

The Weekly Ontario
Morton & Herity, Publishers

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J. O. Herity, Editor-in-Chief.
W. E. Morton, Business Manager.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1915.

FARMERS WHO FOLLOW THE CAN.

Those in charge of the anti-local option campaign advertising would be well advised if they were to discontinue representing the farmers of Hastings and Prince Edward counties to be a lot of whiskey-soaks whose main desire in life is to chase the can.

"How many of these farmers would come to Belleville?" they ask us, if the whiskey were removed from our hotels.

"How much of this (farmers') business would we get under local option?" the advertisement goes on to inquire.

If the inquirer really wants an honest answer to that question, all he has to do is to go to Stirling or Tweed of Bowmanville, not to speak of places farther afield and ask any merchant if local option has driven trade away.

When our representative put that same question to ex-Reeve J. W. Shaw of Tweed, who conducts a large mercantile business there, he replied almost indignantly—"Local option has driven no farm trade away from Tweed. The farmers around here are not so degenerated that they will leave a good town to chase after booze."

No one would accuse Reeve Coulter of Stirling of being a man of cheap sentimentality. Reeve Coulter was one of the hardest workers against local option when it carried in Stirling eight years ago. He announced to The Ontario that he was now ready to get out and work to retain it as a straight business proposition.

Mr. G. H. Luery, clerk of the municipality of Stirling who has the second largest general store in the place was equally emphatic when he said—"I want to tell you that I have seen women in abject terror of their lives because they had to drive home with drunken husbands. Those same men are now saving money and paying their bills. They come here and transact their business and go home sober."

But we don't ask anybody to take our word for it. Practically unanimous testimony of merchants and business men was given our representative, not in a few isolated instances, but with the many dozens we interviewed. But Tweed and Stirling are not very far away. We challenge anyone who wants facts instead of empty assertions to go to those towns and bring back the general unprejudiced opinions of the merchants there as to the effect of local option in driving farm trade to licensed centers.

Give the people of Belleville true, concrete evidence in place of suppositions and generalities that are really an insult to the farmers who are now coming to Belleville to do business.

The farmers of Ontario have done more than their share towards putting the bar out of bounds. All the rural part of Prince Edward County and by far the larger proportion of Hastings have moved into the white section of the map. The farmer, more wise than his city cousin, long ago put the kibosh on the can as the biggest economic leak that civilization has tolerated.

It is therefore exceedingly unfair as well as insulting to represent the farmer to be a booze-fighter who is chasing the keg from one wet area to another. The farmers around this city do nothing of the kind. They belong to no such class.

Misrepresentations of this nature will do more to drive agricultural trade away from Belleville than the most stringent prohibition measures that temperance cranks could devise.

FOILED AGAIN.

The situation in the Near East is unfolding slowly but, as far as can now be judged, satisfactorily. The French and British forces arrived to late to save Serbia, but in time to checkmate the ulterior plans of the Germans, whose immediate objective was almost certainly Saloniki, at present strongly occupied by the Allies. With that in their possession, the Germans would have had free access to the Mediterranean and a naval base of incalculable value for submarine attack on their opponents. Without it, they have gained little.

No doubt Saloniki, which he eagerly covets, was one of the chief lures which they dangled before the eyes of Ferdinand of Bulgaria. Of

course, he would never have got it had they been successful, for there is good reason to believe that Constantine of Greece has guarantees—of the German variety—that his boundaries if he fell in with Germany's plans would be preserved intact. The simple truth of the matter is that Germany wanted and was determined to have Saloniki for herself. It would have been of far more immediate value to her than Constantinople, also held out as a bait to Bulgaria.

The Germans have temporarily crushed Serbia as a country, but they have the Serbian army still to deal with. The Allies have the Greek government well in hand, and they have a firm grip on Saloniki both by sea and land, which they are little likely to relax, either voluntarily or by compulsion. The Germans with the assistance of Bulgaria and through the lack of courage and foresight of the present ruler of Greece, have been able to crush Serbia. They may be able to defeat in turn little Montenegro. But what better off will they be? With the Allies in possession of Saloniki and Allied fleets blocking the mouth of the Dardanelles they will be no nearer a useful outlet to the high seas than they were before. From Constantinople, should they attain it in effective military numbers, they could move neither east nor west. That they would venture in considerable force farther south, with the Allies on their western flank at Saloniki is extremely improbable.

Meanwhile, the French and British have, according to the most authentic reports, at least two hundred thousand men, backed by overwhelming sea power, at Saloniki. They are pouring in additional troops, daily. They are fortifying and entrenching at leisure. Italy is reported to have come definitely to their support, with a considerable army, landed on the coast of Albania, with which the retreating Serbian armies can be linked up, and to which vast reinforcements can easily and quickly be forwarded. Russia continues to mass troops on the Roumanian frontiers. It may safely be concluded that she is not doing this without some clear idea that that can be made useful. At present they are serving the highly practical purposes of preventing the King of Roumania, if he really has any such designs, from joining hands with the Germans. They are serving the equally important purpose of compelling the Austro-Germans to hold in reserve a corresponding force to meet them should they, with or without the support of Roumania, decide upon a sudden advance to the south.

By crushing Serbia the Germans have secured possession of a railway through Bulgaria by which they can, for the time being, gain limited access to Constantinople. They will never dare to send troops, in important force, over that line for any purpose while the Allies stand closely on their flank and within striking distance of that railway at Saloniki, and while Constantinople is closely contained by the Allied fleets at the Dardanelles.

The reasonable conclusion therefore is that, far from gaining anything worth while or attaining any important end by their Balkan raid, the Germans have, as we reasoned at the beginning of it, only lengthened their battle front and involved themselves in new difficulties and dangers. Nowhere are they at present more vulnerable than on the new lines of their own choosing. Time and climate are both fighting for the Allies. It is highly improbable that the Germans can undertake with reasonable hopes of success, any further important operations on their new front until the spring. The stormy Balkan mountains forbid it. Long before spring, with the sunny Aegean Sea and the vast Mediterranean open and free to their fleets and transports, the Allies can assemble forces which, when summer returns, will hold back the Germans even more closely than the snows of the Balkan mountains promise to do during the winter. Germany has shot her last strategic shaft, and once more missed the mark.

THE KAISER'S FATE.

"What shall we do with the German Emperor when the war is over?" Mr. G. K. Chesterton throws out a playful suggestion in his book, "The Crimes of England." He says:

Our more feminine advisers incline to the view that he should be shot. This is to make a mistake about the very nature of hereditary monarchy. Assuredly the Emperor William at his worst would be entitled to say to his amiable Crown Prince what Charles II. said when his brother warned him of the plots of assassins: "They would never kill me to make you King." Others, of greater monstrosity of mind, have suggested that he should be sent to St. Helena. So far as an estimate of his historical importance goes he might as well be sent to Mount Calvary.

"G. K. C.," in telling us what really ought to be done with the Kaiser, reminds us of those old public-houses, sometimes to be seen in the South of England, with the sign "The King of Prussia." These inn signs, generally a dark and faded portrait in a cocked hat, are believed to commemorate the visit of the Allies after Waterloo.

Whether the placing of the present German Emperor in charge of one of these wayside public-houses would be a just after his own head possibly remains to be seen.

But it would be much more melodious and fitting an end than any of the sublime eulogias which his enemies provide for him. That old song, creaking above his home of exile would be a much more genuine memory of the real greatness of his race than the modern and almost gimcrack stars and garter that were pulled down in Windsor Castle." On the whole Mr. Chesterton's suggestion has some merits.

THE NEXT STEP.

Although no official announcement has been made it seems to be probable that the recruiting campaign under the leadership of Lord Derby has been a splendid success. No official figures are given, yet it is believed that the voluntary system has been vindicated and that the danger of conscription has been completely removed. While there is naturally much reason for congratulation over the success of the voluntary system, it must not be assumed that the recruiting of the requisite number of men called for, solves the whole difficulty. Mr. Asquith laid down at the outset the principle that Britain must provide, first, for munitions, then, for necessary industries to sustain the finances of the United Kingdom, and, finally, for as many men as the country could afford after these needs were supplied. There will, therefore, be and industrial needs of the country, for the maintenance of credit, and commerce which, lies at the basis of the finances of the country, is as essential as the supply of men and munitions. Men, of course, are needed for the Army, but men also are needed to carry on the industries of the country, and the purely military idea cannot be considered alone. The next step will be a sorting out and discriminating between the dispensables and the indispensable which may occasion some difficulty, but one fact seems to be certain, that Britain is capable to supply the requisite number of men to maintain her armies in the field without resorting to conscription.

Up to date the Kaiser has not announced where he is going to eat his Christmas dinner. The outside invitations to the War Lord are not very pressing, and it is back to Berlin for him.

The cheers given to Sir John French in Paris were well merited. The French people appreciate how unflinchingly he has done his duty during sixteen months of the gravest difficulties.

Premier Asquith's suggestion to make the extension of the present Parliamentary term eight months instead of a year has been adopted by an overwhelming majority. This is highly significant.

This is a war of machinery, and Mr. Lloyd George's story of how Britain's inferiority in that respect, at the beginning of the war, has been converted into a superiority, tells of one of the greatest achievements of the whole war.

If there is to be no war election in the Old Country, we take it that the opinion in Parliamentary circles is that the war will be over within eight months from the end of the present term.

A very good summary of the war situation is to be found in the Boston News Bureau. "If Germany," it says, "is strong in the field she is weak everywhere else, while the Allies are strong everywhere save in the field, and growing stronger there all the time."

Mr. Bonar Law in a recent speech to the Royal Scottish Corporation expressed quiet confidence in ultimate success. Both the Navy and the Army are, in his view, far stronger at this moment than anybody could have believed possible at the beginning of the war. Britain is spending huge sums, but "the wealth of this country has not even been touched yet, and we shall bear the strain far longer than our enemies." Mr. Bonar Law gave his grounds for his view that the Allies are winning:

There is no mystery about it. The reserves of the Allies, if they can be utilized, are greater far than those of our enemies, and they are being utilized. Six months ago in our line in Flanders we could only respond spasmodically to the shells of our enemies. The position has changed. We can give them, not only shell for shell, but two for one. On that front we have nothing to fear, and a good deal to hope. If you turn to the Russian front you find the same thing. A few months ago their army, although unbroken, was in retreat, but the invasion has ceased, and I firmly believe the danger of invasion there will not arise again. And even more effective than the gain in strength on land is the silent and inexorable pressure of the Navy, which never relaxes its grip day or night.

THE MOTHER.
As "Peace on earth!" the glad world sings
One glorious Christmas morn.
"Peace, peace on earth! Good-will to men!
Peace, peace! the Christ is born!"
As through the courts, the wondrous courts
Of heaven, hosannas ring,
As harpers strike their harps of gold and
"Glory! Glory!" sing,
Upon the City's threshold fair
A woman steps, and lingers there.

The eyes she turns on Peter's face with
Unshed tears are dim,
"Tell Christ," she says, "a mother waits
Who faint would speak with Him."
Through all the music far above the high-
est, grandest note
Of triumph, and of joy and praise, her soft
voice seems to float;
And hearing it, straight from His throne
Comes down to her the Kingly One

With shining face and eyes that hold
Such wealth of love and peace,
She feels her trembling heart grow bold,
Her doubt and grieving cease.
"Dear Lord!" she cries, and lowly kneels,
"I have a prayer to make!"
O do Thou hear and answer it for Thine
own mercy's sake,
Since heaven will not seem fair to me
If one dear face I may not see.

"Dear Christ, a mother's love is great
To shield, to guide, to watch, to wait.
The last kiss that I gave on earth was to
my wayward son,
Whose soul, though deeply stained by sin,
may yet by love be won
To penitence, to higher walk, to purer,
holier way;
O will! Thou let me go to him and guard
him night and day?"

"Thou wert a babe in Bethlehem, a mother
guarded Thee.
I pray Thee now, for her dear sake, to
hearken unto me!
Remember how she held Thee close, and
crooned Thee, sweet and low,
The lullabies that mothers sang long cen-
turies ago,
And bared her snowy breast to Thee,
And stroked Thy forehead tenderly.

"And kissed Thee oft, and told herself,
again and yet again,
To hold Thee thus one hour outweighed the
 travail and the pain!
Dear Christ, this city is most fair; its glories
thrill and move;
O doth it grieve Thee that my heart cleaves
to an earthly love?
That on mine eyes heaven's beauties dim
B cause my heart is back with him?"

"With him—the wandering son of mine,
the wayward one—whose need
Of patient love and guiding hand is very
great indeed!
Think not I love Thee not, dear Lord, nor
long for heaven's rest;
The only that the mother-heart throbs
fiercely in my breast,
On this glad morning of Thy birth,
O grant me leave to visit earth!"

Lo! on her head she feels the touch of tender
wounded hand,
"Fear not," she hears, "a love like thine
the Christ can understand,
No mother prays in vain to Me on this day
of the year,
For when the faltering words she speaks
fall on My waiting ear,
I do remember that My cheek
Lay on a bosom warm,
I do remember Bethlehem,
And Mary's cradling arm."
—Jean Blewitt.

CHRISTMAS CONVERSION.

I can see her in the kitchen,
Apron on and sleeves rolled up,
Measurin' spices in a teaspoon,
Figs and raisins in a cup.

Now she's thwooden apple quarters
In that wooden bowl of hers,
'Long with lemon peel and orange,
An' she stirs, an' stirs, an' stirs.

Then she takes her knife an' chops it,
Chops so fast her hand jest flies.
Now I know what ma is up to—
Makin' mincemeat for the pies.

I smell Christmas in our kitchen,
An' my heart gets big an' glad,
An' I, somehow, fall to wishin'
That I wasn't quite so bad.

An' I tell myself I'll never
Cheat at marbles any more,
Nor make faces at my teacher,
Nor hang round the corner store.

'Stead of goin' on my errands;
Never touch the cookie pail,
Nor play hooky an' go skatin',
Nor tie cans on Rover's tail;

Never let ma think it's spellings
When its only Robin Hood.
With the gladness comes the wishin'
To be, oh, just awful good!

'Bout this time of year it takes me—
Pa, he doesn't undersand,
Always says: "You sly young coddler,
You know Christmas 's at hand."

But it isn't that, it's something—
Can't explain it very well—
Takes me when fills the kitchen
With this juicy Christmas smell.

When she chops the spice an' raisins,
With the peels an' Norther Spies,
Sleeves rolled up above her elbows,
Makin' mincemeat for the pies.
—Jean Blewitt.

Other Editors' Opinions

INJURING THE UNDERTAKER'S BUSINESS.

It is sometimes urged that license reduction would put a number of tavern keepers and bar tenders out of business; and of course that cannot be denied. Substantial license reduction, as proposed for Ottawa would also injure the business of the undertaker; it would lighten the work of the policeman, the asylum attendant, the collector of bad debts, and the jailor. To offset this, however, it would seem to be obvious, that if the money wasted each year in drink in Ottawa were spent in useful articles, as most of it would be if saved from the saloon, it would give useful employment to more people than the aggregate of those from whom it would take employment.—Ottawa Citizen (Ind. Con.)

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE HOTELS, THEY WON'T CLOSE.

The question of hotel accommodation is one which may properly be considered in connection with the local option vote.

Will the hotels close?
The liquor traffic would like to persuade the people they will if the by-law is carried. It might help their cause.

Local option is in effect in some hundreds of municipalities of Ontario. It may be safe to say that in every contest the threat was held out that the hotels would be closed.

Some "hotels" have closed. They were those which were hotels only for the purpose of selling liquor. But the invariable rule is that the hotels which had accommodation and were hotels in reality remained open.

The traffic got a lot of talk going the rounds about lack of accommodation in local option towns. The Commercial Travellers' Association appointed a committee to prepare a report for the government. It found nothing to complain about and made no complaint.

Reports from any places are that the hotels are better under local option than under license. The dining rooms and sleeping rooms get better attention.—Port Arthur News.—(Con.)

BAR ROOMS AND BLIND PIGS.

The discovery of a blind pig doing business on a Port William main street with evidence that it got its supplies from nearby licensed premises was only further confirmation of statements The Daily News has already made.

It proved two things very plainly, first that the license system does not stop blind pigs; second, that licensed bars are protectors of blind pigs. They are all in the business together. They do not compete. They help one another by trading on the effect liquor has in producing an appetite.

The Daily News has said before and we say it again that there is more illicit sale of liquor in licensed districts than in local option districts in spite of the fact that all sales in local option districts is illicit, and only a small part of that in license districts is illicit.—Port Arthur News.

THE GALLIPOOLI LESSON.

For us in this country, absorbed with the question of defence, the Gallipoli campaign should dissipate the misty guesses and assertions of the amateur strategists, should encourage clear and sane thinking. Upon the problem of land defences against naval attack, sudden invasions, the easy landing of hostile armies upon difficult shores, Gallipoli throws a strong light. It would be absurd to overlook what Turkish guns and mines and an isolated submarine or two have accomplished against the world's greatest Sea Power.—New York Post.

THE BETTER WAY.

Charles M. Schwab, congratulated in Pittsburg on a large war order contract which he had just received from one of the warring nations, said: "Some people call it luck, but they are mistaken. Whatever success have is due to hard work and not luck."

"I remember a New York business man who crossed the ocean with me one winter when the whole country was suffering from hard times."

"And you, Mr. Schwab, the New Yorker said, 'are like the rest of us. I suppose, hoping for better things.'"

"No, my friend, I replied. 'No, I am not hoping for better things. I've got my sleeves rolled up and I'm working for them.'—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Revive the Jaded Condition.—When energy flags and the cares of business become irksome; when the whole system is out of sorts and there is general depression, try Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They will regulate the action of a deranged stomach and a disordered liver, and make you feel like a new man. No one need suffer a day from debilitated digestion when so simple and effective a pill can be got at any drug store.

OFFICER—dig up
Where?

The train was
with the light
runner. The
shiver of diamond
had waked, wond
and were about
Clay was the
who got her hat
views out of the



checks out of Da
small, the views
the checks were
you ever saw and
Cissy had set her
Christmas, a crib
billed, buffalo-
Where else were
fur coat between
Polarbear's at Ho
But New York
steely-eyed New
accommodate.
Wherefore Cissy
thirteen-inch-high
the shortest skirt
at the bathing bea
light.
He also got the
ticket office—or
did—and the net
tickets for Canada
were all there was
except servants.



Cap Merit
Canadian
via Ne

"Where?" said C
ing her pretty no
pane, "daddy, I w
Christmas too, pie
As if in answer,
end of the car spe
the compartment
He had hair
licked out, and y
set of his mouth
drew.

"Two button-t
Buddy," said Miss
pinner bustled the
the aisle, "no, th
hef"
"Captain, I think
real Cn, don't yo
"Nestor?" said
her first husband
seems to me this

Military

The 155th Batt
ceived gratifying
in various centers
Eight recruits were
lille yesterday, si
Madoc, 6 in Marm
3 in Picton, other
yet reported.
Lieut. Duffin tod
ton to recruit men
Lieut. P. H. Will
duty with the 155
Privates P. Doy