

THE WEEKLY ONTARIO.

THE DAILY ONTARIO is published every afternoon (Sundays and holidays excepted) at The Ontario Building, Front Street, Belleville, Ontario. Subscription \$3.00 per annum.

THE WEEKLY ONTARIO and Bay of Quinte Chronicle is published every Thursday morning at \$1.00 a year, or \$2.00 a year to the United States.

JOB PRINTING—The Ontario Job Printing Department is especially well equipped to turn out artistic and stylish Job Work. Modern presses, new type, competent workmen.

ADVERTISING RATES on application.
W. H. MORTON, Business Manager.
J. O. HERITY, Editor-in-Chief.

THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1916.

BULGARIA AND TURKEY WORRIED.

According to cable advices, Bulgaria and Turkey, allies of Germany and Austria, are in a bad way. They have appealed to the Teutonic allies for aid and that aid is not forthcoming because Germany is using every man she has got on the western front and in keeping the Russians out of Prussia and Austria is similarly occupied in fighting the Italians on one side and the Russians on the other.

Turkey threw her aid on the side of Germany when it became evident that the Entente Allies were determined to open the Dardanelles in order to allow Russia an outlet from the Black Sea so that she could throw men and provisions to the aid of Britain and France. Bulgaria came in later when Czar Ferdinand became convinced that the Teutonic allies were going to sweep the Balkan States clean and he wanted to take part in the division of the spoils.

A great British and French army is mobilized at Saloniki, Greece, and everything indicates that it is about to move forward to attempt to crush the Bulgarians. The time for such a movement appears ripe. In order to meet this advance, and being unable to get aid from either Germany or Austria, Bulgaria has withdrawn her troops from the Roumanian frontier. Roumania has been a great source of worry to Bulgaria as she has played fast and loose with both sides, with distinct leanings toward the Entente allies. Unless hard pressed for men Bulgaria would not have withdrawn these troops.

The drive which Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia is making through Asia Minor has caused the Turks to appeal to Germany for aid. The Turks are reported much worried over this Slav drive which threatens to overthrow Turkish rule in Asia. There are two Russian armies advancing through Asia Minor. One is sweeping everything before it in the North and the other is headed for Bagdad to engage the Turks who captured the British garrison at Kut-el-Amara and is besieging the British army sent to the relief of Amara, but which was unable to reach there. The Russians are flushed with victory and are stopping at nothing on their way.

If the Russian campaign in Asia Minor proves a success and the allied troops succeed in defeating the Bulgarians in the Balkans these activities may have a most important result in determining the deadlocks which exist on the East and West fronts of the war in Europe.

A GREAT AUTOMOBILE FEAT.

The automobile has scored a notable triumph in E. G. Baker's transcontinental trip. With a single companion, a newspaper man who went along merely as a passenger, Mr. Baker made the distance from Los Angeles to New York, nearly 3,500 miles, in seven days and a half.

That is only twice the time taken by the fastest through trains, which use a route more than 200 miles shorter. And in some respects the automobile put the railroads to shame. Mr. Baker used only one car, and drove it every mile of the way himself. It takes twenty-two locomotives to make the same trip, and many changes of crews. The train, it must be remembered, has a smooth track all the way, and the automobile has to travel through mountains, deserts, plains and swamps with all sorts of highways and sometimes no highways at all. Mr. Baker was delayed by mud, sand, by rocky trails, by the blowing out of tires in the hot desert, by the accidental loss of fuel and oil. And yet, for long sections of the trip, he made better time than the United States mails. A letter mailed at Los Angeles before he started, and addressed to him at Dodge City, Kan., arrived there two hours after him. A post card was mailed to him at Emporia, Kan., just after he had passed through, addressed to him at New York. He beat it by an hour.

This is not only a great sporting achievement for the driver, it means something for the development of the automobile. As a test of mechanical perfection and endurance, it is worth incomparably more than all the purposeless racing, of highpower cars on speedways. For this was a standard car such as hundreds of thousands of citizens are driving every day. And if such a car can cross the continent now in seven days and a half, what may be expected after a few more years of automobile evolution and improved highways?

A MORE INTIMATE PERSONAL RELATIONSHIP.

Not only in this country but in every country there is one common and very generous fault among the general run of men. It is this, that they persuade themselves with little argument and almost always without reason that men of wealth, high station in life, or great personal success, not only in business but in all other activities, including politics and statesmanship, are, by the processes of fortune, divested of their natural interest in their fellow beings. Nothing is more untrue and those who allow themselves to fall under such a delusion are doing harm to themselves and an injustice to others.

Doubtless there are some men in big business, as there are in small business, who are charmed by the thought that because they are successful they must find for themselves a place high above the common run of humanity, but in nearly every case of that sort success is possibly more a result of accident than of merit.

The permanently successful man is usually a good man and few, if any, good men will lose their interest in the humanities of the world. When Henry Rogers, the great right hand of Rockefeller, went back to the village of his humble origin, after a long absence, and while at the very summit of his great business success, he was given a reception of extraordinary dignity and formality. The small big men of the town put on their frock coats, stiff colors and plug hats and met him at the depot like a super-serious delegation of country lodge men at the reception of the corpse of a deceased brother. Poor Rogers was about frozen when a big small man—the ne'er-do-well of the village—broke through the line of living icicles, reached out a hairy hand and shouted—

"Welcome home, 'Hen', old friend."

He was the boy pal—the swimming hole chum—of the great old magnate and to the end of his life Henry Rogers cherished the recollection that one man in the village of his birth had remembered his 'kid' name and was big enough of heart and soul to use it. His greeting had the human touch and that was what Mr. Rogers wanted to get upon his return to the old birthplace. He did not go there to be glorified because of his tremendous success in New York. While he scored great achievements he never failed to be human. It was because he was human that he returned to the old home intending to be a boy again for a few days.

The barrier so frequently set up between the average man and the very successful man, is, in nine cases out of ten, more the work of the former than of the latter.

THE ALL-IMPORTANT BRITISH FLEET.

If one point has been made clear above all others by the war it is that Britain was wise, and again wise in devoting all her spare energies to the development and strengthening of her Fleet. That Fleet has been the savior of the whole situation for Britain as well as for her Allies. But for it, the war would have been decided in favor of Germany, probably within three months of its commencement. Yet ever since the beginning of the war a constant outcry has been maintained by a hysterical element in England that all was lost; or likely to be lost, because, a conscript British Army, of continental magnitude and training had not been established in the United Kingdom in readiness for the war. The fact has been entirely ignored that the United Kingdom could not possibly have borne the combined burden of such a Fleet and such an Army. Had the Army been strengthened the Fleet must necessarily have been weakened. The nation had to choose between Fleet and Army. As usual, wisely and without hesitation it elected to put its trust in its Fleet.

No one will deny, no one can doubt for a moment, that had Britain possessed a great Army, as effective as her Fleet at the outbreak of the war, it would have been an invaluable national asset. But what would have been her plight had her Fleet been, say, a third weaker than it was and her Army four or five times stronger? It would have needed to be at least that much stronger to have been in any considerable degree effective. Had the Fleet been a third weaker could the enlarged Army have been safely or promptly landed in France, where alone it could render valuable service? Has not everything which has happened since the war began tended to justify completely the wisdom of the United Kingdom's decision between the rival claims of Army and Navy? The Fleet has kept the seas of the world. It has enabled the people of the United Kingdom to live in peace and security in the midst of the most horrible alarms of war that the world has ever experienced. It has safeguarded the whole wide Empire. It has protected the coasts of Britain's Allies. It has shielded the sea-borne commerce even of neutral nations. It has made the ultimate favorable termination of the war as good as a certainty from the start.

Nor was the Army neglected as the snivelers would have the public to believe. On the contrary, it made up in fighting ability what it lacked in mere numbers. It was the most efficient fighting force, in proportion to its size, that

Britain has ever possessed or the world ever seen. It proved in the retreat from Mons and at the Marne battle that it was a match for from three to four times its numbers of the cream of Germany's boasted troops. It and it alone, small as it was, saved the situation and turned almost assured German triumph into definite German defeat in the initial strategy of the war.

And it was not by any means the whole British Army. Back of it, and immediately available for service were three hundred thousand Territorials thoroughly equipped and second only to the Regulars in training and fighting ability. The whole British military forces ready for almost immediate action when war was declared numbered upwards of half a million men. Two hundred thousand of them were landed in France within a month. The remainder arrived in time to stop Germany's second great advance in the direction of Calais. The Fleet, the overpoweringly effective Fleet, enabled all this to be done without fear or peril. It justified France in hastening her every available soldier to the front without thought for her coast defence. While doing this it swept Germany's commerce from the seas, and hunted her warships into the holes and corners of the earth.

In addition to this tremendous and unique service, the British Navy ensured ample time for the enlistment, organization and training of the most wonderful army of citizen-soldiers in all history. It secured abundant time for the turning of Britain into one great factory for the production of munitions of war. While this was in progress, the Fleet with the co-operation of the rapidly-growing British armies in support of the Allies, has so managed that our domestic interests have never been in serious peril. The Germans have been steadily and securely "held" in preparation for the day when we shall finally fall upon and crush them. At no time since the Battle of the Marne have we had serious cause to fear them or to doubt the ultimate outcome of the war. We have made mistakes. We have had reverses. But we have had no cause for serious fears—thanks always to the Navy.

Never in all history has a nation shown itself wiser, stronger, more admirable than the world-wide British in this unprecedented struggle, and the preparations for it. Yet during all its continuance the whinnings of the wiselings have been heard even above the din of colossal strife and endeavor. They foresaw all that was coming! If only their advice had been followed all would have been well! If a great army had been recruited five years ago, we should have been better prepared, regardless of the fact that an attempt to raise such an army would not only have precipitated the war much sooner but by weakening the Fleet would in all probability have caused it to end in disaster. What answer can be made to fools? We are told in one passage in Holy Writ to answer a fool according to his folly; and in another, forbidden to so answer him. The combined Scriptural injunctions would seem to suggest silence.

HISSING THE STARS AND STRIPES.

The New York Times has admitted to its columns a letter from one Sweeney, who, with evident desire to check the strong pro-British sentiment of the Americans, says that he has been informed that it is the custom in Canada to hiss the Stars and Stripes when they appear at public places. The Times can be assured that so far as present conditions are concerned, the statement is not correct.

Mr. Sweeney's informant, no doubt, had in his mind the conditions of a short time ago, when insult was offered to all things American by many men in Canada from whom better things might have been expected. These men had the excuse—a very poor one, it is true—that they were playing a political game and that they served their own ends by creating an anti-American feeling as a means of defeating the men who cultivate better relations between Canada and the States. The leaders of this anti-American movement covered the dead walls of Canadian cities with portraits of Sir Wilfrid Laurier wrapped in the American flag, and they heaped insult upon him and upon the flag in many ways.

But that was four years ago. The miserable game succeeded. The men who played it so successfully won place and power and titles through the mistaken confidence of people who thought these men were in earnest. Now the various "Sirs" would like that record to be forgotten. They have numerous joy rides to New York and Washington. They are full of honeyed words for the Yankees with whom they wish "no truck or trade" in 1911. They bow down before the High Priests of Wall Street and ask for Yankee money to pay the expenses of Tory extravagance at Ottawa.

Mr. Sweeney has misinformed the New York Times as to present conditions in Canada.

SOMETHING NEW IN LABOR TROUBLE.

The strike of the men in the factories of the International Harvester Company and the manner in which this great corporation is meeting it provides a new incident in labor troubles. The men had no grievance and frankly stated so. The high price being paid to laborers in munition plants impelled the Harvester men to ask

if the International Harvester Company would not also pay these extraordinary wages. So they made demand for large increases, which the International Harvester Company could not pay. On the other hand the International Harvester Company did not notify the men as is the usual procedure of an intention to fill their places with strike breakers; they merely said that they would not pay the exorbitant wages; gave the men to understand that the International Harvester Company is engaged in making a munition of peace, not of war, and then said, "If you quit we will close the plants."

The Harvester people have adhered to this plan. They have treated the men with consideration. There has been no ill feeling between the striking men and their employers. The president of the company, Mr. McCormick, recently, in a public interview, complimented the 10,000 strikers upon the good order they had maintained during the strike. The Harvester people have invited them to go back to work next Monday and have said that any man who goes back will not lose any of the privileges or pensions that belonged to him by reason of long-time service, if he goes back Monday. If he does not come back Monday, then when he does come back he must come back and start in as a new employee. It's an entirely new way of meeting a strike. It may establish a precedent of value.

Blood infusion will no longer require the sacrifice of blood from one person to save the life of another if an invention of a New York physician meets the claims now being made for it. It is a formula for artificial blood which closely approximates the characteristics of real blood. It is composed chiefly of gelatine solution, sodium chloride and distilled water. The danger from hemorrhage is due not so much to the loss of the actual corpuscles in the blood as to the loss of volume. A number of experiments with this new formula indicate that it will serve as a substitute for human blood, at least in many cases.

Someone has learned that Benjamin Franklin originated the daylight saving plan. One night in 1784, while visiting in Paris, Franklin failed to close the blinds in his room and was awakened by the sunlight. He wrote to a friend that except for this incident he would have slept six hours longer. He made a few calculations and found that the city of Paris alone would save 96,075,000 pounds of wax, tallow and oil by using the light of the sun during the six summer months instead of candle light. He made no effort to induce the Parisians to adopt this new discovery and they continued to waste daylight and burn midnight oil.

Completion of the fifty-mile Marseilles-Rhone canal, which will permit small Mediterranean steamers to enter the Rhone river, indicates that not quite all of France's energy is being consumed by the war. A four-and-a-half-mile tunnel through the Rove mountain, the canal's chief obstacle, has been successfully bored, practically ending the six years of labor put in on this great public work. Unlike the Turkish railroads in Palestine, this project seems to have been pushed to a conclusion in spite of the war rather than because of it. Yet its advantage where huge armies are depending on water-borne munitions and food can readily be grasped. To the French canal system, already the most extensive in the world, it will be an addition of prime importance.

DISCOVERING A FRIEND.

If sorrow never happened and trouble never came
The only thing you'd know about your neighbor
is his name.
If all your days were bright and fair and certain
was your place,
You'd only know a fellow by the features of his face.
Acquaintances upon this earth are all you'd ever own
If care had always passed you by and grief you'd never known.
Time was I used to nod to one who lived across the way,
I knew his name, and he knew mine. We passed the time of day.
But nothing did he mean to me and nothing I to him
Until one morning sorrow came and all my world was grim,
I saw his face, I felt his hand and knew he'd come to lend
The strength I needed, and right then I found I had a friend.

'Tis not in sunshine friends are made, but when our skies are gray.
The splendid souls that men possess are never on display.
We cannot tell what lies behind the hasty nod or smile,
Nor what of worth will come from it in just a little while.
We only know that when we face the cares that life must send
We realize the passerby has changed into a friend.
—Edgar A. Guest in Detroit Free Press.

Other Editors' Opinions

WAGGING TONGUES.

It was rather thoughtless of Baden-Powell to be alive when so many people had him killed off some months ago. By coming to life he has shown an annoying disregard for the reputation of the gossipers and the tongue wigglers.

The story that Baden-Powell was shot as a spy in the Tower of London has been circulated in Guelph. It was "tipped off" to this paper several times. The last time the information was conveyed in a whisper, much like you hear on the stage when the hired assassin tells the "villain" that the switch has been fixed, and the train is bound to plunge into the valley below.

Chicago papers, of course, went one better. They used the story. They shot Baden-Powell some months ago. He must have the constitution of an ox to come to now, and write that he is not dead, and was never hit.

Baden-Powell is busy "doing his bit." And the chances are that it is a bigger "bit" than many of the carpet-slipper critics who were assassinating him from away across the ocean.

It might not be a bad idea if some of us could only cultivate that delightful habit of keeping our mouths shut.—Guelph Mercury.

THE BEST WEAPON WANTED.

Sir Robert Borden is perturbed over the publication of the letter which General Alderson is said to have written condemning the Ross rifle. The Premier even doubts the authenticity of the letter and hints that it may be a forgery. Anyhow, he expresses his own confidence in the efficiency of the Canadian service arm, and Hon. Robert Rogers follows up by repeating the familiar formula that it is the best service-rifle in the world. However, the Premier's admission that some weeks ago he had sent a request to Sir Douglas Haig, the British Commander-in-chief, to order a thorough investigation of the qualities of the Ross rifle, with exacting tests of its endurance under heavy strain and rough usage, indicates that the official mind has been troubled with doubts.

But if the complaints that have been made about the Ross rifle were warranted by the facts, Sir Robert says, the complaints should not be published because they are likely to cause unnecessary alarm. In this opinion the Herald does not agree with the Premier. It has never been denied that the Ross rifle is, upon the whole, a good weapon. What is charged is that it is inferior to the Lee-Enfield, the British service arm, and that the Canadian troops prefer the latter. If it is a fact that a sufficient supply of the Lee-Enfield to arm the Canadian troops is not immediately available, the Canadian people will be satisfied to have the use of the Ross weapon continued. But it is undoubtedly their desire that Canadian soldiers be armed with a weapon as good as the best, and if the Ross rifle is found wanting in any important detail it should be replaced by a better weapon as soon as practicable.—Hamilton Herald.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL HOUSE.

Can anything be done to give architectural quality of the one-roomed and two-roomed school house? Apparently yes. At least, the Manitoba Department of Education is preparing a set of designs for these structures, and in the set are various architectural effects. These designs, with full information as to quantities and costs are to be at the disposal of the School Boards of the Province. The Department, it is true, has in the past supplied standard plans for the small rural school, but no such variety as the new set of designs will afford has ever been offered hitherto. One reason for this revision of plans is significant. It is the greater use to which the public schools will be put in the future as community centres. There will be a double gain if this strong trend towards the socialization of the schoolhouse should result in an aesthetic enhancement of the countryside. This is one of the many things we have been too busy to bother about in the past. Undoubtedly much can and should be done. Who can deny the strength of suggestion upon children of the little schoolhouse as a feature of the landscape, or of the continuous envisaging of its interior with whatever attempt has been made at mural decoration? Above all, the pictures on the school walls, with their potent influence on the child mind, should be carefully chosen.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Rudyard Kipling prefers the night hours for work, and frequently sits up until 3 a.m.
The Salvation Army originated in the town of Whitby, England, about the year 1878.

SOLDIERS

Salvation Army

155th Batt.

The last of

155th Battalion

in the Salvation

large hall was

zeng, and sold

with flags in

The speaker