

# The Weekly Ontario

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1915.

## THOMAS F. LYNCH.

The untimely demise of Thomas F. Lynch has removed from the scene of his earthly activities one of the biggest hearted men that this city or this country has produced. He had brilliant intellectual gifts, but his friends were not so much impressed by these as by the soul of good-fellowship, the irrepressible geniality, that shone out in every kindly thought and action.

Belleville has sent forth many loyal sons to enrich the commercial and professional life of the neighboring republic, but there has been none, we fancy, who was so devoted to the old home and the old associations as this versatile young student, business-man, lecturer and author, whose patriotism found its expression in one of the most unique publications that has ever come from the press—The Chicago-Belleville News.

Readers of The Ontario have from time to time been favored with clippings which showed the quality of this remarkable periodical. Pungent wit, sparkling humor, unrestrained originality were there in every paragraph, but rarely were satire or sarcasm in evidence. The boundless good nature of the man was reflected from the pages of the paper, and the paper was in itself a labor of love, for no one except himself knew at how much of a loss this characteristic little monthly was published.

Had Thomas F. Lynch sought his life-work in the field of journalism, he would probably have attained to eminence, for the periodical of which he was the founder showed in the productions that were his, a wealth of expression and a breadth of mind which would have placed the talented author in a foremost position on any metropolitan newspaper. We have no doubt that he planned much ambitious literary work for the future. But now, for reasons that we cannot fathom, his pen has fallen from his grasp and many, many pages have been left unwritten.

The friends who knew Thomas Lynch the man, and the friends who knew only Thomas Lynch the author, will alike deeply deplore the premature passing of one who was gifted beyond his fellows in the capacity for great thoughts and abiding friendships.

## A VISIT TO BARRIEFIELD CAMP.

It was our pleasure last Sunday, in company with Mr. F. E. O'Flynn of this city, to pay a visit to the military camp at Barriefield. We attended religious service on the grounds at nine o'clock in the morning, were shown about the camp by courtesy of Colonel Barragar and later accepted a kind invitation to join the headquarters' staff at midday dinner.

Did you ever take part in a religious service in a military camp? If not, you have missed one of the most deeply impressive experiences it is possible to pass through.

On Sunday morning nearly three thousand men in uniform were drawn up on three sides of a square on Barriefield heights. They were composed of the Fifty-Ninth and the Eightieth battalions, the 32nd, 33rd and 34th Field batteries, the Mounted Rifles, the Army Service Corps, the Divisional School of Infantry and the various staffs of engineers. A pulpit was improvised from three drums, upon which a flag was draped.

On the fourth side of the square was the excellent band belonging to the 59th regiment, a

group of officers, and two or three benches to accommodate a small party of ladies and gentlemen who came to witness the service.

The officiating clergymen were the staff chaplain, Very Rev. Major G. L. Starr, Dean of Ontario, Rev. Capt. W. F. Fitzgerald, Bishop of Kingston, Rev. Capt. G. I. Campbell, pastor of Brock Street Methodist Church, and Capt. Milton of the Salvation Army. All wore the khaki uniform and all took part in the service.

The service was exceedingly simple and was over in half an hour.

The 91st Psalm was read responsively, the men being supplied with printed copies of this psalm, the creed and the hymns. There was a peculiar appropriateness in such words as these, "Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

"I will say unto the Lord: Thou art my horn and my stronghold, my God, in Him will I trust. For He shall deliver thee from the snare of the hunter, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall defend thee under his wings. His faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield and buckler."

"Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day."

Then came the singing of Isaac Watts' majestic hymn,—

"O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home."

First the band played the prelude and then three thousand deep-toned voices caught up the air and slowly, reverently they sang the hymn that seems more than any other appropriate to this time of universal sorrow and distress. We have heard many choirs before, but none that ever impressed us so deeply as that unpretentious military choir of voices trained and untrained mingling together in their earnest rendition of an old-fashioned hymn.

Dean Starr addressed the men very briefly taking for his subject the national emblem of Canada, the maple leaf. The maple leaf, said Dean Starr, is first green, then it assumes the color of bronze, which later becomes crimson and finally gold. First, the greenness represented the growing period, typical of our young manhood and nationhood. It meant virility. The bronze signified endurance, the crimson, sacrifice, and the gold the emblem of final victory. They should strive for victory not only over their enemies, but over their own passions and impulses. Then victory would be doubly theirs.

Few preachers have ever addressed a larger or more attentive audience than that before Dean Starr on the occasion of our visit.

At camp, attendance at religious service is compulsory. There is no "sleeping in" on Sunday morning.

The service being concluded, the majority of the men went back to their tents and were at liberty for the rest of the day. The 80th battalion had arranged for a route march to Kingston Mills, for which place they set out at ten o'clock, carrying rifles and haversacks, and took along their new field kitchens.

They made the march of six miles and had dinner prepared by their own field kitchens, after which they returned, making the return at four o'clock.

The headquarters staff were very comfortable in their capacious tent with a piano and a Victrola for company. Dinner was served in the tent adjoining and was an evidence of the skill of the artists in the culinary department. We have never enjoyed more daintily prepared roast meats, bread and pastry at any high-class hotel than were prepared and served at Barriefield camp.

As one strolled about the grounds, perhaps the most conspicuous feature we noticed was the scrupulous cleanliness and order everywhere maintained. No lawn in Belleville is kept more carefully than this military camp and its wide expanse of tents, passage ways and open spaces.

The men keep themselves quite as carefully as they do the grounds. All were cleanly shaven, their shoes freshly polished, their uniforms free from dust. They were as fine and fit-appearing body of men as we have ever seen, and had, all of them the ruddy glow of health and vigor. They are well equipped for the strenuous duty they are soon to face.

We heard no profanity, no boisterous language, or other evidence of loose discipline, in our ramble among the tents. In one of these we discovered Mr. J. H. Burnham, member of the commons for West Peterborough, who has answered the call of duty, though well past the age when military service is expected.

Upon the whole we were most favorably impressed with the conditions at Barriefield camp.

## THOSE AUTO HORNS.

Saturday Night in its last issue complains that the auto horns are a nuisance which ought, at least to be abated. The strictures might be applicable at the intersections of city streets where a police officer regulates the traffic, but in the country or even towns and villages condi-

tions are different. Saturday Night is right when it says too much horn-blowing is not only an annoyance, but it defeats its own object, as the people become so accustomed to the racket that they pay no attention to it.

But what is the poor auto-driver to do in all this diversity of advice. Some municipalities pass by-laws insisting that horns be tooted at every street intersection, which means a never-ceasing din, without much good being accomplished. Where two principal thoroughfares join, the only method of "Safety First" is for cars to slow down so they can be stopped within a few feet. Some drivers go around these corners like a chased cat, and numerous accidents are averted merely because careful drivers and pedestrians succeed in dodging them.

But now about that horn-blowing—Saturday Night complains that drivers indulge in this pastime oftener than is necessary, and sometimes where there is neither pedestrian or car to require it. The writer forgets that the careful driver is the best judge of the necessity. Not unfrequently pedestrians even on the sidewalks will exhibit symptoms of stepping off to the street, altogether oblivious of the approach of the auto, and for the safety of both, the driver ought to warn this individual that a car is approaching. One pedestrian in three crosses the street where there is no regular crossing, and too many of these do so without looking. They seldom go across at right angles, but always stroll from one side to the other diagonally so that their backs are turned to all vehicular traffic coming from one direction, and thereby run great risks of causing an accident for which no person would be responsible but themselves.

People on foot have the right of way at crossings, and it is the business of cars and carriages to respect that right, but where they step out on the street between crossings sometimes right in front of a moving car, they are taking big chances, and ignoring entirely the "safety first" axiom.

More dangerous even than this is the habit some boys have of running back and forth across the street when a car is in sight. No matter how careful the driver, the car might swerve or the wheels skid, just enough to claim a victim of foolhardiness.

Comparatively few accidents occur in the ways mentioned, and if ordinary care were exercised by all concerned, the numbers could still be reduced.

## DADDY AT THE FRONT.

The delegates to the Canadian Patriotic Fund, in conference in Toronto, report that buttons have been prepared of a suitable and suggestive character. They are worn by the women and children. Those of the mothers bear the words "My Husband Is At The Front." Those of the children have on them "My Daddy Is At The Front." The inference is that every wife and child, not yet decorated, or not entitled to wear the buttons, will be nerved to make the sacrifice which will bring them into the honored class.

The wife may be induced to say "Husband, why don't you enlist?" And the child, "Daddy, why don't you go to the war?" The Canadian Patriotic Fund should not be any more anxious than the Government to get the married men into the service. The supply of eligible young unmarried men should first be exhausted, and the draft in England will probably produce the results which have not been reached hitherto.

The man of domestic ties should not be too ready to leave his family and enter the ranks because the burden financially on the country and on the people is unduly increased. It is at least remarkable that the Canadian Patriotic League should encourage recruiting from the married men until the single men are no longer available in view of responsibility which their enlistment puts upon the Government.

The German Government now adds insult to injury by insinuating that the officials of the United States in Brussels are liars. There soon won't be a feather left in the tail of the screaming eagle.

General Radko Dimitrieff, former commander of the Bulgarian army and who offered his services to Russia at the beginning of the war, is to command the Russian forces sent against Bulgaria, according to an influential Italian paper. General Dimitrieff is the man who, about a year ago, issued the famous order to his troops—"Don't count the enemy; beat him."

The problem of equipment and of furnishing rifles, says the Minister of Militia, is harder to solve than the problem of securing men. Is that because equipment and rifles must be furnished by Canadian manufacturers? Has the Militia Department brought to its service the resources of the United States as Great Britain has, or is it still adhering to the principle of "no truck or trade with the Yankees?"

The jeers of the jingo press against the pacifists sound very unreal beside this letter to the London civic authorities from a Canadian

mother, Mrs. Fannie Brown: "My boy, an ardent pacifist, gladly took up arms against an enemy who aimed at an apotheosis of militarism, and in my great sorrow I have sustained substantial comfort in the knowledge that he died in defence of the ideals for which he had lived."

We have heard a good many stories since the war began of the number of men who have gone to the war from some church or community in England or Canada. But none of these records approach that made by the village of Nelson, in New Hampshire, in the American Civil War. When the Civil War began, Nelson had 231 inhabitants, and 124 of these went to the front. But the people of Nelson felt, in common with the whole North, that the very existence of their nation, as well as the cause of freedom was at stake.

The brain can shrink as well as expand. It is a muscle, and can atrophy, in parts out of use, like the shrunken muscles of an arm that is out of commission. Plenty of people use their brains only incidentally, and when they can't very well help doing so. Mental dry rot may affect future generations—and these people have all kinds of "hard luck" in their own proper persons. A report has been prepared by a body of librarians, school teachers, and so on, who investigated average sections of the Middle West and New York State. Fifty per cent. of some communities did not own a single book. Twenty-five per cent. of the same people did not even take a local paper. They're not far from being dead and buried; just walking ghosts of real live human beings. Probably they never heard that the main difference between an animal and a human being is that the latter has a brain and uses it.

For the benefit of those Americans who complain of British interference with American sea-borne commerce, an English writer makes this statement in the New York Outlook: "It is a well-known fact that many American concerns have branches or affiliated companies with manufacturing plants in England, Russia, France, Italy, Austro-Hungary, and Germany. Probably all of these foreign-placed American establishments are manufacturing supplies for the governments of the countries in which they are located. It has remained for Germany, however, to require of American manufacturers that parent concerns in America should not manufacture supplies for the Allies under penalty of destruction or confiscation of the plants owned or operated by American companies in Germany or Austria-Hungary. One of the largest industrial concerns in New York was recently required to send affidavits to Berlin in proof that no munitions of war were being manufactured for the Allies to save the very large amount of money the company had invested in Germany in the form of a factory. This information came to light when the company referred to was offered a contract for the English Government. The company, through its executive officer, replied that the profits would need to be of sufficient magnitude to more than cover the loss of its German plant, for the reason above stated."

## BLESS DADDY AT THE WAR.

With the shadows round her stealing,  
Every night I see her there;  
Just a little figure kneeling  
By the side of daddy's chair.

And the silence is unbroken,  
Not one whisper reaches me,  
But I know, though 'tis unspoken  
What the prayer is sure to be.

Clasped together are the tiny  
Little pleader's finger tips,  
Though the eyes with tears are shiny  
There's a smile upon her lips.

'Tis no boon of her own needing  
Those sweet lips are asking for,  
But the gentle, trustful pleading,  
"God bless daddy at the war."

Pray my child, then on your pillow,  
Dream of daddy far away,  
And believe beyond the billow  
That he knows for him you pray.

## TO A FALLEN FOE.

I see you lying there upon the field,  
The sunset all that flushes your young cheeks.  
The mist, like groping lips, your white brow seeks  
As if to print the kiss your mother cannot yield.

You were my foe—I should be glad you fell  
And took to death the peril of your strength;  
But somehow I grow sick at your limp length  
And wonder which of us is nearer hell.

I stilled the music that was in your heart,  
I cheated some lass of her starry vow;  
I'd give an empire to recall you now,  
And in a lone grave gladly do your part.  
—Philip Becker Goetz.

## Other Editors' Opinions

### THE BRITISH FLEET.

"Courage! All's well with the fleet," is the hail of Mr. Winston Churchill to the pessimists of his land. "Since the day of Queen Elizabeth, the British fleet has stood between Britain and the peril that now threatens," is the substance of the cheering word of Mr. Balfour, successor of Mr. Churchill as First Lord of the Admiralty.

These sentiments, voiced for Trafalgar Day's celebration, are in striking contrast to a few of the croaking cries that the censor has allowed to be published in the last few days, and Britons who are inclined to be doleful because Sir Edward Carson has resigned and because Sir Ian Hamilton has a successor and because a French minister has stepped aside, may not heart and mark well the following.

Had it not been for the British fleet, Germany probably would have won the war in three months. Germany cannot possibly win the war until the British fleet has been destroyed.

Germany cannot possibly destroy the British fleet.—New York Herald.

### MARRIAGE AND WAR.

A headline in an English newspaper tells us that bachelors are expected to enlist and that a statement has been made to the House of Commons that the proportion of enlistments among married men is high. Comment on this, the esteemed New York Star, remarks that perhaps, instead of conscription, England may be forced to compulsory marriage. But would should married men be more willing to go into war than single men? It may be that only the bravest of men get married, and bachelors, who are afraid to face the hymeneal altar, are also afraid to face the bullets. It may be that, while war is hell, the married man goes to it as the lesser evil. It may be that the wife is patriotic and drives the husband on to fight for his country. It may be that the wife is tired of her husband and uses such language and so much of it that he flees to the cannon's roar as a refuge of comparative peace and silence. It may be because of many things. What is it?—Baltimore Sun.

### A VALUABLE FRIEND.

Britain's defeat in the world struggle would mean a crushing blow to the United States, even if that country were not attacked and annexed by the Teutons, which, in all probability, it would be. It would mean the loss of her greatest market, and the passing, to a very large extent, of her present prosperity. Britain is to the United States what the cities of Canada are to her agriculturists—the buyer and consumer of her products, and the source of her money supply. With the defeat and death of this customer would come the well-nigh impossible task of finding another.—London Advertiser.

### BEAUTIFUL THREE-FIFTHS.

Funny thing that three-fifths handicapped which the Ontario Government has imposed on municipalities which desire to exercise local option for the suppression of the liquor traffic. When the question was submitted to the electors of Brantford in January, 1910, they gave a majority in its favor of 811. This was not sufficient to overcome the handicap, and hence the by-law was defeated. Had it received 55 votes more it would have carried, and there would today be no intoxicants sold in Brantford. What a farcical value to give to 55 votes after a majority of 800 had been secured.—Brantford Expositor.

### THE SLOGAN OF SERVICE.

"As an optimistic sign of the times, the motto of the Liberal Club Federation of Ontario, 'Service,' is significant. It marks a real development in political ideals and in a definite, vivid way summarizes graphically what may be called the 'renaissance of idealism' in politics."

"The Liberal Club Federation of Ontario, from its inception two and a half years ago, has been a promising and often an inspiring organization. Its adoption of 'Service' as a motto is consistent not only with its prospects, but with its history. The Federation has a splendid record of actual enlistments for the front from its officers and members. Those who for various reasons cannot serve with the colours at present are evidently determined that through their organization they will do their share in various kinds of patriotic endeavors and activities."—Toronto Star.

For years Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has ranked as the most effective preparation manufactured, and it always maintains its reputation.

## "WHAT"

Rev. Dr. R. C. Blagrove the Question of What It Means

In Sunday evening

R. C. Blagrove, a Church, presented a deeply interested and able discourse on the question of sin and its punishment. The question is one that has been discussed on the editorial pages of the Ontario and by several of our columns we feel that it is one that should be given attention to the following port of Dr. Blagrove's "For the Son of Man."

That Which Was Lost

To be saved implies the converse condition. It also implies that we must be of very great value because it has given the deal of concern from our mind. It must have an abiding character that would matter little, it would perish soon, our body then, about have so much concern important the body is day, until it returns again. It must then individual, some abiding life within the body which the body owns and which persists for the body is done we call the soul. The really worth saving is as the soul is in time is everything else. It is something with the individual, that falls short of existence, or immortal infinite significance. of us, it is the only the surviving thing, really anxious about vereth a sinner from his way shall save a

What It Means

If the soul is to be some danger from it, else it is an unmet. We are told that it is a lost condition, that which was lost as death, and which or the next, or both Hell, torment, sufferings are true of it. It is one of great peril with righteous fear away from God, from joy, from hope, to be and controlled by pessimism. It is well the parable of the lost sheep, of the great lost one, if not here, after, is made bitter state. As it is the saved, it is also the lost, and so it is this life only just as infinite sweep is not a cern. Its very character classes it among phenomenal, and puts it cannot be valued or spiritual estimate. The lost continues its fear and wants until away of its condition, and it is Hell. It is condition we are to be saved is the rebirth its relation to sin and God on the other

What It Means

To be saved then from this condition is brought on by sin; know sin as it is, to be fear of its whole nature, to be thankful Him in Whose hands the life is safe. To have no fear, because hands we are, is unmet. "Fear no destroy the body," said

It matters not what outward man, or in tions. Nothing can life, nothing can real because what God w One who is really in vation can say "Thy goodness, and an in dence in Him. One happy condition may deed commit sin, as w is not lost because hand and God holds there is no death for

## CASTO

For Infants and In Use For Over Always bears the signature of