

# The Weekly Ontario

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1914.

## THE WAR AND THE FLAG.

The London Times devotes a thoughtful and admirable leader to "School Children and the War." The Times says, it is glad to learn that the War is being used by Old Country teachers, neither to pervert nor to excite their pupils but to make real to them those Christian lessons which so often seem a mere matter of routine in time of peace. They are being taught not to hate Germans, but to help Belgians; and the war is being made for them an occasion of self-sacrifice rather than of self-satisfaction. The Times hears of school girls who come back after hours to sew for the refugees, and of others who knit socks for our soldiers and write letters to go with the socks, of boys who give money for relief funds—money of their own, which they would otherwise spend on sweets. In other cases, teachers and children have joined together to act as hosts to Belgian refugees.

"It is in this way," declares The Times, "that patriotism should be taught if it is to be worth anything to the country that teaches it, if it is to be a faith rather than a means of giving emotional pleasure to the patriot. A child, like a man cannot love his country unless he does something for her; if his patriotism consists of flag waving and cheering it is himself that he cheers rather than her. The children will not suffer, we hope; but they will learn that war means suffering, that it is the occasion of exciting news, and is engaged in frivolously by a people weary of the monotony of peace. In this case, too, we may be thankful, they can be taught without any twisting of facts that their country has gone to war seriously and for the right. There is no need for them to be told anything but the simple truth about it, and the truth is so simple that they can all understand it."

This is indeed, good, sound, manly British teaching, not only in the schools but by The Times. It should be laid to heart by Canadian teachers and leaders of thought. We of the Dominion have had in the past, and have even now in this grave crisis in our history, far too much of the silly "flag waving and cheering" which The Times so openly despises, and condemns. This excuse may be made for it, at least among young teachers and younger pupils in our schools, that it is merely a matter of unreasoning imitation. They are but following the childishly vain-glorious example of our American neighbors. But it has been much worse than that with some of their leaders and elders, who have too often done all they could to convert the flag into a base partisan instrument.

Let the words of The Times, in this connection, be particularly noted, considered and clearly understood: "A CHILD, LIKE MAN, CANNOT LOVE HIS COUNTRY UNLESS HE DOES SOMETHING FOR HER; IF HIS PATRIOTISM CONSISTS OF FLAG-WAVING AND CHEERING, IT IS HIMSELF THAT HE CHEERS RATHER THAN HER." The flag is but the symbol of the people who fly it. To flaunt it idly is the cheapest form of self-adulation. Let us always respect the flag of our country as we respect ourselves, our forefathers and our institutions. Let us refrain from flourishing it boastfully or challengingly as carefully as a decent man would refrain from vaunting openly his own personal prowess. The flag is far too sacred a thing to all true patriots to be vulgarized and cheapened. In the Old Country to-day, and from the beginning of the war the Union Jack is floating nowhere except where it has a strict official right to be displayed. The flag on private staffs is at ordinary times a special sign of rejoicing. Great Britain is not rejoicing because she is at war. She is sorrowing and sorrowing deeply for the best or reasons.

Germany is said to be displaying her flag everywhere in her own territory. Great Britain needless to say, is leaving that sort of thing entirely to Germans and other crude or boastful people. Her people are not glad to be at war. They are not boasting about what they have done or are going to do. They are quietly and modestly doing things—doing great and memorable things for the country for which their flag is the outward symbol. When the time comes as through their strenuous efforts and heroic exertions and sacrifices, it must—with the blessing of Providence—come, that the arrogant

enemy of civilization and human freedom to whom they are opposed shall be finally beaten down, they will naturally cast their country's flag to the breeze in token of private joy and national thanksgiving.

## LIGHT.

Belleville has now not only one of the best paved main streets but one of the most brightly illuminated principal thoroughfares in Ontario. Some who know whereof they speak even assert that there is no street in any city in the province that is so well lighted as Front street, Belleville. It is now possible to read a newspaper with ease at almost any point along the street, no matter how dark the night. You can recognize your friend coming towards you almost as well as in the daytime.

There has been some disappointment expressed because the lights are not more showy. People have been looking for some such display as is made by the cluster lights in Toronto and elsewhere.

Three years ago cluster lights were thought to be the last word in brilliant and effective street illumination. Large cities generally adopted them. Now they are all being discontinued or displaced. It was found that after a few weeks of use, the globes became discolored and opaque, the lamps were reduced in illuminating power, and the streets gradually attained to a semi-darkness. Toronto is now replacing them with single but very powerful lamps. Hamilton is not extending its cluster system.

The principal idea in a street lighting system is to get light. The sun that does our lighting by day is not a very showy orb, but it does its appointed work most effectively. The cluster lights make a show for a time at least, but instead of turning night into day they dole out a kind of mongrel gloom.

One lady who occupies a flat in one of the blocks on Front street has informed us that the family has been enabled to discontinue the use of lights in the front rooms where they spend their evenings. The street light was located just outside their windows and flooded the rooms with a radiance as bright as day. The Ontario has also turned off the special light over the bulletin boards since the installation of one of the new lights across the street.

It may interest Bellevillians to know that we are in the matter of lighting in advance of New York. In the last issue of the Electrical World, we note that Commissioner Williams of the Department of Electricity, New York City, has just given orders to replace their arc lights with nitrogen filled lamps of the identical variety that the Electrical Power Company have just installed on Front street. When Belleville leads and New York follows why shouldn't we grow chesky?

Besides that, it is important to mention that New York is going to pay eighty-five dollars per annum for every 500 candle-power lamp, while Belleville pays only fifty-six dollars for the same amount of light. New York is not only slower than we are in adopting the newest and best, but they are paying more than fifty per cent. advance over what we do for the same line of goods.

There will also probably be some disappointment on our residential streets at such places as arc lamps are replaced by 60 c.p. tungstens, but since we are to have five hundred 60 c.p. tungstens instead of two hundred and eighty 40 c.p. incandescents it is certain that our residential streets will have their lighting more effectively done, and much better distributed than under the system that is being gradually displaced.

## THE LEADERS VOICE.

The Canadian Courier is a non-partisan journal, and yet its editor is a strong Conservative and is one of the leaders of his party in Toronto. It is noteworthy then, that in last week's issue the Courier prints a splendid portrait of Sir Wilfrid Laurier accompanied by the following editorial note which all fair-minded Canadians, without distinction of party, will fully approve and cordially endorse:

"There never has been any doubt as to where Sir Wilfrid Laurier stands on the question of Imperial defence. During the historic deadlock debate on the Naval Aid Bill, two sessions ago, when the Liberals opposed the vote of \$35,000,000 to the British Admiralty as the price of three Dreadoughts, Sir Wilfrid reaffirmed his belief in the construction of a Canadian Navy which had already been begun by his government in the purchase of the Niobe and the Rainbow. He said then, that whenever it came to a question of helping England in her hour of peril, he and the party whom he led would vote not \$35,000,000, but twice, three times, four times the amount as the price of Canadian Imperial effort against the common enemy. He spoke with authority, because it was Sir Wilfrid's government that authorized the recruiting in Canada of troops for the Imperial army in the South African war. During the special session of Parliament, in August, 1914, Sir Wilfrid reaffirmed that attitude. In unofficial speeches made elsewhere, he has spoken for a united Canada that sinks all party difference in a time when

the Empire, and therefore Canada, is at war."

Of the miseries endured by an invaded country there is no end. An English paper mentions that the recent issue of a French journal had no fewer than eight columns of small advertisements, every one of which is an inquiry for lost relatives or friends, or an intimation from some individual whose home ties have been severed telling friends of their condition and location. "Fathers and mothers intimate their anxious desire for information of their children; children seek their parents, husbands their wives, and wives their husbands. These poor people have been scattered like chaff before the ruthless invaders. They have lost everything."

All wars are follies, very expensive and very mischievous ones. In my opinion, there never was a good war or a bad peace. When will mankind be convinced and agree to settle their difficulties by arbitration?  
—Benjamin Franklin, in 1783.

With the two greatest navies in the world locked up for fear they might get hurt, the advocates of a larger navy for the United States will have hard studding for a few sessions of congress at least.  
—Salem (Oregon) Capital, Journal.

Much has been heard through German sources, of the great military achievements of the German Crown Prince, but the caustic comment of the London Times that "the Crown Prince has no greater glory to his personal credit than clearing the sideboards of French country houses," appears to have a measure of truth in it.

Germany holds a religion of war and Germany first. Its apostle was Bismarck with his gospel of blood and iron. Its Dancing Dervish or Mad Mullah is the Kaiser. Its preachers are Bernhardi, Chamberlain (a Germanized English philosopher), and there was old Treitschke, too, all authors of best-sellers. Contrast Tolstoy with these Germans half-cracked on war and nationality.

It is stated in an exchange that John D. Rockefeller has quit drinking tea and is now confining his drinking list to hot water. This indicates that the business depression is being felt even by the financiers. Still, while realizing that economy may be necessary in his case, the general public will feel that his refusing to put a little oil in his drink betokens actual miserliness.

No one takes a more hopeful view of what the war will bring than Dr. Washington Gladden. "It will," he says, "bring such a demonstration not only of the horror of war, but of its futility, its stupidity, as the foundation of international relationships, that there will be a mighty revulsion against war. It will bring the kings of this world, and their ministers, who are seen to be responsible for this outbreak, to the bar of the world's judgment. It will convict them of the most stupendous blunder and the most ghastly crime of history. . . . But after the night comes the morning—always! Out of this agony the world will win peace and freedom and plenty and good will." So may it be!

Some of the baser sort of government organs who are seeking to inflame partisan feeling at this grave and critical moment are foolishly asserting that the Liberal party is panic-stricken at the suggestion of a General Election. Let these foolish partisans not deceive themselves. The Liberal party would deprecate the plunging of the country into partisan strife, but it is not afraid to face the issue now, or at any time. And if the machine politicians succeed in their base designs, the Liberal party will not shrink from the contest, deeply as they might deplore the precipitation of such an unseemly division of our people at a time when all men under the British flag should be standing shoulder to shoulder against the enemy.

There is at least one official correspondent at the front. The British government has appointed Mr. Bernard Pares, son of Mr. John Pares, J.J., of Southsea, to act as newspaper correspondent with the Russian army in the field. Mr. Bernard Pares, who was for a time a master-scholar at Cambridge University and one of the extension lecturers, is now Professor of Russian at Liverpool University, and is the only professor in England to hold a Chair in Russian. He is an ardent Russophile, and is the only foreigner who is given a seat on the floor of the Duma. Mr. Pares has written books and organized a successful exchange of visits of legislators and literati of that country and England. Ordinary newspaper representatives have been forbidden by the Russian government to proceed to the front, but one British and one French representative were allowed to be appointed by the respective governments. Mr. Bernard Pares, who was at Petrograd, was quite unexpectedly invited to undertake the post of British war correspondent.

## A TENNYSON CALL TO ARMS.

The following hitherto unpublished poem by Alfred, Lord Tennyson, has been forwarded to the editor of the Spectator (London, Eng.) by the present Lord Tennyson, who recently quoted one of the three stanzas in the course of a speech.

"As the editor of the Spectator remarks, the poem seems almost as if it were written for the present crisis:—

O where is he, the simple fool,  
Who says that wars are over?  
What bloody portent flashes there  
Across the Straits of Dover?  
Nine hundred thousand slaves in arms  
May seek to bring us under;  
But England lives, and still will live,  
For we'll crush the despot yonder.  
Are we ready, Britons all,  
To answer foes with thunder?  
Arm, arm, arm!

O shame on selfish patronage,  
It is the country's ruin.  
Come, put the right man in his place,  
And up now, and be doing!  
O gallant, gallant volunteers  
In every town and village,  
For there are tigers—fiends not men—  
May violate, burn, and pillage!  
Are you ready, Britons all,  
To answer foes with thunder?  
Arm, arm, arm!

Up stout limb'd yeomen, leave awhile  
The fattening of your cattle—  
And, if indeed ye wish for peace,  
Be ready for the battle!  
To fight the battle of the world,  
Of progress and humanity,  
In spite of his eight million lies  
And bastard Christianity!  
Are we ready, Britons all,  
To answer foes with thunder?  
Arm, arm, arm!

—Tennyson.

## "MOTHER SHIPTON'S" WORDS RECALLED.

What seems something like a real foresight of the present European situation is contained in "Mother Shipton's Prophecy," written toward the middle of the last century, although many doubt whether it was really written by "Mother Shipton." Certainly it is not found in the early original editions of her "Life Prophecies and Death," which contain "prophecies" only concerning what had already come to pass, although said to have been uttered many years before.

I.  
A house of glass shall come to pass  
In England—but alas!  
War will follow with the work  
In the land of the Pagan and the Turk;  
And State and State in fiercest strife  
Will seek to take each others' life.  
But when the North shall divide the South  
An Eagle shall build in the Lion's mouth.

II.  
Carriages without horses shall go,  
And accidents fill the world with woe.  
Primrose Hill shall in London be,  
And in its centre a Bishop's See.

III.  
Around the world thoughts shall fly  
In the twinkling of an eye.

IV.  
Water shall yet more wonders do,  
Now, strange, yet shall be true,  
The world upside down shall be;  
And gold found at the root of tree.  
Through hills men shall ride,  
And no horse or ass by his side.  
Under water men shall walk,  
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk;  
In the air men shall be seen,  
In white, in black, in green.  
Iron in the water shall float  
As easy as a wooden boat.  
Gold shall be found and found  
In a land that's not now known.  
Fire and water shall more wonders do,  
England shall at last admit a Jew—  
The Jew that was held in scorn  
Shall of a Christian be born and born.

V.  
Three times three shall lovely France  
Be led to dance a bloody dance,  
Before her people shall be free.  
Three tyrant rulers shall she see.  
Three times the people rule alone;  
Three times the people's hope be gone.  
Three rulers in succession see.  
Each spring from different dynasty.  
Then shall the worse fight be done.  
England and France shall be as one.

VI.  
All England's sons that plow the land  
Shall be seen book in hand.  
Learning shall so ebb and flow,  
That the poor shall most wisdom know.  
The world to an end shall come  
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

## WISE AND OTHERWISE

### IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY

Up to mighty London came an Irish man one day.  
As the streets were paved with gold,  
Sure everyone was gay;  
Singing songs of Peadar, strand and  
Leicester Square.  
Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted  
to them there:

Chorus—  
It's a long long way to Tipperary,  
It's a long way to go;  
It's a long way to Tipperary,  
To the sweetest girl I know,  
Good-bye Peadar,  
Farewell Leicester Square,  
It's a long way to Tipperary,  
But my heart's right there.

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O,  
Saying, "Should you not receive it,  
write and let me know."  
If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly dear,  
said he, "Remember it's the pen that's bad,  
Don't lay the blame on me."

Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O,  
Saying, Mike Maloney wants to marry me and so  
Leave the Strand and Peadar, for  
you'll be to blame,  
For love has fairly drove me silly,  
hoping you're the same!

That's the way with a man. How now? He said he would lay down his life for me. Well? and now he kicks when I ask him to lay down a carpet.

Visitor—Is your husband in, Mrs. O'Brien? Mrs. O'Brien—Yes Sir, Visitor—I'd like to see him. Mrs. O'Brien—Ye can't see him; he's in for three months.

Suburban resident—It's simply fine to wake up in the morning and hear the leaves whispering outside your window. City-man—It's all right to hear the leaves whisper, but I never could stand to hear the grass move.

Do you dance all the new steps? Everything but this new one they've just brought over from Brazil called the mediation.

She is very pretty. Yes. She was to sell kisses at a charity fair. All the boys were delighted, but now her fiancée has arranged to take the entire output. What shall we do? Have him pinched for restraint of trade.

War Minister—So England, France and Russia have signed an agreement, that neither is to make peace without the consent of the other. (Tut! Tut! Never a scrap of paper.)

Apprentice on street corner—Some people we had in hundreds of pounds worth of stores. Well, Mrs. Green I don't stick meself up as perfect but I'm a bit too patriotic to go buying things like that.

You will, said the attorney, during the course of their consultation you will get your third out of the estate. Oh I exclaimed the widow aghast, how can you say such a thing, with my second scarcely cold in his grave!

Teacher—What does the word cellibacy mean? Class—The state or condition of being single. Teacher—Correct. Now if you wanted to express the opposite of cellibacy, or singleness, what word would you use? Bright pupil Pleurisy.

You are not the boy who usually caddies for me? No sir. I lost up wit in for yer. And you won? No I lost.

This pianist has wonderful power. He can make you feel hot or cold, happy or morose at will. That's nothing new. So can our janitor.

Mrs. Crawford—Do you tell your neighbor all your family affairs? Mrs. Crabshaw—It isn't necessary. She's on the same party line.

Hold on a minute, said a man to his party over the telephone central on the line. I ain't either the exclaiming or the indignant central.

Crawford—I hear he thinks of marrying again. Does he hope to get one like his first? Crabshaw—No; different.

How is your little boy doing a school? He gets a good mark in the toothbrush drill and stands first in the brushing class but he doesn't seem to be able to learn arithmetic.

Harry—Marry me and your smallest wishes will be fulfilled. Carrie—I am able to do that myself. What I want is a man who will gratify my biggest wishes.

Father—What! You want to marry my daughter? Why sir you can't support her? I can hardly do it myself. Suitor (blankly)—C can't we chip in together?

Lawyer in equal suffrage state—Don't worry the jury is sure to disagree. Prisoner—But are you certain? Lawyer—It's inevitable; two of the jurors are man and wife.

Your daughter plays some very robust pieces. She's got a beau in the parlor, growled ps, and that loud music is to drown the sound of her mother washing dishes.

The Semi-r and Militat The distinc terns in and the moder Fro Spe Overco len new finishe delivere fitting and on Con the be retail It's special money DRILL Eighty P For S Thirty ready to the Sec of these idea of siment gallant y be forra Only fou previous or have Follow who hav Nan Alexander Bonnard Bowyer, Cordes, Evans, I Garling, Gen, E F Harris, I Johnson, Johnson, Lloyd, H McEstrach McElrath Michael, Miller J Norman, Nicholson Pauley, F Pirie, Pe Redfrew, Smith, H Snider, E Sheppard Traup, B Varley, J Warrlow Weller, F