

THE WEEKLY ONTARIO.

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W. E. Morton, Business Manager. O. Herley, Editor-in-Chief.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1919.



THE KAISER'S GUILT SHOULD BE PUNISHED

Among civilized nations there is a general consensus of opinion that the Emperor of Germany and those responsible for the crimes committed during the war should not be permitted to pass unpunished.

Belgium was not an aggressive country and especially so, so far as Germany was concerned. She had no quarrel with Germany, and was not menacing that country.

At the outset it was pretended by Germany that these were but ordinary incidents attending the conduct of war.

The undoubted demand of the world today is that those responsible for these crimes shall not pass unpunished: The higher the positions they hold, the greater should be their punishment.

Very eminent jurists are considering whether there is any international law today, which would permit the trial of a king for these offences.

A British wireless despatch contains these interesting extracts from two leading London newspapers, with the sentiment in which all should be in thorough accord.

The Westminster Gazette says: "The peace conference itself has not yet reached the point of discussing the bringing of justice of the former Emperor of Germany but that a step in that direction has been taken up by the presentation of the report of the French jurists upon the personal responsibility of the former ruler.

The Daily Mail says that the former Emperor in his letter in which he says "everything must be put to fire and sword; men, women and children and the aged must be slaughtered and no tree or house be left standing," confesses his war crime.

AEROPLANE WILL HASTEN THE COMING OF HAPPIER WORLD.

Isolation and ignorance generally team together. As a result frequently in their wake are to be found prejudice, suspicion, intolerance and cruelty.

who is cut off from contact with others.

This is as true of races as of individuals. Hitherto the peoples of the earth have been too far apart geographically for their own good.

But if we don't get together we stick to a narrow path and that presently becomes a rut that it is difficult to leave. As the people come into contact one with another misunderstandings disappear.

Now, however, comes the aeroplane with its mission to speed up the coming of Utopia. The aeroplane, because of the rapidity and sureness with which it will presently be able to reach any part of the globe, will cause the world to shrink.

There will be no point or section of the globe that cannot be reached via the air. Those dark portions which hitherto have been accessible only to the hardiest adventurers and explorers and devoted missionaries will now be rapidly thrown open to the benefits of civilization.

According to the bulletin on crop prospects in sugar issued by Willett and Gray there will be a falling off in the world's production of sugar of some 74,158 long tons.

Russians who were prisoners of war in Germany and who have returned through the Bolshevik lines, declare that the rations of black bread and three dried herrings daily to each man.

Because the meat ration was specially doubled for the week preceding Christmas in England and Wales, and for the New Year in Scotland, the Food Controller also decided to raise the ration of nut butter for vegetarians by 4 ounces per coupon.

SOME SHOWS I'D LIKE TO SEE

I've seen a lot of pictures in my time. For I am what they call a "movie fan"—Dramatic, weepy, humorous, sublime, And every leading woman, leading man—Yet there are one or two I'd like to lamp—

I'm sure if some producer only would Put on a picture such as I suggest, 'Twould pack the showhouse in our neighborhood And really put it over all the rest. There are a lot of plays I'd like to view, My favorites never have been played, in fact Say, Theda Bara Little Eva do, And Charlie Chaplin Julius Caesar act.

The public likes some novelties in shows; Why don't they give us what the public wants? Producers, put on pictures such as those. Pour forth new triumphs from your sparkling fonts. For one of the most of us would break our necks, Polly Moran portraying Marguerite, Ivan the Terrible by Francis X. Would take the audience right off their feet.

Let Broncho Billy tackle Richard III. Ben Turpin as Macbeth would be some show, And how the folks would congregate—my word!

If Fatty only gave us Romeo, For Shakespeare's not a bit too deep for me; I know that Hamlet much would entertain; And, most of all, I think I'd like to see Doug Fairbanks play the Melancholy Dane.

A Substitute For Mollie

By IZOLA FORRESTER

Harriet found her crying when she came down at 10.30 Saturday morning. There was mail on the little oak desk by the telephone switchboard, but Mollie paid no attention to it or her other duties as operator and general reception lady for the Orienta apartments on Riverside Drive.

"It's me big brother, Danny, Miss Baxter," she exclaimed. "He's just off the transport and they've got him out at one of those hospitals in fixed-over department stores downtown and it's my one chance to see him after two years in France, and that old villain of a Grummel won't leave me off for three hours. Danny says he may be transferred after today, and what if I don't see him, when he's all I've got."

"Harriet was disturbed and indignant. She thought quickly. There were only two appointments, one at the dressmaker's—that was easy to break—and one at the dentist's. Then the matinee that afternoon with Vera. She could phone her, and this was an extreme case.

"You go right along, Mollie, and forget all about this. I can run this switchboard, and tell everyone about the apartments. Mr. Grummel won't be around and you'll be back by 2 surely, won't you?"

Mollie promised blithely, and departed with her blue eyes happy and the dimples showing in her rosy cheeks. She was only sixteen, Harriet thought placidly, as she took a new book and prepared for a quiet morning. Then came a call for herself from Aunt Serena down at the Biltmore.

"Of course, I know you're frightfully busy, dear, but this is urgent and I'm just going out of town, so I told him you would be glad to have him up for lunch. Is your father feeling good today? No? So sorry, but Wilfred won't bother him a bit. He is really Sir Wilfrid Lorimer but up in Canada, he drops the title. Lives on a huge ranch in Alberta and is fearfully rich. His mother and mine are cousins, so I've been having him up here with me, but he needs more diversion than an old woman can give him. Be nice, dearie. By-by."

Harriet heard her cut off with a feeling akin to desperation. That was one of the joys of rich relatives. They called you up and demanded anything at all hours with the idea they were centering a favor on you by letting you act for them.

At 11.10 came a call from Sir Wilfred himself. Would she kindly give him Miss Baxter's apartment? "Miss Baxter is out," said Harriet flatly. "Any message?" "Will she be in for lunch?" "He had a very nice voice."

"I hardly think so. She left no message." "But she expects me," he urged. "Will you please leave word I called up?"—Wilfred Lorimer. "The time dragged until noon. Harriet tried to keep her mind on the messages and answers, but her eyes watched the door, and she knew she expected trouble any minute. He had not spoken like the kind who would take no for an answer. Perhaps she might be able to send up to her father. She called up softly and told Jane to prepare a dainty luncheon, for fear of an unexpected guest. He would never know if he were going out West at once.

Then, suddenly, the outer storm doors swung wide and she knew at first glance it was Sir Wilfred. He was very tall and blond, with humorous brown eyes and a smile that countered any antagonism. "He was terribly sorry Miss Baxter had not come in yet; but possibly her father expected him. He would go up. Harriet announced him, hoping with all her heart that Jane would be a diplomat, and he passed on upstairs. As long as he was leaving Canada within a day or two it could not matter, and, after all, she told herself, it was in a splendid cause. She bent her head low over her book when he passed out of the doorway a little past 2. Evidently her father had liked him. She looked up in relief, just in time to catch his last glance back at her.

There surely was a gleam of unusual interest in his eyes that sent the color to her face; but Mollie arrived almost immediately after, and her gratitude swept away every other consideration. Two weeks later Harriet was due at the Biltmore for Mrs. Devereux's Thursday tea, as usual. It was late

when she entered, a slim, attractive figure in her gray velvet gown trimmed in moleskin, with a Persian girle in dull orange and jade green. She was conscious of someone's scrutiny as she spoke to her aunt at the little tea table, but it was not until his voice sounded behind her that she knew she was discovered.

"You don't mind if I sit here with you, do you?" he asked, happily. "I feel so well acquainted, don't you? You know"—as if he had made a remarkable discovery—"I knew your voice the minute I heard it; isn't that odd? You sing contralto, don't you?"

His journey back to Alberta was delayed for weeks, and Mrs. Devereux, as she said later with a sigh of thankfulness, never worked so hard in her life as she did helping him win Harriet. But there at last came the day when Jane knelt in the little dressing room the bridesmaids had just vacated, lacing up her mistress's travelling boots, and as she finished she said a little breathlessly:

"You know, Miss Harriet, I feel just as if I was to blame for all this and so does Sir Wilfred. I suppose I should be calling you Lady Harriet, but it doesn't come natural yet, you know."

"What do you mean, Jane?" Harriet asked amusedly. It all seemed like some strange dream to her, the hurried courtship, the wedding with her aunt in charge, and now the long journey that lay ahead.

"Why, that day when he came for lunch," Jane flushed guiltily, "he made me tell him who you were. I mean who the lady with that beautiful voice was at the switchboard, and so I told him the truth. He'd have found out anyhow, the minute he heard that Mollie springing her brogue on him over the wire."

"Oh, Jane," laughed Harriet, "I thought it was fate, and it was just you."

The Children's Aid Society

On behalf of the finance committee, we gratefully acknowledge the following donations and we trust that the objective will be reached. Your sincerely, Thos. D. Ruston, Insp't.

- Eastward Public School (per P. D. Shorey) \$ 7.94
Sunday School Rally Collection (per Mr. Sinclair) 8.64
Dr. Farncomb, Trenton 5.00
Mrs. H. P. Knight 2.00
Geo. Reid 2.00
Lena R. Roblin 75c
Mrs. Baringer 2.00
E. C. Scarfe 5.00
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Mrs. S. Gibson 50c
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Mrs. A. Miller 1.00
Mrs. John Williams 2.00
Miss M. A. McKay 1.00
Mrs. Round 1.00
Mrs. W. H. Nugent 1.00

Donations from Frankford friends per Mrs. S. W. Meyers: Mrs. G. E. Sine, fruit, pickles, candies, nuts and stockings; Mrs. Geo. Benedict, maple syrup; Miss Jessie Smith, fruit; Mrs. Bowen, fruit, apples and pincases, undershirts and quilts; Mrs. Wm. Roe, pickles; Mrs. W. H. Weese, soap and pickles; Mrs. C. M. Hendrick, fruit; Mrs. Williamson, mittens and aprons; Miss Perkins, neck scarf, book and game; Miss Edith Bell, aprons; Blanche Whitten, box of blocks; Mrs. C. D. Powell, flannel undershirts and soap; Mrs. J. Saries, white flannellette; Cecil and Gerald Hendrick, children's clothing and toys; Jean Rose, books; Mrs. W. E. Windover, clothing; Mrs. Jas. Johnston, potatoes, jacket and books; Ethel Benedict, books; John Windover, books; Mrs. Fred Spencer, toques, vests and undershirt; Mrs. Geo. Potter, fruit.

Dear Editor,—Kindly permit us to acknowledge the above donations from our friends at Frankford, who every year remember the needs of the shelter and we appreciate very much this practical expression of their good will and sympathy for the

WANTED POTATOES and TURNIPS. We Will Pay For Delivery In September: Table Potatoes \$1.00 per bushel delivered to evaporator Belleville Field Run Potatoes according to grade. Turnips 30c per bushel delivered to evaporators at Frankford, Consecoc or Belleville. GRAHAMS Limited.

work of the Children's Aid Society and we earnestly wish that other societies or friends would emulate this splendid example. We are in need at the present moment of small night-gowns and children's pinafores, also small dresses. Again thanking these friends, I remain, Yours sincerely, Thos. D. Ruston, Insp't.

Obituary

MRS. OSCAR HENESSEY Early Tuesday morning, Jan. 21st there passed peacefully to rest, Mary Mehetable, beloved wife of Mr. A. O. Hennessey at her home, Salem, Ameliasburg, as the result of a paralytic stroke on Wednesday, Jan. 8th, from which she never regained consciousness. She was the last surviving member of the family of the late Mr. J. Terwilliger, Bloomfield, a sister, Mrs. James Carnrike and a brother, Obediah, having predeceased her. She was 64 years of age.

Mrs. Hennessey was a devoted member of the Methodist church and ever a faithful attendant, even through years of frailty, caused by a previous stroke. Her humility, earnestness of purpose, generosity and kindness to the needy were bright characteristics of an exemplary life. She was the oldest member of Salem, W.M.S., having joined at its organization in 1895. She will be greatly missed in the church and community but most of all, in her home, where she is deeply mourned by her sorrowing husband, one son, Fred and two little grandsons, Arnold and Lloyd, to whom grandma will ever be a beautiful memory. Sincerest sympathy is extended to the bereaved. Services were conducted by her loved pastor, Rev. Mr. Campbell who spoke words of consolation from 1 Cor. XV, 49 at Salem church on Thursday, 2 p.m.

"She being dead yet speaketh."

Mrs. R. Hooper on St. John Bd. of Health Kingston, Jan. 29.—The St. John, N. B. Globe, of Wednesday, January 22nd, contains the following editorial reference to Mrs. Richard Hooper, formerly of this city: "The appointment of Mrs. Richard Hooper as a member of the Board of Health is one that will also give wide spread satisfaction. Mrs. Hooper is a practical woman. She has identified herself closely with matters pertaining to the public welfare, and in the work of the Food Board and War Gardens has accomplished many improvements. To her definite knowledge of food and its results on the conduct of a community, Mrs. Hooper has also the added advantage of an ability to present her facts to an audience. Throughout the past year, when it was necessary to bring the value of the war garden to the people, Mrs. Hooper addressed many audiences in many and varied places. A keen appreciation of the importance of her mission and a saving sense of humor made her campaign a success. The presence of a woman on all boards governing institutions concerned with the welfare of women and children has been urged repeatedly, and the appointment of Mrs. Hooper, who above all else has the courage of her convictions is an indication that there is a wider realization of the importance of enabling women to have a share in the care of their fellow beings."

Mrs. R. Hooper on St. John Bd. of Health

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Mrs. Hooper is the wife of Mr. R. J. Hooper, formerly business manager of the Kingston Daily Standard, while in Kingston. Mrs. Hooper took a very active part in patriotic and social matters and her many friends here will be highly pleased at her appointment to the St. John Board of Health.

LISTED AS "SIR" IN WHO'S WHO

First Intimation That British Award Raised the U. S. Commander New York, Jan. 29.—The British Who's Who, a copy of the 1919 issue of which has just been received here, lists the commander-in-chief of the American expeditionary forces in France as "General Sir John Joseph

FARM FOR SALE

200 ACRES, WELL BUILT, watered and fenced, eight acres wood land, Lot 16, 2nd concession Thurlow, 2 miles east of Grand Trunk station, R. R. No. 6, Belleville, James McAvoy. 9-4W

FARM FOR SALE

IN THE COUNTY OF PRINCE EDWARD, containing 116 acres of first class soil, strong sandy loam and clay loam. There is a first class up-to-date frame dwelling, barn and drive house, fair, plenty of wood and water, also some good building material, fall plowing done, in good shape for crop, convenient to church, school and cheese factory, only 3 1/2 miles from Northport telephone in house. First class neighborhood. A bargain at \$3,500. For further particulars address John C. Wager, Department Store, P.O., R. R. No. 2, 39-4W

FARM FOR SALE OR TO RENT

150 ACRES, FIVE MILES FROM Picton, on Demorestville Road; good buildings, cement stables and cement silo; three never-failing wells; small orchard; farm well adapted for grain, stock and raising produce. Possession immediately. Apply to Clara E. Brown, Centre St., Picton. 323-4W

FOUND

ON JAN. 6TH, A ROBE ON ROAD between Lonsdale side road and Blessington. Owner can have same by proving property and paying for this Adv. John Williams, 325-1td&w

DOWNEY COAL CO.

We can now supply all sizes of the D.L.&W. Scranton Coal in any quantity; either at yard or delivered. 323-21W

DOWNEY COAL CO.

AUCTION SALE Farm Stock, Implements, Hay, Grain, property of James Fargey, lot 28, Concession 6, Sidney, on Tuesday, January 28th, at 12 o'clock sharp. 10 months' credit. Henry Wallace, Auctioneer. 313,15,18,24,24, 21W

DIED

HAMILTON—At Brockville, Sat., Jan. 25, 1919, Marjorie Hope Hamilton. Peshing, G.C.B."

On July 17th, 1918, King George awarded the Grand Cross of the Order of The Bath to General Pershing, and in August King George, during a visit to France, personally gave the decoration to him. The award of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath to a British subject automatically gives him the right to prefix "Sir" to his name.

The decoration given General Pershing, however, was an honorary one, and it was said at the time that the American commander would not receive the title of "Sir" as he was not a British subject.

Has Large Stock of Liqueur on Hand

So many large seizures of liquor have been made in recent months by officials of the Ontario License Board that that body has a new difficulty to overcome. At present it has about four carloads of intoxicants stored away in local warehouses.

In the past considerable quantities of liquor have been sold to the various hospitals to be used for medicinal purposes. Occasionally, too, when it was known that the liquor was absolutely pure, and one of the recognized brands, it has been sold to the vendors. But it is the adulterated brands that the board is now seeking to dispose of.

The board is in communication at present with one of the large distillers seeking to find out if the liquor can be realized on. It is believed that those liquors which have only been weakened by water can be standardized again. With the liquors which have been doped, however, it is thought probable that the alcohol can be extracted.

The Best Liver Pill.—The action of the liver is easily disarranged. A sudden chill, undue exposure to the elements, over-indulgence in some favorite food, excess in drinking, are a few of the causes. But whatever may be the cause, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be relied upon as the best corrective that can be taken.

They are the leading liver pills and they have no superiors among such preparations.

THE HOUSE TO... HENRY RUSSELL "The Man Higher to Power," Mark of Mark Copyright, 1914, by H. L. Co

dark passions and... That is always marked call it genius. And cease there. It transformed him. The kin, a bit ridiculousisms and whiskers, in his good will to others. Where he had been so but fine and gentle proud and passionate are apt to be, but turn willingly from



That Was a Night of

because another was David, watching the body and transfiguration stood, as even the body could never understand son had given to her. "If only he could be Jonathan's mother two hours the man woman and the girl was only a frail little girl to David—a brilliant nocturne that was shadow set to music, only the masters attend only classics. Between thrice, songs chosen by a little more taxing before. Not once did she once, in the last song tralto voice had to middle c, was there a More than rare harp dies and rhythms were vid. Player and singer did not know it. This seires to him. This that the girl whom longly, as though he favored—the had let prof unaffected friendship his work of his own poor old woman who at what it cost him. out of hers when succ I don't know which they don't make gloom of it."

The last song, too, improvised an obligation. Esther—for that pointed in dismay to and the sleeping boss heart. He was thankful than the music. Mrs. Radbourne said faintly: "Are you sure my dear, you sang better than you surpassed larily in the Largo. Bull in '67."

When that anecdote the guests rose to leave was very late Mrs. Rad upon Esther to stay vid would not be persuaded around him, having shaken hands. "Thank you. And say"

A sudden awkward into, his throat. He should like to say—" But what he would not be said. "Good night abruptly and b night."

David walked home surd lump had been gan to whistle determine a young man who make gloomy grandeur ure. He kept it up, the apartment and it smote him.

"Oh, Shirley," he called. "And that was he did not complete, have been lacking in A new tenant for the been found. The next