

THE WEEKLY ONTARIO.

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W. H. MORTON, Business Manager. J. O. HERITY, Editor-in-Chief.

THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1917

BAGDAD—A SHATTERED DREAM

...nds of the In... this event will... which has been... of the present war and in this case there is the proud honor of knowing that the Allies mean the British Empire. Students of history and of literature know well the position which Bagdad held in the not distant past when it was the capital of the Caliphs, who ruled a mighty empire. Its past magnificence is not merely traditional. It is an established historical fact. When the empire of the Caliphs was broken and it passed under Turkish rule, Bagdad was stricken with a blight. Its magnificence faded. Its wealth was frittered away. No longer a city of means and of culture where the sciences were encouraged, it sank into a dismal poverty, from which it has only slightly risen in comparatively modern times. When the Moslem to-day at noon turns his face towards Mecca and offers his daily prayers to Allah, he may well pray, if he is well advised, that a season of British control may be his country's destiny as of Egypt.

It is a land of marvellously fertile soil, which today is miserably productive through the lack of irrigation there and the transforming of rich fields into swamps elsewhere. British engineers have long cast their eyes upon the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris as a great field in which they can enact a transformation, which will rival the most wonderful achievements of the geni whose works be deck the pages of that wonderful collection of stories known as "The Arabian Nights Entertainment." But this is drifting into the field of imagination, let us drop back into the prosaic days of the early twentieth century. The marvellous military change wrought in Mesopotamia since a year ago finds many explanations. There is a story that the Arabs first viewing the British expedition with misgiving, have now changed and in considerable numbers assisted in its work. If this be true, it may be exceedingly interesting by-and-by to learn how it was brought about, but be it true or not true, the march of that wonderful Indo-British army from the Bussorah of Sinbad the sailor to the ancient capital of the Caliphs will ever remain one of the most romantic military enterprises in the world's history.

But what a wonderful British empire it helps to reveal. Those little islands off the northwest coast of Europe, the heart of a great empire, are conducting against a marvellously fertile and ingenious enemy a war the world over. While in Europe, there has been a long sustained struggle almost stalemated, with signs of only present yielding on the part of the German aggressor, yet in Africa and in Asia the collapse of the aggressor is beyond question.

In modern times, however, it was the Kaiser's dream to place himself upon the throne of a restored Bagdad as the ruler of a mighty oriental empire, stretching from the Bosphorus into very India. With indefatigable industry and a fertile sheaf of plans, he worked out, as he imagined, his scheme, the main artery running through which, was the construction of a railway from Constantinople to Bagdad and thence onward to the further Orient. Not depending altogether upon access to the railway through Constantinople the construction of another railway from Alexandretta, on the Syrian coast, to a point of junction with the main line was also planned and actually constructed. Alexandretta was turned into a great harbor and concessions obtained by the Germans, which virtually made it a German entrepot dependent for its success, however, upon German control of the seas. To secure that latter control Germany planned and plotted in vain. The mighty have been thwarted. The British sit astride the railway north of Bagdad. The Russians are within reach of cutting it from the direction of Persia, and a second Russian army threatens from the borders of Persia at a point which might provide cover for a great force at Alexandretta. In

the meantime, however, it should not be overlooked that another British army is knocking at the gates of Jerusalem and threatening the Turkish hold upon Palestine.

"SILENT MUSIC" FOR PATIENTS.

The latest thing in phonographs is their adaptation to provide music for hospital patients. It is called "silent music," the silence consisting in the fact that one patient may enjoy it without its being heard by anybody else in his ward.

It's a combination of phonograph and telephone. The phonograph vibrations are transmitted over a system of wires throughout the hospital, terminating in outlets alongside of patients' beds, after the manner of individual telephone receivers. When a patient wants music, he is furnished with a head receiver attached to a cord and plug. All he has to do, to enjoy a concert or grand opera, is to hold the receiver close to his ear.

This system has been installed by a Chicago firm in a hospital at Ottawa, Ill. It is found to be useful in providing wholesome diversion for the patients, especially during convalescence. It serves to while away the tedium of hospital life.

"How modern!" the reader will exclaim. Yes, to be sure. And yet how strange that it should have taken so long to apply so simple an idea! Anybody who reads Edward Bellamy's Looking Backward will find that this very system was suggested by that ingenious and far-sighted author in the remote year of 1888, when the phonograph was merely a curious and imperfect toy, and the telephone was little better.

Bellamy's idea was to have the music produced at some central place and conveyed throughout a community by wire, receivers being placed at the heads of citizens' beds, so that they could be lulled to sleep by their favorite melodies. The hospital plan is merely a slight variation of that suggestion.

Why doesn't somebody go ahead and carry out Bellamy's entire plan?

THE LATEST CONTRIBUTION TO SCIENCE.

New York has seen the first of the Cunarders to be equipped with the new smoke-throwing device to conceal her hull from enemy submarines. She is the Carmania, which arrived last week.

Dense smoke which can be thrown out in a long ribbon from three to five miles long and 100 feet high is driven out by great fans through two funnel-shaped ventilators mounted on each side of the naval gun, on a special platform just to the rear of the after bridge. They are riveted to the ratchet swivels, and may be rotated by electric motors to throw the smoke in any direction. The smoke is forced into the funnel below the decks and connecting with a cylindrical smoke-condenser in the engine-room. The motors and fans operating the device are all controlled by the officers on the bridge.

MRS. SKEFFINGTON ON THE POSITION OF IRELAND.

Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington, whose husband was shot in Dublin by order of Capt Bowen Colthurst without so much as a trial by court-martial, in an article in the New York Independent, says: "In Ireland, sixteen men were tried by secret tribunals, the legality of which has since been questioned, and were shot forthwith. Thousands of men and hundreds of women who had no part in the rising from various districts through the country—from Limerick, Cork, Wicklow, Westmeath, Donegal, Connemara—were arrested on 'suspicion' and sent in cattle boats to England (one man from Kilkenny died on the way). Other leaders of public opinion in Ireland received life sentences—among them Professor John McNeill, who had actually taken steps to prevent the rising. In addition to the number deported wholesale on flimsy police evidence, numbers of unarmed civilians and disarmed prisoners (who had surrendered) were murdered in Dublin by the military. Evidence of fourteen men so murdered and buried in the cellars of their homes in North King Street was testified to by a coroner's jury later, and men of the North Staffordshire Regiment were proved to be responsible. But General Maxwell refused to have the men identified or published, and they are still in command in Dublin.

"Ireland is at present under martial law, held by a very large military force, estimated at 80,000, and, though Sir Bryan Mahon, a Catholic, has succeeded General Maxwell, the military regime still supersedes the civil, and a system of military and police terrorism, prevails. All meetings, excursions, football matches and public assemblies of every kind are forbidden, the censorship of the press is rigid, public opinion gagged and bound.

"Over 800 years the British have tried in vain to govern or to eliminate the native Irish. It hasn't yet occurred to them that a free and independent Ireland might, like Norway, be a

better working proposition than a discontented, disaffected dependency, administered by martial law and armed force."

Billy Sunday has been asked to join a circus, and travel at \$2,000 a day. Here is a chance if money is all that he is after, and he wants a real sawdust trail. But he is not looking for wealth. No one accuses him of a lust for gold.

The United States has its war council, or will have it if war is declared on Germany. The Kaiser does not seem to care very much what will happen. His submarines are out to do all the damage they can to the ships of any country.

Mr. Proudfoot's efforts in favor of civil service reform should lead to material results. He gave a review of the evils of the present system, and they are sufficiently numerous to warrant immediate efforts toward reform.

The German-American Press defends the Zimmermann letter, as it has defended every Teutonic infamy since the war began. The Kaiser has had no more devoted subjects than the Germans in the United States.

There were no less than 94 British vessels sunk during the month of February by German submarines or mines. There were, however, 18,493 British ships on the sea during the same month which were not sunk. Coincident with these losses there were no less than two million tons of new ships in various stages of construction on the stocks in British shipyards.

President Wilson says his fellow-countrymen are provincials no longer, but citizens of the world. The President learned his lesson in the school of the war. At the beginning he talked of the cool sea sundering the United States from the European conflict, and he implored Americans to be neutral in thought and word. This isolation has not been splendid, and is no longer possible.

Possibly there may some sort of cold comfort in the thought that it cost more to live 600 years ago than it does now, though, as nearly as we can guess from the facts of history, it did not cost as much to die then as it does now. But here are some prices quoted from the expense account of the Earl of Derby, later King Henry IV., of England: Eggs, nine cents a gross; butter, twenty-five cents for fourteen pounds; ale, two to four cents a quart according to quality; wine, five cents a quart for the best; mutton, sixty-five cents a carcass; beef, \$3.75 to \$7.50 a carcass. It may be asked, since the cost of things was so low, how does it happen that living was so high? The answer is that the wage scale was much lower. At that time a carpenter's wages were twelve cents a day. Take the prices quoted, and the wage paid, and see how much food could be purchased with a day's work. Then do the calculating with present day wages and prices.

On the German side there is no reason for believing that the stand now being made along the Bapaume Ridge stretching towards Arras, is other than a temporary expedient to facilitate the withdrawal of troops with a minimum of losses and to prevent the retreat at some ultimate date to a really stronger line further east. Every mile of territory gained thus by the Allies without a comparatively large list of casualties is a distinct advantage, because the nearer the Germans thus approach to the French frontier the more certain will be their ultimate expulsion from France. As the concrete fortress crumbled in the early days of the war before the heavy German guns, so, too, today it is evident that the most carefully prepared lines of entrenchment are completely vulnerable to the searching influence of the high explosives used by the British army.

There is no question that the past week from the standpoint of actual achievement was so far as the British armies are concerned, the

most important in gains since the war's outbreak in August, 1914. The victories on the Somme were really British victories although the Germans call them "retreats to a prepared position of improved strategic importance." These latter are but words employed to mask a reverse. They were victories from the British viewpoint because unquestionably they were due to superiority in British pressure and superiority in British gunfire. Armies do not yield ground in battle unless they are compelled to do so. If it were important from the German viewpoint that their troops should retire to an improved position, then it follows that it was equally important that they should have done so two years ago if the plea they set forth of voluntary action is a sound one. If the territory is not worth holding now, why did they hold it for two years? Why did the Huns in its retention; sacrifice so many thousands of human lives? Why expend so much treasure in ammunition and guns? Common sense provides the answer that the real reason for the Hun retreat is that they released the ground because its retention was no longer possible. To use the expression "We have merely retired to a carefully prepared position of improved strategic importance" is merely to seek throwing dust into the eyes of the German people.

THE TWO GLASSES

There sat two glasses filled to the brim On a rich man's table, rim to rim, One was ruddy and red as blood, And one was clear as the crystal flood. Said the Glass of Wine to his paler brother: "Let us tell tales of the past to each other; I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth, Where I was king, for I ruled in might; For the proudest and grandest souls of earth Fell under my touch, as though stuck with blight. From the heads of kings I have torn the crown; From the heights of fame I have hurled men down.

I have blasted many an honored name; I have taken virtue and given shame; I have tempted youth with a sip, a taste, That has made his future a barren waste. Far greater than any king am I, Or than any army beneath the sky. I have made the arm of the driver fall, And sent the train from the iron rail. I have made good ships go down at sea, And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me. Fame, strength, wealth, genius before me fall, And my might and power are over all! Ho, ho, pale brother," said the Wine, "Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the Water Glass: "I cannot boast Of a king dethroned, or a murdered host; But I can tell of hearts that were sad By my crystal drops made bright and glad; Of thirsts I have quenched and brows I have laved, Of hands I have cooled, and souls I have saved. I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain, Slipped from the sunshine, and dripped from the fountain, I have burst my cloud-fetters, and dropped from the sky, And everywhere gladdened the prospect and eye; I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain.

I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill, That ground out the flour, and turned at my will. I can tell of manhood debased by you That I have uplifted and crowned anew; I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid, I gladden the heart of man and maid; I set the wine-chained captive free, And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other. The Glass of Wine, and its paler brother, As they sat together, filled to the brim, On a rich man's table, rim to rim.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Opinions From Our Contemporaries

UNDESERVED GRATITUDE

Most Americans are proud of the part we have played in saving the Belgians from starvation. They are under the impression that we have done all the relief work. The Belgians themselves share this impression.

Herbert C. Hoover, head of the relief commission says: "The Belgians have come to look upon the Americans as their sole saviors, to look upon the American flag as the flag which is fighting to protect them." He tells of visiting recently, one of the food stations maintained in Brussels, where 1,500 children

are fed every day. The children were seated at their meal. When they saw Mr. Hoover they rose and sang in his honor a stanza of the Star Spangled Banner. But Mr. Hoover could not accept their homage. "Knowing," he says, "that the food supply was not American, I could feel nothing but shame."

The committee that distributes the food and other supplies is American—an admirable example of our business efficiency. The power that compels respect for the relief work and prevents interference is the American Government, backed by unanimous American sentiment.

But that is about as far as it goes. Some \$250,000,000 is said to have been expended in behalf of the distressed population of Belgium and Northern France. And of that sum, the American people are credited with \$10,000,000. It is the allied governments that are saving the lives of those unhappy women and children, with a regular expenditure of \$14,000,000 a month—half as much again as we, the richest nation on earth, have given in two years. All Americans should, with Mr. Hoover, be ashamed of getting the credit for a philanthropy which is not ours.—Oswego Palladium.

COLORFUL CLOTHES FOR MEN

Once again the over-hopeful tailors have forecast colored evening clothes for men. Sombre black, they say, will give place to purple, lavender and blue. And after that it surely will not be long before gen-

tleman are going about in gay and frivolous laces and frills, ruffles and velvets and brocades as of old.

Maybe the National Association of Merchant Tailors is not simply dreaming. But we wonder, five years these arbiters of fashion have been campaigning resolutely against still the conventional evening dress of men remains the same, save for a few minor alterations in the number or positions of decorative buttons, slight variations in braid trimming, or a change of an inch or so in the length of the coat.

If the tailors are really wise they will not push men's fashions too far. The chief characteristic of the "fashionable thing" is that it is changed constantly. And right there comes an element of uncertainty and hesitancy that makes for waste. The expense of women's clothing known to be the fads of style, is the men's tailors take heed, says the (Arizona) Review.

FUTURE POLITICAL GUESSES

There's going to be some guess in the next provincial election in this province, when the number perhaps 728,000 women voters appear on the lists for the first time. Nobody will know how to size up the election prospects, the so-called political sharps being just as much at sea as anyone else. That trouble of course will be that there are no records to guide any prophesies. In the last Presidential election across the line, the women voters puzzled the experts, perhaps contributing to some extent to the doubt that surrounded the contest for days after the polling. In Chicago they made a very searching analysis of the women's vote, and came to the general conclusion that it made no difference; in other words that the women voted just the same as their husbands or brothers. From this dizzy height we just expect some of the old political tricksters to get it in the neck.—Ottawa Journal Press.

FUNERAL OF LATE R. ROWLAND

The funeral of the late Richard Rowland took place yesterday afternoon from his parents' residence, 17 Mary street. Service was held at 2:30 p.m. Rev. C. G. Smith, of the Victoria Avenue Baptist Church, officiating assisted by Deacon James Riggs and Rev. C. Moore, of the Tabernacle Methodist Church. The members of the 254th Battalion attended in a body by kind permission of Lt.-Col. A. E. Allen, out of sympathy for Bandmaster A. Rowland, father of the deceased.

The bearers were, Mr. A. Blackburn, Mr. Fred Cook and Mr. Wm. Kelly representing the Baptist church and Mr. F. H. Henry, Mr. John H. Kelly and A. E. Brown representing the Royal Templars of Temperance. The beautiful floral contributions were as follows:—

Anchor—S. Burrows and staff, J. J. Haines' staff. Wreath—Members of 254th Battalion, Royal Templars of Temperance, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Rowland, Vancouver, Mr. and Mrs. S. Lonsberry. Star—Lock room employees of the Belleville Hardware Co. Pillow—Mr. and Mrs. P. C. McLaurin.

Spray of Violets—Misses Forman and Leavitt. Sprays—Baptist Young Peoples' Union, Hitchon family, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hall, Mrs. Murphy and family, Mr. and Mrs. John Snell, Mr. and Mrs. E. Kelloway, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Brickman, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. McKerrow, North Bay; The Misses White, aunts of the deceased; "A. F." Class of Baptist Sunday School, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Duesberry, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Soule, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Graham, Mrs. Geo. Reeves and family, Mr. and Mrs. Deaton, Mr. and Mrs. John Reeves and family, Mrs. S. Mayhew, Mr. and Mrs. A. Blackburn, Mrs. A. Stark and family, Yokofellows' Bible Class of the Baptist Sunday School, Mrs. W. J. Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. McBride, Miss E. M. and W. S. Thompson, Alpha Brotherhood of Tabernacle Methodist Church, A. friend.

Tulips—Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Haines.

KHAKI CLUB NOTES

By the wish of Lt. Col. Allen, O. C. 254th Battalion, the Khaki club will not be kept open for the men of the 254th. Col. Allen explained to the Executive that, most of the men were in billet, and many away recruiting. The Club is therefore closed until such time as the 254th go into barracks or another battalion comes to Belleville. In the newspaper reports of the Presentation by the men of the 254th Battalion to the ladies of the Khaki Club, it was stated that Mrs. W. J. Brown and Mrs. Edwards were "not members of the club." It is the wish of the management to emphatically state that this is incorrect. Mrs. W. J. Brown and Mrs. Edwards have been highly valued members of the Khaki Club since it was first opened.

WHY WOMEN WRITE

To Lydia E. ... cine

Women who are the letters which the Medicine Co. are of genuine? "Why do women

In answer we say, never, knowingly, an untruthful letter and written of who wrote it.

The reason that from all parts of the grateful letters to the Medicine Co. is health and happiness. It has relieved the worst forms of irregularities, not stomach troubles.

It is impossible in well and who has never suffered to realize how they poor, suffering women feel when they are able to help their keen desire to help other women who are suffering, they did.

TR

Col. (Dr.) Kil yesterday.

Miss Georgina Ottawa and Major and are expected by month.

Dr. Clinton, for Hastings last Wednesday.

Mrs. Morton home on Monday in Toronto.

Mrs. Thomas home from in Hamilton.

Judge Wells town on Tuesday his way out to Mrs. Dr. J. number of friends last Saturday.

The residence of A. E. Bywater, Mr. Nichols.

A cablegram day starting this had just taken Mr. Carl Keen, Keeler, left station Ambulance.

The Imperia taken over Dr. for a hospital been appointed charge.

We under Eaton has facing on McNeil St. and in city on the p.

Mr. Bryson of Toronto, we and drew up enlarge Welle by on the office and the balcony 250 more cap purchased from the property opera house.

Mr. Rose the West.

Mrs. J. W. end in Belleville.

Miss Lena in Belleville.

Mrs. Wm. U. are spending Corp. W. Batt. spent a last week.

Mr. and B. Pentton, B. Mr. John for Weyburn are accompanied Mr. Isaac, ville, spent of Mrs. Her.

We regret M. Elliott is with her speedy recovery Mr. and J. he is attending strict Repres.

The hook ville and S. right result in favor of Mr. J. C. Belleville O. Dr. and M. last.

Miss G. Toronto on Evelyn's Mo