

# ILY MISERY L-HEALTH

of Suffering Quickly  
"FRUIT-A-TIVES"



ASPARD DUBORD

que Pius IX, Montreal.

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ASPARD DUBORD.

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is sent postpaid by  
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## Wood Alyea

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Emmerson College,  
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Plays.  
FRONT ST., BELLE-  
VILLE.

## THE MIRACLE OF THE WAR

Written for The Ontario by

Chas. M. Rice, Lawyer, Denver, Colorado.

They had Miracle-Morality plays in Germany. The "Passion Play", performed at stated intervals at Oberammergau, was perhaps the most notable. Other nations will pray that the sacred festival may be continued in peace time, as it will help the League of Nations in its work of binding the wounds on continents. These plays taught morality—the triumph of right over wrong. Vice was enthroned; virtue was meek and unarmed. The onlooker could not see until near the end how vice could be overcome; and yet there was something mysterious—the miracle—working toward the end that must be attained to round out the whole principle upon which our universe holds together.

The war gave us the Miracle Play of Nations. It followed, on a very much greater scale, of necessity, the mise-en-scene of "Everyman" and other plays of this character familiar to us at home. The onlooker for a long time could not see the real end, the one that was inevitable as the movement of the planets, but there was a factor behind the scene—the Miracle of the continental overseas. This was morality—the difference between right and wrong, the law that maintains civilization.

Both Ludendorff and Bernstorff agree on one point—the leading part morality played in the great war—and they agree in nothing else. The one was the great military figure of the war, the directing genius, strategist; the other, diplomat and politician, engaged in a life and death struggle between morality and "immorality." Ludendorff's book is out. Bernstorff's is coming. The two together will form themes innumerable for the moralist. Bernstorff is going to be a prime factor in Germany in the immediate future. He is probably the brainiest man before the German public. He lost in the game he played for he was playing with loaded dice and they only win for a time; until the exposure comes.

What Bernstorff is playing for in the articles he is furnishing the press and in his book that is to be published is rehabilitation, particularly with the American people. Bernstorff was ambassador at Washington before the war and until he was handed his passports when the U.S. made the momentous decision to enter the war. He has to come back some day, to secure for his nation the goodwill of this country. He realizes that Germany cannot struggle back to the surface without the friendly hand of this country. He is willing to sacrifice everything for that purpose. His emperor's reputation, the reputation of warriors and diplomats are cast into the scrap-heap for that one purpose. But what Bernstorff, throughout it all, what Ludendorff in his monumental volumes, that have started another kind of war, make clear and hold aloft is that not force, not the long and careful military preparation, into poison gas or huge Austrian howitzers, but Morality, won the Great World War.

Ludendorff, a notorious representative of Prussianism, manipulator of great armies, the man who stood on the battlefield and beheld as a result of his strategies half a million Russians lost in the bog; Ludendorff, who stood on a height overlooking Amlens and saw 60,000 of his troops piled up in front of him, through the miscarriage of his strategy, walls through his testimony that the armies of Germany were weighted down by world enmity and could not win the war. The war was lost in the "fourth dimension." It should have been won by all calculation on land, at sea and in the air. Possibly it was in all three and lost in the fourth.

The Prussian strategist tells us that he protested bitterly against the plan of campaign approved by the general staff for the impending struggle. He went on his knees to his emperor, but without avail. Until Germany found it could not do without his brains, he was cast aside for his entreaty. He was not a moralist or a sentimentalist; but withal he was broad enough militarist to realize what morality meant to an empire and its army. To the last moment he opposed the rape of Belgium; not that he cared a mark for Belgium, but because he foresaw what was going to come from the invasion. He protested against the German brutality, not that he cared in the ordinary sense, but he knew instinctively what the effect would be upon the moral of the German army. He fought against unrestricted submarine warfare as long as he could, not that he bothered regarding the

fate of the innocents, but because as he tells us, of the effect the barbarity would have ultimately upon the German navy. It made him angry when he read of Turkish atrocities, not because his heart bled for Armenian or Syrian or other victims, but because Turkey was a German ally and Germany would be linked with the atrocities and the invisible weight upon the empire and its armies and navy would be greatly augmented.

The war was lost to Germany because world sentiment was against Germany from the beginning of the war to its conclusion. He, the brains of the army, felt it more and more; the Kaiser paled and wasted under it. When poor China entered her protest against Germany's defiance of morality, the imperial council, from Kaiser to commander, wilted. The nightmare became unbearable; the emperor was a weakling, gringing at his own shadow. Wherever the German rulers and people turned they faced angry enemies, open or hidden. The German machine in this country, that was to be of such great force at the right moment, was cowed by the force of morality—public opinion. No country dared to stand out openly and defend Germany.

Germany violated the moral law, and outraged public opinion. World sentiment bore her down even when her armies were believed to be winning. Her navy was doomed to the degrading end that came to it because it did degrading things in sending to the bottom innocent women and children.

Bernstorff could not face the record of Germany in Belgium and the sinking of the Lusitania, and his nation failed because it had not behind it a just cause. A greater German than either declared: "Two things move me to greater awe: the starry heavens above and the moral law within."

## Laid to Rest

BENJAMIN L. MYLKES.

The funeral of the late Benjamin L. Mylkes, formerly of Moira, who passed away on Sunday morning at Essex Junction, Vt., was held on Wednesday afternoon from his late home. Interment took place at Lake View cemetery, Burlington, Vt.

In addition to the biographical facts reported in Monday's issue we have learned that Mr. Mylkes was born at Rome, N.Y., Dec. 28, 1851, the son of George and Melissa Dunbar Mylkes. In 1874 he was married to Miss Sarah Smith of Stirling who survives him. Mr. Mylkes spent his boyhood days in Rome but later came to Stirling where he was married and returned with his bride to South Butler, N.Y., where their eldest son, George H., was born. They soon after returned to Canada and remained in this country up to last August when he and his wife moved to Essex Junction, Vermont, to be near his son who is a leading merchant of Burlington. They had just got comfortably settled in their new home on Parks street, where they were surrounded with all the comforts of life, when Mr. Mylkes was taken ill and in about a week, in spite of all the attentions that loving care and the most skilled physicians could offer, he succumbed and entered into eternal rest.

## FOXBORO

The members of R.B.P. No. 382, Foxboro, will attend divine service in the Presbyterian church, Foxboro, on Sunday, Nov. 9th, at 2.30 p.m. The evaporator is still running; quite a few apples are coming in.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot Rose, sixth line, were visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Nell Davis on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Roblin and family spent Sunday at the home of her brother and sister, Miss Amelia Clarke and Mr. Will Clarke.

Miss Tena Watt was the guest of Miss Helen Davis on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Ashley of Belleville visited relatives in our village on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Snider and family motored to Madoc on Sunday and visited relatives.

The hum of the threshing machine can be heard in this vicinity.

Mr. Derby Empson shipped a large number of hogs from here on Wednesday of this week.

What some men are pleased to call a clean profit is often the proceeds of a dirty transaction.

## Pluck and Luck in the Air Flights

MANY FINE PILOTS ENDED THEIR CAREERS BY OVERCONFIDENCE.

How Canadians Fell a Victim of Chance Shots of a Scared Hun.

Many fine pilots both German and British, were shot down in aerial combat on the Western front through over-confidence and pure bad luck. One of the most glaring exhibitions of carelessness that ended in disaster was displayed in the last month of the war by Captain Baron von Schroeder of the German Imperial Flying Corps. He paid for it with his life.

A British artillery aeroplane was sent out about noon to locate and destroy two German batteries situated somewhere behind Cambrai. This was to be done by means of artillery fire. The artillery bus found the two batteries. He "took them on" and two of our batteries opened up. Three of the Hun guns were silenced after direct hits on their pits. The weather grew thick and hazy. The job was not completed, so the pilot and observer decided that they would have to work further over the line. A Hun patrol appeared, and then veared off in the midst.

Quite suddenly the enemy formation swung around to the west of the artillery bus, cutting it off. They attacked and the British pilot "stuck his nose down" and dived straight into the formation. As they tore through the astonished patrol the pilot and observer both got a good view of the machines. They were all Fokker biplanes painted black, pink, and white.

The Fokkers turned quickly and soon overtook the laboring Britisher. They attacked singly and then in groups, the observer replying heartily, but to no effect. Meanwhile the pilot both he and the observer were Canadians from Toronto, kept flinging the old "bus" around to throw off the aim of the enemy pilots. It was a running fight.

By some miracle neither the pilot nor observer were hit, although the wings fuselage and tail were riddled. The observer tried hard to down one but the fast Hun scouts avoided his sights.

"If the Fokker dives on your tail and hooks up to the right, go after him. He'll hang for a minute." That advice had been given the observer by a famous pilot only a few days before and he remembered it. "If one only does, watch me," said the grim observer.

The leader of the formation, the fastest Fokker of all, who had been taking shots at the English machine from all angles, put his nose up and climbed behind the RES just out of shot of the observer. Suddenly he "stuck his nose down," his guns spitting venomous tracers and explosive bullets at the two Canadians. He got very close; the observer was banging away hard at him. But, strangely enough, neither scored.

The Hun pulled up, climbing hard to the right.

Ah!—The observer sat down calmly on his stool, took careful aim between the wheels of the enemy machine, and pressed the trigger. The Hun rolled slowly over, dived vertically, and started to spin rapidly. The rest of the Huns, dazed by the fall of their leader, drew off and gave the delighted British machine a load good enough to get away. Had they kept on at the artillery bus he most certainly would have become their victim.

The Hun spun all the way to the ground, and as he struck burst into a great sheet of flames. A week later when the territory was captured the infantry found a small oak cross beside the charred wreck of a German aeroplane and on the cross was inscribed in German: "Here rests Captain Baron von Schroeder, German Imperial Flying Corps. Victim in forty-two aerial engagements with the British and French."

In one of the greatest air battles of the war, the great dog fight in which the famous Captain Baron Richthofen was shot down by Captain Brown, D.S.C., D.F.C., a Canadian, a rank German beginner shot down a promising young Toronto flight commander. It was a pure fluke, and the worst luck possible.

This gallant young Canadian in an S.E.5, a fast type of British scout, was having a fine time in that famous "dog fight." His companions told afterwards of how he had shot three down and forced two others to quit the fight. He was seen diving vertically on another Hun. From outside the main fight a wary enemy machine started both guns cracking. They kept on going, both spitting tracers at nothing. But down came

that young Canadian sights on a Hun below, and straight through that flow of bullets he went. His machine burst into flames.

And the Hun who had shot him down kept straight on, flying slowly along, both guns playing away at nothing. He was in a blue funk. One of the young Canadian's comrades at once dived on this machine and shot it down with no show of resistance from the enemy.

On another occasion a British formation was bombing a railway junction 20 miles behind the lines. No enemy machines came up to fight them. Far below, thousands of feet beneath them, one of the observers saw an enemy machine. He tipped his two Lewis guns over the side, took what he thought to be the right aim, and fired. To his intense astonishment, and the astonishment of the other observers who had also seen this machine, the enemy turned sharply, emitted a great gush of smoke, and fell in a mass of flames to the ground!

Through a Cloud.

On another occasion a British reconnaissance formation, bound over the lines, encountered thick grey clouds at the altitude at which they had hoped to fly. So the leader signalled, and they went down beneath the clouds. One of the observers, to test his machine gun, fired into a cloud bank.

His amazement knew no bounds when from beneath the clouds the remains of an enemy aeroplane came tumbling down. They were to have been ambushed, for in the east of that cloud the patrol discovered five enemy machines.

## Miss Campbell Stirs All London

Is Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Campbell of Kingston

Miss Marjorie Campbell, daughter of Mr. J. M. Campbell, of the Gananoque Electric Light Co., has almost overnight, as it were, become a theatrical star of the first magnitude and today is the talk of all London, Eng., where she is the leading lady in that wonderfully fascinating play "Tiger Rose," which ran so successfully for many months on the American side, says the Kingston Standard. The play, after a week's "try out" in Birmingham, England, opened at the famous Savoy Theatre in London on the night of October 16th and made an instant and remarkable hit, with Miss Campbell fairly captivating the large audience and instantly winning her way into the hearts of the people and, incidentally, gaining for herself a lasting place in theatrical stardom; for as a consequence of her brilliant success she has been literally besieged by managers seeking to sign her up for other plays at fabulous salaries. As a consequence, too, of this success, her name is now blazoned forth each night in great flashing letters before the Savoy theatre as the chief attraction of that great playhouse.

"Tiger Rose," a Belasco play, is a drama of the great North-west, by Willard Mack, and is put on by an all-English company with Miss Campbell the one exception. It is under the direction of J. J. Sacks, Ltd., and is produced by W. J. Wilson, under an arrangement with Gilbert Miller. The Savoy, it may be stated, is under lease to H. B. Irving, who died only a few days ago—a son of the late Sir Henry B. Irving—and is noted for the high class plays it has produced.

All the London papers are loud and lavish in their praise of Miss Campbell's acting, the leading dailies devoting considerable space to the opening night.—Gananoque Reporter.

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## In Memoriam

In fond and loving memory of Nurse M. Helena Crozier, dearly beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Crozier, of Midland, late of Lindsay, who gave her life in the service of others in the epidemic of influenza on Oct. 31, 1918 in the Belleville Hospital.

A year has passed and yet our loved one lingers  
Her loving way and fond caresses  
Will lead us on till we shall meet her  
In Eternity.

Father, Mother, Brother and Sister.

CARD OF THANKS

Mrs. Wilmen Sills and family wish to thank the many friends for the kindness shown them in their recent illness and sad bereavement.

## Curling Club Elects Officers

Annual Meeting of the Belleville Club Held Last Night

The Belleville Curling Club held its annual meeting last evening at the club rooms, George Street, Pres. J. G. Davison, occupying the chair. There were a large number of the members present. The outlook for the future seems very bright, judging by the interest shown and by the reports which were received. Mr. Davison reviewed the work of the past year.

Officers for the ensuing season were elected as follows:  
Pres.—R. J. Wray  
Vice Pres.—Dr. M. A. Day  
Sec.—O. H. Scott  
Asst. Sec.—J. G. Galloway  
Treas.—J. G. Moffatt  
Committee of Management, H. Holland, B. L. Hyman, S. Robertson, Rev. D. C. Ramsay and M. P. Duff.

Entertainment Committee, A. E. Symons, R. A. Backus, W. H. Gilbert, E. W. Dickens.  
Ice Committee, C. I. White, J. T. Clare, T. J. Hurley and F. Fletcher.  
Representatives to Ontario Curling Association, R. J. Wray, J. A. Kerr.

Representatives to Central Ontario Curling Association, R. J. Wray and J. A. Kerr.  
Auditors, J. G. Galloway, and M. Wright.

Patrons, E. G. Porter, M.P., Judge Wills, F. E. O'Flynn.  
Patronesses, Mrs. E. Guss Porter, Mrs. (Judge) Wills, and Mrs. F. E. O'Flynn.

The appointment of skips was deferred until the next meeting of the club to be called by the president.  
Mr. R. Cornell was appointed care taker.

The membership fees were set at \$15.00 for the season.  
Mr. J. A. Kerr, who represented the Belleville Club at the Ontario meeting told the club of the changes in grouping.

Votes of thanks were passed to the retiring officers and Mr. H. B. Stock, of Hamilton was made an honorary member. He was formerly secretary and the secretary was instructed to write him expressing the club's appreciation of his services.

## Late H. E. Robinson

The funeral of the late Henry E. Robinson took place yesterday afternoon from his home near Massasauga Rev. Mr. Wallace, of Sidney, officiating. Many floral offerings from Toronto and from Prince Edward County friends had been received and there was a large attendance at the obsequies. The bearers were Messrs. J. E. Robinson, G. A. Robinson, G. F. Lent, E. C. Lent, B. O. Frederick and J. G. Simmonds. Interment was made in Simmonds' burying grounds at Massasauga.

## IVANHOE

In the absence of our pastor, Rev. A. B. Frederick, the services in Beulah Church on Sunday night were conducted by the Epworth League. Miss Tillie Wood attended the Epworth League convention held in Pt. Hope.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shaw and Master Milton attended anniversary services at Moira on Sunday and also visited the latter's sister, Mrs. B. Ketcheson, and Mrs. G. Foster.

Those who attended the Epworth League convention in Madoc are as follows: Mrs. McMullen, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wood and Miss Nellie, Miss Lottie Moore, Miss Lillian Mitz, Master Clifford Mitz and Mr. Wm. McMillan.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wood are visiting their daughter, Mrs. John Fox, of Belleville, a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Kilpatrick visited Bethesda friends on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Mitz and family took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hollinger of Moira on Sunday evening.

Rev. A. B. Frederick has returned home from Rice Lake where he has been duck-hunting for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Johnson and family of Salem were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McMillan.

Miss Lillian Mitz visited her cousins, Miss Olive Ketcheson, Moira, on Sunday.

Mr. Chas. Cooney attended the wedding of Miss Myrtle Keene and Rev. Nicholas Stout on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. James McKee spent Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Shaw.

When a man has his picture taken in an automobile it is a safe bet he doesn't own it.

The ostrich feathers are the best of the owner.

## OAK HALL

## Go to The Banks and Buy More

Put every dollar you can get together into Victory Bonds—and then go to the banks and buy more bonds. By paying ten per cent down and ten per cent a month you can buy through the banks all the Victory Bonds you can pay for in ten months. It's the vnest way to save, you will never miss a few dollars each month. Don't wait—act now.

## Buy Victory Bonds!

## OAK HALL

## BUY VICTORY BONDS

in the sure knowledge that you have everything to gain and nothing to lose.

They represent your faith—your share—in Canada's future.

If it means anything at all to you to be a citizen of this Dominion,

BUY VICTORY BONDS

## Vermilyea & Son

THE STORE OF SERVICE AND QUALITY

## Inspect These

Phaetons, Auto Seat Top Buggies, Platform Spring Democrat Wagons, Steel Tubular Axle Wagons, fBolster Spring, Royal Main Delivery Wagons, Factory Milk Wagons, Repairing, Painting, Trimming, Rubber Tires. All kinds of Automobiles repaired, painted and upholstered.

The FINNEGAN CARRIAGE & WAGON CO.

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

## PROPHECY

The prophets afflicting are always predicting that evils are coming to pass; the oil we are pumping is billed for a slumping, and soon we won't have any gas. The prophets are waiting that coal mines are tailing and soon we'll have nothing to burn; we'll sit up and shiver from wishbone to liver, and wish the old times might return. Our lands are exhausted and husbandry's frosted, and soon we'll have nothing to eat; there's not enough leather to make a good tether, and there'll be no shoes for our feet. The sheep are not bearing the wool for our wear.

ing, and we'll have no rags for our backs; it's no world for boosters; our hens are all roosters, our milk cows won't get down to tacks. The gods are against us, they've herded and fenced us preparing to hand us a jolt; the future's alarming, so let us be arming for anarchy, riot, revolt. And yet we're so silly, we heed not the chilly and ominous words of the seers; we're joking and playing while doing our hayting, and rugging and wagging our ears. The talk of disaster, it seems, cannot master the natural pep of the soul; we ought to be dropping, but gayly we're whooping while laying in cordwood shoes for our feet. The sheep are not bearing the wool for our wear.

—Wall Mason.