

Wash Goods

WHITE NAINSOOK 25, 35, 45, extra value
 WHITE INDIAN HEAD, correct material for Nurses' Uniforms 35c yd
 FANCY MUSLINS 25 to 45c
 FANCY WHITE VOILE, a full range of dainty patterns for Blouses, Dresses, etc 75c yd
 BLACK SILK, guaranteed to give satisfaction \$2.00 to \$3.00 yd
 PLAID SILKS, yard wide \$1.50
 SILK POPLINS, yd wide, all shades, \$1.50 yd
 BUNGALOW APRONS, round neck, short sleeves, pocket at the side, made of Percale \$1.19, \$1.50, \$1.75
 SILK CAMISOLES \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2, \$3.00
 NEW BLOUSES up to the minute, \$1.25 to \$10.00
 RIGHT STYLES RIGHT PRICES

Wims & Co.

Big Campaign is Launched

Y.M.C.A. Membership Drive inaugurated at Banquet.

At a workers' banquet at the Y.M.C.A. last evening, a membership drive was launched, the goal being 500 new members. Secretary P. F. Brockel occupied the chair and opened the campaign with a stirring appeal. After the fine spread of viands, provided by the Women's Auxiliary had been enjoyed a member of the workers spoke in reference to the big effort. Mr. J. O. Herity said the objective was to raise \$2,000 by an increase in membership. The Y.M.C.A. is not doing anything like the work that can be accomplished here. He urged the workers to a sustained effort in solicitation for members. Mr. D. V. Sinclair declared that about \$60,000 had been spent on the Y. M. C. A. to bring the best to the young men and boys of Belleville. This spring will see the new building free of debt. "We want the men and the boys more than the money," he declared. Principal P. C. MacLaurin stated that hundreds of boys in Belleville had no program for their physical welfare, to stimulate them physically, mentally and spiritually. The young men should get this training; it will mean longer life, better body and better mind.

Messrs. T. J. Madden, M. Robertson, Adjt. Trickey and others spoke; then the meeting settled down to organization.

The workers in the campaign are: Team 1—T. J. Madden, E. P. Frederick, R. Watson, Russell Woodley, H. Coplin, B. McCabe, D. Denike, A. Armstrong, A. Blackburn, Wm. McIntosh.

Team 2—J. O. Herity, T. D. Klinton, R. Morden, E. Barlow, A. Ketcheson, J. Marshall, M. Denike, H. Fowle, M. Hill, D. Marshall.

Team 3—Messrs. McKinnon, McElraith, Duesberry, Cooper, Gibson, Kimber, Boyd, M. W. Mott, F. S. Djacon, C. Vanallen, George Clarke, T. McCabe, J. James, B. Jose, G. Baxter.

Team 4—Dr. Yeomans, Lorne Deaton, Fred Deaton, C. Port Marshall, Gordon Chute, Asa Yeomans, Clarence Ketcheson, Vernon Weir, G. Kimmerly, A. Bonard, L. Allen.

Team 5—D. V. Sinclair, W. B. Deaton, W. H. Lattimer, O. H. Scott, J. G. Moffatt, Mack Robertson.

Returns will be posted at the Y.M.C.A. at 8 p.m. A thermometer will announce the results at the corner of Front and Campbell streets.

Any one securing ten new members will receive a year's membership.

The team colors are: No. 1 green; No. 2, red; No. 3, blue; No. 4, orange; No. 5, white.

A New Invention

The Japanese have invented a little stove that you can carry around in your pocket. It is in form of a small brazier, shaped rather like a cigar case, and the fuel is a sausage like roll that will burn for three hours without emitting smoke or fumes. One of these little contrivances carried inside the bosom of a kimono prevents a journey on a railway train from being too chilly. Delicate pupils keep one in their clothes while at school in winter, and, so equipped sit comfortably in an unheated room. The aged and cold footed sleep with the stove at their feet. It is also like a hot water bottle to soothe the pains of cramps and colic.

AN OVERLOOKED ANNIVERSARY

Written for The Ontario by Chas. M. Bice, Lawyer, Denver, Colorado.

"What was Mother Goose?" Little 11-year-old propounded the question at the witching hour of bedtime. She stood gazed in her sleep, her suit, eager-faced and poised like an elfin, knowing well that the riddle had postponed the moment of 'tuck-in and lights-out.' For all such questions must be answered.

Authorities were searched. It was learned that Mother Goose is supposed to have been a matronly lady who lived in Boston and who had an infant grandson—the pride and treasure of her heart. To him she sang her quaint ditties, whimsical and nonsensical conceits that sprang from a mind kept youthful by love in spite of the years.

The grandson's daddy was Thomas Fleet, a staid and matter-of-fact Bostonian, who ran a printing shop and played a small role as a publisher. Thomas, so the story goes, wearied of Grandma's Goose chantings. They entertained his infantile heart, but for him they were the silly and tiresome rhymings of an old lady in her dotage. When Grandma Goose refused to be silenced, Thomas became peevish. He decided to avenge himself by making the ancient dame ridiculous. Night after night he jotted down her ditties. Then he put them in type, made them into a little book and published them as "Songs for the Nursery," or "Mother Goose's Melodies for Children."

We do not know whether the old lady was annoyed when she discovered that she had become a public character, and that her funny name was being laughed at by foolish grown-ups. But certain it is that Thomas Fleet did something he had not planned to do—he gave his mother-in-law an undying fame in lands where the English language is spoken. He established her among the immortals, so that she

has achieved the distinction of being thought by many a legendary character, an American myth. Scholars have tried to show that she was known to the French as "Mamere l'Oye," a century before she sang her songs to Tommy Jr. in Boston. We refuse to believe the scholars.

The research that unearthed these verities concerning Mother Goose disclosed the fact that she made her first public appearance from the presses of her son-in-law in 1719. That is just 240 years ago.

Why are we not observing with proper reverence the two hundredth anniversary of America's best-loved and most widely known poet? Her name and fame have gone into every home. Her songs have been sung to the children for two centuries. Baby lips have lisped them at their first efforts at classical quotation. She peopled the nursery world with a score of quaint characters more real to the juvenile rulers of that domain than many of the figures of history. Surely, Mother Goose deserves better than to be neglected in the memorial occasion that we celebrate from time to time.

We appeal to her innumerable family of grandchildren in the nursery of today to remember this anniversary. The grown-ups have been celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the poet Lowell's birth. He should not be forgotten. We count him among our great Americans because he sang of American themes found poetry in American life—even in American politics. John Galahad crossed the ocean to join in doing his memory honor. Won't he be here, say something for Mother Goose with whom, we venture to say he became acquainted long before he knew anything about Mr. Lowell?

DISILLUSION

When Jane Angell heard Stephen Day's voice coming to her over the telephone wire she knew instantly what was coming.

"I shall be at your house tonight just after No. 6 arrives, Jane," he said in his even, decided way. "I've something important to say to you."

"All right, I'll be at home," Jane replied.

Stephen's words implied much and Jane's answer conveyed much.

No. 6 reached the station at 8.10. It was a ten minutes walk from the station to Pearl street and at 8.20 in all probability Stephen Day would be walking into the house and very soon after they would come to complete understanding. While he would ask her to be his wife she must tell him why she could never marry him.

It was going to be a hard thing to do, and she dreaded it. She had known for a long time that it was coming. She might have explained it all to Stephen at once, but something had held her back. She liked him immensely and to tell him would put him out of her life forever. No, Jane might easily have liked Stephen more than she did if she had dared to allow herself to do so. She was above all things honest and fair. There was Ellery Milne to be taken account of. If the worst came to the worst she must dispose of Stephen for the sake of keeping her faith with Ellery.

She was nineteen when Ellery went away and she had secretly heard from him since. He had gone to get rich. Then, he said, he would come back and marry her. "You'll wait, Jane," he pleaded, and Jane said she would wait till he came or death interferred. That moonlight parting enhanced Ellery in her eyes. It was romantic, too, to be waiting in secret for one's hero. She dreamed dreams of Ellery toiling to grow rich for her sake and coming back to her a splendid, bronzed specimen of success and fidelity to the love of his life. She never told any one about all this, because she felt that it was one of those things that people cannot understand. Her romance was hers and Ellery's and it was very satisfying until Stephen came.

From the first Stephen would have swept all thought of Ellery out of her mind. But Ellery had the first place in her heart and she must see that he kept it at all odds. So she had fought against her growing love for Stephen and his love for her.

Now the end had come. She must tell Stephen and go on waiting for Ellery alone. And waiting for Ellery alone would not be what it had been with Stephen near.

After receiving that long distance

call from Stephen, Jane went about in a daze of dread and regret. Her father came home to supper and invited Jane and her mother to go to the movies with him.

"Jane, can't you go?" Mrs. Angell said. "Stephen is coming on No. 6."

"Stephen's coming here?" Mr. Angell looked pleased. "All right, Jane, I'll excuse you. I'll take my other best girl." His other best girl was Mrs. Angell, who was still fresh and fair after thirty years of married life. Mr. Angell always said that the reason Jane had so many beaux was because the fellows looked at her mother and saw what Jane would be twenty years hence. Jane was exactly like her mother.

After the older Angells had gone to the movies Jane went to her room to make herself ready for Stephen. She put on her gray taffeta dress with its sheer ruffled flou and her gray silk stockings and kid pumps. She looked pale, quakerish, and longed for a little color. But when she rubbed her cheeks she only made them shine instead of glow. "I feel awful," she thought. "I look awful. I don't believe I've done right, somehow. I've encouraged Stephen too much, and now I've got to hurt him and myself. I'd rather die than face him and tell him about Ellery."

She heard steps approaching the house. They crossed the verandah and the bell rang.

"That's Stephen!" Jane thought and her heart seemed to run over.

"He's taken an earlier train. He has been so impatient to get here. Oh, heaven help me."

Her hands trembled over the fastening of the front door; but at last she was face to face with her visitor. She had so fully expected Stephen that for a moment she stared stupidly at the man upon the threshold. He was not nearly so big as Stephen, and he looked weak and ineffectual rather than fine drawn. His fatuous grin pierced Jane like the cut of a knife.

"Why, howdy do, Jane?" he cried. "I thought I'd stop in a moment and see you." He got hold of her hand. "How are the folks?"

"Ellery!" Jane gasped. He grinned. "I thought just for a moment you did not recognize me," he said. "It has been a long time since I was here. Nine years! By George, Jane, you're getting on."

He followed her into the parlor—rather, he shoved her before him. Jane seemed to have lost all power of locomotion or perception. She sank down into the corner of the sofa. Ellery took the other corner. He continued to grin. "I expected to find you married," he went on. "Mustn't wait too long, Jane. Or are the fellows as scarce here as they used to be?"

Jane suddenly felt warm all over, almost feverish. Her cheeks fairly burned. "Are you married?" she

asked. "I'll show you," Ellery took some letters from his breast pocket. Among them was a snapshot which he handed Jane. That's her and the boy. He's three years old. I wanted to bring him with me, but it's expensive travelling. And I was in a hurry anyway."

Jane was recovering herself. She looked curiously at the picture of a stout, youngish woman and a lank-legged little boy. She wanted to laugh or cry. Ellery married four of the years she had been waiting! It was ridiculous—not in Ellery, in her. What a fool she had been!

"Mabelle's a great girl," Ellery went on proudly. "and I wouldn't take all the money in the world for my boy, much as I need cash."

"What do you do?" Jane asked. "Oh," Ellery moved his shoulders. "I'm with a fertilizer firm now—on the road. That's how I came east. My job brought me. But I've been in a lot of things. I never really got settled down, as you might say, till I got married four years ago. Since then I've had to stand by my job for the sake of my little family. It keeps a fellow hustling."

"I should say so," Jane murmured. She stood up suddenly. "I'm glad to have seen you, very glad. But, you see, I have an engagement in ten minutes, and—"

"Oh, that's all right," he jumped to his feet. "I couldn't stay anyway. I just dropped in for a few minutes. There's a couple of fellows I know up at the hotel and I told 'em I'd be right back. But I couldn't strike this burg without looking you up, Jane. Glad to see you looking as well. My, you've got a splendid color!"

Jane felt she had—a most unusual color. Her cheeks were on fire. She held herself very straight as she accompanied Ellery to the door. She even gave him her hand at parting, though she withdrew it immediately. She sent him away without even letting him suspect what he had done to her. As the door closed she sank against it, hanging on the knob. "Oh, oh, oh!" she cried over and over again.

Her dreams were riddled. Ellery was gone, and what had he not taken with him? Nine years of sweet romance, of innocent hope, of faith in the promises of youth. All this he had taken, but he had left Stephen. And Stephen, she knew now, had meant more to her than all she had lost.

When he came she would have no sorry tale to tell him. She could hear what he had to say and answer as she wished.

In the distance a train whistled. Stephen was coming! She would go to meet him. She would surprise him.

She seized a long coat and flung it over her shoulders; then she hurried forth.

When she reached the corner she saw him coming. His head was down and he did not see her until he was close. Then, he stopped. "Why Janet?" he exclaimed joyfully. "Jane!"

"I came to meet you," Jane said. She slipped her hand through his arm. Stephen's hand instantly closed over her fingers.

"That's very nice of you, Jane," he said. "Very encouraging."

"Yes, I meant it to be," Jane replied sedately.

But her heart was singing a song and dancing a two-step. And at the same time her mind was chanting. "Ellery came in time—Ellery came in time—Ellery came just in the nick of time."

4TH CON. AMELIASBURG

March 15th, 1919.

Mr. Leonard Wood had the misfortune to lose a valuable horse last week.

Mr. Walter Marshall and family have fully recovered from an attack of the "flu."

Mrs. Brien, of Toronto is visiting her daughter, Mrs. G. Harnes.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Morton, of Melville were on Tuesday evening the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Wood.

Mrs. Phoebe Vancott of Bloomfield has been visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wood, of Mountain View were guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Gibson on Thursday evening.

Scons, Fried Cakes

Buns, Biscuits

Graham Gems

Fresh Every Day

15c a doz.

Chas. S. CLAPP

Miss Hattie Russell of Albany, Miss Luella Ferguson, of Roblin's Mills and Miss Keechie of Adams took tea at the home of Mr. H. E. Wycoff on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Wood and daughter, Mrs. Burton Fox spent Friday evening with Mr. and Mrs. William Cave.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Parliament and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Vancott attended the ball at Wellington on Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Hall, Hull's Island accompanied by James E. Glenn, of Roblin's Mills took tea at the home of Mr. Oscar Hennessey on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Parliament visited friends at Wellington recently.

Mr. Hiram Delong and wife spent over Sunday with the former's sister, Mrs. William Caughey, at Crofton.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lauder, of Mountain View spent Tuesday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Lont.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Alyea, of Adams, were guests of Mr. Charles Sager and family on Saturday.

Mr. Frank Quinn of Oshawa visited his mother, Mrs. Sam Burley and sister, Mrs. Halton Spencer, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gibson visited at the home of Mr. Albert Adams, Melville on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Vancott spent Friday and Saturday with friends in Sidney.

Mr. Richard Proctor, of Toronto, is the guest of Mr. Charles Carnite and family.

St. Patrick's anniversary was celebrated at St. Michael's Academy last evening by an at-home which was attended by quite a large number of citizens and parishioners. One of the attractions was progressive euchre and another was dancing. A delightful time was spent by those who attended the function. The funds will be applied to the new hospital project.

This morning the assault charge against three points Anne residents was enlarged by Magistrate Masson.

In police court this morning Joseph Diamond, second hand dealer, paid a one dollar fine with costs for selling .22 calibre rifles to two boys under the age of 16 years. He also took back the rifles and refunded the boys their money. Under the law no one can sell a rifle to anyone under 16 years of age.

Sergeant Kenneth McMillan, of the 42nd Canadian Scottish, of Montreal, left Belleville yesterday for Ottawa after spending a few days with relatives here. He won the military medal for his heroism in one of the great battles of the war. Prior to enlistment he had resided in Montreal and he will return to that city.

At Holloway Street Epworth League last evening a debate was given on the theme—"Resolved that the school has done more toward the advancement of civilization than the church."

The affirmative speakers were Jack Herity, leader; supporters, Clifford Ostrom and George Post, and the negative, Miss Wilson, leader; Mr. L. Reid and Mr. Austin Gay, supporters. The decision was given in favor of the negative by the judges—Rev. J. N. Clarry, Mrs. Cook and Miss May. Mr. Russell Woodley acted as critic.

Mr. W. D. Ketcheson has returned to the city for a few days to wind up business before taking a position in Peterborough.

The nuisance of flooding by surface water on Moira and Coleman streets, which began yesterday has abated a little today, the water having lowered somewhat. Yesterday from Cedar to Coleman Sts. on Moira, the water was running over the road to the depth of several feet, the walks being also covered. Every basement was full and the water was within an inch or so of the house floors. The situation has deteriorated life in that section. The public works department has been busy in trying to relieve the situation. It is expected the flood will abate in a short time as most of the snow and ice are now melted. There is now no more water running over the footbridge crossing at Coleman street.

SINCLAIR'S

Greatest Ever Silk Sale

MARCH 20TH TO 25TH

MARCH 20TH TO 25TH.

Five Days

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Monday and Tuesday

\$1.50 yard wide Silk 98c
 \$2.50 and \$3.50 yard wide Silk for \$1.95

Thousands of Yards of New Silks to Select From

We have planned this five days' Silk Sale to be the greatest in the history of our store, 1st we offer the greatest quantity, there being three thousand yards of yard-wide Silks to select from; 2nd, We offer qualities not usually offered at a Silk Sale, your choice of all this season's new Silks; 3rd, Our Sale prices for these five days mean an opportunity for Silk Buying and Money-saving never offered before in all our past Silk selling. This Silk Sale offers the following 1500 yards of \$1.50 yard wide Silk Poplin at only 98c yard.

These are all this season's new Silk Dress and Silk Poplins; full 36 inches wide, and may be had in the following: White, Black, Navy, Joppa Blue, Copen, China Blue, Pekin, Mid Brown, Nigger Brown, Light, Mid and Dark Grey, Taupe, Sand, Reindeer, Light and Dark Rose, Russian and Nile Green, Helle and Purple colors, all our regular \$1.50 Silk Poplin for only 98c a yard.

\$2.75 Black Satin Duchesse
 36 inches wide for \$1.95

We have only 3 pieces about 225 yards of this Black Satin Duchesse, our best quality Dress Silk at \$2.75 per yard, on sale for five days only at \$1.95 a yard. If you want a black Silk Dress, buy this guaranteed Silk.

\$1.50 Lady Bird Summer Dress
 Silk 36 inches wide 98c yd.

During this five day Sale we offer this special Wash Dress Silk in White, and the following colors, Cream, Black, Navy, Malze, Russian, Rereda and Nile Green, Taupe, Grey, Apricot, Saxe Blue, Joffa Blue, Melon, Nigger Brown, Sand, Rose, Emerald and Cerise, all this season's fashionable shades and all regular \$1.50 Dress Silks for only 98c a yard.

\$2.50 to \$3.50 Plaids and
 Stripe Silks Only \$1.95 yd.

This is really the big attraction of our sale—for at this price we offer more than 40 patterns in 36 inch Plaid and Fancy Stripe Taffetas and Duchesse Satins, the most beautiful Dress Silks shown in our store for the Spring Season, our regular prices being \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00 and \$3.50 per yard, on sale for these five days only your choice \$1.95 a yard

Special Notice

These Silks will be displayed in our windows and in our store on Wednesday, March 19th, but they will only be sold at our sale prices on the following five days—that is on

THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY
 MONDAY AND TUESDAY

Buy Your Silks and Save
 Money at This Sale

SINCLAIR'S

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