

# The Weekly Ontario

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1915.

## TWELVE MONTHS OF WAR.

At twelve o'clock tonight exactly one year will have elapsed since Great Britain declared war against Germany. Few of us at that time thought that war on so gigantic a scale could endure for a year. After twelve months of unparalleled bloodshed and waste and suffering, the end seems much farther away than it did at the actual commencement of hostilities.

The ordinary layman need not be ashamed of his lack of prescience. Men with the most ample information at their disposal have repeatedly misjudged. The operators of the German war machine, with the most elaborate spy system ever devised, did not understand the spirit of free countries, and their machine has itself broken down at many points. Their hopes and predictions in regard to the speedy possession of Paris notoriously failed.

On the side of Great Britain perhaps the most serious error has been in a short-sighted under-estimation of Germany's military prowess. This, combined with the unfortunate appointment of Lord Kitchener to have charge of the industrial organization of England for procuring a supply of munitions, has placed Great Britain in a position relatively much weaker than she should occupy today.

The work that has been undertaken and is now being carried out so successfully by Mr. Lloyd should have been inaugurated a year ago, not at the end of ten months.

We do not agree with the opinion expressed by Mr. Northrup in his address a few evenings ago that Great Britain was retaining its huge army of two and a half millions at home because of fear of invasion. That is not the British way. It would be the more certain method of encountering final disaster to dally at home until Germany had opportunity to crush England's unsupported allies on the Continent. Sound military strategy would indicate that the best way to prevent invasion would be to unite and co-operate with the other nations with all her might while those nations were yet powerful and undefeated.

It would seem to us that the only explanation of Great Britain's huge idle army is not fear of invasion but lack of equipment. That deficiency we now hope will soon be supplied and the tale that will be told may soon be very different.

It is beyond the realm of probability that the war can terminate soon. The Allies are quite as determined as ever to crush German militarism in the most final manner. But the recent successes of Germany and Austria will mean many months of the most desperate warfare before those powers can be humbled.

Our determination to win has not been lessened by a year of fighting. The sacrifices for the next twelve months are likely to be infinitely greater than in the twelve months that are now a part of history.

## HOLD FAST!

Although the necessities of the Russian campaign in the East had made practically inevitable the evacuation of Warsaw—and this has been largely discounted by the military observers—the actual event itself is almost sure to give rise to a fresh growth of pessimism in certain sections of the public. While it would be unwise to minimize the moral effect of the loss of the Polish capital, and the necessary retreat of the Russian armies, there is, on the other hand, no occasion for discouragement. The German progress in Galicia and Poland has been by no means decisive. The occupation of Przemyśl, Lemberg, and now, at it appears, of Warsaw, while spectacular events, are not of great military importance.

The Russians are evacuating Warsaw just as they abandoned Przemyśl, because the attempt to hold it would be far too costly, and if, as the despatches from Petrograd indicate, the Grand Duke has kept his armies intact and withdrawn to stronger lines, whether it is extremely doubtful the German generals will venture to follow him, it is no sense a serious reverse, much less a disaster. We may have every confidence that when the industries of Russia are mobilized, as those of France and Britain are now mobilized, and a plentiful supply of munitions is provided for the Russian army, the Grand

Duke will once more take the offensive against the invader.

To those timid or pessimistic souls who may be plunged into gloom by the Teutonic successes in Galicia and Poland it may be well to point out again, that, although the Allies have made no spectacular gains, they have accomplished great things, and have made substantial progress. It must be always remembered that the Allies have had to overcome the handicap of fighting against a Power which had been making the most thorough and scientific preparation for more than forty years. In spite of this enormous disadvantage they have held the enemy, and, with the single exception of the later developments on the Eastern front, are steadily pushing him back, while all the time Britain's overwhelming sea power is tightening the grip which will eventually strangle the Germanic powers. Mr. Winston Churchill in London gave a short review of the situation, which ought to inspire confidence. He said:

Five great Powers are allied together against Germany—ourselves, France, Russia, Italy, and that grand ally—never forget it—time. (Cheers.) Time is on our side—not to waste, but time must be used as one of the forces on the side of the Allies to concert, coordinate, and combine their ultimate offensive strength. (Cheers.) In war the use of time is one of the most important and vital factors, but if we are to pursue our objective resolutely and unswervingly—not be daunted by success not being immediate,—then I say patience, fortitude, loyalty, hopefulness, comradeship must all be forthcoming in unstinted abundance. Let discord die! (Cheers.) Concentrate every scrap of strength and life of every man and woman upon the purpose and object which stands so clearly before us—first, of increasing, expanding, equipping, and maintaining our large and growing armies, and then supporting those armies in their task until Belgium is liberated and Prussia is beaten to her knees. (Loud cheers.)

Let us then, keep our heads high and our hearts strong. Russia has met with a reverse, but Russia is far from beaten, and Britain and France are steadily growing in strength. The end, unhappily, is not yet in sight, but after all, the achievements of a year of war, are not to be underrated, and, while the struggle before us will call for greater and still greater sacrifices, there is no reason to doubt, on the contrary, there is much to fill us with new confidence in the triumphant issue of our cause. It is no time for weakening and despair. Let every man grip himself harder, and do his utmost in whatever way he can to bring about a complete victory.

## "IRELAND WILL BE THERE."

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., has drawn attention to a passage in the speech delivered recently by Sir John Simon at the Mansion House in Dublin, "which remains unrecorded in most of the London papers," which he quotes, declaring: "I have rarely read a finer speech." Here is the passage:

"The terrible drama of war which opened eleven months ago is still being enacted, and the end is not in sight. It has contained incidents so horrible that we are tempted to believe that the world is enchained in some hideous dream from which it cannot awake. It has contained scenes of sacrifice and courage so splendid, I may almost say unexampled, that we feel we have never estimated at its true worth the unquenchable spirit of brave men fighting in a good cause.

"And in every part of this drama Ireland has had her part to play. When civilization stood aghast at the sack of Louvain—Louvain where O'Connell was a student—Irish indignation burst fiercely into flame. When nameless horrors were recounted, perpetrated by the savage invaders of the Belgian countryside, this island with its traditional respect for the purity of women, shuddered at the crime. When a great ship travelling on its peaceful mission to unite the American people with ourselves, was plunged in a moment to doom by an act of piracy, the bodies of the murdered victims were washed to an Irish shore. When the British army endured a long retreat from Mons, when they pushed back across the Aisne, when they gloriously carried the trenches at Neuve Chapelle, the Irish soldier was always facing the foe. I remember to have read that Edmund Spencer, writing of the Elizabethan wars in Ireland, put it on record that these Irish were 'great scorers of death.' They have proved it in these last few months on many a bloody field.

"When some new deed of gallantry comes to be acknowledged on behalf of his people by the King, whom we all serve, you may be sure that Ireland will be there. When anxious eyes scan the casualty lists in dread of reading some beloved name, Ireland is there. When the fatherless and widow wear with solemn pride the badge of their recent sacrifice, Ireland is there. And when this long agony is over, and liberty is restored to all the nations of the earth by the final overthrow of this hateful creed of tyranny, Ireland will assuredly be there."

## AN AMERICAN APPRECIATION.

A very striking editorial, which shows how Britain is bending her energies to the colossal task, recently appeared in the Chicago Daily News. The article applauds Britain's part in the struggle and it gives us great pleasure to print it in full. Here are some of the things which, this leading Chicago journal says, Great Britain is doing:

1. Holding the seas for the ships of her allies as well as for her own.
2. Protecting the coasts of her allies as well as her own.
3. Struggling in co-operation with the French, to smash the Turks and win the Balkans for the allied cause.
4. Rendering great aid to French and Belgian troops in resisting the terrible onslaughts of the Germans on the allied left wing in the West.
5. Making loans and supplying munitions to nearly all her partners in the war.
6. Pursuing a financial policy in south-eastern Europe likely to promote the cause of the nationalities.
7. Putting into the field more than ten times as many men as she ever promised.
8. Guarding her own soil and people against an invasion, which, if it came—and it is believed to be far from impossible—doubtless would be the most savage, the most unsparring ever known. With how many men? Well, with enough. To hear some people talk, one would suppose that upon Britain were laid the duty of defending every land but her own.

"Britain's wealth and sea power and military power, the writer continues, 'are the one sure safeguard against the triumph of Germany's unparalleled war machine. Without Britain's help, France and Russia certainly must have been crushed. Without Britain's whole-hearted participation in the war, who will say that Italy would have ventured to challenge the mighty and merciless Germanic coalition? With Britain out of the struggle, would there have been any hope of the Balkan States daring to move?'"

"And Britain—never forget it—was not compelled to go to the aid of France. Come what might, the most that ever Britain promised France were six divisions—120,000 men. She was not in honor bound to send a single soldier more. She could have stayed out of the war. Germany had begged her to stay out of the war. Disgraced she might have been—as Britons think, must have been—if she had left Belgium and France and European liberty to their doom."

"But she could have done this. Few nations are without disgrace, without historical pages they faint would otherwise obliterate. Britain was not attacked. France and Russia were attacked. Britain might have awaited the onset—as America is awaiting the onset. Britain might have stood clear, might have husbanded her resources of men and money, might swiftly have prepared, even might have loomed over the stricken adversaries in the end and claimed the hegemony of Europe for herself.

"Britain did not do so. She threw her trident into the scale. She threw her sword into the scale. She threw her gold into the scale—and she is incalculably rich. She threw into the balance her impressive racial record, her prestige, her unrivalled diplomatic skill. She threw—is throwing—will throw into the balance the whole puissance of her Empire. And all for what? For the principle—the fruits of the principle—the liberty of the individual against the despotism of the State."

"Britain," the writer concludes, "one can believe, may be the author of some acts of which she is not proud—may have done some things to cause her, looking back upon them with full light, to wish they had never been done. But, in this war, this old and proud democracy is unfolding, applying a material strength and moral splendor that for countless ages after this conflict is stilled will be shining undimmed amid the first glories of history." No finer tribute to our Mother Country could be desired by the most ardent lover of the British cause. And it is as true as it is eloquent.

## VON SPEE ON CORONEL.

Admiral Von Spee's despatch on the Battle of Coronel, which has only just been published in Germany, adds something to our knowledge. It confirms that the German squadron engaged included not only the Scharnhorst and the Gneisenau but all the three light cruisers. The encounter was accidental. When the German squadron left for Coronel on the morning of November 1 it expected to catch only one small cruiser. The Nurnberg and Dresden were scouting ahead. At 4.17 p.m. the Monmouth and the Glasgow were sighted, and eight minutes later the Otranto. The Germans steered to cut the British off from the coast and tried to "jam" their wireless. It was not until 5.20 that the Good Hope was sighted, and once the British squadron was united it no longer avoided but sought an action. The Scharnhorst opened fire at 6.20 in a bad light and a rough sea. The German Admiral admits that the heavy sea told moer against

the British shooting than the German. He admits that the heavy sea told moer against Good Hope, and says that as the moon rose the Good Hope was preparing to torpedo, and the Scharnhorst increased her distance to avoid it. A fire which early broke out on the Good Hope helped the German shooting. The Good Hope ceased firing at 7.23 and the Monmouth at 7.20. The German light cruisers were then ordered to attack the British armored cruisers with the torpedo. They failed to find the Good Hope, but the Nurnberg ended the Monmouth with gunfire. The Monmouth could make no reply but went down flag flying. No effort seems to have been made to save the crew. Von Spee claims that the German light cruisers were not hit and suffered no loss throughout the action, and that the Gneisenau had only two men slightly wounded. The dramatic interest of this belated story of the battle is intensified by the fact that the German Admiral who told it lies at the bottom of the sea with his squadron. In the Falklands battle of December 8th, the Good Hope and the Monmouth were more than avenged by Admiral Sturdee's fleet.

Philip Gibbs, war correspondent of the London Chronicle, who is one of the most brilliant of the younger writers of Great Britain is not so carried away by the glories of war as to ignore its soul-crushing horrors. This is his moving plea:

"More passionate than any other emotion that has stirred me through life is my conviction that any man who has seen these things must, if he has any gift of expression, and any human pity, dedicate his brain and heart to the sacred duty of preventing another war like this. A man with a pen in his hand, however feeble it may be, must use it to tell the truth about the monstrous horrors, to etch its images of cruelty into the brains of the readers, and to tear down the veils by which the leaders of the peoples try to conceal its obscenities. The conscience of Europe must not be lulled to sleep again by the narcotics of old phrases about the ennobling influences of war and its 'purging fires.' It must be shocked by the stark reality of this crime in which all humanity is involved, so that from all the peoples of the civilized world there will be a great cry of rage and horror if the spirit of militarism raises its head again and demands new sacrifices of blood and life's beauty."

From an officer of a very famous regiment who has been out in France since the beginning of the war, and is now able to speak without prejudice, as he has received a staff appointment, the London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian has heard some interesting views about the character of the different varieties of soldiers in the test of war. In the officer's opinion the best soldier was unquestionably a miner. He has had many miners in his regiment, and he preferred them because they were strong in the back and used to dangers and explosions, and could endure cramped positions in the trenches. Their ears were very quick, and they were curious about sounds, and their intelligence was excellent. They put two and two together much more quickly than any other class of men. Asked how he managed to straighten out his miners to be a credit to his famous regiment, he replied that they were very successful at that, and that the drafts of miners who had joined after the war began were older men and too far set to be made into show soldiers. "But," he added, "the Germans probably did not notice the difference."

## ENGLAND.

[Of all the poems of Island England, none are more exquisite than the following by Mr. Geoffrey Howard, which appeared in Mr. Cecil Chesterton's New Witness.]

The men who thought for England  
When Peace was on the earth  
Saw her as a Behemoth,  
A god of monstrous girth;  
But to those who fight for England  
To them appeareth she  
A small carved jewel of a land  
No larger than a human hand,  
With fields of emerald, and a band  
Of sapphire for a sea.  
We boasted once in England,  
When pride and peace were ours,  
Of vast dead piles whose brick and stone  
Rose tall as Babel's Towers.  
Now round the men of England  
Are shells that burst and scream,  
And they that think on her again  
Grow cold to death and dead to pain  
Because of one green winding lane  
Or one blue secret stream.  
For we that dreamed in England,  
Like fevered men we were,  
That longed to fling the windows out  
Wide to the wind and air;  
But now that England's peril  
Draws nearer like a vice,  
We draw our swords and strike out hard,  
Being indeed like men who guard  
A tiny box of myrrh or nard  
Whose worth is past all price.

## Other Editors' Opinions

### THE APPEAL FOR YOUNG MEN.

The young men of Canada must be persuaded, not scolded, into recruiting, and we must consider very seriously the means of persuasion. The greatest obstacle is imperfect realization of what is going on in Europe, and what the issue is. There is no use in scolding young men for not realizing this. We say that our liberties are in danger. They are in danger. But middle-aged men and old men who realize this must not be in a hurry to blame young men who do not realize it. They have taken their enjoyment of liberty for granted. Not one young man in a hundred has ever reflected that his liberty comes from Magna Charta or from John Hampden, or from the defeat of the Armada or the defeat of Napoleon.

There has been all through Canada until very recent years, a feeling of isolation from the affairs of Europe. This has not been confined to young men, or to one party. Even those who were insistent upon the necessity of defence in Canada did not, until very recent years, have anything to say about Europe. Until the South African war very few people regarded it as possible that Canadian soldiers would be asked to fight in other parts of the world. Until a still more recent period, it was never imagined that it would be necessary for Canadian soldiers to go to Europe in order to defend either their own liberties or those of the United Kingdom.

This war is an amazing war, a new kind of war, such a struggle as never before happened in the history of the world. It breaks up old traditions and standards. It is Armageddon. It is the conflict not only between nation and nation, but between darkness and light, between decency and blackguardism, between freedom and tyranny. It means a hope or a threat for every man, woman, and child in the world. If there were any who really foresaw it as it is, let them have full credit for their prophetic gifts. But that is not the main thing. The main thing is to get every fighting man to realize what it means, what he has at stake, what his wife, folk and children have at stake, what is his duty, and what is the glorious opportunity.

For if we live in a time of peril, we live also in a time of opportunity. Those who come after you may enjoy lives of peace and assured liberty. It is your splendid privilege to help lay or restore or broaden the foundations of peace and liberty, to live in history as live the authors of Magna Charta and the men who drove back the Spanish Armada. The most glorious pages of history record no such struggle for liberty as we are engaged in today. The blackest annals of crime record no such conspiracy against liberty, against the domestic affections, against the deencies of life against the honor of women, as are revealed by the devilish words that German philosophers have written, and the foul deeds that German soldiers have done.

Our young men must be made to realize these things. They are not indifferent. They may be thoughtless. But their lives are clean and their hearts are sound. They would lynch men who, in Canada, committed the deeds that Germans have done in Europe on land and on sea. They should go into this war with the same righteous anger flaming in their hearts. They should be made to realize that the German victory would mean black despair and unspeakable degradation for humanity, and that the fairest hopes of humanity rest upon their valor and that of their comrades in arms. This is humanity's crusade. Toronto Star.

### MURDERERS ALL

The Austrians, it would seem, have caught the German habit and are looting and burning houses and villages in Trieste, just as the Germans have done in their wild and mad career elsewhere. Verdi's monument and other works of art have been destroyed and the whole town practically a wreck. Probably what will next happen will be that the inhabitants will be outraged and abused much as Germany outraged and abused the people of Lille, Louvain and other Belgian cities which they have taken possession of.

A fine combination, these murderous barbaric people of Germany and Austria and their decadent ally, Turkey. It will be well for the world when they are finally put out of business.—Kingston Daily Standard.

Asthma Victims. The man or woman subject to asthma is indeed a victim. What can be more terrifying than to suddenly be seized with paroxysms of choking which seem to fairly threaten the existence of life itself. From such a condition Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy has brought many to completely restored health and happiness. It is known and prized in every section of this broad land.

## REM

There is no independent, e... of that of a fa... science was sp... until some ye... my teens did... coveted spot... is one that ha... me all through... The recollectio... under the pa... the fondest an... of all my va... home was not... attractively lo... hopes in the... nevertheless... think that ou... ment were a... ing of any ar... of a goodly st... our front kitel... us easy access... and boating... for-coasting, o... to the heart o... unto overflow... members of t... and the intere... upbringing an... family was as... responsive and... my recollectio... or discordant... father and m... mutual unde... required of e... dominating sp... the most en... but for consol... pathy when i... mother was s... sought, and c... real mother to... the magic tou... of a mother's... What a u... sight we mus... at the table f... Each one s... place... With head... grace... an epitome of... ship in con... Heavenly Fat... Our family... and eleven boy... girls having r... before I was o... to fully realiz... Now many ye... have no data... last some day... Peached adult... ing a re-unio... graphed in gro... enlarged and... the like of whi... many notable... allel and we... among the ar... While we we... children we d... run of child... mumps, whoo... and measles, i... collection of c... then the fami... my estimation... personality; t... ure, a voice a... and a profes... His services so... he was at t... himself amon... might obtain a... occasion I re... my father the... around for a... of them knew... did not kno... seventh son v... sex, I was to... for a doctor a... dowed with... powers. Suc... been the belie... came to our p... to his home, v... distance away... daughter, who... Seated in a... stood with m... her neck for s... I was told th... further attend... given, a pictu... As I was not c... further recolle... holding of ye... meetings were... dren looked fe... most delight... Friends at a d... ting up place... who would sto... rooms being f... Our mother w... and was alway... of hired help... of the greatest... Speaking the... Friends were e... days. Kindly... tion toward e... toward every... came in conta... commanding... women could... where, and ce... generate days