

The Weekly Ontar

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1915.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH LOAN.

It was to be expected that the Anglo-French loan would be received with favor by our friends to the south. The sentiment of the American people, since the beginning of the war, has been most gratifyingly and overwhelmingly in favor of the Allied cause. Added to this strong sentiment, there are convincing business reasons why the American people should favor the flotation of such a loan at this time.

The United States is the one great neutral manufacturing nation to which the Allies may turn for the munitions and supplies so necessary for the early and successful termination of the war. Our American cousins have not failed to profit by reason of this fact. As a consequence, vast supplies of materials have been manufactured and sold to Great Britain and France. These supplies, of course, have to be paid for. They might be paid for by the shipment of gold, or the re-sale of American securities held abroad. In the event of either of these methods failing to provide funds in sufficient volume to pay for the materials as manufactured, there would be no alternative, save for the Allies to restrict their purchases. Again, large shipments of gold to the United States simply meant flooding that country with a commodity which it already possessed in ample quantities, which would of necessity lie in the bankers' vaults and upon which no interest would accumulate.

The United States is better off financially in every way by loaning the British and French Governments the money with which to buy the materials which they require in the neighboring Republic. In the first place, by making the loan, the United States ensures the continuance of a very profitable business. In the second place, it secures a handsome interest return upon the money it loans, and, thirdly, it materially assists in bringing the great war to an early—and for the Allies—successful conclusion. The parties to the transaction may therefore, feel mutually and justifiably gratified that the negotiations have now been successfully consummated.

There is another gratifying and rather extraordinary feature of the loan, which as the New York World says, "may mark the opening of a new era in finance." It was a great popular loan. Small subscribers are to be favored and the big subscribers, as there is an over-subscription, will be scaled down to any extent necessary. Then too, the small subscribers will get their bonds at the same price as their more wealthy competitors. The price fixed for the general public was 98. The price which the Allies were to net was 96. The subscribers, however, are to get their subscriptions filled at the net price of 96, plus a fourth of one per cent. for expenses, which the World points out, means that Wall Street has surrendered the opportunity of cleaning up \$10,000,000, less a fourth of one per cent. for expenses, of \$1,250,000. "This is quite a change," remarks the World, "from Wall Street as possessed of some measure of the spirit of democracy in a great public financial operation."

BRITAIN'S LOAD.

Sir George Paish, one of the editors of the London Statist, has made a comparison between the burden carried or assumed by the people of the United Kingdom today and that of a hundred years ago, and also a comparison of the national income in these two periods. The result is cheering. In a hundred years the national income—that is, the income of the people, not of the Government—has increased from three hundred million pounds to twenty-four hundred million pounds, or eight fold.

The taxation has increased from sixty-two million pounds to one hundred and sixty-three million pounds, or less than three fold. The excess of income over taxation has increased from two hundred and thirty-eight millions to twenty-two hundred and thirty-seven millions. The ability to pay has increased between two and three times as fast as the obligation.

Sir George Paish deals with the national debt. The debt of 1816 was equal to three years of the people's income. The debt of today including the most recent loans, is £1,900,000,000, or far less than one year's income. The war will be won by the Nation with the greatest resources, and Britain's are ample for the demand.

She has the money, and she will get the munitions and the men, in quantities and numbers, sufficient to overcome her enemies and establish the security of freedom, if every Briton "does his bit."

A VICIOUS ASSAULT.

It looks—at this distance—as though the outburst of a section of the London press against Sir Edward Grey and the Foreign Office were as uncalled for as it is untimely. Sir Edward Grey has a world reputation as a diplomatist. The Germans hate him above every other British statesman. What higher compliment could be paid him? His wonderful management of the negotiations preceding the war was demonstrated beyond doubt by the official documents subsequently published by the various nations involved. It is quite true that those negotiations ended in war. They could not have ended otherwise, since Germany had definitely decided, in advance, on war, and fixed the date of its commencement, but they ended with the Germans publicly in the wrong, and with the British not only clearly in the right, but a people united as they had never been before.

Since then the British Foreign Office has been concerned in very delicate negotiations with Italy and the United States. It has secured Italy as an ally. It has preserved the most amicable relations with the United States in spite of the German Foreign Office. It Sir Edward Grey has failed in the Balkans, it would be much better for all patriotic Britons to assume that he there encountered insurmountable obstacles. Surely, at least, he should be free from vicious attack because of his lack of success in one field, in view of his signal achievements everywhere else! It is obviously mere nonsense for the London editors, or those behind them to bemoan, at this late date, his alleged inability to speak any other language than English. It is, if possible, still more ridiculous to raise an outcry now over the fact that the Permanent Under Secretary of his office is of German extraction, and has a German wife. That may be unfortunate, but Sir Edward Grey is not a statesman at all likely to leave to any underling, matters of importance, at a time of national danger.

As to the asserted failure of British diplomacy in the Balkans, there are many things to be considered before Sir Edward Grey should be found fault with, much less publicly denounced, in that connection. In the first place, the actual facts with reference to it are unknown to any but those within the British Cabinet. In the second place, Britain was, to say the least, no more responsible for the success or failure of Balkan diplomacy than was her Allies, France and Russia. Italy may be left out of consideration because it seems probable that she did not openly take sides until the Balkan affair had been finally shaped. There are many indications, at present, that the Balkan crisis, so far as European diplomacy was concerned, was reached and passed some six months ago, although the public had little hint of it at the time. To appreciate the problem with which Sir Edward Grey was at that date confronted, it is necessary to recall the exact conditions then existing.

France and Britain, six months ago, were stalemated with Germany in the West. They were immobilized through lack of men and munitions. Russia's military star was apparently in brilliant ascendancy in the East. She had overrun nearly the whole of Galicia. She was threatening Austro-Hungary from the summits of the Carpathian Mountains. She was menacing Germany in East Prussia. Which of the Allies should then have had commanding influence in the Balkans and taken control of the diplomatic situation there? Was it France or Britain, or Russia? It had been perfectly clear much farther back than that the only means of securing Balkan support for the Entente Powers was by direct purchase or territorial concessions. Britain had nothing to concede, neither had France. What they could promise they did, after obtaining conditional undertakings from Serbia and Greece—both of which nations were it seems prepared to make sacrifices to Bulgaria.

It was quite obvious that Bulgaria especially, but also Roumania would have to be "fixed." What could Britain and France have done? What did Russia do? She had Austria apparently beaten. It was known to all that Roumania coveted eagerly the Transylvania territory of Austro-Hungary, which is mainly peopled by Roumanians. It was equally well known that Bulgaria fiercely desired the recovery of the territory which Roumania took from her at the close of the second Balkan War in 1913. What better material for diplomatic negotiations could Russia have desired? Surely Roumania might have been induced to give back what she had snatched from Bulgaria, in exchange for a definite assurance that Transylvania would be hers as soon as it could be wrested from Austro-Hungary! Russia, moreover, held and still holds, a piece of territory largely peopled by Bulgars, which Bulgaria regards as, by rights, her own. Did Russia offer to concede that, as Serbia and Greece had offered to make concessions of their recently acquired territory in Macedonia? There has been no public evidence forthcoming to any such effect. Yet there is good reason to believe that Russia, long before that, had been definitely assured that Constantinople would be placed in

her keeping after its capture by the arms of Britain and France. Should she not have been willing to yield something in return?

On whose national shoulders, then, so far as can be judged from the apparent facts, rests the responsibility for the temporary failure of the diplomacy of the Entente Powers in the Balkans? What could Sir Edward Grey have done more than he did do six months ago, at which time the future attitude of the Balkan States seems to have been actually determined? Does the blame for failure, if unnecessary failure there has been, rest with him, or with the statesmen of Russia? There is everything to suggest that Sir Edward Grey was in no way at fault. Whether Russia was seriously culpable, it would be presumptuous to assume to determine with the evidence now available. History alone can pronounce final judgment. In the meantime, it is not only profoundly regrettable but most reprehensible that British newspapers should undertake to assail and condemn the British Foreign Office, and inferentially the Imperial Government, as a section of the London press, has dared to do.

Although the King of Greece has spilled the beans in the Balkans the Allies are marching on.

The statement of the urgent needs of the Patriotic Fund should be all that it is necessary to say. It has paramount claims upon us.

Bulgaria declared that "armed neutrality" was her sole purpose, but all the while she has been playing the game of the Teutons. She has been talking fair and acting foul.

"Thirty thousand recruits a week" is the call of the Labor leaders in the Old Country. Their appeal comes to Canada as a fresh reminder of duty to keep the stream of reinforcements flowing.

No retaliatory measures have been adopted by Britain or France thus far in "gassing" the German soldiers. Dr. W. B. McLaughlin, a Brooklyn scientist, has stated, with corroboration from Washington, that before the Germans used chlorine gas against the Allies, he offered the British, through the British embassy at Washington, "a demonstrated process of throwing asphyxiating gases into trenches with gun-fire accuracy, which temporarily rendered the enemy helpless, but caused no permanent effect. While acknowledging its effectiveness, the British promptly rejected it upon the ground that it violated The Hague conventions, in which decision France concurred.

Soldiers, statesmen, clergymen—leaders of all classes—have borne testimony to the value of the work done by the Y.M.C.A. at the front and among the soldiers at home and overseas. In a recent speech at the opening of recreation rooms for munition workers at Enfield Lock, Mr. Winston Churchill referred to the "admirable services rendered by the Y.M.C.A.—services which could not otherwise have been rendered at all." An appeal is now being made for funds to support the work undertaken by the Y.M.C.A. in Canada for soldiers. It is a worthy appeal, worthy of a generous response.

Some very exaggerated figures have been published in regard to Balkan armies. Bulgaria, which has been credited with 750,000 troops, has not over 400,000; Greece has between 350,000 and 400,000, Roumania 600,000. Of course Bulgaria's total would be increased by whatever Turkey and Germany and Austria contributed to the field of operations. Likewise Italy, England, France and Russia would swell the totals of Greece and Roumania if they should finally line up with the Allies. So far, as numbers go the anti-Teutonic forces in the Balkans would be the larger.

The London Times has a good story of an incident at Luxemburg. In that little Grand Duchy photographs of General Joffre, President Poincare, the King of the Belgians, and others of the Allies' leaders are on sale in bookshops, but never a one of the German Emperor shows its face. During one of his visits to the town the Kaiser, accompanied by two aides-de-camp in mufti, was strolling along looking at the shop-windows, and noticing this omission went into a shop and asked why there were no portraits of his Imperial self. "There is no demand for them," said the girl behind the counter, without the least idea whom she was talking to. The story many not be true, but it certainly deserves to be.

On the anniversary day of the Battle of the Marne a correspondent of the Motor, who has recently been touring over the Marne battlefield, tells that a flag had been planted on every French grave, and on the places where numbers of men were buried together flowers and wreaths had been laid. It was only necessary to stand up in the car, look across country, and, without turning the head, count a hundred flags. There is no shelter on this plateau; for considerable distances there are neither hedges nor trees,

the only things rising above the uniform level of the ground being the metal direction posts. One of the sharpest contrasts is to be found in the sight of men ploughing among the graves. Only in a few places have men fallen so closely together that the field has had to be abandoned. In scores of cases the farmer ploughed his fields usual, going as near the grave as possible, but taking great pains not to touch it.

Speaking in Glasgow the other day, when they made him an honorary member of the "Incorporation of Weavers," Lord Rosebery quoted Gray's couplet:

"Weave the warp and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of Edward's race,"
and said that we were now weaving all over the world the winding sheet of the "most infamous conspiracy" ever known against human liberties. That conspiracy might have been successful. Every nation besides Germany had been unprepared, Britain conspicuously so. "Blood is thicker than water," he said; so much thicker that it was "the cement from which an Empire is constructed which is meant to last all time."

The extent to which Germany colonized Russia in preparation for the eventual war is discussed—so far in part—by the decrees of the Russian courts ordering these German land holdings for sale. The first list, a partial one, because of Germany's occupation of Poland and Courland, directs the sale of well over 6,000,000 acres. A great deal of this land occupied by German colonists was located for strategic reasons, as the war has proved. It is a significant fact that some heavy holdings were obtained where the German population was not dense in proportion to other races. Everywhere, however, where a German colony could help an invasion there was one planted. The Russians also experienced considerable surprise at Lodz and elsewhere to find during the campaign that certain factories run by Germans before the war tide reached them, were built on permanent bases for big guns and were located with a fine eye to where heavy shell fire would be directed.

THE SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

I walk down the Valley of Silence—
Down the dim voiceless valley—alone!
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me, save God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown!

Long ago I was weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago I was weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago I was weary of places
Where I met but the human—and sin.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence,
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim Valley,
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the dove of the Deluge,
A message of Peace they may bring.

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by Care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow
And one the bright mountain of Prayer.
—Father Ryan.

THE MAN IN THE TRENCH.

"Can you hear me, young man in the street?
Is it nothing to you who pass by?
Who down the dim lit ways in thousands roam
From here I watch you, through the driving
sleet,
Under the evening sky
Hurrying home.

Home! How the word sounds like a bell,
I wonder can you know, as I know well
That in this trench
Of death and stench
I stand between your home and hell.
I am the roof that shields you from the weather
I am the gate that keeps the brigand back,
When the pillage, fire and murder come together
I am the wall that saves your home from sack
Man! When you look upon the girl you prize,
Can you imagine horror in those eyes?

You have not seen, you cannot understand
This trench is England, all this ruined land
Is where you wander, street or field, or strand
Save for God's grace, and for the guns that rest
Upon this dripping mudbank of the west;
Our blood has stained your threshold—will you
stain
Your soul, give nothing and take all our gain?

Why did I come? I ask not nor repent
Something blazed up inside me and I went,
The khaki fringe is frayed and now a rent
Needs men—needs men, and I am almost spent.
Night and the "ready"—so sleep well.
My friend
The guns again are going
I must stick it to the end.
—James B. Fagan.

Other Editors' Opinions

THE LAW AGAINST THE DRINKER NOT THE SELLER.

The action of the Ontario Government and of the License Commission in closing all bars of hotels at eight o'clock during the war will meet with public approval.

We would prefer to see the hour of spirits still further shortened and more freedom allowed to the sale of beer. We also believe the sale of spirits for profit by private parties will soon have to give place to government control only. The factor of private profit out of the sale of spirits must be wiped out. A regulated sale of light beer by private parties is another proposition.

But while the war lasts the public will support early closing. The people will tolerate no one who is incapacitated by drink in these trying times, and every patriot owes it to the country to keep his wits as bright as his money for the supreme struggle.

The warning, therefore, is not to the hotelkeeper, but to the man who drinks. Society, the country, the nation, has less and less use for him, and still less for the woman with that falling. Don't imagine, therefore, that it is against the owner of the licensed hotel that the law is really directed; it is against the man and woman who indulge in drink and weaken their usefulness to the state. Society is going to be more and more against drinking liquor; the law against its sale is only an incident.

And this is what each man and woman, old and young, must take to himself. And it applies to the soldier, to the artisan, to the business man, to the professional man, most of all to those in whom is the keeping of the lives of the people—railway men, motor drivers, doctors, watchmen, firemen, soldiers, policemen, heads of households.

But this does not mean that illicit sale is to be ignored. The law must be enforced in the strictest manner and absolutely without fear or favor. A single breach of the law will mean a canceled license, and sale by a blind pig ought to mean prison to the seller.
—Toronto World (Con.)

A PREACHER OF THE PLAINS.

The Rev. Isaac Hosey, the cowboy preacher, who died the other day in Dewey, Okla., was one of the last of a type of preachers who were the product of the old wild days of the backwoods, the frontier mining camps and cow ranches. They were "fighting parsons." No other kind could exist on the border in those wild times.

Peter Cartright, a Methodist circuit rider in the Middle West for fifty years, was one of that type. He preached fifteen thousand sermons and baptized twelve thousand persons in Illinois, Kentucky and Tennessee in an early day. He was a "fighting parson" who used to leap across his pulpit occasionally and whip a rough disturber of his meeting. There were many of those fighting parsons.

In his youth Hosey was a cowboy and as "rough as they make 'em." He became sincerely converted and started out to preach the gospel to the cowboys of the plains. At first he followed the advice of St. Paul to Timothy:

"And the servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient."

But this did not well fit his case for the boys were in the habit of shooting off their pistols while he was preaching and thus break up his meetings, and so Hosey sought for another Bible text that would justify him in keeping order and found it also in St. Paul's advice to Timothy: "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

Hosey was seven feet tall and unusually powerful. He could whip his weight in wildcats. In a cow camp he would get up behind his pulpit, often an upended feed box, open his Bible, lay his long-barreled six-shooter across the pages of the sacred Word and say:

"Boys, this is a meeting, and I am going to run it. I've got a message for you and I'd like you all to hear and hear it. If you don't want to hear it and be peaceable, go now. For I sure will make it hard slending for the man who starts anything here tonight. Now let us pray."

He had many a fight, and he always won. He was gentle as a woman, but many stories are told of how tenderly he nursed sick cowboys and of what sacrifices he made in their behalf, for his religion was sincere and he lived it as he knew it.

The rough men of the plains came to love him, and he led thousands of them to be better men. He was a good soldier of the cross, he fought a good fight, and has gone to his reward.—Kansas City Times.

The ease with which Corns and Warts can be removed by Holloway's Corn Cure is its strongest recommendation. It seldom fails.



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