

THE WEEKLY ONTARIO.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1917

COURAGE

The courage required of fighting men at the present time is probably somewhat different from that of olden days. The age of chivalry abounded in personal combat, irregular armament and uncertain movements. Today all is machinery, except for an occasional bayonet encounter.

The knights fought to death or surrender of one or the other. Surrender and ransoming was common enough. The defensive armor was strong, almost impenetrable, so that a knight might as likely be disarmed and captured as killed. Good archery, of course, often got through the joints of the armor, but the knight's courage was more like that of the modern prize-fighter, who enters upon a bruising, painful and dangerous encounter, expecting anything but death. His equipment gave him certainly an easy superiority over the ill-armed common plebeian soldiery of the foe.

The courage of our modern soldiers is rather a self-sacrificing spirit. Physically the Japanese is weak compared to Hun or Russian, but his willingness to die for the mikado makes him redoubtable. The winners of the Victoria Cross are not necessarily, though doubtless commonly, the kind of men who would shine on a rugby football field. The finest courage, the kind that wins modern battles, is a compound of steadfastness, self-respect, resolve and consecration.

It is not surprising then that women able to endure the continuous strain and hardships of war should make good soldiers. Even among barbarians Amazons have been not unknown. But especially for "civilized" war women have the mental and moral qualities requisite. The Germans commented on the fury and effectiveness of the Russian women's attack. They showed all the factors of modern fighting courage.

BOURASSA'S REVOLUTION

Bourassa has prophesied that the bloodiest of revolutions will end the war if the Pope's note for peace is disregarded. He says:

"If they refuse to listen to the voice of reason and humanity, all the nations will turn against them with the fury of hatred and despair. If they reject the just and durable peace which the Pope offers, the war will end by the bloodiest and most avenging revolutions."

Take this prediction in connection with facts, as reported from day to day, and there may be good grounds for hope. Austria is sick of the war, and on the verge of negotiating a separate peace. Germany has seen its most powerful days in the war. Boys of the 18 class comprise one-fourth of the prisoners taken. Germany's financial strength is fast approaching zero. German orators admit that Germany cannot pay indemnities to other nations, because it will be all it can do to pay its own war obligations. The war was entered upon by Great Britain, a Protestant nation, to protect Belgium, a Catholic nation, and is being carried on to liberate Belgium, and a necessary part of that liberation is the destruction of militarism and the liberation of the German people themselves.

From the beginning of the war until the present time, many have looked for the end of the war to come by means of a revolution in Germany. Prussia is the most Protestant part of the empire; South Germany is largely Catholic. There is no love for the Prussian War Lord in the south of Germany. Socialism, which includes a love of liberty, was flourishing as much as possible, but it was choked by militarism as effectually as the war lords could choke it, and in Germany itself the people were taught and believed that Germans were a superior race. This has been taught for forty years, and consequently the bulk of the people now living were taught that fallacy when young, and it is hard to eradicate or shake off the teachings of the earliest years. Outsiders, alien nations, may tell them of the wrongs they suffer, but they were fed on militarism and cannot be made to see its horrors. The piling up of the dead and wounded in the war, the difficulty of obtaining enough to eat, and the hopelessness of a victorious ending of the war for them, may reach their understandings, and finally create such a sense of wrongs that they will be roused to vengeance which will

take the form and fact predicted by Bourassa of "the bloodiest and most avenging of revolutions."

Should the menace of the U-boats be mastered, or even materially lessened, and either is very probable, Germany's last prop would be gone, and the people's only hope would be the realization of Bourassa's prophecy, bloody revolution, and end of the war, freedom for Germany, and liberty for all the world.

FOOD CONTROL JOKES

After observing the struggles of Hon. W. J. Hanna to produce action as food controller, the public must be forced, regretfully, to the conclusion that up to the present time he has labored strenuously to bring forth a mouse. Perhaps Mr. Hanna finds himself decidedly "up against it," just as Commissioner O'Connor found himself "up against it" when he sought to bring home the bacon of Sir J. Wesley Flavelle. The big food interests may be too much for him, as they have been too much for the Government.

In the first place the regulations governing beef and bacon have had the effect—the only effect so far noted—of sending up the prices of other commodities, and the price of the two other articles mentioned has not been visibly altered. Most people The Ontario knows are content with beef twice or three times a week during the present period of stress. A roast on Sunday provides several meals for the average family of five, and we know of one home with eight hearty "consumers" where a roast has been known to stretch over three days, and in a somewhat disguised form, perhaps over four days. So that if a man does not make a practice of eating beef or bacon on more days than five he is not affected, and the meat supply is not affected, either. Take a man's steak away on Tuesday and he is hungrier for it on Wednesday.

And while The Ontario has nothing but good to say of the practice of opening the American markets to the Canadian farmer, it is a joke policy that permits the shipments of hundreds of beef cattle and hogs out of the country while an effort is being made to cut down the supply at home.

As to the second edict, placing canned vegetables on the "banned" list during the fresh vegetable season, it is not discourteous to describe that as a whale of an idea. Who's going to eat canned stuff when he can get the fresh stuff from the overflowing gardens of the present season?

Many people are quite satisfied to can the canned goods without any word from Mr. Hanna. Imagine canned peas when the pods are bursting to be shelled, and canned corn when the ears are just right for an ear-to-ear attack! That is apparently another little touch of humor that Mr. Hanna is injecting into the situation.

But the situation does not call for that sort of treatment. The average consumer knows that his butcher and grocery bills are no joke. The prices of all commodities are soaring. Hogs have reached a price never before known. There is not a single article which is lower than when Mr. Hanna started, and while it is difficult adequately to deal with the situation, so far the beef, bacon, fish and vegetable attempts have not struck at the high cost of living, nor can they have affected the food stocks of the Allies.

PRACTICAL FOOD RESTRICTION THE ONLY KIND CANADA WANTS

Farmers, city dwellers, soldiers in training and all classes in the community are willing to do everything in their power to insure adequate food supplies for the men overseas. "The folks at home" wish to see the old country supplied with an abundance of food, and they realize that a large margin of safety in flour and meat must be provided, so that even after the submarines have taken their toll, there will remain a plentitude for the fighting men and the pent-up people of the homeland. Restrictions will be bravely faced, and the country as a whole will, as is decreed, be prepared for a half portion instead of a whole.

The men overseas, even the men in the trenches, and the men returned, while convalescing in England, know what it meant to face the British food regulations. All have taken their belts in a hole and gone hungry. In England one's meat and potatoes is doled out to him by the ounce. In the United States the proposal is for meatless days, for the preservation of the meat supply by means of preventing the slaughter of calves and lambs, for a universal saving of flour.

In Canada the food restrictions up to the present have been warranted to provoke irritation and to save not little produce in the aggregate. Hon. Mr. Hanna seems to be attacking the question from the wrong angle. He has done nothing to curtail the slaughter of calves and lambs; he has not ordered a "meatless" day, which is the only sort of a "less" day that will count in the scale of this great war, which

is vitally a battle of two food supplies. The imposition of the canned vegetable order is like shooting at an elephant with a popgun.

Mere carping criticism is not the thing. But Mr. Hanna must play the game with the public, with the man who works and not with the food interests, if he expects to win sympathy and co-operation. The public will respond as they have always responded in a patriotic cause if they feel that behind the order lies the desire to serve the nation and not the jobbers in the nation.

A single meatless day in Canada would probably save at least a half million pounds of meat. That would feed, not theoretically, but actually, at least a million persons across the ocean. In six months it would save 6,000 tons of meat. The same regulation applied to other foodstuffs, such as bread, cake, pastry, potatoes, would mean that Canada would supply thousands upon thousands of tons of food that could not otherwise be supplied. Another system would be to measure meat by ounces. This could be supplementary to meatless days, and there is no doubt that, especially in restaurants and hotels a great wastage would be stopped.

The Allies need millions of bushels of wheat from Canada and the United States. The North American continent is practically the only source of supply for the fighting nations of the west front. The food question is of tremendous importance; the submarines make it of paramount standing. It must not be fiddled with. If Canada is expected to buckle its belt, the spirit will be willing. But it does not wish to buckle the belt only to find the maternal stomach as full as ever. Buckling one's belt is much more uncomfortable on a full stomach than on an empty one.

And, on the other hand, what will Mr. Hanna do to help out on high prices? Must all surpluses of food go to the packing houses? Why shouldn't the public be given a chance to pack its own eggs in September, for instance? Let us get back to the old-fashioned methods for a time. Let the packers be told that the public is going to have its chance to conserve and to buy at prices that do not threaten to reach the dollar mark this winter. Let every man be given a chance to buy, and let the markets be closed to the packers for one month. The farmer would not object to this, and the workman would have a chance to get eggs for the winter at the September price, rather than the December, the January and the February price. Unless some steps such as the one indicated is taken the humble hen fruit will soar to \$1.00 per dozen this winter, according to information received, that may be regarded as reliable.

Mr. Hanna must get down to practical restriction. His present regulations are ineffective, and for the most part designed to make a laughingstock of the most serious question the Empire has to deal with at the present time.

TIME FOR A CHANGE

It is no bed of roses to which Canada calls a leader at Ottawa. It is an Augean stable, such as Hercules cleaned out. About a dozen things have to be done or undone at once.

Grafters have to be turned back and told, as the French said of the Germans at Verdun: "They shall not pass." The C. N. R. conspiracy should be nipped in the bud. Taxation and conscription must be fairly administered. Food control should be real and not a mere pretence; hit the combines and cut out the waste of food in the manufacture of useless liquor. The war must be honestly and efficiently prosecuted to a winning finish.

Occasional letters and editorials appear on the subject of the drink scandal. Nothing can be more scandalous than to snatch bread out of our mouths in order that the more wheat going across the ocean, just so much more barley and oats may be reserved over there for beer-making. It is infamous that we should pay increasing prices for sugar, partly because great quantities of that article continue to be allowed to go into liquor. Mr. Hanna and other powers at Ottawa pay no attention to the criticisms on this score. They do not even deign to defend their course of inaction in regard to this great crying evil of food destruction for the manufacturing of drink.

Any honest administration of our food problem must put down the big concerns which have us by the throat, and are apparently represented by the Borden government. Of these concerns the liquor interest in one of the greatest and one of the most hostile to all our welfare. Will the Canadian electorate be bamboozled by the announcement that "The Fiddlers" was prohibited in this country simply because of some exaggerations in it of the drink and social evils in the army abroad? The liquor interests are allowed to publish and circulate broadcast the most fantastic lies. Must a lot of truth on the other side, if it chance to fall into an exaggeration or two, be put under the ban? A celebrated philosopher gave the advice that if a man tends to fall into one he should lean a little towards the opposite and so strike the golden mean of right and truth. "The Fiddlers" does not begin to compare, from any re-

port, with the liquor literature in perversion, and as for sheer mendacity, that will not be associated with the name of Mr. Arthur Mee, the author. It is more than time that a discredited Government made way for men who will be less subservient to the food and drink profiteers

THE POET-SOLDIER

The recent death of Sergt. Francis Ledwidge in Flanders is another serious blow to English poetry. He was 26 years old, a year younger than Rupert Brooke. His portrait appears with a sketch in the last number of the Literary Digest.

Above a low collar and artist's tie rises a strong neck, with large, firm chin. The mouth, wide, full and sensuous, somewhat reminiscent of portraits of Keats, is balanced by eager, gentle eyes looking through studious glasses. Ledwidge was an Irish peasant, and has something of the racial aspect in his face, though his poetry is rather universal than Hibernian.

Lord Dunsay, the Irish dramatist, is stated to have "discovered" this poet in his obscurity. From his preface to Ledwidge's "Songs of the Fields," published last October, a quotation is made, in which the writer says that he had received from the young poet some two years before a copy-book full of verses. This would seem to put Lord Dunsay's discovery of Ledwidge in the year 1914. As a matter of fact, however, poems of the young aspirant appeared in the Literary Digest in September, 1912, quoted from the Saturday Review, and again in 1913.

Ledwidge's poetry is not a bit like that of W. B. Yeats or the Erse writers. There is nothing mystical, misty or rarefied about it. It is more like the work of the English tramp poet, W. H. Davies, but less fantastic, less brilliant, and more manly. He can say fine things about birds, flowers, or the moon:

"The large moon rose up quietly as a flower
Charmed by some Indian pipes."

"Georgian Poetry, 1913-1915," includes a selection of three pieces from Ledwidge. It is honor enough to any living poet to get the entry to the "Georgian Poetry" volumes. As the New York Nation says, they are wisely edited. One lyric, "A Rainy Day in April," shows the young Irish poet a success in writing of the spring. He has the requisite singing gift. He says:

"When the clouds shake their hyssops, and the
rain
Like holy water falls upon the plain,
'Tis sweet to gaze upon the growing grain
And see your harvest born."

"The skylark soars the freshening shower to
hall,
And the meek daisy holds aloft her pail."

Ledwidge was a peasant born and loved the country scenes. His life was chequered. "First he was a farm laborer, later he became a scavenger at a salary of 12s per week, and subsequently secured employment in the copper mines at a slightly increased wage. Hypnotism next attracted him as a hobby, and he was promptly boycotted in his native county Meath as "one who had sold himself to the devil." But now in his springtime still, fighting for the great cause, he has gone, as Rupert Brooke put it, "rose-crowned into the darkness." His poems, however, were rather buds than roses, but his life thus lived and given is itself a poem greater than what it was granted him to write, and will blossom without fading in the dust of Flanders.

DOWN AND OUT

(by Helen M. Richardson)
He is old and bony, feeble and worn,
With a halting gait and a drooping head;
Day by day from the sunlit moor
The nightfall his plodding hoof-beats tread.
His driver a boy with an urging whip,
Thoughtless, unconscious, with youthful
zeal,
Holding the reins with a jerking grip
That pulls on the grinding bit of steel.

The crowd goes its idle or busy way,
Who cares for a horse that is lame and old?
There's never an hour in the busy day
But one is beaten or one is sold.

The proud high-stepper,—ah, mark him well!
Nor fail to note as you pass him by,
His arching neck and his nostrils' swell,
His pawing hoof and his flashing eye.

It may be the wreck that you see today
Was once in a harness like his as bright;
He may have stepped in the selfsame way,
Proudly erect and with footstep light.

Yet someone sold him to be a slave;
To be lashed, ill-treated, ill-fed;—no doubt
Somebody loved him, sometime, but now
He's just a horse that is down and out.
—Our Dumb Animals.

ONE BY ONE THEY ARE SLIPPING OUT

In Two Seasons Baseball Has Lost A Dozen of Its Stars

One by one they are slipping out and it seems as if they were going by groups; in two seasons the game has lost a dozen of its most famous hurriers by the age route, for instance, Matty, Plank, Nap Rucker, Ford, Brown, Ed. Walsh, Jean Dubuc, Joe Wood, Earl Moore, Ray Collins, Tom Hughes, Cy Falkenberg, all heroes everyone of them, of countless battles on the diamond, contests that were thrillers from the opening inning to the finish.

Outside of Chief Bender and Red Ames there are no hurriers in the game today who have a record in years of service that excites unusual interest. In the pitching averages of 1912 there can be found the names of seventeen hurriers who had put in ten or more seasons in big league up to that date. Today scan the records as closely as possible and you will find the names of only five pitchers in both major circuits who have seen ten or more seasons service.

With the passing of Edward Plank from baseball the game lost its real veteran, he being the oldest in point of service in either league. The highly esteemed athlete and gentleman from Gettysburg, Pa., put in seventeen years, then comes his former teammate, the famous C. Albert Bender, with fifteen seasons, and the pace he is going at present would indicate the great Chippewa will last a few more seasons. The renowned Red Ames, formerly with the New York Giants and now with the St. Louis Cardinals, is right with Bender in point of service, both breaking into the big game in 1902.

Walter Johnson is the third oldest pitcher in the business, from point of service with Eddie Cloutier right behind him. Ed broke into the game, that is the majors, as a regular in 1908, although he had a meal there once before. John Wesley Coombs signed to pitch for Manager Mack back in 1907 and has been a big league star ever since, save for one period in which sickness kept him out of the game. Slim Sallee appeared in the uniform of the St. Louis Cards in 1908 and has out considerable figure in and out of the same ever since; the end of this season will be his tenth. With the Giants today the famous Sallee seems to be as good as ever.

LIVING ON THE A DAY

A great many people are talking about reducing the cost of living and about economy who are apparently sadly out of their calculations. For instance, Prof. Lawrence J. Henderson, of Harvard, is reported in a Cambridge, Mass., despatch to have said "any person who spends more than 34c a day on food can be said to be living in luxury."

"People, by buying the right kind of food, should be able to live on 10 or 12 cents a day. Good buying is essential. The thought that one must have eggs for breakfast every morning and meat at dinner is unnecessary."

Prof. Henderson approved of corn bread, white bread, dates and cheap but nourishing meats to cut the cost of living.

GOES TO TAMWORTH

After an unavoidable delay of nearly three months, the Bishop of Ontario has made a happy selection in the appointment of Rev. S. E. Harrington, M.A., of Sydenham, to the important rectory of Tamworth, vacated by the election of Rev. J. W. Jones as Secretary of Synod.

Rev. Mr. Harrington is a comparatively young man with an excellent record, both at college and in ministerial work. He graduated from Trinity College, Toronto, in 1911 being Gospelier. He was immediately placed in charge of the mission of Pittsburg, where he did excellent work and made many friends. He was then transferred to Sydenham in April, 1915 and he was not long there before the effects of his administration strengthened church life in that district. The Rev. Mr. Harrington will take up his new work at Tamworth Sept. 1st. He leaves Sydenham with the sincere regrets of his many friends and the church people of Tamworth. Mr. Harrington and Enterprise feel happy that so excellent a minister is to succeed their former

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