

THE DAILY ONTARIO

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The WEEKLY ONTARIO

It is with mixed feelings of shame and indignation that Canadians have come to a partial realization of the extent of the gigantic frauds that were planned and carried out in this country and the United States, apparently with the knowledge and consent of the Shells Committee appointed by the Borden government.

The steals of the earlier periods were simply steals and nothing more. But this later stealing that has been fostered either by the reasonable stupidity or the actual connivance of the Shells Committee, is a far more serious matter.

The people of Canada are not so much concerned about the activities or ambitions or claims of two rival groups of politicians at Ottawa. The man on the street cares little comparatively speaking, when one party moves in and another party moves out.

While school children have been saving their pennies, while octogenarian women have been knitting, knitting, knitting that the soldiers might have socks, while our boys have been in dire peril because the munitions of war upon which they depended were lacking, this party of piratical "patriots" has pursued its quest for unholy plunder.

There is talk of investigation. The investigation of a small fraction of the contracts given by the Shells' Committee has been ordered by the government only after a threat of rebellion by a large part of its followers in the House.

That is what the people will inevitably and insistently demand. It now seems probable, as stated in The New York Herald, that of the twenty-two million dollars spent on American contracts that five million dollars was stolen. It appears certain that Frank Carvell, M.P., was well within the mark when he estimated that of the entire three hundred million dollars expended by the Shells' Committee, eighty millions had gone for graft.

The people of this district are particularly anxious that the contracts awarded to Hepburn Brothers of Picton should be made the subject of a searching and unsparing investigation. So far as we are able to discover from the incomplete records made public, there is little to choose between the activities of Colonel J. Wesley Allison and of Major B. R. Hepburn, M.P. The Hepburns secured a contract for the enormous amount of \$700,000 for the manufacture of steel forgings and the machining of shells. Their equipment to carry out this work was a little planing mill at Picton. It is obvious that such work could not be done there unless an entirely new factory was built of vastly greater size and fitted with an entirely different class of machinery.

people who will be compelled to pay the bills have the right to know every particular about the manner in which this huge sum has been spent.

Of the profits that will accrue to Major Hepburn and his associates on this contract of seven hundred thousand dollars we are not now in a position to speak with certainty. Some who have given the matter consideration estimate the profits at \$600,000 or 600 per cent. Others state that the profits will not exceed \$200,000. The Shells Committee let out the first contracts for the machining of shrapnel shells at \$5.70 a shell. The actual cost is around 70 cents to 80 cents, leaving a tidy profit of 600 to 700 per cent. Hepburn was in on the first contracts and if his class of work brought the same return of profit, then \$600,000 may not be an excessive estimate. Be that as it may, the people want to know and the people have a perfect right to know.

The most influential Conservative newspapers are demanding the fullest inquiry into the charges that have been made. Among them that ardent Conservative journal, The Montreal Star, makes this trenchant appeal.

There can be no punishment too severe for men caught "grafting" out of, literally, the nation's life-blood at a time of tremendous crisis and dominating danger to the very existence of Canada. We are fighting for our individual liberties and our national life. As the Premier announced yesterday, 290,000 of the best men in this country have enlisted to "slit the throat of Prussianism"—to quote the stark language of General Hughes, 22,000 of our lads have fallen from the ranks already, coming under the grim description of "wastage."

Twenty-two thousand Canadians!—dead, wounded or missing—and yet we are told that there are human ghouls so lost to all sense of primitive decency, to say nothing of patriotism or appreciation of the causes of this war, that they will fatten on the very monies taxed out of us to carry on the war. The rest of us sweat blood to keep the war going, and send our best beloved to the front to die; and these men—the charges allege—cynically and gleefully pocket enormous profits and commissions out of our blood money, thus leaving us that much less to spend in arming our volunteers, and lessening by just so much the weight of our blows against the Germans.

If these charges be proven, the government cannot go too far in punishing the guilty. A more rough-and-ready people back their "war profiteers" up against a wall and shoot them! If we had shown a little more of that spirit when the crawling species first appeared in our dread day of national agony, we would have fewer of these sickening charges to deal with today.

The chairman of Public Works deserves great credit for the promptness with which he got his forces into working order and proceeded with the spring-cleaning of Front and Bridge Streets. The people at this season of the year can appreciate to the full the value of the new pavement.

THE BURDEN BEARER.

I know who bears the burden in all that time makes true, Ah, brothers of the battle, 'tis neither I nor you. But one who bears it bravely, the great heart of our clan— The woman bears the burden, and she bears it for a man.

We fret and toil and worry and think we do so much, 'Tis we who think we manage the lever and the clutch; But what we do is trifling to all she bears who sings Against the night at gates of light where love through twilight swings.

Our troubles send us whining, she takes her own with cheer; She makes the home a haven that shall shelter us from fear; She watches as the sentry guards the king's highway, And on her heart the burden, is borne with grace each day.

Down through the years that totter around us with their drift Of grief and joy commingled, it is her shoulders lift. The sorrows and the heartache, and showing us the truth Brings back into our souls the faith that freshens like one's youth.

I know the burden bearer—the woman, she that smiles Beneath the darkest shadow, and along the weariest miles; The keeper of the castle of the home, that stays her ground When we in weakness falter and our surrender sound.

—Bentztown Bard.

Do Your Spring Sewing Now

The long winter days are ideal for sewing, and the woman who is sewing will begin her spring sewing now. When March comes we all get spring fever. The call to come out doors and listen to the birds singing pretty hard to resist, but if necessary, sewing is left undone until the balmy days come the chances are out will resist this springtime call and remain in the house at the very time of the year when one should be out in the air as much as possible.

Many women protest at sewing. They declare it does not pay—that in these days of ready-made garments sewing is a waste of time—but sewing does pay. If it is a lost art, as many women seem to think it is, why is it taught in most schools nowadays, as well as in the fashionable finishing schools? True, in the latter places sewing is more in the line of embroidery, but many a woman in times of stress has turned to good account the sewing and embroidery lessons taught her in the schoolroom.

Every woman should learn to sew and should take a certain pride in this accomplishment. Where children are in the household, being able to sew for them is a godsend to the average mother, and the woman with any taste at all can design little frocks far smarter than any ready-made garment. Furthermore, two of these dresses can be obtained for the price of one ready-made.

Table and bed linen can also be obtained now at "white sales" at most attractive figures, and if one can hem-stitch many charming pieces can be had at a nominal cost.

Sewing is just as necessary today as in the days when women spun their linen thread and afterward wove it into cloth, and where money is "an object" the work of "making ends meet" comes less hard on the woman who can sew.

Another excuse women offer for not sewing is that they "haven't time." A large number of women never have any time simply because they do not manage their work systematically. They are always on the verge of nervous prostration, trying to do several things at one time, an impossible feat for a human being.

Arrange your work systematically. Have a time for sewing, as well as for cooking and sweeping. Then you will have much more time for everything. In fact, you will have time left over, which, if you are wise, you will devote to rest and recreation.

JUST LIKE AN ESKIMO. An Unusual Evening Wrap of Wrapping Lines. Just as Eskimo women swathe themselves in hooded wraps of oily seal-skins, so the debutante may fashion her opera cloak on the same lines. The one pictured is of sage green bro.



FROM THE NORTHERLANDS. Caded velvet overshoot with gold lace along the seams. Patches of fox fur are used to further beautify the cloak, and the hood, so cozy in the carriage, an arrival may be thrown back in a graceful drape.

Sandwiches For Whist Parties. Celery Sandwiches.—Mix a cupful of finely chopped celery, a quarter cupful of chopped nuts and a quarter cupful of chopped olives (if liked, molasses with salad dressing and spread on thin slices of brown bread.

Jelly Sandwiches.—Spread buttered graham bread with jelly and sprinkle jelly with chopped nuts, cover with white bread and shape.

Rolls.—Cut fresh bread white still warm in as thin slices as possible. Spread evenly with butter which has been melted. Roll slices separately and tie each with baby ribbon. Bread and Butter Folds.—Remove end slice from bread, cut off as thin slice as possible. Remove crusts, butter each slice and put thin slice of entire wheat bread or brown bread between two white ones. Cut in squares, oblongs, circles or triangles. Shapes of hearts, squares, stars and diamonds might be used for decorations.

THE BALL IN BOHEMIA

By BELLE C. WARREN. (Copyright, 1906, by American Press Association.)

This is a true story of M. Claude, chief of police under Napoleon III. Claude gruffly resembled in person the poet Remy, the idol of republican France, having the same bald head and the same benevolent countenance.

One night a ball was in progress in the Latin quarter of Paris, that portion of the city given over to students and grizzettes. It was in those days a veritable Bohemia, in the height of that splendor pictured by Du Maurier in his novel "Tribby." Among the dancers was Gustave Rieux, who had been active in opposing the assumption of imperial power by the president. Upon the enthronement of Louis Napoleon, Rieux, realizing that he was not safe in France, fled to America, but after a time returned to Paris, purporting to be Henry Underwood, an American student of art.

Rieux's partner in the dance was Clochette Verier, at the time the acknowledged queen of Bohemia. Nevertheless not a word had ever been spoken against her party. Born in a higher class, fond of social life, but denied by poverty entrance to the society of the upper circles, she entered Bohemia destined rather to rule it than to be ruled by it. There, on his return from America, Rieux met her, and the meeting resulted on both sides in what the French call a grand passion.

Rieux had been warned that the government had trumped up a charge against him of complicity in a case of murder and if caught he would be tried under imperial influences and doubtless convicted. He had delayed flight because he could not tear himself away from Clochette Verier. She, realizing his danger, had begged him to leave France, and he had promised her to do so on the morrow. "Let us spend one evening together," she said, "in that bohemian life amid which we have met and loved. Then we will part, if it must be, forever." She consented.

They were standing as first couple in a dance which was then new in Paris, but which was later imported to America and is occasionally danced here even at the present day—the lanciers. A figure had been danced, and the musicians had stopped for a brief interval before beginning to play for the next. Suddenly Rieux, who faced the door, saw it opened and a man enter. Clochette, who was looking at her lover, saw him turn pale and, following the direction of his eyes, discovered the cause. But she could not understand it. She had seen the poet Beranger and supposed the man who entered to be he.

"It is M. Claude," whispered Rieux. "He has come for me. I am lost!" Claude glanced quickly about the room, and his eye lighted upon Rieux, he advanced a step toward him. But like a dash Clochette's wit came to the rescue.

"Beranger!" she cried, pointing to Claude. "Beranger, our doll!" Rieux shouted, taking up the cue. "Beranger! Beranger! Beranger!" sang through the hall.

Clochette advanced to meet the detective, whispering to every girl she passed. "Come, let us greet the poet." At that moment the music started for the next figure, but no one paid any attention to it. A bevy of girls blocked the way between Claude and the man he had come to arrest. Snatching the flowers from their corsages, they tossed them at the detective, enough of them striking his face to shut out a view of his victim, who was retreating to the door. Clochette, having seen the people in the hall crowding around the man they supposed to be Beranger, followed her lover, and together they gained the street door, where Claude's carriage was waiting to take Rieux to jail. Avoiding it, they hurried away, called a cab and drove rapidly toward the barrier.

Meanwhile the detective was the center of attraction at the ballroom. To tell the admiring throng that he was not the poet they idolized, but an agent of the government sent to arrest one of their number, was more than he dared do. He did deny that he was Beranger, but even this they would not believe. Finally he made his escape loaded with flowers.

"Clochette," cried Rieux, throwing his arms around her as they rolled away in the cab, "you have saved me. Go with me to America as my wife. There, free from the sights of my family and my friends here, we can build a home for ourselves."

"If you are not taken," she replied, with a shudder. "We will escape," he said hopefully. "Escape—both of us in ball dress!"

For the first time it occurred to the fugitive that as soon as Claude could get away from his admirers he would put the police on guard, and the lovers began to lay a plan. They first drove to the house of a friend of Rieux, where he borrowed clothing and disguised himself. They then drove to a friend of Clochette's, not daring to go to her home, where she, too, changed her dress. Thus prepared they reached the channel, crossing it in a sailing vessel.

In England, after waiting for funds from Paris, they took passage for America, where they remained without even a temporary return to France till after the downfall of the empire in consequence of the Franco-Prussian war. Then Rieux took his family to Paris and was offered a prominent post under the republic. But he declined it, having become an American citizen.

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