

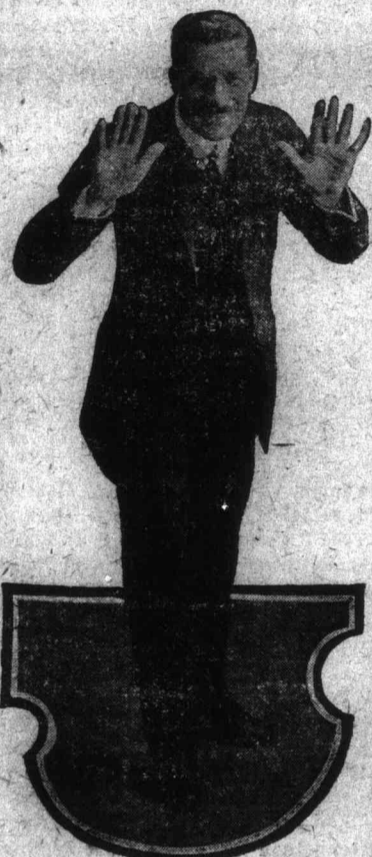
# Prof. Herbert G. Tovey Australian Evangelist Singer and Conductor

**Whose Invaluable Assistance in the Campaign Drawing to a Close Was Graciously and Unstintedly Given. Many Worthy Tributes Were Paid to His Beautiful Tenor Voice Which Proved a Great Aid to the Services.**

Belleville considers herself fortunate indeed to have in her midst an exceptionally splendid singer, who with his fine noble character, has helped wonderfully in the great evangelistic campaign that has brought forth such amazingly happy results. Prof. Herbert G. Tovey, an Australian preacher and singer has worked unceasingly and with understanding and has given freely of his rare talent to this, the greatest cause in Belleville.

**A Devoted and Proficient Musician**  
Prof. Tovey possesses that exquisitely sweet, powerful tenor voice so seldom heard. His clear, pure tones denote a thorough training. He is in absolute control of his voice and makes it ring in beautifully rounded-out tones that lose nothing from his perfect enunciation. Every word, every syllable is distinctly heard, and in this most unusual quality he isn't forced to resort to the obnoxious declamatory style of half speaking the words. The tonal perfection remains as great a delight, making a deep and favorable impression on his hearers. He has sung a solo at nearly every service and only a fine physique, coupled with a thorough development of his vocal powers, has enabled him to render his selections with such perfection night after night to a keenly appreciative audience.

**Organized Chorus and Choirs**  
Prof. Tovey succeeded in organizing a good chorus choir who have faithfully rendered service every night of the campaign. Many pledged themselves to personal work and thereby doubly served.  
His happy, genial, kindly manner appealed also to the children, hence a splendid large choir of kiddies for the special nights on which they were in attendance. He devoted special attention to them and trained them so well they became an added attraction to the services.  
Patience, liberality, a most pleasing personality and a genial disposition, has made Prof. Tovey an asset to the city, and no doubt he has faced discouragements in his zeal, but he never misses opportunities and he has the happy faculty of recognizing them. When he faces an audience with his jolly smile, it soon becomes



PROF. TOVEY

contagious and the people smile and sing with his able support.

**A Whole-Hearted Christian**  
What a vision this earnest evangelist-singer must have. He has left all the coveted and dear things of life to help in saving a sinful world from the yawning abyss toward which many are stumbling head-long. If he desired to commercialize his glorious voice he would have little difficulty now to gain much of this world's goods as well as an enviable position as a musician. He is also an ordained minister, and could station himself in a permanent charge where his beloved wife and dear wee babe could join him in happy home life. His vision is certainly great, his sacrifices in accordance, and in Belleville he has won a warm place in the hearts of all who have come under his kind leadership. Tactful and full of vim, his spiritual influence is boundless. May success and joy in service well rendered crown his efforts in the worthy ambition that is his!

## Obituary

### MRS. W. N. PONTON

Mrs. (Lieut.-Col.) W. N. Ponton, whose sudden demise was briefly recorded in yesterday's Ontario, was born at Brookboro, County Fermanagh, Ireland; her maiden name being May Elizabeth Sankey.

In addition to her sorrowing husband, she is survived by three sons and two daughters.—Capt. Harry Hutton Ponton, with the Canadian Artillery, Lieut. Gerald M. Ponton, Canadian Engineers, Major Richard Douglas, formerly with the famous fighting Second Battalion, but now of this city, Mrs. (Rev. Dr.) R. C. Biagrove, Toronto and Miss Anna at home. She is also survived by four brothers and two sisters in the West and by many relatives in Ireland and England. Her death was the first break in her immediate family.

Mrs. Ponton's manifold interests identified her with the work of the Red Cross and Patriotic Associations, the Daughters of the Empire and St. Andrew's and Christ Churches in this city, in all of which she was an indefatigable worker.

She will be remembered especially in connection with the old Fifteenth battalion in which for eight years, as wife of the C. O., she organized Messrs. Wm. Alyea and Jno. Vandervort spent Thursday evening of the regiment.

Though frequently incapacitated for work and heroically enduring

great pain the past three years, she as the daughter, wife and mother of a long line of soldiers, worked to the last and only on the day before her death completed some handkerchiefs for some maimed men whose plight had been brought to her attention.  
Mrs. Ponton had a great motherly heart and a rare genius for friendship. Her genial Irish humor and natural vivacity of spirit made her the most agreeable and lovable of companions. Her universal sympathy and kindness of disposition gave her a deep interest in the community and made her patron of all good works. Her death will be deeply lamented by all her widely wide circle of acquaintanceship but particularly by those whom her life has closely touched and benefited.

### WESTERN AMELIASBURG

On Wednesday last the Red Cross met at Mrs. Wm. Alyea's and did a nice lot of sewing. Next meeting will be at Mrs. Jno. Vandervort's, to quilt.

Mr. Henry Ayrhart spent the week-end at Wellington.  
Mr. Smith Brown and son have been sick with "flu" and pneumonia with Mrs. Taylor of Brighton, attending.

Messrs. Wm. Alyea and Jno. Vandervort spent Thursday evening of the regiment.

Mr. Wm. Alyea, Mr. Henry Rathburn and Earl attended church at Carrying Place on Sunday.

## Uncle Sam and is Mother

Rev. A. M. Hubly Hears Address by Ex-President Taft and Gives His Impressions

Editor Ontario.—  
Sitting in the King Edward Hotel, one of six or eight hundred men, listening to the Hon. William Howard Taft, ex-president of the United States, addressing the Empire Club, I was impressed by the humorous way great men with great minds can discuss great questions. Mr. Taft's wit and humor as he expatiated upon the benefit which would come to the world by having a league of nations an accomplished fact, and the laughter he excited, and the applause he called forth from the large audience, by his happy references to the relations existing between Britain and America, and Canada and the United States, reminded me of an incident over twenty years ago which took place on board of the "Old Catonia" on her way to England, Canada and citizens of the United States were celebrating the two natal days, July 1st and 4th.  
An original poem was read by one of our number, which in the light of present events, can be seen prophetic as it is poetic. I herewith submit the poem:

### HIG ISLAND

Miss Grace Moran has gone to Tweed where she will teach for the present term.  
Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, Demorestville, spent Saturday evening with Mr. and Mrs. W. Cole.  
Mr. and Mrs. Morden, of Brighton, visited their daughter, Mrs. S. Fox, recently.  
Mr. S. Cole spent a few days with friends at Point Traverse last week.  
Mrs. Chas. Peck spent Thursday with her sister, Mrs. H. Barker, Northport.  
Capt. and Mrs. Palmateer, of Cherry Valley, visited friends on the Island last week.  
Mrs. A. Dunning is visiting friends on the north side.  
Mrs. Wm. Peck is spending a few days with friends at Brighton.

### NAPANEE

Mr. H. W. Kelly was in Kingston a couple of days this week.  
Mrs. Robt. Brown is visiting friends in Kingston.  
Miss Eleanor West spent a few days last week in Toronto.  
Mrs. Costigan has gone to St. Johns, N.B., to spend the balance of the winter.  
Mrs. R. W. Aylesworth, of Odessa, spent the past week with friends in Ottawa.

Miss Maria Hough, Gretna, is visiting her brother in St. Catharines.  
Mr. and Mrs. O. Martin, Govan, Sask., are guests of his mother, Mrs. Sidney Martin, Palace Road.  
Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Deroche returned on Monday from their wedding trip to New York and Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Sharp, Hay Bay have gone to Munton, Sask., to visit their son, who with his family are all sick with the "flu".  
Mr. Ortor Robinson returned on Wednesday from visiting Dr. and Mrs. Harold Ward in New York.

Mr. J. Cuthill has returned from New York, bringing home with him a fine German greyhound.  
Mr. Edward Philpen has purchased the residence he occupies from the Waller Estate.

Mr. Robert Milling is here from California visiting relatives.—Express.  
Mr. R. A. Portt, of Shannonville, spent the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gallagher.  
Mr. Harry Pybus, of Toronto, is spending a couple of weeks in town with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Pybus, Bridge street.

Spr. Arthur O'Hara, 10th Winnipeg Battalion, arrived from overseas last Tuesday, and is spending a limited time with his sister, Mrs. Acton M. Robinson, Camden East.

Mrs. W. E. Gillespie is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Davis, en route to Minneapolis to join her husband, who has been discharged from the U.S. Army, service Mrs. Gillespie has been doing war work in Washington for the past year.

Miss Anita E. Gallagher, of Dorland, was the guest of Mrs. Dayton Milligan, Shannonville, a few days last week.  
Miss Bella Henry, who has been seriously ill for the past two weeks, is improving rapidly. Her many friends will be pleased to learn of her recovery.

Miss Lizzie Wilson, of Toronto, spent Monday in town, the guest of the Misses West, of Centre street.—Beaver.

### 15,000 CORDS ARE READY

According to a letter sent to all the municipalities of Ontario from the Department of Forests and Mines, the Government has now cut and ready for shipment 15,000 cords of wood in Algonquin Park. The wood consists of beech and maple and will be delivered for the cost on the cars.

Remember the Salvation Army—It gave the troops fuel value.

proud of her child.  
And Sammy; well, Sammy is full to the brim.  
And as proud of his mammy, as she is of him.

And I have a notion as big as the ocean.  
That the first thing you know, this mutual devotion  
Will lead Uncle Sam and his honorable mother  
To right out in public embrace one another.

For when in the course of events  
Cruel Spain  
Permitted some villain to bow up the Maine,  
And trouble grew out of it, everyone knows  
The attitude Mammy took towards Sammy's foes.

And the very same slipper which once felt so bad  
Is the identical slipper that now makes him glad  
For mother won't use it on Sammy again.

But, if occasion requires, she'll use it on Spain.  
And so it all happens that you and that I  
Are invited to celebrate Fourth of July.

Aboard British vessel, amid British crew  
And the captain will furnish the fireworks too!

And we have a flag raising the two flags combined  
"Union Jack" and "Old Glory" together entwined  
O long may they wave in the breezes together.

In sunshine and shadow, in fair and foul weather  
And whenever on land and on sea, they're unfurl'd,  
May they preach the good gospel of peace to the world  
And good will to men!

Uncle Sam and His Mother  
Some hundred and twenty years ago,  
When "Uncle Sam" was a boy you know,  
He and his mother got into a muss,  
That resulted in serious family fuss.

His mother had tried to make him pay  
For her support in a liberal way;  
And when he declared that it was not right  
She concluded to spank him with all her might.

So she drew him across her spacious knee  
And applied her slipper so hard that he  
Saw such stars and felt such stripes  
As gave him a serious spell of the gripes.

But little Sam was a sturdy chap,  
So he managed to slip from his mother's lap,  
And thought black and blue from his mother's shoe  
He made up his mind just what he'd do—

He would sever his mother's apron strings,  
And show the old lady this one thing  
That independence was in his veins  
And similar stuff was in his brains.

His stern old mother was very sad,  
And as a matter of fact she was very mad,  
It almost broke her dear old heart  
For her wayward son to act so smart.

She mourned the day he gave her the slip,  
And showed that he'd grown too big to whip;  
But such seemed the case; and to tell the rest of it  
Would show she decided to make the best of it.

So she gave him a great big farm of his own,  
(Because she couldn't keep it) and let him alone;  
Which was just what he wanted,  
And betwixt you and me.

It turned out that it suited him just to a T.  
Well time moved on, and on, and on,  
And kept on moving just right along  
Then moved some more, and kept on still.

And moving along, as time always will,  
Meantime Uncle Sam was doing his best  
On his great big farm far off to the West;  
His fields were so fruitful, his crops were so great

That 'twould take a smart man to exaggerate the quantity, quality, value and last  
Of the produce he raised on that farm in the West.

While his flocks and his herds, well permit me to state,  
Are entirely too numerous to enumerate;  
And to this truthful statement let us whisper another—  
He's been shipping his surplus back to his mother!

Of course she pays for it well, as she should  
But she doesn't object, for she owns it tastes good;  
And if pressed for an answer, I think she'd admit  
That it tastes all the better cause Sammy raised it.

And its beginning to seem, if we draw it quite mild,  
That old mother is feeling quite

Make Belleville a Seat of Learning  
Editor Ontario.—  
Cities have, individually. They progress as they develop that individuality.

Belleville wants to be better. The best way to be better is to develop in the right kind of knowledge, that is the reason Canadians have won laurels in France and Belgium. Then why not make this city the seat of instruction?

There are in prospect two colleges, costing a million dollars each, and a collegiate institute of satisfactory proportions, and in existence five ward schools as well as the Ontario School for the Deaf, Commercial College and Palatial homes of learning.

Each institution helps the other and all are a direct and powerful influence on the character and progress of a city.

If we make Belleville better, then it will grow bigger.  
Help Albert College now, then you may do your bit.

Have your subscription ready for the Salvation Army drive.

## The Silent Irishman

Written for The Ontario by Chas. M. Rice, Lawyer, Denver, Colorado.

In this very interesting article Mr. Rice deals with a type of Hibernian that most of us thought to be non-existent—the "silent Irishman." Everybody should read what follows.

Is there on this habitable globe a silent Irishman? Sir Horace Plunkett says there are thousands of him.

He divides his fellow-countrymen into three groups—"The extremists of the north, who are fostered; the extremists of the south, who are coerced; and the moderate men, everywhere, who are ignored."

The extremists we have heard until we are weary and sick of them and are ready to exclaim with Mercutio, "A plague o' both your houses." But the "moderate men" would to heaven they might have a chance to speak!

Perhaps they may. It is their voice and influence that Sir Horace invokes. He himself is a moderate man, and for long has been a silent man, devoting himself to building up the agricultural industry of his country and doing a vastly greater service for Ireland than all the Sinn Feiners and Carsonites put together.

Now he feels constrained to break his silence; not to join in the political cacophony, but to warn earnestly against the economic perils that his misguided compatriots are ignorantly inviting.

If Ireland—and Sir Horace means the South—isolates herself from Great Britain, she may have to pay a heavy price for her act. Nineteenth of her products find their market in the United Kingdom, and most of the raw materials required in her industries come from that source.

The British Parliament will determine the allocation of materials during the reconstruction period. How can Ireland expect to get her share if she flaunts the flag of rebellion in Britain's face?

Sir Edward Carson has already proposed a scheme of economic partition whereby the north of Ireland would get all the benefit from the reconstruction plans of the British Government, and the south only "such crumbs as fall from the Ulster

table."  
This is the situation Sir Horace develops for the thought of the "moderate man," who, in his silence, has been ignored. He points to the absurdity of Ireland—the South—absenting itself from Parliament at such a time. "The most innocent peasant," he says, "would regard such a policy as tantamount to staying away from a fair where his pigs and poultry were bought and sold."

Sir Horace is on firmer ground than the politicians of his country. His feet are on the soil, and he talks in terms of common sense. His appeal is to an enlightened self-interest.

If the moderate man he addresses exists in considerable numbers, his appeal may have some influence in promoting saner counsels in Ireland. He urges the moderate men who "accept self-government for a united Ireland within the Empire" to join him—not in creating a new political party, but in organizing an Irish reconstruction association. It is evidently his thought that such an association, approaching the solution of Ireland's problems from the economic rather than the political standpoint, may be able to contribute helpfully to their happy solution.

It has been our belief that the conflict of economic interests was a potent factor preventing accord between north and south. If an adjustment could be reached that would eliminate this conflict, we are inclined to think Belfast and Dublin might be able to achieve an understanding.

The program of the Sinn Feiners is the acme of absurdity and nonsense. If Great Britain should permit Ireland to set up a separate republic and go it alone, she would be at the mercy of every mercenary monarch who is out for territorial aggrandizement, and the cost of self-government for so few people would soon drive them into national bankruptcy. If the people of the south would only throw off their subservience to the priesthood and stop that drain upon their resources, they would soon be as prosperous as their northern neighbors, who, it seems, thrive under the same laws about which the south so vehemently complain.

## Honeywell "Uppercuts"

A good woman is the best thing this side of heaven; a bad woman is the worst thing this side of the pit.

A town never sinks lower than its worst woman or rises higher than its best woman.

Women are decidedly more immodest than men.

It is high time the press and the pulpit should hurl hot shots at the present form of fashionable indecency.

If there is anything that is disgusting to me it is the woman who goes about the house all morning with her hair down, kimono on and shoes unbuttoned. I'd rather cross the Atlantic in a canoe than be tied to a wife like that.

These are two of the most solemn deathbeds to me—when a man dies of delirium tremens and when a woman dies after sacrificing her life for fashion.

There are three ways to spread news—telegraph, telephone, and tell a woman.

The most contemptible woman on the face of the earth is the gossip.

It is better never to have had the gift of speech than to tear down the character and lives of the neighbors.

Far better be dumb than bring sorrow or misery in the lives of others.

In most homes today it is the card table against the child, the carriage against the cradle, social popularity against domestic felicity.

The women of our land are going to save or damn the men.

The girls of our land are not half as choice in their company as men.

Give Belleville Christian mothers, wives, daughters and sweethearts

and the homes will be filled with Christian fathers and husbands and brothers.

The tongue is two inches wide and six inches long, the smallest organ in the body, but it is the most dangerous. I have seen the devil get into the tongue of a baby and it would squall and break up the meeting. The devil gets into the tongue of a man and he curses and swears and damns. The devil gets into the tongue of a woman and never stops running to see what happens.

Some women are like rivers, always emptying themselves at their mouths. Other women are like bells, nothing in their tops but their tongues. They can ding dong all day without any danger of brain fever, for they have no brains.

When Satan has a job so infinitely mean that he cannot find a devil mean enough to do it, he sends up to earth and gets some old gossiping gadabout of a woman to do it.

Take not into your ears that scum of hell called "tittle-tattle."

Sam Jones said he knew women who could sit in the parlor and lick the skillet in the kitchen.

If the women of our land gave just as much attention to their looks now as before marriage, you would find that husbands would spend just as much time at home now as before.

The most contemptible wretch on the face of the earth is a gossiping woman. I know her a block off. They always walk fast, their bonnet strings are loose—they haven't had time to tie them.

The first duty of every woman is the keeping and making of a home. Your business is not attending Eastern Stars, Clubs, Aids, etc., until you have made your home all that your best thought and highest skill can possibly make it. The first work that God gives to every woman is in her own home.

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