

# THE WEEKLY ONTARIO AND BAY OF QUINTE CHRONICLE

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BELLEVEILLE, ONTARIO, THURSDAY

DECEMBER 27, 1917

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## ITALIANS MAINTAIN THEIR FRONT AGAINST TERRIFIC ASSAULTS

Italians Making their Last Supreme Effort to Reach the Venetian Plains before Winter — Paying a Fearful Cost in Lives — Bolsheviki Government's Power Gradually Declining — British Air Attack on Mannheim Beginning of Reprisal Policy — Bolsheviki Government Will Send Propagandists to all Countries.

### AIR REPRISAL POLICY INAUGURATED

LONDON, Dec. 26.—An official announcement issued today says Monday's British air raid on the German City of Mannheim was the first instance of an exact reprisal policy for Hun air-raids over England.

### PEACE NEGOTIATIONS SUSPENDED

LONDON, Dec. 26.—According to a Times Petrograd despatch the Russian-German peace negotiations have been suspended, pending consultation by German delegates with their government on Russia's terms. The Russian delegates, it is stated, are returning to Petrograd to negotiate.

### POPE BENEDICT RECOMMENDS PRAYERS FOR PEACE

ROME, Dec. 26.—Pope Benedict yesterday received the members of the Sacred College for an exchange of Christmas greetings. His Holiness renewed his recommendations for incessant prayers for peace and expressed the hope for a brighter future and rejoiced at the liberation of Jerusalem.

### RUSSIAN GOVT. WILL SEND OUT PROPAGANDISTS

PETROGRAD, Dec. 26.—The government has decided to send out special envoys to all countries, bourgeois as well as neutral, to further the propaganda of internationalism. Two million rubles have been appropriated for this purpose.

### FINLAND WANTS INDEPENDENCE

PETROGRAD, Dec. 26.—Finland, according to reports received here, has asked Germany to recognize her independence.

LONDON, Dec. 26.—Monday's war office statement says there is nothing special to report on the British front. Headquarters despatches indicate that Von Hindenburg is waiting further reinforcements before commencing the expected German offensive.

### ITALIAN LINES ATTACKED UNCEASINGLY

LONDON, Dec. 26.—Italian army headquarters despatches say that fierce fighting between Basso and Monte Valbella is in progress today. Despite violent Italian attacks the enemy at a fearful cost still holds the two-thirds of a mile gain which he achieved Monday. A despatch from French army headquarters in Italy says the Teutons are making a last supreme effort to reach the Venetian plains before the winter checks all operations, and that since Saturday they have attacked the Italian lines unceasingly.

### POWER OF BOLSHEVIKI GOVT. WANING

LONDON, Dec. 26.—Despatches from Petrograd are practically unanimous in asserting that the power of the Bolsheviki government is waning, the prime causes being lack of authority, drunkenness, the reluctance of the population to work and the scarcity of food.

### DESPERATE FIGHTING ENDS IN VICTORY FOR ITALIANS

ROME, Dec. 26.—In a desperate battle which lasted all day yesterday, the Italians fought their way back to the positions from which they were forced the previous day on the Asiago Plateau, under an Austro-German attack, according to today's war office statement. Some guns and numerous machine guns which had been abandoned by the Italians in their retirement were recaptured when the old positions were reoccupied.

### KORNILOFF DEFEATED, BOLSHEVIKI DECLARE

PETROGRAD, Dec. 24.—News of a revolutionary plot against King Ferdinand of Rumania has been received at the Smolny Institute, the Bolsheviki headquarters, according to the evening newspapers. There are also said to be disturbed conditions in Rumania. These reports are confirmed in some respects by despatches received here indicating unsettled conditions and a political crisis. A Bolsheviki despatch announces that 6,000 troops of General Korniloff's command have been defeated near Biesgorod by Bolsheviki, chiefly soldiers and sailors of the Black and Baltic Seas fleets. Many machine guns and much ammunition are said to have been captured.

### NEGOTIATIONS FOR PEACE GET HIT BY SETHBACK

LONDON, Dec. 25.—The Bolsheviki commander-in-chief, Chief, Ensign Krylenkow, reports the transference of large numbers of German troops to the western front and the southern western front. Civil war in Russia seems to be spreading. The negotiations between the Bolsheviki and the central powers apparently are not proceeding smoothly. Time gained by the Germans in the negotiations would mean so much more time for

the shifting of troops, now being carried out with the greatest speed possible.

Leon Trotsky, the Bolsheviki foreign minister, has called the attention of the peace delegation to this fact. A special despatch from Brest-Litovsk announces the Germans were not ready yesterday to reply to the Russian peace terms, and consequently the meeting of the peace delegates was postponed until Monday afternoon. It is reported that the refusal of Germany to issue passports to the German Socialists, Haas, Lodebour and Kantsky, who desire to go to Stockholm to acquaint themselves with the Russian revolutionary conditions has produced in Russia an impression which may hamper peace negotiations.

Minister Trotsky has sent a telegram to his delegates at Brest-Litovsk in this connection, declaring that if the Germans refused their socialists passports this would create such a bad impression at Petrograd that it was deemed necessary that the German delegation, which is expected here Thursday, should go to Stockholm instead.

The Bolsheviki commissioners have issued a manifesto to all Russian workmen declaring that as the armistice will probably be transformed at an early date into a general peace to all the European peoples, preparation of military equipment is a waste of national labor and funds, and that consequently the output must be stopped immediately and replaced by the production of peace supplies, which the country needs.

The newspapers announce that a delegation from the enemy powers is coming to Petrograd to participate in a conference presided over by Trotsky to discuss the political aspects of an eventual peace conference. Another enemy delegation will participate in the commission meeting at Odessa to discuss technical questions.

### NINE THOUSAND ITALIANS CAPTURED, BERLIN CLAIMS

BERLIN, Monday, via British Admiralty, per wireless press, London, Dec. 25.—The capture by Austro-German forces of Col. Del Rosso and adjoining heights on the Asiago Plateau in Northern Italy, together with the taking of more than 6,000 prisoners, was announced today by army headquarters. The statement reads:

Italian front: Between Asiago and the Brenta, troops of Field Marshal Conrad von Hotzendorf stormed Col. Del Rosso and the heights adjoining to the west and east. Up to the present more than 6,000 prisoners have been brought in.

LONDON, Dec. 26.—The Austrian official statement of Monday as received here supplements the German statement of that date regarding the capture of Col. Del Rosso by reporting the capture also of Monte Valbella. It states likewise that a colonel and several Italian staff officers were captured.

BERLIN, Dec. 25, via London.—Italian counter-attacks upon the positions taken by the Austro-German troops near Asiago were repulsed yesterday, as was an Italian drive on Monte Pertica, army headquarters announced today. More than 4,000 prisoners were taken in the Col. Del Rosso fighting, says the official statement, which reads:

Italian front: A lively artillery duel continued throughout the day between Asiago and the Brenta. Enemy counter-attacks against our newly won positions and a thrust at Monte Pertica were repulsed. The number of prisoners captured as a result of the engagement around Col. Del Rosso has increased to more than 3,000, including 2700 officers.

### CANADIAN AIRMAN KILLED

turned to Death, Following Accident at Fort Worth, Texas

Fort Worth, Texas, Dec. 25.—Light, Rainboth and Cadet Manson, Canadian aviators, who had been here about two months in training, were incinerated in an airplane accident yesterday. Their identity was made known by Royal Flying Corps officers to-night. Both of the men were members of the Royal Flying Corps for several months previous to coming to Fort Worth. Investigation proved the men were burned to death after they struck the ground. It was said the machine was flying at a height of two hundred feet, when it struck a "side slip." When the machine struck the ground the gasoline tank was torn open and ignited by a spark. The men were strapped in and with their machine and clothing affairs were unable to remove the straps.

### AIRMAN KILLED

Kingston Cadet Crashes to Earth in Texas

Fort Worth, Dec. 23.—Cadet A. Ross Harrison of the Royal Flying Corps was killed today at Everman, when his machine crashed 400 feet to the ground. Harrison, who was born in Kingston, Ont., had enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps in Canada and had come to Fort Worth two months ago to finish his training.

### SLOW RETURN OF BOXES

Three ballot boxes used in the recent elections in West Hastings are still somewhere in North Hastings. Returning officer, Sheriff M. B. Morrison, is accordingly unable to make his official declaration as to the vote. This morning he telephoned the tardy deputy officers to return the boxes at once.

### MYERS—MIKEL

A marriage of considerable interest in the communities in which the contracting parties resided, was quietly solemnized at the Methodist parsonage, Frankford, by Rev. J. P. D. Knox on Wednesday, Dec. 19th at 10 a. m. The principals were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Myers of Ridge Township, and Miss Myra Mikel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone Hope Mikel and with shot) and on his finger a large and dangerous ring made of a horse shoe nail. It is said he was in their home communities and departed on the night of Friday.

### WICKETT—MITCHELL

A quiet wedding took place at the Zion church of which she has attended since Dec. 15, 1917, when Mrs. Wickett, of St. Michaels, was united in marriage with Mr. Charles young couple left by train to spend their honeymoon in St. Michaels, and a short honeymoon before taking up their abode at their residence in Sidney, where the groom is a prosperous young farmer.

## MESSAGE FROM THE TRENCHES

Just a few lines to you in the hope I haven't forgotten you. I am sending you this little calendar, hoping you get it O.K. You may not know who I am, but just say Walter Embury.

Well, I guess we will be in the trenches another winter. I have been in the trenches twenty months, been wounded three times, but never have been out of France only ten days leave to England, so I think I have done my bit.

Well, I am glad to say we are having good success. Frosty cold at present, but not very wet. There are lots of Belleville boys here. I may say I saw Bert Allen killed at the Somme. I was wounded when I saw him killed. I was also wounded at Hill 70, that is the last.

No. of Loss. And then you heard about the great battle of Passchendaele. That was a great day for us. Although slightly wounded, I was able to stay with it all we were taken out, this being the third time, and glad to say I am able to fight on, hoping to see more come out and give us a hand.

Wishing you all a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

Yours truly,  
L. Corpl. J. R. Chappell,  
No. 54448, 31st Bn. Trenchers,  
France.

LIEUT. WICKETT HERE  
Toronto Office Spent Few Hours on Christmas with Relatives

Lieut. Harry Wickett, Toronto, of the I.P.A. who was wounded at Passchendaele in the foot, was in the city and spent a few hours of Christmas day with his aunts, Mrs. Stocker and Mrs. Spian. Lt. Wickett went overseas with the 73rd Battery and served at the front with the 18th. He is home on a month's leave. A rather unique incident, is that in July last while at the front he dreamed he was his Christmas dinner with his aunt, Mrs. Stocker. That thought had been in his mind quite often since and after he was wounded he saw the way open to the fulfillment of his dream. Lt. Wickett returned last evening to Toronto.

RIFLE SHOOTING  
A spoon shoot and competitions for the Winchester Rifle will be held

in the Armouries tonight beginning at seven o'clock for the Belleville Rifle Club.

PRESENTATION  
On Christmas Eve, Mrs. Albert Johnstone was the recipient of a handsome pear brooch presented by the O.V.R. Club of St. Michael's Academy.

## ACCLAMATIONS FOR S.S. BOARD

Six Nominating Trustees Re-elected — One New Member

There will be no elections for the trustees of the Separate School Board this year, as the seven vacancies were filled at noon today by acclamation at the nominations at St. Michael's Academy.

The members elected today by acclamation are:  
Father Killen (re-elected) — Dr. Blocker Ward.  
J. M. Trautsch (re-elected) — St. Michael's Ward.  
M. R. Doyle (re-elected) — Chateau Ward.  
W. N. Belair (re-elected) — Baldwin Ward.  
L. P. Hughes (re-elected) — Foster Ward.  
W. J. Hogan (re-elected) — Barney Ward.  
Dr. O'Callaghan in place of Mr. Fitzgerald (retiring member) — Ketcheson Ward.

## RITCHIE'S Economy Prices On BLANKETS

If you have blanket needs that have not been looked after as yet, then by all means buy now, and at RITCHIE'S, for here you will find exceptional values when one considers the splendid qualities. Note these:—



## Unshrinkable Wool Blankets

Our large range embraces Blankets from the best Scotch and Canadian manufacturers. Foreseeing the demand there must be for wool, we placed our order many months in advance of other seasons and can therefore offer Wool Blankets at a saving to you of 20% to 25%. We have them in 6 to 8-lb. weights, in White or Grey with Pink or Blue Borders, sizes 60x80 to 68x86. Priced \$7 to \$10 a pair.

## NASHUA WOOLNAP BLANKETS

We are sole Belleville agents for this most wonderful Cotton Blanket. Only on very expert inspection can one possibly recognize the difference in Nashua Woolnap Blanket from a well-finished all Wool Blanket. They are lofty and thick and finely woven and soft and warm, like wool, but not nearly so harsh to sleep between. Nashua Blankets are absolutely unshrinkable and come in plain shades with borders also fancy plaid designs, size 66"x84", and priced low at \$5 a pair.

## FLANNELETTE BLANKETS

Close examination of the Cotton Blankets which we show this season will reveal the fact that from the lowest to the highest priced lines they are manufactured from the very finest cotton procurable, resulting in a Blanket that is soft and warm, yet inexpensive. Our showing embraces the 3 standard sizes—10/4, 11/4, 12/4, in White or Grey with pink or blue borders; priced from \$1.60 to \$3.50.

## EIDERDOWN COMFORTERS

Size 50"x72" and 72"x72", priced \$5 to \$15. Cotton Comforters, \$1.85 to \$6.

## SHORTER STORE HOURS

Commencing Thursday Dec. 27th, we will close our store every day except Saturday at 5:30 p. m. This will continue during the winter months. Making the Store Hours 9:30 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. Saturdays open at 9:30 a. m. and close as usual at 5 p. m.

THE RITCHIE CO., LTD.

Christmas wear, socks, cases

Cases



FOOTWEAR

Women's

Shoes

BRAVE BELGIAN ARMY CARRIES ON

Don't let us forget Belgium just because we do not hear much about her army. Belgium continues to "carry on" and we are told that her spirit remains the same as it was in 1914.

Against Superior Forces The Belgian army which remains about 160,000 strong, is holding its front of 200,000 Germans. (This gallant little army is kept recruited up to full strength.)

The Belgian front extends from Neuport to Dixmude, a distance of 25 miles. It is a flat, low-lying country criss-crossed, with dykes and canals.

A Band of Brothers Perhaps to no other army in the field do Henry's words, "We few, we happy few, we band of brothers," apply more aptly than to Belgian soldiers.

Waiting for Revenge Many of the Belgian troops have not been on furlough since the beginning of the war.

not been on furlough since the beginning of the war. They have no home to go to, and how can they be expected to enjoy themselves in Paris when so many are mourning murdered families, and others are racked with the pangs of dread uncertainty?

FOUND WIRELESS OUTFIT IN BARN

Bay Shore, N. Y., Dec. 24.—H. Schneider, a German jeweler, has been interned at Ellis Island as an alien enemy, it was learned today.

MESSAGE FROM CONTROLLER

Until new ships, which are now under construction, become available as cargo carriers, the Allies must depend upon the North American continent for wheat and flour.

The United States today has one bushel more than would be required for normal consumption in that country, and Canada has only a surplus of 110,000,000 bushels.

The geographical position of Canada and the United States in relation to the Allies makes it imperative that this continent should provide the food which must be forthcoming during the next few months.

DIED Homan—In Belleville on Saturday Dec. 22nd, 1917, Mrs. Sarah Homan, widow of the late Gilbert Homan, aged 97 years 11 months.

U. S. NAVY BUILDS 424 SHIPS

NAVAL AVIATION IS HAMPERED BY LACK OF MANUFACTURING FACILITIES

Washington, Dec. 22.—Secretary of the Navy Daniels appeared yesterday as a witness before the House naval sub-committee delegated to begin an investigation into the navy's war activities.

OBJECTORS TO "DRAFT" GET 10 YEARS IN PRISON

San Francisco, Dec. 22.—Ten years in a military prison will be the sentence imposed hereafter upon "conscientious objectors" to the draft, according to an announcement made here today by Major General Arthur Murray, commanding the western department of the army.

THE ALLIES TO PURCHASE ALL SURPLUS FLOUR

EVERY MILL IN DOMINION IS WORKING TO CAPACITY

Calgary, Dec. 22.—It is learned here that the purchasing representatives of the Allied Governments have arranged to take all surplus flour and oatmeal manufactured by the mills of Canada, and that already every mill in the Dominion is working to capacity and will continue to do so until the war is over.

HORSES IN A STAMPEDE

CREATED SOME GREAT EXCITEMENT ON ONTARIO STREET

Driver William McCutcheon Had a Close Call When Kicked by One of the Horses—Men Had Time Rounding Them Up.

Kingston, Dec. 22.—There was a lively stampede of battery horses on Ontario street shortly before nine o'clock on Wednesday morning.

BELLEVILLE CHEESE BOARD'S GENEROSITY

The result of the appeal made by the Belleville Cheese Board Red Cross & Patriotic Society to the various factories selling on Belleville Cheese Board met with a very satisfactory response during 1917.

Table listing donors and amounts: Albert \$100.00, West Huntingdon 200.00, Silver Springs 100.00, Cedar Creek 100.00, Wicklow 300.00, Etobicoke 138.75, Bayshore 228.75, East Hastings 155.00, Union 159.31, Sidney Town Hall 325.00, Zion 228.00, Castleton 162.00, York Road 110.00, Cookington 231.20, Mountain View 239.91, Plainfield 130.05, King 70.00, Melrose 260.00, Halloway 100.00, Bronk 272.00, Moira 188.90, Massasauga 159.24, Foxboro 244.47, Shannonville 180.00, Mountham 188.80, Clare River 33.00, Roslin 100.00, Thurlow 156.15, Sidney 241.89, Benlah 197.28, Glen 106.88, Hyland 105.60, Total \$5532.82, J. Elliott, Treas.

HORTON-WILSON

St. Edmund's Church, Toronto, at two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon was the scene of a wedding of particular interest to members of the Order of the Eastern Star.

GRUESOME MURDER IN COLORADO

FATHER KILLS SON; GRANDMOTHER SLAYS HIM

Montrose, Colo., Dec. 22.—With the very axe which her son, Joe Bush used to kill his 11-year-old son, Mrs. J. H. Bush, 72 years old, slew the father while he slept Sunday night, according to a confession Mrs. Bush made today.

SHIP BUILT IN 7 MONTHS

First Steel Vessel For the American Fleet is Launched.

D. S. O. MEDAL RECEIVED

Mr. Charles Vanderwater, Chatterton, has received the medal of the Distinguished Service Order awarded to his son, Major Roscoe Vanderwater some time ago.

NEWSPAPER TRAITOR GETS LONG TERM

San Juan, Porto Rico, Dec. 22.—Vicente Balbas, editor of Revista De Las Antillas, who was found guilty recently by a jury in the United States District Court on four out of five charges in connection with articles appearing in his newspaper, was sentenced today to eight years' imprisonment and a fine of \$4,000—two years and \$1,000 on each of the counts.

JUSTIFIED IN REFUSING TO LIVE WITH HUNS

Chicago, Dec. 22.—Judge Guerin ruled today that Mrs. Frederick Gelderman was justified in refusing to live with her husband when he insisted that they reside at his parents' home, where only German was spoken.

3000 DRUG ADDICTS IN NEW YORK

New York, Dec. 22.—There are approximately 300,000 drug addicts in New York City, and many of them are persons of "high social position," R. B. Sands, chief of the Drug Division of the Department of Internal Revenue, declared today before the Whitney Legislative Committee, which is investigating the evil.

CROSS LOSES HIS DEPOSIT

Thompson's Majority in East Hastings was 1043

BELLEVILLE BRANCH OF THE CANADIAN PATRIOTIC FUND

Table listing donors and amounts: H. L. Pearsall \$ 5.00, Rev. A. H. Baker, D.D. 25.00, V. J. Tulley 10.00, C. M. Stork 15.00, J. G. Moffatt 4.25, J. W. Walker 10.00, P. O. Staff & Letter Carriers 13.50, W. B. Robinson 25.00

HAD SPLENDID ENTERTAINMENT

Tabernacle Sunday School Successful and Enjoyed the Season.

MESSAGE FROM CONTROLLER

Until new ships, which are now under construction, become available as cargo carriers, the Allies must depend upon the North American continent for wheat and flour.

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## Xmas Gifts

Nothing else does quite so well for a Christmas gift to a Man as something he can wear, and the fact that He'll wear it is the best test of His appreciation.

Our Store is filled with serviceable Gifts!

Even outside of our Holiday stock, there isn't an article or garment in the store that would not make a handsome and most acceptable gift.

### A Merry Xmas For "Him"

Suits	Baincoats	Hat	Handkerchiefs
Overcoats	Pajamas	Hosiery	Fancy Vest
Trousers	House Coats	Night Robes	Pajamas
Gloves	Neckwear	Shirts	Sweaters
Umbrella	Suspenders	Mufflers	Bath Robes

### Come to a Man's Store For a Man's Gift

You can hunt the map all over and you can't find another store in this vicinity where there are so many appropriate gifts for Men and Boys.

## Quick & Robertson

### JIM, THE PENMAN'S CAREER BROUGHT TO A CLOSE

James Henderson, alias McDonald, late of the Canadian Mounted Rifles, Deserter, Highway Robber, Jail Breaker, Forger, and Thief, is given Five Year Term in the Kingston Penitentiary by Magistrate Ranking of Napanee, for theft of an Auto in Napanee, on October 12, 1917.

(From the Napanee Express) Private James Henderson a deserter from the Canadian Mounted Rifles, who, since taking French leave, has posed as Sergt. James McDonald of the Canadian Military Police and who has blackjacked and robbed chauffeurs, stolen a number of automobiles, successfully passed bogus cheques in every place he visited totaling hundreds of dollars, caused the arrest and temporary detention of a number of innocent persons, bluffed the police in a dozen cities and towns, also an officer commanding an American battalion, and is very much wanted man by scores of police departments.

His career of crime in Canada and the United States would put many a movie thriller to shame. He has been described as the most cunning and desperate character the local police have been called upon to handle for some time.

After his arrest special precautions were taken to see that he did not repeat any of his former successes in getting away.

The ease with which people can be separated from their money in these days of prosperity will be shown by reading the escapades of Henderson, which have been compiled from documents and papers in the possession of the local chief of police.

Henderson who is twenty-five years of age, 5 feet 7 inches in height, weighs about 140 pounds, was born in Leith, Scotland, came to New York seven years ago and went from there to Texas, worked for the 191 Ranch and other concerns in that state nearly four years, having to make a sudden exit with two bullet wounds in his leg owing to being mixed up in a gun fight.

When the war broke out in Europe Henderson came across the border and enlisted with the Canadian Army, deserting a battalion after battle. His first appearance in Eastern Canada was in Chesterville, Ont., in June, 1917, where he passed several cheques, obtaining goods and money from the local merchants of that place. He was arrested in Smith's Falls, brought back to Chesterville, found guilty and sentenced to three months in the Cornwall jail. He was only there a short time when he escaped with the assistance of a girl with an automobile from Montreal, P.Q. Henderson took towels and bedding into a rope and when let into the yard for exercising one morning, escaped over the wall of the goal with the assistance of the improvised rope, jump-

Graham where the latter was going and requested to go along. Dr. Graham took him into the canoe and the journey continued. Night came on and they pitched camp at Raquette Falls. Henderson talked freely of Canadian Army life, but avoided saying anything which might identify him with the acts of outlawry he had committed. During the evening two men appeared in canoes and asked if they could stay at the camp overnight. Dr. Graham granted their request, and unconsciously worked out his own salvation and Henderson's downfall. The newcomers, after a few minutes, connected Henderson with the stories of the Canadian's deeds in other parts of the States. Henderson, however, remained so close to Dr. Graham during the night that the newcomers were unable to communicate their suspicions to the doctor. It was not until the party were ready to go away in the morning that Dr. Graham was made aware of who his companion was. During their conversation Henderson had been heard to remark that he could not swim. With this in mind the party proceeded to an island in Long Lake where the two men kept guard over Henderson while Dr. Graham went to Tupper Lake and informed the police who arrived shortly after and placed the deserter under arrest. He was later turned over to Provost Marshal J. J. Graham at Kingston, Ont., and by him brought back to Kingston where he appeared before a military court and was sentenced for being absent without leave to twenty-one days detention.

Henderson remained in Kingston (Ill) Oct. 12, 1917, when he succeeded in getting away with a military police badge, revolver and handkerchiefs. Coming to Napanee he registered at the Lennox Hotel as Sergeant James Henderson, announcing himself as a military policeman looking for deserters. Hiring an automobile from the proprietor of the Hotel Lennox with Star McDonald, an employee of the hotel, as chauffeur, presumably to go to Selby, about four miles north of Napanee. Instead, however, they went to Belleville, where Henderson prevailed upon the police sergeant there to detail an officer to assist him in searching two houses for a supposed deserter. Failing in the search, Henderson proceeded to Trenton, twelve miles west, where he succeeded in fooling the chief of police into believing his story, also borrowed a pair of handcuffs from him and incidentally passed a bogus cheque on a merchant of that town.

From there he went to Colborne, passing a couple more cheques, obtaining cash and goods. He returned to Brighton, passed a bogus cheque on the hotelkeeper there and borrowed a revolver. He learned that there were two men in that village who were absentees from the Imperial Munitions Guard at Trenton. Locating them, Henderson placed them under arrest, taking them to Castleton, where he had them locked up in the village lock-up. This was on Sunday, Oct. 14, 1917. While in Castleton Henderson had tire trouble. Going to a storekeeper he was informed that the proprietor of the store had gone to church. Henderson, however, went into the church during the service, getting the storekeeper to go to the store and get him an automobile tire and tube and some other accessories to the value of \$35, paying for them with a bogus cheque. Later the two men who were locked up by him in Castleton were released by order of Provost Marshal Graham, M.D. No. 3.

After getting the car fixed with new tires, Henderson then went to Warkworth, putting up at the hotel there, and succeeded in disconnecting \$15 in cash from the hotelkeeper by means of a bogus cheque. He also visited the storekeeper there and obtained another supply of gasoline, oil and another tire, to the value of \$50, which he paid for by another bogus cheque.

He then went to Eldorado, putting up at the hotel, and in payment for his account there tendered a cheque for \$52 which was accepted. Henderson getting \$20 in cash. He then went to Havelock, registering at the Armstrong Hotel, announcing that he was looking for deserters. He bought a rifle and a supply of ammunition, some civilian clothes from a storekeeper there, and paid for them by a cheque. He hired two local men to guide him to Stony Lake some twenty miles north of Havelock, promising them \$2 per day, on the pretense of looking for a deserter supposed to be in a lumber camp near Stony Lake. They went with the car as far as the road would permit, which was about ten miles. Here they broke a spring and the car was abandoned. The party then proceeded on foot until they came to a lake where they hired a canoe from a settler. They paddled about fifteen miles, but no deserter was discovered. Coming back to where the car had been left Henderson changed his uniform for

civilian clothes, telling the men he had hired to wait there until he returned, saying he had to go to Coe Hill to send a message to Kingston. Before going he borrowed a gold watch from one of the men and \$5 from another, and was not seen by them again. Meanwhile, the chief of police of Napanee had been trying to locate him by telephone and telegraph, also Capt. J. J. Graham, Provost Marshal of Kingston, had two men pursuing Henderson but they could not catch up with him. The car that was stolen from Napanee was later brought back here and all trace of Henderson was lost for a few days; but it afterwards transpired that after leaving the car at Havelock, Henderson hired a settler to drive him to Coe Hill. He was next heard of at Marmora where he engaged an auto from a liveryman, saying he would want it for a few days as he was looking for deserters. Displaying his handcuffs, revolver and badge, he was given a car with a chauffeur. He went through to Denbigh, registering at the Denbigh House as Sergeant McDonald, and making inquiries for deserters. He learned that there was an absentee from the C.E.F. at Slate Falls. Proceeding there Henderson located him and placed him under arrest, at the same time obtaining from him, the absentee, \$50 as security, saying he would be back again to take him to Kingston. He also passed a bogus cheque on the hotelkeeper at Denbigh in payment of his account there, obtaining the balance in cash. He also passed a bogus cheque on a local constable for \$5.25. He then went to Tweed where he paid the chauffeur from the Marmora garage by a cheque for \$50 which upon presentation at the bank, was returned marked "No Good."

He next went to Kaladar and by the time Sergeant Major Hayes and Sergt. Calhoun of the military police of Kingston were close on his trail, Henderson stayed at Kaladar over night and in the morning he saw the escort that was looking for him. When the C.P.R. train pulled in to Kaladar station going east, Henderson got on the back of the engine while the men were looking for him in the coaches. He rode on the same train as far as Sharbot Lake, where the escort left the train to go to Kingston, Henderson going on to Montreal.

Reaching Montreal, he went to the office of the provost marshal, there announcing himself as Sergeant McDonald, military police, Kingston, and asked for the assistance of a soldier in rounding up a deserter. Private M. J. Wall, 1st Quebec Infantry, was detailed to assist Henderson in the capture of the supposed deserter. Obtaining an automobile, Henderson with Pte. Wall and a girl left for LaSalle, P.Q. where he attempted to cross over to New York State. The customs officer held him up, as he had not the necessary passports, but again Henderson bluffed the officer by his display of revolver, handcuffs and badge until he was allowed to proceed, also obtaining from the customs officer a certificate directed to the provost marshal at Kingston to the effect that Sergt. Jas. McDonald had crossed the border at 12.45 p.m. Nov. 3, 1917, bound for Plattsburg, N.Y., looking for deserters from the Canadian Army, signed by the customs officer and stamped with the customs office stamp.

He was next heard of in Malone, N.Y., where he had evidently abandoned the car he had obtained in Montreal. In Malone he hired a car and chauffeur on the pretext of looking for deserters from the Canadian Army. After going a short distance out of the city he struck the chauffeur on the head, rendering him unconscious, dumped him out of the car on the side of the road and drove the car to Plattsburg, N.Y., where he reported to Colonel F. A. Wolfe, Officer Commanding an American battalion in training there, saying he was a military policeman from Canada and had been detailed to come to Plattsburg to arrest a deserter, and asked for assistance. On the strength of his story, Sergt. J. McCurley was sent by Col. Wolfe to assist him. Seizing a car from Benjamin Baker, a liveryman in Plattsburg, he went to Holyoke, Mass., going up to a munition factory there, he bluffed the guard into letting him into the factory. The first man he saw inside the factory Henderson placed under arrest, with the assistance of Sergt. McCurley, despite the protestations of the employees, taking him in the car to Patterson, N.J., where Henderson turned him over to the city police, asking to have him locked up until he was ready to call for him.

Sergeant McCurley became suspicious of Henderson and communicated his suspicions to the chief of police of Patterson, but Henderson succeeded in convincing the chief, as well as some detectives that were in the office at the time, that he really was a representative of the military police at Kingston, Ont., and

did it so well that he preferred charges against Sergt. McCurley of the American Army, and the police locked McCurley up, and then Henderson left. It was afterwards found out that the civilian whom Henderson had locked up at Patterson was not a soldier at all, was an American citizen and had worked at this particular munition factory for nearly two years. When the mistake was discovered he was allowed to go, with an apology from the American Government, and a military inquiry was ordered by the military authorities at Plattsburg.

Henderson next turned up at Tarrytown, N.Y., where he abandoned the car he obtained in Plattsburg after having driven it 2,199 miles, running up a livery bill of \$612, which the owner of the car is still trying to collect, without success. Walking into a garage in Tarrytown Henderson demanded a car again showing the emblems of his office. On the strength of his story he was given a seven-passenger Lottier car belonging to the sheriff of that county, and drove the car to Bridgeport, Conn. Driving the car into a garage there, he again repeated his story of being a military policeman from Canada but, however, his inability to handle the car properly aroused the suspicions of the owner of the garage who telephoned the police that a man was there with a car and he did not seem to understand it. Sergt. B. Coughlin of the city police force was sent down to bring Henderson to the police station where he was questioned by Captain Cronan. Not being satisfied with the answers given by Henderson, Capt. Cronan ordered him locked up for future investigation, Henderson being very indignant and threatening all kinds of reprisals against the captain for daring to lock up a representative of the Canadian military police. Within a few minutes after locking up Henderson the Bridgeport police received long distance telephone calls from Patterson, N.J., Tarrytown, N.Y., Plattsburg, N.Y., to try and locate and arrest if possible a man answering the description of Henderson as he was wanted in each place. Also a telephone message was received from the British consul general at New York to the effect that Henderson was wanted by the Canadian military authorities. He was later handed over to Capt. J. J. Graham, late provost marshal M.D. No. 3, Kingston, and by him brought back to Kingston.

The military authorities at Kingston concluded it was a case for trial by civil court for his many offences. He was ordered by the deputy assistant adjutant, M.D. No. 3, to be handed over to Chief of Police Barrett of Napanee, who held a warrant for Henderson's arrest on charges of theft and obtaining money by false pretences and was brought from Kingston by the chief to Napanee where he appeared before Magistrate Rankin charged with theft of an auto from Hugh Fitzpatrick, obtaining money under false pretences from Stein, Albert Lockwood and Harvey Thompson. Finding guilty to all the charges, he was sentenced to five years in the Kingston Penitentiary for the theft of an auto to two years on each of the other charges, sentences to run concurrently.

When asked what excuse he had to offer for committing this long list of crimes, Henderson said it was the result of a gaze by some of his charms in Kingston that he could not repeat his doings in Canada, in the United States, leaving Kingston with \$5 in his pocket and travel 5,000 miles, pass himself off to the various police authorities as a military policeman, and remain at large for thirty days, which he succeeded in doing, incidentally making a home for himself for the next five years in Kingston Penitentiary, also leaving a long list of storekeepers bewailing the loss of goods and money.

With all the money that Henderson secured, when arrested at Bridgeport, eleven cents was all he had in his possession. Unlike other offenders, Henderson committed the crime simply for the excitement it offered and not for gain. Putting his wits against those whom he defeated he succeeded in demonstrating the truth of that old saying, "there is one born every minute."

During his short but spectacular career since October 12, 1917, Henderson was successful in obtaining about \$500 by means of bogus cheques besides running up livery bills which he paid for by cheque to the amount of over \$1,000, victimizing the people in every place he visited until he ran against a snag at Bridgeport, Conn., when his career came to an abrupt end.

W. H. MARIE

General Agent Canadian and American Periodicals at the Standard Bank every Saturday from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Special Club rates given.



Christmas Footwear, Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases

### Ladies' Slippers

Felt Juliets, Brown, \$1.50 Red or Black..... \$1.50

### Cozy Felt Slippers

Padded soles and cushion heels, all colors, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50.

Extra fine Felt Cozy Slippers Nile Green, Laven-der or Pale Blue... \$1.75



### Men's Slippers

A large variety from \$1.00 up.



Men's, Women's and Children's Leggings

### Ladies' Spatts

The new 10 inch style all colors, from \$1.00 to \$2.50

### Skating and Hockey Shoes

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AT POPULAR PRICES.

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## Let Us Help You Decide Your What-to-Give Problem

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Just Received

A Shipment of Dainty Xmas Blouses at \$2.50, \$3.00 up to \$9.50

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Just placed in stock a shipment of Brown all wool Cashmere Hose sizes 9, 9 1-2 and 10 at \$1.50

## Earle & Cook Co., Ltd.

Why not try "The Ontario" Want Columns for the 46-3rd house you want to rent, or article for sale?



THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

New Time Table For Toronto and Intermediate points: 3.30 A.M., (except Monday), 7.00 A.M. and 5.00 P.M. (except Sunday)...

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

Time of departure from Belleville Station Going East No. 18—11.30 a.m.—Mail train daily...

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

GENERAL CHANGE OF TIME SHEET, 26 1917. CHICAGO-MONTREAL THROUGH SERVICE...

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

Could Hardly Live for Asthma Writes one man who after years of suffering has found complete relief...

Could Hardly Live for Asthma Writes one man who after years of suffering has found complete relief through Dr. J. D. Kellerg's Asthma Remedy...

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MALCOLM WRIGHT, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Office 11 Campbell Street, Belleville. Money to Loan at lowest rates.

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ASSAYERS

DELEWILLE ASSAY OFFICE—Dres and Minerals of all kinds tested and assayed. Samples sent by mail or express will receive prompt attention.

AUCTIONEERS

NORMAN MONTGOMERY, Auctioneer, 101 Belleville Office at 7:30 p.m. on Thursdays.

PLOT TO ALIGN SOUTH AMERICA AGAINST U.S.

TRIED TO BRING ABOUT A SECRET AGREEMENT

Washington, Dec. 24.—In Latin-American diplomatic quarters here it is regarded as certain that the disclosures will result very quickly in an Argentine declaration of war against Germany...

A Secret Agreement

One of the messages revealed that Luxburg had induced the President of Argentina to seek a secret agreement with Chile and Bolivia...

President Was Pliable

Evidence of the apparent pliability of the Argentine President and of the opposition of Minister of Foreign Affairs Puerreydon is disclosed in many of the despatches...

Translation of the Despatches

The telegrams show a number of inaccuracies so surprising that no epithet will fit them," said the Foreign Minister's statement...

The Message Referring to the South American Alliance

The message referring to the South American alliance merely said that the President had at last made up his mind to conclude such an agreement with Chile and Bolivia...

TELEGRAM DATED JULY 20

A telegram dated July 20 announced the completion of a receiving plant and asked for the length of the great wireless station at Nauau.

All Signed "Luxburg"

The German charge's messages were sent during last July, August and September.

NEW ROUTE TO WESTERN CANADA PROVING POPULAR

Trans Through Famous Clay Belt of New Ontario and the Cobalt Mining District

On your next trip to Western Canada why not travel over a new route, see the wonderful landscape opened up in Northern Ontario by the Transcontinental Railway...

One of the outstanding features of these years

One of the outstanding features of these years. And yet it is probable there has not been an adequate co-ordination of all this spiritual effort...

MOBILIZATION

One of the outstanding features of these years. And yet it is probable there has not been an adequate co-ordination of all this spiritual effort...

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Raising Live Stock In Western Canada



ACCORDING to a recent statement by Prof. W. L. Carlyle, late Dean of the Oklahoma State College of Agriculture for the Province of Saskatchewan by the Secretary of the Provincial Livestock Board...

MOBILIZATION

One of the outstanding features of these years. And yet it is probable there has not been an adequate co-ordination of all this spiritual effort...

MOBILIZATION

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Advertisement for Alexander Ray, Specialist in eye care. Includes a portrait of a man and text: 'ARE YOUR GLASSES SOOTHING TO YOUR EYES?'

Advertisement for DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. Includes a circular logo with the text 'DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS' and 'PURELY VEGETABLE'.



INSIDE NEWS OF RUSSIA

Russians All Seem to Blame Kerensky For Allowing the Bolsheviks to Get the Upper Hand.

In the following despatch, dated November 13, The London Daily Chronicle's special correspondent Dr. Harold Williams, who has been on a visit to the Caucasus, describes what he saw and heard of the civil war during his long journey of 1,500 miles to Petrograd, via Kieff and Moscow.

Returning from a short visit to the Northern Caucasus, I traversed Russia from south to north.

Throughout the ten Kuban territories order was undisturbed. At Rostoff on Friday I learned a few details of the rising of the Rostoff garrison and the workers were in a state of ferment and had passed Bolshevik resolutions. But in the neighboring town of Novotcherkassk, the capital of the Don country, the Cossack government under Kaledin had immediately declared for the Provisional Government, assumed full power in its own territories and established contact with the Cossack government of the neighboring territories.

Shortly after the rising, the Cossacks of the Don, Kuban, Tver and Astrakhan territories, the Kalmyks of the Steppes and the mountain tribes of Daghestan and the Black Sea coast had formed a league of autonomous units with a common federal government over the whole territory north of the Caucasus between the Caspian and the Black Sea. The existence of this league guarantee complete order in that territory, which includes the richest granary of Russia.

On Thursday, Kaledin's government declared martial law in the disturbed mining area of the Donets Basin, and an engineer whom I saw later in the train declared that the miners had resumed work. The Cossack Congress, which happened to be sitting at Kieff, immediately took command of the situation there, arrested the Ukrainian Council and suppressed the Bolsheviks. The last I heard in Rostoff was that the Cossacks were arresting the Bolsheviks at Novotcherkassk.

Indignation With Kerensky

From Rostoff onwards there was a complete absence of definite news. Order prevailed at all stations and fewer soldiers than usual besieged the train. The more intelligent soldiers with whom I talked were indignant with the Bolsheviks, and thought the Socialists declare for Korniloff, other and simpler men knew little of politics and cared less.

Nowhere throughout the journey did I hear a word of sympathy for Kerensky. Educated passengers were infuriated by his laxity in permitting the Bolshevik agitation, and the soldiers were indignant that he was unable to maintain authority and order. A railwayman said Kerensky, Lenin and Trotsky ought all to be thrown into the Neva. There was not a trace of enthusiasm for the Provisional Government, which was felt to have deserved its fate; but everywhere along the line was expressed a longing for real order, for real authority, for someone who could at least save Russia from her terrible fate.

At Kharov station on Saturday there was again a scarcity of news owing to a local newspaper strike.

Bloodshed in Moscow

At Tula we had news of trouble in Moscow. Approaching Moscow on a bright sunny afternoon we looked across the low-lying meadows and scanned the towers and cupolas of the city for traces of the smoke of battle. But the old capital stood out still resplendent, with no outward signs of any war.

On the outskirts the train stopped. We heard the sound of guns and were told that the Officers' Training School was being bombarded. Women told terrible stories of fighting and bloodshed throughout Saturday and Sunday, and declared that while lines had been mown down by machine guns.

At the station there was not a single intelligent person, and all we could gather were vague rumors of continuous fighting, of houses destroyed by artillery and fire, of thousands killed and wounded. The streets near the station were lined by people listening for the sound of firing, but we were told that farther on the streets were empty. As the train glided out of the station the sound of a volley came up from somewhere near the central post-office.

Petrograd's Atmosphere

The only passenger who joined the train at Moscow was a soldier whose information was confused and fragmentary. He said foreign soldiers were helping the Government troops. At all the stations farther on we again heard contradictory reports and I got no idea of the real situation until passengers from the suburban stations joined the train this morning.

At the Petrograd station there were no visible signs of traffic. The streets looked bedraggled and grimy. There were shutters on most of the shops and many were closed, but the trams were running as usual. Near my house I met a squad of the Red Guard on patrol work. At the entrance to my flat two young men, residents of the house, were on guard. Residents of each house now take turns in policing doors and gateways; we are all special constables now.

And then I plunged into the thick of the Petrograd rumors, and party wrangling, and furious recrimination, and felt again the bitterness of state of ferment and had passed Bolshevik resolutions. But in the neighboring town of Novotcherkassk, the capital of the Don country, the Cossack government under Kaledin had immediately declared for the Provisional Government, assumed full power in its own territories and established contact with the Cossack government of the neighboring territories.

Shortly after the rising, the Cossacks of the Don, Kuban, Tver and Astrakhan territories, the Kalmyks of the Steppes and the mountain tribes of Daghestan and the Black Sea coast had formed a league of autonomous units with a common federal government over the whole territory north of the Caucasus between the Caspian and the Black Sea. The existence of this league guarantee complete order in that territory, which includes the richest granary of Russia.

PASSING OF DR. RICHARD JONES

Received Preliminary Education at Public Schools and Albert College Belleville

The death occurred at his late residence, "Avalon," D'Arcy Street, on Saturday morning, of Dr. Richard Jones, aged 84 years, after an illness extending about two years. Though he had not been in good health during this time, his condition was not considered serious, and his last illness was of eleven days' duration, pneumonia being the cause of death. The late Dr. Jones was a son of the late Rev. George Jones and Laura Mallory, who were of United Empire Loyalist stock. He was born in Clarke Township, Durham County, January 9, 1834, and received his preliminary education at the public schools and Albert College, Belleville. He studied medicine and graduated from the University of Buffalo about 1860, later taking post graduate work in New York. He started practicing his profession at Madoc in the early '60s, being there when the first gold discoveries were made. In 1869 he removed to Port Perry, going into partnership with his brother, Dr. Geo. W. Jones, who some time later removed to Michigan. He remained at Port Perry for twenty years, carrying on a large and successful practice. He was a doctor of the old school and was known everywhere as the poor man's doctor, not only giving his services free, but gave of his own to make the lot of his poorer friends a more agreeable one. Here he was given every position the municipality could give, filling at various times the office of reeve, councillor and member of the Board of Education. In 1887 he removed to Toronto, where he practiced until 1901, when he came to Cobourg to reside. He practiced here until about five years ago when old age and illness compelled him to retire, since which time he has devoted himself to his garden. Dr. Jones was married in 1865 to Miss Lucinda R. Mallory, daughter of the late C. R. Mallory, Front Road East, and for fifty-three years they lived a life of devotion to one another. She with one daughter, Miss Laura L. Jones, of the Collegiate Institute staff, survive.

Members of the latter lodge attended the funeral on Sunday to Cobourg Union Cemetery, at which Rev. H. B. Kenny officiated.

AMAS POULTRY SOLD HIGH

Market Interest Centered on Turkeys, Geese and Ducks - Hide Market Slumped.

Market today bore all the features of Christmas tide. Poultry was the only thing that seemed to count. It was not long after sunrise that the farmers wives began to take their places in the market building and unload the precious baskets of birds of all classes. Soon the market building was the scene of a slowly moving mass of buyers and spectators before the tables well laden with poultry of every description.

The birds offered were mostly in an excellent condition, having been fattened up well. Prices were high naturally for the cost of grain is great, but quite a number of bargains were secured. Indeed poultry is not quite so high as it was at Christmas 1916.

The turkey seems to have a tight grip on the taste of the Belleville epicures. The highest price asked today was \$12.00 for a 37 pound gobbler, which figured out at a little over 32 cents per pound. This was the most majestic bird offered. A good sized turkey could be purchased for \$5 or \$6. A few were offered at \$4 and \$4.50. Others went at \$7 and \$8.

The buyers were quoting today 35c to 40c. for rough dressed turkeys. The supply was large and there were enough to fill a local demand. The goose was a good seller at \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00 and \$3.50. These prices were maintained throughout the market. The geese mostly were fat. Buyers paid 25c to 30c. per pound for rough dressed. Ducks generally brought \$1.50 each. They were not very numerous. The rough dressed bird wholesale at 25c. to 30c.

Three dollars per pair was the top-notch price on chickens. These were fine birds, large and plump. Two dollars and fifty cents was the general price of chickens. Butter and eggs absorbed only a small interest today, although prices were kept up to the standard. Butter brought 50c and eggs 60c to 65c. Suet kraut was sold at ten cents per quart and was quite a seller. Potatoes brought \$2.00 per bag. The frosty atmosphere resulted in restricted offerings. There was no hay offered today. Oats, wheat barley and buckwheat are unchanged. Hides are down to 10c per pound. The hog market is steady at \$17 per cwt. Beef and lamb remain unchanged in price. Christmas trees were sold on the market this morning.

On the occasion of the celebration of his silver wedding W. B. Pullar, Bridge of Allen, was presented with an illuminated address by his employees.

The chief of the Food Controller's staff advises amending of municipal regulations so as to permit the keeping of fowl and even pigs in towns and cities.

The Windsor Water Commissioners have decided to install two powerful electric pumps in an endeavor to overcome the fuel shortage.

Lieut. Erwin Boelcke, one of the most successful German aviators and successor to Capt. Boelke in command of the latter's squadron, has been killed.

Andrew J. Peters, formerly assistant secretary, was elected mayor of Boston, defeating Mayor James M. Curley, his nearest opponent, by approximately 9,000 votes.

With a decision upholding the Idaho prohibition law, the U. S. Supreme Court held that a citizen has no constitutional right to possess liquor for his personal use if a State wishes to forbid it.

Fire in the Canadian Northern station at Port Arthur did damage to materials and records to the extent of \$65,000.

Brantford local council has passed a resolution demanding that the authorities take steps to remove the name from Kitchener, Ont., and not permit the rename of with any name of any allied hero.

Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 24.—Before a screaming, yelling audience of thousands of men and women at the Theatre last night, Billy Sunday when hearing the close of his revival here fought a fast and furious fist fight with a German sympathizer on the platform. While the exchange of blows was about even, Billy had decidedly the better of the argument before the crowd near the platform separated the contestants.

His attack came just after the evangelist had begun a vigorous attack on the German and their allies in this war.

He had just said that he "didn't think God would be on the side of a dirty bunch that would stand aside and see a Turk outrage a woman."

At this point there came cries of "Look out, and you him!" and "South prior strike, struck by Sunday workers who were trying to keep him off the platform and advanced threateningly in the evangelist's direction.

Turning to see the cause of the interruption, Sunday, crouched like a prize fighter and looking like a dog general, launched an attack on the intruder.

Billy led for the face and missed, and the stranger, who outweighed Billy by about fifty pounds, landed a glancing blow on the face. Then Billy countered with heavy blows to the chest, and the crowd was on the platform and tore the fighters apart.

MINUTES OF DECEMBER MEETING OF SIDNEY TOWNSHIP COUNCIL

Sidney Town Hall, Dec. 15th, 1917. Council met pursuant to adjournment.

The members present were: Chas. Ketcheson, Reeve; J. W. Hess, Deputy Reeve; M. Finkle, and W. A. Reid, Councillors.

The minutes of the August regular meeting and of a special meeting held Oct. 23rd, were read and adopted.

Mr. Sullivan then addressed the Council re the purchase of wood on the road allowance between Lots 6 and 7 in the 8th Concession of Sidney.

Moved by Chas. Ketcheson, seconded by J. W. Hess that S. W. Wright and W. A. Reid be a committee to sell the wood on the road allowance in question. Carried.

A communication from the Department of Highways was read asking the Council for certain information re Public Highways in the Township of Sidney.

The Council instructed the clerk to give the desired information as far as possible.

A letter was read from Theo Taylor, Engineer, soliciting the patronage of the Sidney Township Council.

Moved by J. W. Hess, seconded by W. A. Reid, that the communication be received and filed. The motion carried.

On motion by W. A. Reid, seconded by M. Finkle, the following accounts were ordered to be paid:—The Intelligencer Co. for Printing, \$35.25; The Municipal World, for Supplies, \$9.65; W. H. Weese, Constable and Trust officer account, \$4,526.22, but the fire, police and tor's account, \$10.00.

On motion by W. A. Reid, seconded by M. Finkle, the Reeve and Clerk were authorized to sign and submit to the Department of Highways in Ontario, a statement showing that during the year 1917, there had been a total expenditure of \$2421.71 on roads and requesting the grant provided by the Ontario Highways Act of 1915.

A by-law was passed to authorize the Collector to continue the collecting of taxes for the year 1917 and another to provide polling places and appoint Deputy Returning Officers and Poll-clerks for the year 1918.

Moved by Reeve Ketcheson, seconded by J. W. Hess, that the Council instruct the Collector that all taxes not paid by the 30 of December, 1917, be collected with costs. This motion carried.

A communication from the Canada Law Book Co., held over from the October meeting was then taken up and on motion by J. M. Hess, seconded by W. A. Reid, the Council decided to purchase a copy of "Meridith's Canadian Municipal Manual."

A letter from the British Red Cross Society was read, acknowledging the receipt of \$500 from the Sidney Township Council and expressing gratitude for the generous response to their appeal.

The Reeve read a letter from the Navy League, which was placed on file for further consideration.

Moved by M. Finkle, seconded by Chas. Ketcheson, that the Treasurer's salary for 1917 be increased by \$50. Carried.

On motion by W. A. Finkle, seconded by W. Reid, the Township Treasurer was authorized to pay S. S. No. 11, the sum of \$4.55, being taxes collected from the Hydro-Electric Power Co.

Moved by J. W. Hess, seconded by M. Finkle that the minutes of this meeting be now read and adopted and that the Council adjourn. Carried.

W. H. Nobes, Chas. Ketcheson, Clerk, Reeve.

SIRIES ATTEND FUNERAL OF DECEASED COMPATRIOT FROM POINT ANNE

The funeral of Mijo Smolic, the Serbian who died on Thursday at the hospital of a fractured skull and spinal column sustained in an accident at Point Anne, took place this morning from Messrs Tickell & Sons undertaking rooms. Rev. Dr. R. C. Blarave of Christ Church officiating. A number of compatriots of the deceased attended the last sad rites and acted as bearers. Interment was in Belleville Cemetery.

Smolic was 51 years of age having been born in Zagreb, Austria, in 1866. He was known at Point Anne as M. Tamezik, the name given in the report of his death.

DIED AT GREAT AGE

Mrs. Sarah Homan was in Her 98th Year

The death occurred this morning of a very aged lady, Mrs. Sarah Homan, at the residence of her grand-daughter, Mrs. Fred Wheeler, 190 James St. Mrs. Homan was 97 years and 11 months of age and was born in Thurlow. She was a Methodist in religion. Alourning her death are one son, Samuel Homan, of Chicago and two daughters, Mrs. Joseph Millemas, of Vancouver, and Mrs. Samuel Bonter, of Chicago.

MARMORA

Mr. Geo. Collins, of Trenton, was in town yesterday on business connected with the C.N.R.

Pte. Jos. McFarlane, who has been in Toronto for some months, returned home last Saturday and will spend the winter in Marmora. Her friends will regret that Miss Nina Pinner is confined to her home through illness.

Flight Lieut. Thomas Coon of the Canadian Flying Corps visited at his home here during the past week.

Mrs. W. G. Mackenzie is in Toronto for a couple of days. On her return home she will be accompanied by Dr. Mackenzie, who will spend the holidays with his family here.—Herald.

DESERONTO

Mr. Bert Miller, Bethany, died on Tuesday after a protracted illness of consumption. The funeral will be held at his home across the bay.

Mrs. Wm. Kingsbury, Mrs. Wm. Baker, and two children of Trenton, left this week to spend the holidays with the later's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fyies, of Watertown N. Y.

Messrs. Mack Bartley, Robert Fairbairn, Chas. Froese, J. V. Farrell, Percy Bowen and Mr. Rendell went to Belleville on Tuesday to appear before the Appeal Board. We understand Mr. Percy Bowen was allowed exemption.

STOCKDALE

Mrs. D. Trumble has moved into Mr. H. Floud's house.

The ladies of the W.M.S. met at the home of Mrs. S. Fox on Friday last, and after packing a box of bedding, clothing, etc., for the Deaconess Home, Toronto, spent the afternoon in prayer for our missionary on the field and for the success of our Allies in France.

The Stockdale Women's Institute were at home to the members of the Wooler Institute on Wednesday afternoon. A good program was furnished by the Wooler ladies.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Wood attended the funeral of Mr. Wood's aunt at Demoresville on Tuesday last.

Mrs. Field suffered a stroke on Tuesday evening and is very ill at the home of her daughter.

Miss Della Maybee spent Wednesday with Mrs. T. Sargent.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Barlow, of Bell

View, and Mrs. C. Frost, of Frankford, spent Sunday at Mr. W. H. White's.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Way and children visited at Mr. C. Chase's on Sunday.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Jonsson on the arrival of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace McMurter took dinner at Mr. A. Chase's on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Powell and Mrs. N. Bates visited in Belleville on Thursday.

A large congregation were present on Sunday evening and listened to an inspiring address by Lieut.-Col. (Rev.) Williams, a former pastor.

Mr. and Mrs. Morley Davidson and mother visited at Mr. S. R. Osterhout's on Sunday.

Mr. W. J. Bryant has sold his house to Mr. L. Moran. Mr. Urquhart took tea at Mr. Norman Simmons' on Sunday.

BONE DRY CANADA PROCLAIMED UNTIL YEAR AFTER PEACE

New Law Comes Into Effect After Today — To Save Waste—Intention is to Discourage Unnecessary Expenditures During War Time

OTTAWA, Dec. 24.—Official announcement was made by the prime minister at noon on Saturday of the prohibition of intoxicating liquors into Canada after today.

The announcement reads: "On December 17 the people gave to the government an unmistakable mandate for the vigorous prosecution of the war and for the employment of all the country's energies and resources necessary to achieve victory. It is essential and indeed vital to the efficient conduct of the war that wasteful or unnecessary expenditure should be prohibited, and all articles capable of being utilized as food should be conserved. It is beyond question that the use of liquor affects adversely the realization of this purpose."

"The subject has been under consideration by the war committee of the cabinet, and therefore conclusions have been reached:

- (1) Any liquor or beverages containing more than two and a half per cent. alcohol shall be regarded as intoxicating liquor. (2) The importation of intoxicating liquor into Canada is prohibited on and after Dec. 24, 1917, unless it shall have been actually purchased on or before that date for importation into Canada and unless, having been so purchased, it is imported into Canada not later than the 31st day of January, 1918. The final determination upon any question respecting such purchase shall rest with the minister of customs. This regulation shall not apply to importations for medicinal, sacramental, manufacturing or chemical purposes. (3) The transportation of liquor into any part of Canada wherein the sale of intoxicating liquor is illegal will be prohibited on and after April 1, 1918. (4) The manufacture of intoxicating liquor within Canada will be prohibited on and after a date to be determined upon further investigation and consideration of the actual conditions of the industry.

"As above mentioned, the prohibition of importation becomes effective today, (December 24).

"The regulation to carry into effect the other provisions above mentioned are being prepared and as soon as approved they will be enacted under the provisions of the War Measures Act.

"The foregoing provisions will remain in force during the war and for 12 months after the conclusion of peace."

SUDDEN DEATH

Mr. Esau Langman dropped dead as a result of heart failure while at work at Deloro last Saturday. Up to the day of his death he was apparently in good health and the report of his demise came as a great surprise to the people of Marmora. The deceased was born in England and was seventy-seven years of age. He has been a resident of Hastings County for many years but he also lived in California for eight years. He carried on business as a butcher and grocer in Madoc for seven or eight years.

In September 1908, the late Mr. Langman was married to Mrs. E. Southworth, who survives him. He was previously married three times. He is also survived by one daughter, Mrs. J. Saker, of Griswold, Man., and two sons, D. J. Langman, Wolseley, Sask., and J. E. Langman, whereabouts unknown. A daughter, Mrs. John Canniff, died last June.

The deceased was well known, particularly in the northern part of the county and he was esteemed and respected by a large number of friends. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon, service being conducted at the house by Rev. W. P. Woodger. The remains were interred in the Marmora cemetery.—Herald.

TRAINING SHIP FOR KINGSTON

IN CONNECTION WITH TRAINING OF NAVAL CADETS—ARRANGEMENTS NOW MADE

A despatch from Ottawa this morning states that arrangements are being made there to open the Royal Naval College at Halifax, which was badly damaged by the explosion. The offer of the Royal Military College placing their buildings at the disposal of the Naval College is under consideration and it is expected that in the early spring when navigation re-opens a training ship will be sent to Kingston for the practical nautical education of the students.

Rear Admiral Kingsmill visited the R.M.C. this week and was very favorably impressed with the facilities offered. Nothing definite has been received yet as to the coming of the Naval College, but it is generally considered that the naval students, about forty in number, will be here in the spring.

Mrs. R. Y. Leslie, Brighton, has returned from visiting relatives in Picton and Belleville.—Ensign.

The Daily Ontario

THE DAILY ONTARIO is published every afternoon (Sundays and holidays excepted) at The Ontario Building, Front Street, Belleville, Ontario. Subscription \$2.00 per annum.

THE WEEKLY ONTARIO and Day of Quinte Chronicle is published every Thursday morning at \$1.00 a year or \$2 a year to the United States.

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

(Daily Edition) One year, delivered in city \$2.00; by mail to rural office \$2.50. Six months, \$1.25. Three months, \$0.75. Single copy, 10c. Postage paid at Belleville, Ont. No. 10 U. S. A. J. H. MORTON, Business Manager. J. O. MERRITT, Editor-in-Chief.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1917

BEATING THE SUBMARINES

There are logical reasons given by Arthur Pollen, British naval expert, for his belief that the submarine menace is becoming less serious, and that there is no possibility of the Germans decreasing the Allied tonnage to a state which will seriously handicap war efforts.

According to his statement, Britain launched as much tonnage as she lost last month, and the United States has started to launch her vessels in addition to this. The latter will increase production monthly, and if Britain can continue to balance her losses by production, the American vessels will be clear gain, except for those which may be torpedoed.

But it is just as important as ever that greater success be obtained in destroying the enemy pirates and putting an end to this constant drain. The loss in shipping has been the most serious side of the problem because of the difficulty in replacing it, but there is the other side—the loss of cargoes. Many of these are composed largely of foodstuffs and in view of the world shortage this loss is serious.

There is only one way, apart from the prevention of submarine successes, to overcome this difficulty, and that is by increasing production enormously in the coming year.

RUINING GERMANY

The state to which Germany has been reduced by the war, the New York Times declares, is clear to the vision of that Hamburg business man who tells the Leipzig Neueste Nachrichten that Germany will be isolated commercially after the war.

It is not only in the shipbuilding yards but also on the farms that the opportunity of beating the submarine lies. Every man who can do a day's work on the land is helping. It is a chance for real patriotic service given to the man who cannot fight or devote himself to building vessels.

This calamity, he declares, has not been brought about so much by the forcible destruction of the merchant marine as by the alienation of hitherto neutral countries which, of course, he ascribes to England's machinations, not to the real cause.

The heaviest blow of this kind was the inducement of China and most of the South American countries to take steps of this nature. The German business man who, after peace is declared, goes out into the world, will find ruins everywhere, and if he attempts to rebuild them he will be prevented by a wall of enmity.

If this condition is kept up, he declares, "the German Empire would be reduced to a second-class power." All this he makes an argument for continuing the war until England is thoroughly beaten, so that she cannot effectively keep up her enmity after peace is declared.

It seems a non sequitur, and inclines one to the belief that the conclusion is recorded only for the purpose of avoiding the censorship. However that may be, he has, possibly without

knowing it, framed a terrible indictment of the German militarists for the injury they have inflicted on their own country.

It seems possible that the greatest battle of the western front is scheduled to be fought this winter.

Bulgaria is growing increasingly uneasy and discontented over the war situation. In the Bulgarian Parliament the Premier was charged with sacrificing the national interests to those of Germany and Austria, and a resolution expressing want of confidence in the ministry failed by the narrow margin of nine votes.

A SOLDIER'S CHRISTMAS

It is the Holy Christmas Eve. The snow floats softly down.

Hiding scars of reeking war near a Belgian town; And sitting in a dugout, beneath the green flare rays. A soldier sits a-dreaming of other Christmas days.

When happy laughter's music rang, where love illumined each face; Full well he knows they miss him sore from his accustomed place.

Pond memories creep so lovingly tonight across the foam; Of the gentle, bright-faced mother, and the fun they had at home.

He hears again the call for aid that filled his heart with flame; And thrills to think that those he loved have helped him play the game;

Sad thoughts arose of pals so brave, asleep on hill and vale; When clear the bugle call rang out: "Line up! Line up for mail!"

From every dugout, billet, tent, they hurried in a stream; Each face alert with tender hope, with joy lit eyes agleam;

As down the line the names were read, the heroes of the Somme; God grant that all had word of gift from those they loved at home.

The captain held a parcel, a box or goodly size; He passed it quickly to the lad who stood with longing eyes;

Back in his tent with tightening throat, he looked the contents o'er; As with the other eager chaps he squatted on the floor.

Forgot the bruise of battle, the striving of the fray; Forgot the storm that lashed them, the struggle in the way;

Forgot the haunting sorrow in the trait of Fritz's bomb; In the sunshine of the gladness of a box that came from home.

There was goodly eats in plenty, mother made them for her boy; All his childhood tastes remembered, everything to give him joy;

Socks and wrappings warm and cosy, a pen from little Tad; A service watch from sister, and some chink from dear old dad.

Loads to share with all the fellows, it was "Jake" to see his pride; As he praised each luscious dainty, tears came that he could not hide;

And late the candle flickered from out the shell-fire zone; As he wrote to thank his loved ones for the box they sent from home.

My people, my own people, how dear my homeland seems; It is there my heart is turning so fondly in its dreams.

I love it all so dearly, our Canada so free; And I know that we are fighting for right and liberty; There is little glamour living like a mole down in the ground.

But it's wiser far than stopping every whining bullet's sound; And it grips you to its meshes, as the whiz-bangs rip and moan;

Still we all get mighty human when a box arrives from home; The cornerstone of Victory on a silent host is built; But the wells of love are deepened by the precious blood that's spilt;

Men are gambling by the thousand, life seems but of little worth; But its moral, deep and lasting, like a tide will cleanse the earth.

This may be my last letter for we must enforce peace laws; But it's glorious, Mother, glorious, dying for a glorious cause!

And if the flag I fight for should prove my shroud and tomb; You will know you made me happy with the boxes sent from home.

The dawn came grey and ghostly, the Holy Christmas Day; The weary post came marching in, so glad to hit the hay;

When what a "rum-tum-tum" hideous din came hurrying at our line; For Christmas has no meaning to the snakes from out the Rhine;

The star-shell's track of fiery light shines like a gory hand; As we go out and over in the wreck of No Man's Land; Our comrades that have fought and fell are calling us to come;

And prove that we are worthy of the boxes sent from home; Then in a bloody corner where the abrapnel fell like rain; I heard a groan, a sobbing sigh, then stillness that brought pain;

A body limp and twisted, a face with light divine; A heart at peace in midst of strife, tho' tasting Death's dark wine; When we had drove Fritz from his lair, and talked up our lost;

We missed our brave young soldier who counted not the cost; But the liddle lay a-smiling beneath the velvet dome; And we know he told the angels of the box that came from home.

Eva E. Hamilton.

Other Editor's Opinions

GERMAN CASUALTIES

German official estimates of German casualties are undoubtedly too low, and probably the unofficial estimates made outside of Germany, but based on German information are too low. We know how little regard the German has for human life, and how desperately the German Staff and Government need victory. It is used only once. German attacks in mass formation are common, and near Cambrai 10 attacks were made, 6 in one day. At Verdun the prestige of the Crown was desperately in need of a victory, and the German soldiers were driven up to the enemy lines in efforts to drown out the French defenders in a human tide. On the Flave for three weeks the Germans have been attacking in the desperation of what is almost a final effort and the probability is that the casualties run far above anything the German Government will admit and above anything the allied officers dare to estimate.—Philadelphia Record.

POLITICAL ART OF HOODWINKING

The Canadian West has a wholesome contempt for the Conservative party, the defunct Conservative government. The west would have effaced the last government if the Conservatives had not taken action; thanks to Sir Robert Borden—to efface themselves. The late Conservative administration was a blundering regime. It lacked the subtlety of the so-called Liberals. The Liberal opportunists were able to maintain protectionism and railway subsidies and bond guarantees and to hand out special privileges and natural resources to corporation interests for fifteen years and to continue to call themselves Liberal! Three or four years of the same political name by the Conservative party, without the hoodwinking art of talking democracy and fleecing it at the same time, aroused the Canadian west especially to super-heated radicalism.—Ottawa Citizen. (Ind.)

JERUSALEM'S CAPTURE

Today the Crusader's armor is a uniform of khaki. His crossbow is catapult, his spear and battleaxe are rifle, cannon, railway and airplane. Once more, after the lapse of seven centuries since Edward I, the last of the Crusaders, faced toward Jerusalem, the British have besieged, and in this time taken it. To the Christian triumph over the Moslem comes due not so much to any merit on his part as to him who long ago suffered and struggled for an ideal only to realize, centuries later in the moment of success that he has outgrown it in the discipline of the suffering and struggle. For Jerusalem, the place for which the Jews have lamented all these centuries, has become a great or than moral city. Ages of story and song, of longing and exile have glorified it. The whole literature, poetry, thought, music, and art of the Western world rings with that sacred name; Chaucer, Tasso, the Arthurian romances, the tales of chivalry, folk-song, hymnology, legend, the political systems of great democracies, the dreams of Utopian reformers. The mighty wings of Zion beat in the recesses of the medieval mystics as the harp of Zion resound in the orchestral tumult of Wagner's "Parsifal". Go where we will, in the immeasurable steppes of Russia, where the lone, brooding thought of Tolstoy met the spirit of Nazarene, in the bifurcated forest wilds of New England, where the Puritan refugees founded a Bible Commonwealth, the Holy City of the prophets and seers has been before us lifting men's eyes to the vision and the gleam.—Boston Globe.

"THE GODSAKERS OF CANADA"

It was Wells who invented the term "Godsakers" to apply to that numerous and useless class who rail at everything and demand with righteous heat. "For God's sake, why doesn't someone do something about it?" The trouble with the Godsakers is that he never sees that he ought to do something about it himself.

There are Godsakers aplenty in Canada today. They demand to know why the Government doesn't do this and why Lloyd George doesn't do that; and they boll over with Russia, they strip the last shred of self-respect from the Food Controller and they flay everyone in authority. What do they do themselves? They eat three big meals a day. They treat their sleek, comfortable bodies to every luxury. They refuse to save, to conserve, to economize. That is, for someone else to do. They stick

to their peanut politics and their mean little business jealousies, and squeal when authority pinches the least of their petty privileges. In fact they do nothing.

Coming right down to cases, this war can only be won by individual effort. The government cannot do it at all. The government is made up of about twenty men who are just flesh and blood after all with all the human limitations and without any degree of clairvoyance or omnipotence—just able everyday men endeavoring to lead a couple of million other men somewhat less able on the leadership even than we have had so far, will not accomplish much unless the people do their share individually, unless they are prepared to forget rights and remember only duties. There are more Godsakers than workers in Canada at present. When the balance shifts we shall see results. In the meantime, which are you?

A TRIBUTE TO OUR HIGH SCHOOL

Owing to the sudden death of Mr. Williamson, and the serious illness of Mrs. MacLaurin, Principal MacLaurin, was given leave of absence for December and the Board was fortunate in securing for the month of December, Mr. J. E. M. D. lately Science Master of the Renfrew Collegiate, Doctor Forrest, who is an experienced Science Teacher and who was personally known to Mr. J. Elliot, fully met the anticipation of his employers and took the classes in hand for the month in a way which gave pleasure to the committee.

At the concert on Friday evening the scholars of the High School presented an address to Dr. Forrest, expressing their appreciation of his services for the month. It is a tribute to Dr. Forrest that he should obtain such a high opinion of the scholars in such a short time and in reply he paid a tribute to our school, which we feel will be instructive to our citizens.

Mr. T. Gault, who was Chairman of the concert and one of the High School pupils made the presentation of the address and in rising to reply Dr. Forrest said:

Mr. Chairman of ceremonies, ladies and gentlemen and young friends: You have certainly sprung a very unexpected surprise upon me this evening in calling me to the platform to receive at your hands in the name of the school such a laudatory address and pleasing presentation.

Having been such a short time with you I certainly had not anticipated such marks of esteem and expressions of appreciation as your cherished address conveyed.

But now that I am on my feet, will you permit me to say that any success I may have had with you in this time taken is, to the Christian triumph over the Moslem comes due not so much to any merit on his part as to him who long ago suffered and struggled for an ideal only to realize, centuries later in the moment of success that he has outgrown it in the discipline of the suffering and struggle.

When Mr. MacLaurin introduced me to the various classes, he spoke a few words as to our relation with each other, and put you upon your honor to maintain the tradition of the school and I will be delighted to be able to tell him how nobly you have responded to his call, making my duties amongst you, of the very pleasantest kind.

Thanking you again for all your marks of appreciation of my efforts to help you and wishing you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I will add that I will always look back upon my brief association with the pupils of the Belleville High School, as one of my happiest memories.

We congratulate the Board on Dr. Forrest's opinion and we wish him the complements of the season, and trust that the pleasant impressions that he has received of our city and school will remain.

HAROLD Miss Nickle, our teacher, gave an entertainment at the school which was greatly enjoyed by all the pupils.

B. C. Tucker and Ernest Scaries are attending the U.F.O. Convention at Toronto.

Harold cheese factory held their annual meeting recently. Mr. West was engaged as cheesemaker.

Geo. T. Belshaw and family left today for Michigan.

Mr. N. Stout, of Trinity, is spending his holidays at home.

A Medical Need Supplied.—When medicine is found that not only acts upon the stomach but is so composed that certain ingredients of it act as a purgative and a laxative of great effectiveness. Parole's Vegetable Pills are of this character and are the best of all pills during the years that they have been in use, they have established themselves as no other pill has done.

Advertisement for Vermilyea & Son featuring a portrait of a man and text: "Christmas Suggestions. We have a complete stock for you to choose from in the following lines:— Evening Slippers and Pumps, Felt Boots, Moccasins, Hockey Boots, House Slippers of all kinds and a complete range of travelling goods, consisting of Wardrobe Trunks, Club Bags, and Fittings for Cases and Bags. Call in and see the above Lines as our Prices are Moderate and Quality the Best. Vermilyea & Son STORE OF QUALITY AND SERVICE"

Advertisement for Vermilyea & Son: "HAPPY GIFT IDEAS AT YOUR PRICE LOOK THESE OVER. A FINE BRIAR PIPE 75c. & 90c. A BOX OF NEILSON'S CHOCOLATES, 25c. 40c., 50c., 60c., 75c. \$1.00 or \$2.00. A BOX OF FINE CIGARS 75c., 80c., 90c., 95c., \$1.25, \$1.50 etc. etc. A TIN OF GOOD TOBACCO 25c., 30c., 35c., 40c., 50c., \$1.00. A TIN OF 50 CIGARETTES 50c., 65c., 75c., \$1.25 etc. etc. A BOX OF FINE TOILET SOAP 30c., 35c., & 65c. A BUNDLE PACKAGE OF FINEST TABLE RAINBOWS 35c., 40c., 45c., & 60c. A TIN OF GINGER WAFERS 40c. A JAPANESE BAMBOO BASKET FILLED, NUTS, RAISINS OR FIGS etc. \$1.15 & \$1.50. A BOX OF GUM 20 PACKAGES SPEARMINT OR JUICY FRUIT 75c. AT WALLBRIDGE & CLARKES"

Advertisement for The Daily Sweets P. MOORE'S: "Special Notice To the public, that we have already placed our Christmas candies on sale at 20c., 25c. and 30c. per lb. All our own make and are perfectly fresh. Do not fail to look in our window. The Daily Sweets P. MOORE'S 260 Front St. Anglo American old stand"

Advertisement for Chas. S. Clapp: "Wishing Our Patrons and Friends Appreciation. The seasons greetings and pressing the hope, that ere another Christmas arrives, the nations of the world will be at peace. Chas. S. Clapp"

Advertisement for Eveready: "'EVEREADY' Storage Battery Service Station Batteries repaired and charged. Greenleafs, Ltd"

Advertisement for Ostrom's Drug Store: "Ostrom's DRUG STORE 'The Best in Drugs' C. R. HAM 8 Campbell St. General Agent for the Merchants' Casualty Company; Sick and Accident Insurance, also Fire, Life and Plate Glass. Accounts Collected. Try our 'Want Adv.' column and get good results."

Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, including "PP", "My D", "I h", "ty", "ng", "when", "was", "belie", "os to", "to try", "get a", "erout", "work", "mors", "war", "exper", "three", "break", "I", "from", "impov", "yst.", "keep", "belie", "same", "ly gi", "paper", "bellev", "I r", "arotte", "and f", "ed a", "Cross", "please", "look", "Dad", "Y.M.C", "it; b", "about", "me, a", "doing", "they r", "every", "times.", "say th", "they a", "making", "have", "They", "from", "dough", "money", "and w", "every", "best a", "Well", "weath", "of cou", "or bac", "How", "after", "hope t", "O.K.", "Albion", "feel pr", "there", "say m", "means", "good v", "ferent", "units", "pens", "tan ra", "now as", "they a", "wby, I", "Well", "want b", "for I'm", "tand I", "have b", "a com", "way I", "only a", "someti", "oh?"; "How", "I suppo", "that I", "he writ", "ing ill", "Give th", "her to", "Guess", "case I", "wish yo", "a happ", "Love a", "son"; "When", "The Xu"; "Mrs.", "Jetter", "nell in", "Y.M.C.A"; "Dear M", "At a", "I had t", "I had t"

PRaise FOR Y.M.C.A. OVERSEAS

DRIVER HARRY THOMAS DIES—CRIBES THE WORK—LETTER FROM CAPT. (REV.) JOHN McNEILL.

Mr. and Mrs. George Thomas have received the following letter from their son, Driver Harry Thomas, who has been at the front almost since the beginning of the war with the Canadian Field Artillery:

Belgium, Nov. 17, 1917. My Dear Parents:— I hope you will not be upset over my not writing you very regularly. I have been terribly busy playing along through the mud, and when I wasn't up the line packing I was working at something else. And believe me, when I had a few minutes to spare I really needed them for to try to get dried up a bit or else get a few snozes. But, taking it all around, I'm not sorry for so much work as it surely means something more towards winning the beastly war. I have seen some sights in my experiences over here, but the past three weeks have sure been a record breaker.

I have received several letters from Alleen lately, but gee, it's quite impossible for me to write her as yet. She certainly is a good kid to keep writing to me all the time, and believe me, I'm mighty glad to get same. Well, I tell you, I'm certainly glad with you all, the way you keep me in news, but if the weekly paper came along it would help some believe me.

I received the box with the cigarettes, chewing tobacco, candy, etc. and jolly glad to get same. I received a parcel from the Brits, and Cross ladies the other night and sure pleased to get it. They certainly look after the Belleville boys O.K. Dad, I always looked upon the Y.M.C.A. as a very unnecessary outfit; but dad, anything I ever said over here, is obtainable only under license at a high price and under the most restrictive terms. You have to show the authorities every time. Hence coal gas has been a great boon. Gas seems to work well in most cars, though the top-heavy looking container can hardly be called an ornament. Steel cylinders, especially constructed, have been made into which coal gas may be put, and the Government will not release the necessary material for their construction. They are bound to come in very generally later on.

Gas Bags Are Costly. Flimsy looking as they are, the gas bags are not sold at bargain counter rates. They cost, these war times, from \$100 to \$250. Taxis, military, naval and civil Government cars use the bag extensively, as do trucks and delivery vans, motor buses, etc. Not long ago one of these ostensibly patriotic users of coal gas was discovered not to be relying for his fuel on the bag, but upon a well-filled gasoline tank. His balloon was only a decoy. A sharp eye is kept on all motor users, and anything in the nature of pleasure riding or needless motoring stopped. This faked had fooled the police for some time.

THE ELECTIONS. The result of the elections is that the parties are almost equal east of the Manitoba boundary. The prairie west will, for the present, be put on the Conservative tally, but it will hold the balance of power and turn it soon in its own interest to the Liberal side. To hold on the Government may be expected to offer large concessions to Quebec and the West. Having lost in the election its French members, it is pretty certain to seek new ones and to repeat, if it can or if the crusading Rowell Liberals will permit, the Nationalist alliance of 1911. It is certain not to follow its election professions to isolate Quebec.—Toronto Sun (Ind.)

A resolution approving Union Government and pledging support to its endorsed candidates was passed by the Presbytery of Paris.

Flight Sub-Lieut. Norman I. Lister, R.N.A.S., of Toronto, is reported missing, feared drowned, by the Naval Department.

CANADA BACKS HER HEROES

BLAZES WAY FOR U.S. Nation 3,000 Miles Behind the Front Solid as the First Line.

(By Frank H. Simonds) (Associate Editor of The New York Tribune.)

New York, Dec. 21.—Last April on the shell scorched slopes of Vimy Ridge Canada, at the front, gave proof of her courage, her devotion, her strength. The "Maple Leaf" planted on one of the great bulwarks of German tyranny in France was a final evidence of the attitude of one-half of North America to the Boche threat to civilization.

Before Vimy the Canadians had borne their part nobly. It was soldiers of the Dominion who broke the first weight of the German thrust after the gas attack in the second battle of Ypres. The British Empire will long remember gratefully the sacrifices of the "Little Black Devils" and the "Princess Pats" on that blood-soaked ground about Ypres, when the veteran army of Britain—the old Contemptibles—found their glory and their grave in October and November, 1914.

Of the Canadians at the front there was no question. They had seen the German thing as it was. Their comrades had been "gassed" and crucified. Their fellow-Canadians had fought cleanly and bravely against a barbarism which expressed itself in methods and tricks which were beneath the contempt of savages. Canada at the front knew behind the front, three thousand miles away? Would that line hold too?

Well, the world has its answer now. The politician doubted. The weak, the weary, the conquered, and the disloyal spread their forecasts, and proclaimed the outcome. They are answered; so are doubting politicians and faint-hearted patriots. The world over. As the American democracy found itself by re-electing Lincoln in 1864, the Canadian democracy has pledged democracy and itself in 1917, by accepting the man and the method which alone promise victory.

Fine Victory for Democracy. It is a striking thing this victory of democracy in Canada over all the forces which make for surrender and for worse than surrender. The voice of the first allied electorate to be heard in many, many months is a sign for all allied statesmen to observe and heed. Canada has sent 400,000 men to Europe. Canada has borne more than 125,000 casualties; but to the call of duty Canada's response is immediate and unmistakable. It is a response which will be heard the world over. It is a response which will be noted in Berlin as well as in London. Is it too much to suspect it may even be heard in Rome?

The United States will congratulate and pay just tribute to a neighboring democracy for its decision. In a time of momentary depression Canada has cheered all of us. In an hour of depression and weakness Canada has shown the road of courage and victory, illuminated by the spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion. She has been faithful to her dead, to those of her sons murdered, as well as those alive in fair fight. Germany proclaimed the doom of the British Empire. She forecast the dissolution of the great struggle, she gambled on the selfishness of the democracies beyond the seas that owed Britain allegiance. Australia, Flinders, South Africa amidst the ruins of German Empire in Africa, and after the army the people of Canada have by their votes endorsed the action of their sons.

REGINA'S WINTER FAIR BUILDING BURNED DOWN

WAS BUILT IN 1913 AT A COST OF \$140,000 AND WAS OCCUPIED BY SOLDIERS

Regina, Sask., Dec. 15.—Regina's great Winter Fair building, one of the finest in America, is a mass of smouldering ruins today, having started from one of the south stoves yesterday morning swept through the great building and less than an hour sufficed to reduce to wreckage the structure that cost the City of Regina \$140,000 to build in 1913.

Ever since the outbreak of the war the Winter Fair building has been used to house troops. Last night 700 soldiers were sleeping in the building when the alarm was given. They lost personal effects and equipment valued at many thousands of dollars. It will probably be several days before an estimate of the loss can be given. Several men were slightly burned in escaping from the burning building. No trace of panic was observed as the men walked out as on parade. Trumpeter Harvey Blair stood at attention and sounded the alarm while smoke swirled about him and the flames were almost to his feet. Not until the last notes died away did he attempt to leave the building.

Eighty-five horses were saved and all records and documents carried to safety. The horses have strayed in some cases several miles north of the city. The building was insured for \$99,500, divided between 96 different companies equally. This is the third serious fire in the recent history of Regina's exhibition plant.

The soldiers are now quartered in the city hall and Knox Church and other public buildings. The city will cover Benson school permanently tonight or tomorrow.

VOCATIONAL TRAINING FOR RETURNED MEN

VACANCIES ARE ANNOUNCED THROUGH THE SOLDIERS' AID COMMISSION

The local branch of the Soldier's Aid Commission is asked to make public the call of the Vocational Training Branch of the Returned Soldiers' Movement. The Commission has several vacancies for instructors in the following subjects: Bookkeeping, shorthand, typewriting, elementary arts and crafts, including manual training, carpentry, etc., mechanical drawing, shoe repairing, at Whitby, Guilph, London, Kitchener and Toronto.

FOUR FORTY-FOUR IN THE MORNING

CRACK OF RIFLES IN THE COLD GRAY DAWN

In the Tower of London is the Shooting Range where Spies Are Executed. Fear of death at 4.44 a.m., or as they put it in England—stopping a bullet—has been found in Britain and France to be the only efficacious deterrent to the activity of the German spy.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

For Men & Boy's

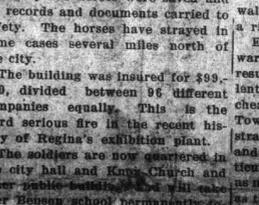
We invite you to inspect our large assortment of Useful and Fancy Articles, for both Men and Boys. You will find our stock well assorted, and Prices very moderate. Very few articles above Old Prices.

OPEN NIGHTS We will be open every night up to Christmas until 10 o'clock.

This will be very convenient time to shop and avoid the last days of rush.

OAK HALL

C. H. Vermilyea.



SHORT ITEMS OF THE NEWS OF THE DAY

Lee Sing, a Toronto Chinese, shot himself because fellow-countrymen had hidden his grip on the eve of his departure for China.

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Ministry leading manufacturers of Kitchener, Waterloo and Elmira have issued an appeal to their fellow-citizens urging support of Mr. Weichel, the Unionist candidate.

It is understood that instructions have gone forward to the returning officer in Halifax postponing the Federal election in that city on account of the recent disaster.

Sir Edward Kemp took over the administration of the Canadian military forces overseas.

One of Stratford's pioneers, John McIntyre, is dead, at the age of 78. Dr. Andrew Still, founder of osteopathy, died at his home in Kirksville, Mo., at the age of 90 years.

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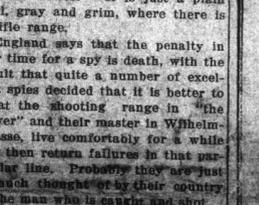
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Vertical advertisements on the left margin including 'Newest', 'Largest', 'Lowest', 'McFee Street', 'Your Arpened Your paired', 'NLEY'S to Learn', 'our many from city and very generous kept us more our first year to you all the', 'as', 's', 'm's', 'ORE', 'St. Merchants', 'ck and Ac', 'Fire, Life', 'ounts Col', 'Adv. col', 'results'.

A Christmas Favorite

THEY are so new, jangled, with their little cranks and springs— They make a fellow wonder how a boy can run the things; You mustn't total 'em that way an' you mustn't jar or shake. For fear you'll jolt their innards or a drivin' wheel will break.

But the jumpin' jack! He will wriggle his knees An' he'll hump his back just as gay as you please; An' he don't wind up an' he don't run down, An' his pants is red an' his coat is brown; He climbs the stick with a whack-ty-whack! Hoorah for the brave old jumpin' jack!

He isn't quite so stylish, an' he only costs a dime, But he is like an' lumber an' keeps busy all the time. A-bobbin' an' a-noddin' with a caper on a top— A-bobbin' you a thank-you when you jump him to the top!

Ho, the jumpin' jack! He will jiggle and prance, An' he'll bend his back like he's doin' a dance; With his arms 'way up an' his legs 'way down, An' his pointed grin like a circus clown, He shins around with a whack-ty-whack— Hoorah for the fine old jumpin' jack!

I reckon I'm old fashioned when it comes to Christmas toys, But was there any finer thing when you an' me was boys? Remember him a-grinnin' from your stockin' that day, All ready to go jumpin' up an' down all Christmas day!

Ho, the jumpin' jack! He would toddle his knees An' he'd hump his back with astonishin' ease; He would jump 'way up an' would sit 'way down, An' he tickled us when he came to town, He was best of all in old Santa's pack— Hoorah for the good old jumpin' jack!

Christmas Pie Has Long Family History

HAPPY the Christmas reveler who has a digestion to tackle the Christmas pie. The modern fad-diet is trying to rule out the plum pudding and the mince from the Christmas feast.

Shame on him! Better a night of groaning to the few than a ban on a time honored custom for the many. Lay in a stock of soda milk, papain and salt water. Be sporty and take chances on the plummy goodly.

First it was old Santa under a ban—a dread word it would be without Santa Claus—now it is the toothsome Christmas pie bulging with raisins, flaky of crust and redolent of burning brandy.

Truly the modern progressive who lives by rule is akin to the old Puritan to whom the Christmas pie was an abomination savoring of heresy. Indeed the Roundhead had more excuse for his abstinence; it was a test of orthodoxy. He felt his morals would be injured by eating a pie whose savory contents were typical of offerings of the Magi and whose form was often that of a manger.

The Christmas pie is of ancient and honorable lineage, and its name of "mince pie" came centuries later, being given in derision by the Puritans. Any such weaklings that what our ancestors have thrived on for centuries will stay in us in one eating! Surely the stomach specialist, that product of modernity, must have slipped up.

Our grandfathers did not eat one measly little slice of the Christmas pie in fear and trembling. Boldly they swallowed huge hunks, not on Christmas day only, but during the entire season of Christmas, unto Twelfth Night. Was it not wif, "As many different houses as thou shalt eat mince pie during Christmastide so many happy mornings shalt thou have during the year?"

And they began the raising of that Christmas pie early and with great ceremony. It was a gala occasion when the plum pudding was to be stirred and each member of the household down to the infant in arms must have a turn at the spoon.

Christmas the Same as Ever. Christmas time! That man must be a misanthrope indeed in whose breast something like a jovial feeling is not roused—in whose mind some pleasant associations are not awakened—by the recurrence of Christmas. There are people who will tell you that Christmas is not to them what it used to be. Never heed such dismal reminiscences. Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some. Our life on it, but your Christmas shall be merry and your new year a happy one.

"A Visit From St. Nicholas"

WHAT is the best known poem in the world? Not Gray's "Elegy," nor "The Raven," but "The Night Before Christmas." The author is not so well known as his poem. One recent Christmas the name of Clement Clarke Moore was honored as never before. Above his grave in the Chapel of Holy Trinity cemetery, New York, the choir boys sang carols on the night before Christmas, and a service of light was held. This beautiful ceremonial starts with a procession of torchbearers whose torches are kindled from the leader's flame, and as the line winds through the graveyard the fire is passed back from one to another until the lights glow in number and dispel the surrounding darkness.

The father of Clement Clarke Moore was once the bishop of New York. "The Night Before Christmas" was published originally without the author's knowledge in the Troy Sentinel two days before Christmas, 1823. Moore had written it for the delight of his own children, but its circulation slipped beyond the family circle, and an unknown friend sent it for publication. The Sentinel readers paid no attention to it, and it passed without comment until seven years later, when the same paper reprinted it. The second reception was very different from the first. "A Visit From St. Nicholas," as it was then entitled, was copied, broadcast, and its author sought to find his work, if not himself, famous.

Although Clement Clarke Moore was educated for the ministry, he never took orders. For the greater part of his life he was identified with the New York General Theological seminary, being professor of Biblical learning and Greek and later of oriental languages.

Clement Moore's family life had many sorrows. His wife died at the early age of thirty-five, and the two little daughters, for whom he wrote "The Night Before Christmas," both died in their childhood. His son and namesake lived to the age of sixty-eight and is buried in the family plot.

When "The Night Before Christmas" was first published in the Troy Sentinel the editor wrote:

"We do not know to whom we are indebted for the following description



The "Service of Light"

of that unwearying patron of children, that homely but delightful personification of parental kindness, Santa Claus, his custom and his equipage, as he goes about visiting the freeways of this happy land, laden with Christmas bounties, but from whomsoever it may have come we give thanks for it. There is to our apprehension a spirit of cordial goodness in it, a playfulness as of fancy and a benevolent alacrity to enter into the feelings and promote the simple pleasures of children which are altogether charming. We hope our little patrons, both lads and lassies, will accept it as a proof of our unfeigned good will toward them, a token of our warmest wish that they may have many a merry Christmas; that they may long retain their beautiful remembrance for these unthought, home bred joys, which derive their flavor from filial piety and fraternal love and which, they may be assured, are the least-alloyed that time can furnish them."

Christmas Song

Oh, Christmas is a happy time, When human hearts are right, And human hate have vanished, And all the world looks bright! And Christmas is a solemn time, For back long, long ago, Christ was born to give the world The joy that we now know. But not alone at Christmas time Is happiness and cheer, For he who really loves the Lord Hath Christmas all the year. —H. K. Soddier.

A Lesson In Christmas Spirit

IT was the day before Christmas last year. All my shopping had been done for so I thought when I suddenly remembered hearing my eldest son, a lad of eight years, say, "Oh, I hope Santa will bring me a harmonicon this Christmas," says a writer in the New York Evening Sun.

Of course I could not disregard such a wish, and although it was raining, I put on my storm coat and rubbers and with umbrella in hand started out for one of our large department stores.



The Two Boys Looked at Me

On arriving at the counter where this particular article was displayed, I found every one so busy I could not get attention for some time, and while waiting my turn I noticed two sadly neglected looking little boys of about six and eight years respectively standing very close to the counter and looking, oh, so longingly at these same harmonicons, when suddenly one of the young saleswomen turned sharply around and in a loud voice said, "Now then, if you two boys don't get away from here at once I'll call the floor-walker and have you arrested." At the time this sudden attack was made upon these poor little waifs I was holding in my hands one of these same musical instruments, trying to decide which of the two kinds I would take.

The larger one of the boys looked up at me with a frightened look, as if to say: "Oh, we didn't mean to steal anything," when I said, "Boys, would you such like like one of these harmonicons?" They said nothing, but the look of surprise (gratitude they knew nothing of) when I put one in each boy's dirty little hands I shall not forget to my dying day, and before you could say "Jack Robinson" they were out of the store and out of sight. I turned to the young woman, saying, "I will pay for them," when she finally found her voice she said, "Oh, madam, I am so sorry, I spoke as I did." "Well, never mind," I said; "you didn't understand. I am the mother of two boys and know what a boy craves." When she handed me my change and package she said, "I shall never forget this day; it has taught me a lesson."

Tuning Up For Christmas

With a whirl and a swirl and a terrible shore, Traffic is blocked and the treacherous streets Gitters and twinkles with silvery sleet.

Dolls in armies and soldiers aplenty Gifts for kiddies and sweet and twenty Gifts for grannies and aunts and dears.

Gifts for using and losing and jodel, Gifts for nurses and chauffeurs and cooks, Gifts for bookworms, who read all their books!

Gifts for sinners and snickers and saints, Gifts for spinners and pastels and paints, Music, mechanical, mirrors or lamps, Turkeys for orphans and nestlings and tramps.

Gifts that are fluffy and gifts that are grim; A necklace for Jessie, a scarf pin for Jim, Full sets of the classics and gleaming gold pieces, Suitable—very—for sweet little nieces, Calendars, mirrors, witty or wise, Flowers and bonbons and gaudings and pies! Cynthia there be who deride and defy them, But we, in our dreams, even buy them and tie them. As ever old winter, with snowdrift and sleet, Transmutes the whole town into Santa Claus street! —Elizabeth Newport Esqburn

Life in Austria in War Time

THE following is a translation of an article which appeared in The Munchner Post: "The Wiener Arbeiterzeitung (The Vienna Workingman's Journal) continues its publication of the incredible penalties inflicted by Austrian courts-martial, which it started a few weeks ago, in order to demonstrate the necessity of the general amnesty which Emperor Charles proclaimed. The Thursday number prints the following:

"Aurelia Kolk, clerk, 21 years old, sent her uncle, Vladimir Kolk, a letter in September, 1914, and enclosed in this letter a copy of proclamation by the Czar and General Rennenkampf, which had been dropped by a Russian airplane on the Austrian troops, and which she had picked up from the floor of a hospital, where she had been to visit a wounded soldier.

"The girl was condemned to death on account of this copy. The uncle copied the proclamation into his notebook and read it aloud one day to one Hladik, an employe, at a session of the directors of the Land Loan Co. of Vienna, and had him make a copy of it. For permitting this copy to be made Kolk was likewise condemned to death. The employe made three copies and passed them on to some of his acquaintances. He was condemned to death for this, and two of his friends, who had merely read the proclamation and had immediately burned the copies were condemned to five and three years in the penitentiary. The third friend, Paral by name, loaned his copy to an office mate, Brezansky, who immediately made two copies.

"Paral was condemned to death for loaning his copy. Brezansky, employe of an insurance company, read the proclamation on this occasion. He was condemned to three years in the penitentiary. Brezansky gives the names of the other employes named. The other to his friend Toman, a confectioner. Brezansky is condemned to death. Toman reads the papers through, and, fearing harm, destroys the copy. He is condemned to three years in the penitentiary. The Posta woman reads the first proclamation aloud to her landlady, named Par, and expresses horror at it. After the Posta woman understood the purport of the proclamation, she became excited at the insult to the Czechs contained in it and strongly urged the Posta woman to burn the paper and to aid in a candle flame under a short time to the ground, that she had undoubtedly contributed to the indignation against these proclamations she was not condemned to death. But she had read the document. Tichy woman, a pupil in the Municipal School of Manual Training who

"What is the crime of the 17-year-old student? He made a copy and laid it on the table. He was condemned to 18 months in the penitentiary. They said nothing, but the look of surprise (gratitude they knew nothing of) when I put one in each boy's dirty little hands I shall not forget to my dying day, and before you could say "Jack Robinson" they were out of the store and out of sight. I turned to the young woman, saying, "I will pay for them," when she finally found her voice she said, "Oh, madam, I am so sorry, I spoke as I did." "Well, never mind," I said; "you didn't understand. I am the mother of two boys and know what a boy craves." When she handed me my change and package she said, "I shall never forget this day; it has taught me a lesson."

"We are now in school, and there the atrocious undertakings, concerning the reading of the proclamation were accused and condemned. Pavlat (17 years old), Havranek (17), Kock (17), Novak (17), Ademe (15), Bahr (17), Robinek (15), Huf (17), and Rohac (17) were condemned to 18 months in the penitentiary. Nemas (19), Hruby (19), Sovlek (17), Domol (17), Koprt (18), Pity (18), Bountr (18), Falt (17), Jabornik (18), Kopriva (17), and Pittner (16) were condemned to one year in the penitentiary. All the 15 to 18 year-old boys were sent to jail because they had listened to the proclamation and had not reported it. This one reading brought about 242 years of penitentiary sentences.

"But as the war went on, the king began to 'touch' his subjects, giving them in many cases simply an acknowledgment to pay, others promises and in some cases drafts on the customs, or paying them in wool. Then Edward began pawing and the selling jewels or pledging the royal plate against borrowings. He raided the monasteries for treasure and seized the tin mines in Cornwall. The miners later forced him to give these away. Edward raised some more money at home from Italian bankers but failed to float a foreign borrowing in Strassburg. Within two years the obligations amounted to over a million and a half dollars. Then the commons held him up and offered him thirty thousand sacks of wool in return for some concessions. He was forced to submit.

Other Editors' Opinions

CONSCRIPTING WEALTH

Writing in the New York Evening Post a financial authority comments on the fact that the old time method of raising war money were rapidly approaching their end in many European countries. The usual financial expedients have been applied to the limit in many cases and the financiers are casting about for new taxation schemes. While there is a rumor of reputation in such countries as Britain the fact remains that unless some new methods are devised the raising of war funds will become very difficult, while the recovery will be much retarded. The war, of course, has been conducted on such a huge scale and the expenditures have been so colossal as to upset all preconceived notions respecting the payment of debts incurred. It will be recalled that some eighteen months ago Mr. Hillaire Belloc predicted that the time would arrive when the British government would be compelled to consider the sequestration of individual wealth to the state. This proposal is now being put forward, the fraction of wealth to be confiscated being mentioned as being either one-eighth or one-tenth of the individual possessions of the well to do. Economists are already puzzling over the probabilities and possibilities of the situation should this proposal be put in force, and many of the arguments used against conscription of wealth in Canada by the profiteering interests and their organs are being repeated in Britain. But the proposition is not by any means as radical as some of the measures adopted in the past to raise funds in like contingencies. While the present war is beyond precedent in its financial sense, have been as serious, everything considered. The hundred year's in the fourteenth century is mentioned in this connection. Even previous to this time the revenues of the British king, Edward III, had proved insufficient. The first instance of a personal property tax had been furnished as far back as 1188, when Henry II had devised the "Saladin" tax which amounted to confiscation of one-tenth and one-twentieth and applied to all classes of the population. Seizures of land were also undertaken. The Jews, Britain's earliest financiers, were forced to disgorge whenever the crown needed money. In 1290 the Jews were expelled from Britain and replaced eventually by Italian bankers. From these the first and second Edwards borrowed over two million dollars in the course of half a century. When the third Edward went into the hundred year's fight with France in 1337, in alliance with Germany and the Low Countries, he already owed the Italian bankers over one hundred thousand dollars which he had borrowed within a year. In planning to raise the income it was decided to export three thousand sacks of wool to a specified place from England and there sell it at a profit. The king was to get one-half this profit, estimated at a million dollars. At this time England possessed a virtual monopoly in wool. By withholding its export on one occasion the Flemings were forced into an alliance with England. Wool, in fact, was so important that it was reserved for taxes, seized in forced loans and paid out by the government. Hence the British king's move, at the beginning of the war, was an attempt to "corner" the wool market. With the home price of wool fixed at \$30 a sack—there were only 40,000 sacks produced annually—it was planned to sell the whole and the reserve stocks in Brabant at \$70 per sack. No British producer was allowed to export without a license, and for this he paid heavily. Thus the king had a comparatively easy time in the wool business. But as the war went on, the king began to "touch" his subjects, giving them in many cases simply an acknowledgment to pay, others promises and in some cases drafts on the customs, or paying them in wool. Then Edward began pawing and the selling jewels or pledging the royal plate against borrowings. He raided the monasteries for treasure and seized the tin mines in Cornwall. The miners later forced him to give these away. Edward raised some more money at home from Italian bankers but failed to float a foreign borrowing in Strassburg. Within two years the obligations amounted to over a million and a half dollars. Then the commons held him up and offered him thirty thousand sacks of wool in return for some concessions. He was forced to submit.

Of course the world moves ahead and the king no longer borrows on his own responsibility or in defiance

of parliament or without its knowledge or consent. But the interesting thing is that in somewhat cruder times, before finance had assumed the complex character that now attaches to it, the basic condition was faced in a way that conformed to the situation. Debts, no matter how contracted or how involved in financial mazes, must be met out of the national wealth. We are living in times far less artificial than for a century or more previous to the war and we are altogether likely to look things more honestly in the face than has been our habit in the past.—Ottawa Citizen.

FOOD RATIONS IN BRITAIN

Next year the people of Britain and France will have to cut down their food import to the barest subsistence level. Even if food supplies on this continent are available in large quantities, severe denial will have to be practised. Ships have to be found to transport the United States armies to Europe, and the resources of Britain and France, as well as of the United States, will be taxed to provide that accommodation. Premier Lloyd George contemplates cutting down imports into Britain by three million tons in order to release ships.

The effect of such sacrifice upon the tables of the British and French people will be trying. Though short of sugar, butter, and other food the people of the motherland have not been closely rationed. Sugar is obtainable only by a card system and the queue, so well known in connection with German food rations, is far from being unknown now in English cities. But the economies practised so loyally must be intensified and made uniform throughout the population. Many people have urged the adoption of compulsory rationing, but Sir Arthur Yapp, Director of Food Economy, is against it. "In Munich alone," he said recently, "there are 160 different kind of tickets and 700 officials in the local offices, and the system has had the effect of turning the whole German nation into forgers. In the first month of rationing there were more than 6,000,000 forged tickets." He thought that the people who demanded the ticket-rationing system would be the first to demand those who imposed it should be hanged at the nearest lamp post. His system is of reliance still on individual loyalty. Following a scheme of adult rations he has outlined one for children as follows: Up to 5 years, 3 pounds of bread, 6 ounces of other cereals, 2 pounds of meat, 10 ounces of butter fat and 3 ounces of sugar. From 13 to 18, 6 pounds of bread, and other staples the same as for children 9 to 12 years.

Even if the necessity did not exist for such an immense transport capacity to move the new United States forces, the situation would not be comfortable. France and Italy have need of wheat and flour, being much shorter in this respect than the people of the United Kingdom. The difficulties facing the civil population are not to be lightly regarded.—Mail and Empire.

QUEBEC SHALL NOT RULE

A crushing defeat for the Roman Catholic hierarchy of Quebec and their allies in the other provinces is the result of the polling on Monday. The Quebec clerical party made the issue. Through Sir Wilfrid Laurier they forced an election upon the country. Then they challenged the English-speaking provinces to the aid of insensate Liberal partisans of Ontario and secure a majority for the aged politician who was pitted forward as a shield for Mr. Bourassa. These disloyal forces were crafty, but fortunately their guile was discovered by the great mass of the English-speaking Protestants, and they reacted against them. When the nature of the province awoke to the danger of the campaign that was carried on, they saw how dangerous it would be to place the Government of this country in the hands of the purveyors of treason during this critical period in our history. The response which they gave to the appeals of loyal leaders was as creditable as anything that has occurred in Canada. The appeals to their selfishness, though craftily veiled, did not prove effective. They rose in their might and said: "Quebec shall not rule Canada."—Orange Sentinel.

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# ONTARIO IN NEED OF MORE WHITE COAL

(By John Duke)

Never have the industries of Ontario faced a more serious situation than that which they are up against right now. "Power, and still more power" is the cry that is gone forth all over the province, and despite the efforts of Sir Adam Beck and his able colleagues who are meeting the demand with every resource in their power, the situation each day becomes more alarming.

Millions of dollars of munition contracts have been let in Ontario through the Imperial Munitions Board for the United States Government. To manufacture shells it is necessary to have electric power to operate the lathes and to heat the crucibles.

Now that the situation has assumed a very serious aspect in Western Ontario by reason of the failure of the Ontario National Gas Company, which has notified its hundreds of customers that the supply of gas for power purposes is to be discontinued, a dozen towns and cities extending from the St. Clair River eastward will be affected; Windsor, Chatham and Walkerville included. There are many flour mills here and they are beginning to feel anxious lest the new order of the gas company will force them to shut down. The Food Controller also is said to be taking an interest in the problem and has conferred with Sir Adam Beck to see what he can do to help.

Other points in Ontario have similar problems and the question is "What is Sir Adam Beck doing to cope with the situation?" He has not been idle, as a resume of his work of the past six months will show.

The Chippewa development scheme is being rushed to completion. Five hundred men are working on the canal now, and they are well equipped with electric shovels, dredges and other labor-saving devices. \$25,000,000 is being expended at this point and when the canal and power house are completed, 300,000 horsepower will be available.

The latest point to be further developed is the plant of the Ontario Power Company, which was recently purchased by the Hydro Electric Commission. Here a coal million dollars is being put into a thirteen-foot pipe line running from the upper river to the present plant beneath Victoria Park. Twenty-five thousand additional horsepower will be available some time in June and 20,000 more in September or October of next year.

## Hydro Activities

The Hydro Electric Commission endeavored some time ago to induce the Orillia Water Light & Power Company to sell their developments on the Severn River, but even the most tempting offer has failed to suffice. Forty thousand horsepower is more than Orillia needs, but the town that has always led the way for all Canada in municipal ownership of public utilities has held on tight.

The Eugenia Falls development near Owen Sound has been in operation for a long time now and is still proving successful. Here, the Hydro turned a small river into a wooden pipe and practically bottled up one of the prettiest waterfalls in the country.

There is one point in Ontario that every citizen who has the public interest at heart should watch carefully. That is the St. Lawrence River. A group of American capitalists endeavored to get a charter from New York State to dam the river at the Long Salet and provide a tremendous horsepower, estimated by some to be as high as 4,000,000. The state refused the charter and the men behind the scheme are "pulling the strings" at Ottawa in an endeavor to get a Canadian charter. There are numerous objections to damming the St. Lawrence River at this point. If the objections are overruled the people and not a private corporation should have the privilege. Sir Adam Beck has fought the proposition all along and it is now up to the public to get behind him with their support.

On the question of cutting off the supply of power to points in the United States there has been much discussion. Up to the present no action has been taken but when the Provincial Legislature meets in February there may be some "fireworks." There are two distinct divisions of those who are taking part in the discussion. There are those who say we should look after our own interests first and those who say that to shut off the power to the States would hamper the shell output there possibly with serious results to the Allies. We are fighting for the same cause, they say, and American shells shoot just as far as Canadian shells.

In the meantime Toronto citizens are feeling the shortage, even if just a little. The street lights go on an hour later every night and are turned off in the morning as soon as the first streaks of light appear on the horizon. We still have a well-lighted Yonge Street and, unlike Broadway, our "white way" has not suffered.

# Letter From the Old Land

(By E. De Witt Hunt)  
London, Eng., November 9, 1917.

The past two weeks have been dark weeks for the Allied cause. The news from Russia and from the Italian front throws a lurid light upon situations and catastrophes that might have been averted by a better co-ordinated effort of the members of the Grand Alliance. It is worse than unfortunate that only after complete chaos reigns in Russia and after a military disaster has overtaken the brave Italian army which has fought so valorously for two and a half years, we are seeing the first light of the necessity of an inter-allied war council. In actual military operations we have regarded the battle line from Belgium to the Adriatic as two fronts instead of one, in spite of the fact that Cadorna urged months ago the desirability of viewing it as one vast military effort.

In October of 1915 Serbia suffered martyrdom in being overrun by the Central Powers. In October of 1916 Rumania suffered a similar fate. And in the same month of 1917 Italy, likewise, has seen her towns and villages pass into the hands of a ruthless invader, until ancient, beloved and beautiful Venice is now threatened. Yet there are those who still cling to the "Western front" theory; that is, that the final decision must be fought out there and that all other fronts are subsidiary to its necessities. It is not improbable that there is a large measure of truth in this; but the final decision has undoubtedly been delayed by a policy

that has lacked co-ordination at critical hours in the history of the war.

I have referred in previous letters to the newspaper criticisms of the apparent lack of an aggressive foreign policy. Greece, Russia and now Italy, are illustrations of the point. These three countries have simply been flooded with German propaganda to such an extent that the two former are almost useless to the Allied cause, while the latter has just passed through a welter of blood and pain as a result of it. We have allowed the enemy to sow the seeds of discord, of revolution, of distrust, without any serious effort to counteract this destructive work. It is a miserable fact that the impression is broadcast in Russia today that England's insatiable greed is responsible for the prolongation of the war. Distrust of England is rife in Russia and strength has thus been lent to the forces have now engulfed Russia in the blackest chaos.

What the outcome of it all will be with a paid servant of the German Government bidding strongly for, if not actually in control of the most prophetic eye. The situation is like the breaking of an abscess, and the cure depends upon the firm and skillful hand of a man who does not yet seem to have appeared on the horizon. Alexiev, or Kaledin or Korniloff might do it with the aid of a united party of considerable strength, such as the Cossacks, but they would first have to contend with internal forces. Kerensky seems to have outlived his usefulness. He was the living, driving

embodiment of the new democracy, but he failed to cope with the forces promoted by the enemy which have finally overthrown the very objects for which it sprang into being.

The Allies have partly failed Russia in not helping to stem the tide of German propaganda. We have poured money into Russia, but the Germans have poisoned the minds of the Russian soldier. Not too well informed of the spurious methods of a cunning foe, the Russian soldier has been easily convinced that the hardships he has to undergo in fighting the enemy with bared breasts and empty stomachs have been due to English greed and lack of assistance or co-ordination.

The breakdown of Russia's efficiency together with German propaganda has resulted in the Italian debacle. Division after division has been thrown from the Russian to the Italian front, and at the critical hour Italian troops, affected by German literature, gave way before the overwhelming numbers against which they were opposed. Every day bears testimony to the fact that military defeat on the Italian front was directly due to the enormous campaign of calumny against England and France, conducted amongst the Italian soldiery. The sending of French and British troops to Italy has done much to hearten our sorely pressed ally and to convince them of the unity of purpose and the willingness to sacrifice all to the Allies. It was sorely needed and it suggests what might have been averted if two hundred thousand of our soldiers had been sent to Russia long months ago.

Two things stand out in somewhat bold relief from the dark days of the past two weeks. One is the formation of an inter-Allied war council in which the United States will participate and which will work out a co-ordinated plan of campaign on all fronts. The other is the speeding up of preparations in the United States. More and more must we look to the New World democracy for help, and the firm belief here in well-informed circles is that the United States is in the war to a finish. President Wilson, it is believed, spoke literally when he said that the world must be made safe for democracy.

## BLACK KNIGHTS ELECT OFFICERS

The annual meeting of R.B.P. No. 382 was held in the Orange Hall, Foxboro, on Saturday evening, the 1st inst. After the general routine of business had been transacted, the retiring preceptor, W. J. Hall, called on Sir Kt. T. H. Thompson, Deputy Grand Master Ontario East, to conduct the election and installation of officers for the ensuing year, which resulted as follows:—  
W.P. Sir Kt. G. F. Reid, D.P. Sir Kt. T. H. Kelly, Chap. Sir Kt. W. J. Woods, Reg. Sir Kt. M. C. Reynolds, D. Reg. Sir Kt. E. C. Prentice, Treas. Sir Kt. W. H. Cooke, Lecturers Sir Kts. J. Barnhill and W. Reynolds, Censors Sir Kts. H. L. Gerow and J. Waterhouse, St. Bearers Sir Kts. Chas. Rovy and Miller Carl, Pur. Sir Kt. Wm. Kelly, Tyler Sir Kt. Jas. Elliott.

After the installation ceremony was over, brief addresses were given by officers elected and waiting Sir Kts. T. H. Thompson, W. C. Mikel, David Farrell, J. Luffman, Simon Kerr, R. J. Graham of Belleville, Preceptor.

## ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION

The Nile Green, knitting circle held their regular weekly meeting Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Barlow, Fort St. At the close of the usual routine of business Mrs. Joly called the members to order and the secretary read a short address to Convenor Mrs. J. Waddell, So. Ann St., and Mrs. Joly handed her a dainty tea service. Mrs. Barlow, secretary, was also presented with a beautiful basket of flowers. Both ladies were almost speechless with surprise, but managed to say a few words of thanks. Following is the address to Mrs. Waddell:—  
Dear Friend:—  
As the season of peace and goodwill draws near, we feel that we would like to let you know how much we appreciate your kind and willing service as convenor of our Circle. We feel sure with you, as with us, it has been indeed a labor of love to work for our dear boys who are overseas, fighting for home and freedom.

We ask you to accept this little gift, and when peace has once more been proclaimed, and we have done knitting socks for the soldiers, now

so far from home, we hope it will remind you of the very pleasant Tuesday afternoon which we have enjoyed in the various homes of the members of the Nile Green Knitting Circle.

## THE GERMANS ARE SUFFERING

PATRIOTISM CAUSES THEM TO ENDURE MUCH

American Newspaper Woman Describes the Sacrifices That the German People Make Willingly for Their Country—They Will Do Even Without Necessities in Hopes That the Cruel Dream of the Warlords May be Realized.

"One has no idea of the tremendous sacrifices that these people are making for their country," says an American newspaper woman who has recently returned from Germany. This is the proper reflection to make when we read about the German people submitting to one new hardship after another. It is natural that we should exult when we hear of new food cards being issued and the growing scarcity of the necessities of life, but we should be blind if we failed to see something admirable in the quiet submission of the German civilians to whatever measures their government assures them are necessary for strengthening the German armies.

Miss Mary Ethel McAuley went to Germany in 1915, and remained there until last July. She gives her experiences to the New York Herald. She notes that Germany, in preparation for this war, had stored up much cotton, rubber, nickel and other indispensable metals and food as she calculated would enable her to win the war in a few months. Germany knew what was coming, and in this respect she had a tremendous initial advantage over the Allies, but she knew only part of what was coming. She had no more notion that the war would continue for more than three years than had Belgium. For some time, by importing from her Scandinavian and Dutch neighbors, she was able to keep her original stores almost intact, but as the war continued, making incredible demands upon supplies of every kind, and the Allied blockade tightened, it was necessary to resort to heroic measures to get what she wanted.

In the autumn of 1915 she began the first collection, that of metal. Each family received a list of the things that must be surrendered to the state. The first demand was for brass. Nearly every family in Germany boasted a huge with a stove ornamented with brass knobs. These were taken off and iron knobs substituted. Brass kettles and utensils of all kinds were taken, and paid for by weight. No allowance was made for the artistic value of the articles, though in some cases permits were issued authorizing the retention of heirlooms. The German people are now expecting a call to surrender their brass door knobs. These would have been taken long ago if workmen had been available to make new knobs. Copper was also commandeered. Many of Germany's public buildings had copper roofs, and these were stripped. Church bells also were taken and melted down. An impressive instance is related of a Catholic church in Berlin shortly before the correspondent left the city. At the morning mass the priest waited until the bells had finished ringing and then announced that that was the last time they would ever be heard, as they were demanded by the Government.

Iron money is everywhere in use in place of silver and aluminum is making its appearance. The state has prepared a list of all the aluminum articles in the country, and they may be called for at any time to be used in aeroplanes. Soap is said to be one of the scarcest articles in Germany. Clothes are put to soak for a week before wash day and each day they are boiled a little. At the end of the week the dirt just falls out of them without rubbing. Sand is used as a soap substitute. Hardwood floors are cleared with tin shavings. In fact, there is a substitute for almost everything that was in common household use before the war. There is even a substitute for eggs, put up either in capsule or powder form. It is said to be very satisfactory, especially when mixed with a real egg, or preferably with a half a dozen. There is a substitute for butter which, mixed with half a pound of butter, for instance, will produce a pound of butter. Miss McAuley explains that most people value their real butter too highly to make any experiments

with it.

Cherry pits, peach stones, etc., are saved and fats and oils are made out of them. Thistles are cut and made into cloth. Human hair is used for the same purpose. Coffee grounds are collected, but so far, the ingenious German chemists have found nothing they can make out of them except coffee grounds. Coal is said to be plentiful, but labor to mine it is scarce, and therefore the people are obliged to be economical with both light and fuel. Hot baths in many places are permitted but once or twice a week. No private person is permitted to drive an automobile and this restriction has existed since the early days of the war. The Government requires all rubber and gasoline. The restaurants serve the food directly on the eating plates, so that no grease is wasted. The country's printing presses turn out numerous books telling the housewife how to make cakes without butter or eggs or flour; how to make soup out of beer, plums, fish and old straw hats, thus saving the housewife much unnecessary worry.

Every soldier, whose unit is in any degree mobile, looks forward with longing to the day when the war shall cast off its sandbags and its duckboards, and take to hedges and roads instead. Then he will find again all that in the past has made war tolerable, the movement, the surprise the exultation, the freedom, in a word the poetry of war.

None desires this "more ardent" than the mounted soldier such as the artilleryman, to whom a war of movement will restore that double capacity for enjoying life which his occupation with his horse gives him. As things are the gunner sees his charger only at long intervals and his draught horse only in the most distressing conditions, struggling themselves half guiled in mud, to draw the ammunition limbers over a shell-pecked tract of land. The bright gleams of sunshine in such a life will be those rare occasions when a battery moves from one sector to another, and from this point of view the further apart those sectors are the better.

One such trip my battery made last spring, and it was with universal regret, that after five days of the open road, we pulled our guns into position again and relegated our horses once more to the wagon lines. But an even pleasanter interlude was in store for me. We had made arrangements for a section to follow later with a batch of remounts, whose arrival was expected very soon. However it was found that the guns must be brought up immediately and as a result I was ordered to take forty horses to the absent section, by the quickest route I could devise, and myself return at once on the completion of my task.

It had taken us five days to bring the guns, but we had travelled by a circuitous and prescribed route and in accordance with a prescribed timetable. My horses were heavy horses whose normal gait is a walk, and as I could not do the journey in a day I had perforce to take a wagon full of forage. I could not, therefore, leave the roads, but even so reckoned on taking more than two days, returning myself in one.

My course lay due south, and thither I started by map and compass. For several hours we jogged along cheerfully enough, till suddenly the road, everywhere the worse for wear and muddy with the recent rains gave out entirely and left us struggling through an exceedingly heavy field, wherein the loaded wagon made deplorably slow progress. It was a light load even for two coats was no more effective than a piece of muslin and the water ran down my neck all day and out again in my boots; the mud was worse than ever and the landscape was blotted out. Yet, even so, it was with a sigh that I reentered my dry dugout, from which I saw no prospect of moving far afield for many weeks to come. The Germans say that open fighting would suit their military genius, but we are inclined to believe that we could cope with them fairly adequately under those conditions—anyhow, that we should welcome it from the personal point probably no infantryman, and certainly no mounted soldier, would deny.

Stonebridge—Lennox  
Monday night at eight o'clock at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Lennox, 90 John St., Miss Ethel Albina Lennox was united in marriage to Pte. C. Stonebridge, of Belleville. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, pastor of the First Presbyterian church. The bride and groom were assisted by Mr. N. S. Lennox, brother of the bride, and Miss Vera Lennox, cousin of the bride. Owing to the death recently of Mrs. Lennox's brother, the late Corp. George H. Lennox, the wedding was a quiet affair. The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Stonebridge wish them many years of happiness. Stonebridge returned recently from overseas, was a member of the 55th Battalion, which was stationed in Brockville two years ago.

Major-General Newburn, Minister of Militia and Defence, has issued a Christmas message to the Canadian soldiers.

Oliver Whiteside aged 60, and employee of the Floury Foundry at Aurora, died after getting up early and lighting the fire.

The British Red Cross has donated \$125,000 to the Halifax sufferers, and the London Mansion House Fund has reached \$175,000.

Rev. A. E. Irwin, pastor of Hyde Park and Komoko Presbyterian congregations, has accepted a call to through it was silent, deserted Braebridge church.

# "On the March"

(By 2nd Lieut. K. N. Colville)

Every soldier, whose unit is in any degree mobile, looks forward with longing to the day when the war shall cast off its sandbags and its duckboards, and take to hedges and roads instead. Then he will find again all that in the past has made war tolerable, the movement, the surprise the exultation, the freedom, in a word the poetry of war.

None desires this "more ardent" than the mounted soldier such as the artilleryman, to whom a war of movement will restore that double capacity for enjoying life which his occupation with his horse gives him. As things are the gunner sees his charger only at long intervals and his draught horse only in the most distressing conditions, struggling themselves half guiled in mud, to draw the ammunition limbers over a shell-pecked tract of land. The bright gleams of sunshine in such a life will be those rare occasions when a battery moves from one sector to another, and from this point of view the further apart those sectors are the better.

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It had taken us five days to bring the guns, but we had travelled by a circuitous and prescribed route and in accordance with a prescribed timetable. My horses were heavy horses whose normal gait is a walk, and as I could not do the journey in a day I had perforce to take a wagon full of forage. I could not, therefore, leave the roads, but even so reckoned on taking more than two days, returning myself in one.

My course lay due south, and thither I started by map and compass. For several hours we jogged along cheerfully enough, till suddenly the road, everywhere the worse for wear and muddy with the recent rains gave out entirely and left us struggling through an exceedingly heavy field, wherein the loaded wagon made deplorably slow progress. It was a light load even for two coats was no more effective than a piece of muslin and the water ran down my neck all day and out again in my boots; the mud was worse than ever and the landscape was blotted out. Yet, even so, it was with a sigh that I reentered my dry dugout, from which I saw no prospect of moving far afield for many weeks to come. The Germans say that open fighting would suit their military genius, but we are inclined to believe that we could cope with them fairly adequately under those conditions—anyhow, that we should welcome it from the personal point probably no infantryman, and certainly no mounted soldier, would deny.

Stonebridge—Lennox  
Monday night at eight o'clock at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Lennox, 90 John St., Miss Ethel Albina Lennox was united in marriage to Pte. C. Stonebridge, of Belleville. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, pastor of the First Presbyterian church. The bride and groom were assisted by Mr. N. S. Lennox, brother of the bride, and Miss Vera Lennox, cousin of the bride. Owing to the death recently of Mrs. Lennox's brother, the late Corp. George H. Lennox, the wedding was a quiet affair. The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Stonebridge wish them many years of happiness. Stonebridge returned recently from overseas, was a member of the 55th Battalion, which was stationed in Brockville two years ago.

Major-General Newburn, Minister of Militia and Defence, has issued a Christmas message to the Canadian soldiers.

Oliver Whiteside aged 60, and employee of the Floury Foundry at Aurora, died after getting up early and lighting the fire.

The British Red Cross has donated \$125,000 to the Halifax sufferers, and the London Mansion House Fund has reached \$175,000.

Rev. A. E. Irwin, pastor of Hyde Park and Komoko Presbyterian congregations, has accepted a call to through it was silent, deserted Braebridge church.

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Every soldier, whose unit is in any degree mobile, looks forward with longing to the day when the war shall cast off its sandbags and its duckboards, and take to hedges and roads instead. Then he will find again all that in the past has made war tolerable, the movement, the surprise the exultation, the freedom, in a word the poetry of war.

None desires this "more ardent" than the mounted soldier such as the artilleryman, to whom a war of movement will restore that double capacity for enjoying life which his occupation with his horse gives him. As things are the gunner sees his charger only at long intervals and his draught horse only in the most distressing conditions, struggling themselves half guiled in mud, to draw the ammunition limbers over a shell-pecked tract of land. The bright gleams of sunshine in such a life will be those rare occasions when a battery moves from one sector to another, and from this point of view the further apart those sectors are the better.

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## LEGAL

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St. Francis Hall, \$1.00 per \$100.00. Heating rods. Why pay higher rates for cheaply furnished stoves? See us for reliable constant current rates. (SEE ADVERTISING) Belleville.

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# THE BARGAIN HUNTERS

(Hermann Hagedorn in the Outlook)

The most dangerous obstacles of the success of any great undertaking are never the open opponents of that undertaking. They are those men and women who, while expressing their enthusiastic approval of the object, believe that it can be attained without work. They want reputation without endeavor, victory without wounds, glory without sacrifice, peace without struggle.

They want the earth and they want it for nothing.

They are the people who for two and a half years said: We will take virtue and finally The Brute will be impressed. We will stay unprepared and start a league to enforce peace. We will sit tight and after England and France have defeated Germany, WE will be the greatest country in the world. Autocracy must be smashed. How we hope England and France will succeed in smashing it!

There are the sentimentalists the inveterate Bargain Hunters, sadding from counter to counter to find a halo and a harp for ninety-eight cents.

They are still with us. We are in the war. We are preparing to fight. We are preparing to win. We are preparing to make great sacrifices. We are saying our good-byes to our fathers, our mothers, our sisters, our friends; to our profitable jobs, our joy, our hopes. We are saying: "We do not like to kill and we do not like to be killed, but if the price of ending the Prussian menace is to kill and be killed, God help us, we are willing to pay the price."

And now comes the Bargain Hunters, "Fut-tut," they cry. "Why pay for something when we can get it for nothing? Sit back and let the Prussian menace overthrow the Prussian menace from within. No blow, no pain, no death, no sorrow. Glory for a dollar forty-nine! Peace for a dollar twenty-five! The world make safe for democracy for ninety-eight cents!"

The Bargain Hunter wants victory without work. He thinks he can get it by making the German people do the work for him. Fine idea, if they will do it. But will they?

There is no sign of it. The Bargain Hunter, based on the hopes on the action of the French people during the Franco-Prussian war. No analogy could be more misleading. The French in 1870 had the habit of revolt. The command was not an insurrection by itself, but merely the last light of the revolution begun eighty years previous. The revolution was caused by misgovernment and the deliberate exploitation of the people. The oppressed classes were starving, not for two or three years, but actually for generations, for centuries, until patience could stand no more and a kingdom cracked.

The German people have not been oppressed by their rulers. They have not been exploited. They have been fairly coddled. Their minds have been kept in bondage, but their bodies have enjoyed liberty and extraordinary prosperity. The German government has, moreover, made concessions to labor during the war, even before the concessions were asked in order to keep the people contented. We know that the contentment is false. We know that beneficent despotism is as bad for a people in the long run as any other kind of despotism.

We know this, but do the Germans themselves know?

There is no sign of it. The German people are patient, hard to stir, loyal to a fault. Obedience to authority is a religion with them. They like the system under which they are living, for even while they are with their right hands obsequiously pulling off the bonnets to their immediate superiors with their left they are forcibly making their immediate inferiors duck to them. In such a hierarchy of bootlickers everybody is kept satisfied, for even the man at the bottom has an inferior—that is, in case he is married.

The German people, moreover, have always loved their kaiser, and every member of his glittering family. Love for their ruling dynasty is bred in them from the cradle. Docility to discipline is taught to them. The German people are told that England began the war and they believe it as absolutely as though they had every one of them witnessed every move of the nefarious conspiracy. They have been taught since childhood to trust those in authority, and they do so as a child trusts its father. They may suffer pain, grief and privation, but these sufferings will bind them only more closely to the imperial leader who has defended them successfully thus far from their

# A MARINE CHASE

IT WAS FOR A CROOK AND \$50,000

(By Warren Miller)

The most interesting chase I ever had in all my experience as a detective officer was for Simpson, who had robbed the National Bank of \$50,000 in currency. Simpson was located in New York by the police, or was supposed to be, and his problem was to get out of the city with the plunder. The problem of the police was to arrest him with the funds on him.

My being called into the case arose from certain information that came from Philadelphia. The chief of police of that city gave out information that a small steamer no bigger than a canal boat, that had been laid up for some time, had been purchased and was being put into commission. The owner could give no satisfactory account of the sale or who was the real purchaser. Indeed, they had become suspicious of the use to which she was to be put and had advised the police to be on the lookout.

The way we got on to Simpson's connection with the steamer was this: An anonymous letter was received at police headquarters which stated that he had chartered a single-sticker at New London and was intending to make for Canada in her. Had we not heard of the Philadelphia matter we would have been on the lookout in the direction of New London. As it was we inferred that Simpson had written the anonymous letter to put us off the track. But if this were so, he had not counted on our being in a position to put these two bits of information together.

her cooped up within a limited area, for she could not go on north with safety, there being no Harbor between Maine and the St. Lawrence River. But to find her among the islands of Casco Bay would be like looking for a needle in a haystack. At the same time I might hunt her down by the same process of inquiry I had already pursued.

I made Portsmouth, where I learned that the Muller had been there. A man had come ashore to buy provisions, answering to a description of Simpson. It was evident from this that he did not suppose he was followed, or he would not have taken the risk of going ashore unaccompanied. This theory turned out to be wrong, as will appear later.

I looked for a week among the islands of Casco Bay for the Muller without getting any trace of her whatever. Then one morning when I went up from below I saw a boat anchored in a cove that answered to her except that the latter was a load color, while the Muller was white. It happened that we had two days had one of those fogs that float in from the ocean in that region. This put me on to a train of thought. My father had been in the volunteer navy during the war between the states and he had told me that ships attempting to run the blockade of the Confederate ports were painted a light gray, this being the color best adapted to concealment, especially in the gray of the morning. This, together with the resemblance in all except color between the Muller and this boat I was looking at, suggested to me that the fugitive had been repainted. During a two days' fog there had been ample opportunity to do this.

I at once ran over every point I had noted when the Muller was lying at Philadelphia, and this gray boat before me corresponded with her in every particular. I at once gave orders to steam for her. We were lying at anchor at the time, and the fires were banked. Before we could get the anchor up and suggest steam on, the gray boat got off and disappeared around a point of the island.

She had evidently been waiting for the return of a boat that had gone ashore and started without any appearance of haste as soon as it reached her. I did not believe it she were the Muller—that she suspected we were after her. In order that she might not know that we were I avoided all appearance of haste, though I was immensely impatient. When we finally got off I purposely went around the island on the other side of the suspect. When we next saw her she was steaming along deliberately.

Looking eastward I saw a low bank of fog on the horizon and feared that we would be caught in it before reaching the suspect. I ordered on full steam, but the bank rose rapidly and we were soon enveloped in it.

That was the last glimpse we got of the gray boat for another week, when in passing a narrow inlet in the mainland I saw her at the further end, partly concealed by overhanging trees. I at once ordered our course altered and we entered the cove. I now felt easy, for she could not get out of the inlet without our intercepting her. As we sailed, on drawing closer and closer I noticed that she was lying at anchor, but no one was on deck. No move was made to get away from us and when we drew up within a cable's length of her we saw plainly that no one was aboard of her. I got into a small boat, was pulled alongside of her and got aboard. Every entrance to her cabin was locked. There was no reason to believe that those who were cruising in her had gone ashore and had left her under lock and key to avoid losing what she contained.

On pulling towards her I had noticed the name on her stern. It was the Seminole, of Jacksonville, Fla. My suspicions of her were lulled by this till I remembered that no such small craft from Florida would be likely to make its way up to Maine. Besides the letters had been evidently repainted.

I felt such confidence in her being the vessel I was looking for that I sent to my tug for implements, broke open the doors to the companionway and went below. Everything indicated that the crew had gone ashore. There was no steam on, indeed, no fire in the furnaces. I searched her for evidence as to what she was or to whom she belonged but could not find a scrap of anything to give the information. I was reluctantly forced to the conclusion that she belonged to a party who were cruising for pleasure. So I fixed up the door as well as I could and got back to my tug.

The captain, after hearing what I had to say about the matter, said that he would go aboard the Seminole and have a look for himself. I concluded to go back with him. Having obtained access to the cabin, he found the way straight to the furnace. All was dark within the firebox.

The captain scratched a match and held it inside the firebox. Then he took out a package. I snatched it from him, unrolled it and exposed a large package of bank bills. On being counted they turned out to be about \$2,500, which had evidently been paid for the boat and other expenses.

I asked the captain how he had come to suspect that the money had been hidden in the firebox, and he said that when an examination had been made of the interned German liners at Hoboken at the time the break was made between the United States and Germany, he had been on hand and had seen pieces of the machinery of one of the vessels taken from an unused furnace.

The rest of the story remained for some time a mystery. Then one of the Simpson crew, who at the time did not know what he was hired for, revealed the facts. Simpson got word of the fact that we were inquiring for him during the two days' fog, repainted his boat and changed her name. Being caught in the cove, he had little time for deliberation. He resolved to make the pretense that he had deceived me, trusting his plunder to the firebox rather than taking it with him. There was nothing for him to do at the time we found the plunder but to make off without it and save himself a term in the state prison.

# THE NIGHT SHIFTS AT SHEFFIELD

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST MUNITION FACTORIES

(By Douglas Robertson)

Sheffield, Dec. 20.—Red flames are spouting from the tops of tall chimneys which loom ghostly through the murkiness. Dull glow of forges, furnaces and tens of thousands of lamps shoot searchlight rays into the fumes and vapor. Surely a night scene of industry makes a screen tempting target for the night-flying Hun! Bat, no, the dense pall of this scene of industry makes a screen of sky camouflage, enveloping the entire works. Overhead, the skies reflect no fiery radiance. The brightest beams are soon stifled in that dark cloud! And furthermore, should the midnight murderers venture thus far afield, presto! Sunlight is every lamp, darkened every stack, and furnace, and, on the instant, this myriad luminosity is swallowed up in Egyptian darkness.

Can this indeed be the gateway of Gehenna! A large door has suddenly opened, a blinding light, a scorching heat shoots forth which sends the visitor staggering backwards, hands to their faces. Well might it be the Pit of Tophet. Imps armed with long, iron rods prance at the door of this fiery furnace and drag forth in triumph a block of white-hot steel some five by ten by fifteen feet in volume. The temperature of the plate shoots up ten degrees.

Then two Titanic arms of steel drop down from the roof and clutched the ignot, hauls its sizzling bulk over steel rollers set in the floor of steel, under a monster press. Such is the rolling mill, which, squashing and squeezing the block until flames gush forth from innumerable little fissures, moves it backward and forwards. Toughened tremendously by such a mauling the mass of metal is finally rolled into plates of from two to fifteen inches in thickness—armor-plate able to withstand the heaviest shells. Great warships are clothed in as much as 6,000 tons of this protection.

"Look out!" shouts one of the imps advancing with a bundle of dry bunches which he tosses on top of the fiery ignot. "Happen you'll think a bee stung you if a spark of you gets down your neck."

A crackling, roar of flames, and clouds of smoke as of a bush fire in the dry season fills the place as the block is rolled to and fro with this strange bonfire on its back.

At each move the attendant imps ply their long prods sealing off the loose flakes of iron.

"Do we drink any beer on this job?" exclaimed one of these workers, amazedly—no imp at all, but seen at close quarters a sturdy North Country man. "We do that. I'm just off for a good one right now."

Icebergs of Steel

Come and see them pouring the molten mixture for these armor-plates—Canadian nickel and chrome steel—from the furnaces into the moulds. Men with huge goggles are harrying about and one of them presents the visitors with lorgnettes of blue glass. White heat of 1,670 degrees centigrade blazes from the crevices of these gas-furnace doors. The naked eye wince at the glare, but through the protecting "specs" one may gaze with impunity. The interior of the furnace they have just opened presents an extraordinary appearance. Like an ice cave in the polar regions it looks like a grotto hanging with cool stalactites. The white hot metal. In the unthinkable heat of this furnace blocks of cold, hard metal melt like butter on a hot stove.

As we watch on the other side of the furnace, an attendant prizes away a stopper of clay. With a burst of light and showers of brilliant white sparks, which oddly enough do not burn, out rushes a molten torrent, to pour, a fiery Niagara, into the tire-brick lined 40-ton ladle which awaits its reception. An awe-some sight it is to see hardened steel reduced to liquid bubbling and tossing right below one like a kettle of jam. And as with the noisily jam pot a scum of dross rises to its top.

Night Like Day

It is midnight, but it might well be high noon. For the clamor of machinery rises everywhere from this mighty plant, which never stumbers. Trains puff to and fro among the scores of buildings (many of them new) which cluster thickly on an area of one hundred and twenty acres.

We have just entered another big workshop. Up among the smoke clouds in the lofty roof shine white incandescence lamps. Down at the side of every worker glows a shaded

sons sat down to... occasion the host... handsome ser... most of which... er when, as the... had married Mr... there was also a... would nowadays... the arrangement... which all the dis... eluding even the... were placed at... that in such days... said to "groan"... of viands... course, at the... as well as on all... table was wait... did their duty... who were allotted... that quite a num... ber of the eat... d-away a consider... ible mansion with... ed by a covered... the great Virginia... e it was custom... to wait on the... y plantation garb... on many things... exceptional luxu... were clad in... livery of red... ch was handsome... supper was re... prolongation of... each person was... at he or she pos... it was the duty... to persuade her... selves to repl... made it his busi... and other drink... to an extent... would be con... of the meal it... custom to ris... to a glass of... and bowing... "Gentlemen, I... The natural... of the most... present was a... Washington... er a good, long... in with past... to Christmas... unt the stiffer... undignified in... on to be indulg... family exhib... and called upon... of the slaves... a picturesque... d called in... and when he... rry music the... rners for the... r ladies and... cards. Small... played for, but... to a consider... ways, objection... As for Mrs... ad invariably... e general fee... he host to... sts as did not... lther cards or... ar on the morn... as that the... their departure... oneshold would... ary routine.

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The answer is simple and straight. There is no possibility of a revolution in Germany except in the imagination of the Bargain Hunter, who always believes what he wants to believe. The German people are behind their government, they trust their government. If, as seems probable, the German government has been conducting as vigorous a pro-German propaganda in Germany during the past three years as it has been conducting in America, it is possible that the German people are more distrustful of the republican form of government today than they were then. To expect the German people practically to let themselves be used to overthrow German autocracy for us is the maddest dream that Bernstorff, Ludburg, Zimmermann and Co. would like to encourage an occasion with \$50,000.

America is going to win this war, but she is not going to buy victory with ninety-eight cents. The only price of victory is blood, spirit, treasure and sacrifice.

## XMAS WEDDING

At six o'clock on Thursday evening a pretty wedding was solemnized at the Tabernacle parsonage at which Rev. S. C. Moore officiated. The groom was Mr. Percy Clapp, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Clapp, of this city, and the bride was Mrs. Marjorie Gerow, daughter of Mrs. B. Gerow, of this city. The bride was assisted by Miss Stella Greatrix, cousin of the groom. Mr. Teddy Clapp, brother of the groom, did honors for the groom.

After the ceremony the wedding party repaired to the residence of the bride's mother where a dainty wedding breakfast was partaken of. The bride was the recipient of many useful and beautiful presents. Mr. and Mrs. Clapp will reside in the city. Their numerous friends will wish for them many years of a happy and prosperous life.

## XMAS PROGRAMS

Friday evening of this week the Service Department conducted a Christmas service at the Standard Efficiency League of Bridge St. Methodist church. Last week the hymns and scripture reading were a forethought of the Xmas season. The Intellectual Department was very fortunate in having Prof. Staples of Albert College give an address on "Truth and Liberty" based upon Christ's words, "Know the truth and the truth shall make you free." It was shown that the gospel would uproot the bands of superstition, ignorance and evil habits and only through Jesus could the most be made out of our lives. Prof. Staples also speaks well besides singing in his pleasing manner.

After the Christmas program to night a dainty lunch will be served along with a social half hour.

## ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION

Last evening the employees of Marsh and Henthorn gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Clapp, George St. and presented Mr. and Mrs. Clapp with two rocking chairs in view of their recent marriage. An address was read from the employees of the Marsh and Henthorn Shell Department as follows:

Belleville, Dec. 20, 1917.

To the bride and groom—

We, on our own behalf and on behalf of the groom's other fellow employees desire to present to you this wedding gift which brings with it the good will of each one of us and a sincere wish that you may both enjoy every happiness through a long and prosperous life.

Marsh & Henthorn, Shell Dept.

Mr. Clapp made a happy response to the greetings of his friends.

Corns and warts disappear without leaving a scar.

## GRAHAMS LTD. TO CLOSE SOON

Belleville Branch of the Business Will Cease to Operate in a Few Days.

The Belleville branch of the Grahams Limited will close in a few days. This statement was made by Mr. R. J. Graham, president of the Ontario yesterday in response to inquiries that were occasioned by street rumors to that effect.

Mr. Graham wished to have it clearly understood however, that this move was not in any way due to the result of the recent election. It was a matter of business necessity. He has completed all the contracts on hand for the war office and no others have since been secured. The manufacturing at the various destructing plants was completed some days ago. The mixing of the several blends which is the principal business of the large new factory here, will be completed by the end of the year. After that there will be nothing to do until such time as new orders are received.

The mammoth order, now just about filled, was, we are informed, the largest prepared food order ever awarded by a government to a single firm. Belleville is thus being advertised all over the world as the original home of a most acceptable article in the soldiers' diet. Grahams Limited, by their supplying of a light, portable, long-keeping and refreshing blend of dried vegetables, are contributing a most important item in the list of things that are going to assist us in the winning of the war.

## PARCELS ACKNOWLEDGED

France, Nov. 21, 1917.

Mrs. K. M. Leach, Belleville.

Dear Madam and Friend—

I am greatly pleased to acknowledge receipt of the most excellent Xmas box, arrived to-day (my birthday), and I wish through you, to thank very heartily the women of the Red Cross and Patriotic Assoc. for the dandy parcel, and also the excellent work they are doing for the comfort and general benefit of the "Boys in France."

Your parcel is in the very best condition and came at a most opportune time, as we have just returned from a very rough trip in Belgium, and the luxuries contained in your box were just the proper thing to cheer a fellow up and make the old world look much brighter.

Again thanking the R. C. & P. Association for their kindness on my behalf, and wishing them a very Merry Xmas and every success in the New Year.

I am, very gratefully yours,

Homor E. Leavitt.

## MAJOR PONTON RETURNS

Major R. D. Ponton returned on Thursday from an extensive tour through the southern United States. Every where the party went they were feted in the old English colonial settlements. Their duties were the giving of instructions in relative field manoeuvres, entrenching, bombing and so forth.

Mrs. R. J. McDowall and Miss Jida McDowall, Elfrington, will spend Christmas in Belleville, guests of the owner's daughter, Mrs. Robertson, and Dr. Robertson.

## Struggling for the Big Wages

In all this host of workers so variously employed there are but few Colonials—no Canadians at all, or New Zealanders, no visible South Africans and but few Australians. An Australian it was who held a record here for high wages. He drew £24 a week. This sturdy son of the Southern Cross worked on screw breeches for 6-inch guns, handling these 60-pound barrels alone, and so quickly and skillfully that he was cheap at the price. But he got rich and quit.

"Yes, there's good money here," quoth another Australian, pausing at his lathe to talk to the writer, "but (frowning at the overcast skies outside) I want to get back into the sunshine down under."

Girls, girls, everywhere girls. We see them at lathes, at the levers of ton trip hammers, making shell-cases filling shell with shrapnel bullets mixed with melted resin poured from kettles. Girls are often employed in the boxes of the mammoth electric cranes, deftly manipulating the switches and levers. Think of girls, they're moving tons of metal, wrenching giant cannon! Is there indeed anything women cannot do?

Electric Arc That Blinds

"Don't attempt to look in that furnace door without first putting on these glasses," warns our guide pointing to an electric furnace. "That arc name is literally blinding. It will put one's eyes out of business. Exposure to it will render one sightless for forty-eight hours, causing intense pain, with granulations which feel like grains of sand under the eye-lids."

Delicate as Watchwork

In the finishing shop we presently see men working on the delicate mechanism of the breeches of these guns, measuring to the one-thousandth part of an inch, polishing, adjusting with a watchmaker's care the most important fitting of these mighty engines of destruction. The rifling of the bore shines like silver in a monster barrel through which a boy giving the finishing touches as he goes, is drawn by a rope. Eros, ton shells will be whirling through this burnished passage way on their ten-mile flight into German forts and German ships.

Such are some of the scenes at Messrs. Vickers' works in Sheffield, shown by courtesy of the management to a party of correspondents from the overseas Dominions. And very the sight of this industrial armpy is an inspiration. Here every clang of the hammers is striking a blow against despotism. Here British brawn and skill is battling against Krupp-Kaiserism. And just as British bayonets send Prussia's vaunted Guards, Wilhelm's picked troops reeling backward, even so these men and women of Britain's factories are fighting and beating those hordes in the Devil's workshops at Essen.

## PROGRAM AT HIGH SCHOOL

Xmas Closing Entertainment Last Evening

A delightful and instructive entertainment was given in the High School assembly hall last evening by the students of the institution. There were songs and music, exhibitions of classic dancing, an excellent debate on the relative merits of oratory and music, in which the speakers won golden opinions, and the most interesting scientific experiments, which opened up a whole world of romance to the speculators who filled the assembly room.

# THOUSANDS OF SERBIAN CAPTIVES HAVE DIED THROUGH HUN CRUELTY

Germany and Austrians Apparently Trying to Wipe out Race—French Investigator Reports 52,951 Serbian Prisoners are Known to Have Perished.

Washington, Dec. 10.—The official Serbian Press Bureau made public today a report on the fate of Serbian prisoners of war and deported civilians which was prepared by a French journalist at Zurich, Switzerland. Forty thousand old men, women and children have been deported by the Bulgars from Serbia to Turkey. Serbians, interned and prisoners of war, are treated with appalling barbarity in Germany, Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria. The Serbian race, according to this report, is menaced by the measures practiced against it by its enemies.

"It is not easy to arrive at the exact number of Serbian prisoners of war and deported civilians in enemy countries. According to the returns published in the Frankfurter of May 11, 1917," says the report, "there were at the end of last year 155,030 Serbian soldiers prisoners of war, 395 of whom were officers. This number was distributed as follows: 25,829 rank and file in Germany, 96,363 men and 709 officers in Austria-Hungary, and 5,607 prisoners belonging to the Montenegrin army, also being of Serbian nationality. Of these, 5,561 men and 21 officers were in Austria-Hungary and 12 privates in Bulgaria.

"At the beginning of 1916, 754 Serbian prisoners were taken to the prisoners' camp at Saitau, Hanover. They were in the last stage of exhaustion and could scarcely drag themselves along. A prisoner who could speak German makes the following report:—  
"We are dying of hunger. During our passage through Serbia the peasant women often came and brought us bread and cheese and bacon; but the Magyar soldiers, who formed our escort, kept it all for themselves. In several Austrian towns we were mobbed. People spit in our faces and struck us over the head with sticks. About thirty of my comrades were seriously injured in this way. For three months in Bohemia we were employed in field work and the construction of railway lines. The food was horrible; soup which made you sick, a few potatoes and a piece of rye bread, in such insignificant quantity that by the end of six weeks thirty-two of my comrades had died of hunger. There were terrible punishments for those who failed to accomplish their allotted task—floggings, calls, with only one piece of bread in four days, or punishment like the following:—The prisoner was suspended from a tree by his feet and kept in this position until death appeared imminent. In the country punishments were more summary. A soldier who picked up and ate a raw potato was shot on the spot. This happened in several cases. Besides this, forty of my comrades were taken back in a body to Serbia under the pretext they were to indicate the spots where our guns were buried. We have never heard of them since."

sit down and rise again alternately until they broke down under the load. Several hundred prisoners died of hunger and exhaustion in that camp.

"In Austria-Hungary the Serbian prisoners are distributed in several camps at Braunau and Josephstadt, at Aschach and Groedg in Bohemia, and Nausthausen, near Salzburg, etc. Everywhere the same suffering and the same tyranny as in Germany. But the fate of the Serbian prisoners at Nausthausen was the most terrible of all. Worn out by fatigue, hunger and cold, prisoners succumbed every day. By the month of May, 1917, more than 7,000 of them had died.

"In 1916, spotted typhus began to ravage the Serbian camps. Instead of rendering assistance to the prisoners, the military authorities caused the barracks to be closed, and not until a week had passed was a regimental surgeon dispatched, who proceeded in localizing the disease. But already 9,000 Serbian prisoners had perished. The camp had become a vast Serbian grave. In order to conceal this crime, the dead were buried by the hundreds in one grave. Then the earth was leveled and an Orthodox chapel erected on the site with this inscription on it: 'Here are buried Serbian soldiers who died of wounds received in the Austro-Hungarian-Serbian war provoked by Serbia.'"  
"Tuberculosis has claimed more victims than any other disease among the Serbian prisoners. Cases of insanity are likewise frequent. According to an account of an Austrian medical man there are concentrated in Krizevec, in Croatia, more than 3,000 Serbs—prisoners of war and deported persons, who have become insane.

"The statistics recently published by the Austrian and German authorities prove that this information is correct. The total number of Serbian prisoners in these two countries is at present not supposed to exceed 70,000. If we compare this figure with that given by the Frankfurter Zeitung, viz., 122,921, we are driven to the conclusion that 52,951 Serbs have already died in Germany and Austria-Hungary; that is to say, almost 50 per cent.

## PROGRESSING TOWARD GOAL

SO SAYS LLOYD GEORGE  
This is No Time to be Talking of Peace—But Strain Will Be Great for a Time

London, Dec. 20.—"It is because I am firmly convinced that, despite some untoward events, despite discouraging appearances, we are making steady progress toward the goal that I would regard peace overtures to Prussia at the very moment the Prussian military spirit is drunk with boastfulness as a betrayal of the great trust with which my colleagues and myself have been charged."

"So said Premier Lloyd George yesterday at the dinner of the Gray's Inn Benchers.

Germany's victories were emblazoned to the world, the Premier said, but her troubles did not appear in bulletins. Something was known of it, however. The deadly grip of the British navy was having its effect and the valor of the troops was making an impression that would tell in the end.

"He was glad to understand that Lord Lansdowne's recent letter had been misunderstood, and that Lansdowne was in agreement with President Wilson.

"I warn the nation to watch the man who thinks there is a half way house between victory and defeat," the Premier admonished. "These are the men who think you can deal this crime, the dead were buried by the hundreds in one grave. Then the earth was leveled and an Orthodox chapel erected on the site with this inscription on it: 'Here are buried Serbian soldiers who died of wounds received in the Austro-Hungarian-Serbian war provoked by Serbia.'"

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## DARING AERIAL ESCAPADES

OF THE EMPIRE'S BIRDMEN.  
Succinct Reports Describe Hair-Raising Incidents as Matters of Fact—Many Thrilling Tales Told.

Behind the British Lines in France Dec. 19. (Correspondence of the Associated Press.)—Stories of daring escapes of British aviators, exciting aerial combats from which the air-fighters escaped alive seemingly only by miracle and of brilliant executed raids upon German aerodromes and troops behind the German lines are narrated in the reports of the Royal Flying Corps covering the activities of about one week. Hair-raising incidents of fierce conflicts above the clouds, or low over the German communication lines are described in these succinct reports without bombast, as though these narrow escapes from death were commonplace and all in the day's work of the air-fighter.

For example there was one case of a British aviation officer who, when nearly a mile above the earth, was attacked by two enemy aircraft. He shot down one of them out of control, but was himself wounded and fainted, while still high in the air. Recovering consciousness he found his machine upside down at an elevation of 4,000 feet with one enemy aircraft still firing at him. The Britisher, however, managed after a struggle to right his machine and land safely.

An Intrepid Observer  
In a somewhat similar instance, a German scout attacked a British airplane carrying a pilot and observer. One of the German's bullets passed through the gasoline tank of the British airplane and seriously wounded the pilot. The British observer, however, pumped a full double drum of bullets at the enemy scout at very close quarters and the German went to the ground with a crash.

Meanwhile the British pilot had fainted and fallen against the steering "stick" in such a fashion as to throw the airplane into a spin. The British observer climbed over the side and forward along the plane to the pilot's cockpit, lifted the pilot to his seat and, still standing on the wing of the plane released the steering gear, brought the machine out of the spin and safely to the ground.

Two British officers were returning from an expedition over the enemy's lines to locate hostile batteries when their machine was hit by anti-aircraft fire and the engine damaged. Volplaning, the machine landed 300 yards from the British lines, the airplane turned over and the aviators were hurried out on the German side of a canal. Running along the beach under heavy fire from rifles and machine-guns, the aviators dove into the canal only to find it full of barbed wire, but managed to reach the British lines in safety.

Fear Absolutely Naught  
Many instances illustrating the reckless daring of the British aviators sent over the German lines to obtain information, destroy aerodromes and harry the German reserves are contained in the official narratives. One pilot who crossed the lines at Ypres, threw off two attacking machines, bombed the Heule aerodrome near Lille and was fired upon by two machine-guns. He dived at one of them, firing with both guns of the British airplane, drove the Germans from their guns, fired upon the aerodrome again, attacked and scattered a column of 200 German infantry men on the road. A German two-seater airplane was circling 500 feet above him for an attack. "I zoomed up under its tail and fired into it," writes the British aviator. "It crashed down onto the railway."

Another British pilot had fired a hundred rounds on German troops on the march when he was interrupted by two enemy airplanes. He attacked them and drove both down and then finished the job of driving the German infantry into trenches and shell holes.

## MAY BE MEMBERS OF ROBBER GANG

POLICE BELIEVE THEY HAVE MADE AN IMPORTANT ROUND UP

Niagara Falls, Dec. 20.—Niagara Falls police think they have rounded up two of the gang of highway robbers who have been terrorizing the whole Niagara district, robbing foreigners by the wholesale in the vicinity of Niagara Welland and Port Colborne. In the last few months they have cleaned up six or seven thousand dollars. Yesterday morning two Spaniards who came to Niagara Falls were going to their boarding houses when they were suddenly set upon by three masked men, who thrust pistols in their faces and ordered them to unshell their money. The Spaniards put up a stiff fight and the robbers beat them unmercifully. One man had \$500 in his shoes and the other had \$350 in the breast of his vest. The robbers took this and made their escape. The police arrested Benjamin Alvarez and Bartholomew Palmer, two Spaniards on a charge of doing the robbery. They had no money on them when arrested. They were remanded until the 24th.

Can't Win by Treaty  
"To end the war entered upon and to enforce a treaty without reparation for infringement of that treaty merely by entering into a more sweeping treaty would, indeed be a farce in the setting of a tragedy," Lloyd George declared. "We are not misled by mere words like disarmament, arbitration and similar terms. You cannot wage war or secure peace by mere words. We ought never to have started unless we meant, at all hazards, to complete our task."

Of course, our enemies are ready to accept a peace leaving them with one of the richest provinces and the fairest cities of Russia in their pockets. It is idle to talk of security under such conditions. There is no protection for life or property in a state where the criminal is more powerful than the law. The law of nations is no exception. We are dealing with a criminal state now, and there will always be criminal states until the reward of international crime become too precarious to make it profitable, and the punishment of international crime becomes too sure to make it attractive.

Can't Hesitate in Choice  
"We are confronted with the alternative of abasing ourselves in terror before the lawlessness which means ultimately a world intimidated by successful bandits, or going through with our task to establish a righteous and lasting peace for ourselves and our children. Surely no nation with any regard for its self respect and any honor can hesitate a moment in its choice."

We are laying the foundation of the bridge that will carry us into a new world. Let us maintain steadiness and sanity of outlook.

U. S. to the Rescue  
"This is not the most propitious hour, Russia's threatened retirement from the war strengthens the Hohenzollerns and weakens the force of democracy, but Russia's action will not lead, as she imagines, to universal peace. It will simply prolong the world's agony and inevitably put her in bondage to Prussian militarism."

"It would be folly to underestimate the danger from the release of the enemy's eastern forces. It would equally be folly to exaggerate it, but the greatest folly of all would be not to face it.

## DEATH OF WM. A. WATTS.

William A. Watts, a well-known resident of Belleville, living at 289 1/2 Front Street for many years, is dead, having succumbed yesterday after a short illness. He was born in Pictou in the year 1846 and was accordingly 71 years of age. He was a Methodist in religion, being a member of the Tabernacle church. Besides his widow, he leaves to mourn his loss, three sons, John and Arthur of Belleville, William of Rochester and two daughters, Mrs. James Skinner, Belleville and Mrs. F. S. Gear, of Rochester. He was a member of Oxford Lodge, Sons of England. The sympathy of the community is extended to the family in their bereavement.

AMELIASBURG  
A gale of wind accompanied by a heavy fall of snow has made the roads almost impassable in some places.

The funeral of the late Mrs. H. Dempsey took place on Tuesday, Dec. 18th.

LATE MRS. NICHOLS  
The funeral of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Nichols, wife of the late Samuel J. Nichols, took place this morning from the family residence, 270 John street, to St. Michael's church, where a solemn requiem mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Killen. Floral tributes and spiritual offerings were witnesses of the esteem in which the deceased was held in Belleville. After mass the cortege was reformed and proceeded to Frankford for the interment. The bearers were Messrs. Frank Walsh, E. O'Rourke, Hugh Mahan, P. J. Wims, T. Wims and M. Summers.

BACK FROM THE WEST  
Mr. D. H. Corrigan, formerly of the 3rd Concession of Huntingdon, but now of Alasak, Sask., was in the city yesterday, en route to Stirling and Huntingdon, where he will spend some time visiting friends.

Mr. Corrigan left this part seven years ago and took up land in what was then a new and unsettled part of the west. Since that time all vacant land has been taken up and farms are changing hands at from \$35 to \$50 an acre. The soil is clay, dark in color, and highly productive, yields of 40 bushels of wheat to the acre are not uncommon in average years. There has not been an entire crop failure there in the seven seasons. This year's wheat brought them more than \$2 a bushel at the elevator. Mr. Corrigan has a half-section, where he resides. Of this, more than 500 acres will be in crop this coming year. He has also acquired another quarter-section of unbroken land a few miles from where he is now located.

Mr. Corrigan was accompanied east by his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Clark. The latter are spending a few days in Toronto before coming to this section to visit friends.

INSTALLATION OF UPPER CANADA COLLEGE  
Major W. L. Grant, of Kingston, just returned from active service at the front, son of the late principal Grant of Queen's University and professor of history in Queen's, was yesterday installed head master and principal of the historic school of Canada, Upper Canada College, the college was established in 1829 by Sir John Colborne and no less than ten of the head boys have hailed from Belleville. It is a pleasure to congratulate Mayor Grant and the college upon such an excellent appointment and upon the fact that he Bay of Quinte has furnished another worthy son to fill such a responsible position in the education of the province. Colonel W. N. Ponton, K. C. was present officially as one of the representatives of the board of governors of the college elected by the Old Boy's Association, of which he is vice-president. Mayor Grant's address was exquisite in diction and virile in spirit.

## DEATH OF WM. A. WATTS.

NEWMAN—At Cleveland, Ohio, Dec. 17, 1917 Lydia Mullins, beloved wife of Mr. Joseph Newman and sister of Mr. C. Mullins of this city and Mrs. Thea Callaghan of Montreal Que.

WATTS—On Wednesday, Dec. 19th 1917, William A. Watts, aged 71 years.

SING—In Detroit, Mich., Wed. 19 1917, Eliza, widow of the late Dr. Sing, aged 76 years.

INTERMEDIATE HOOKBY SCHEDULE  
Whitby at Oshawa, Jan. 4  
Cobourg at Belleville Jan. 8  
Oshawa at Cobourg Jan. 11  
Belleville at Whitby Jan. 11  
Cobourg at Belleville, Jan. 16  
Oshawa at Belleville, Jan. 22  
Whitby at Whitby, Jan. 22  
Belleville at Oshawa Jan. 28  
Belleville at Cobourg Feb. 1st  
Oshawa at Whitby, Feb. 5.

DEATH OF ROY BENTLEY  
Roy Bentley of Bancroft, aged 24 years who has been employed at the Grand Trunk, died in the hospital here this morning of typhoid fever. He was a very popular young man and his death is deeply regretted.

MISCELLANEOUS SHOWER  
Last evening at the home of Mrs. Clapp, George St., a miscellaneous shower was given in honor of Miss Marjorie Gerow, of this city. A very pleasant evening was spent by the young people in games, etc. Refreshments were served to which all did ample justice.

REMAINS ARRIVED  
The remains of the late Mrs. Eliza Sing, relict of the late Dr. Sing, arrived in the city today and were taken to the residence of James Bailey, Moira St., whence the funeral will take place. Mrs. Sing passed away yesterday at Detroit, while on a visit to that city. The most of her life was spent in this vicinity.

SKULL WAS FRACTURED  
N. Tanczuk Died in Hospital This Morning  
N. Tanczuk, a middle-aged Serbian employed at the Canada cement works at Point Anne, died in the Belleville General Hospital this morning of a fractured skull.

## TODAY'S CASUALTIES

Died—J. Dunn, Peterboro; C. Wiles, Madoc; F. Skoniker, Trenton  
Wounded—A. Peters, Cornwall  
ILL—A. A. Huffman, Peterboro; A. Harze, Brockville  
STOLE MEAT FROM CAR  
But Could Not Get Away With all of the Goods  
A Grand Trunk refrigerator car was broken open during the night at the west side of the Moira River bridge and a quantity of lard and meat stolen. Evidently a tram had stopped there and some thieves got busy. More of the precious lard and meat was taken than could be got away before the thieves were discovered. The result was that about a hundredweight of pork was found on the morning along the track.

## ADMITTED TO HOSPITAL

A field card has been received in the city from Sgt. Lorne F. Green, dated Dec. 2nd. He states that he has been admitted to hospital sick, but expects to be discharged soon. Sgt. Green left Belleville with the 38th Battalion as a staff sergeant.

## ABLE TO BE OUT

Mr. George F. Ostrom, produce duce merchant, is able to be out again after a very serious illness. Over a month ago he was operated on in the hospital for appendicitis, and recently returned home.

An airship, said to be a Zeppelin, flying the French flag, descended on the housetops in the Dutch village of Bommee. The crew had previously left the airship.

# WHISTLING DICK'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING

By O. Henry



### What the Christmas "Waits" Sing

SANTA CLAUS being about to desert the city streets for his annual reindeer ride over the roofs, the "waits" prepare to sing their centuries old carols.

In several American cities has been revived the beautiful old custom of the "waits" going about from house to house singing the familiar old songs. Light the Christmas candles in your window if you want them to stop before your home!

God rest you merry, gentlemen; let nothing you dismay— they will surely sing that, perhaps the best known of all old English carols. And this too: Hark! The herald angels sing, Glory to the newborn king. And, of course, "O Little T Bethlehem."

Perhaps, too, they will sing said to be the earliest known Christmas carol, dating from the Anglo-Saxon days of the thirteenth century, which begins: Lordings, listen to our lay— We have come from far away To seek Christmas; In this mansion we are told He his yearly feasts doth hold; 'Tis today! May joy come from God above To all those who Christmas love.

This carol ends with the toast of those days: Hured, then, I bid you all wassail, cursed be he who will not say drink-hall. "Wassail" meaning your health and "drink-hall" being the usual and courteous acknowledgment.

One of the best known of all the old carols, although not one of the oldest, was written by Nahum Tate in 1708 and is called the "Song of the Angels." It begins: While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down And glory shone around.

Many are the carols in which Pagan's ancient holy figures, "I'en drink to the holly berry," pledges one writer of songs, while another in "Under the Holly Bough" summons "All ye

who have scorned each other or injured friend or brother, come gather here— And then there's that grand old hymn "Adeste Fideles," sung in every church in this land and in others, at this Christmas season: Oh, come, all ye faithful, Joyful and triumphant, Come ye, oh, come ye to Bethlehem.

Christmas would not be Christmas, of course, if the "waits" were to neglect one other of the most beautiful of old carols: Holy night, peaceful night, Through the darkness beams a light, Holy night, peaceful night, Through the darkness beams a light! Tender, where they sweet vigils keep O'er the babe who, in silent sleep, Rests in heavenly peace, Rests in heavenly peace.

If there are any of you who have in mind an after Christmas dinner evening of song to the accompaniment of a harpsichord, a spinet, a lute or a piano or even the modern and much advertised disk machine, it might be well to try this on the company: "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," "Hark! The herald angels sing, Glory to the newborn king; Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled; Joyful, all ye nations, rise, Join the triumph of the skies, With the angels' host proclaim Christ is born in Bethlehem; Hark! The herald angels sing, Glory to the newborn king."

## Whistling Dick's Christmas Stocking

By O. HENRY

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IT WAS WITH MUCH CAUTION that Whistling Dick sidled back the door of the box car, for article 6718, city ordinances, authorized (perhaps constitutionally) arrest on suspicion. He saw no change since his last visit to this big alms-giving, long-suffering paradise of the tramps. Whistling Dick's red head popped suddenly back into the car. A slight too imposing and magnificent for his gaze had been added to the scene. A vast, incomparable policeman rounded a pile of rice sacks and stood within 20 yards of the car. Whistling Dick, professional tramp, possessed a half friendly acquaintance with this officer. They had met sev-



The Whistler Collided With Big Fritz.

eral times before on the levee at night, for the officer, himself a lover of music, had been attracted by the exquisite whistling of the shirtless vagabond. Still he did not care under the present circumstances to renew the acquaintance. So Dick waited, and before long "Big Fritz" disappeared.

Whistling Dick waited as long as his judgment advised and then slid swiftly to the ground. As he picked his way where night still lingered among the big, reeking, musty warehouses he gave way to the habit that had won for him his title, "Whistling Dick," clear, with each note as true and liquid as a bobolink's, his whistle tinkled about the dim, cold mountains of brick like drops of rain falling into a hidden pool.

Rounding a corner, the whistler collided with "Big Fritz."

"So," observed the mountain calmly, "you are already back. Und dere will not be frost before two weeks yet. Und you haf forgotten how to whistle. Dere was a vaise note in dot last bar."

"Big Fritz's heavy mustache rounded into a circle, and in its depths came a sound deep and mellow as that from a flute. He repeated a few bars of the air the tramp had been whistling.

he dined like an admiral, and then, like a philosopher, annihilated the worst three hours of the day by a nap under the trees.

When he awoke and continued his begin a frosty sparkle in the air had succeeded this frosty warmth of the day, and as this portent of a chilly night translated itself to the brain of Sir Peregrine he lengthened his stride and bethought him of shelter.

A distant clatter in the rear quickly developed into the swift beat of horses' hoofs. Turning his head, he saw approaching a fine team of stylish grays drawing a double survey. A stout man with a white mustache occupied the front seat, giving all his attention to the rigid lines in his hands. Behind him sat a placid, middle-aged lady and a brilliant-looking girl, hardly arrived at young ladyhood. The lap robe had slipped, partly from the knees of the gentleman driving, and Whistling Dick saw two stout canvas bags between his feet—bags such as, while loading in cities, he had seen warily transferred between express wagons and bank doors. The remaining space in the vehicle was filled with parcels of various sizes and shapes.

As the survey swept even with the side-tracked tramp, the bright-eyed girl, seized by some merry, madcap impulse, leaned out toward him with a sweet, dazzling smile and cried, "Merry Christmas!" in a shrill, plaintive treble.

Such a thing had not often happened to Whistling Dick, and he felt handicapped in devising the correct response. But, lacking time for reflection, he let his instinct decide, and snatching off his battered hat he rapidly extended it at arm's length and drew it back with a continuous motion and shouted a loud, but ceremonious "Ah, there!"

The sudden movement of the girl had caused one of the parcels to become unwrapped, and something limp and black fell from it into the road. The tramp picked it up and found it to be a new black silk stocking, long and fine and slender.

"The bloomin' little skeezicks!" said Whistling Dick, with a broad grin blotting his freckled face. "Wot d'yer think of dat, now? Merry Christmas, 'Sounded like a cuckoo clock, dat's what she did. Dem guys is swell, too, bet yer life, an' der of 'em, fact is, dem sacks of doctin down under his trotters like dey was common as dried apples. Been shopping for Christmas, an' de kid's lost one of her new socks 'wot she was gona' to hold up Sanny wif."

Whistling Dick folded the stocking carefully and stuffed it into his pocket. It was nearly two hours later when he came upon signs of habitation. The buildings of an extensive plantation came into view.

The road was inclosed on each side by a fence, and presently as Whistling Dick drew nearer the houses he suddenly stopped and sniffed the air. "If dere aint no 'olbo stew' cookin' somewhere in dis immediate vicinety," he said to himself, "me nose has quit tellin' de trut."

He nudged decisively and then said aloud to Whistling Dick: "Listen, senny, to some plain talk. We five are on a lay. I've guaranteed you to be square and you're to come in on the profits equal with the boys, and you've got to help. Two hundred hands on this plantation are expecting to be paid a week's wages to-morrow morning. Tomorrow's Christmas and they want to lay off. Says the boss, 'Work from five to nine in the morning to get a trainload of sugar for the week and a day extra.' They say: 'Hooray for the boss! It goes.' He drives to Noo Orleans today and fetches back the cold dollars. Two thousand and seventy-four fifty is the amount. I got the figures from a man who talks too much, who got 'em from the bookkeeper. Now, half of the haul goes to me and the other half the rest of you may divide. Why the difference? I represent the brains. It's my scheme. Here's the way we're going to get it. There's some company at supper in the house, but they'll leave about nine. They have just happened in for an hour or so. If they don't go pretty soon we'll work the scheme any way. We want all night to get away with the dollars. They're heavy. About nine o'clock Deaf Pete and Blinky 'll go down the road a quarter mile before the house and set fire to a big canefield there that the cutters haven't touched yet. The wind's just right to have it roaring in two minutes. The alarm 'll be given, and every man Jack about the place will be down in ten minutes fighting fire. That

lastly upon convenient lumber and disregarded Whistling Dick with undigested distavor.

"Dis planter chap," Dick said, "wot makes yer 'lak he's got de tin fin de house wif 'm?"

"'Naw, I was just askin'. Wot kind o' team did de boss drive?" "Pair of grays."

"Double surey?" "Yep."

"Women folks along?" "Wife and kid. Say, wot morning paper are you trying to pump news for?"

"I was just conversin' to pass de time away. I guess dat team passed me in de road dis evenin'." Dat's all.

Dinner, two hours later, was being served in the Bellemeade plantation dining room.

The talk of the diners was too desultory, too ungracious to follow, but at last they came to the subject of the tramp nuisance, one that had of late vexed the plantations for many miles around. The planter seized the occasion to direct his good-natured fire of railing at the miscreant, accusing her of encouraging the plague.

"I don't believe they are all bad," she said. "We passed on this evening as we were driving home who had a face as good as it was incompetent. He was whistling the intermezzo from 'Cavalleria' and blowing the spirit of Mascagni himself into it."

By the light of a candle he examined the room. A bed, with the covers neatly turned back, revealed snowy pillows and sheets. There were towels on a rack and soap in a white dish.

Whistling Dick set his candle on a chair and placed his hat carefully under the table. After satisfying what we must suppose to have been his curiosity by a sober scrutiny, he removed his coat, folded it and laid it upon the floor near the wall, as far as possible from the rumpled habitude. Taking his coat for a pillow, he stretched himself luxuriously upon the carpet.

When on Christmas morning the first streaks of dawn broke above the marshes Whistling Dick awoke and reached instinctively for his hat. Then he remembered that the skirts of Fortune had swept him into their folds on the night previous, and he went to the window and raised it to let the fresh breath of the morning cool his brow.

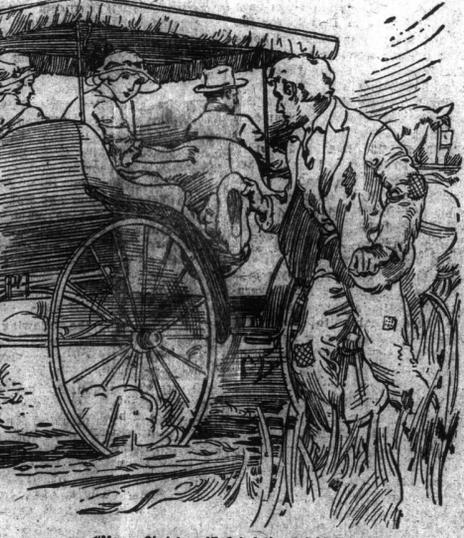
As he stood there certain dread and ominous sounds pierced his ear.

The force of plantation workers, eager to complete the shortened day, allotted to them, were all astir. The mighty din of the ogre Labor shook the earth, and the poor tattered and forever disguised prince in search of his fortune trembled.

The December air was frosty, but the sweet broke out upon Whistling Dick's face. He thrust his head out of the window and looked down. Fifteen feet below him, against the wall of the house, he could make out that a border of flowers grew, and by that token he overhung a bed of soft earth.

Softly as a burglar goes, he clambered out upon the sill, lowered himself until he hung by his hands alone and then he dropped safely. No one seemed to be about upon this side of the house. He dodged low and slipped swiftly across the yard of the lot fence. It was an easy matter to vault

over the fence, and he was in the garden in a moment. He looked about him. A bright-eyed young girl who sat at the left of the mistress leaned over and said in a confidential undertone: "I wonder, mamma, if that tramp we passed on the road found my stocking. And do you think he will hang it up tonight?"



"Merry Christmas!" Cried the Bright-Eyed Girl.

"I'll leave the money sacks and the women alone in the house for us to handle."

"Boston," interrupted Whistling Dick, rising to his feet, "anks for de grub you fellers has given me, but I'll be movin' on now. Burglary is no good. I'll say good night and many tanks fer—"

Whistling Dick had moved away a few steps when he spoke, but he stopped very suddenly. Boston had covered him with a short revolver of roomy caliber.

"Take your seat," said the tramp leader. "I'd feel mighty proud of myself if I let you go and spoil the game. You'll stick right in this camp until we finish the job. The end of that brick pile is your limit. You go two inches beyond that and I'll have to shoot. Better take it easy, now."

she told me. Ketch de bums down de roads first and den set a rosbite core to get me out of sose yours truly.

WHISTLING DICK. There was some quiet but rapid maneuvering at Bellemeade during the ensuing half hour, which ended in five disgusted and sullen tramps being captured and locked securely in an out-house pending the coming of the morning and restriction. For another result the visiting young gentlemen had secured the unqualified worship of the visiting young ladies by their distinguished and heroic conduct. For still another, beheld Whistling Dick, the hero, seated at the planter's table feasting.

The planter, eyed that the wanderer should wander no more, that his was a goodness and an honesty that should be rewarded and that a debt of gratitude had been made that must be paid, for had he not saved them from a doubtless imminent loss and maybe a great calamity? He assured Whistling Dick that he might consider himself a charge upon the honor of Bellemeade, that a position suited to his powers would be found for him at once.

But now, they said, he must be weary, and the immediate thing to consider was rest and sleep. So the mistress spoke to a servant, and Whistling Dick was conducted to a room in the wing of the house occupied by the servants. To this room in a few minutes was brought a portable tin bathtub filled with water, which was placed on a piece of ragged cloth upon the floor. There the vagrant was left to pass the night.

By the light of a candle he examined the room. A bed, with the covers neatly turned back, revealed snowy pillows and sheets. There were towels on a rack and soap in a white dish.

Whistling Dick set his candle on a chair and placed his hat carefully under the table. After satisfying what we must suppose to have been his curiosity by a sober scrutiny, he removed his coat, folded it and laid it upon the floor near the wall, as far as possible from the rumpled habitude. Taking his coat for a pillow, he stretched himself luxuriously upon the carpet.

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Feasting at the Planter's Table.

this, for a terror urged him such as lifts the gaselle over the thorn bush when the lion pursues. A crash through the dew-drenched woods on the roadside, a clutching, slippery rush up the grassy side of the levee to the footpath at the summit, and he was free.

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Thoughts by the Way

The Influence of the School in Rural Life

Written for The Ontario by "Wayfarer."

Beside you straggling fence that skirts the way. With blossomed fringe unprofitably set.

There in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule The village master taught his little school.

—Goldsmith

The importance of child-life, and the necessity for its proper development in view of its influence on the life of the community and the world at large, is being felt at the present time as never before and is evidenced by the many organizations for the physical, mental and moral development of the child.

The influence of the public school on the life of the child and on the life of the rural community is being acknowledged. On the child itself, the public school exerts a powerful influence, an influence surpassed only by that of the home.

Then, the public school is the place where a great many children learn the essentials of refinement, culture and courtesy. In some homes, refined conversation, good reading and refinement of manners are unknown quantities.

Children from such homes must obtain their culture and refinement from the public schools. And as children are exact imitators, it is essential that the teacher be a model of propriety and refinement.

Children are quick to reflect all little odd mannerisms of a teacher and, mischievously display them before the parents and to the teachers themselves. Is there a teacher who has not seen himself as others see him?

Who has a better opportunity than the public school teacher in the patriotic development of child-nature? The study of literature and history may both be used advantageously in instilling into a burning glow the innate fire of patriotism in every child's heart.

The writer was afterwards surprised and pleased to hear that this enthusiastic patriot had had been expelled from school for insubordination to the rules. What a pity that his teacher had failed to discover his zeal and interest in at least one subject of the curriculum, the subject of his country's history!

A pupils training at a public school, prepares him for the duties of life. Here he is trained in self-control, both in the school and on the playground; here he is taught application of mental energy and will power in conquering obstacles; here he is trained to think and thus develop his powers of concentration and reasoning. Competition with

others, both mentally and physically, render him resourceful, and ready for the trials and encounters of life. Cleanliness and order can be taught from a clean and attractive school-room, and a love of the artistic and beautiful may be developed from the interior condition of the school.

The public school may be counted on as a force in the social life of the rural community. Lacking a public hall for entertainment and social gatherings, the schoolroom can be advantageously used for these purposes and thus becomes a centre for the social life of the locality. This fact does not seem to be fully realized as yet and the sanctity of the church is often desecrated by social gatherings, implanting in the hearts of the young, a spirit of irreverence for the House of God.

Recognizing as we must the influence of the school upon a rural community, can any pains be too great to ensure the success of this institution? A vast improvement in conditions of our public schools, in regard to suitable buildings, heating, ventilation and light, of hygiene might be brought about more readily if women trustees were appointed on the Trustee Boards.

Leaving this thought for consideration and discussion, the writer will close.

—WAYFARER

ENTERPRISE

The recent heavy snow storms have made sleighing good and left the roads good.

Election passed off quietly. Every man almost going out to exercise his franchise. We hope the right men are elected.

Mr. Andrew Lyons moved on his new farm in Chamico, last week. He will be in much better luck.

We are glad to say that Mr. Jas. Dwyer is able to be around again after a serious attack of lumbago.

Mr. Thomas Carlin remains about the same. Slight hopes are held out for his recovery.

A number of our young men who are being held for military service, are appealing for exemption.

Mr. Allan King and wife have moved home to his father's place, having given up the Wagar place he had rented for the past two years.

There have been several cases of scarlet fever around here but fortunately no deaths have resulted.

Our stores have put on a Xmas appearance by the display of candies, toys, etc.

Mr. Norman Wagar has arrived home from Stoo where he has spent the last two years.

Wishing Mr. Editor and all the staff a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

THOMASBURG

Sawing wood is the order of the day around here.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Adams are moving to Madoc.

Mr. and Mrs. Melburne Adams are moving to their farm, recently purchased from Mr. W. Holbert.

The Methodist Sunday School is practicing for a Xmas entertainment, to be held here Xmas night.

Mr. J. Drake is not improving as fast as we would like him to.

Mrs. Arthur Thompson is spending a few days with her parents.

TWEED

Mr. Thos. Hawkins, of St. Michaels, Toronto is home for the holidays.

Messrs. Jonas Feaney and W. Kinlin, of Rosopolis College, Kingston, are home to spend the holidays.

Ye editor was on the shelf from Sunday to Tuesday afternoon, suffering with an attack of neuralgia.

A letter from Sapper Clarence Donohue to his mother, received on Monday, conveyed the news that he left Ottawa with his battalion on Saturday bound for St. Johns, Quebec, from whence they expect to sail shortly for overseas.

Mr. Wallace Provost, tonorial artist, of Havelock, spent Sunday and Monday with his parents in town. He has enlisted in the Aviation Corps for overseas service and we feel confident that his ability to "trim" will more than manifest itself when he comes in contact with the "Huns."

PICTON

Dr. and Mrs. Pablow arrived in town from Brockville last Saturday and will spend a few days in town.

Deat. Beath Morden, who has been attached to the A. S. Corps at Regina, visited his parents this week at Toronto on his way overseas.

Mrs. Flora McDonald Denton, of Toronto, has gone as Canada's delegate to the National Convention being held at Washington this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Mawson, of Langdon Sack, after an absence of 23 years, have returned to Madoc to visit their sister, Mrs. Chas. Hart.

Miss Luella Harrison of Toronto University is spending the Xmas holidays at her home here.

Rev. W. B. Tucker has been called to Toronto on account of the death of his mother which occurred Tuesday.

Miss Minnie Nixon, who has been visiting relatives in Buffalo for the past two months, has returned home.

Mr. J. A. Dwyer, who was in Madoc this week, relates that while he, with some other men, were digging a well at McGary flats last June, they unearthed an immense egg which was buried in the sand at a depth of 23 feet and which measured 19 inches in length.

The egg was in the sand and discolored when they returned from dinner it had hatched a bird of an unknown species. The bird was tethered near the spot where it thrived and grew very rapidly, and at the present time Mr. Dwyer says it weighs 253 lbs. and that Government officials who have examined it have been unable to name the species.

The bird is now on exhibition in Game Warden McCaw's shop Bancroft.—Review

BANCROFT

Mr. Jas. Best, of Hanley, Sack, arrived in town on Saturday night. What might have been a very serious blaze started in Mr. A. Mountain's residence on Hastings St. on Tuesday morning, but was fortunately noticed in its incipient state and with a good supply of water on hand, was extinguished before any serious damage was done.

In our last issue an item appeared to the effect that Alva Lawrence, of Chandos township, had been eaten by a bear and part of one of his limbs and a foot had been found. Lawrence is still very much alive and had dinner at the Middle Brook camp in Faraday about a week ago.

He was still camping on the trail of the bear that was supposed to have eaten him.—Times

CAMPBELLFORD

Mrs. Fairman, of Vancouver, is the guest of Miss Jennie Donald, Mrs. Nellie McArthur and Miss McArthur left this week for Peterboro, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. F. E. Gaudrie and Miss Gaudrie left yesterday for Gravenhurst to reside with Mr. E. W. Gaudrie. The best wishes of all follow them to their new home.

The marriage of Miss Alice Bartley to Mr. George Meeks, both of Rawdon Township, is to take place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Nix on Christmas day.

OBITUARY

Through the death of G. W. Ostrom in the early hours of Wednesday last, Trenton has lost one of its oldest, best known and highly esteemed citizens.

Gilbert Wellington Ostrom, son of Sylvester Ostrom and Margaret Freil, was born in Belleville on June 30th, 1837. After passing through the schools at his native city, he travelled extensively in the Southern and Western States and then studied law under the late Justice Wallbridge and John Bell.

After he is a self-made man and in his twenty-fourth year. We find in the Edmonton Bulletin the following account of him:

Harry A. White, B. A., L. I. B., was on Wednesday admitted to the Alberta bar by Mr. Justice Walsh. Mr. White who is the youngest barrister in Alberta, took charge of the defence in a Supreme Court action immediately after his admission to the bar. The case was that of John Slivinski vs. Peter Kotelko.

This is the only incident of its kind in the annals of the Alberta bar. In congratulating Mr. White, Mr. Justice Walsh remarked that it was seldom that a man was admitted to the bar as a barrister and as a solicitor at the same time.

While Trenton was yet a village, Mr. Ostrom served as reeve and had much to do with the incorporation as a town. Since its incorporation as a city he has served the public faithfully and acceptably in various offices, as Mayor, as a member of Council, as a member of the Board of Education, as Secretary-Treasurer of the board and for many years as Town Clerk.

In politics, Mr. Ostrom was a Liberal-Conservative and under the Mowat Government regime he was elected to the Legislature and sat as a staunch supporter of the opposition led by Meredith.

In religion he was a staunch Presbyterian, but was ever ready to lend a helping hand and manifest sympathetic interest in the work of other denominations, and especially in all un denominational or interdenominational effort for the uplifting and moral betterment of the community.

On the 11th day of May, 1884, he was ordained to the eldership in St. Andrew's church, Trenton, and has frequently sat as representative elder in Presbytery and Synod and as a Commissioner also to the General Assembly. For over 30 years he acted as superintendent of the S. S. of St. Andrew's church.

His interment took place on Thursday, 26th inst. in the cemetery on Sidney Front. Of him it may well be said, as of one of old, "He served his generation by the will of God, ere he fell on sleep." To the bereaved widow and children the sympathies of the whole community go out, and we most heartily join in the condolence.—Trenton Exchange.

WOMEN'S RED CROSS AND PATRIOTIC ASSOCIATION

The regular monthly meeting of the Women's Red Cross and Patriotic Association was held on Tuesday evening, Dec. 24th and was presided over by Mrs. O'Flynn, the first vice president, in the absence of the president, Mrs. S. S. Lazier.

The secretary's report was read and adopted. Letters were read from Captain Mary Plummer and Col. W. J. Stewart, Montreal re shipping cards have been received from P. J. Jones, H. C. McDonald and Harold Lloyd, who are prisoners of war in Germany, thanking the Association for comforts received from the Association. Letters have also been received from the following to different members of the Association:

Thinking them for Christmas boxes received, E. D. Finkle, J. C. Horle, Lieut. H. B. Rathbun, A. Gordiner, and R. Lavitt. Our president, although very ill is planning for the advancement of the work of the Association and has asked that every one save things for another white elephant sale which is to take place in the spring. Treasurer's report, Miss Clara Yeomans treasurer.

Receipts For November: Balance on hand, \$670.96; Rain-bow Knitting Circle, \$72.76; Red Cross penny bags, \$247.04; donation, Miss Fleming, \$27.00; donation R. J. Graham for yarn, \$100.00; donation Mrs. E. J. Graham for hospital supplies, \$100.00; proceeds of concert by Donald McBeath, \$40.18; total \$1258.88

Expenditure For November: The Ritchie Co., sheeting, \$17.76; Earle and Cook, sheeting, towel-ling, flannelette, etc. \$10.48; Daily Ontario, advertising, \$2.42; Intelligencer, advertising, \$1.32; Miss Hurley, cartage and stamps, \$2.90; T. Vanmeer for wood, \$2.25; E. F. Dickens & Son, fruit cake for overseas, \$6.00; McIntosh Bros, towels, etc. \$12.55; Woodworth for elastic, etc. \$5.00; J. W. Walker, rope, \$1.09; W. Hogan, carting, \$1.00; total, \$242.92; balance in current account, \$262.91; balance in saving account, \$614.35

Red Cross penny bag collection: Miss Mary Yeomans, convener, Miss Helen Wallbridge, assistant, Baldwin Ward, \$50.57; Ketcheson Ward, \$59.53; Samson Ward, \$49.51; Coleman Ward, \$52.50; Marney Ward, \$50.13; Blecker Ward, \$24.35; Foster Ward, \$19.03; Avondale, \$6.50 total \$263.22.

Mrs. (D.) Yeomans, convener of the Rainbow Knitting Circle, reports for November:—742 pairs socks, \$245.80

Alice O'Flynn, Acting Sec. Anna M. Hurley, Sec.

YOUNGEST BARRISTER IN ALBERTA

Some of our Review readers may appreciate hearing of another old Madoc boy, Harry A. White, coming forward in the professional world. He is a self-made man and in his

twenty-fourth year. We find in the Edmonton Bulletin the following account of him:

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Mr. White was introduced by Frank Ford, K. C., and the oath was administered by George Henderson McLeod of the Supreme Court—Review.

SCOTT-COVERT

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at 2.30 o'clock on Monday, Dec. 17th at the Havelock Methodist church, when Rev. Charles Adams joined in wedlock Augusta Murrell Covert, daughter of Mr. John Garrison, of Trent River, formerly of the staff of Market Branch of the Standard Bank, Toronto, and J. Raymond Scott, only son of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Scott, of Belmont.

The bride, wearing her travelling suit of Russian green broadcloth and hat of crushed strawberry, was attended by her sister, Mrs. Harry Pollock, in mulberry broadcloth. Mr. Harry Pollock officiated as groomsmen, and Miss Hazel Adams presided at the organ.

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Scott left for Toronto and other Western points and on their return on Wednesday night were tendered a reception at the home of the groom's parents, "Maple Grove Farm," Belmont.

A host of friends join with us in extending hearty wishes of happiness to the young couple.—Havelock Standard.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, ON NOV. 6, Pte. George Clinton Adams, No. 991193, of 175th Battalion, Medicine Hat, was killed in action.

Pte. Adams was engaged in farming at Tilo Lake prior to enlisting for overseas service. The deceased leaves three sisters, Miss Clara Adams, Mrs. Lettie Vanderwater and Mrs. Albert Lambert, all in Prince Edward county, and two brothers, Pte. W. H. Adams now in England, J. B. Adams of Tilo Lake, Alberta.

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TRUE BLUES ELECT OFFICERS.

Last night Derry Lodge No. 36 of the Loyal True Blues elected their officers. There was a large attendance of members and much interest manifested in the proceedings. Bro. Louis Prizzone, the retiring master presided. The election resulted as follows:

Master—Bro. E. Fenn Deputy Master—Bro. E. A. Sanford Sec.—Bro. E. Thompson Treas.—Bro. Fred Sanford D. of C.—Bro. L. Frizzone Conductor—Bro. W. Kent Inside Tiler—Bro. J. Terwin Outside Tiler—Bro. J. Johnson Chaplain—Bro. P. Creeper Committee, Bros. Wm. Diagma, J. Johnson, W. Stanley, J. Deval, W. Lucas.

Trustees—Bros. Fred Sanford, H. Thompson, Ed. Thompson, H. Auditors—Bros. E. Fenn, C. Hanson and P. Creeper

After the election the brethren sat down to a sumptuous supper which was thoroughly enjoyed, after the arduous labors of the evening.

DEATH OF MRS. MARY MORTON.

Mrs. Mary Morton, a well known former resident of this city, passed away very suddenly at her home in Toronto yesterday. Deceased resided on Charles street in this city for many years. The remains will be brought here tomorrow for interment at Belleville cemetery.

DISTRICT CHIEF RANGER

Mr. William Rodworn has been appointed District Chief Ranger for District No 5 of the A. O. F. His territory covers Belleville to Oshawa and to Lindsay, Peterboro and Campbellford.

George Gallagher, a young farmer residing two miles south of Palmerston, had delivered wood in town and after doing the chores sat down beside the stove for a rest and dropped dead. He leaves a widow and family.

The British Government has donated 1,000,000 pounds for the relief of Halifax. It was announced in the House of Commons by Andrew Bonar Law, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

JOHN CORNELIUS PASSED AWAY

After a brief illness of one week's duration, the death occurred on Monday of Mr. John Cornelius at his residence, 32 Maliland St., Toronto. Mr. Cornelius was born in Belleville, Ont., 65 years ago and came to Toronto about three years ago. He was employed in the office of J. J. Walsh & Company just prior to his illness, and was at work a week ago Monday. He was a member of the A. F. & A. M., Municipal Lodge Odd Fellows, and the A. O. U. W. Besides his bereaved wife, Mrs. Jenny Cornelius, he leaves one son, Mr. W. A. Cornelius, all residing at 28 Maliland St.

The late Mr. Cornelius was a well-known Belleville merchant. For many years he conducted a decorating business here.

ELECTION RETURNS IN PRINCE EDWARD

Ameliasburg

Poling Division

Ameliasburg

CANADA IS NOW MUSICALLY FREE

Teutonic Influences Once Held This Country.

WAR HAS CHANGED THAT

Madame Schumann-Heink and Madame Gadski Received a Great Deal of Hospitality in Canada, but Have Shown We Had Better Seek our Artists Elsewhere.

It has been said that Madame Schumann-Heink, the famous contralto whose great voice has been growing very past of late, has more fight to be a pacifist than any other person living. She has two sons in the American army and one fighting for the Germans. Of course it is not likely that these young men will ever fight against one another, but this fact shows that an extraordinary position, a number of German musicians who have been in the United States for a great many years, now occupy in an international contest. Canadians are chiefly interested in Madame Schumann-Heink because she proved at

the beginning of the war that though she may be a naturalized American citizen, she still remains a Teuton at heart. She had a great many bitter things to say against the enemies of Germany, one of whom we are, and the people of the Dominion will not be slow to forget. She is not the only great singer who used to be greeted here with great hospitality, but still now find her money elsewhere. There was in this country before the war something like a conspiracy to make our people think that only the Teutons had written great music. The music of France and Italy received much less attention, while the music of Russia, the Scandinavians, and England was pushed into the background.

German artists were hailed by a few self-appointed musical prophets as the proper people to be admired. One of the German women most greatly honored was, Mrs. Gadski. While the United States was still neutral, Mrs. Gadski's husband, Herr Taucher, was arrested for being connected with a German plot hatched in the United States to blow up the Welland Canal. At that time Mrs. Gadski made some very outspoken remarks about the things she would like to do to the country that had shown her nothing but hospitality in the past. She proved herself a worthy daughter of the nation that will be remembered until the end of time for the atrocities in Belgium. It is by no means a prophecy that these German artists have made it impossible for them to ever come back again to Canada. Artists like Schumann-Heink and Gadski, who came across the line every year and reaped rich profits, were symbols of the musical slavery in which the Teutonized held Canada. That day is now past. In future we will always be sure of hearing the operas of France and Italy, and the great compositions of the Russians and the British. The war has brought about the declaration of Canada's musical freedom.

New Use for Basalt.

An American firm operating in Australia has started works near Melbourne for turning the local basalt into "mineral wool" for use as an insulator in packing machinery and ice chests and as a substitute for asbestos. The basalt is melted down with a proportion of freestone and limestone and then steam, at an immense pressure, is forced through the fluid. The liquid rock thus aerated, flies into the air and falls in flakes on the floor.—Scientific American.

On the Orinoco.

In the lowlands of the delta of the Orinoco river the natives build huts suspended between trunks of Mauritia Ricnosa, a palm. They also cut its fruits, its pith, its juice, and use the fibres of its best stems for making ropes, hammocks, etc.

Lanterns Tell Time.

Correct time is announced every seven hours in the port of Lisbon by means of two lanterns placed on the columns one hundred feet high. The lanterns each have three faces measuring 2.5 feet by 3 feet.

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