

Impressions of Quinte District

"A Guelph Motorist" writing in the Guelph Mercury describes an ideal week's outing in an automobile around Lake Ontario. His remarks about the Bay of Quinte and Belleville are interesting:—

"A yachting cruise covering a circuit of Lake Ontario towns has no doubt time and again proved an enjoyable summer outing for the favored few who live on the lake shore and own yachts, or have friends who do. On such a trip there would be the enjoyment of the sail, of life on the water, and of sightseeing in the places visited.

It is only since the advent of the automobile that a circuit of these Lake Ontario towns overland has become possible. The automobile has this advantage over a boat or railway train, that it takes you over the country roads, and through the streets of the towns. You can see everything along the way, and if you please can stop and talk to the people you meet.

The circuit of Lake Ontario was recently made by motor car by a Guelph party, of whom the writer was one, in eight days leisurely; it can be made in half that time without a rush.

"Our party left Guelph on the afternoon on Thursday, 26th August, had tea at the roadside on the way, and spent the night in Toronto. On the Friday forenoon we took the Kingston road, ran through Whitby, Pickering, Oshawa, Bowmanville, Newcastle, Port Hope, Cobourg, Colborne, and reached Belleville in time for 6 o'clock dinner, and spent the night there. On Saturday we passed through Napanee and arrived at Kingston at noon."

Having described the trip to Toronto he goes on:—

"About the streets and in the stores and hotels of Toronto there is a subdued atmosphere in contrast with the self-satisfied air of the boom period which preceded the war, the exception being the vaudeville and movie houses, which still draw crowds. Most of the towns east of Toronto show very little growth or signs of improvement in recent years. Oshawa has developed industrially, but the people have not improved the appearance of things by giving up portions of some of their best streets to railway tracks, in the ambition to grow."

"From Newcastle to Port Hope we left the Kingston road and took the Lake Shore road, because we learned it was in good shape, and because, from a previous trip some years ago, we knew that it commanded beautiful glimpses of Lake Ontario and the shore line. So far as the road was concerned we felt we could not do much worse by leaving the Kingston road. It seems odd that all through the county of Wellington our main roads are in better condition than this old Kingston road, over which many of the early settlers travelled and which today connects a string of good sized lake shore towns all the way from Montreal to Toronto. One reason is that over much of the distance gravel is not available. The road is of clay, which, this wet summer, has been worn full of ruts. In wet weather it is difficult and extremely dangerous for motoring because of skidding. The Lake Shore road from Newcastle to Cobourg is undulating, and curves in and out with the bays and promontories. It was a bright day, and the dark blue sky reflected in the water, combined with the dark green pines, mingled with the lighter green of oaks and maple, made an ever varying panorama, defying the portrayal of any painter, and certainly the descriptive powers of the writer. The magnificent homes and grounds of Cobourg, most of them owned by rich Americans, who have made the town an Ontario centre, are very interesting and beautiful.

"From Cobourg east you run over toll roads. Toll roads were abolished in the County of Wellington as a thing of the past, forty years ago, and probably in every other Ontario county since that time, with the exception of Northumberland. But even so, along the way, and if you please can stop and talk to the people you meet.

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'THE GERMANS ARE SO CLEVER'

We do Not Agree.

(The 'Daily Mail,' London.)

Everybody, except those who have been much in Germany, seems to be saying: 'How clever the Germans are.' Let us dissect them a little, and see if the qualities they are displaying are real cleverness or merely trickiness plus imitative persistence.

It is difficult, for example, to name any single new idea in the war originated by the Germans.

The 'Daily Mail' talked yesterday of the necessity of providing light armor for the protection of the heads, chests and shoulders of our troops. Such armor was invented and used by the French months ago, and has now been imitated by the Germans. The most successful gun in this war is the French 75 cm. (3-inch), of which the German 77 cm. is a clumsy imitation. The machine guns with which the Germans are so amply provided are a variety of the Maxim, an American invention. One might proceed through the whole catalogue of the 'material' of war, and prove that what we call cleverness is imitative.

Where the Germans did show some brains was in what they call the 'peaceful penetration of England.' That peaceful penetration flooded England with Germans, who occupy positions from Privy Counsellorships downwards. When the Kaiser flattered our War Minister, Lord Haldane, by lunching at his house in Queen Anne's Gate, that was another form of peaceful penetration and cajolery. Yet a third form was the provision of trips to Germany for English newspaper editors, with all expenses paid by the German Government (through the Hamburg-American Steamship Company's office in London).

Another phase was the encouragement by the Germans of what is known as 'excursion spying,' facilitated by the offer of all sorts of cheap tickets and partly paid expenses to young Germans travelling throughout England, Scotland and Ireland.

Yet, again, there is the encouragement given by the German Government to Germans to take out what are called 'naturalization papers,' and the indirect pushing of semi-German employees, many of them still in employment.

He is intensely English and quite harmless, you are told by any Cabinet Minister to whom you may complain of a specific case—everybody's own particular German being harmless, be it noted. It does not seem to have occurred to those in authority that neither the French nor the Italians nor the Americans nor the Dutch have been pushing themselves in England in the way indicated during the last thirty years.

Then why the Germans? Why should certain members of the late Government have been always hand in glove with Germans? Why not with Frenchmen or Italians? The whole process was one of the systematic attempts to dominate England by 'peaceful penetration.' That may be considered cleverness. For our part we regard it rather as cunning.

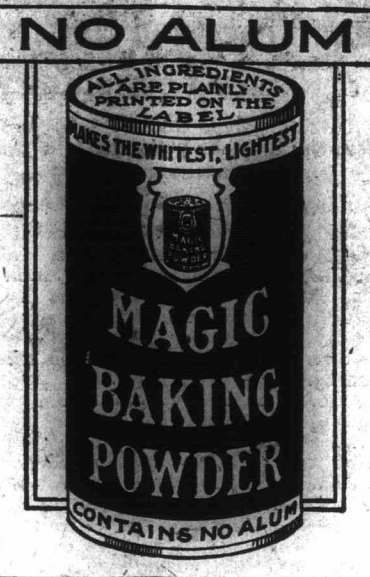
The great quality the Germans do possess is thoroughness, combined with a total obliviousness to the feelings of others. When the war broke out one would have thought that German residents in England, 'naturalized' or otherwise, would have sought seclusion. Not so. They appeared in public, in the Exchanges and actually at the clubs, until, so far as the clubs were concerned, members had to pass resolutions excluding them.

Their thoroughness consists in minute attention to detail. 'It is my duty to study the private habits and character of every English general' remarked a German military attaché in an unwise moment.

The minute knowledge which is possessed of the character of our Cabinet Ministers sometimes surprises those whose task it is to read the German newspapers.

The exact information the Germans had regarding the factories, chateaux and vineyards they have seized in France is another sign of their foreknowledge and thoroughness. The care with which, in France, they have spared all houses and champagne vineyards belonging to Germans or German sympathizers shows that the German General Staff has business qualities as well as military knowledge. All this is thoroughness, not cleverness.

It. Frank Corbett, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Corbett, was reaching down to get a stone, when another boy hit it, exploding the fog signal. Frank got a piece of tin about an inch long in his hip, and was badly cut across the eye. Dr. Ferris had put several stitches in the cuts.—Cobourg Sentinel-Star.



Had the Germans possessed the military genius and capacity of Napoleon and his staff their forty-four years of preparation might have made them masters of the world.

As it is a year's war has chiefly demonstrated their dull plodding cruelty to nations which have hitherto regarded them as possible scientists and good men of business.

It is unwise to belittle the Germans. It is equally unwise to misunderstand them. We recall the remark of a German naval officer who, when taken prisoner, said, 'You, English always will be fools, and we Germans never can be gentlemen.'

Early in the war, and before our soldiers had got to know the character of the Germans, some of our Tommies were taken prisoners by the Germans. Our simple-minded men, sportsmanlike, offered to shake hands with their captors, but were extremely surprised to find themselves violently clouted over the head for being fools.

That was a small misunderstanding, but misunderstanding the Germans in the future may lead part of the nation astray.

Before the end of this conflict we have no doubt that the Germans will use new kinds of gases and all sorts of liquid fire.

They will also use peace talk. With them, liquid fire, peace talk, and spying members of Parliament are all part of the same business of attempted German dominance at any price.

It is possible that when Germany has dealt our splendid Russian Ally a blow that they hope will prevent her from taking active operations for months, Germany will swing down to try to smash Serbia or swing west to force her way to the sea through our lines.

We predict, however, with certainty, that whatever she does she will constantly offer tricky terms of peace on the principle that 'You English always will be fools and we Germans never can be gentlemen.'

This is not clever, and will not lead us to desert our French, Russian, Italian or other allies, as the Germans think, nor will it induce our Allies to desert us as the Germans hope.

It is part of the same stupidity and lack of cleverness that caused the Germans almost a year ago to misunderstand totally the English character, despite all their infinite spying. It made them believe that we Britons would stand on one side while Belgium and France were being assailed.

Slowly the nation is getting aroused to German thoroughness and trickiness.

Our people will not be deluded again by the cry of 'Starving Germany' cunningly raised by the Germans themselves a few months ago so as to cause us to relax our efforts.

We now know that the only thing the German is short of is cotton. We now know that by stopping cotton from entering Germany we can curtail the war. We cannot shorten it by any other means than by this and the manufacture of munitions on a gigantic scale and the introduction of compulsory military service. But all the time we must beware of the tricks of the Germans without and the Germans in Great Britain and their secret friends.

I. O. O. F. District Meeting

A special meeting of Stirling district I.O.O.F. was held at Campbellford on Wednesday, called by E. T. Caverly, D.D.G.M.

The reason for the meeting was the change in the district. Frankford lodge, being placed by the Grand Lodge in the Belleville district. As the D.D.G.M. recommended to Grand Lodge was a member of Frankford Lodge another appointment had to be recommended and Mr. George Shortt of Springbrook Lodge was unanimously chosen. The name 'Stirling District' was retained. The delegates present were:—F. T. Ward, E. T. Caverly, J. M. Clarke and H. Rollins, Stirling, Geo. Shortt, P. McConnell, J. J. Morgan, Springbrook, R. C. Doozee, Hastings, R. J. Bullen and G. A. Kingston, Campbellford.

Wandering Gipsy Band in Picton

Like a dream from the past, appears a gipsy camp in Macaulay Park and their white tents may be seen from the town, outlined against green woods on the mountain side. To the life of this nomadic species the Philadelphia Press recently referred as follows:

"There is nothing in the memory of youth that has more of the element of fascination than the wandering gipsy. In it was the fearsome as well. Measured by the conventional standards of life, it was a strange and untamable career. There was a mystery in its every movement, and change in its every day. There were no confining rules of conduct to be observed, no confinement in prison-like schoolroom when the world outside beckoned so invitingly to the spirit of youth, no compulsion to do aught else than fancy prompted.

"Nor has this envy of the gipsy freedom been confined to the young. There is many a moment in mature life when the thought of drifting hither and yon in the open air appeals strongly to the man who is chained to office or factory. To have the power to move or to tarry as you will, to have a home wherever you choose to light a camp fire, to see the world and all that in it lies, these are not unpleasant thoughts to the person burdened with the daily round of duties.

"To the gipsy the things that harass and worry the normal life are but the merest bubbles in the air. To him there is no such thing as high cost of living. Taxes are as unknown to him as the irregularities of the Greek verb. Not even the income tax can mar his pleasure in life. In the gipsy lexicon there is no such word as landlord and no such thing as rent. He is above the conventionalities that hedge us about.

"He is free from responsibilities of every type and kind. Panics pass him by, and good times and hard times are to him just the same. But, like the other things of the world that smack of freedom and irresponsibility the gipsy is fast disappearing"—Times.

Jewellery Missing From House

Mr. Wm. H. Crouter of Ameliasburg reported to the Belleville police that some one had robbed his house of a quantity of jewellery including a watch. No trace of the thief was to be found and it is not known how the house was entered.

A Prolific Swarm

Mr. Levi Pierce of Bongards, reports that early this summer a swarm of bees came to his home. Mr. Pierce nived the swarm, and it immediately got busy, not only gathering honey, but producing new swarms as well. Mr. Pierce now has 17 hives of bees, all of them the product of the one swarm that came to him in the spring, and in addition, three or four swarms were given to his neighbors when his hives gave out, and two or three swarms got away. In all, this one swarm of bees has swarmed again 24 times during the season.—Picton Times.

Bought Big Fruit Farm

Mr. J. A. R. Powell, of Edmonton, son of Mr. James A. Powell, who bought the John Laird property adjoining the Corporation of Picton, was in town for a few days looking over his property. This place has 65 acres of orchard and Mr. Powell was greatly pleased with the orchard. Although this is an off year for fruit, the trees could not look more vigorous and healthy. Mr. Powell's business will not permit him leaving the land to live for a while, so he will hire a man to look after his fruit farm.—Picton Times.

Brighton's New Foundry

Messrs. Thos. Garnet & Son, contractors of Port Hope, commenced the construction of the building for the D. J. Barker Foundry Co., of Brighton, the beginning of the week, and now have a large number of men busily employed in excavating for the foundation, which will be solid concrete, and the main building, 230 by 100 feet, will be brick. The location is just south of the C.P.R. track and east of Prince Edward street. The foundry will be ready for occupation by December 1st, 1915, and the plant will be removed from Picton during that month and with the new equipment everything will be ready for operation at the opening of the year. The foundry has been operated in Picton this year for the Brighton shareholders under the able management of Mr. Jas. Hickey, a man of wide experience in the stove business, and the company are well pleased with his ability. Under judicious guidance it is expected that at no distant date the company will have one of the foremost stove products on the market, and here's to a full realization of their expectations.—Brighton News.

Passed Away in Mid-life

On Sunday, Aug. 29, there passed away at Wellman's Corners, Mrs. Geo. Watson, Jr., at the age of 31 years. Deceased was a victim of typhoid pneumonia from which disease she had been suffering for some time. A husband and family of three small children survive, also her mother, Mrs. George Sharpe, the sister, Mrs. Wm. Johnston, and three brothers, James, Leonard and Claude Sharpe, all of Rawdon. General sympathy is felt for the family in their sorrow.

"THE GREATER THE HARDSHIPS, THE BROADER THE SMILE"

Reports Captain O'Flynn in a Letter From the Trenches in France—One of His Officers Shot Dead.

Letters were received from Capt. O'Flynn bearing dates the 24th and 25th of August ult. The first letter was written from the trenches. He describes the nights as beautiful and quite cool. They were having a full moon and it was nearly as light as day. The danger of a night attack was practically nil as surprises would be impossible and that would be the only advantage of a night attack. He explained that it was difficult to do work between the lines when the moon was so clear and that patrol was also very difficult for the same reason. He wrote that every night has its advantages as well as its disadvantages. He said that they had just received the news of the sinking of the German war vessels in the Gulf of Riga and that they had great sport in shouting the news across to friend, the enemy, Fritz.

He says it is amusing to hear them shouting backwards and forwards each inviting the others to come over and take their trenches. There are apparently men in the ranks from Canada, as they shout across and ask what is going on in different places in Canada. It has its amusing side to hear them laughing and talking to each other, yet neither side dare show a head above the parapet. There is notice on the trench where they are put up by some wag, "Keep your head down, your King and Country need you." He describes the spirit of the men as wonderful and the greater the hardships the broader the smile. The Belleville boys are all well. The Capt. was chatting with Melville Clark and Walter Craig the preceding night, and said their conversation turned as it invariably does to the dear old town. He says all are looking forward to the time when they return. He says that Sherman's description of war is not an exaggerated one. The evening before he wrote he was chatting with one of his trusted men laughing and talking and within an hour the man was dead, shot through the lungs. He was a fine fellow, one of the Captain's officers and played the game in a manly way to the last. They were on a covering party which is a screen to protect the working party from being surprised and a bullet hit him.

The Captain mentions the receipt of parcels from his friends and sends his thanks and says that his kind friends at Belleville are spoiling him and that he will never forget the many kindnesses shown to him.

Matters have been quiet and the Germans are either becoming short of ammunition or reserving it for some special effort but let them come on any time they are now ready for any thing.

Among other things he sent home was a photo of a machine gun in action, a periscope used in the trenches and also a photo of one of the officers. He sends his best wishes to his friends and writes that the boys from Belleville are all doing duty.

THE "ONTARIO" PARTY OF TOURISTS HAVING THE TIME OF THEIR LIVES

What They Have Been Seeing at San Diego and Other Points in Southern California—Miss Ruth Sinclair's Interesting Account of Some of Their Experiences.

Santa Barbara, Sept. 6th, '15
Dear Mr. Herity,—
I wish I could start in at the beginning and tell you all we have seen since leaving home but as that is impossible I will tell you as much as I can just now.

Last Tuesday morning we reached San Diego and spent our first morning by a trip to Ramona's marriage place which is a very quaint old place surrounded by a beautiful garden. Tuesday afternoon we took a motor trip to Point Loma and it was there that quite a number of our party received their first glimpse of the Pacific. All last Wednesday we spent at the Fair. The grounds and buildings there are certainly beautiful and all the exhibits are fine. Besides visiting all these buildings we heard the wonderful old door organ and were shown through the Lipton Tea Gardens. Thursday morning we had a trip to La Jolla which is a sort of summer place on the ocean.

Thursday afternoon we left for Los Angeles and spent three fine days in that city. Our sight seeing there included a trip through Pasadena, and the Busch Gardens of 83 acres, a visit to the Cavaton Orchid Farm; an afternoon at Ocean Beach Amusement Park and a trip to the Universal City where the movie pictures are made.

It surely is a little city by itself, having its own hospital, fire department, police force, etc. We were shown over the city and there spent some time watching the pictures being acted. It is hard to imagine the amount of work which is necessary for the production of a single picture. Yesterday we spent a fine afternoon at the home of Mrs. A. O. Back Mr. Lane's sister) who lives on a 10 acre orange farm in Pasadena. For once I think we all had as much fruit as we could eat as we had oranges, peaches, figs and plums. This afternoon we went out to the Santa Barbara Mission, which is one of the only two remaining active missions founded by the Franciscans in this part of the country. We finished up the day by a great swim in the ocean which was a real treat.

Everything has been perfectly fine right from the beginning. Mrs. and Mr. Lane seem to think of nothing but our pleasure so you may imagine just how nice that is for us.

We leave in a few minutes for Fresno. That really seems like the turning point of our journey. I shall always feel grateful to the Ontario for I cannot think of any trip that could be more pleasant than the one you have given us.

Sincerely,
Ruth Sinclair.

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The funeral was held on Tuesday, 31st ult., the service being conducted by Rev. C. C. Salisbury and Rev. G. A. Brown. Interment was made in Burnbrae Cemetery.—Campbellford Herald.

Repairing Rob Roy

The barge Rob Roy which foundered off Long Point in the big gale on the night of August 24th, has been sent to Picton for repairs. John Welbeck, marine surveyor, who had charge of the work of recovering and surveying the Rob Roy, said that the crew of the tug Home Rule, which finally brought the Rob Roy to the surface and into Port Colborne, had a hard time getting her.

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