

# The Weekly Ontario

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THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1915.

## LIEUT. DOXSEE.

The gallant death of Lieut. W. J. Doxsee of Campbellford in the recent action at Lange-marck brings to a close an active and patriotic career. He had served his country faithfully and well in the South African war, and when the present trouble started in Europe he was with the first to come forward and offer his services. Wounded seriously some weeks ago he, as soon as he was permitted, returned to the battle-line.

Lieut. R. D. Ponton writing from the trenches under date of March 20th paid this tribute to the sterling qualities of a brother officer,—“Lieut. Doxsee of Campbellford, I am glad to say, returned from the hospital last night, having recovered from his wound in the shoulder. He is a South African veteran, a gallant officer, a splendid type of man and a strength to the battalion.”

Lieut. Doxsee was also patriotic as a citizen and served his town in many capacities. The following sketch of his life given by The Campbellford News will be read with interest,—

Lieut. Doxsee was born in Campbellford 41 years ago next month and has resided here during that time. From a small planing mill on the Grand road he made steady progress in business until he had acquired a large mill on Front street, and the extensive business of the Rath-bun Company in coal, wood, and lumber.

The late Mr. Doxsee was Campbellford's first Mayor, when the town was incorporated in 1906 and held that office until the end of 1911. Prior to that time he was Reeve for two years. Thus he was chief magistrate of this place for eight consecutive terms, 1904—11. Also, he was a member of the Water and Light Commission, and always took an interest in the town's power development. The ability with which he filled the position of Reeve and Mayor was very marked, and ample testimony is apparent in the long term he served, being returned several times by acclamation.

He was a member of the Masonic, Orange, and Sons of Scotland fraternities, and of the Board of Management of St. Andrew's church. In curling circles, Mr. Doxsee was well known and at the time of his death was a large shareholder in the curling rink.

In April, 1904, Mr. Doxsee was gazetted a Lieutenant in the 40th regiment, and for many years has been in command of the local company of that regiment. At the time of the South African war, Mr. Doxsee leased his business and went as a volunteer, and for which he bore a medal. He attended the coronations of King Edward and King George with Canadian Contingents, and was awarded decorations for these.

## THE QUITTERS.

There is arising among a number of the soldiers training here for the Third Overseas Contingent a most regrettable disposition to buy their discharge. While there may be legitimate occasion for this in certain rare instances, yet, it must be admitted that with most of those who are quitting, the fact reveals in their make-up a good big streak of yellow.

To buy a discharge requires an expenditure of only fifteen dollars. To equip a soldier with a uniform costs upwards of forty dollars. The uniform, after seeing three months of service, is pretty well worn.

The quitters have without doubt, in the majority of cases, enlisted for the sole purpose of getting tided over a dull season. They had no intention of ever going to the front. They have been using the government and the Militia department as a convenience, and have been taking money under the false pretence that they did actually expect to join their comrades at the firing line.

The whole tendency and proceeding reveals a most reprehensible form of graft or governmental robbery.

The coward who stays at home and never volunteers or dons a uniform is a thousand times preferable to the coward, who comes forward, announces his willingness to fight, accepts pay and maintenance from the government for several months, and then when the time has nearly arrived for him to depart for the scene of warfare he gives it out that he has changed his mind and comes forward with his miserable fifteen dollars as the price of his treachery.

Several of the volunteers from Port Hope,

Cobourg, Napanee and elsewhere have already given evidence of the saffron tint of their courage and patriotism. They have paid their money, forfeited their manhood and departed for home. A considerable number of others are giving the matter of a discharge their very serious consideration.

In the meantime we would like to point out that the government has made it altogether too easy for these plundering poltroons to ply their trade. The fifteen dollar fee should be increased to fifty.

Then the yellow quitter would not be able to take so serious a toll from the fund that has been patriotically appropriated to help Canada win this war.

Quitters and grafters all belong to the same yellow species. Quitting is grafting under another form. Both are particularly shameless forms of robbery. They constitute a real yellow peril to Canada at the present time.

## TREMENDOUS FORCES NOW FACE ONE ANOTHER.

The French Government has just handed out an official review of the first eight months of the war. It is a highly interesting and instructive document. It is remarkably frank in its statements, freely admitting the reverses as well as recording the successes of the French.

The French review admits serious blundering in subordinate generalship at the beginning of the war. It tells how precautions taken against the repetition of it by the removal of a number of generals and the replacing of them by younger and more competent men. It confesses serious lack of initial preparation, and records how it has been remedied. The preliminary movements of the French forces, it states, were based on the assumption that the neutrality of Belgium would be respected. That assumption came near being fatal to France. When the German advance through Belgium began, a new and hasty alignment of the Allied forces became imperative. It had to be made in hot haste, and proved quite inadequate to stop the German onrush.

Happily, the possibility of this had been foreseen and provided against; so, when it became necessary for the Allies to retire before greatly superior forces in men and artillery, they fell back on a carefully considered strategic position. The strength of that position, and the probable outcome of a well planned battle there had been foreseen and pointed out, in a Review article by Sir John French over two years ago. His anticipations as then stated, were realized to the full. The Germans were not merely checked but routed and flung back from the Marne. There and then their fundamental plans went to pieces. They had been deliberately led into a trap by the Allies, from which they could and did only escape at great sacrifice.

The second, and conclusive, initial, German failure occurred in the battle of Flanders, in October. After that, the French official review expresses the opinion, all hope of ultimate success for them was at an end. They have been held as in a vise by the Allies ever since. They have made attempts to break through the encircling lines at various points since then, without even a temporary semblance of success. But the great blow to their hopes was the first one, at the Marne. Everything, for them, according to their own proclamation, depended on their crushing the French army and reducing Paris within a month of the outbreak of war in order that they might turn upon and defeat Russia before she could effectively mobilize. Everywhere now, after more than eight months of war, they find themselves on the defensive, with dwindling forces and diminishing means, while their opponents are every day becoming more numerous and aggressive.

The French review furnishes most significant information with reference to the forces which France has in the field or ready for action. It states that the French troops actually at the front, at present, number two and a half millions. Directly behind them fully equipped and in every detail ready for action, are another million and a quarter men. Back of that, the 1915 levies are in course of preparation along with considerable numbers of others not at first called to the flag. Belgium has 130,000 men and two divisions of cavalry engaged in or ready for action. What troops the British have on the Continent is, of course, not stated in the French official document, but their strength was recently indicated by Mr. Lloyd George. They probably number, at least a million, so that the total Allied strength in the west, ready for immediate action, may now be safely placed at not less than 4,900,000 men.

According to the carefully prepared estimates of the French review, the Germans have at most not over 4,000,000 men under arms at this date. The French estimate is that they have only 1,250,000 men left in Germany who can possibly be made available in the war. Of these, not more than 500,000 can be got ready before the first of July. The remaining 700,000 cannot enter the field earlier than October. The German forces now bearing arms are known to be pretty evenly divided between the eastern and western theatres of war. Probably there are rather more in the east than in the west. That leaves them without more than two million

men in France and Flanders to oppose the nearly if not quite five million troops of the Allies. The French review claims that the Allies are at present markedly superior to the Germans in artillery and supplies as well as in numbers.

If not already, the Allies will soon be powerful enough to impose and exact their own terms which cannot but involve the complete and permanent eradication of the German eagle's talons, and the safe removal of the German "war lord's" offensive weapons as well as his "shining armor."

## THE PIETISM OF BISMARCK.

The Manchester Guardian remarks that the Italian paper whose cartoons always represent the Kaiser with a little telegraph pole on the top of his helmet, from which proceed the wires that are supposed to keep him in constant communication with the Almighty, gaily lays its finger on a very disastrous characteristic of the German people. The habit of regarding oneself as the appointed vessel of God's purpose is not, of course, confined to Germans; but there seems to be no other nation which indulges in it quite so vigorously, or muddles up spiritual purposes and temporal power with results quite so fatal to themselves and other people.

The muddle becomes almost ludicrously plain in a very interesting little volume recently published, of Bismarck's letters to his wife, written during the campaign of 1870-71. No slightest cloud ever mars the Chancellor's serene conviction that it is God's will that these "dissolute" and "Babylonish" French shall be beaten to their knees; but, judging from his actions, he is troubled by the very liveliest apprehension regarding God's ability to do this without the most unstinted assistance from Prince Bismarck. "His arm is not flesh. . . in Him I trust," writes Bismarck piously. "But you will look all through his letters from the seat of war without discovering the least practical proof of the confidence, or any indication at all that God's arm is not very emphatically flesh, and that flesh the blood and iron of the German army."

It is, says the Guardian, a baffling and depressing problem that is presented by this spectacle of a man who will write one day of the French and their Emperor "cast down by God's almighty hand," and four days later of the need for letting the French "stew in their own sauce," and the importance of giving them time to get well embarked on "quarrelling among themselves." The too rapid advance of the German armies, thinks Bismarck, would prevent this; "God's almighty hand" must evidently not bear too heavily in one quarter lest it defeat its own purpose in another.

"And so we get the tragically ludicrous spectacle of Bismarck adroitly manipulating the pressure of Divine wrath, easing it here in order that it may have greater effect elsewhere, and balancing the scorpions of invasion against the whips of internal strife, so that at the end 'God's' purpose may be fully accomplished and the unhappy country duly scourged by both torments. It is a problem which is by no means met by denouncing Bismarck as a blasphemer and hypocrite. He was—as just as the German Emperor is today—quite genuinely a pious man, according to his own lights. But the piety of both Bismarck and the Kaiser is inextricably bound up with the lamentable delusion that they know exactly what God wishes to do with the world, and the fact that this happens to coincide completely with their own desires is not—as it would be with better and humbler men—a thing which shakes their delusion but merely the beginning of another and more disastrous one—the delusion that they themselves are the instruments through which God's purpose is to be fulfilled."

## A FITTING EPITAPH.

What better epitaph could there be for the grandson of Mr. W. E. Gladstone, who was killed in action a few days ago, than the noble words which his illustrious ancestor used about the cause to which the Empire has now pledged its honor and the lives of its soldiers:

We felt called upon to enlist ourselves on the part of the British nation as advocates and as champions of the integrity and independence of Belgium. And if we had gone to war we should have gone to war for freedom, we should have gone to war for public right, we should have gone to war to save human happiness from being invaded by tyrannous and lawless power. That is what I call a good cause, gentlemen. And though I detest war, and there are no epithets too strong, if you could supply me with them, that I will not endeavor to heap upon its head, in such a war as that while the breath in my body is continued to me, I am ready to engage. I am ready to support it, I am ready to give all the help and aid I can to those who carry this country into it.

"I am ready," says the grandson thirty-five years later, "to give my life." "We will not say," says the Westminster Gazette, "that there is nothing to mourn in the death of a young man early cut off on the threshold of a career which was already judged to be one of high promise, but there is great consolation in the thought

that he went simply and modestly to do his duty in a cause which this generation, like the last, believes to be that of 'public right and human happiness against tyrannous and lawless power.' A death so fair adds lustre to a name already held in the highest honor, and will be both an example and an appeal to the thousands of other young Englishmen who are ready, if need be to tread the same path."

## HAVE YE MOTHERED A MAN?

The manuscript of the following poem has been forwarded from the trenches in France by Lieut. R. D. Ponton. It was written on the sheets of an officer's service book and was received here a couple of days ago. Lieut. Ponton states that the poem was handed him by the colonel of the Worcestershire regiment. The author is A. G. Hales, the well known correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle. This poem with its stirring message, is fit to rank with the finest productions of Sir Owen Seaman and Harold Begbie.

I can hear the beat of a million feet  
In England's sea girl Isle,  
And the rhythmic tread makes my blood run red  
In spite of our foeman's guile.  
A million men from hill and glen,  
From city, forge and farms,  
Are mustering fast to the bugle's blast  
And they shout, "To Arms! To Arms!"  
Proudly they come without tuck of drum  
Steady and stern and strong,  
Lords of the soil and stout sons of toil  
To right a nation's wrong.  
They come to fight in the name of right  
To fight, and if need be die,  
To keep our name from the taint of shame  
And blazon it on the sky.

Oh, Women who love them bow your heads,  
Thank God for the gift He gave,  
Your breasts have suckled a lion's brood,  
The bravest of the brave.

No hireling host with braggart boast  
Of mastery of the world,  
True sons of peace when war shall cease  
And their battle flag is furled.  
Terrible now they have sworn a vow  
To avenge their murdered kin,  
The world shall know wherever they go  
They will fight to the death or win.  
They have heard the cry that rose on high,  
When gallant Belgium fell,  
And the German flood in a sea of blood  
Made woman's life a hell.  
With knitted brows they left their ploughs,  
They swarmed in from the factories then,  
They marched to the fight with bayonets bright  
To avenge or to die like men.  
The sword of France or the English lance  
Flashed bright in the summer's sun,  
And side by side in their matchless pride,  
They will fight till this war is won.

Oh, Women of England, rich or poor  
Hold high your heads with pride,  
For your sons are the manliest men among men,  
To be found in the whole world wide.

For honour they fight and the cause of right  
Not for fame or paltry pay,  
They're a nation's best, not a man was pressed,  
In all that great array.  
They bared the steel that the foe might feel  
A free-born people's wrath.  
Like the Vikings bold of the day of old  
They rose and sallied forth,  
Through blistering days of summer blaze,  
Through nights of frost and snow  
They have fought like men and will again  
Where'er they are bidden to go.  
They will never rest till the steel is pressed  
In the teeth of a beaten foe.

Oh, Mothers of England have ye none  
Who will aid them in the fray?  
No gallant son who will join the ranks  
To help them win the day?

Lads of the good old breed, this is our hour of need,  
Your country calls you now,  
Upon your feet and say, "England, I'm yours today!"  
Swear it and keep your vow.  
Think of the brutal host, think of our own East Coast  
Where women's blood ran red!  
Lads, must I ask again? Lads, shall I ask in vain?  
Will you avenge our dead?  
Think of the bitter hour when German lust of power  
Wrought murder grim and great.  
Out of the sea they came, bent on a deed of shame  
Silent and sure as fate.  
Skulking in craven fear, lest our brave tars be near  
They wrought their evil will,  
They dared not face our men, but they will come again  
To ravish and to kill.  
Think of each baby face in its cold resting place  
Hard by the whispering sea.

Children by England bred now sleeping with the dead  
Butchered while playing at each mother's knee,  
Lads, must I ask again? Lads, must I ask in vain  
Will you avenge our dead?

Women of England, mothers and wives,  
I know how your hearts will ache,  
You have worn the crown you must bear the cross  
Through some of your hearts will break.  
Mothers and wives, ye have worn the crown  
Greater than men can wear.  
Oh, Women the will of the gods be hard,  
Heavy as death is the cross to bear  
You must give your sons to the moloch of war  
Though your hearts forever will ache.  
The ripened fruit of the cradle days  
You must send to the front for your honour's sake,  
Some will go down in the bitter strife  
Some will return no more.

Oh, Women, the will of the gods be hard,  
'Tis the aftermath of war,  
But your sons must fight lest ye be shamed  
By the women's defiling foe.  
Your honour is dearer to them than life  
Mothers, you must let your strong sons go.  
They will fight for you, ye will pray for them  
As ye prayed in the cradle days.  
The gods have given this cross to bear  
Ye cannot fathom their ways.  
Kiss them, fondle them, send them forth  
To stand in the battle's van,  
Then lift your eyes to the star-lit skies,  
And thank God ye have have mothered a man.

## Other Editors' Opinions

### WAR TAX FOOLING US.

We are told by politicians and editors that the new war tax is not a real war tax but direct taxation to make up the huge deficit piled up by the Borden Government at Ottawa. The Cornwall Freeholder after explaining the use of the war stamps says: This is all very well as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. One does not look for common honesty from the outfit in charge of affairs at Ottawa but they might have common sense. The only excuse for issuing a special war stamp was that it would fool the people into thinking they were helping to pay the war cost when as a matter of fact not a cent goes for that purpose—but to help pay the big debt the government has piled up by its recklessness and extravagance, and which would have been there if there hadn't been any war. It would have been much better if they had simply decreed that the postage rate should be three cents instead of two cents, and issued a three-cent stamp to put on letters. Requiring an extra stamp is a humbug and a nuisance, and will result in sending thousands of letters to the dead letter office for weeks if not months to come until people get used to the new order of things.—Bowmanville Statesman.

### INTENDED FOR A JOKE.

"Sir Robert Borden has torn the strangling hands of the grafter and the middleman from the throat of Canada. The Dominion has waited long for the appearance of a public man with the courage to put the welfare of the country above every other consideration. Now that she has discovered him, she is not likely to let him relinquish his task for many years to come." The foregoing from the Toronto News should make the readers of that journal smile. It must be intended for a joke. Probably the make-up man mixed the Editorial and On the Side columns. Never in the history of Canada or any other country has the grafter thrived like he has under the Dominion Government since 1911. Sir Robert Borden's regime is responsible for a patronage list of some eight thousand in all parts of the country. How did these firms and individuals become attached to that list. What did they pay for an advantage over their fellow citizen Sir Robert Borden must repudiate more than the two members whom the pesky Grits exposed. Instead of Sir Robert strangling the grafter and middleman, recent exposures indicate that the grafter has a strangle-hold on the government.—Picton Times.

### ONTARIO NEEDS "YE EDITOR."

The Markham Economist, founded in 1856, has absorbed the Markham Sun, founded in 1877. One weekly journal will now flourish where two lived before. Markham Village owes much to weeklies that have appeared for thirty-eight and fifty-nine years, respectively. The country weekly and the small town daily can establish the dignity and value of local life. The villages, towns and smaller cities of Ontario have not rewarded the work of their own newspapers. Ontario has failed to encourage the editors of local weeklies and adities to fill a place that can never be filled by city newspapers.—Toronto Telegram.

### BUILDING SIDEWALKS FOR OTHERS.

Mr. Citizen of this town! Do you want your dollars to build sidewalks in this town, or do you want them to be used in building sidewalks in the big cities. When you send your dollar to the mail order man they are building sidewalks for him to walk on; when you spend with the merchants of this town they will help to build sidewalks for you to walk on. Why not assist in keeping your own feet out of the mud? Why not assist in making this town a better place in which to live? You can do it by spending your dollars with the merchants who are paying taxes in this town instead of with those who are paying taxes in the cities. Are you willing to be a booster for your town—not for that of the mail-order man?—not for that.—Tweed Advocate.

### S. S. No. 5 SIDNEY.

Senior Fourth:—Harry Lott.  
Senior Third:—Clayton Eggleton, Vera Ray, Edgar Ray.  
Junior Third:—Lizzie Thrasher, Myrtle Cooke, Jessie Curlett, Clinton Eggleton, Edward Gascoyne, Harry Waite, Bessie Langaber.  
Senior Second:—Gilbert Waite, Aletha Rutter, Clara Adams.  
Senior Primer:—Kenneth Ray, Everett Cook, Gordon Waterhouse, Delbert Nelson, Bruce Nelson.  
Junior Primer:—Harold Thrasher, Katherine Waterhouse, Jean Adams, Helen Ray, Hubert Adams.  
J. McKenna, Teacher.

SUITS IN

Malicious Purchase

Seamith vs McMath.

This was an action for prosecution brought by Smith of Tyendinaga. McMath of Richmond, Ontario, accused the Plaintiff a bull and shipping drovers west of Toronto criminal trial at Niagara Falls, the Plaintiff, acquitted, and now damages for false accusation prosecution. McMath, of Toronto, Defendant with Mr. J. Napanee, and asked for the setting of the action to the County subcommittee, and the Tyendinaga much disappointed at trial not being proceeded Northrup & Ponton, Plaintiff, who is also action for slander against McMath.

Reid vs Lazier & Allen.

This was an action by Reid of Shannon, Ontario, for the late Lingham Estate and Allen, for commission of lands from Indians and others of the Ontario Limestone.

## Grateful For

The Secretary of the I.O.D.E., has received letter from the London Committee, London, Ontario. Dear Madam:—Too much indeed for you. The bale of gloves has are indeed immensely. It is a splendid collection of the best we have. Please convey our thanks to Mrs. Boyce and all the Order who so kindly gave us the gloves. The gloves will be in the Order and are not at all still supplying the waistcoats, and the with them. We have We are now busy col-

