

THE WEEKLY ONTARIO.

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W. E. MORSON, Business Manager. J. O. HENRY, Editor-in-Chief.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1916.

THE REAL QUESTION.

The big question in regard to the 235th battalion is not whether a few business men at Cobourg, Bowmanville or Belleville profit or do not profit by the presence of soldiers. Neither is it whether the removal of soldiers may affect votes one way or the other for timidly calculating politicians. Those considerations are aside altogether from the main issue.

The point to be borne in mind is whether or not it is right and decent and justifiable to pitch a regiment back and forth in an interurban game of shyster shinney.

If we are to have no regard for the feelings of the soldiers of this battalion, who are also red-blooded men and gentlemen, we might at least have a thought concerning our own selfish interests in reference to the outcome of the war.

What effect will all this shifting and scheming have upon the work of recruiting in the four counties most concerned?

Does the Department of Militia think it is making an edifying spectacle of itself before the country by all this trimming and vacillation? What kind of an opinion are we to form of a Militia Council that doesn't know its own mind over night?

The 235th battalion was told to come to Belleville for the winter. Then it was ordered to go to Cobourg for the winter. Less than twenty-four hours later it was again ordered to remain in Belleville. One company was then ordered to go to Cobourg for the winter. Now practically the whole battalion has been commanded again to proceed to Cobourg. Twice the battalion was told to stop all recruiting and then it was told to go on and recruit.

All this in less than a month! It has been we believe the most outstanding exhibition of invertebrate cussedness that has occurred in Canada since the outbreak of war—and that is saying a good deal.

Is there any one in Hastings or Prince Edward, Northumberland or Durham so innocent as to believe that military rather than political expediency has been the determining factor in all this disgusting and insulting hodge-podge of shifts and counter-shifts?

And yet we are told there is no politics in our military affairs.

We sometimes wonder if there is anything else there besides politics.

Just now the game is being played about as gracefully and adroitly as the performance of a bear on a tight rope.

It all has the appearance of a cynical, Prussian disregard of what the people may desire and how the soldiers themselves may feel about it.

Surely the determining factors in sending soldiers into winter quarters ought to be convenience, economy, the comfort of the men, the possibility of keeping them all together for training purposes. The question of votes and petty trade advantages should not be allowed to interfere in the slightest.

What have been the determining factors in regard to the disposition of the 235th battalion?

STIRLING.

Stirling is an incorporated village of the county of Hastings, sixteen miles in a north-westerly direction from Belleville and situated in a picturesque valley beneath the shadow of the Oak Hills. The population as given by the last available census returns is 784.

Stirling is not the home of many millionaires. The great majority are people who earn a living by doing every day an honest amount of labor. There is a considerable sprinkling of farmers and others who have retired from active work, but, generally speaking the adult males found among those 784 men, women and children are general merchants, butchers, liverymen, physicians—in fact just such a well balanced population as one might expect to find in a center of that size where there are no large manufacturing industries.

Stirling has no millionaires and neither has it any paupers. There is an unusually even distribution of the good things of life. Everyone is quite as good as everyone else—or nearly so. The social gradations are not so distinct as in the more highly stratified city. Sociability is also promoted by a more stable and settled

population than is to be found in a town largely composed of fleeting railroaders and mechanics who seldom remain in a place long enough to become acquainted with their neighbors.

Stirling has been viewing the great conflict in Europe with a serious and contemplative mien. To its citizens the struggle is not something far away and foreign. Many of Stirling's boys are in the ranks, now serving Canada at the front. Some of these boys have already laid down their lives on the altar of freedom and others are lying sorely wounded in hospital.

The son of Stirling's reeve has been overseas these many months and today comes the report that Reeve Coulter himself has decided to don the khaki uniform and join the 254th battalion. We fancy if the exact truth were known that the newly elected lieutenant might secure exemption from military service on the score of being slightly over the age-limit. But if Stirling's chief magistrate really desires to go overseas who would deny him that privilege for the sake of a month or two in time?

All of which leads up to the main point in this apparently aimless disquisition.

On Trafalgar Day, October the 21st, the people of Stirling went about the business of collecting funds for the Red Cross just as earnestly and seriously as they regarded the war. Why not? It was war business. They knew by letters from their sons at the front a little about what the Red Cross was doing.

The result of those collections was a grand total of \$2036.20. Two thousand dollars is not a large sum in these days when we talk glibly of millions. But that two thousand dollars was not all or mainly contributed by some shuffler in high finance. Everyone of those dollars represented work. They came in ones and twos and fives. The infant in arms and the tottering grandfather are represented in that census count of 784. Stirling therefore contributed more than two dollars and a half for every man woman and child in the place.

Stirling has set the standard for Ontario. If Belleville does as well our contribution will reach \$30,000. If the township of Thurlow did as well Thurlow's subscription list this Fall would total \$9500. If Ontario did as well our Trafalgar Day offerings would have been well over six million dollars.

Toronto patted herself admiringly on the back for givings that totalled less than a dollar and a half a head. Much of Toronto's offering came from those who had become war-time millionaires. Stirling has no profiteers from the war.

Neither was this one, lone spasmodic effort. Stirling has been giving, giving, giving, ever since the war began.

Of the awful scenes of the blood-sodden fields of France, we stay-at-homes know nothing. We can see only as through a glass, darkly. But the soldiers see them face to face. And surely in the stark hour of blinding pain no soldier should suffer from poverty of attention.

Stirling has set the standard for Ontario but it is a standard that is none too high.

WHERE HEALTH LAWS ARE ENFORCED.

Up to twenty years ago Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, paid no attention whatever to the health of its citizens. The city was scourged annually by yellow fever. People died hopelessly and helplessly. In one year the epidemic took more than 35,000 lives. An investigation was started and it was found the mosquito was to blame. A relentless war was started on the mosquito and today "yellow jack" is unknown. There has not been a death from the disease in ten years.

If an American is bitten by a mosquito he does his own slapping, uses what he considers appropriate language and lets it go at that. If a resident of Rio de Janeiro is bitten by a mosquito he calls the board of health, a gang of men appear, fumigate and disinfect the house, the gardens and neighborhood, chase the mosquito to his lair and destroy the lair. The Brazilian takes the mosquito.

He also takes the fly, the flea and the bed-bug, all carriers of disease germs, seriously, and there is a constant war waged on these insects, with the result that great progress has been made in reducing the number of cases of leprosy and tuberculosis and other diseases.

But the Rio de Janeiro goes further than this. The board of health is given almost unlimited powers. All food is inspected and it must come up to standard or it is destroyed. All food is killed in government-owned slaughter-houses and must be sold within twenty-four hours to the ultimate consumer. Last year a typhoid epidemic appeared and it was discovered the disease originated in a truck garden within the city. All truck gardens inside the city limits were banished. Buildings must be built in accordance with plans approved by the board. There is not a house in the city without at least one bathroom. Streets are widened and rebuilt at the command of the board. Buildings are torn down, remodeled or repaired for the same reason. Great importance is attached to keeping the streets clean and all garbage must be collected nightly. The board of health has a corps of 1,500 men to look after this work.

Vaccination is compulsory in schools and in the army and navy. Schools, hospitals, asylums

and other public and private institutions come under rigid inspection.

Even after death the Rio de Janeiro does not escape regulation by the board of health. His body must be buried in quicklime within twenty-four hours after he is declared dead and burial takes place in regulated cemeteries and at a regulated price.

The strict enforcement of the board of health's measures has changed Rio de Janeiro from a "pest hole" to a health resort.

FREEDOM AND CONSCRIPTION.

The Australian vote on the question of military conscription is illuminating. It is said to have been the first time in the history of the world that this issue was submitted to the deliberate choice of a nation. The vote may be regarded as conclusive, for there is no freer nation in the world than Australia; it has universal suffrage for both men and women, and few citizens of either sex shirk their electoral duties. It means much, therefore, that Australia has voted by a decisive majority against conscription.

The nation is not dodging military service. It is playing its part manfully in the European war. It has already furnished one soldier to every fifteen inhabitants—a ratio which, in Canada, would give us an army of nearly 500,000—and is still sending a steady stream of recruits. The Australians are willing to fight, even eager to fight. But like all really free people, they prefer to fight voluntarily.

England has adopted virtual conscription, but not by such a popular referendum as the Australian election. France has for some years had universal compulsory service, but France faced a constant peril at her very door, and was driven to the step by new threats of aggression; and even then, conscription might have failed if the issue had been referred to the whole population.

WILL PROTECT HER NEUTRALITY.

The Dutch government is ready to go to war any moment to protect Holland's neutrality. Dutch officials admit it. Holland is not tempting fate, though. Her diplomats and influential newspapers are doing their best to keep her from any combination of circumstances that might force her to side with one belligerent or the other in the war.

Holland is devoting as much time, material and energy to the upbuilding of her army as she is to the development of her navy.

Today it is the Queen who is the "woman of the hour" and the real leader of the government of Holland. Every morning at 6.30 she is at her desk and she works all day. She attends every ministerial council and she is said to have written the cleverest parts of many of Holland's protest notes to both Great Britain and Germany. Holland, as is well known, is building a great many submarines. A few days ago a new one was launched and the Queen went out in it for half an hour, travelling part of the time under water.

The Queen observes strict neutrality in her own household. Her husband, Prince Henry, was a German prince from Mecklenburg, so there is naturally some feeling among pro-ally Dutch about this. His loyalty to Holland is not questioned, but in order not to have him suspected in any way he is told none of the secrets of state. He is made chief of the Red Cross so he can have something to do, but in this work he is subject to the orders of General Schneider, chief of the General Staff.

THE CASTLE AND THE TENEMENT.

A limousine drove slowly through a crowded street in the upper East Side of New York City. Its occupants peered out, amused, at the five-storey tenements each of which contained at least a score of families.

Besmirched boys and girls danced about the machine as it progressed carefully. They shouted with glee. They jumped upon the running boards, "hitched" upon the back and threw their caps under the wheels. They were a happy lot.

The slumming party watched the children and wondered. How can children be happy in such stifling conditions? And these houses? Crammed up alongside one another, 100 people or more living in each!

The party drove away. Perched on the extra tire in back of the limousine were two urchins.

When the limousine stopped the boys found themselves in front of a building twice as large as any of the tenements they knew and surrounded by a spacious lawn with a hedge around it. The street was clean and quiet, although it was after school hours, and it surprised the boys.

As the party entered the house and the machine drove away, the boys stood and gazed.

"Hey, Johnny, do dey live in dere?"

"Shoor," replied the older. "Dey live in de whole house."

"Dat little bunch? Wit' de two kids, too?" Little Tommy couldn't imagine it. He was quiet a short while. Then,

"Hey, Johnny, don't dose kids ever come out an' play?"

"Gwan, dose kids can't play outside dat

castle," replied Johnny.

As the boys turned to go home, Tommy remarked:

"Gee, castles ain't no good, huh, Johnny?"

"Nuh!"

A wealthy Russian in New York recently fed a thousand needy persons to celebrate his daughter's wedding. Some would feed more than that.

Viscount French, speaking at the Lord Mayor's banquet, said the war will reach its climax either this fall or next spring. "But," he added, "we must remember that a climax and an end are not necessarily the same thing."

General Brusiloff, the Russian commander on the Roumanian front, speaking on the same point, said: "The war is won today. It is merely a question of speculation as to how much longer it will be before the enemy are convinced that their cause is irretrievably lost."

You may talk as you please about John D. Rockefeller but he does big things without much noise. He has just given \$10,000,000 towards a great medical college to be established in Chicago for the training of doctors for better service in the work of alleviating human suffering. Of course there will be some who will say that it is the money of the people. But for purposes of expenditure it seems to be the money of John D. Rockefeller.

The Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie railway is planting trees all along its right of way, clear to the coast. It uses big machines for the purpose, and the tree gang plants 20,000 trees a day.

The primary purpose appears to be utility. The trees act as a wind-break and snow-barricade. That explains their being set only on the North side. But the railroad takes just pride in the fact that the long green line replacing the unsightly fences will add immensely to the attractiveness of its right of way. And eventually there will probably be a corresponding line of trees on the other side of the track, set there for beauty.

THE SONGS HIS MOTHER SANG.

Beneath the hot midsummer sun
The men had marched all day,
And now beside a rippling stream
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

He answered: "Nay, I cannot, please;
The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
At home, long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"We are all true men here,
And to each mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly sang the strong clear voice,
Amid unwonted calm:
"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?"

The trees hushed all their whispering leaves,
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear,
With tender memories thrilled.

End the song, the singer said,
As to his feet he rose;
"Thanks to you all: good night, my friends,
God grant you sweet repose."

Out spoke the captain, "Sing one more"
The soldier bent his head;
Then smiling, as he glanced around,
"You'll join with me," he said,

"Singing that familiar air,
Sweet as a bugle call,
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall!'"

Wondrous the spell the old tune wrought;
As on and on he sang,
Man after man fell into line,
And loud their voices rang.

The night wind bore the grand refrain
Above the treetops tall;
The "everlasting hills" called back,
In answer, "Lord of all!"

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard;
But, ah! the depths of every soul
By those old hymns are stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip
Rises, in murmurs low,
The prayer the mother taught her boy
At home long years ago.

—E. V. Wilson.

Other Editors' Opinions

WHO PAYS THE DUTY?

THE OLD QUESTION of who pays the duty is more pertinent than ever, now that the agitation against the high cost of living is at its height, and people are at the same time asked to save all they can. The worst feature of indirect taxation is that it seems so indirect, while in reality it is direct in so far as the consumer of affected articles is concerned. Who pays the duty? Why, the consumer of the manufactured or other dutiable article every time. The other day an agent called upon us to sell a very useful piece of farm machinery at a price of \$275. It was made in the United States. We happened to ask what the same article sold for across the border, and his reply was \$275 f.o.b. place of manufacture. The Canadian farmer must pay \$100 more, less the freight, for this one piece of farm machinery than does the United States farmer. To the man living just outside of Windsor the price of the same identical article laid down is nearly \$100 more than to the man across the river, just outside Detroit. When you come to think of it, the consumer of such an article—the farmer who uses it—pays a pretty heavy tax for the privilege. We recently read a paragraph in a leading daily which claimed that the people were clamoring for a removal of the tariff on imported foodstuffs, and asserting that the farmers wouldn't mind, because they understood that manufacturers of prepared foods were reaping the benefit. If the consumer of manufactured foodstuffs pays the duty, is it not just as true that the user of imported farm machinery, implements, oils, manufactured foodstuffs and dozens of other things on the farm pays the duty, which is a real tax? Every time in every country where duties abound the consumer pays, and the farmer, being a heavy user of dutiable articles, pays a big share. How many hundreds of dollars do you pay yearly in duty to protect some other fellow with thousands, where you have hundreds, or even dollars? You can depend upon it that the manufacturer here will not sell Canadian manufactured goods any cheaper in this country than will the manufacturer here sold by the outside manufacturer. If you could figure it out, you would know how much you are taxed, just indirectly enough to keep you quiet. Since Confederation, both political parties have built up or fostered this means of financing the country, largely at the expense of the farmer. The user pays.—Farmer's Advocate.

THE I. W. W. AGAIN.

THE SOCIALISTIC organization which preaches anarchism—the destruction of life and property, the closing of factories and a distribution of the country's wealth among the idlers, is active again in the far West. A battle between the I. W. W. and the law-abiding citizens of Everett, Washington, occurred Sunday, in which at least six persons were killed and a half a hundred wounded. Several of the latter it is expected, will die.

The I. W. W. became active in southern California a few years ago. The good citizens of that part of the country decided to get rid of them. They did, but not until several persons had been killed.

The American is a peace-loving citizen. But he respects his flag and the institutions of his country. When foreigners come to this country and hurl insults at that flag and want to tear down our institutions the American will not stand for it. The people of Everett refused to allow the I. W. W. orators to preach their doctrine of anarchy. An appeal was made to the I. W. W. of Seattle to come to Everett and help the fight for free speech. The Seattle crowd came heavily armed and when denied permission to land at Everett, opened fire upon the officials. The first man hit was the sheriff.

No good may come out of this battle at Everett. The I. W. W. after being driven out of California came East, but a warm reception awaited them here. They were promptly jailed and put out of business. Maybe the people of the Pacific coast will take the same action. If they do and make these anarchists understand that they cannot preach the propaganda of anarchy in this country, it will result in good.

The I. W. W. is the worst foe which organized labor has in this country. The I. W. W. poses as a labor organization and tries to make it appear that it is advocating and fighting for the good of the American laboring man, when in reality it is doing all that it possibly can to bring the labor organizations into disrepute.

Some one named the I. W. W. "I Won't Work." The name fits them exactly.—Oswego Palladium.

ESTABLISHED NEWSPAPER MET AT

Bay of Quinte Held Interest Discussed Ad Rates.

The Bay of Quinte held an interest meeting Friday afternoon, was a representative of the publishers, a permanent of the district.

Mr. E. J. Pollack, association and publisher of the Express, outlined the program.

Mr. A. E. Cairns, publisher of The Pic, the first speaker, able and most interesting in his experience since a journalistic career ago.

In his opening address he referred to the frequent gathering. The better public other the better selves and their ofness. In his of found it a rather build up the suburbs had been with his gradual growth. ment had however since he took charge the field of journalism. Some of the tered but others he to fulfill. He had ed to give each a church news and, to write more also reference to local moments. He also in country corresponded it did much had circulation. to get good, you should be a student to go out and meet the personal touch lead against a pro-remain at his desk, good strong editor offered it a mistle much attention on tion. Political affairs only a small fraction of life. The do better to contribute largely to interest concerning community. He was of verse and public timely poetic selection a humorous column tinned it. In his all alike and had it.

Mr. Joseph Ellis, the Canadian Press president of The Company of Kings, riving and addresses briefly. He took up a vancing the price of \$1.50 per annum. now been made by in Canada. The moing out excellently dicated a loss of mcent in circulation ported actual inc the psychological the increase. People reasonable outcome uation. If the men papers they could other would break The large, bulky pa appealed but the qu ple generally felt th a part of their comm be willing to meet it something justifiable.

An informal disc among the members ter of subscription expressed a willingness nouncement of the as other publishers towns of neighboring same.

It was arranged to meeting next spring cepting the invitation of The Courier.

NURSE AT GRA Miss Lulu Dyer, o James Dyer, Commu nurse-in-training at Toronto, which was by a \$2,000 fire.

MAY HAVE N It is possible that tison may be makin est of a park on th taking to maintain that of the old dur score at the junction Road, Station and M