

The Weekly Ontario

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

THE WEEKLY ONTARIO and Day of Quaints Chronicle is published every Thursday morning at \$1.50 a year or \$2.00 a year to the United States.

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(Daily Edition) One year, delivered in the city \$5.50 One year, by mail to rural offices \$2.50 One year, post office box or gen. del. \$3.00 One year, to U.S.A. \$2.50 W. H. Morton, Business Manager. J. O. Herity, Editor-in-Chief.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1918.

THE BOY

Yesterday Belleville was the mecca for about 300 boys, assembled from the district stretching from Picton to Peterborough and from Kingston to Oshawa. They are here to attend what is known as a "Boys' Conference."

These boys' conferences, that came into being half-a-dozen years or so ago, were the result of a dis...

Though calculation mundane human boy man, has generation For t have been is going For has been the rod a was admonished of a man, who was so wise that he should have known better than to give that kind of advice. That authoritative counsel has had the effect of leading hosts of fathers into a system of cruel misgovernment in their own households.

A later and greater and wiser Teacher, viewing with sorrowful eyes the course brutality with which childhood was treated, was led to exclaim: "Father, the little children to come into me; and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of God."

It was this childless, homeless Man who ever used his marvellous power to protect children.

Before His coming, the wisdom of the world was devoted to telling the child its duty. But He explained to grown men their duty toward children.

All men were His brothers and, with Him, sons of God.

The loving kindness shown by God toward helpless men and women, He taught them that they should show to helpless children.

Wherever He went, children followed Him, and the tiniest little soul in its mother's arms or tottering along in wide-eyed curiosity, could arrest His loving attention.

At Capernaum, on the sunny shore of Lake Galilee, the Disciples, simple, honest men, often excited as to precedence and filled with deep longing to stand first in the Master's esteem, asked Him:

"Who is the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven?"

Around them there was gathered the typical oriental group and many olive-skinned women with their children, and this was the method of answer:

"And He called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them and said: 'Verily, I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.'

"Whoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven.

"And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me."

No threats were so terrifying as those aimed at the man who should harm children:

"It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."

The teachings of this sad, lonely, misunderstood Man, this friend of little children, were lost sight of in the flood of barbarism that swept over Europe in the centuries that followed His death. In the Dark Ages, the nations, reverting to savagery, all but forgot the Man and the simple lessons of His life.

It remained for Froebel and Pestalozzi, working in the first half of the nineteenth century, to rediscover the lost rights of childhood and to give them practical application in the work of the school.

The Man of Nazareth gave to the child its

place in the world's society. With all the power of His divine authority He built around the feeblest a wall that was to be their protection. Before His day the child existed only by sufferance. It had no rights. Infanticide was not the exception but the settled custom. The homeless dog that roams the streets of Belleville today is more effectively shielded from cruelty than was the friendless child before the Man of Sorrows came to live and to die for the weak and the poor.

Pestalozzi and Froebel gave to young childhood its rights along the lines of natural education. They laid a foundation upon which the later discoverers have builded.

o o o o The two early reformers discovered the child and gave it an opportunity to gain its knowledge of the world without the strait-laced and often cruel restrictions of the earlier educationists.

The later reformers have discovered the boy. They have ascertained that the human boy has a spiritual as well as an intellectual side. They have found that the human boy requires to have a knowledge of life as well as of things. In other words, the human boy should learn to live in such a way as to get the most out of life.

If the human boy is to develop into the best possible type of man, such as will be of most service to himself and his country, he must also develop a fourfold efficiency—intellectual, physical, spiritual and national. That is to say he must have such knowledge and education as will provide him with a reasonable amount of book learning. He must know the laws of correct living so as to attain and preserve the maximum of bodily vigor. He must be enthused by right spiritual motives and know moral values. He must also know his duties as a member of the state, or as a common citizen.

"Standard Efficiency" is what the discoverers of the boy have named the new system of the boy's education.

o o o o Boys trained under the new system of education would never make good Germans.

They have learned in their lessons on good citizenship that the highest duty of the man is not to dominate but to serve his fellow men. They would never be loyal to any government that aimed at brutal domination rather than world-service.

The graduates of the Standard Efficiency school will be impatient of electoral corruption. They will view the ballot as the pledge of freedom and something that only madmen or traitors would barter away.

They will not be the victims of the political demagogue or remain in a certain political groove because their fathers or grandfathers ran their unthinking and undeviating course in that rut.

In other words, the Standard Efficiency boys are going to be more than echoes. They will learn to use their brains.

o o o o "What we know is little, but what we do not know is immense," said the great Frenchman, LaPlace.

But the brain that most of us neglect is immense also.

The brain is made up of millions upon millions of cells. These in their turn are made up of molecules, so numerous that the brain cannot conceive them.

The smallest living being, so tiny that we cannot see it with the microscope, is made up of at least one hundred million molecules. Your brain is made up of tens of thousands of millions of them.

These molecules in their turn are divided into atoms, and they in their turn into electrons. The electrons surround the atom, as the earth and other planets surround our sun.

There are no words that could convey to our mind any conception of the smallness of the atom, or of the innumerable little electrons moving with infinite speed that make up the atom.

Thought has no weight, no size, no shape. Knowledge weighs nothing, takes up no room.

In a part of the brain, smaller than the head of a pin, there might be stored away for all we know, all the knowledge that men possess and a thousand times more.

All of the facts that men call science, knowledge, history, might be packed away in a part of the brain so small that you could not see it, even with the "ultra-microscope."

o o o o Surely a brain with such possibilities is worth cultivating. And that is just what the Standard Efficiency boys are doing.

The boys are, first of all, teaching their brain good habits. This is just as possible as it is to teach a cat or a dog good habits.

Secondly, they are cultivating their brain and digging deeper into it, just as a farmer cultivates and digs into the soil.

Our brain is, in a way, like the earth. Great parts of it are neglected. Great parts of it go to waste. There are forests, swamps, deserts, mountain regions and oceans, not occupied, lying idle. They will all be used some day.

The brain of man is more than nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths waste. A thin covering on the top, called the "cortex"—something like the brown soil that covers the earth—is the only part of the brain that works.

Every day that one of these Standard Efficiency boys lives more correctly, thinks more clearly, observes more accurately, studies more determinedly, performs his duty to his fellow-men more faithfully, he is doing for his brain what the farmer is doing for his land.

It pays. So does the Boy. Welcome him to Belleville.

LUKE McLUKE SAYS

When you are arguing with a fool it is hard for a listener to decide which of you is the fool. Don't argue.

A man is always imagining he can make more money in some other town than he can in the one he is in. But experience shows him that the scramble for the dollar is as strenuous in one town as in another.

Funny how a man can have so much sense about other things and so little where women are concerned.

What has become of the old-fashioned girl who used to go into a "decline" when she was disappointed in love?

Judging by the things we see them leading to the altar, some girls must just naturally hate to work for a living.

Here is one thing you can bet on: If a man's bank account is O.K., you will find that he thinks the government is.

A young widow can get a man hypnotized into believing that she has never kissed a man before.

There are some fellows who think that having a perpetual frown gives them an air of dignity. But you laugh at them and so do we.

A man is an awful coward. He will order a lot of junk with French names when he is eating at a cabaret feed house just because other people do, and just because he wants to be in style. He doesn't want the French junk, and his mouth is watering for a mess of ham and eggs, but he is afraid he will be laughed at.

A woman doesn't go to church to see other women's hats. That is a doggone lie. She goes to church to show off her own hat.

It takes a man about two minutes to get hot under the collar, and it takes him about two hours to cool off.

NOT GOD'S DOING.

Few people lay the blame on God when a man commits a crime which sends him to the penitentiary and condemns his wife and family to a life of hardship, suffering, and reflected disgrace. Only the fatalist (if any real one exists), says it was preordained, and the criminal was only carrying out the scheme of Providence; others place the culpability on the man, where it rightly belongs.

Equally few lay the blame on God when murder is committed, and the family of the innocent victim suffers.

Why, then, lay the blame for this war on God, and ask: Why does He permit it? The Creator has endowed mankind with a will and a conscience, and has allowed him freedom of action. He has laid down rules and laws to govern the conduct of men and women, but He has not used His power to make the breaking of these impossible.

Today many people expend time and energy in attempting to discover why God has brought about the world struggle and permitted it to continue, bringing untold sorrow and suffering and destruction of many edifices erected to His glory. Some declare it has been preordained because of the sins of the nations engaged, and will not end until these sins are banished for ever. Others debate as to whether He decided there was an over-population of Europe, and war would correct this condition. Is it not more probable that God weeps because the war was initiated and because it continues, but leaves this man-made battle for men to settle? It may be believed that He has an interest in the outcome and will take care that human attack on divine principles shall not succeed, but will not command a cessation of the slaughter until men have learned his lesson by his own experience.

To some of simple faith, it seems atrocious to assume that God was responsible for the war. Such an idea appears to place Him on a level with the Hun. The German shows bombs on peaceful villages, killing innocent women and children, and tries to justify his act by saying that it is weakening the nation with which he is at war. Civilization cries aloud in denunciation of such low morality and lack of conscience. Will that same civilization accept the theory that God is sending millions of men to be slaughtered in order that the sins of those who remain at home, as well as those who fight, shall be given up? Surely that plan cannot be identified with the God of mercy, pity and love; the God who would spare a city if one good man could be found therein.

Wilhelm of Prussia and his advisers in Germany deliberately began the war to trample on the weak and snatch world dominion from unprepared humanity. These are no instruments of God, selected to work out His will on earth, but rather creatures of the devil. If we cannot be content to trace the cause of the war and its continuance back to Berlin and let it rest there, let us attribute it to the devil. God is not to blame.

SIR HERBERT HOLT'S WARNING.

Sir Herbert Holt of the Royal Bank sounds a note of warning to Canada in regard to the dictatorial powers now being assumed by the Government. "Such authority once assumed is usually reluctantly relinquished," he says. "Current discussion indicates that there will be in this country those who will seek to have all or most of the powers in question retained, along with the organizations for making them operative."

Sir Herbert quite rightly believes that the greatest growth in healthy trade will be most readily attained by leaving individuals the greatest freedom of initiative and action.

An Italian aviator put thirteen bullets in the heads of two German fliers. An unlucky number for the enemy.

Lloyd George is expected again to take a hand in the Irish negotiations, which makes the outlook a little brighter.

Premier Borden declares there will be no conscription of labor. But then, he said the same thing about military conscription.

The German crown prince says he would like to visit Canada after the war. If Canadians have their way he will be paying a prolonged visit to a warmer climate by that time.

Rats and mice are said to destroy \$200,000,000 worth of property a year in the United States. Seems as if a conservation scheme should begin with plans for their elimination.

At these times of blizzards and accumulating snowdrifts the work of the railroads is doubled or trebled and the personal risk is multiplied. The deaths of three Belleville men at Mimico a week ago today and subsequent fatal accidents on the Midland division and the Canadian Pacific are all attributable to the storm conditions. Few of us know or can appreciate the service rendered to the general public at these seasons of stress by the men who operate our railway trains. Long hours, intensified nervous strain, equipment that breaks down, difficulties that every passing cloud augments, food procured irregularly, an unreasonable public clamoring for impossibilities—these are but a few of the troubles that the railroader encounters with a smiling face, disregarding censure and not looking for praise.

"JIM DOG"

He wasn't, well, a fancy kind o' dog—not Jim! But, oh, I sorter couldn't seem ter help a-lovin' him. He always seemed ter understand. He'd rub his nose against my hand if I was feelin' blue or sad. Or if my thoughts were pretty bad; An' how he'd bark an' frisk an' play When I was gay!

A soldier's dog don't have much time ter whine. Like little pets a-howlin' at the moon. A soldier's dog is bound ter learn, right soon. That war is war, an' what a steady line of men in khaki means (what dogs don't know) You bet they do! Jim-dog, he had ter go. Along the trenches oftentimes at night; He seemed ter sense it when there was a fight A-brewin'. Oh, I guess he knew, all right! I was a soldier, an' Jim-dog was mine.

Ah, what's the use? There never was another dog like him. Why, on the march I'd pause an' call—"Hey, Jim!" An' he'd be there, his head tipped on one side, A-lookin' up at me with love an' pride. His tail a-waggin', and his ears raised high—I wonder why my Jim-dog had ter die? He was a friend ter folks; he didn't bite; He never snapped at no one in the night; He didn't hate a soul; an' he was game! An' yet—a spark o' light, a dartin' flame Across the dark a sneaky bit o' lead. An' he was—dead!

They say there ain't no heaven-land for him, 'Cause dogs is dogs, and haven't any right; But let me tell yer this: without my Jim The very shinin' streets would seem less bright! An' somehow I'm a-thinkin' that if he Could come at that last stirrin' bugle call Up to the gates o' gold, aside o' me, Where God stands smilin' welcome to us all, An' I said, "Father, here's my dog, here's Jim," They'd find some corner, touched with love, fer him!

—Margaret E. Sangster, jr.

Other Editor's Opinions

THE NEW ALBERT COLLEGE

On Municipal Election Day, Jan. 7th, the people of Belleville voted on a by-law granting the sum of \$23,000 to purchase a site for the proposed new Albert College Buildings, and we are glad to say that the by-law was approved by a vote of about four to one. This assures the erection of the college in Belleville. The site selected is a beautiful one, comprising the old Fair Grounds, and a strip of land of equal width right down to the Bay. The total area is forty-five acres, of which ten acres will be set apart for athletics, ten acres will be devoted to intensive farming, the five acres south of the Trent Road will be for gardening purposes, and the remaining twenty acres will be for buildings, lawns, etc. The terms of the by-law require that at least \$200,000 must be spent in new buildings within three years after the close of the war, but this is only the beginning, as buildings costing \$500,000 are contemplated in the near future. Rev. E. N. Baker, B.A., D.D., the Principal of the college, is a man of fine executive ability, managerial and spiritual calibre, indefatigable zeal and energy, irrefragable optimism, irresistible persuasiveness and a most attractive personality; and the result of a as much as a tribute to his liberality, and an expression of esteem in which he is highly regarded by all classes and sects of the community as it is of a determination to retain an institution of this kind in this city, being a great and widely extended influence throughout Canada. Dr. Baker, who generally succeeds in getting what he goes out after, has in view big things for this college in the future, and if his plans are all carried into effect, this will become the leading preparatory and special course educational institution, and will make Belleville one of the most important cultural centres in Canada.—The Canadian.

THE BAVARIAN CREMATORIES

"There will be a hot time in the Mail and Empire office this evening at 8 p.m. Some time during last night a cable arrived from Amsterdam saying that the crematories in Bavaria were being closed for lack of coal, and somebody put this heading over the message: 'Butter Factories Closed in Bavaria.' However, the Mail may argue that those factories are for butter or worse.—From The Toronto Star."

HANDS ACROSS THE CREEDS

A German prisoner lay dying of his wounds in a British base hospital. He was Lutheran by faith, and a Protestant army chaplain sought to speak the words of religious consolation. But the chaplain did not know the tongue of Germany, and the wounded foe could not understand English. Nearby a Frenchman, a Catholic priest, was ministering to one of his own creed. He came from the lost provinces, and spoke the language of the enemy, as well as his own. Softly he turned to the bedside of the dying prisoner, and kneeling beside it, translated into the tongue the words of comfort spoken by his Protestant colleague. Such is the spirit at the front. Credal barriers no longer separate men to whom service has become the supreme ideal.—Chicago Evening Post.

DEED

JEREMYEA—In Belleville on Monday Jan. 21st, 1918, As-hel Walton Vermilyea, in his 87th year.

SPLA

Mr. W. R. Inter "Y" I Owers at the

The real presence of God last night at legates, at the Y. M. C. A. successful in main speeches masterly, into The crowd of as far as Bro. Oshawa, on the on the north, than, as the of applause g Over 300 de tendance last that arrives number up to Last night's with devotion led by Rev. D of Bridge Stre In a brief that like the present a solid Conference w operative mo of all geom parent organ Addresses b were briefly d head, on behal Deaton for the Jones for the McIntosh and bytorians and behalf of the Dr. H. A. Y chairman of the everything to business-like ha The election the return of this city, being the agency for the Mr. Silas Mc strong were re president and The presiden but excellent delegates for Mr. W. R. C talk on the sta Canada and its He passed on f to do their best gain the right demonstration Fighting. This service and ca to consider hi the spreading o fold developme unity. In this way officially open Capt. Forgi speaker of the a most interest

LAEDER

Some of the Done by the Friday morn was led by Rev Shannonville. Boy and the Ch boys need of church's need o Robertson, of Superintendent, Schools and Yo of the Presbyte ad, presented some of the pr mentioning the needs of teen opportunity for ship through se vital necessity Christian leader mand for growi personality, p devotional and Following st Boys' Work Se and Quebec of the Youn Association led Canadian stand course of train ment for t spending devot Robertson led consideration organization, p