

THE WEEKLY ONTARIO.

DAILY ONTARIO is published every afternoon (Sundays and holidays excepted) at The Ontario Building, Front Street, Belleville, Ontario. Subscription \$3.00 per annum.

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WEEKLY ONTARIO and Bay of Quinte Chronicle is published every Thursday morning at \$1.00 a year, or \$2.00 a year to the United States.

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

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE.

The glorious renaissance of France as revealed by the war, was eloquently described to a very large and influential audience in London by M. Maurice Barres, a member of the French Academy, and one of the famous writers of France. M. Barres has won distinction as a journalist, novelist and member of Parliament, but is best known to the world through his daily articles in the Echo de Paris. France has been so wonderful throughout the almost overwhelming trials which she has had to endure that it is well that we should learn from one of her truest interpreters the significance of the new spirit which is glorifying our Allies.

Lord Bryce, who presided at the lecture, introduced M. Barres as one of the most brilliant writers of modern France, the most enthusiastic promoter of modern French idealism in literature and the religious awakening to the power of tradition and the glories of France in the past. As a Lorrainer M. Barres was one of those who had always been waiting and preparing for the day when France would fight Germany to regain her lost Provinces.

M. Barres introduced his lecture on the spirit of France with a quotation from Swinburne, saluting France as the great champion of civilization and humanity. The first note of lighthearted bravery in the great war was struck when the young pupils of the Military School of St. Cyr made a vow together on July 31, 1914, that they would enter battle wearing white gloves and red and white plumes in their helmets. Giving such targets to German bullets these young soldiers quickly paid the price of their desire to herald again the glorious chivalry of the Middle Ages in French arms. All those young men marched on to the field of battle with the conviction that France was making war to destroy war. They were fighting for France and for the world, and those forty years of humiliation were over for ever. France was never to rest again, a vanquished nation.

The new spirit was kindled. The word "fraternite" immediately took a deeper meaning than it had ever before. Old and young of every class and belief made the offering of their lives side by side. They became so united that regiments possessed what was known as a "collective soul"—the mysterious motive power that made thousands act with one head and one heart.

It was that remarkable spirit that had resisted for five months the German onslaughts at Verdun, and that had won what was now called the "Victory of Verdun." It was the same spirit that made the young Lieutenant Pericard, in April, 1915, cry to his handful of wounded and dying men in the Bois Brule "Debout les morts!" animating his exhausted soldiers sufficiently to enable them once again to charge the Germans and take the wood, thus saving the French line. M. Barres was talking afterwards to Lieutenant Pericard, who had been decorated with the Legion of Honor, but he thought nothing of this, the highest honor in France, as compared with the congratulations of his own men. He declared that he was not a hero, and that the apparent miracle has come about through his being the instrument in the hand of a greater power. The old flame was only relit, and the same spirit was in the army that had animated the French soldiers in the past to set out upon the crusade to Jerusalem.

It was France that had invented the Holy War, and she was still fighting it today. The French had been chosen by God to save humanity. Fighting in such a cause was only a glorious martyrdom. Every French soldier today was animated with the sentiments of a martyr. He had only to give a few phrases from hundreds of letters he had received from the front to show what he meant. A soldier had written to his wife just before dying, "Do not be angry with France if she has taken my life. To die is the greatest honor for a French soldier." "I cannot complain," said a young widow, speaking of her husband, "he is lost to France, his mother, and I am only his wife." A young soldier wrote to his family: "When I die you must not make my death a subject of mourning or sorrow, but of pride and joy. I am glad to die for France." A poor peasant woman, who had just learned of the death of her husband, holding her young baby in her arms, cried: "Son of martyrs, son of thirty generations of martyrs, you will live tomorrow in the France of victory and hope!"

One commentator on M. Barres' address says that he stood before his audience as an earnest expounder of that belief which has impregnated all his books and his journalism—a

deep conviction in the religious power exerted by tradition and the dead over the living and future generations. In this way he chose the happy image of a chrysalis, a symbol of the present-day sacrifice of France. The giving up of so many glorious young lives meant not death but a temporary transformation before the beautiful butterfly of a resplendent and eternal France would burst forth.

THE BEST CELEBRATION.

Last evening we celebrated the second anniversary of the Declaration of War. At a meeting held at the Armouries last night a meeting representative of all that is best in the citizenship of Belleville, we recorded our unflinching determination to prosecute the war to a victorious conclusion. The meetings which were held throughout the country on August 4, 1915, commemorating the first anniversary of the war, did much to stimulate recruiting and to concentrate the thought and action of the people upon the great task before them.

We have passed twelve months of anxious, serious time, and now we enter the third year with brighter hopes and stronger confidence of victory. It is fitting then, that we should again record our adherence to the cause for which the Allies are fighting, and especially convey to the Mother Country and our soldiers overseas, that we who remain at home are prepared to back them to the full extent of our resources. A fresh call is about to be made for men to recruit a new Battalion for the Counties of Hastings and Prince Edward. We know of no better way in which the people of these two counties can express their "unflinching determination to prosecute the war to a victorious conclusion" than by furnishing recruits for this battalion for which the call will soon be issued.

Hastings and Prince Edward have done nobly in this war. Let us once more prove that we are worthy of our heritage by giving another battalion of "manly men" to prepare against the day, in the near future, when our boys will face the foe on the Western front, and share in the honors of the victory which is now assured.

WOMEN WAR WORKERS.

We have heard a great deal of the extent to which women have been engaged in the production of munitions in the Old Country, but it is not so generally known how extensively women are employed in the ordinary peaceful industries of the country. Figures compiled recently by the Home Office and the British Board of Trade, however, show that large numbers of women are working at tasks, which have little relation to the prosecution of the war in supporting the population, or the maintenance of export trade. The Government is making efforts to provide employers with acceptable substitutes for enlisted men, and, on the whole, we are told in the official report, that the evidence is full of promise for the campaign on behalf of the industrial interests of the nation.

It will, however, be a somewhat disagreeable surprise for most people to learn that since the beginning of war down to the middle of last April, the period covered by the official figures, the brewing trade absorbed no less than 20,200 women, more than double the number of women employed in the trade at the end of July, 1914. Many of these additional female workers, of course, are filling the places of men withdrawn for military service, but it would be rash to assume that the full complement of 10,000 could be placed in the category of substituted for enlisted men. The following table shows that the food trades as a whole, which include the brewing industry, engaged nearly 31,000 extra women from the beginning of the war to the middle of April last.

	July, 1914, (estimated)	Mid-April, 1916.
Grain Milling	3,000	8,200
Sugar Refining	1,000	2,200
Sugar Confectionery	70,000	65,000
Bread and Biscuit	31,000	39,400
Preserved Meat	10,000	13,700
Dairy Produce, etc.	13,000	14,500
Brewing	10,000	20,200
Distilling	2,000	4,500
Aerated Waters	9,000	7,900
Tobacco	21,000	25,000
Totals	170,000	200,900

Many of the women employed by the brewers are engaged in the "filling" operations, but they are gradually taking up work which requires a greater degree of skill. Some of the employers report rather doubtfully of the results so far achieved by the women in the more difficult tasks, while others are almost enthusiastic in their praise of the women who have taken over the duties of enlisted men.

In the grain milling trade, which has received a notable addition of female workers, the women are largely employed in packing, weighing, trucking, and lighter operations. They are employed less in the milling operations, however, than in the general labor associated with the introduction of the grain into the mill. But they may now be seen catching the flour from the chute, or oiling the machinery that crushes the grain, so complete is their invasion of the industry becoming. In some of the mills the employers have introduced smaller sacks

for the flour-packing, so that they may be handled by the women.

In the clothing trade, since the beginning of the war, there has been ebb and flow in the tide of female employment, with a net increase of 11,700 up to mid-April of this year. The following are the official figures:

	July, 1914, (estimated)	Mid-April, 1916.
Tailoring	157,000	171,900
Shirtmaking	75,000	77,100
Dressmaking	175,000	169,500
Boot & Shoe Making	51,000	58,700
Hat, Cap, etc.	84,000	87,800
Dyeing and Cleaning	12,000	10,900
Laundry Workers	100,000	90,000
Totals	654,000	665,700

These figures seem to indicate that the increase in women workers in trades other than munition making has not been as large as some of the unofficial reports indicate. This has been to some extent due to a certain prejudice of employers who are opposed to the idea of accepting the services of women for the duration of the war. But this prejudice, we are told, is being gradually overcome, and there is now a big demand both in London and the country for women who are in retirement after a period of work, as skilled members in the various occupations of national importance, and a call is being issued to female volunteers for war service to enlist as emergency workers in the trades and industries, which are essential to the maintenance of British home and foreign commerce.

THE GLEAM OF VICTORY.

The outstanding feature of the war, as it enters upon the third year is the abounding confidence of Britain and her Allies in the triumphant issue of the struggle upon which they have poured out so much of their blood and treasure. For the first time the Allies are beginning to marshal their full strength, and are striking hard on every front. Everywhere the offensive is with the Allies, who have co-ordinated in the campaign with a unity of purpose and strategy, such as has never been attainable, not to say practicable, during the early stages of the war.

The Allied Powers at last have turned the scale. They have "crossed the watershed," as Mr. Lloyd George puts it, and victory has now begun to flow in our direction. This was possible through the co-ordination of the Allied plans in one single campaign, and the enrolment of men and the production of munitions on a scale which enabled them to cope with Germany's highly organized war machine, and her complete preparedness in every respect for the war which she willed.

Thus Germany faces at the beginning of the third year of the war the situation which she sought to avoid; she witnessed the complete failure of the plans upon which the greatest minds of the German Empire had concentrated their energies for forty years or more. But Germany never contemplated facing a combination of Britain, France and Russia when they were at the maximum of their military strength. She hoped to achieve her object, with unlimited reserves of men, guns and shells all ready, by the swift crushing of France before Russia could mobilize her armies—then the defeat of Russia and then the throwing of her whole power against Britain.

The Battle of the Marne frustrated her carefully prepared plans. It saved Paris; it turned the tide for the Allies; it saved the day for the freedom of the world. Now Russia is ready and her great armies fully equipped and apparently with an abundance of munitions, are rolling victoriously onward. Heroic France has met the last desperate thrust of the German hordes at Verdun, and turned it into victory. Now Britain in the full maximum of her strength, takes her place in the campaign as a military power on the continental scale. Her great voluntary forces are glowing with enthusiasm; her new armies are fighting with superb gallantry, and are showing a far higher level of skill than before. Italy, too, is brilliantly fulfilling her part in the concerted offensive which is closing in on the Teutonic forces and will eventually crown the Allied arms with victory.

We have passed through two years of bloodshed and horror which have staggered the world, but, at last, we see the gleam of victory. At last we have the assurance that the measure has been taken of the Prussian foe, and the triumph of the glorious cause which free men throughout our Empire go forth so valiantly to uphold, is in sight. The way still may be long, and it is certain to be hard. We are fighting a powerful and resourceful enemy. Reverses and disappointments may yet be in store for us, but the end is as certain as the rising of tomorrow's sun.

And as we look back with pride on what the Allies have achieved, how patiently and heroically they have borne the burden of the fighting and especially the gallantry and heroism of the sons of Canada, trained in the arts of peace, who have won imperishable glory on the battlefields, so we may look forward with all confidence and faith to a triumphant end. It remains only for us to pledge anew our devotion to the cause and to throw into the closing stages of the war, the full weight of our resources. We must leave nothing undone in sacrifice and ser-

vice, within the compass of our power, to ensure the speedy end of the struggle and the consummation of a peace that will endure and bless the world.

Mr. Winston Churchill recently wrote four war articles for the "Sunday Pictorial," a popular London weekly, and his fee was One Thousand Pounds. At that rate Winston won't miss his salary as a Cabinet Minister.

The Russian successes can no longer be denied by the Teutonic Allies. They are trying to belittle them, but what is the use? The Czar's troops are rolling back the enemy at every turn and taking prisoners by the tens of thousands.

The arrest and fining of several parties for walking across the railway bridge near the mouth of the river suggests the need for a footbridge at that place. A passage for pedestrians could be made at a very small cost between the two bridges, and the improvement would serve a very useful purpose in the accommodation of a large number of our citizens. A footbridge on one side held up by brackets could also be very easily and cheaply constructed.

The month of July, just past, was not only the hottest but the driest July since the meteorological office was first established in Toronto. The heat and the drought are, however, but the natural corollary consequent upon the cold and excessive moisture of the months of April, May and June. These three months, taken collectively, also established records for greatness of rainfall and lowness of temperature.

As we have remarked before, annual averages of temperature and precipitation do not vary greatly in the climate of Ontario. A degree or two in temperature and very few inches in rainfall mark the limit.

But a period, where an extreme of any kind is reached is pretty sure to be succeeded by an extreme record in the opposite direction, just as the harder you throw a rubber ball the higher it will bounce.

It is the law of extremes. By the operation of this law it is perfectly natural that one extreme should be followed by an opposite extreme, but the tendency always is for nature to maintain an even balance between the various contending forces.

When some of the farmers were expressing fears to us in the month of June that they would never be able to cure the big hay crop owing to the catchy weather, we told them not to worry and borrow trouble, for there was a lot of dry hot weather due us and payment would probably be made not later than July. It was a prediction based on the observation of natural phenomena and has turned out to be strictly true.

The present year, however, has witnessed more natural cussedness on the part of the weatherman than any on record.

LIKE HIS MOTHER USED TO MAKE.

"Uncle Jake's Place," St. Jo, Mo., 1874. "I was born in Indiany," says a stranger lank and slim, As us fellers in the restaurant was kindo' guyin' him, And Uncle Jake was slidin' him another punkin ple And a' extry cup o' coffee, with a twinkle in his eye,—

"I was born in Indiany—more'n forty year ago— And I hain't be'n back in twenty—and I'm workin' back'ards slow; But I've et in ever' restarunt 'twixt here and Santy Fee, And I want to state this coffee tastes like gittin' home to me!

"Pour us out another, Daddy," says the feller, warmin' up, A-speakin' 'cross a saucerful, as Uncle tuk his cup,—

"When I seed yer sign out yander," he went on, to Uncle Jake,—

"Come in and git some coffee like yer mother used to make"— I thought of my old mother, and the Posey County farm, And me a little kid ag'in, a-hangin' in her arm, As she set the pot a-bilin', broke the eggs and poured 'em in"—

And the feller kindo' halted, with a trumble in his chin: And Uncle Jake he fetched the feller's coffee back, and stoed

As solemn, fer a minute, as a' undertaker would; Then he sorto' turned and tiptoed to'rds the kitchen door—and nex', Here comes his old wife out with him, a-rubbin' of her specs—

And she rushes fer the stranger, and she hollers out, "It's him!— Thank God we've met his comin'!—Don't you know yer mother, Jim?"

And the feller, as he grabbed her, says—"You bet I hain't forgot— But," wipin' of his eyes, says he, "yer coffee's mighty hot!"

—From James Whitcomb Riley's "Afterwhiles."

Other Editors' Opinions

COURTESY PAYS. A man went into a local store the other day to secure an article of small value. The proprietor of the store came to the counter. He did not ask what was wanted he simply faced the customer with a look that was expressionless, if it were not indicative of irritation. The customer told his want, paid his money and went out. Not a word passed between merchant and buyer. All the customer took away was his purchase, and an impression of that store which will always prevent his shadow from again darkening its door.

The proprietor is one of those men who can no doubt bestow a great deal of simulated-courtesy upon a purchaser who was spending a large amount of money. But he and his clerks regard the public as being honored by a visit to "our" store. They have not got the "your" store idea. Yet every store, every theatre, every railway, every newspaper, and every bank that does not preach the doctrine of service to the public, realizing that "you" make all of them possible, is doomed to lose.

Courtesy is a thing that costs nothing. But it must be the natural, not the artificial kind. You cannot make a surly clerk courteous; you must choose the clerk who has no surliness in his nature. And in almost every case they take their cue from the men for whom they work. Other things being equal, such as energy and honesty, the courteous man who sells something is always sales in the lead. True courtesy is never off the job, either. It must shine for all colors, for small purchases, and for shabby folk, as well as those dressed in the purple.

We know a corner groceryman who has an establishment rivalling any down-town store. Almost all of the people in this community deal with him and swear by him. It is plain that he is never "grouchy," that he will not hire a surly clerk, that his delivery boy is still cheerful at 1 a.m. on Sunday, and that the sunshine of good-natured service is all about him. Unconsciously, we believe, that man makes everyone feel that his store is "your" store rather than "my" store. Courtesy, involving as it does, honest goods, is in one way the underlying reason of business success. It applies to all business.—London Advertiser.

FILLING THE CHURCH Pews.

At the organization meeting of the Church Publicity Club, Rev. Daniel E. Weigle deprecated the excessive cost of running some churches in comparison of the results obtained. He was not speaking from a commercial standpoint. The measure of the service of a church is not the income from pew rentals. The strength of a congregation is not in the contribution of a few rich men, but in the distributive support of its activity. But a great many churches barely subsist, through the loyalty of a handful of members, when they might flourish and enjoy a healthy and continuous growth if they went to work in a businesslike way to let the outsiders know the attractions they have to offer. There is nothing shocking in the idea of a church giving information about itself, as any secular concern would do in seeking patronage. The manager of a theatre does not expect an audience for an unheralded attraction. A lecturer does not anticipate a crowd if he hides his light under a bushel and makes a dark secret of the hour, the place and the subject of his address. The verbal communication among a circle of friends is all right as far as it goes, but it covers a circumscribed area. The modern church does not hesitate to make use of such channels of publicity as are available. It does not depend entirely upon announcements from the pulpit during the service. It pays great attention to the quality of the music, realizing the drawing power of good singing as well as good sermons. It takes pains to see that when it has brought the people to the pews it generously satisfies their expectations.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Local Fall Fares

Bancroft	Oct. 5 and 6
Belleville	Sept. 14 & 15
Brighton	Sept. 7 and 8
Campbellford	Sept. 26 and 27
Cobourg	Aug. 23 and 24
Colborne	Sept. 18 and 19
Frankford	Sept. 21 and 22
Kingston	Sept. 26-28
Madoc	Oct. 8 and 4
Marmora	Sept. 25 and 26
Maynooth	Sept. 21
Norwood	Oct. 10 and 11
Peterboro	Sept. 14 and 15
Pleton	Sept. 19-21
Roblin's Mills	Oct. 6 and 7
Rosemeath	Sept. 21 and 22
Shannonville	Sept. 16

Miss Kathleen Kimberley of St. Catharines is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. Lang, Dunbar street.

PREPAID IN FULL BY NEWS-AGENT

ESTABLISHED

FELL OFF OF FREE

Accident to Central O

On Tuesday night of Ottawa, Canada brakeman out of wards out of the Central Ontario J thought to be serious the Montreal passenger and the After administering set the injured arm sprain. Mr. Logan the eastbound express for a short time, he resume his duties

REILLY M STAY I

Convict Released Mistake Wants to C

Another chapter history of Thomas Portsmouth Penit place of residence written. It will be Reilly, who was a S and had taken occasion lack of affection by attacking a neg while acting as a b leased from Fortin in mistake for one same name. The of had secured a consti his expenses, and a reason of business success. It applies to all business.—London Advertiser.

When the ministr extradition proceeded but there was cility in locating Re to have the general new neighbors, Ho wrote to W. P. Are Parole Officer, ask to do. The reply wa ter give himself up mercy of the Canada ties. The latest dove answer from Reilly, as he was led across Dominion police wh told to stay there, h inexcusable violatio to come back. As the Justice Dep unable to think of in answer to this a has been said.—Kin

GREAT LIVING AT TH

One of the Features tacle—Colonies Official

One of the featu tion of Empire pag dian National Exhi will be a living flag, which will be unfur when it will seem loyal seal on "Fede phetically proclaimed of Parliament, whic of the back-ground pageant. Several and Overseas Domin be represented in the session have sent a Orr and best wishes of the Exhibition, ficial flags to be car of the contingent re

A 88 POUND

One of the large caught in this distri Tuesday at Buff Lak Green, of that place. by Mr. Green to Mr. Kingston street, and of the fishy tribe. long and weighs 38 caught on the troll three-quarters of an was finally landed. A quarter of an inch tainly would thro average fisherman. tends to have the fis ston Standard.

An automobile ra Scotch collie pup at 11. The dog belonged