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Business Manager, Editor-in-Chief.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1915.

THE KAISER'S "IRISH BRIGADE."

The Catholic Herald gives a striking account of an attempt made by the Germans to persuade Irish prisoners in their hands to form the nucleus of an "Irish Brigade" to fight against England. The story is supported by documentary evidence and rings true. The Irish prisoners had been collected together in one camp at Sennelager, given special privileges to soften their hearts, and closely questioned about the political situation in Ireland. After a while they were invited to join a brigade—"formed solely for the purpose of fighting for the independence of Ireland"—which, if the British Navy could be eluded, was to be landed on Irish shores, and if not, was to be sent to help free Egypt from the "British yoke." It was to have Irish officers and a distinctive uniform, and when the war was over any of its members who wished could be sent to America. This pretty scheme received its death-blow in a letter to the Kaiser from the N.C.O.'s of the men concerned, which for its dignity and courtesy is a masterpiece. They wrote:

We fully appreciate the kindness extended in (1) grouping us together under one roof; (2) assuring us of better food; (3) decreasing the amount of fatigue work to be done; but we must beseech His Imperial Majesty to withdraw these concessions unless they are shared by the remainder of prisoners, as in addition to being Irish Catholics we have the honor to be British soldiers.

The Kaiser, says the Manchester Guardian, in commenting on this disclosure, evidently had not read Mr. Kipling's "Mutiny of the Mavericks," or he might have scented a snub and held his hand.

"It is perhaps too much to hope that the parallel is complete, and that the Irish prisoners at Sennelager fooled their goalers into giving them better terms by the same sort of stump orations against things English by which Dan Grady procured unlimited beer for the Mavericks from the gullible agent of England's enemies Mulcahy; but at least the upshot of both cases is the same, that it is a muddled and unimaginative mind indeed which builds on the hope that an Irish soldier will put his politics before his honor."

Yes, the record of this war as of all campaigns in which Britain has been engaged, has proved the loyalty and devotion of Irishmen to the British cause.

THE BALKAN STRATEGY.

The mission of Lord Kitchener, and M. Cochran, the French minister to Athens, has apparently been entirely successful, now that we have the official announcement that Greece has yielded to the Allies' demands. This, we presume, will give the Anglo-French forces, operating from Saloniki a free hand in dealing with the Bulgarians and in co-operating with the Serbians against the Austro-German offensive. Coming events in the Balkans are, therefore, likely to be of exceeding interest. They will be better understood in the light of some general consideration of what may be understood to be the objects of German strategy, and on the best ways in which the Allies may encounter it.

It is not obvious to many why the Germans, having failed to obtain a decision on two frontiers and faced with the prospect of declining numbers, should turn for a solution of their difficulties to a third frontier. One explanation given by the military expert of the Manchester Guardian affirms that they wish to establish yet a third bastion. Belgium was the first, Poland and Courland the second, Bulgaria and Turkey are the third. The last is, politically, the most important, because the origin of the war was Germany's ambition to establish a great Middle Empire or federation of friendly Empires across Europe to the Persian Gulf. If they can hold these three bastions they believe that they have won the war, even though they are unable to make headway on any one of them.

Each of these frontiers, protects Germany at a vital point. Belgium protects Essen and Westphalia, the heart of Germany in a state of war. Poland protects East Prussia, and Turkey and The Balkans protect Austria, the weakest flank of all. Germany hopes to use Turk-

ish troops against us in the East, and to force us off the Dardanelles, but she has no troops of her own to spare for Eastern adventures. She will have her work cut out to hold her own on the West and on the Russian front. Having put herself in what she believes will be a sufficiently strong defensive position on all three fronts, and equipped Turkey to distract us by attacks in the East, she hopes to throw upon the Allies the burden of costly attack, and probably she may make definite overtures of peace by Christmas, by which time she probably counts on having established her position on the Orient line and expelled our troops from Gallipoli. The Guardian's commentator continues:

The main object of our strategy, therefore, must be to prevent the Germanic Allies from consolidating this bastion in the Balkans. The problem is sometimes stated as though nothing more were in question than saving Serbia or keeping our hold on Gallipoli, but these are means to the end rather than the end itself. If we save Serbia, it is just as though we had saved Antwerp for the Belgians. Our position in Gallipoli, on the other hand, bears to the general strategic scheme in the East much the same relationship as the defence of Verdun by General Sarrail and Nancy by General Castelnau did to the strategy of the Western campaign. But the object of our Macedonian campaign is precisely the same as that of General French a year ago when he moved from the Aisne into Flanders. He was too late to save Antwerp or to occupy the strategic positions which the Germans have held ever since. The same race is now being run in the East, and we pray that it may end in something better than the dead heat of the last race to Flanders. For our failure to win the race to Flanders led to the quasi-deadlock in the West which has lasted ever since. We want above all things to avoid the same deadlock in the East. Otherwise the war must degenerate into a competitive butchery.

The Balkan situation is, of course, still critical, but the assurance given by Mr. Asquith in his recent speech in the House of Commons that "the independence of Serbia is regarded as one of the essential objects of the war," and that British "co-operation, in close, cordial and full concert with Serbia, may be assured," leaves no room for doubt that Britain will spare no effort to succor her gallant little Ally.

CHEERFULNESS vs. GLOOM.

The words "optimist" and "pessimist," have been sadly overworked in connection with the war by persons who have small conception of their real meaning. The "wise ones," whose reputation rests on their ability to foresee disaster in every new development of the struggle, have convinced themselves and many others that optimism and feeble-mindedness are almost synonymous terms. Their course of reasoning, if they can be credited with reasoning, would seem to be that the Germans are the most knowing and greatest people in the world; that the Germans are not sanguine as to the chances of success of their opponents; that anyone who differs in opinion from the Germans is setting himself in ill-balanced antagonism to "superman" wisdom and greatness, and that, so ipso facto, he proclaims himself a blockhead. The theory is worthy of those who hold it, and need not be further considered.

Etymologically, an optimist is one who is hopeful, who takes the brighter as opposed to the darker view of things. A pessimist is his opposite; and always looks at the dark side. Wisdom may lie between the two mental attitudes; but, for choice, give us that of the optimist. Cheerful confidence is more than half the battle in any great human undertaking. Men can and will do twice as much when encouraged by hope as when depressed by despair. "German science" has carefully "made a note" of the fact. It has been directing all its forces, since the beginning of the war, to encouraging its own people and depressing their opponents. After the war is over it will no doubt courteously acknowledge its indebtedness to its able British coadjutors—our pessimists—for the assistance which it has received from them. Will they enjoy this mark of German distinction? It need surprise no one if they should. If the Germans were to triumph, and thank them for their help, theirs would be the—for them—ineffable privilege of shouting, "I told you so. I always knew that the Germans would beat. Have not I constantly asserted that they would?"

For ourselves, we are now and have constantly been optimistic. That is to say, we have preferred to cherish enlightened hope, to entertaining senseless despair. We have believed in the ultimate triumph of Right, supported by mighty moral and material forces. We have never for a moment lost faith in the British arms, backed by those of glorious France, mighty Russia and aspiring Italy. We have never, at any crisis of the war, recognized occasion for lack of hope. We have at no time seen cause for any degree of despair. As the war has progressed, our confidence has steadily increased. We have never felt more satisfaction in contemplating the outlook than at present—however

shrouded in gloom it may seem to some. To our readers we have constantly disclosed the reasons for our optimism. Have we not been amply vindicated up to this time by the course of events? We are as confident as ever with regard to the future. Britain and her Allies are going to win because they are entitled to win, and because they must win. The interests of humanity require that they should. Any future worth living, for us, depends on our winning. And we are going to win sooner than many even among the most pronounced optimists now expect.

A HERO IN PEACE.

Mr. Balfour recently unveiled a statue to the late Captain Scott, the Antarctic explorer, which has been erected in Waterloo Place, London, by the officers of the fleet. On the pedestal is the following inscription: "Robert Falcon Scott, Captain Royal Navy, with four companions, died March, 1912, on returning from the South Pole." Underneath are the words from Captain Scott's diary:

Had we lived I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance, and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale.

Mr. Balfour said that when the memorial was first initiated, not only were we at peace, but to few people did it seem likely that peace was going to be almost immediately disturbed by the greatest war in history. It was not a bad thing, even when the British Fleet was supporting the whole of the Entente Powers in their efforts against Germany and Austria, that we should remember how great also had been its performances in times of peace. Captain Scott was the hero of one of those peaceful victories which nevertheless resembled victories of war, more than most victories of peace, in that it involved danger, struggle and an heroic death.

What the fleet had done for the safety of Britain's shores, the greatness of this Empire, and freedom throughout the world was a commonplace among the English-speaking peoples, but we were sometimes rather apt to forget how much it had done in the unwarlike and yet most dangerous ways.

SANITATION IN WAR.

One of the most important contributing factors to success in waging war, not even excepting the munitions, is the efficiency of the sanitation at the front. British efficiency, in this respect, we learn from all observers has reached a very high point, indeed so high, that Sir J. Crichton Browne in a recent address at the Sanitary Inspectors' Association of England expressed the opinion that when the history of the war came to be summed up in the clear light of futurity, he would not be surprised if the verdict as regards Great Britain was that it was saved by sanitation. It was on an adequate supply of men that our victory depended, and we could only keep up that supply because we had set our sanitary house in order. But for the enormous strides in advance that had been made in sanitation in the last half-century, and more especially in the last ten years, we would, he thought, be in a parlous plight in France and the Mediterranean.

The number of rejections from the army was proportionately much higher in Germany, Austria and Spain, in all of which sanitation was much less advanced than it was with Great Britain. In the South African war sickness was responsible for a loss of 80,000 by death and invaliding. In the present war, with troops operating in regions which had often been ravaged by plague and cholera and fever, it was, so far, reassuring to know that with a larger army than Britain had ever had in the field, incidence of disease in it had often been lower than in times of peace. For this unprecedented healthfulness of the army, and therefore its sustained fighting power, we had mainly to thank, said Sir J. Crichton Browne, sanitation, admirably devised by the R. A. M. C., and admirably carried out by the sanitary units acting under it.

Among the special measures was anti-typhoid inoculation, the protective power of which was now beyond question. In bodies of men protected and unprotected and exposed to the same risk, the chances of escape from disease were five and a half times greater for the inoculated man than for the uninoculated man, while the chances of recovery in case of an attack of the disease were ten and a half times greater for the former than for the latter.

"The latest returns from our Western front," said Sir James, "report 606 cases of typhoid, 109 in inoculated and 497 in uninoculated men, and 50 deaths, one in inoculated and 49 in uninoculated men. So convincing is the evidence in favor of anti-typhoid inoculation, that it had been made compulsory in the army of the United States. With us, unfortunately, it is still optional, and therefore, affords a happy hunting ground to those mischievous beings born with twisted intellects and hypertrophied self-conceit, who are always 'agin scientific truth,' just as the discontented Irishman was always 'agin the Government.' It seems to me that you may do much to counteract the evil done by these dangerous lunatics, who, with insane cunning,

lure some of our poor soldiers to their destruction."

Bacteriological examination of the water supply was carried on at the front, motor laboratories having been provided. They moved from point to point along the line. When unsafe or doubtful waters were discovered they were dealt with by a new and promising process of purification which was the outcome of experimental work done just before the war. A number of men at the front, who had been detected as typhoid "carriers," had been "ferretted out" by the R. A. M. C. and sent home. Fly-catching had been raised to a fine art, but there was still room for ingenuity in our conflict with the "ubiquitous, pestiferous, audacious little black devil."

And Greece's fat is not out of the fire after all.

You never know what you can do until you try, and then you are quite likely to be sorry you found out.

To talk peace when the Huns are extorting Eight Million Dollars from ravaged Belgium is a crime against civilization.

King Constantine having been brought to time, Greece has now the prospect of rehabilitating herself in the eyes of the world.

Our Allies, the French, are always picturesque. Their new loan is officially designated, and endorsed by Joffre himself, the "Loan of Victory."

Hamilton subscribed enough money to purchase 200 machine guns, but not one of them has ever been procured. That is the case, no doubt, all over the country.

A German aeroplane brought down in the Canadian lines on September 13th is on exhibition in St. James' Park in London. Why not send it to Canada as a war trophy of exceeding interest?

The Germans appear to be disappointed because before abandoning a copper mine the Serbians took the very proper precaution of destroying the pumps and flooding the shafts. Rather inconsiderate of the Serbians wasn't it?

The Boston Transcript is in the doldrums. It says that "after we have won another great diplomatic triumph with Austria we shall have to go through the whole proceeding again with Turkey, with Bulgaria ready for any emergency along about 1917." Cheer up, we expect to have them all rounded up long before 1917!

Some newspapers which even before the war could see no good in the Irish, seem to get infinite joy out of the circulation of untruthful stories of greatly increased Irish emigration to avoid military service. The Irish Registrar-General has exploded this myth by producing the figures. Irishmen and Irish regiments have ever been in the forefront in every fight in which the Empire has been engaged. In this war no less than in former wars they are doing their full share to defend the Empire from her enemies. We could not have a real war anyhow unless there was an Irishman in it somewhere.

THE SONG PRES. WILSON DIDN'T LIKE.

After reading the song, "Pretty Little Indian Maid," few people will be surprised at President Wilson's discomfiture and his subsequent request that the song be withdrawn. While the name of Mrs. Galt, the President's fiancée, is not mentioned in the song, the reference is unmistakable, since Mrs. Galt is a descendant of Pocahontas. The song was written by Michael J. F. Fitzgerald, and runs as follows:

Pretty Little Indian Maid,
A paleface chief of a mighty tribe,
On the trail of an Indian squaw,
In his light canoe that was built for two
Came drifting to the shore.
A lover's dart hit the white man's heart
From the girl of copper shade,
For he was the chief of the paleface tribe,
And she was an Indian maid.

Chorus:—
You are red and I am white—
That makes our love true blue;
For I know that you love me
And you know I love you.
Let us stroll together 'neath the silvery moon,
When the twilight shadows fade,
And I'll crown you the lady of the paleface tribe,
My pretty little Indian maid.

In a great big mansion, her white chief's house,
Far away from the prairie plain,
And light canoe, and the wigwag, too—
They sigh for them in vain.
At the setting sun, when their work is done,
They dream of the forest glade,
Where she met the chief of the paleface tribe,
And he met the Indian maid.

Other Editors' Opinions

THE NEW EDITOR OF THE GLOBE

The Toronto Globe has appointed Mr. Stewart Lyon, who for many years has been the central nerve of that fine newspaper. Among those behind the scenes, Mr. Lyon ranks as one of the outstanding newspaper men of Canada. He has rarely been in the limelight, but for two decades he has been a dynamic force for good in the affairs of his City, his Province, and his country. To him many men who have loomed large in the public eye have owed their inspiration; to him the leaders of progressive movements have been wont to come for advice and assistance; to him has been accorded privately a homage more sincere and lasting than is usually the reward of the popular favourite.

Mr. Lyon would echo the choice of his great predecessor in that he would rather be editor of The Globe than Prime Minister of Canada. He has an abiding belief not only in the power but in the responsibility of the press. He has risen to the top of the newspaper ladder, not because of any ambition to climb but because public service has been his religion and because his ability and astounding energy have brought him to the front. The spirit of Stewart Lyon's life has been to do that that thing well which his hand has found to do, and he has been ever busy finding things for that hand to operate on.

We doubt whether it will make very much difference to The Globe that Stewart Lyon is its Managing Editor for the reason that he has always given of his best to that paper and has exerted an immense influence on its policies for many years; but the outward recognition of this really clever journalist is exceedingly welcome to his friends in the newspaper profession.

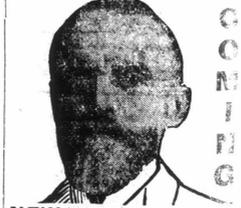
Mr. Lyon a Scotsman of small frame but of big brain and big heart,—Ottawa Free Press.

THE BALKANS

Sir Edward Grey is now attacked for the failure of his Balkan diplomacy. If the facts were known, it would probably appear that he had done all that good English conscience would warrant to assure the neutrality of the Balkan States. To them the war was only a fortunate occasion to wipe territory from each other and from the combatants. Having put themselves up at auction, Bulgaria and perhaps Greece, go to the highest bidder. It is not yet certain what Roumania will do.

The event is disconcerting in London and Paris, because it opens the way to a German rush to the relief of Constantinople, and imposes on the Allies new and costly operations. It will be strange, if the fate of civilization and democracy is determined by the Balkan barbarians.—Toronto Weekly Star.

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Campbellford, Windsor Hotel, Dec. 6th.
Made in Canada.

GUNNER Albert Har... of France

Writing under the name of his parents, Mr. Albert Har... also written for a... It is very odd... been running... the last week... just wallowing... pair of rubber boots... the last mail from... all right as regards... also written for a... gloves and old... the trenches is to... step off the side... to the knees in the... side of the few di... I am all right... kick about the w... avoided for them... the canning facto... they don't know... off. Everything... walking away and... kill them off... Today I received... their dated July... been half way... fore it reached me... I do not think... while before I go... and then for a gr... thing I haven't... Will cable you... Well young Kise... slight hurt and... the winter. Two... also for dear old... water on the knee... Belleville boy... with a broken leg... We had a little... a British plane... man machine of... battle occurred... a very low alt... great fuselage... craft guns, mach... everything in the... way for keeps... killed and the ob... Young Peppin...

THE comple... ley Rail... the Cana... new territory... and gives south... the prairie... of Southern... the Pacific... Creek where... last snake... ceremonies... The whole... route from... Summit was... let to M. Ar... to Lander... tracklaying... N-wanna... and a better... for a party... to divert... halla... Mr. M... of the track... ing two miles... Boston Pa... were also... The Fr... Hope... R-ver... F-con... the seem... eult to de...

fishing and s... prophesied th... spot for rest... parties and... the third st... will still fu... other charac... the bard, le... tional affect... within abou... Creek. Here... ful, and her... route will be... bits of scenic... Near Besto... fine place for... up a chalet... their patrons...