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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1915.

A LOSS TO BELLEVILLE.

Belleville has seldom parted with a citizen whom it could so ill afford to lose as Mr. J. L. Hess, for nine years past local secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Hess has contrived to make himself useful in so many ways and has done his work so efficiently, so unostentatiously and so uncomplainingly, that we have scarcely realised all those years how much has been accomplished. If he had been a good advertiser we would have heard very much more about this quiet, faithful worker and the magnificent work that stands to his credit in Belleville. The splendid building on Campbell Street is a monument that speaks eloquently of the earnestness and zeal of this young apostle of right-living, who believed in the message he came to deliver. But the most potent testimonial to the value of the labor of love that has been performed by Mr. Hess is not so much represented in this finely arranged and equipped Y. M. C. A. building, not so much in the Canadian Club whose interests he sedulously fostered, not in clean healthy sports that he has done so much to promote, but rather in the lives of our boys and young men that he has profoundly touched and influenced. This, after all, will be the occasion for the deepest regret that his resignation may cause, and will be the source of the most grateful recollections of his mission in Belleville.

THE GREATEST EVENT.

Every time an editor decides that he will give the reader a rest, as far as the war is concerned, something big happens, and we are at it again. There is simply no getting away from the war, and from a discussion of it. It is easily the biggest event that has ever taken place and the biggest that ever will take place. There is no escaping it or its effects or its results. The Ontario makes no apologies for the prominence it continues to give the greatest of all topics.

It is easy to over-estimate the importance of the tremendous battle that took place in France on Saturday and Sunday, and that still rages with unexampled ferocity. This must not be accepted as the decisive battle of the present campaign—non-does it even seem probable that this action marks the beginning of the "big drive." But this battle was none the less an event of the highest importance in the great war drama. In the numbers engaged and in the losses sustained the two days' conflict probably surpassed the battle of Waterloo. The fact that over 20,000 German prisoners were taken may or may not indicate a certain demoralisation or war-weariness on the part of the Germans. Such a total of captures after a frontal attack of this nature and in trench warfare is indeed most surprising.

The political effect of the fight will be far-reaching and may postpone indefinitely the decision of Bulgaria to align herself with the unspeakable Turk.

It will do much too, to check the rising tide of pessimism that was becoming a menace to military efficiency both in Great Britain and Canada.

The victory will also be valuable to show that trenches constructed with all the accessories of concrete and steel lining and barbed-wire entanglements are not invulnerable against modern high explosive shells.

The obvious inference from it all seems to be that when Great Britain and France really get ready for the "big drive" and have accumulated a sufficiency of high-explosive shells, all the burrows the Germans have dug out with such painstaking effort will not impose an insurmountable obstacle to the grand advance on Berlin.

The policy of Joffre, French and Kitchener of thorough preparation before spectacular operations are undertaken is once more amply vindicated.

LIVING TO SERVE AND SAVING TO GIVE.

Among the many things that call for serious consideration at the present time, by no means the less important is the urgent need, as we have already pointed out, of thrift amongst all classes of the community. The people of the Dominion generally have liberally responded to the many and various claims which have been made upon their private pockets. But we must not be blind to the fact that much more remains to be done. It behooves us to cast a glance into the near future and it certainly requires no great prophetic gifts to realize that large and adequate sums of public money will be necessary to meet the well-merited needs of wounded and disabled soldiers and the dependents of our fallen heroes, buried somewhere in the soil of Europe. The mistakes of by-gone years must not be repeated in the present instance. Veterans of other wars have been known to die in the poor house. Brave men, of whom a frenzied nation shouted itself hoarse, have had to beg for bread and exhibit their crippled limbs to a callous crowd.

There has been, in other days, an almost cynical prejudice against "the old soldier" that has broken the heart of many a valiant trooper. These things must not be allowed to happen again. No shattered man should live in terror of want. To sweat the widows and orphans of the honored dead would load us with an infamy we cannot bear. No excuse avails for such a crime. If our sons owe a duty to the nation, the nation is also under obligation to its devoted and heroic sons. It is our honest pride that Canadian soldiers are the best paid soldiers in the world. We cannot take a second place as regards a generous treatment of our crippled warriors who return or the wives and children of those slain heroes whose return is nevermore.

Those amongst us whose duties, age or physical unfitness have prevented from going forth to fight, are not thereby set free from rendering any service, or from making sacrifice for the common cause. The lads in the shell-torn trenches, and the boys on the waters blue—these have gone out with honor; let us take care that we do not survive with shame. The country is bearing a heavy burden and each man's shoulder is needed at the wheel. The Patriotic Fund at this very hour urgently needs replenishment, and that same need will grow with each succeeding day. The country's exchequer is already under heavy demands, and demands that will yet be heavier. Extravagance in any form is wicked. Waste is worse, for it is criminal.

The call for thrift and to a practice of wise economy on the part of everyone is a call to the service of the Empire. Not thrift for the sake of self-interest; but thrift, paradoxical as it may seem, with a view to saving. There is such a thing as saving to give. Absorption that leads to diffusion. It is this saving, in order to give, to which attention is called today.

There are untapped resources in every household which can now be liberated for the national cause. The patriotic planning of the housewife, who serves a wholesome, but less costly dish, in order that she may save a little to give to the Red Cross or other funds. The patriotic saving of a cigar, the giving up of some much-desired little luxury and the devoting of the money thus saved to help forward the work of relief amongst injured soldiers is a form of national service within the reach of everyone. It is but penning the merest platitude to point out that the giving of what we can readily spare, and that which we shall never miss or feel, is not giving at all. It is the bestowal of a bone upon a dog. It involves no sacrifice and it is essentially sacrificial service which the Empire demands and needs, and which is vital for its preservation and freedom. We need to measure the extent of our sacrifice by the sacrifices of those who freely have offered their limb and life for King, for Country and for us.

Selfish ease and self-indulgent sloth are enemies of the Empire today. Because the British Navy has proved so invincible, we are apt to forget that the mightiest military power in existence seeks our starvation and slaughter and that but for the valor of our lads, we should know all the horrors of Belgium. Our remoteness from the fields of Europe, and the might of the Navy have given us safety, but no excuse for selfishness. Russia and France regard drunkenness as treason; Germany views the feast as national robbery, and we must treat personal selfishness as a crime against the Commonwealth.

Today all our energies of sacrifice and service are needed to secure and maintain that freedom of which we believe the British Empire has been called to be the champion and custodian. We must live to serve, and save to give, that we may bring this cruel war which has been forced upon us to a swift and final end.

AMBITION OF THE JEWS.

The Jews are anxious to become a recognized nation. There is a movement on foot in the United States, the object of which is to take part in the peace negotiations of Europe when that time comes and demand official recognition

of the Jewish state in Palestine. The movement at present is confined to the 2,000,000 Jews in the United States and it is proposed to hold a congress there for the purpose of extending it to the countries of Europe, where there are more than 12,000,000 Jews.

A meeting of the different Jewish societies of Buffalo, held recently, adopted the following resolutions:

First—That a congress should be called at once on a democratic basis to declare openly the ideals of the Jewish people.

Second—This congress should elect delegates to the coming peace conference to represent the Jewish people.

Third—The Jews should demand equal rights as a nation.

Fourth—The Jews should demand official recognition of a Jewish state in Palestine.

Fifth—This congress should also elect a body to represent the Jews in America.

The Jews, scattered to all parts of the world while a separate and distinct race, have no standing among the nations of the world except as individuals. They have no country which they can call their own, yet they have become most powerful in many countries.

The Jews are a commercial people. They are money getters and money savers. They are bankers and moneylenders and as such command respect, especially in times like this when the nations of Europe are tearing at each other's throats in one of the most terrific wars the world has ever known. If there ever was a time in the Christian era when the Jews were in a position to demand recognition, to become a separate and independent nation, it would seem it was when Europe, tired and exhausted from fighting, begins to talk peace. And it is no more than natural that the Jews should want Palestine returned to them—who could buy it outright if needs be.

Sunday's big storm will add a few thousands more to the losses sustained by the farmers owing to damage to the apple crop. But they still have enough left to insure to them the best season in the history of recent years.

The publication of the letters which Dr. Dumba, the Austrian Ambassador entrusted to Archibald, his messenger boy, to carry to Vienna ought to convince the "Idiotic Yankees" of the duplicity of the men whom they are harboring in their midst, under diplomatic protection.

Russia is making it extremely interesting for the invaders. Even the German official report admits reverses at several points.

The reported interview between King Ferdinand and certain Opposition leaders, in which the latter protested in vigorous and plain speech against throwing Bulgaria on the side of the Teutons—goes to show that the Bulgars are far from united in support of the course which their government apparently is aiming at. Premier Radoslavoff may yet see the wisdom of looking before he leaps into the arms of the outlaws of the world.

Germany's agencies of "frightfulness" are costing her dearly without accomplishing any military advantage. A member of the British House of Commons stated in parliament the other day that since the beginning of the war the British Navy has sunk fifty German submarines, and other reports have come from Geneva telling of the loss of thirty-eight Zeppelins, and nine Parsevals, costing Twenty-Five Million Dollars.

Two of the most conspicuous features of the excellent addresses that have been delivered by Capt. Ponton have been the modesty of the narrator and the lucidity of the narrative. The majority of those who have come back from the war have seemed dazed by their experiences and have been unable to give us only confused and incoherent details of their trying ordeal. Capt. Ponton's account, however, was an unadorned recital that gave an extremely vivid and realistic picture of the war-setting in Flanders. The capital I was studiously kept in the background. Capt. Ponton was not compelled to go to the war. He could have found abundant excuses for not going, but "he knew his duty, and he done it," without any flourish of trumpets. And now that he is back after the terrible ordeal of a winter in the trenches, and passing through one of the most sanguinary battles of the war, he tells his story in the simple straightforward manner of a soldier and a gentleman. He looks for no reward, but will consider that he has been amply repaid if his words result in a few more recruits being called to the colors.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER TO A MAN'S QUESTION

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above—
A woman's heart, and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?
Do you know you have asked for the priceless thing

As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Manlike you have questioned me;
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and shirts shall be whole,
I require your heart shall be true as God's stars,
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for mutton and beef;
I require a far grander thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts—
I look for a Man and a King.

A King for a beautiful realm called home,
And a Man that the Maker, God,
Shall look upon as he did the first,
And say: "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft, young cheek one day;
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be,
If you give this all I would stay my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this, a laundress and cook
You can hire with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.
—Mary T. Lathrop.

THE KAISER AND NAPOLEON'S GHOST.

It was the hour of midnight,
And the Kaiser, fast asleep,
Had visions of great victories
By his army and his fleet.

Thought Russia had been conquered,
France groaned beneath his heel,
And England and her colonies
His vengeance soon would feel.

But there came a sound of sighing,
Like a wind-across the deep,
Waking the German Kaiser
From his calm and dreamy sleep.

And a form stood there beside him
Misty white, and wrapped in gloom,
Like some spirit form returning
From the silence of the tomb.

"Who are you?" cried the Kaiser;
"What seek you? Why come here?
I am the German War Lord,
And no power do I fear!"

But the awful form made answer:
"I, too, once did know no fears;
And I sought the world to conquer,
Battling fierce for many years.

"But my dream was rudely shattered;
Bill, the same will come to you.
For, I tell you, I'm the smartest,
But I met my Waterloo."

Then in anger spoke the Kaiser,
Saying, "I will triumph over all.
Nations that come against me
Will bring their own downfall.

"I will win some mighty battles:
I will triumph, for you see,
Caesar, Alexander, all great warriors,
Are as nought compared to me."

"Pipe dreams," clamly said Napoleon.
"I once thought the same as you;
But, in the land that you have ravished,
I, too, met my Waterloo."

"Leave this room!" then cried the Kaiser,
"You are dead and passed away;
And you only live in history,
While o'er millions I hold sway."

"I once thought the same," Napoleon answered,
"But Wellington gave me my due;
For in spite of all my victories,
I, too, met my Waterloo."

Then Napoleon, sighing, vanished,
And the Kaiser shook with fear,
Wondering if it was an omen—
If his downfall was so near.

But, no doubt, he realizes
That he soon must get his due;
And, like the great Napoleon,
Soon will meet his Waterloo.
—Union Jack.

Other Editors' Opinions

DOCTORS FOR THE WAR.

Four or five thousand doctors have joined the army since the war began, but with the expansion of our forces and the calls of our six or seven wars for service, the need of more volunteers has become urgent. The War Emergency Committee of the British Medical Association has just been authorized by Sir Alfred Keogh to make another appeal to the professions, and committees are being set up all over the country to make arrangements for getting practitioners free. I am told that already there has been an encouraging response. The volunteers will be divided into two classes: men of military age, who will serve either for home or foreign service on a twelve months' contract, and men over 40, who will serve either at home or in such stations as Egypt or Malta. What is chiefly wanted is that doctors well over the military age, some of whom may be out of practice, should help to release the younger men by undertaking to carry on their practices during their absence. Many retired doctors have come forward in this way already. The chief anxiety of the doctor in good practice who volunteers is naturally that his living should go to pieces during his absence. The sacrifice in money is often great. For example, a doctor making £1,000 a year who goes into the army will not draw more than £500 in pay and allowances. An appeal is made to the public to help the doctors. A doctor's patient can best show their appreciation of his patriotism in enlisting by supporting the man who is keeping his practice together. Sometimes people desert the substitute for a doctor they like better, and in that way a practice built up by years of hard work goes to pieces.—Manchester Guardian.

TOO LONG A VACATION.

All over this country the question propounded in these columns recently is being discussed as to school holidays, the consensus of opinion being that there are too few teaching days. Two solid months' holidays were not enough for some teachers and they took an extra week from the children. Guelph Mercury says it is doubtful whether the children need or profit by so long a period of rest and recreation. It has always seemed that the two-months' vacation was arranged more to suit the teachers going abroad or to the summer resorts, and the children of well-to-do parents, than the school children in general. That will at least be the view of the man who has four or five children of school age and who has scarcely known what to do with them for that period. But that does not settle it, for I must remember that primarily his duty is to educate the children himself, but because it can be better done by the state it is done by it. Take the children generally however, and it is fairly safe to say they would not be the worse of reduced holidays at mid-summer, with, perhaps, the weeks topped off here on some other part of the term.—Bowmanville Statesman.

SAVIORS OF THEIR COUNTRY.

We are wondering why Government newspapers are supplied free with a series of boiler-plate articles headed "Canada at War" in which prominent Conservatives are made to appear as saviors of their country and a heap of utter rubbish is published for the delectation of Canadians. It was understood between the two political parties, we thought, that party politics were to be allowed to rest during this awful war so that the strife of men should cease. Then there are appearing, too, in these same Government organs a series of political illustrations plainly intended to discredit Liberal leaders in the eyes of the electorate. This does not look much like a political truce as agreed upon by the party leaders, does it? An election is coming sure.—Bowmanville Statesman.

BUSY BOWMANVILLE.

This is a busy Bowmanville all right. Dwelling houses were seldom in greater demand. It is the household class of workmen that is wanted in town. They are not here today and away tomorrow. Several residences are being erected but by no means to meet the demand. The business of the town is excellent and if there are idle men it is their own fault for outsiders are coming in daily and getting work, much easier than places to sleep and eat. Surely Local Option has NOT killed Bowmanville yet and there has not been any dull times in town since May 1, 1908, when local option came into force. We have not only had "business as usual" but a little more better than before we had local prohibition. Citizens are therefore well satisfied with Local Option in Bowmanville.—Bowmanville Statesman.

ONE HALF B

Picton Secures

Belleville secures one half a battalion the winter, according to arrangement yesterday by the Ottawa for the third division. O'Leary's Col. buildings; 400 engineering buildings; batteries Kingston companies each at Belleville drill hall; many each at London and Nanaimo. This means that at least 550 men, perhaps six months commode from 20. The two companies housed here will 80th Battalion now organization at Barr. Belleville's accommodation more than ample situation. Last spring

Former Resident Has P

An old and faithful Grand Trunk Railway yesterday in Montreal son of W. G. Happe, employ of the G.T. the despatcher's of Toronto, about 1860, later in life under G. Spier and James Pulman Conductor. He was born in Belleville and went from here 1905. He had suffered past nine months from the efficacy of Strychnine in colds and arresting lungs, can be established of testimonials in conditions of men. It is ready in these ailments of the throat highly recommended, because they ate its value as a

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