

The Weekly Ontario

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1915.

WORKING TOGETHER.

On Saturday last a prominent farmer of Sidney township was discussing with us "Patriotism and Production" and other problems arising out of the European war and their effect upon Canadian agriculture.

He said he felt a great longing to go with those who were volunteering for overseas service, but he would be compelled to leave behind a wife and several small children, and he had no one to whom he could intrust the management of his large farm, and its valuable stock of horses and cattle.

Then he went on to say that he thought a great deal of undeserved odium was being cast upon the farming population because of its meagre response to the call for volunteers.

It is a well known fact, he continued, that for several years past nearly every farmer has been severely handicapped because of the labor shortage. The young men have flocked into the towns and cities and left the farmer without adequate help.

The problem that our Sidney friend has mentioned is one that is giving serious concern to all those who have been thinking about this campaign for "Patriotism and Production."

We have no doubt whatever that the farmers of Canada will this year be able both to furnish a magnificent representation in the ranks of our country's active defenders who are going to France and Belgium, and at the same time to show a splendid increase in the production of the food, without which armies cannot fight.

As we see it, there are two campaigns now being carried on here in Ontario that are working at cross purposes, when they should be working together. The object of both campaigns is to secure the means for overcoming the German hosts as speedily as possible in the great war.

Supplementary to this campaign for increased food production on the farms, there should be a systematic agitation carried on among the unemployed and those who are not profitably employed in the towns and cities to induce them to go back to the farms.

A farmer in Middlesex county inserted an advertisement for help in one of the London papers, and received sixty-two replies. This shows that labor in the cities is seeking an outlet to the farm. Economic conditions are such

that just such a movement is forced upon the workmen who could not otherwise get work. And it will be one of the very best things that could happen to them as well as the country at large.

The time and the occasion are both ripe for the inauguration of this back-to-the-land movement. Patriotism and production would both benefit and the out-of-work could take the place of the young farmer who is thrilled with the desire to serve his country at the battlefield.

But where a man, situated as this Sidney farmer is, with a dependent family, and a large farm to look after, feels the call to go to the war, it is another matter. We think there can be no question, unless vastly greater need arises, that he can render the more patriotic service by staying at home and looking after production.

"Not all by battlefield or wave His country's shield can hope to stand; He serves no less who toils to save The harvest for his native land."

The point is here—we should not seek to deprive the deeply patriotic farmer boys, who desire a more active participation in the real business of war than merely staying at home and growing wheat, of the honor and glory of going to the front, and of being able to say to their children and their children's children, "when the Empire was in danger, I heard the call and I went."

The problem that our friend has suggested is a difficult one, but it can be solved by loyal co-operation of town and country. The coming months are bound to be filled with deep anxiety for all classes, and there will need to be special effort and sacrifice. The manufacturer, the merchant and businessman generally, are passing through a chastening experience that is far more conducive to premature old age than are the long hours and excessive toil of the farm.

BUSINESS AS USUAL.

Some time ago Col. Ponton showed us a postcard that he had received from a friend in England upon which was printed in bold type the legend,—"If War Interferes with YOUR Business, Give Up Your Business."

In Canada we have become so absorbed in two-dollar wheat, army contracts, and "Business as Usual" that the great majority of us are viewing the war merely as spectators. If we can make a nice thing on the side from the unduly enhanced prices, why so much the better. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

By all means let us maintain "business as usual," let us engage in "patriotic production," let us grow two bushels of two-dollar wheat where only one bushel of ninety-cent wheat grew before. Let us do all these things as long as they are the best things we can do.

This Old-Country brand of patriotism is so startling in its suggestiveness, so colossal in its possibilities, that it almost seems to us un-military Canadians as being the acme of what is foolhardy and reckless. We hesitate and stand

back. Business is surely the big thing, and maybe the war will somehow decide itself in our favor, without its being necessary to upset the established order too much. Hence, "Business as Usual."

Not all Canadians are so bent on "business as usual" that they conveniently ignore the war, except that every evening they zealously and patriotically read over all the special despatches and bulletins. We have training here in Belleville right now for the Third Contingent two or three officers and a number of men of the Fifteenth and the Forty-ninth regiments who have given up their business, because their business interfered with their going to the war.

Not "Business as Usual," but "Give Up Your Business" contains the essence of the spirit that will eventually plant the conquering flag of the Allies upon the citadel of Berlin.

TWO INVADERS COMPARED.

The London Post's Petrograd correspondent makes an interesting comparison between the present invasion of Russia and that of the great Napoleon.

Five months ago, he says, the Germans occupied Vlotslavsk, twenty-six miles inside the Russian political boundary. Three weeks ago they reached the Bzura-Rawka line, which is just twice as far again, or nearly a hundred miles by the political tape measure.

Napoleon in about half that time was already in Moscow, after sanguinary battles, fighting foraging and resting, and occupying several towns of historic and political value, and finally the premier capital of the empire.

The Germans have occupied nothing of either historic or political value by comparison, although a half-successful attempt was made to impose Lodz upon the world as a marvellous capture—Lodz, the purely German-Jewish town that is not yet twenty years old.

It took Napoleon eight-five days to reach Moscow from the frontier. It has taken the German world-conqueror a hundred and sixty days to reach nowhere, having covered about a hundred miles of Russian territory in that time.

Napoleon covered a thousand miles in half the time, and certainly got somewhere, no less than to the heart of the Russian Empire. Even that magnificent military exploit availed him nothing, for Napoleon's ruin dated from Moscow. It would entirely fit the requirements of historic justice if the German War Lord's ruin dated from the mushroom Lodz. There seems a considerable likelihood of this consummation.

BRAKEMAN CARTER.

Peace not only has its victories, but also produces its heroes. It is not often however, that the opportunity for a supreme test of physical courage comes to the private individual in the ordinary walks of life. But there are occasions when men are tried as by fire, and he is said to the honor and glory of our modern civilization and of the Anglo-Saxon race, when the moment of great trial comes, the men are seldom found wanting.

These remarks have been suggested by a report we have just been reading in The Havelock Standard that Brakeman J. J. Carter of that town is to receive from His Majesty, King George the Fifth, the Albert medal for heroism.

It appears that on the tenth day of May last, while his train was passing through Tweed, Brakeman Carter looking ahead along the track saw a little three-year-old girl playing between the rails, all unaware of the terrible danger she was in from the monster locomotive bearing down upon her. "There was not time to stop the big engine," says the report, "and Mr. Carter ran to the pilot, jumped and caught the little one in his arms, and threw himself and his precious burden clear of the track."

We read of such exploits as that in the story books, but it is hard to associate such a deed of cool daring and heroism with a rough, unassuming, Canadian Pacific railroad brakeman, and a location no farther away than the village of Tweed.

But it is a further great pleasure to note that peace has found a method of expressing its appreciation of those who, like Mr. Carter, have performed some great, conspicuous service, and thereby have earned and merited the gratitude of their fellows. Reeve Kindred of Havelock, we are told, took up the matter of some formal recognition with the high officials of the Canadian Pacific company. These in turn opened communication with the British Government, and the result is that Reeve Kindred has just received a letter from the General Superintendent of the railway informing him that he had received official notice from Mr. Thomas Mulvey,

Under Secretary of State, that he had been advised by the Colonial Secretary that King George had been pleased to award an Albert Medal to Brakeman Carter. The presentation of the medal by C. P. R. officials will take place at a later date.

Don't be alarmed. The thaw will probably catch cold before our lovely snowdrifts have all vanished away.

Though the recruiting officers for the Fifteenth and the Forty-ninth regiments are still considerably short of the required quota of one hundred and fifty men each for the Third Contingent, there is some satisfaction in knowing that in many other districts the situation is very much worse than it is here.

Germany's latest vagary in declaring a submarine blockade of Great Britain will be about as effective in shutting off Britain's food supply as the Zeppelin "invasion" was in striking terror into Britain's population. It is far more likely to render more threatening the already strained relations with the United States than it is to embarrass England.

Speaking at a recruiting meeting at Northampton, England, Sir Ryland Adkins, M.P., said he had Lord Kitchener's authority for stating that his lordship was abundantly satisfied with the progress of recruiting since the war began. The War Minister had told him that the progress was nothing short of remarkable. And Kitchener knows.

The series of addresses by Mr. A. D. McIntosh of Stirling, district representative of the Ontario Department of Agriculture, to the students of Belleville High School on the subject, "Back to the Land," should be heard by more than high school students. Mr. McIntosh is an intensely practical speaker who works as well as speaks. His expression upon one of the greatest problems before the Canadian people will contain both interest and commonsense.

The Carranza forces are trying to give Mexico City an attack of hysteria by threatening to drop some full-grown bombs on it. If Mexico City has been reading its newspapers lately, it won't be scared to any great extent by this threat. Bomb dropping from aeroplanes is more effective as a threat than in practice. In Europe aeroplane bombs have killed a few aged men and women, maimed some children, and made it necessary to patch a few roofs and repair some churches, but, as an effective implement of war, they are failures. Carranza should cut that item from his war budget. It will be money wasted.

On Saturday, Mr. Harvey Wallace of Thurlow township informed us that he had brought one stalwart six-foot son into the city to enlist with the Fifteenth regiment and enter training for the Third contingent. "He's only eighteen" said Mr. Wallace, "but he was bound to go, and I hadn't the heart to refuse him. I was a boy myself once, and, being Irish, I knew what it meant to want to get into the fighting game. I've got another boy at home," continued Mr. Wallace, "and he wants to go the worst way, too, but I have to have some help to run the farm, and his mother feels that she can't spare both her boys at once." There was a touch of satisfaction in Mr. Wallace's tone as from one who has discharged a duty that means vastly more than any contribution of money could do, but there was also just a suggestion of sadness, as if from a thought of the supreme sacrifice he was making because of the unholy lust for power of one single human despot.

Judging by the following prize parody from last week's issue of The Times, the people of Bancroft are not altogether satisfied with the liberties being taken with their train service by the local railway.

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O., saying, "You may not receive this for a month or so; I'll mail it when we get to Trenton, Molly dear," said he, "But I'm travelling via. C.O.R., don't lay the blame on me. It's a long way to where they're fighting. It's a long way to France, I'll go with the Third Contingent. If I only get the chance; But the fighting may be over before I get that far— It's a long way to—almost anywhere When you travel C. O. R."

Here is another "knitting chorus" similar to the one about "Sister Susie." This was written by a newspaper man in New York for a comedian: "Netty's knitting knick-knacks for the soldiers, Her nobby knack at knitting nets them neckties by the score; Some natty soldier knockers would prefer some knickerbockers To the knotty, knitted neckties Netty knits for necks galore."

Other Editors' Opinions

BILLY SUNDAY.

Spiritually and morally, the Rev. Billy Sunday is turning Philadelphia upside down, inside out, or, as he would no doubt express it himself, "handing it to them good and plenty." He is the heart, the centre, of a stupendous revival, the biggest thing of its kind North America has ever witnessed. Sixty-five thousand persons heard Sunday preach at three consecutive meetings, while it is estimated that between twenty and twenty-five thousand were unable to secure admission. To use another of Sunday's phrases, this is "going some" and it is a wonderful tribute to the man's organization as well as to the drawing power of his message. However opinion may differ as to his methods, everybody will agree that they are effective. Sunday has no platform manners in the usual sense of the term, and he frankly admits that his antics are a play to the bleachers rather than the grandstand; but aristocratic Philadelphia, the most conservative community in the United States, is "rooting" for Sunday, tooth and nail. He has the grandstand with him. Billy Sunday lacks the polish but he has the punch.

Not so many years ago it would have been considered worldly, of the devil, for an evangelist to have applied such business principles to the work of a revival as Sunday employs. He insists upon the cash and plenty of it. The old-style evangelist left that to Providence. The old-time revival was a more or less happy-go-lucky affair, wonderfully effective at times, but lacking in systematic, organized assault on the world, the flesh, and the devil. Not so with Sunday, who is twentieth century or nothing. He believes in getting at the greatest number of souls in a community in the most direct manner. In Philadelphia he preaches in a specially-constructed tabernacle that seats 20,000. There are two immense choirs of two thousand voices each, one thousand professional workers and one thousand seers and ushers. For weeks before he appeared, Sunday had paved the way with 5,000 weekly "neighborhood" prayer meetings with an estimated attendance of nearly 100,000 each night.

Philadelphia claims close to a million inhabitants, and it won't be Billy Sunday's fault if everyone of them, directly or indirectly, falls to hear the gospel as he understands it. The magnetic Moody, the intellectual Mills, the intense Torrey, permanently converted thousands to higher spiritual ideas, but the crude, hard-hitting, almost grotesque Sunday gets his converts by the tens of thousands. In fact, the thing has become so big that some assert that it is not Sunday but a movement. But it takes Billy Sunday to keep the movement moving. More power to him.—London (Ont.) Advertiser.

EDITORS AND OTHER LIARS.

Editors may not always tell the truth, but they're not as great sinners as several other classes of men. For instance, here's two of them: (1) The dentist, when he makes the remark, "Now, this won't hurt you," and (2) the real estate man when he says "The property is only five minutes' walk from the post office."—Hamilton Herald.

WHERE GERMANY HAS FAILED.

There are many standpoints from which to view the war. The general opinion in Europe appears to be that the Germans are getting the worst of it, but to this opinion there are some notable exceptions. Thus, the military expert of the London Saturday Review maintains that so far as any gains can be figured out they favor the Germans. He insists that a man which can maintain part of its army in one country and part in another is not to be put down as defeated, and he warns Englishmen against accepting the easy conclusion that the result of the war is already decided. Of this view it may be said that it is perhaps too strictly military. It leaves out moral considerations. Where Germany appears to have failed, in the estimation of impartial American observers, is in its great military machine. Instead of running triumphantly and swiftly over all opposition, has come up against machines so good that it has been compelled to make tremendous exertions to prevent the recession which has begun on the Marne being carried so far as to compromise the whole campaign. The German military machine certainly has not the prestige today that it had on the first of August, and that of itself is a loss to Germany whose ultimate consequences it is premature at the present time to attempt to forecast.—Boston Transcript.

BOURASSA.

Bourassa will not be in the slightest perturbed by any exposure of his callousness and flippancy as long as he can remain in the limelight. No tortures is the very breath of his nostrils. Lack of publicity would mean for him a living death. The temptation to exploit this mighty struggle against militarism and autocracy by saying things which are sure to be done the fewer people there will be who are interested in his outpourings. As it is he is fast disgusting his friends. Even the ultramarine press of Canada, whose darling Bourassa has been in the past, cannot stomach him now. And the day is surely not far distant when no Canadian organization will care to incur the odium of assisting this disappointed and bitter spirit to share its jealousy and hate into the public ear.—Winnipeg Free Press.



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BLACK - In Belleville Tuesday, Feb. 6th, 1915. Black, a daughter.

DEATH

WHITE - In Belleville February 7th 1915. Relict of the late aged 77 years.

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