

## The Weekly Ontario

Worton & Herity, Publishers

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The WEEKLY ONTARIO and Bay of Quinte Chronicle is published every Thursday morning at \$1.00 a year, or \$1.50 a year to the United States.

TELEPHONE MAIN 99, with private exchange connecting all departments.

ADVERTISING RATES on application. 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.

W. H. Morton, Business Manager.

J. O. Herity, Editor-in-Chief.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1916.

### CLEAN ADVERTISING COLUMNS.

The Ontario desires to announce that from this time forward no advertisements of intoxicating liquors will be accepted for publication in its columns. Since the present management of The Ontario assumed control of the paper, no new contracts of that nature have been accepted. A number of applications at attractive prices have been received but all have been uniformly denied admission. Now, however, we announce it as our settled, definite policy.

Every head of a home has the right to demand that the newspapers entering that home for perusal by the various members of the household shall be clean not only in the news report but in the advertising columns as well.

The purpose of all such advertising is to promote the sale of liquor. The Ontario will have no part in such promotion, no matter what the price offered may be.

Liquor advertising, by its seductive, psychologic suggestiveness, has been known to induce reformed inebriates to succumb to their old habits.

By statute our licensed hotels are not allowed to serve youths under twenty-one years of age. Newspapers with their cunningly-worded liquor announcements reach the fireside and are read by immature boys. Curiosity is aroused, and the satisfying of that curiosity often results in the formation of a habit that damns body and soul.

Several states of the American Union have passed laws prohibiting newspapers from accepting all forms of liquor advertising. It is time that such a law was placed on the statute books of Canada. Decency and safety demand it.

Several of the foremost newspapers of Canada have anticipated such a demand by definitely deciding that their columns shall henceforward be clean. The Toronto Globe, The Winnipeg Tribune, The Ottawa Citizen and a number of others we might mention of the most ably managed and edited journals in the Dominion have adopted and announced the policy for their advertising department—no manufacturers of intoxicating liquors need apply.

The Chicago Record-Herald, one of the most influential papers in the United States, has also announced that it will accept no more liquor advertisements. It says very sensibly that the drinking of liquor in individual instances is a matter for the family doctor to talk about. It is not a matter for a modern newspaper to urge upon its readers, and it does not care to take the responsibility of advertising a product that does so much harm as liquor.

The thought that legitimate newspapers, in cities where there is no law against the sale of liquor, have come to refuse liquor advertisements out of a sense of moral responsibility, is one of the manifestations of the dawn of a new day, that is demanding a stern recognition from all men of their moral responsibilities, the recognition of the principle that we are our brother's keeper.

The more it grows, the better the flower of civilisation will be.

### DOROTHY ARNOLD.

Five years ago at 11.30 in the morning Dorothy Arnold left her home at 108 East Seventy-ninth street, New York City. Half an hour later she was seen buying a box of candy at Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street; at 2 o'clock she purchased a book at Prentano's; at 2.45 she met a girl friend at Fifth avenue and Thirtieth street.

Since that moment all trace of her has been lost, in spite of the fact that her parents spent thousands of dollars on private detectives, the police of the world were circularized with her pictures and description and amateurs all over the country devoted much energy to the attempt to unravel the mystery of her disappearance.

The mystery is just as great now as it was on December 12, 1910, when she failed to return home for supper. Miss Arnold's parents have long since given her up for dead, although they cannot explain how or where or when or why she died. Francis R. Arnold, the father, is an importer of French and Russian perfumes.

The search for the girl has never been equalled for thoroughness, according to detectives. The famous case of Charlie Ross alone is comparable to it, but in that case the searchers were handicapped by the fact that Charles

was a small boy, while Miss Arnold was a young woman of 26 years, highly educated, used to going about alone. For almost six weeks after her disappearance the search was conducted quietly; then the aid of the newspapers was asked. Although the young woman's picture has been printed in almost every newspaper in the United States, and many abroad, where the search also was conducted, and even though the moving picture theatres flashed her picture on the screen no real clue has ever been obtained.

### JOIN THE RESERVE.

There are many of our citizens who have not, owing to business or family responsibilities, been able to do as much practical work as they would like towards contributing to that military efficiency which constitutes our only hope of defeating the extremely powerful enemies that confront us. Many feel that they would keenly enjoy the actual handling of the weapons of war and doing real service in the field instead of remaining at home engaged in their usual occupations. At times almost a sense of shame comes over them as they read of the heroic sacrifice and endeavor of our boys now in Flanders while they themselves are going on with the ordinary routine of business and enjoying all home comforts.

Many more are gradually shaping their business affairs so as to join the active militia later but cannot yet leave without grave injustice to family or business associates.

It is recognised that all cannot go to the battlefield. Armies must be clothed and fed and provided with military equipment. An army must remain at home in order that another army may have the wherewithal to fight in the field.

But there is one thing those who are compelled to remain at home can do—the can join the reserve.

By a new and very wise regulation of the Department of Militia those who are between the ages of 18 and 60 are permitted to organise reserve battalions in connection with the regular militia regiments. These reserve companies will have the advantage of being trained by the drill instructors in connection with the regiments now enlisting for active service. The drill will be identically the same as that now being carried out by our regular forces.

A company along these lines has already been organised here, and it is hoped that before the winter is over this may be increased to the full strength of two companies of 250 men each.

The first drill since the holidays is being given at the Armouries tonight. And weekly thereafter on Friday night the same order will be carried out beginning at 8 o'clock.

There is no pay for any one connected with the organization. The medical examination is not stringent. There is no obligation to go upon active service. It is simply an opportunity for every citizen who desires to fit himself for military duty under the same authority and discipline as are imposed upon the regular armies of the Empire. It is something that almost every citizen can do. It is something that almost every citizen should do.

"But," asks some self-satisfied arm-chair philosopher, "why should I waste time in learning military drill when I know I can't get away to fight even if I wanted to?"

We answer that in the first place a great many of you old stiffs need the discipline and drill for the sake of the physical benefits. Honestly now, a whole lot of you need the exercise. The drill will help to take that hump off your shoulders, the dyspepsia out of your tummy, the blur out of your eyes and the spavins from your knees.

We have before us as we write a splendid little manual on "Drill and Field Training" kindly loaned us by Mr. Henry Sneyd. From this booklet we copy the following pungent paragraphs in reference to the effect of drill on the development of character.

"The standard of fitness for work of an important nature is always based upon strength of character. The work of the soldier is one of the most important duties of citizenship. Consequently good character is made an essential condition of enlistment in the British Army.

"The real soldierly spirit is one of altruism and chivalry. It expresses itself in supreme patriotism. The ideal with which it inspires a man is that of willing self-sacrifice for the welfare of the State and for the good of his fellow citizens.

"The development of the soldier's character must be based upon morality, self-control and good habits in the ordinary relations of life quite apart from his military duties. The work of making a good soldier is based on the making of a good man, and results in the making of a good citizen.

"Discipline is the cement of character. It is also the fundamental principle of social law and order as well as of military efficiency.

"Discipline is a moral force. It is not a natural quality, and can only be acquired by careful training. Its value in warfare is greater than courage, for discipline will enable men to conquer fear and do their duty in spite of it. It is discipline mainly that distinguishes a regiment of soldiers from a crowd of men. The moment a body of troops loses

discipline it becomes merely a crowd of men with all the characteristics and weaknesses of a mob.

"The qualities of spirit, mind, character and physique which are developed by military training as essential to military efficiency are equally essential for success in various civil occupations whether they are industrial, commercial or professional.

"Military training, therefore, lays the foundation not only for national power but of national wealth by fitting men in many important respects for commercial and industrial efficiency."

"But," breaks in another arm-chair critic, "I am working hard all day and I don't need the exercise. Besides, the newspapers tell us that we will soon have the Germans on the run, so why should I worry over military discipline and training that I will never be called upon to use?"

We answer that no war is ever really over until the treaty of peace is signed. Many wise ones predicted that the conflict would be ended in about six weeks from the time it started. It has now been going on nearly a year and a half and the end still seems remote.

In all that time the margin between success and defeat for Great Britain and her allies has not been as great as any of us would desire. There have been many periods of extreme anxiety. Then we should not take practically all of the fighting so far has taken place outside of Germany. The estate of the chief offender is as yet almost unscathed by the ravages of war.

And further there is always the danger that new complications may arise. Suppose by some freak of fortune one of our great allies should break away and go over to the other side. Suppose trouble should come between Britain and the United States.

Such things seem to us unthinkable at present, but if we go back to the Napoleonic wars we find that those are the things that actually did happen. England repeatedly lost her allies and war arose with the United States.

Then we should always remember that there are in the United States 200,000 German and Austrian reservists as well as several millions of Austro-German sympathisers. Those millions would gloat over an opportunity to attack an unprepared and unarmed Canada.

There are a hundred good and sufficient reasons why a Reserve should be organised in connection with our Fifteenth Regiment.

Will you be one? If so, turn out tonight.

The failure of the anti-local optionists to repeal the by-law in Newboro' as well as in Owen Sound, Finch and North Gower signifies a complete failure in their efforts along that line this year. When local option arrives it is sure to remain.

An increase of over 42 Million Dollars in the public debt of the Dominion since the beginning of the war, apart from war expenditures, which are provided for by loans from Great Britain, may partly be accounted for by the falling off in revenue, but it indicates also reckless expenditure. It is high time that the "dash-away-and-spend" policy ceased.

Mr. Frank H. Symonds, military critic of the American Review of Reviews, estimates the armies in the field as follows: Russian, 1,500,000; French, 2,000,000; British 750,000; Italian, 750,000; Serbian, 150,000; Belgian, 100,000; Austro-German, 4,500,000. All the experts agree that ten per cent. of the population is the maximum proportion in any country available for service in the field. This gave Germany a possible 6,700,000; Austria-Hungary, 5,000,000; France, 4,000,000; Russia, 17,000,000. The only limit to the Russian recruiting was not in men but in equipment. Give her the equipment and she can supply a draft of 3,000,000 troops a year until the cows come home. All told, Mr. Symonds thinks the Allies can count on reserves of 7,000,000 for the present year, and the Teutons will have 3,200,000 to face them by about August 1st. Nicely spread out, as the German armies are being spread from the North Sea to the Russian frontier through the Balkans and through Turkey in Asia and Egypt, the line must be getting thin; and the illustrious patient of Potsdam can calculate for himself how long it will be before it breaks—if nothing revolutionary happens at home.

Germany has already called to the colors all her efficient men between 19 and 45 years old; called up all the inefficient of military age; accepted tots of children under 19, and warned for service all efficient up to 52 years old.

### WHAT TOMMY TOLD THE DUCHESS.

I bared my manly bosom to 'is 'orrid stethoscope, I called on Gawd to witness that all my ribs was broke!

'E thumped me and 'e punched me and 'is bloom-in' face was long. But when 'e says, "Count five, my lad," I give 'im this 'ere song:

"It's a long way to Tipperary,

It's a long way to go.

It's a long way to Tipperary,

In your haven by the sea—

I know dear old Ontario

Will be good enough for me.

—Gertrude C. Knight

And gruesome kind of cheer it was with straw ticks on the floor.

The matey wot was nearest me 'ad lost out both 'is eyes—

'E cried for 'is old lady and then 'e ups and dies!

"It's a long way to Tipperary,

Too far for some to go.

It's a long way to Tipperary—

Ah, Gawd! 'e loved 'er so!"

I 'ad to keep my spirits up, though tears ain't no disgrace

When you're coughing blood and shrapnel, but

I 'ad to save my face,

So I 'ollered in my blanket and you bet I made 'em 'ear—

"If any mate will 'elp me sing, I've two bits left for beer."

"It's a long road to Tipperary,

We're goin' 'ome to-day.

We cursed the surgeon for a thief,

But 'e wouldn't let us stay."

Then something must 'ave 'appened, for an English nurse was near.

With natural imperitiveness, I said, "Mornin', sister, dear."

She turned as white as paper. "Man, be careful what you say!

You 'aven't spoke for seven weeks—we thought you'd die to to-day!"

"It's a long way to Tipperary,

But when I 'eave in view,

Moll won't mind the crutches

Because my 'eart is true.

I don't mind your crutches, Tom,

I know your love is true!

That's wot Moll will say to me

When I 'eave in view."

Romilly Thornton, in New York Times.

### OLD ONTARIO IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

A lady in Venice, California, recently sent to Port Arthur a very elaborately gotten up booklet, entitled, "California Is Good Enough For Me," written by Col. Nathan Ward Fitzgerald. It is said that 2500 of these books have been sold, and the piece has proven one of the greatest advertising mediums ever produced. The following verses are a reply to the California poet.

I've read your little pamphlet, And I think it's simply great. It is sure a splendid picture

Of your grand and glorious state, And I hope kind fate will sanction

These wonders I may see, But at present good old Ontario

Is good enough for me.

You talk about the rose banks

That in profusion grow, But have you ever frolicked

In a glorious bank of snow? We have them here a-plenty,

And we have diamonds on our trees, While our kiddies' cheeks are crimson

From the kisses of the breeze. Of course we love the summer,

And the golden-tinted fall— But we're longing for the snowflakes

Of times, long before they fall. Oh! the bracing, brilliant winter,

With its jolly sports and glee— It's part of old Ontario,

And it's good enough for me. You may rave about the summers

That last the whole year round, But 'tis we who love the winter.

That has not a catchy sound. In December, give us snowdrifts;

In July, the bright sunshine— Oh, I'm jolly well contented

With this dear old home of mine. You talk about your farm lands,

And you think you head the class, But I wish you'd glimpse our wheat fields,

And could taste our garden "sass." You mention, too, your peaches,

Your luscious prunes and flowers, But you cannot show a sample

That could put it over ours. Then you brag about the ocean—

Its dimensions seem to please— But it's not one whit more lovely

Than our smiling inland seas. We have beaches, hills and valleys

That are just as fair to see— While the fruit of old Ontario

Is good enough for me. You laud your prosperous cities,

And the handsome women there, As though our northern climate

Didn't have them twice as fair. Your Eden, 'neath Old Glory,

Is a splendid place to be, But I'll keep old Britain's banner

A-waving over me. Though your fruits were twice as luscious

And your sunsets twice as fine, They couldn't touch the heartstrings

Like this dear old home of mine. And when I've seen your wonders

In your haven by the sea— I know dear old Ontario

Will be good enough for me.

—Gertrude C. Knight

## Other Editors' Opinions

### SNOWSTORMS AND GRIP.

Some surprising news concerning the progress of influenza comes from various towns in the middle west. Chicago, St. Paul and Milwaukee are all congratulating themselves that "the worst is over" and the reason for their rejoicing, it sound, is comforting for all of us. The Chicago despatches say that "snow and colder weather brought relief. In St. Paul likewise "the heavy snow settled all dust and killed the germs carried by it." The same phenomena was observed in Milwaukee, and almost at the same moment. Let us therefore give thanks for the snowstorm that swept this city on St. Stephen's Day and for the chilly winds that followed hard upon it. These may save us from the bitter experience of less fortunate communities. One doubt remains. We are not told how the correspondents assured themselves of the dreaded germs. They seem to have lost no time, for the news followed the snowstorm with amazing rapidity. But considering the character of this ubiquitous parasite, it would be rash indeed to believe in the utter annihilation of a whole army on the word of a witness who had contented himself with a perfunctory examination of the corpses he passed on his way to the telegraph office. If this year's bacillus is not an utterly degenerate descendant of the kind the world has hitherto known, it is incredible that he should succumb so readily to a mere snowstorm. Siberian winters were not too hard for his great progenitors, who were notoriously above most of their kind for their utter indifference to all kinds of weather, as was shown clearly in the great series of pandemic outbreaks which began a quarter of a century ago. There is one other circumstance that should put us on our guard. What assurance have we that the germs were all out of doors when the snow came? They may have a liking for the dust which is said to have carried them to their ruin, but if they are of the old Pfeiffer breed they would not seek the dust of the roads by preference. Until these doubtful points have been cleared up it would be imprudent in the last degree to accept the optimistic news from the middle west.—New York Tribune.

### THE TWO GIRLS GIGGLED.

The woman with a ticket from Bremen to Oldenburg entered the compartment. Two young girls and a man accompanying a woman already were seated.

The woman began almost at once to count on her fingers, "one, two, three," "one, two, three," over and over at intervals in a sing tone.

The two girls giggled. One of them leaned over and whispered something to her companion. Both giggled.

Each time the woman counted her fingers the girls giggled. The man seemed irritated. Suddenly he turned to them and said:

"You perhaps will cease your stupid giggling when I tell you that this is my wife, and that she has lost three sons in battle. I am taking her to an asylum."

The click of the car wheels broke the silence of the car.—Berlin Vorwaerts.

### TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

The temperance people are asking the local government for a referendum, not earlier than the middle of February, and not later than the middle of March, on the question of prohibition. They ask that a prohibitory law be prepared and submitted to the people, and then, if a majority of all the votes cast is in favor of the legislation submitted, that the government shall at once enact the law. There is this advantage in a referendum, that it presents to the people the actual legislation, for or against which they are asked to vote. It now remains to be seen what form of bill will be agreed upon between the temperance body and the government of the day.—St. John Telegraph.

### SUBSTITUTE FOR STATESMANSHIP.

Marking time ostentatiously till pushed and stumbling in the direction of the push is sometimes a working substitute for statesmanship. There are prospects of the abolition of the bar in Ontario by May Day.—Toronto Globe.

Miller's Worm Powder, prove their value. They do not cause any violent disturbances in the stomach, any pain or griping, but do their work quietly and peacefully, so that the destruction of the worms is imperceptible. Yet they are thorough, and from the first dose there is improvement in the condition of the sufferer and an entire cessation of manifestation of internal trouble.

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