

THE WEEKLY ONTARIO.

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W. H. MORTON, Business Manager. J. O. HERITY, Editor-in-Chief.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1916.

THE BRITISH NAVY AND ITS FIGHT AGAINST THE ENEMY.

The miraculous creation of the new British armies and their evolution in a few short months from a handful of men, to the millions now scattered throughout the various theatres of war, is now a familiar story.

The life and training of a soldier, the nature of the fighting in which he engages, are matters of common knowledge to every citizen of the Empire, for the gradual growth of our new armies and their organization has taken place under our very eyes.

The corresponding history of our Naval Forces during the same period, is shrouded in mystery. But we know that when Germany let loose the horror which is now threatening civilization as never before it was threatened, the British Navy was ready, and silently took up its appointed task.

We know that it guards the shores of this Empire sleeplessly by night and by day. We are aware that without it no army could have left Great Britain, no soldier could have crossed the Atlantic to protect the shores of this Dominion from invasion by a cruel and a ruthless foe. But for the work of the British Navy, munitions of war could not leave this Continent, nor those vital supplies of food, without which the Mother Country would starve in a few weeks. By the might of British sea power, German commerce, second only in magnitude to our own, lay suddenly paralyzed.

From the moment of the outbreak of war, no German ship dared leave the shelter of its harbor, until the much vaunted Deutschland sneaked forth, and dodging beneath the surface brought a few tons of cargo unheard of cost to the shores of America. On the back of the Navy, millions of soldiers have safely crossed the oceans, and thousands of millions of dollars' worth of supplies and munitions have been safely carried, while under its protection the armies of the Allies have been free to fight wherever they were needed.

By the power of the Navy the resources of the whole world are at the disposal of the Allies, and are denied to the enemy. Food, cotton, and rubber for Great Britain, without which she must lie at the mercy of the Hun. Coal and iron from France, to take the place of her own supplies cut off by the invading enemy. Arms and munitions for Russia, enabling her to utilize the overwhelming man power of her teeming population. All this, vital as it is to every man, woman and child of this Empire, is carried out so silently as to be in danger of being forgotten. Sometimes the veil is lifted, and we obtain glimpses of the Navy at its work. Through the eyes of some privileged correspondent we see the ceaseless activities which the maintenance of naval supremacy entails, or the censorship permits the relation of some encounter with the enemy, seen or unseen.

Some months ago, Mr. Arthur Balfour, the then First Lord of the Admiralty, announced that since the outbreak of war one million tons had been added to the Navy, while its personnel had been doubled in numbers. This despite the fact that the British Navy was already the strongest in the world. What a mighty increase to an already all-powerful instrument of war.

That which it implies can only be guessed at, and the process still continues. Measured in vessels of the most powerful type, the increase in tonnage would amount to some forty Dreadnoughts. As to the growth of personnel, while the services of practically every man and boy in the British Isles whose bread is earned on deep waters have been secured for the navy, with the exception of those who supply the essential needs of the Mercantile Marine, there are further many thousands of men, formerly civilians without any sea experience, who have become bluejackets in Britain's fleet. These men, clerks, shop assistants, factory hands, dock laborers, men of almost every calling, have been absorbed into the service, and in their turn have absorbed its great traditions, and taken their places among those bred to the life from their boyhood up. To quote a single instance some two thousand young men of good education, city bred, for the most part Londoners, passed through the Signal School established in London soon after the outbreak of the war, and from thence to coast signal stations, and as they became sufficiently expert, to the Grand Fleet itself.

Day by day, in the countless yards of the

greatest shipbuilding country of the world, new vessels are launched for the many purposes of coast and commerce protection, of naval offence and defence, as these ships are completed, crews must be ready to man them. For the smaller vessels, and those destined for specialist work in various branches, are needed seamen of long experience, who must be drawn from the populations of our coasts. Such will man the minesweeper and submarine destroyer, who labor ceaselessly to keep open trade routes along which travel food, men and munitions for the armies of the Allies. In the larger ships can be placed recruits with little or no training or experience, where side by side with their seasoned comrades, the traditional British bluejackets, knowledge of life and fighting routine on a battleship can be acquired by the intelligent and keen recruit, much more quickly than would be possible by a landsman in the battlefield.

The sources from which keen and intelligent young men, such as are required, have been hitherto derived in Great Britain, are now dry. Every man under the age of forty-one is fighting or training in the army to fill the gaps in France, Greece, Egypt, or Mesopotamia. Next year the ships will still be coming off the stocks, and the Motherland appeals to the Daughter Country to send her sons now, that they may be trained, and ready to fill the empty places in the Navy's personnel. Here lies the opportunity for young Canada, not yet in khaki, to don the suit of blue, to wear the three white stripes in token of Nelson's three great victories, and the black silk in perpetual mourning for Britain's naval hero, to stand by the giant guns as true sons of the great Mistress of the Seas.

In vain, the enemy has sought by violating all the laws, not only of sea warfare, but of humanity, to break the steel chain which binds together the Allies all over the world and links the Mother Country with the Daughter Nations across the oceans. Sea power remains unshaken in the hands of the descendants of Raleigh and of Drake; handed down through generations of roving and seafaring people who braved the oceans' perils to lay the foundations of British freedom in a new world.

Canada will respond to that call eagerly and cheerfully. Her sons in their thousands already stand gallantly in trenches across the seas, gloriously upholding the honor of the Dominion, and laying down their lives for their King and their Flag. When the message rings forth from Atlantic to the Pacific, that the Empire needs her Canadian sons to help man her iron walls of defence, the call will not be in vain, and they will come as readily as their brothers now fighting on land, to serve in the ships of that mighty fleet, upon which, under the Providence of God, the safety of our Empire chiefly depends.

H. C. OR COLDS.

Why not reduce your holiday expenses by cutting on the h. c. of your annual cold? If you are a person of normal health, you probably manage to keep well up to Christmas, and then you succumb to a cold in the head, or to the grip, or bronchitis, or tonsillitis, or influenza.

And you do not work very well for a few days while you are coming down with your cold; then you stay away from work a few days more; then you work badly while that mean feeling lasts; and then there is the doctor's bill and the drug store expenses.

Common colds have been estimated to cost the population of Ontario \$3,000,000 a year. Really, considering the advanced prices of medicine, and the wages lost, only the well-to-do can afford to catch cold.

But in this matter the poorest can become philanthropists. Whoever manages to get through the winter without his annual sneezing or coughing spell is conferring a benefit on the whole community.

There are two ways of cutting the high cost of colds for your own sake and of proving yourself a public benefactor as well:

1. Avoid exposure to infection when a member of the family brings a germ cold into the house, and if you catch a cold, sneeze and cough behind your handkerchief and avoid infecting others.
2. Drink two quarts of water a day; sleep with your bedroom windows wide open—never mind the snow outside—cover up; sit, stand and walk erect, and walk every day in the open air; keep clean; eat slowly and do not eat too much. The Christmas feast is responsible for many a hard cold.

Build up your vitality and your physical resistance and taking cold will cease to be a part of your yearly health history and a tax on your income.

AS A WAITER, HE MADE GOOD.

George was a waiter—a peach of a waiter. He always brought what you ordered when you were ready for it. The napkin over his forearm was always clean. He never stuck his finger in the soup.

His interested but impersonal deftness won him many a tip from some of New York's most notorious closefists.

Little did these tippers know they were



No one ever doubts REDPATH quality, because in its Sixty Years of use no one has ever bought a barrel, bag or carton of poor Redpath sugar. It is made in one grade only—the highest.

"Let Redpath Sweeten it."

Canada Sugar Refining Co., Limited, Montreal.

pressing a dime or a quarter into the hand of the greatest hotel man of the city!

For George, we have said, was a good waiter. Had he been a poor waiter, he probably wouldn't have been paid for much at anything.

Being such a good waiter, he didn't remain a waiter long. Instead, he went to Texas—a young, beardless boy of 18 or so, only a few years over from his island home somewhere off East Prussia.

There he failed in a chicken farm. But remember, he had been a success as a waiter. He next tried being a cowboy. He became a judge of fine horses. But knowledge he had picked up as a waiter kept calling. He went back east and became steward of the exclusive Clover Club in Philadelphia.

He was a good steward—a peach of a steward.

Influential Clover Club members backed him in the purchase of a large hotel.

Some of these same influential members, and many other big men who had become his friends in later years, sent wreaths of flowers and telegrams of condolence to be read at his funeral the other day.

His wealth was estimated at \$30,000,000; a great university had benefited by his generosity in building dormitories; but, most important of all, the hotels of a continent and of some European cities had imitated his first New York venture, and the world admitted he had exerted a greater influence than any other man in developing the modern hotel as a place of comfort instead of a collection of rooms and beds—a civic institution, a place to stay over night.

He was George O. Bond, proprietor of the Waldorf-Astoria, New York.

SAVE THE BOYS.

All over Canada are scattered homes where each day the tidings of the war awaited with eager and anxious interest. Each day brings sorrow to some, to others added suspense or relief. And each succeeding day the sustained anguish in many hearts is pregnant with one hope that a son or a brother or a husband may be spared to survive the end.

As a nation we have passed through that period in the early days of the war when the news of our own casualties was received with a shock while we were callous about the losses of the foe. As long as the war lasts the sacrifice of human life will continue. We in Canada today along with the people of Britain have one plain course upon to us. Our men are thousands of miles away fighting. We do not hear the sound of the guns, but we cannot fail to hear that urgent, insistent, imperative demand that the guns be fed. The armies of the Empire will never reach their maximum striking force until every pound of iron that we can put into a projectile is on its way to the battle front.

Anyone who reads the war news carefully from day to day can reach only one conclusion. We are facing a most critical time. Flesh and blood have withstood the iron onslaught long enough. Now we must match iron with iron.

Competent observers who have recently returned from the front warn us that the end is a long way off. Germany is at bay, fighting, as it were, with her back to the wall; she will put her most desperate effort forward, will scruple at nothing, will hesitate at no sacrifice of men or material. Two years more they say the war will last. Two years to what end? There must be only one end; there can be only one end if we as a nation act and act now.

The public man who buys up with the platitude "We will win" should be driven out of town should he fail to say what in this solemn hour is our responsibility. Munitions, more munitions and still more munitions! That call must sound throughout the length and breadth of the land; it must be heard at every fireside; it must echo through every factory; it must be consecrated on every altar.

Those in high places know too well the need. They appeal to us in words of solemn warning. We must be up and doing. It is time for decision; it is a time for action; it is a time for devotion.

Now will the H. C. of L. kindly make some peace proposals?

AS A WOMAN THINKETH.

By Helen Rowland.

SOMETIMES I wonder why I LIKE men!

They always call it inopportune times.

When I have just let down my hair and slipped into a kimono and am dying to finish a novel.

And stay away at other times when I am dressed up and lonely and restless,

And take me to plays I don't care to see and to cafes that bore me.

And NEVER invite me anywhere that I am particularly longing to go.

And most of them have little bald spots on top of their heads.

And smell of tobacco and bay rum,

And talk about THEMSELVES,

Or about other women,

And are sentimental at the most impossible and preposterous moments.

And disstrait, or indifferent, or grouchy at the most romantic moments.

If they try to flirt with me it makes me indignant.

And if they don't it makes me furious.

If they fall in love with me I am always unhappy in the end.

And if they don't I am unhappy from the beginning to the end.

If I marry one of them I know I shall be sorry.

And if I don't I know I shall be utterly miserable!

And YET,

After all,

They are the only things there ARE to flirt with.

Or to fall in love with,

Or to marry,

And, next to a baby or a kitten, the nicest thing there is to kiss,

And there are times when NOTHING on earth will take the place of one of them,

Not even ART or a pomeranian!

Because a pomeranian never calls you pet names,

Nor take you out to dinner,

Nor send you candy and violets.

And Art is SO impersonal.

You can't run your fingers through its hair.

Nor talk baby talk to it,

Nor quarrel with it when you need a little excitement,

Nor make it miserable by flirting with somebody else.

And there is nothing in the whole wide, wonderful world so comforting

As a nice, rough, shaggy coatsleeve

TO CRY ON!

So I have decided

That there is a real NEED in the world for men—

Even for husbands

And BACHELORS!

A CHRISTMAS-TIME JINGLE.

My dears, do you know, one short Christmas ago

There were two little children named Jimsy and Joe,

Who were stolen away by their Uncle that day,

Who drove round and carted them off in a sleigh.

And the two little chaps, rolled in buffalo wraps

With their eyes in the furs and their hands in their laps,

He whizzed down the street, through the snow and the sleet,

At a gait old Kriss Kringel himself couldn't beat.

And their uncle yelled "Ho!" all at once, and then "Whoa!"

Mr. Horses, this store is where we want to go."

And as the sleigh stopped, up the little heads popped,

And out on the sidewalk the old uncle hopped,

And he took the boys in, with a wink and a grin,

And had 'em dressed clean up from toe-tip to chin.

Then he bundled 'em back in the sleigh, and cur-rack!

Went the whip; and away they all went whizzin' back.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27.—Nothing official has come ad-

roping to show when the belligerents will reply to President Wilson's note urging discussion of peace, or what the nature of the responses might be. The London news despatches indicating that an early reply was unlikely, because of the necessity of consultation between the Allies, agreed with a view prevailing here.

Apparently the administration, having despatched the note, and in the interest of caution having taken steps to see that no misconstruction abroad was placed on the president's purposes, now is carefully watching the expressions of opinion, particularly in the British press. As the attitude of the Teutonic allies had been clearly foreshadowed in advance and the president, in the note specifically disclaimed any association with that attitude, the interest of American officials centered on the reception of the note in the entente countries and among the European neutrals.

It was recalled, as the London despatches, most of them hostile, arrived, that similar expressions greeted the original proposals of the central allies, but that the views were moderated in the British press and among the Entente diplomats here after reflection and discussion.

The suggestion from London that the manner of replying to the president's note will differ from the former replies to proposals of the German allies corresponded with official expectations. It is thought here that the Entente Allies might not make an extended answer to the proposals of the central powers but would deal with the whole peace subject in their response to the U. S.

The German view is that whatever the reply of the Entente allies, the relations between Germany and the United States will have been immeasurably improved, probably to the point of assisting careful steps by the Berlin Government to modify any such conditions as led up to a crisis which threatened a break in diplomatic relations.

Entente diplomats, while they apparently had decided to accord the president's attitude in good faith, had not wholly disposed of their own that it might redound to the advantage of their enemies.

The President's Error.

PARIS, Dec. 26.—The "Globe," which carries great political weight, after alluding to what it terms the "courteous and precise form of President Wilson's note," says:

"It certainly seems that the Washington Cabinet in its desire for peace has neglected to look the problem in the face and weigh the real evidence. President Wilson's note is a fundamental error dates far back, to his refusal to pass upon the initial responsibility for the war. Judge what the two groups of belligerents say and think about peace. Do you forget that one of them deliberately broke the peace, while the other did everything to keep it?"

MINISTERS HONORED.

Retiring Prime Minister Names Men to Become Peers.

LONDON, Dec. 26.—In accordance with custom, when there is a change in the Government, the King has conferred honors on various persons recommended to him by the retiring Prime Minister: Lord Sandhurst, former Lord Chamberlain; Lewis Harcourt, former First Commissioner of Works, and Lord Cowdray, made viscounts; and Joseph Albert Pease, former Postmaster-General; Arthur Dewar, former Solicitor-General for Scotland; Sir Thomas Dewar, M.P., and Sir Edward Parthington, director of the Manchester and Liverpool District Bank, are made barons. A number of minor honors also have been conferred by the King.

Mr. Harcourt in a letter to his constituents announcing his resignation from the House of Commons, says that in his person the old family peerage will be revived. Mr. Dewar's promotion is said to be due to his agricultural experiments.

The Western Front.

PARIS, Dec. 26.—The following is an official communication:

"In the course of the day rather spirited artillery fighting took place in the region of Haumont work, Leuvenmont, and the Chambrettes Farm (Verdun region)."

"Several surprise attacks which were carried out to the east of St. Mihiel, to the Gerechtens Wood, at Chesapeake, north of Celles (Voages) and in the Fays Valley, enabled us to destroy small enemy outposts and to bring back some prisoners. On the rest of the front there was intermittent cannonading."

Belgian communication: "On the southern portion of the Belgian front the bomb and artillery struggle has been very violent. Our field and trench batteries silenced the enemy artillery."

Portuguese Rebels Defeated.

MADRID, Dec. 26.—El Imperial's Lisbon correspondent telegraphs that the Portuguese Government is entirely master of the situation resulting from the revolutionary outbreaks in various parts of Portugal. The attempts of Machado Santos, at the head of a small band of rebels, to enter the town of Abrantes, eighty miles north-east of Lisbon, resulted in no casualties. Machado Santos, who is a naval officer, will be tried by court-martial.

... Frank McGinty of ...
 ... Pte. Caron of Toron ...
 ... Mr. F. Dolan of Por ...
 ... Lt.-Col. Barragar w ...
 ... Mr. R. Falos spent ...
 ... Mr. Ernest Bowden ...
 ... Mr. George Bowden ...
 ... Mr. Davey Carr of ...
 ... Miss Violet McKee ...
 ... Lt.-Col. H. R. Will ...
 ... Major R. D. Pontor ...
 ... Mr. and Mrs. S. ...
 ... Leon Goyer of Wel ...
 ... Mr. T. Walton of th ...
 ... Mr. Henry Martin o ...
 ... Miss Anna Cronin o ...
 ... Mr. J. O'Brien of ...
 ... Miss A. Malloch, o ...
 ... Mr. K. Wims and F ...
 ... Mr. Roy Hadley of ...
 ... Mr. and Mrs. T. Bow ...
 ... Mr. Hardley Wilmo ...
 ... Mr. H. Wolfe of th ...
 ... Mr. E. Kidd of th ...
 ... Miss L. Fluke of th ...
 ... Mr. Plumpton of t ...
 ... Mr. Percy Bell, for ...
 ... Mr. and Mrs. F. R. ...
 ... Mr. G. L. Bird of ...
 ... Miss Louise McCab ...
 ... Mrs. (Rev.) A. Poul ...
 ... The "Peg of the Ri ...
 ... Capt. E. D. O'Flynn ...
 ... Miss Josephine Tick ...
 ... Mr. Samuel Macdonal ...
 ... Miss Edith Truax an ...
 ... Pte. S. Johnson of F ...