

THE WEEKLY ONTARIO.

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W. M. MORTON, J. O. HERTY,
Business Manager. Editor-in-Chief.

POLAND'S MARTYRDOM.

A valuable footnote to the correspondence recently published between the American Poles and Mr. Asquith is contributed by Mr. Arnold Toynbee in a little pamphlet on the "Destruction of Poland." The American Poles wanted supplies for Poland to be let through the blockade, as the supplies for the Belgian Relief Commission have been; to which the Prime Minister replied that Britain would gladly agree if the German Government would give the necessary guarantees that it would cease draining supplies of all kinds from Poland into Germany.

There is no doubt that suffering of the most fearful description prevails in the conquered country, but it is due not to the blockade but to the incredible severity of the German exactions. Mr. Toynbee has collected a great deal of Polish evidence, some of it very recent, on this point. In its way the treatment of Poland is almost as inhuman as anything Germany has done. By systematic administrative measures she has taken out of Poland all the raw materials and food except the merest pittance. She has done so partly for plunder, but partly to break the spirit of the Poles and compel Polish labor to seek work in Germany. No consequences appear to be too terrible for her. In Lodz and Warsaw people of all ages are dying of starvation daily, and a scrap of wood or a shaving fallen from a cart is fought over by fuelless crowds in the desperation of continued cold.

The picture painted by the evidence which Mr. Toynbee has collected—most of it showing the conditions before the worst cold has fallen—is a picture of cruelty all the more cruel because entirely deliberate.

U. S. MANUFACTURES.

Manufactures in the United States have doubled in value since 1900, according to an analysis of the 1915 census returns. These figures show that the total output for 1914—the year covered by the 1915 census—will aggregate \$24,000,000,000, as compared with less than \$12,000,000,000 shown by the census of 1900.

The compilation shows that the manufactures of the United States now are double those of any other country in the world. Germany's output in the year preceding the outbreak of the war was less than \$12,000,000,000, while those of Great Britain in 1907, the latest returns available, were about \$8,000,000,000. Those of France are about the same as Great Britain's.

In manufactures exported, the United States now leads the world, the total for the calendar year 1915 having been \$1,784,000,000, while that of Great Britain, usually the world's largest exporter, was only \$1,500,000,000. Normally the United States ranks third in the exportation of manufactures, being exceeded by both Great Britain and Germany.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

If there is one clear voice amidst the tumult of these war years, it is the one proclaiming the death sentence upon things as they were. Few institutions will escape the fierce demand that they bring forth fruits to justify their existence.

Amongst the latest structures to be surveyed with suspicion are the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. At these ancient foundations H. G. Wells has levelled his lance for a spirited tilt. Discussing in the Daily News and Leader whether these Universities shall return to their old lines after the war, Mr. Wells says:

"For my own part, as the father of two sons who are at present in mid-school, I hope with all my heart that they will not. I hope that the Oxford and Cambridge of unphilosophical classics and little-go Greek for everybody, don't mathematics, bad French, ignorance of all Europe except Switzerland, forensic exercises in the Union Debating Society, and cant about the Gothic, the Oxford and Cambridge that turned

boys full of life, hope and infinite possibility into barristers, politicians, mono-lingual diplomats, bishops, schoolmasters, company directors, and remittance men, are even now dead.

"We have now before us a phase of opportunity that will never occur again. Now that the apostolic succession of mufing and pedagogic humbug is broken, and the entire system discredited, it seems incredible that it can ever again be reconstituted in its old seats upon the old lines. In these raw, harsh days of boundless opportunity, the opportunity of the new education is certainly the greatest of all."

CONFUSION ABOUT THE TANKS.

The few photographs of British "tanks" that have reached this country explain the widely varying stories about their appearance and exploits contained in the war despatches. Each writer who has seen one in operation, each soldier who has seen one and told of it, apparently assumed that all the "willies" were like the one he saw. But the pictures show there are many kinds of "tanks" in use.

The first photo to reach this country showed an enormous turreted boiler-like structure mounted above and between four sets of caterpillar treads, each about 60 feet long.

The next photo showed a structure similar in principle, but in which the boiler-plate covered the upper three-quarters of the tread arrangement. The turret also was lacking.

The third picture presents a smaller apparatus, with one set of treads on each side, revolving around an armored wall that protects the mechanism and forms the sides of the car; this "tank" is guided by two large wheels in the rear, which acts as rudders.

These pictures explain readily the confusion and contradictory descriptions of and stories about the war monsters which the correspondents have been sending.

Perhaps some of the artists' fancies, which received a rude shock when the first photograph was published, may not have been so far away, after all.

RECRUITING IN IRELAND.

Much is being said about the question of comparative recruiting in various districts, and some over zealous people try to account for discrepancies purely upon race or sectarian lines. In other words that if a man belongs to one race, he is necessarily hostile to recruiting and favorable if he belongs to another, and the same line of demarcation is sought to be drawn by the circumstance as to whether a man goes to mass or attends a meeting house. This is not a criterion. It is not borne out by facts. Any attempt must necessarily fail to solve the question of recruiting or non-recruiting upon racial or other lines, without taking into consideration the fact that irrespective of race or creed the rural districts do not recruit proportionately to population as well as urban communities. The case of Ireland is proof in point. In Ireland as a rule with an odd exception or so, the urban communities have done well but the rural districts have done badly. Lord Wimborne, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, has issued the following statement of recruiting in Ireland since the outbreak of the war:

ULSTER.	
Catholics	14,846
Protestants	40,049
LEINSTER.	
Catholics	10,681
Protestants	1,401
CONNAUGHT.	
Catholics	8,791
Protestants	368
MUNSTER.	
Catholics	15,124
Protestants	990
DUBLIN.	
Catholics	13,141
Protestants	4,339
That represents a contribution since August, 1914, of	
Roman Catholics	57,583
Protestants	46,159

Now in the rural districts of Ireland the adult male population of military age, is as every tourist knows, not a marked feature. In the rural districts too often there will be found the aged mother with possibly one daughter remaining behind to nurse her. They are living alone. The daughter remains home to care for the old woman, who cannot tear herself away from the land of her birth. The girl is waiting for the mother to die, but where are the other members of the family? Ask them. Over in England, Scotland or in the United States and Canada. This is the tragic story to be learned in the cottages which dot the valleys and hill-sides of Ireland. Therefore to do justice to Ireland in the matter of recruiting one must cross to England to its urban communities and add to the sum total of Irish recruits the Irishmen, Protestant and Catholic, who have enlisted in those communities. The showing will then, not be as unfavorable for Ireland as some people would have us believe.

THE GREATEST STORY IN THE WORLD.

Do you ever envy those super-reporters, the Charles Edward Russells, the Frank Harrisses, dinal O'Connell in his address to the American

the Walter Lippmanns and the Frederick Palmers, who interpret and write for you the ways of war and politics, the activities of humanity in all the corners of land and sea?

You should not. For yours is the opportunity to witness and report for your own brain the greatest "story" in all the world—the development of the human race.

The daily life that goes on about you is greater and more fraught with interest for humanity than all the wars that ever were fought, and all the elections that ever were held.

Never a battle surpasses in wonder the dawning of youth's first love; no treaty ever signed by the diplomats of earth has half the consequences of a few words spoken in delicious dread before the minister who pronounces you man and wife.

The marvels of science and invention pale into insignificance beside the ever recurring marvel of a baby's birth; the great martyrdoms of history are eclipsed many times a day by the self-sacrificing devotion of a mother's love.

The rise and fall of nations are but incidents in the life of the world. They are the angles for the "foot men" and the "picture chasers." Humanity is the big story, and you are the "star reporter" on whose version depends your knowledge of the race's progress.

A minister at New Hamburg, N.Y., is charged with having nine wives. He should be sentenced to live with all of them.

It is no sign at all that Wall Street is against Wilson because it is betting on Hughes. Wall Street is for getting the coin before anything else.

Premier Asquith announces that the Channel Tunnel scheme is to be definitely taken up. That will place the Entente Cordiale on a concrete basis.

A prominent German is quoted as saying that the British will resume friendly relations with his country after the war. What a low opinion he must have of the British!

Replying to a telegram from General Sir Douglas Haig, the British Commander-in-Chief, regretting the French losses in "the great battle which is still raging" and expressing the British Army's admiration for the heroic exploits of the "unconquerable soldiers of France," General Joffre, the French Commander-in-Chief, says: "In the fierce struggle it is carrying on the French Army knows that it will obtain results advantageous to the Allies and knows also that when recently it made an appeal to the comradeship of the British Army the latter responded by offering its most complete and speediest aid."

The opinion of the New York Outlook writer to the effect that Germany can prolong the war indefinitely, is not shared by the military correspondent of the London Times. The German nation is, this writer says, losing at the rate of seven men every minute day and night, and no nation can go on losing in this way without in the end becoming exhausted. Already, he says, the original German army, as mobilized, has disappeared, and its physical excellence is not maintained by all the new recruits. "The supply of men is not exhausted," he says, "but to a large extent the flower of the German youth has withered. In the battles of the past nine months the Germans have lost their finest men, and in this crisis of their fortunes they have to fall back upon the services of those who are in many cases of inferior physique and were not considered good enough to be incorporated in the army when they were examined as recruits."

There seems to be an impression abroad that in the matter of prisoners Germany has entirely had her own way, and that the British prisoners for example in Germany greatly outnumber the German prisoners in Great Britain and the Empire, but this is not so. Whether military or naval prisoners are considered or civilians interned, the balance in the one case is much more greatly in favor of the British than in the other and even in the case of military and naval prisoners the advantage is on the British side by about 10,000. Germany holds in Germany the following British prisoners:—

Military officers	923
Other ranks	28,770
Naval officers	47
Other ranks	361
Total	30,101

But on the other hand the British Empire holds the following German prisoners:—

Military officers	729
Other ranks	36,165
Naval officers	150
Other ranks	1,976
Total	39,020

If the exact figures for the past two weeks were available, the advantage would be in favor of Great Britain by many additional thousands.

Federation of Catholic Societies, that a new and more spiritual Europe will rise through the smoke and ruin of the great war, is in harmony with the remarkable articles recently published from the pen of Abbe Ernest Dimmet in the English reviews. Abbe Dimmet sees quite a new spirit among the French soldiers in the trenches, and also a marked abatement of anti-religious spirit on the part of the French republican leaders. Much of the same increased intensity of the religious spirit has been observed in England, and doubtless it exists also among the Germans. We may see the anomaly of a war which seems to be a negation of the Christian principle, and which has led many men to doubt whether there is such a thing as a divine government of the world, resulting in a marked development of religious feeling. Now is there any inconsistency in this, if religion is based upon human weakness, helplessness and inability to fathom the reasons of things? All may agree with Cardinal O'Connell when he says: "The war is teaching the whole world many needed lessons. It is teaching the folly of pride, the insecurity of boasting, the hollowness of greed, the bitterness of injustice." The cathedrals may go, but the altars will still be reared.

A WISH.

I'd like to be a boy again, a care-free prince of joy again.

I'd like to tread the hills and dales the way I used to do;

I'd like the tattered shirt again, the knickers thick with dirt again.

The ugly, dusty feet again that long ago I knew.

I'd like to play first base again, and Silver's curves to face again.

I'd like to climb, the way I did, a friendly apple tree.

For knowing what I do today, could I but wander back and play

I'd get full measure of the joy that boyhood gave to me.

I'd like to be a lad again, a youngster, wild and glad again.

I'd like to sleep and eat again the way I used to do;

I'd like to race and run again and drain from life its fun again

And start another round of joy the moment one was through.

But care and strife have come to me, and often days are glum to me,

And sleep is not the thing it was and food is not the same;

And I have sighed and know that I must journey on again to sigh,

And I have stood at envy's point and heard the voice of shame.

I've learned that joys are fleeting things; the parting pain each meeting brings;

That gain and loss are partners here, and so are smiles and tears;

That only boys from day to day can drain and fill the cup of play

That age must mourn for what is lost throughout the coming years.

But boys cannot appreciate their priceless joy until too late

And those who owned the charms I had will soon be changed to men;

And then they, too, will sit, as I, and backward turn to look and sigh

And share my longing, vain, to be a care-free boy again.

—Edgar A. Guest, in Detroit Free Press.

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me? "Would be an assurance most dear.

To know that this moment some loved one Were saying, "I wish he was here;"

To feel that the group by the fireside Were thinking of me as I roam,

Oh, yes, "would be joy beyond measure To know that they miss me at home.

When twilight approaches the season That is ever sacred to song,

Does someone repeat my name over, And sigh that I tarry so long?

And is there a chord in the music That's missed when my voice is away?

And a chord in each heart that awaketh Regret at my wearisome stay?

Do they set me a chair near the table, When evening's home pleasures are nigh,

When the candles are lit in the parlor, And the stars in the calm, azure sky?

And when the "good nights" are repeated, And all lay them down to their sleep,

Do they think of the absent, and wait me A whispered "good night" while they weep?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me At morning, at noon, or at night?

And lingers one gloomy shade round them That only my presence can light?

Are joys less invitingly welcome, And pleasures less halo than before,

Because one is missed from the circle, Because I am with them no more?

—Old Song.

MEMORIAL FOR LT. H. Y. CARROLL

Tribute Paid to Fallen Officer at Christ Church on Sunday.

On Sunday morning at Christ Church, a solemn memorial service for the late Lieut. Horace Yeomans Carroll, recently killed in action, was held. Rev. Dr. R. C. Blagrove, rector, officiating. The music was peculiarly appropriate, the approach of All Saints' Day being marked by hymns for the day. These numbers seemed fitting for the memorial of a young soldier who has now taken his rest after the turmoil of battle. Mrs. (Col.) Campbell at the organ played a funeral march at the offertory and at the close of the service the congregation remained standing while the Dead March in Saul was played.

Rev. Dr. Blagrove in his sermon dealt with the questions in the minds of those who mourn the fallen. The poignancy of the shock of the news, the grief and the feeling that life can never be the same again, give rise to questions and constrain one to seek out consolation and reparation.

"Is it worth while?" the sacrifices are being made for our homes, our institutions, but above all these—for something that is ideal, transcending the intellectual, and combining the imperial and the religious. If a mother says it is not worth while, we ask what is worth while then? Then there is nothing to ease the intolerable burden. The answer must be, it is worth while. As soon as this is admitted the feeling must be, "It is worth my son." By the education that comes through pain and sorrow and loss, a transcendent value is placed upon our land. For what is the great price paid? Not for self, but for mother, or wife or children and for others. Answer the truth that no man liveth to himself, is impressed upon mankind. This new value could not be without so great a price. We have come into our heritage because we have come into a value of the best.

Who is responsible? God or Man? God never was responsible for such pain. It is man, his sin, our sins, spread over the world, the worldliness, the materialism, rampant before the war, concentrated into national narrowness. But have we not suffered enough? No. God never stops a man sinning. Otherwise man would never learn the penalty of sin. And the enemy would fall to be properly punished. We are to blame, but the penalty for sin is from God and is irrevocable.

"Why is my son taken?" a mother asks. Is there partiality? Because war takes some and leaves others is no reason for loss of faith in prayer. Does God discriminate? No. But what of the loss? Is it all lost? Lieut. Horace Carroll that he has gone? No. Is it a loss to his career? Yes, his death has cut off a promising future. He was one of the princes of young men so needed in Canada. But has not God a career beyond in which that young life of brilliance and capacity will have opportunity? In some higher sphere there must be completion. His career is accomplished.

"For how can men die better than facing fearful odds For the ashes of their fathers and the temples of their gods."

But the loss to the family, what of that? No life was ever purged without somewhere suffering. A life falls into place only with God. Our sons, says H. G. Wells, have shown us God. After Job had gone to the depths, he arose to the heights. Christ trod the winepress alone. Although a mother or wife may suffer, there is no suffering like that of the suffering Christ. He will purify the life and bring reward for well-borne pain.

LT. MURRAY A PRISONER

Of War at Darmstadt — Had Been Missing for Some Time

Lieut. John Gordon Murray, son of Mr. J. W. Murray of the local branch of the Dominion bank, is unofficially reported as prisoner of war at Darmstadt, which is the capital of Hesse and Starkenburg, Germany. Several months ago he was reported missing and the worst fears were entertained. About a week ago a cable from a relative in England stated that he was a prisoner and yesterday Mr. J. W. Murray received announcement from Ottawa.

Lieut. Murray is one of the Belleville boys who won his commission on the field.

A Power of its Own.—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has a subtle power of its own that other oils cannot pretend to, though there are many pretenders. All who have used it know this and keep it by them as the most valuable liniment available. Its uses are innumerable and for many years it has been prized as the leading liniment for man and beast.