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MONDAY, JANUARY 18, 1915.

DR. GORDON'S MEETINGS

Tonight's is the farewell meeting of the Christian Citizenship Campaign. The great and continuously increasing crowds have demonstrated that Dr. Gordon has struck a popular chord. His congregations have been representative of the entire community. All classes and creeds have come and listened. Many who have almost never been seen at regular church services have been in nightly attendance. The crowds who have thronged the auditorium at each service constitute the best evidence that the speaker and his message are meeting with popular approval.

The listener is very likely to gather the impression at first, from the speaker's unusually animated and dramatic style, that he is something of an actor, but later it becomes apparent that his intensely earnest and emphatic delivery is quite as natural to Dr. Gordon as the more quiet and less intense manner is to the ordinary pulpiteer. Opinions will differ about the propriety of using display advertising for making announcement of the meetings. But it has become the practice of recent years for all churches to use the public press for informing the people when services are to be held and what subjects will be discussed by the minister.

There has been in Dr. Gordon's meetings an entire absence of the cheap emotionalism which is so often characterized by the work of the professional evangelist. He hasn't discussed profound theological or philosophical themes. The least cultured of his audiences have had no difficulty in understanding exactly what the speaker meant. Probably the uncultured listener had heard the same message many times before. The fundamental rules of Dr. Gordon's Christian Citizenship are not large in number or difficult of comprehension. He shows his congregations the folly, the meanness, the stupidity, the unwholesomeness of immorality, uncleanness, dishonesty, falsehood and sin, and the supreme satisfaction that comes to him who aims to be true, to be honorable, upright, and kind.

After all, how much farther than this does all the theological hair-splitting go towards making the will of God to prevail on earth? Whether these meetings will produce permanent results remains to be seen. There seems to be a need for some crystallizing of the effort in some organized form so that the work so enthusiastically inaugurated may become a part of the life of the community.

HUMANE RUSSIA

A number of distinguished British authors have signed a manifesto addressed to Russian authors in which they say:

"When at last our victorious fleets and armies meet together and the allied nations of East and West set themselves to restore the wellbeing of many millions of ruined homes, France and Great Britain will assuredly bring their large contributions of good will and wisdom, but your country will have something to contribute which is all its own. It is not only because of your valor in war and your achievements in art, science, and letters that we rejoice to have you as allies and friends; it is for some quality in Russia herself, something both profound and humane, of which these achievements are the outcome and the expression.

"You, like us, entered upon this war to defend a weak and threatened nation which trusted you against the lawless aggression of a strong military power; you, like us, have continued it as a war of self-defence and self-emanipation. When the end comes and we can breathe again we will help one another to remember the spirit in which our allied nations took up arms and thus work together in a changed Europe to protect the weak, to liberate the oppressed, and to bring eventual healing to the wounds inflicted on suffering mankind both by ourselves and our enemies."

Among those who have signed the manifesto are Mr. William Archer, Sir J. M. Barrie, Mr.

Arnold Bennett, Dr. Robert Bridges, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Mr. John Galsworthy, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Henry James, Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. William Watson, and Mr. H. G. Wells.

BELGIUM, RUSSIA AND FRANCE.

Dr. Herbert Bury, Bishop of Central and Northern Europe, an interview with whom appears in Great Thoughts, knows the peoples of the Continent intimately, and has a great opinion of the little Kingdom now under the heel of the Germans:

"Put this down as coming straight from me," the Bishop said. "There are no larger-hearted land or people, in all Europe than the Belgian kingdom. Why, we talk about our English charity, our broad views. But look at Belgium! When you speak of religious toleration, of mutual help and comfort, look at Belgium. There the government is frankly clerical—Roman Catholic, in fact. Yet, so far is Belgium removed from bigotry, intolerance and jealousy in religious matters, that the State helps freely any denomination whose clergy need it, if only they are doing really good and righteous work. It even gives them aid towards building their churches and schools."

"Surely," added the Bishop, "we could all learn something in our religious life and work from little Belgium."

The Bishop has great hopes regarding the results of the war. He is especially glad at the proclamation "which has at a blow killed Russia's curse—vodka."

"Why we Churchmen, and all the religious and social forces, working for righteously and moral good in Russia for ages, had practically accomplished hardly anything towards this tremendous and desirable end. Yet this war has done it in a day. Think of it! Isn't it a miracle in its way? I, who know what this means, can assure you it just makes me go on my knees and thank God the Father that I have lived to witness this day!"

Dr. Bury says the French are not irreligious as we are often told: "The Lord God is still their God; and tens of thousands, nay, millions, of hearts in France are turning towards Him at this very moment in prayer and loving desire for comfort and help."

"THE INFERIOR ENGLISH."

Under this heading the journal Vorwärts the Socialist organ of Berlin, publishes a most interesting letter written by a German soldier, shortly before he was killed at Dixmude.

No sooner had we arrived at the front (he wrote) than we were sent forward. Our opponents are for the most part English, the French and the Belgians being in a minority here. When, after our first fight, we had a few moments' rest, and I thought of those who had fallen in this struggle—a large number, namely, forty-three, had been killed in my company alone—I could not help being struck by the thought that these losses had been inflicted on us by the inferior hordes of mercenary English. Such, at least, they are often called by some of our papers at home. For fourteen days we have now had an opportunity of making ourselves closely acquainted with these "hirelings." I will tell you later on the details of our fight with the English, but first of all I want to express the following wish—those people who so often make fun of the English "hirelings" ought to have been at our side just for twenty-four hours during the last fourteen days: I truly believe they would have gained quite a different conception of these beardless figures with the long legs (which, according to the people I have referred to, are only used for running away). We have learned to recognize the English as troops who are at least equal to ourselves. Their movements in battle frequently astonish us. Their methods of fighting remind me—now that I have time to think it over—of the peaceful games we play at home on our sport grounds. I must say it once more—the English are no inferior opponents. For fourteen days we had to battle with these people for every foot of ground. Scarcely had we driven them from one position than they had established themselves firmly in another, and at once began a counter-attack. We then had to call for the assistance of our artillerymen, and not until they had prepared the way could we go on with our task. Had not our artillery been superior to the enemy's, we should have had much heavier losses. But with its assistance we have been able to storm position after position.

The French Commission's report puts the German officers beyond the pale of decency. They are simply brutes.

There is still room for a few more volunteers in the Fifteenth Battalion section of the Third Overseas Contingent. Why not make it a hundred this time?

It is said that in the first three months of

the war Sir John French promoted 440 men from the ranks to be commissioned officers. This is a war where merit tells.

The lack of news from the battlefronts is to be put down to the Weather Man rather than the Censor. Although the latter is also on the job, rain or shine.

The German cruiser Bremen which was supposed to be in Mexican waters at the outbreak of the war is now reported to have arrived at Wilhelmshaven in a damaged condition. If this report is correct only the Karlsruhe and the Dresden, of the German cruisers at large, remain to be accounted for.

The present year and the present month began business on Friday. The disastrous earthquake in Italy on the thirteenth of this month proves beyond the shadow of doubt that promiscuous liberties must not be taken with certain days and numbers.

Turkey, says the Chicago Tribune, has the most curious policy that ever governed a nation. It is simple, and has the beauty of simplicity; if you see trouble get into it; if you don't see it, make it. The Ottomans seem determined to depart from the European continent in a configuration of heroic and fatuous mistakes.

At the celebration of Christmas at the German Great Headquarters the Kaiser made a speech. In this he is reported as saying: "God permitted the enemy to compel us to celebrate this festival here," the word "here" being defined a little later as "on hostile soil." This sentence of the Kaiser puzzles the Westminster Gazette not a little. Is it meant for a thanksgiving or for a rebuke? Ought a nation of supermen ever to be "compelled" to do anything by "permission" of the Almighty?

The other day Viscount Morley (John Morley) entered upon his seventy-seventh year; and now, outside the arena of active life, the closing of his first public address, delivered just fifty years ago, have a singular application to his own experience. "Literature," he remarked, "is an adornment to prosperity, a refuge and a solace in adversity; in private it is our delight, in public our help; and whether at home or abroad, whether in town or country, by day or by night, it remains an abiding joy and employment."

Armand Lavergne, M.P.P., who followed Mr. Bourassa in his attack upon Sir Wilfrid Laurier in Quebec, is trying to make a noise over Canada's participation in the war, but the country is in no mood to listen to his chattering at this time. The business at hand is to lick the Prussian bully.

Germany used to boast of her High Sea Fleet. Hereafter, as one English writer suggests, it is more than likely to be dubbed the High Canal Fleet, and it may be added that the self-appointed "Admiral of the Atlantic" will be universally recognized as the Admiral of the Kiel Canal.

One of the difficulties in the way of arriving at a satisfactory settlement of the difficulty between Britain and the United States is found in the dishonesty of American shippers in hiding contraband goods among goods not contraband. Britain has allowed the free export of American cotton to Germany, but prohibits the sending of copper, a material of war, to the same country. In some cases cargoes professedly of cotton have been found to have copper hidden in them. A similar case occurred at an Italian port, when a ship arrived from New York, professedly loaded with grain. It was found that under the grain was hidden an enormous quantity of copper, besides a number of boxes containing war munitions destined for Germany.

The Belgians suffer—as they should—for German culture they withstand; what insolence! what hardihood! what blindness theirs! When to their gates the Germans brought the sword; they most unwisely fought; they should have helped the whole blamed lot to easy chairs. They should have seen, with clearer view, that everything that Germans do is based on Truth and Justice, too, and glows with light; if Wilhelm starts to drive a wedge through treaty, prose, oath and pledge, or splits them with the sabre edge, his course is right. If Wilhelm states, "I'll cross your state, the short cut to a foeman's gate, so just sit tight and calmly wait for your reward," a country promptly should obey, and give old Bill the right of way, for it's impertinence to stay the great war lord. But Belgium would not stand aside, or act as chaperon and guide, when German hosts began to ride across her plain; but angrily the people hissed "For home and honor" we resist the rampant war lord's armored fist, till all are slain! And now a bleeding wreck she lies; the wallings of her widows rise; her orphans clamor to the skies, and weep in vain; despoiled by vandal and by thief;

so let us profit by her grief and all obey the Teuton chief—our duty's plain. —Walt Mason.

TWO FARMERS.

The slipshod farmer goes by guess, and has all kinds of black distress. He doesn't keep his head on straight, but sticks to methods out of date. You say, "Why don't you take a brace, and cultivate your blamed old place, in modern style, with modern tools, according to the latest rules? Why not improve your flocks and herds? Then you'd have coin to pelt the birds." He answers through his old straw lid: "I do the way my father did. I have no use for modern rules, for agriculture learned in schools. No farmers' journal do I need; I have no time to sit and read. I've too much trouble on my mind, to stand and talk here 'till I'm blind; my cows are all producing whey, my hens have never learned to lay; my hogs are troubled with the thumps; my horses have the jumping mumps; our old stone churn is out of plumb, and so the butter will not come; the well is dry, the chimney smokes, my hired men are lazy blokes, and I must kick around and roar, just as my father did of yore."

The modern farmer, up to date, has all things running smooth and straight. He knows the farmer must advance, and knowledge gain at every chance. For farming is no blind man's game; the winner needs a lofty aim, must have a comprehensive view, and know what other farmers do. He ought to know what kind of stock will bring him roubles by the creek, know how to combat bugs and worms, and put a crimp in deadly germs; he ought to know what kind of grain will flourish best on hill or plain; he ought to know what kind of pills to give his horses for their ills, a thousand things he has to know, if he would sidestep grief, and so he reads farm papers every day, and knows the good one makes it pay; it pays a hundred times its cost—the time spent reading isn't lost. —Walt Mason.

ONLY A SCRAP OF PAPER.

It was only a scrap of paper,
'Twas not a vellum scroll,
It was only the word of England
That bid the war drums roll.

It was only a scrap of paper
That fired the blaze of war;
It was only right and wrong, sir,
That opened the Lion's jaw.

It was only a scrap of paper,
Which Belgians believed;
So they poured out their blood, sir,
And they were not deceived.

It was only a scrap of paper,
The Kaiser sneered and lied,
He risked the teeth of the Bull Dog,
He forgot old England's pride.

It will be more than a scrap of paper
At the end of a bloody war;
Our Tommies and Tars will hold him, sir,
Crunched in the Lion's jaw.

LIEGE. (1914.)

(From the New York World.)
"Ye're men of peace," the Kaiser said.
"Ye wot not how to fight!
Give passage to my soldier men, nor prate
to me of right,
Or I'll blot out in red the oath ye swore in
black and white!"

The Burgomeister from the wall: "All
peaceful men are we.
But we have sworn that through our land
we'll give no passage free,
And what we swore in black and white
we'll keep in red." said he.

"Push on, my men," the Kaiser cried.
"Turn loose the cannonry!
Hale out that Burgomeister churl to hang
upon a tree!
Rush on, my Uhlands, cuirassiers, dragons
and infantry!"

Across the meadows, 'neath the walls, the
regiments advance.
The horsemen rush, the footmen push.
With cannon, sabre, lance
They strike the men who dare to keep the
oath they swore to France.

Eftsoon the peaceful meadows groan
beneath red mangled heaps!
In row on row, head to the foe, the fearless
Germans sleep.

Alas! full well his plighted word the peace-
ful burgher keeps!
"God rest their souls, the gallant men!" the
Burgomeister said,
As from the wall, with saddened eye, he
looked out o'er the dead.
"But what is sworn in black and white must
e'en be kept in red!"

BIG, HEARTY
BABY BOY

Mrs. Beck's Fondest Hopes
Realized—Health, Happiness and Baby.

Upper Lohare, N. S., Can. — "I wish to thank you for the benefit I received by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female troubles from which I was a great sufferer, so that I was completely run down in health. Other medicine did not help me, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong. I now have a big, hearty baby boy, and praise your medicine for the wonderful lot of good it has done me." — Mrs. ISRAEL BECK, JR., Upper Lohare, Lumburg Co., N. S., Canada.



The darkest days of husband and wife are when they come to look forward to a childless and lonely old age. Many a wife has found herself incapable of motherhood owing to some derangement of the feminine system, often curable by the proper remedies. In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal. If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Upper Lohare, N. S., Can. — "I wish to thank you for the benefit I received by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female troubles from which I was a great sufferer, so that I was completely run down in health. Other medicine did not help me, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong. I now have a big, hearty baby boy, and praise your medicine for the wonderful lot of good it has done me." — Mrs. ISRAEL BECK, JR., Upper Lohare, Lumburg Co., N. S., Canada.

WEDDING BELLS

HAMILTON—DOCKSTADER

On December 30th at 12:30 a quiet wedding was solemnized at the home of Mrs. T. W. Dockstader, 327 21st Ave., West, Calgary, Alta. When her only daughter Clarissa Mabel was united in holy bonds of matrimony to Mr. E. J. Hamilton, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Hamilton of Madoc, Ont. Rev. Allen C. Farrell, pastor of the Wesley Methodist church, performed the ceremony in the presence of a few of the most intimate friends of the bride. After a dainty lunch had been served the happy couple left for brief visit at Medicine Hat, Alta. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton will take up their residence at Herbert, Sask., where Mr. Hamilton is manager for the Beaver Lumber Co., Ltd.

Police on the Case

A fire and attempted burglary occurred early Sunday morning in Lemon Bros. store, Coburne, and is thought to be of incendiary origin. Within two years the same firm have suffered from two other fires, similarly started. The provincial police are working on the case.

Many Warm Friends

A despatch from Madoc states that a unanimous invitation had been extended to Rev. Dr. MacTavish, formerly of Deseronto and Kingston, but more recently connected with the Loyal Union Alliance, to become pastor of the Presbyterian Church in that town. The doctor has many warm friends in Deseronto. —Post.

Secured a Fine Position

Mr. Harold Ingram, son of Mr. H. L. Ingram, West Bridge St., left yesterday for Williamsport, Pa., where he has secured an excellent position on the staff of "The Daily Sun" of that city. The "Sun" is the leading newspaper of Williamsport which is a city of more than thirty thousand population. Mr. Ingram is but nineteen years of age. He is a graduate of Belleville High School and secured his first experience in journalism as editor of the high school magazine, "The Elevator." After passing through the 4th form at the High School, Mr. Ingram entered the Ontario Business College where he recently graduated. The publishers of The Sun wrote to Mr. Johnson to recommend them a graduate of his well known institution for their office. The result is Mr. Ingram's appointment. This is surely a fine tribute to the excellent and far-reaching reputation enjoyed by the O.B.C. as well as to the merits of the graduate who has gone to fill the position.

Mrs. Perry Goldsmith of Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. W. S. Clewe, Church street. Her husband, Major Perry Goldsmith M.D. formerly of Belleville, is at the front in Eastern France with the A.M.C.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

are not a new and untried remedy—our grandfathers used them. Half a century ago, before Confederation, they were on sale in nearly every drug or general store in the Canada of that day, and were the recognized cure in thousands of homes for constipation, Indigestion, Biliquiness, Rheumatism and Kidney and Liver Troubles. Today they are just as effective, just as reliable as ever, and nothing better has yet been devised to

Cure Common Ills

OF HEAD
BY MARCI

Supplied Exclusively
British & Colonial
Tore

CHAP

In the Diamond
A girl's scream
soprano's high note
and in a moment
Opera House was
cry, half appressed
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millionaire.
"No, no," answer
"There are several
look again—look e
othly, help me count
The women sorted
gems, indifferent t
of eyes as if in th
boudoir.

Griswold and San
search, peering into
nars, pushing chair
Froehing, grasping