstration under the auspices of the Majority Socialists. Leaders of the Majority Socialists made speeches in the streets and in the Tiergarten.

His Method of Rest When the U. S. soldiers first went to the front in France their wounded were sent to French hospitals. The men were desperately lonely, and after a time, U. S. nurses, visitors and aids were assigned to French hospitals which contained U. S. men. One day in a certain hospital one of these aids, a bright, pretty girl, was working in a ward. And as she moved here and there, busy at her tasks, she sang softly under her breath the following cheerful ditty: "Where do we go from here, boys? Oh, where do we go from here? 'I don't want you to go anywhere from here,' came an abrupt voice from a bed behind her. Turning she beheld a wounded soldier, a pale newcomer, regarding her from inflamed, bloodshot eyes. "Well," she replied, laughing, "I don't intend to go anywhere this minute. What's the matter with your eyes? Gassed?" "Nothing," he replied laconically. "I've not slept for seventy-two hours. I've been lying here watching you for an hour, and trying to make up my mind which I wanted to do most—go to sleep, or go on looking at you, and I decided I'd rather go on looking at you. I don't know," he added wistfully, "whether you consider that much of a compliment or

WEEPING ECZEMA SOON RELIEVED

A Perfect Treatment For This Distressing Complaint

Wasson, Ont. "I had an attack of Weeping Eczema; so bad that my clothes would be wet through at times. For four months, I suffered terribly. I could get no relief until I tried 'Fruit-a-Lives' and 'Sootha Salva'. The first treatment gave me relief. Altogether, I have used three boxes of 'Sootha Salva' and two of 'Fruit-a-Lives', and am entirely well." G. W. HALL. Both these sterling remedies are sold by dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-Lives Limited, Ottawa. "Fruit-a-Lives" is also put up in a trial size which sells for 25c.

Gen. Perreau to Retire in June

R. M. C. Commandant Going Back to England — Most Popular and Well-Liked Officer. Kingston, Jan. 3 — Brig. Gen. C. N. Perreau, Commandant of the Royal Military College, will return from his present duties at the end of the current session next June, and will then leave for England to rejoin his regiment, the Royal Dublin Fusiliers. Gen. Perreau has been Commandant of the R.M.C. for the past two years, and has been one of the most popular commandants the college ever had.

Gen. Perreau was born in England in 1874. His first appointment in the militia was in 1895, when he was gazetted a lieutenant in the Royal Dublin Fusiliers. Five years later he was promoted to the rank of captain, and went to South Africa with the Fusiliers. He was in the operations at Natal, being wounded at Talana. He received the Queen's medal for good work here and remained after the South African war, with his regiment, till October, 1911, when he was appointed adjutant of the R.M.C. In 1914 he was promoted to the rank of major, and two years later was appointed commandant of the College, which rank he held until October, 1917, when he was promoted to the rank of colonel. A few weeks ago he was gazetted Brigadier-General, an appointment which was very popular with all ranks.

Gen. Perreau is a past president of the Canadian Club, and a most popular and well liked officer. His departure from the city will be a source of regret to his many friends, both in civil and military circles.

KEEP LITTLE ONES WELL IN WINTER

Winter is a dangerous season for the little ones. The days are so changeable—one bright, the next cold and stormy, that the mother is afraid to take the children out for the fresh air and exercise they need so much. In consequence they often cooped up in overheated, badly ventilated rooms and are soon seized with colds or gripe. What is needed to keep the little ones well is Baby's Own Tablets. They will regulate the stomach and bowels and drive out colds and by their use the baby will be able to get over the winter season in perfect safety. The Tablets are sold by medicine men or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Royal Splendor Pazed President Wilson

LONDON, Jan. 2.—President Wilson was the guest of honor Friday night at a banquet staged in the midst of a veritable fairland of brilliance; satisfying in every particular childhood's dreams of royal splendor. Sitting between King George and Queen Mary, the President ate with what was perhaps the identical knife and fork used by George III, who was King when the United States was born. The table was set with the famous gold ware collection, worth \$15,000,000, which was started in the reign of George III. When the President and the Queen, followed by the King and Mrs. Wilson and other guests, entered the room, they were greeted by servants in gold liveries, walking backward and waving white wands tipped with gold. As the President stepped into the banquet room, his expression showed that he felt the scene seemed too unreal to be really true and that it was hard for him to believe it was not some Barriadeau fairy phantasm.

Upon the table more than a hundred candles flickered, bejeweling the gold plates, vases and other tableware. Another hundred candles studded the wall. Overhead were six big crown-shaped glass chandeliers. The walls were hung with tapestries and gold ware. Polished tables, sprouting from vases, harmonized with the red carpet. Guardsmen of the Tower of London enlivened the room.

The King read his address to the President from the throne. The President spoke extemporaneously.

ESTABLISHED Rem

Second Session forcing Decrees Finally Turns Its A-bly — Serb People of I Shortage. DIVERGENCE PARIS, Jan preliminary to t ment to create r forces having sa effective decisio presents the coi backed by its co sents view that mon world polic When Supre sessions at 10.3 mier Clemencea President Wilson States; Premier Britain; Foreign China and Baro

BOLSHEVIS

BERLIN, Ja finally ended. I youths, still fire the nights atten of Dr. Karl Lieb insignificant ho Liebknecht's sis rebels are locke law was not p flected on each roughly, but it dead and eight of these are Bols

COL. I PARIS, Jan

BELLEVE CLUB MIL

Judge Deroche, Mr. John M organizer in the dian Million Dol this month and Quebec, his head Trickey, field re outlining plans f Going to Va night, the Adjuta R. Clawson, who cal clergy were Adj. Trickey, w in Quebec provin a strong commit Judge Deroche l Mr. D. V. Sinclazens as captains for a headquarters a busy place for arranged for the week. Adj. Tric and Sergt. Cawst there is a possib ville as well. The Club" will put o everyone will hav done for the tro is the originator African War. 2 ing at the front Nearly 50 motor wounded men at the Germans in funds for the re 1918.