

THE WEEKLY ONTARIO.

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Business Manager. Editor-in-Chief.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1918.

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH NEW BRUNSWICK

When we left Belleville for a tour of the Maritime provinces on Monday, August the fifth the mercury had been playing hide-and-seek all day, around 100 in the shade. The night was sweltering. It was a prelude to ten days of the greatest heat that Ontario has encountered in this prolific year of extremes. Before we had reached Montreal the temperature had become pleasingly cool. The delightful coolness persisted in the two days we spent passing through the Province of Quebec. On Wednesday evening when we arrived at Campbellton, New Brunswick, a wind was blowing landwards from the Bay of Chaleur, bringing with it a chill that made a light overcoat necessary for comfort while walking on the streets.

Nearly four hundred years before, or, to be exact, on July 10, 1534, Jacques Cartier, most intrepid and enterprising of French explorers, sailed into the Bay of Chaleur. It was an extremely hot day and the heat inspired the name this magnificent sheet of water has borne ever since, La Baie de Chaleur—the bay of heat.

They have some pretty hot days in the summer but the nights are always cool in New Brunswick. There is no slow roast all night in super-heated rooms, after being parboiled all day. When you go to bed if your conscience is clear and your digestion good, you can sleep.

The men don't wear palm beach suits in the Maritime provinces. We didn't see a single one in our itinerary. The ladies down that way are not so fond of the filmy dress goods so fashionable now in Ontario. Dwellings in the city are seldom equipped with verandahs or sitting-out porches. Such domestic equipments as verandahs might be ornamental but they would be of precious little use. At a home where we were entertained at St. John the fire was lit in the grate in the evening. In our hotel at Yarmouth, N.S., the candle coal was ignited in the grate before six o'clock p.m. and we were informed that it was the practice to have this fire burning every evening in the year. It felt good to us. Yarmouth, dear reader, is at the extreme southwest of Nova Scotia and in nearly the same latitude as Belleville, though farther south.

But don't get the idea that the country down by the sea gives you constant attacks of the shivers and keeps your teeth chattering like they do in an ague district. That would be an entirely wrong impression. The nights are cool and the days are glorious. The air seems to be filled with a salt water ozone that acts like a tonic and fills the visitor full of pep and go and makes him willing to devour all the food on the table and howl for more. When New Yorkers, or Bostonese want to have a real holiday in the heat of summer they go to Yarmouth or St. John or Halifax or Charlottetown. We saw more registration of Boston people at the hotel at Charlottetown than from half-a-dozen Canadian cities.

South America may claim to be the native home of the nutritious and indispensable spud. Ireland may have made the Murphy famous. But we opine that nowhere else on top of this earth do the Irish apples flourish so spontaneously and magnificently as in the province of New Brunswick.

In 1916 when Ontario had an average potato yield of 61 bushels to the acre and the poor householder had to lay down a five dollar bill to buy a bag of the tubers, down in New Brunswick the average yield was 192 bushels to the acre and the growers took in so much money that they didn't know whether to found a bank build a railroad or buy a pair of black foxes.

Ontario does well in the potato business if she gets an average yield of 100 bushels to the acre. In New Brunswick the average over a period of 18 years has been 154 bushels.

But it is only fair to say that all over the Maritime provinces and the far eastern part of Quebec potatoes flourish like the green bay tree. The great potato-growing country is in the

northwestern part of the province, near to the Maine boundary, especially in the Aroostook river district. Here they grow potatoes on an adequate scale. Large warehouses, for the potatoes are seen at all the wayside stations and the railroads provide special cars for their carriage to the centers of population. Some of the farmers grow sufficient potatoes to load a whole train. Fields of 25 acres are not uncommon while some growers cultivate as much as 50 or 75 acres. The work of planting, cultivation, spraying and digging is all done by machinery. Picking up is the only hand operation. Commercial fertilisers are invariably used to promote growth. The crop this year did not appear to us to be quite so luxuriant as what we had seen in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. This condition, we were told, was due to the very slender rainfall in the potato district this year.

Turnips are quite as great a success in the east as are potatoes if not more so. The average yield of turnips for a period of 18 years amounts to the incredible total of 452 bushels to the acre and the province, as a whole, produced 4,189,000 bushels in 1916.

New Brunswick makes no especial claim to be an agricultural province. The people are too busy making money in other ways. But the following figures will indicate that New Brunswick's farm population are not all idlers. In 1916 they produced of oats 6,039,000 bu.; buckwheat 1,206,000 bu.; potatoes 8,148,000 bu.; wheat 281,000 bu.; butter 709,000 lbs.; cheese 1,185,000 lbs.; hay 850,000 tons.

We said they were busy at other things in New Brunswick besides farming. Here are some of them. Lumbering, vast forests of pine, hemlock, spruce, birch, maple and other species densely cover over 8,000,000 acres. Forest fires have not destroyed everything in sight as has been the case in Ontario. The value of lumber, wood pulp, lath, shingles and similar products manufactured in 1916 was \$13,024,000. The cut of lumber was 290,000,000 feet.

New Brunswick's fisheries are among the most prolific and valuable in the world. The chief kinds caught are herring, sardines (the name given to young herring when canned), cod, haddock, hake, salmon, smelts, mackerel, pollock, alewives, shad, trout, pickerel, lobsters, oysters and clams. The marketed value of the product for the year 1916-17 was \$5,656,000.

In the refrigerating rooms of the New Brunswick Cold Storage Co. we saw tons and tons of the finest salmon, weighing from 10 to 15 lbs. each, piled up like cordwood. They had been caught just outside the St. John harbor.

New Brunswick has important mineral resources. In 1916, the mines produced 143,000 tons of coal. Since that time production has greatly increased. We saw some of this coal at St. John. It is bituminous and of very fair quality. Nearly all the grindstones produced in Canada are quarried in Northumberland County, N.B. The province is also noted for its granite, much of it being used for gravestones as well as for ornamental purposes.

Fur-farming just naturally spread over into New Brunswick from Prince Edward Island. Forty-seven fur-farming companies have been organized with a capital of over \$4,000,000. Some of the companies claim to be making profits, despite the war.

The war has given a great impetus to the ship-building industry but as to that we have no statistics.

St. John is in the war zone. Subs have poked their noses well up into the Bay of Fundy and within only a few miles of St. John. The streets are unlighted at night and windows looking towards the harbor must have heavy blinds drawn. At the hotel wax candles are provided for emergency purposes. The street cars also are compelled to operate with heavy blinds over the windows. We found it a matter of extreme difficulty to get about the streets after nightfall. St. John is built upon a series of rocky hills and the streets are laid out with no effort at regularity in either width or direction. To keep one's sense of the cardinal points of the compass in daytime is a severe test. In the darkness of night it is out of the question for any stranger.

The people of St. John were grieving over the loss of a beautiful new schooner, the first one launched at that city. She was loaded with lumber and was headed for South Africa. She met a submarine at the entrance to the Bay of Fundy and went down.

New Brunswick has fine waterpowers all over the province but apparently has no Sir Adam Beck to undertake a crusade for their development. The possible development mounts up to hundreds of thousands of horse-power.

The actual development for all purposes, both power and electrical is only 20,000 h.p. The present development on our Trent river system alone equals that of the entire province of New Brunswick where there are a dozen rivers of large volume and hundreds of rapids and waterfalls.

We stopped over to view the Grand Falls of the St. John. Here the great river tumbles over cliffs a hundred feet high and disappears in a narrow gorge below. There are also rapids and a whirlpool giving an imitation, on a smaller scale, of Niagara. Yet all that magnificent power is running to waste, just the same as it did when the Miamae Indians wandered over the surrounding hills. There is no development whatever.

Near the mouth of the St. John at St. John city is one of the strangest phenomena on earth, the famous Reversing falls. At the time of our first visit the mighty St. John was pouring its flood down over a rocky ledge twenty feet high towards the Bay of Fundy. As we were leaving the city we saw the flood pouring back, at almost as great a height, from the opposite direction. The tremendous tides of the Bay of Fundy rise to such a height as to overcome the fall and attain an elevation sufficient to produce a reversible fall between the cliffs, twice a day.

Schemes have been formulated to utilise this power but there would be serious difficulties to overcome, involving all the problems included in the development of power from the tides.

Of the marvellous scenic beauties of New Brunswick we would fain speak at length. There may be more entrancing pictures on earth than the valley of the Kennebecasis, near St. John, the valley of the Restigouche at Campbellton, or the valley of the St. John between St. John City and Fredericton—there may be fairer scenes but if so we have yet to find them. Do not be satisfied, dear reader, until you have seen them and feasted for yourself upon the intermingled loveliness.

For the sportsman inclined to hunting or fishing New Brunswick offers the finest inducements of any place on the North American Continent. This is the real home of big game. Moose, caribou, red deer and bear abound in great numbers, while the rivers and streams are over-populated with salmon, speckled trout, bass and other game fish. A holiday in New Brunswick offers fine opportunities.

AN APPEAL FOR THE SAILORS

Next week an appeal will be made to the citizens of Belleville for subscriptions to assist the work of the Navy League of Canada. We are not a Maritime people in Belleville and it is therefore to be feared that the appeal may not meet with as generous a response as its merit deserves. We are not maritime but the most stupid of us can understand how important to the Allied cause has been the work of the British Navy and the mercantile marine of the British Empire. The aims and objects of the appeal are well explained in the following editorial from The Toronto World.

Among all the appeals that are made from time to time, there is none that better deserves the attention of the public than the call of "The Navy League of Canada" in "Sailors' Week," for the aid of the dependents of the gallant men who have perished in the merchant marine.

Many misconceptions have arisen about the Navy League, some even having the impression that the league was an organization to promote the building of ships, the development of a navy and similar aims. All this is unfortunate and erroneous, and tends to weaken the support so badly needed by the movement.

It must be remembered that 15,000 men of the merchant service have given their lives in this war to keep the empire and its people safe, and their widows and orphans and other dependents should not be allowed to suffer while Britain remains an empire. One of the chief channels of such relief is King George's Sailors' Fund, and money hauled by this organization will be disposed of to the best advantage. The various sailor homes, institutions and hospitals for the use of sailors will also receive assistance from the funds of the Navy League collection. There are 3,000 prisoners of the merchant marine also who must be taken care of somehow.

Few understand fully what the mercantile service means to the world, and it is not too much to say that a slight study of the services rendered by the merchant marine will prove to be the ground work for a proper knowledge of contemporary history. Sailors' Week is from the 1st till the 7th of September, and the committee are confident that if the people know why \$1,000,000 is wanted, they will readily give the money.

OPTIMISM IN JULY.

A Canadian officer with the Imperial forces was in close contact with members of the Allied conference held at Paris during July. In a letter recently received by relatives in this country, he remarked upon the feeling of optimism that prevailed among all the Allied leaders. The belief that something momentously favorable to the Allied side was about

to occur made a marked impression on the observer, although at the moment the German super-offensive was in progress.

The conclusion to be drawn from this impression is that the victory which is not attending the Allied effort was contemplated and the strokes planned which would involve serious defeat for the enemy. It was a case of positive Allied strategy and preparation rather than one of haphazard failure on the part of the Germans. Even as the Germans advanced at a tremendous rate, they were carrying through a part of the campaign necessary to the delivery of the Allied attack. Every hour of waiting, every loss of ground and supplies, so difficult for the public to bear at the moment, now proves to have been justified. Confidence never waned even when the entry of Paris was being freely predicted. The people waited and were rewarded. The plans of the combined commanders were prepared and the attack launched like a thunderbolt. The Allies finally got the Germans where they wanted them.

The series of articles descriptive of the tour by the editor through the Maritime provinces have, we are pleased to state, been very favorably received and commented upon by many of our readers. Owing to the necessity of dealing with other topics today and tomorrow it has been necessary to hold the concluding articles over until next week.

That dinner or banquet for which the crown prince sent out the invitations, to be held in Paris on July 11, has been postponed sine die. More than that, Foch is moving for a change of venue to Berlin and may enjoy the dinner of the crown prince himself in Berlin on Christmas, while the crown prince is eating crow.

If there is one surprise on earth that a quitter should leave entirely alone, it is advertising. To make a success of advertising one must be prepared to stick like a barnacle on a boat's bottom. He should know before he begins that he must spend money—lots of it. Somebody must tell him that he cannot hope to reap results commensurate with his expenditures early in the game. Advertising does not jerk; it pulls. It begins very gently at first, but the pull is steady. It increases day by day and year by year until it exerts an irresistible power.—John Wannamaker.

NOONDAY DREAMS.

White clouds are drifting in the blue,
Fair flowers are blooming in the grass,
We hear the lilting notes of birds
As airily they pass.

The drowsy drone of honey bees
Blend in the south wind's lullaby,
How sweet it is to close our eyes
Out here beneath the sky!

How sweet to rest upon the moss—
A fragrant pillow, soft and cool—
Where grasses whisper in the wind
Beside the shadowed pool!

To float to sylvan solitudes,
To crystal lakes and rocking pines,
Where scarce 'neath interlacing boughs
The burning sunlight shines!

To dream of all delightful things—
Laughter and books and flowers and song—
To open wide our hearts to all
The sweetest thoughts that throng!

But may we pass the poppy gate
When tolls unnumbered crowd and press
And with insistent voices call
Above our dreamings? Yes!

I question much if he were wise—
Though doubtless very old and gray—
Who said, "Defer not till the morn'
What may be done to-day."

Sometimes 'tis wisdom to forget
The never-ceasing claims of work,
Sometimes the task that might be done
'Tis folly not to shirk.

And so the whirling, wildering world
From out our thoughts we bolt and bar,
Then rise and float on spirit wings
Through fairy gates afar.

A brief sojourn in Lotus Land,
'Mid swaying poppies, red and white—
Stern duty now is fair of face,
And burdens all are light.

Written for The Ontario by Miss Lillian Leveridge, Toronto.

Don't forget to attend the Belleville Fair on Monday and Tuesday of next week and help make the labors of the officers, meet with success.

Picked Up Around Town

In police court yesterday afternoon the charges of non-support against John Gostin and Robert J. Jones were withdrawn as a settlement had been effected in each case.

Zwick's Island looks like a big black diamond. The fire field has played havoc with the grass and nearly all sign of vegetation has disappeared. Last week a patch at the south end was burned, but yesterday the rest of the grass caught fire, presumably having been wet. Some damage by the flames was done to the trees, which are all too scarce.

A charge against Evan Michels, sky of Point Anne of having seduced and insulting language is Nicolai Dworeczak in reference to his wife Cecilia. Dworeczak was settled today.

Mrs. Dora Goodman of this city was today charged with having used insulting language to Michael Ryan. The case was in progress in police court this morning.

Mike Maraskas, the well known Greek cafe proprietor, received notice from Ottawa today that he might open up for business. The term of closing would have expired ordinarily on Monday night.

The case of the Crown vs. Mrs. Hannah Sedore on a charge of arson has been further enlarged to Sept. 6th.

Frank Doby was arrested by the Belleville police last night. He is wanted in Napanee on a charge of theft regarding some clothing.

William Sparrow of Thurlow was yesterday found guilty of a charge of assault, the complainant being Mrs. W. Conley. Sparrow was ordered to pay the doctor's bill, five dollars' compensation to the complainant and all the costs, and was bound over to keep the peace for six months. W. Carney for the prosecution; E. J. Butler for the defendant.

The members of the two local lodges of Orangemen will proceed to Christ Church tomorrow at 7 o'clock when Rev. Rural Dean Swayne will conduct a memorial service in behalf of the brethren of the order who have lost their lives in the cause of freedom.

Police Magistrate Deacon is Dead at Age of 88 Years

HAD BEEN ILL AT SUMMER RESIDENCE ONLY FEW DAYS

Was One of the Town's Oldest Citizens—Created Queen's Counsel in 1884

Shortly before 7 o'clock last night one of Brockville's oldest and most respected citizens answered the final summons from this earthly sphere to the higher life in the eternal realms. Reference is made to Mr. Joseph Deacon, K.C., for many years police magistrate of Brockville. His death came as a great shock to his many friends, as few outside of an immediate circle were aware of his illness. He died at his summer home at Hillcrest, where he was wont for a number of years to spend the months of the warm weather. He was taken sick on Friday last, and despite skilful medical attention and most careful nursing, his fine constitution was unable to withstand the malady and he succumbed. He was conscious to the last, and his translation was happy and peaceful. He passed away surrounded by his wife and family, and has gone to the reward of a life nobly discharged on this mundane sphere.

The late Mr. Joseph Deacon was born at Perth. He was a son of the late Mr. John Deacon, of Kilkenny, Ireland, who came to Canada in 1816 and for a number of years was a leading lumberman.

Surviving are Mrs. Deacon, four daughters and one son. They are: Mrs. J. W. Stagg, Miss Laura E. Deacon, trained nurse; Miss Mary A. Deacon, B.A.; Miss Lina Deacon, and Mr. Charles R. Deacon, barrister, all of Brockville. He also leaves two sisters, Mrs. McMunn, of Bolingbroke, and Mrs. Mitchell, of Pembroke.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

Mr. J. M. Hurley, Queen street, is confined to the house with a cold.

Mr. and Mrs. S. McGuire and baby Catherine street have returned from holidays spent in Madoc.

Miss L. Fluke of the Ritchie club returned yesterday from a holiday trip to Orillia and Peterboro.

ESTABLISHED CITY OF

Pillaging and or Military Soldiers A-ed—Loss of on Western Important

THE "NEW YORK steamship "Mik four days ago, from this side, westward.

LONDON, has been evacuated

WEATHER CO LONDON, the Aisne, prevailing made.

FRENCH PARIS, Se burg line on the enemy's artillery.

PARIS, Se end of the m French, accord hold this town, uly defense of will be virtual

BRITISH LONDON, S line was advan west of St. Que Germans deliver Quentin; it was fighting also at one point where

PETROGRA WASHINGTON today from Euro Petrograd was d inate slaughter in all parts of t semblance of la

LARGE LONDON, S diers on board, troopship was launching boats which swarmed alongside. This that the sea was large convoy app torpedoed two la afternoon.

BRIT WITH THE British troops to the railroad betw

REPORTED MONTREAL able" was confi Ocean Steamship port on Septemb passengers. It is sengers were los

JOY
Save me you also say product has discontinued good citizen request. Ne rule. Joy-r The nation's ure. Save g \$150,000 can stain from j