

THE BARGAIN HUNTERS

(Hermann Hagedorn in the Out look)

The most dangerous obstacles of the success of any great undertaking are never the open opponents of that undertaking. They are those men and women who, while expressing their enthusiastic approval of the object, believe that it can be attained without work. They want reputation without endeavor, victory without wounds, glory without sacrifice, peace without struggle.

They want the earth and they want it for nothing. They are the people who for two and a half years said: We will take virtue and finally The Brute will be impressed. We will stay unprepared and start a league to enforce peace. We will sit tight and after England and France have defeated Germany, we will be the greatest country in the world. Autocracy must be smashed. How we hope England and France will succeed in smashing it!

There are the sentimentalists the inveterate Bargain Hunters, gadding from counter to counter to find a halo and a harp for ninety-eight cents.

They are still with us. We are in the war. We are preparing to fight. We are preparing to win. We are preparing to make great sacrifices. We are saying our good-byes to our fathers, our mothers, our sisters, our friends; to our profitable jobs, our joys, our hopes. We are saying: "We do not like to be killed and we do not like to be killed, but if the price of ending the Prussian menace is to be killed and killed, God help us, we are willing to pay the price."

And now comes the Bargain Hunter. "Fut-tut," they cry. "Why pay for something when we can get it for nothing? Sit back and let the German people overthrow the Prussian menace from within. No blow, no pain, no death, no sorrow. Glory for a dollar, forty-nine! Peace for a dollar, twenty-five! The world made safe for democracy for ninety-eight cents!"

The Bargain Hunter wants victory without work. He thinks he can get it by making the German people do the work for him. Fine idea, if they will do it. But will they?

There is no sign of it. The Bargain Hunter, based on his hopes on the action of the French people during the Franco-Prussian war, No analogy could be more misleading. The French in 1870 had the habit of revolt. The commune was not an insurrection by itself, but merely the last light of the revolution begun eighty years previous. The revolution was caused by misgovernment and the deliberate exploitation of the people. The oppressed classes were starving, not for two or three years, but actually for generations, for centuries, until patience could stand no more and a kingdom cracked.

The German people have not been oppressed by their rulers. They have not been exploited. They have been fairly coddled. Their minds have been kept in bondage, but their bodies have enjoyed liberty and extraordinary prosperity. The German government has, moreover, made concessions to labor during the war, even before the concessions were asked in order to keep the people contented. We know that the contentment is false. We know that the beneficent despotism is as bad for a people in the long run as any other kind of despotism.

We know this, but do the Germans themselves know? There is no sign of it. The German people are patient, hard to stir, loyal to conviction. Obedience to authority is a religion with them. They like the system under which they are living, for even while they are with their right hands obsequiously pulling off their bonnets to their immediate superiors with their left they are forcibly making their immediate inferiors duck to them. In such a hierarchy of bootlickers everybody is kept satisfied, for even the man at the bottom has an inferior—that is, in case he is married.

The German people, moreover, have always loved their kaiser, and every member of his glittering family. Love for their ruling dynasty is bred in them from the cradle. Docility to discipline is bred in them. The German people are told that England began the war and they believe it as absolutely as though they had every one of them witnessed every move of the nefarious conspiracy. They have been taught since childhood to trust those in authority, and they do so as a child trusts its father. They may suffer pain, grief and privation, but these sufferings will bind them only more closely to the imperial leader who has defended them successfully thus far from their

wicked enemies. Faith in the kaiser and his machine is in their blood. Nothing but the defeat of that machine will shake their faith. Even the Socialists who shouted loudest against the machine in times of peace have been persuaded to trust in it now and are at the moment its staunchest defenders. Harden has been suppressed, Leibknecht is in jail, and Leibknecht's former associates are traveling to Stockholm on imperial business or smoking with the kaiser at garden parties.

But the Bargain Hunter, like a mule with blinkers, brays and keeps on braying. "Why bother with a great army, when a little revolution in Germany will do the work just as well?"

The answer is simple and straight. There is no possibility of a revolution in Germany except in the imagination of the Bargain Hunter, who always believes what he wants to believe. The German people are behind their government, they trust their government. If, as seems probable, the German government has been conducting as vigorous a pro-kaiser propaganda in Germany during the past three years as it has been conducting in America, it is possible that the German people are more distrustful of the republican form of government today than they were then. To expect the German people practically to ally itself with us and to overthrow German autocracy for us is the maddest dream that Bernstorff, Lusburg, Zimmermann and Co. would like to encourage an occasion with \$50,000.

America is going to win this war, but she is not going to buy victory with ninety-eight cents. The only price of victory is blood, spirit, treasure and sacrifice.

XMAS WEDDING

At six o'clock on Thursday evening a pretty wedding was solemnized at the Tabernacle parsonage at which Rev. S. C. Moore officiated. The groom was Mr. Percy Clapp, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Clapp, of this city and the bride was Mrs. Marjorie Gerow, daughter of Mrs. B. Gerow, of this city. The bride was escorted by Miss Stella Greatrix, cousin of the groom. Mr. Teddy Clapp, brother of the groom, did honors for the groom.

After the ceremony the wedding party repaired to the residence of the bride's mother where a dainty wedding breakfast was partaken of. The bride was the recipient of many useful and beautiful presents. Mr. and Mrs. Clapp will reside in the city. Their numerous friends wish for them many years of a happy and prosperous life.

XMAS PROGRAMS

Friday evening of this week the Service Department conducted a Christmas service at the Standard Efficiency League of Bridge St. Methodist church. Last week the hymns and scripture reading were a forethought of the Xmas season. The Intellectual Department was very fortunate in having Prof. Staples of Albert College give an address on "Truth and Liberty," based upon Christ's words, "Know the truth and the truth shall make you free." It was shown that the gospel would unloose the hands of superstition, ignorance and evil habits and only through Jesus could the most be made out of our lives. Prof. Staples also speaks well besides singing in his pleasing manner.

After the Christmas program to night a dainty lunch will be served along with a social half hour.

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION

Last evening the employees of Marsh and Henthorn gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Clapp, George St. and presented Mr. and Mrs. Clapp with two rocking chairs in view of their recent marriage. An address was read from the employees of the Marsh and Henthorn Shell Department as follows: Belleville, Dec. 20, 1917. To the bride and groom: We, on our own behalf and on behalf of the groom's other fellow employees desire to present to you this wedding gift which brings with it the good will of each one of us and a sincere wish that you may both enjoy every happiness through a long and prosperous life.

Marsh & Henthorn, Shell Dept. Mr. Clapp made a happy response to the greetings of his friends.

Corn and warts disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure without leaving a scar.

A MARINE CHASE

IT WAS FOR A CROOK AND \$50,000

(My Warren Miller)

The most interesting chase I ever had in all my experience as a detective officer was for Simpson, who had robbed the National Bank of \$50,000 in currency. Simpson was located in New York by the police, or was supposed to be, and his problem was to get out of the city with the plunder. The problem of the funds on him.

My being called into the case arose from certain information that came from Philadelphia. The chief of police of that city gave out information that a small steamer no bigger than a canal boat, that had been laid up for some time, had been purchased and was being put into commission. The owner could give no satisfactory account of the sale or who was the real purchaser. Indeed, they had become suspicious of the use to which she was to be put and had advised the police to be on the lookout.

The way we got on to Simpson's connection with the steamer was this: An anonymous letter was received at police headquarters which stated that he had chartered a single-sticker at New London and was intending to make for Canada in her. Had we not heard of the Philadelphia matter we would have been on the lookout in the direction of New London. As it was we inferred that Simpson had written the anonymous letter to put us off the track. But if this were so, he had not counted on our being in a position to put these two bits of information together.

As soon as I arrived at Philadelphia, I went to the dock where the suspect was lying. Without appearing to be interested in her, I made a mental note of everything in her outward makeup. She was evidently such a boat as is used for carrying passengers short distances between a city and its outlying towns. She had a single stack, was moved by a propeller and was painted white. The name on her stern was Peter Muller.

There were no signs of her leaving port, and I got the idea that I was off the track. I employed a man to watch the boat and made a visit to the police department, hoping to get some more information concerning her. They told me they had traced the new ownership of the Muller and it was all right.

Had it not been for this information I would have watched the boat myself or at least taken better measures to keep advised of her movements. As it was, I went to my hotel and to bed early, being tired. I was awakened at 3 o'clock in the morning by a bell-boy who ushered into my room the man I had placed on watch. He told me that he had gone to sleep about midnight and was awakened by a puffing. Opening his eyes, he saw the Muller going out.

I chartered a tug and having received information that my quarry after making the ocean, had gone northward, I followed in hot haste. The Muller must have had good motive power, for despite the fact that we put on all steam, she kept ahead of us. We saw nothing of her but upon inquiry learned that she was several hours ahead of us, making northward.

Before leaving Philadelphia I had telephoned the New York police department of what had taken place, but whether or not they took steps to head off the fugitive, nothing came of my notification. I kept on, guided by inquiry alone all day, but all day gaining on the Muller. When night came on I felt that temporarily at least I had lost her, for at night she could go where she pleased without her movements being noted.

However, I reasoned that the Muller would not know that she was being chased and would therefore not be likely to attempt to throw me off her track. At any rate, I determined to put into the first available port and try to pick up information of the fugitive the next day. This I did and in the morning started making inquiries along the way. About noon I got the first information. The Muller had been seen about five hours ahead of me, still pointing northward.

In this way I followed the fugitive for several days. The last I heard of her was of Cape Cod. She was then pointing for Portland. I now saw her object. She would make for Casco Bay, in which there are several hundred islands, among which she would have an excellent opportunity to lose herself. There would be both advantage and disadvantage in this to me. I would have

her cooped up within a limited area, for she could not go on north with safety, there being no harbor between Maine and the St. Lawrence River. But to find her among the islands of Casco Bay would be like looking for a needle in a haystack. At the same time I might hunt her down by the same process of inquiry I had already pursued.

I made Portland, where I learned that the Muller had been there. A man had come ashore to buy provisions, answering to a description of Simpson. It was evident from this that he did not suppose he was followed, or he would not have taken the risk of going ashore unaccompanied. This theory turned out to be wrong, as will appear later.

I looked for a week among the islands of Casco Bay for the Muller without getting any trace of her whatever. Then one morning when I went up from below I saw a boat anchored in a cove that answered to her except that the latter was a lead color, while the Muller was a white. It happened that we had two days' fog, repainted his boat and white had one of those fogs that float in from the ocean in that region. This put me on to a train of thought. My father had been in the volunteer navy during the war between the states and he had told me that ships attempting to run the blockade of the Confederate ports were painted a light gray, this being the color best adapted to concealment, especially in the gray of the morning. This, together with the resemblance in all except color between the Muller and this boat I was looking at, suggested to me that the fugitive had been repainted. During a two days' fog there had been ample opportunity to do this.

I at once ran over every point I had noted when the Muller was lying at Philadelphia, and this gray boat before me corresponded with her in every particular. I at once gave orders to steam for her. We were lying at anchor at the time, and the fires were banked. Before we could get the anchor up and sufficient steam on, the gray boat got off and disappeared around a point of the island.

She had evidently been waiting for the return of a boat that had gone ashore and started without any appearance of haste as soon as it reached her. I did not believe it was the Muller—that she suspected we were after her. In order that she might not know that we were I avoided all appearance of haste, though I was immensely impatient. When we finally got off, I purposely went around the island on the other side of the suspect. When we next saw her she was steaming along deliberately.

Looking eastward I saw a low bank of fog on the horizon and feared that we would be caught in it before reaching the suspect. I ordered on full steam, but the bank rose rapidly and we were soon enveloped in it.

That was the last glimpse we got of the gray boat for another week, when in passing a narrow inlet in the mainland I saw her at the further end, partly concealed by overhanging trees. I at once ordered our course altered and we entered the cove. I now felt easy, for she could not get out of the inlet without our intercepting her. As we sailed, on drawing closer and closer, I noticed that she was lying at anchor, but no one was on deck. No move was made to get away from us and when we drew up within a cable's length of her we saw plainly that no one was aboard of her.

I got into a small boat, was pulled alongside of her and got aboard. Every entrance to her cabin was locked. There was no reason to believe that those who were cruising in her had gone ashore and had left her under lock and key to avoid losing what she contained.

On pulling towards her I had noticed the name on her stern. It was the Seminole, of Jacksonville, Fla. My suspicions of her were lulled by this till I remembered that no such small craft from Florida would be likely to make its way up to Maine. Besides the letters had been evidently freshly painted.

I felt such confidence in her being the vessel I was looking for that I sent to my tug for implements, broke open the doors to the companionway and went below. Everything indicated that the crew had gone ashore. There was no steam on. Indeed, no fires in the furnaces. I searched her for evidence as to what she was or to whom she belonged but could not find a scrap of anything to give the information. I was reluctantly forced to the conclusion that she belonged to a party who were cruising for pleasure. So I fixed up the door as well as I could and got back to my tug.

The captain, after hearing what I had to say about the matter, said that he would go aboard the Seminole and have a look for himself. I concluded to go back with him. Having obtained access to the cabin, he led the way straight to the furnace, incandescent lamps. Down at the side of every worker glows a shaded

The captain scratched a match and held it inside the firebox. Then he took out a package. I snatched it from him, unrolled it and exposed a large package of bank bills. On being counted they turned out to be the amount I was after, lacking about \$2,500, which had evidently been paid for the boat and other expenses.

I asked the captain how he had come to suspect that the money had been hidden in the firebox, and he said that when an examination had been made of the interned German liners at Hoboken at the time the break was made between the United States and Germany, he had been on hand and had seen pieces of the machinery of one of the vessels taken from an unused furnace.

The rest of the story remained for some time a mystery. Then the day of the Simpson crew, who at the time did not know what he was hired for, revealed the facts. Simpson got word of the fact that we were inquiring for him during the two days' fog, repainted his boat and changed her name, being caught in the cove, he had little time for deliberation. He resolved to make the pretense that he had deceived me, trusting his plunder to the firebox rather than taking it with him. There was nothing for him to do after we found the plunder but to make off without it and save himself a term in the state prison.

GRAHAMS LTD. TO CLOSE SOON

Belleville Branch of the Business Will Cease to Operate in a Few Days.

The Belleville branch of the Grahams Limited will close in a few days. This statement was made by Mr. R. J. Graham, president of the company, to a representative of The Ontario yesterday in response to inquiries that were occasioned by street rumors to that effect.

Mr. Graham wished to have it clearly understood however, that this move was not in any way due to the result of the recent election. It was a matter of business necessity. He has completed all the contracts on hand for the war office and no others have since been secured. The manufacturing at the various distributing plants was completed some days ago. The mixing of the several blends which is the principal business of the large new factory here, will be completed by the end of the year. After that there will be nothing to do until such time as new orders are received.

The mammoth order, now just about filled, was, we are informed, the largest prepared food order ever awarded by a government to a single firm. Belleville is thus being advertised all over the world as the original home of a most acceptable article in the soldiers' diet. Grahams Limited, by their supplying of a light, portable, long-keeping and refreshing blend of dried vegetables, are contributing a most important item in the list of things that are going to assist us in the winning of the war.

PARCELS ACKNOWLEDGED

France, Nov. 21, 1917.

Mrs. K. M. Leach, Belleville.

Dear Madam and Friend,—

I am greatly pleased to acknowledge receipt of the most excellent Xmas box, arrived to-day (my birthday), and I wish through you, to thank very heartily the women of the Red Cross and Patriotic Assoc. for the dandy parcel, and also the excellent work they are doing for the comfort and general benefit of the "Boys in France."

Your parcel is in the very best condition and came at a most opportune time, as we have just returned from a very rough trip in Belgium, and the luxuries contained in your box were just the proper thing to cheer a fellow up and make the old world look much brighter.

Again thanking the R. C. & P. Association for their kindness on my behalf, and wishing them a very Merry Xmas and every success in the New Year.

I am, very gratefully yours,

Homar E. Leavitt.

MAJOR PONTON RETURNS

Major R. D. Ponton returned on Thursday from an extensive tour with Lt.-Col. Ackerman and a number of non-commissioned officers through the southern United States. Every where the party went they were feted in the old English colonial settlements. Their duties were the giving of instructions in relative field manoeuvres, trenching, bombing and so forth.

Mrs. R. J. McDowell and Miss Mida McDowell, Kingston, will spend Christmas in Belleville, guests of the former's daughter, Mrs. Robertson, and Dr. Robertson.

THE NIGHT SHIFTS AT SHEFFIELD

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST MUNITION FACTORIES

(By Douglas Robertson)

Sheffield, Dec. 20.—Red flames are spouting from the tops of tall chimneys which loom ghostly through the murkiness. Dull glow of forges, furnaces and tens of thousands of lamps shoot searchlight rays into the fumes and vapor. Surely a tempting target for the night-flying Hun! Bat, no, the dense pall of this scene of industry makes a screen of sky camouflage, enveloping the entire works. Overhead, the brightest beams are soon stifled in that dark cloud! And furthermore, should the midnight murderers venture thus far afield, presto! Swarmed is every lamp, darkened every stack, and furnace, and, on the instant, this myriad luminosity is swallowed up in Egyptian darkness.

Can this indeed be the gateway of Gehenna! A large door has suddenly opened, a blinding light, a scorching heat shoots forth which sends the visitor staggering backwards, hands to their faces. Well might it be the Pit of Tophet. Imps armed with long, iron rods prance at the door of this fiery furnace and drag forth in triumph a block of white-hot steel some five by ten by fifteen feet in volume. The temperature of the place shoots up ten degrees.

Rolling Armor Plate

Then two Titanic arms, of steel drop down from the roof and clutch the ignot, hauls its sizzling bulk over steel rollers set in the floor of the steel, under a monster press. Such company to a representative of The is the rolling mill, which, squashing and squeezing the block until flames gush forth from innumerable little fissures, moves it backward and forwards. Toughened tremendously by such a mauling the mass of metal is finally rolled into plates of from two to fifteen inches in thickness—armor-plate able to withstand the heaviest shells. Great warships are clothed in as much as 6,000 tons of this protection.

"Look out!" shouts one of the imps advancing with a bundle of dry bunches which he tosses on top of the fiery ingot. "Happen you'll think a bee stung you if a spark of you gets down your neck."

A crackling, a roar of flames, and clouds of smoke as of a bush fire in the dry season fills the place as the block is rolled to and fro with this strange bonfire on its back.

At each move the attendant imps ply their long prods scaling off the loose flakes of iron.

"Do we drink any beer on this job?" exclaimed one of these workers, amazedly—no imp at all, but seen at close quarters a sturdy North Country man. "We do that. I'm just off for a good one right now."

Icebergs of Steel

Come and see them pouring the molten mixture for these armor-plates—Canadian nickel and chrome steel—from the furnaces into the moulds. Men with huge goggles are hurrying about and one of them presents the visitors with lorgnettes of blue glass. White heat of 1,670 degrees centigrade blazes from the crevices of these gas-furnace doors. The naked eye winces at the glare, but through the protecting "specs" one may gaze with impunity. The interior of the furnace they have just opened presents an extraordinary appearance. The blue glass turns it white. Like an ice cave in the polar regions it looks, like a glacier hanging with cool stalactites. The stalactites are nothing but drips of white hot metal. In the unthinkable heat of this furnace blocks of cold, hard metal melt like butter on a hot stove.

As we watch on the other side of the furnace, an attendant prizes away a stopper of clay. With a burst of light and showers of brilliant white sparks, which oddly enough do not burn, out rushes a molten torrent, to pour, a fiery Niagara, into the fire-brick lined 40-ton ladle which awaits its reception. An awe-some sight it is to see hardened steel reduced to liquid bubbling and tossing right below one like a kettle of jam. And as with the noisily jam pot a scum of dross rises to its top.

Night Like Day

It is midnight, but it might well be high noon. For the clamor of machinery rises everywhere from this mighty plant, which never slumbers. Trains puff to and fro among the scores of buildings (many of them new) which cluster thickly on an area of one hundred and twenty acres.

We have just entered another big workshop. Up among the smoke clouds in the lofty roof shine white incandescent lamps. Down at the side of every worker glows a shaded

electric bulb. Hundreds of girls are here, in buff colored overalls, and caps to match, sitting at lathe. They are making shell noses and fuses. Men are scattered about supervising or engaged on heavier tasks.

Daylight and a return visit to this factory of the machinery of death only serves to further reveal its vastness. The day shift is now on, and from six in the evening until 6 a.m., this scene of industry makes a screen of sky camouflage, enveloping the entire works. Overhead, the brightest beams are soon stifled in that dark cloud! And furthermore, should the midnight murderers venture thus far afield, presto! Swarmed is every lamp, darkened every stack, and furnace, and, on the instant, this myriad luminosity is swallowed up in Egyptian darkness.

Australian's Big Wages

In all this host of workers so variously employed there are but few Colonials—no Canadians at all, or New Zealanders, no visible South Africans and but few Australians. An Australian it was who held a record here for high wages. He drew £24 a week. This sturdy son of the Southern Cross worked on screw breeches for 6-inch guns, handling these 60-pound barrels alone, and so quickly and skillfully that he was cheap at the price. But he got rich and quit.

"Yes, there's good money here," quoth another Australian, pausing at his lathe to talk to the writer, "but (frowning at the overcast skies outside) I want to get back into the sunshine down under."

Girls, girls, everywhere girls. We see them at lathes, at the levers of iron trip hammers, making shell-cases filling shell with shrapnel bullets mixed with melted resin poured from kettles. Girls are often employed in the boxes of the mammoth electric cranes, deftly manipulating the switches and levers. Think of girls thus moving tons of metal, perching giant cannon! Is there indeed anything women cannot do?

Electric Arc That Blinds

"Don't attempt to look in that furnace door without first putting on these glasses," warns our guide pointing to an electric furnace. "That arc flame is literally blinding. It will put one's eyes out of business. Exposure to it will render one sightless for forty-eight hours, causing intense pain, with granulations which feel like grains of sand under the eyelids."

Delicate as Watchwork

In the finishing shop we presently see men working on the delicate mechanism of the breeches of these guns, measuring to the one-thousandth part of an inch, polishing, adjusting with a watchmaker's care the most important fitting of these mighty engines of destruction. The rifling of the bore shines like silver in the giving the finishing touches as he goes, is drawn by a rope. Erosion shells will be whirling through this burished passage way on their ten-mile flight into German forts and German ships.

Such are some of the scenes at Messrs. Vickers' works in Sheffield, shown by courtesy of the management to a party of correspondents from the overseas Dominions. And very the sight of this industrial array is an inspiration. Here every clang of the hammers is striking a blow against despotism. Here British brawn and skill is battling against Krupp-Kaiserism. And just as British bayonets send Prussia's vaunted Guards, Wilhelm's picked troops reeling backward, even so these men and women of Britain's factories are fighting and beating those hordes in the Devil's workshops at Essen.

PROGRAM AT HIGH SCHOOL

Xmas Closing Entertainment Last Evening

A delightful and instructive entertainment was given in the High School assembly hall last evening by the students of the institution. There were songs and music, exhibitions of classic dancing, an excellent debate on the relative merits of oratory and music, in which the speakers won golden opinions, and the most interesting scientific experiments, which opened up a whole world of romance to the speculators who filled the assembly room.