

The Weekly Ontario

Morton & Herity, Publishers

THE DAILY ONTARIO is published every afternoon (Sunday and holidays excepted) at The Ontario Building, Front Street, Belleville, Ontario. Subscription \$3.00 per annum. THE WEEKLY ONTARIO and Bay of Quinte Chronicle is published every Thursday morning at \$1.00 a year, or \$1.50 a year to the United States. ADVERTISING RATES on application. JOB PRINTING—The Ontario Job Printing Department is especially well equipped to turn out artistic and stylish job work. Modern process, new type, competent workmen. TELEPHONE MAIN 99, with private exchange connecting all departments.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1914.

UNITED SOUTH AFRICA.

The news that the government forces in South Africa have decisively defeated Colonel Maritz, with his following of Germans and a few disquieted Boers, will be heard with especial gratification throughout the British Empire. The prompt measures taken by General Botha have had the effect of destroying any tendency that may have existed for the old antagonism of Briton and Boer to break out afresh.

This war, and particularly the local trouble in South Africa, will bind the two races more closely together than could any other influence. The Boers have learned that British rule has meant greater freedom than they ever knew before, and the influential members of the Dutch race are now firmly united to the British cause, and are loyally cooperating to make the Union of South Africa something more than a name.

We have already referred to the splendid spirit which General Botha has shown and we now have further striking evidence of his loyalty in a notable speech which he delivered some weeks ago to his constituents at Bank in the Transvaal. According to a Reuter despatch the meeting was the largest ever held in the district. Five thousand farmers had come in over night from all directions, including a strong commando of Burghers. General Botha was tidily cheered again and again, particularly for several minutes at the outset of his speech. He was greatly affected by the ovation he received.

He at once made it plain that he took his stand on the side of Great Britain against the enemy, and the enthusiasm with which this declaration was received by the great gathering left no room for doubt as to the sentiment of the South African people. General Botha declared that neutrality was an impossible policy for the South African people. "If a German warship came to Durban and imposed a levy of five millions on them, it would help them very little to say they were neutral." Another argument will be even more potent with South African opinion. The capture of German South-West Africa is an essential part of British policy. Had it been undertaken by an Indian force Britain could not have denied Indians the right of settlement there. That would not have been agreeable to South Africa itself. "I shall assume responsibility and take command," said Gen. Botha, "and I ask you to strengthen my hands so that justice may be supreme."

In exhorting South Africans to support the Government, General Botha said that the had information regarding Germany's ambitions concerning South Africa which would make their hair stand on end. (Cheers.) The stain of treason had never touched South Africans, and would not now. (Cheers.) To-day South Africa must prove to the British Empire, which was watching them that they were worthy, and still more, worthy of trust. By doing so they would create for themselves a greater future than would ever otherwise be possible. (Cheers.) When the war broke out there could only be one answer to the Imperial Government's request that the Union should take certain positions in German South-West Africa.

General Botha said in conclusion that he wanted to serve his people. His time here might not be long, his hair was growing grey, and his health was not good, but he would continue to the end to do what he thought was in the true interest of the nation. (Cheers.) In the past they had a clean and noble history; let them so continue; let there be no treason; let them stand by the government. A storm of cheering lasting several minutes marked the close of the Premier's speech.

Not only is General Botha's speech a striking vindication of Britain's policy in conferring self-government upon the conquered Boers of South Africa, but the determination of Premier Botha to accept supreme command of the British troops in South Africa is of great importance from the military point of view. As the Man-

chester Guardian points out, General Botha is, in a sense, the father of the infantry tactics which have made every English rifle in France worth five German ones. Fifteen years ago Britain set out to fight General Botha by almost the same methods by which the Germans sought to wipe out Sir John French. Britain began by marching masses of men in close order against a much smaller army of carefully entrenched Boer marksmen, and the first result was Colenso—a bad defeat, with slight Boer losses and a great and useless slaughter of our men. Two years of fighting with General Botha and his lieutenants rubbed into the British the lesson that to get killed is not the supreme aim of warfare. Like all sane men, British professional soldiers were not above learning from the Boer militia. The consequence is that British use of the rifle is evidently a terror to the German private soldier; British soldiers now shoot well, and are trained not to throw their lives away, but to make them go as far as possible in the way of afflicting the enemy.

Any army that would fight for the town of Czernowicz in Bukowina ought to have it, and the moving picture rights too.

The Joffre hat may make a sensation in style centers but the Joffre head will continue to be of greater importance in Europe.

No matter if Jules Verne did dream some big ones and they are realised, he probably would not take pleasure now in saying, "I told you so."

Stories of individual deeds of courage or cunning arrive from across the sea more abundantly now, as the censorship on real military news tightens. Even the most startling and picturesque of them are plausible enough, however, for war provides abundant opportunities for the display of the capacities for doing and enduring that lie at the edge and limit of human possibilities.

One cannot help noticing, if one be well read in what are called novels of adventure, a curious similarity between the imaginings of the romancers fathered by the unsurpassable Dumas and the tales sent over by the correspondents. One printed the other day about the shooting of two spies in a gloomy wood was very distinctly "literature," carefully and skillfully wrought to produce an effect. It was by no means necessarily the less veracious on that account and the conduct of the French soldier who did the shooting was exactly what would be expected in the circumstances. How else could he have done it?

The novelists have intuitive knowledge of what might happen; the correspondents in the field, we must hope and can believe, have seen or heard what has happened. That there should be resemblances between the two products merely proves that both know their business.

AT PEACE.

[Based on an incident described in a newspaper despatch on the fight in Lorraine. A wounded French soldier gave his flask of water to a German officer who lay beside him, and who kissed the Frenchman's hand, saying "Thank God there is no war on the other side!"]

A gleam of steel—a flash of fire—
A cry—a groan—and quivering forms
Fall prostrate in the trench's mire;
While from the heights the cannon storms.

The thrust that seals the German's fate,
The shot that lays the Frenchman low.
Are messengers of quenchless hate?
So fiends had willed: but God—not so!

The human heart that He has given
Is ruled by Love, more strong than death,
Wider than ocean, high as heaven,
And gentle as the South wind's breath.

The Autumn sun dips down in blood,
The starry legions sweep the sky,
Yet still the tortured flesh withstood,
Though spirits prayed, "O God, to die!"

So close their grip, their very limbs
Touch as they stretch upon the ground.
The night mists rise and starlight dims,
Darkness and silence wrap them round.

Shall comrades meet without a sign?
In Death's cohort all march as friends!
Surely the impulse was divine
That taught those twain to make amends.

That flask held to the German's lips—
Frenchman! 'twas finely done by thee!
Love conquers all, and Hate's eclipse
Comes with the Dawn that sets them free.
—Henry Branch.

Seven Keys TO Baldpate

By EARL DERR BIGGERS

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Mr. Magee felt his hand grasped by a much smaller one, and before he knew it he had been hurried to the shadows of the landing. "The fifth key," whispered a scared little voice in his ear. And then he felt the faint brushing of finger tips across his lips. A mad desire seized him to grasp those fingers and hold them on his lips they had scarcely touched. But the impulse was lost in the thrill of seeing the dining room door thrown open and a great bulk of a man cross the floor of the office and stand beside Bland's chair. At his side was a thin wail who had not unjustly been termed the mayor of Reuton's shadow.

CHAPTER IX.

The Mayor Begins a Vigil. "A SLEEP!" bellowed the big man. "How's this for a watch dog, Lou?" "Right on the job, ain't he?" sneered the thin one. Mr. Bland started suddenly from slumber, and looked up into the eyes of the newcomers.

"Hello, Cargan," he said. "Hello, Lou! For the love of heaven, don't shout so! The place is full of them." "Full of what?" asked the mayor. "Of spotters, maybe—I don't know what they are. There's an old high brow and a fresh young guy, and two women."

"People," gasped the mayor. "People—here?" "Sure." "You're asleep, Bland," cried the haberdasher. "Look around for yourself. The inn's overrun with them." Cargan leaned weakly against a chair.

"Well, what do you know about that?" he said. And they kept telling Mr. Bland that the inn was the best place! Say, this is one on Andy Rutter! Why didn't you get it out and beat it?" "How could I?" Mr. Bland asked. "I haven't got the combination. The safe was left open for me. That was the agreement with Rutter."

"You might have phoned us not to come," remarked Lou, with an uneasy glance around. Mr. Cargan hit the mantelpiece with his knuckles. "By heaven, no!" he cried. "I'll lift it from under their very noses. I've done it before. I can do it now. I don't care who they are. They can't touch me. They can't touch Jim Cargan. I ain't afraid."

Mr. Magee, on the landing, whispered into his companion's ear. "I think I'll go down and greet our guests. He felt her grasp his arm suddenly as though in fear, but he shook off her hand and debonairly descended to the group below.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said suavely. "Welcome to Baldpate. Please don't attempt to explain. We're fed up on explanations now. You have the fifth key, of course." The big man advanced threateningly. Mr. Magee saw that his face was very red, his neck very thick, but his mouth a cute little cupid's bow that might well have adorned a dainty baby in the park.

"Who are you?" bellowed the mayor of Reuton in a tone meant to be covering. "I forgot," replied Mr. Magee easily. "Bland, who am I today?" The mayor pointed dramatically to the stair.

"I give you fifteen minutes," he roared, "to park up and get out. I don't want you here. Understand?" To Cargan's side came the slinking figure of Lou Max. His face was the withered yellow of an old leon.

"Clear out," he snarled. "By no means," replied Magee. "I was here first. Put me out, will you? Well, perhaps, after a fight. But I'd be back in an hour, and with me whatever police Upper Aesquevan Falls can do for me."

He saw that the opposing force wavered at this. "I want no trouble, gentlemen," he went on. "Believe me, I shall be happy to have your company to dinner. Your command that I withdraw is ill timed, not to say ill natured and impolite. Let us all forget it."

The mayor of Reuton turned away, and his dog slid into the shadows. "Have I your promise to stay to dinner?" went on Magee. No answer came from the trio in the dusk. "Silence given consent," he added gaily. He ran up the stairs. At the top of the second flight he met the girl, and her eyes, he thought, shone in the dark.

"Oh, I'm so glad," she whispered. "Glad of what?" asked Magee. "That you are not on their side," she answered. Mr. Magee paused at the door of No. 7.

"Should say not," he remarked. "Whatever it's all about I should say not. Put on your prettiest gown, my lady. I've invited the mayor to dinner."

"They wrote the dirt joke book, then people," he said. "Well," went on Cargan, "there ain't nobody go insignificant and piling that people won't listen to 'em when they attack a man in public life. So I've had to reply to this comic opera bunch, and, as I say, I'm about wore out explaining. I've had to explain that I never stole the town I used to be in in Indiana and that I didn't stick up my father with a knife. It gets motions. So I'm much obliged to you for passing the explanations up. We won't bother you long, me and Lou. I got a little business here, and then we'll mosey along. We'll clear out about 9 o'clock."

"No," protested Magee. "So soon? We must make it pleasant for you while you stay. I always hate hosts who talk about their servants. I have a friend who bores me to death because he has a jap butler he believes was at Mukden. But think I am justified in calling your attention to our Mr. Peters, the hermit of Baldpate mountain. Cooking is merely his avocation. He is writing a book."

"That guy?" remarked Cargan, incredulous. "What do you know about that?" asked Mr. Bland. "It certainly will get a lot of hot advertising if it ever appears. It's meant to prove that all the trouble in the world has been caused by women."

The mayor considered. "He's off—he's nutty, that fellow," he announced. "It ain't women that cause all of the trouble." "Ahem—Mr. Cargan," put in Professor Bolton, "you give it as your opinion that woman is no trouble maker, and I must admit that I agree with your promise in general, although occasionally she may cause a—well—annoyance. Undoubtedly, there is a lot of trouble in the world. To whose efforts do you ascribe it?"

The mayor ran his thick fingers through his hair. "I got you," he said, "and I got your answer too. Who makes the trouble? Who's made it from the beginning of time? The reformers, Doc. Yes, sir. Who was the first reformer? The snake in the garden of Eden. This hermit guy probably has that affair laid down at woman's door. Not much. Everything was running all right around the garden, and then the snake came along. It's a twenty to one shot he'd just finished a series of articles on 'The Status of Eden' for a magazine. 'What d'ya mean?' he says to the woman, 'by letting well enough alone? Things are all wrong here. The present administration is running everything into the ground. I can tell you a few things that will open your eyes. What's that? What you don't know won't hurt you? The old cry, he says, the old cry against which progressives got to fight, he says. 'Wake up. You need a change here. Try this nice red apple, and you'll see things the way I do. And the women fell for it. You know what happened.'

"An original point of view," said the dazed professor. "Yes, Doc," went on Mr. Cargan, evidently on a voracious topic; "it's the reformers that have caused all the trouble, from that snake down. Things are running smooth, folks all prosperous and satisfied, then they come along in their gum shoes and white neckties. And they knock away at the existing order until the public begins to believe 'em and gives 'em a chance to run things. What's the result? The world's in a worse tangle than ever before."

"You feel deeply on the subject, Mr. Cargan," remarked Magee. "I ought to," the mayor replied. "I ain't no writer, but if I was I'd turn out a book that would drive this whistled hermit's argument to the wall. Woman—bah! The only way women make trouble is by falling for the reform gag."

Mr. Peters here interrupted with the dessert, and through that course Mr. Cargan elaborated on his theory. He pointed out how, in many states, reform had interrupted the smooth flow of life, set everything awirl and cruelly sent "the boys" who had always been faithful out into the cold world seeking the stranger, work. While he talked the eyes of Lou Max looked out at him from behind the incongruous gold rimmed glasses, with the devotion of the dog to its master clearly written in them. Watching him now, Mr. Magee marvelled at this cheap creature's evident capacity for loyalty.

"It was the reformers that got Napoleon," the mayor finished. "Yes; they sent Napoleon to an island at the end. And him without an equal since the world began."

"Is your—begging your pardon—is your history just straight?" demurred Professor Bolton timidly. "Is it?" frowned Cargan. "You can bet it is! I know Napoleon from the cradle to the grave. I ain't an educated man, Doc. I can hire all the educated men I want for \$18 a week, but I'm up on Bonaparte."

"It seems to me," Miss Norton put in. "I have heard—did I read it in a paper?—that a picture of Napoleon hangs above your desk. They say that you see in your own career a similarity to his. May I ask—is it true?"

"No, miss," replied Cargan. "That's a joking story some newspaper guy wrote up. No, I ain't no Napoleon. There's lots of differences between us—one in particular." He raised his voice and glared at the company around the table. "One in particular. The reformers got Napoleon at the end."

"But the end is not yet," suggested Mr. Magee, smiling. Mr. Cargan gave him a sudden and interested look.

"I ain't worrying," he replied. "And don't you, young fellow."

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Max Tells a Tale of Suspicion.

PETERS entered with coffee and was engaged in pouring it when Mr. Bland started up wildly from the table with an expression of alarm on his face.

"What's that?" he cried. "The others looked at him in wonder. "I heard steps upstairs," he declared. "Nonsense," said Cargan; "you're dreaming. This peace and quiet has got to you, Bland."

Without replying, Mr. Bland rose and ran up the stairs. In his absence the hermit of Baldpate spoke into Magee's ear: "I ain't one to complain," he said. "Livin' alone as much as I do I've sort of got out of the habit, having nobody to complain to. But if folks keep coming and coming to this hotel, I've got to resign as cook. Seems as though every few minutes there's a new face at the table, and it's a vital matter to me."

"Cheer up, Peters," whispered Mr. Magee. "There are only two more keys to the inn. There will be a limit to our guests." "What I'm getting at is," replied Mr. Peters, "there's a limit to my endurance."

Mr. Bland came downstairs. His face was very pale as he took his seat, but in reply to Cargan's question he remarked that he must have been mistaken.

"It was the wind, I guess," he said. Mr. Peters shortly bade the company goodbye for the night. When he had started off through the snow for his shack Mr. Cargan took out his watch. "You've been pretty kind to us poor wanderers already," he said. "I got one more favor to ask. I come up here to see Mr. Bland. We got some business to transact, and we'd consider it a great kindness if you would leave us alone here in the office."

Mr. Magee hesitated. He saw the girl nod her head slightly and move toward the stairs. "Certainly, if you wish," he said. "I hope you won't go without saying goodbye, Mr. Cargan."

"That all depends," replied the mayor. "I've enjoyed knowing you, one and all. Good night."

The women, the professor and Mr. Magee moved up the broad stairway. On the landing Mr. Magee heard the voice of Mrs. Norton somewhere in the darkness ahead.

"I'm worried, dearie—real worried." "Hush!" came the girl's voice. "Mr. Magee—we'll meet again—soon."

Mr. Magee seized the professor's arm, and together they stood in the shadows. "I don't like the looks of things," came Bland's hoarse complaint from below. "What time is it?"

"Seven-thirty," Cargan answered; "a good half hour yet." "There was somebody on the second floor when I went up," Bland continued. "I saw 'im turn into one of the rooms and lock the door."

"I've got charge now," the mayor reassured him. "Don't you worry." "There's something doing," This seemed to be Max's voice.

"There sure is," laughed Cargan. "But what do I care? I own here by Drayton. I put him where he is."



"Cheer up, Peters," whispered Magee. "Ain't afraid. Let them gunshoe round as much as they want to. They can't touch me."

"Maybe not," said Bland. "But Baldpate inn ain't the grand idea it looked at first, is it?"

"It's a h— of an idea," answered Cargan. "There wasn't any need of all this folderol. I told Hayden so. Does that phone ring?"

"No; it'll just flash a light when they want us," Bland told him. Mr. Magee and Professor Bolton continued softly up the stairs, and in answer to the former's invitation, the old man entered No. 7.

"It is an amazing tangle," he remarked, "in which we are involved. I have no idea what your place is in the scheme of things up here. But I assume you grasp what is going on, if I do not."

KODAK

SA
Our price lower quality goods

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10c Soot
50c Allen
\$1 Allen
50c Horli
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50c Fruit
35c Carte
25c Carte
50c Dodd
25c Mecc
25c Egypt
1.50 Felio
50c Willi
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WIRELESS

Lieut. Col. ...
To Colonel ...
"All well, working fine"

RELATIVE

Bishop of ...
The Bishop received word that his well, second venders, fantry, of H way to the f rived there convalescent typhoid fever gone earlier. The same Lieut. Loyal North who is the youngest sis from India. In front, it rived there.

MR. H. W.

Mr. Harry ...
Church choir evening by gathering at Rev. Canon to Mr. Gord behalf of the sented him. The recipient with the F tears for the a graceful with graved with from the ch. A gift of ladies of the Mr. Cordes. Additional were singing. In the aft a member of was present. a gun metal. Mr. J. Elliot gift in their

An On ...
Canada was Thomas' Ed of that fami its good nar and South A far afed en lence, for in sale and de