

THE WEEKLY ONTARIO.

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W. H. MORTON, Business Manager. J. O. HERRITY, Editor-in-Chief.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1916.

COLLEGE COURSES FOR MECHANICS.

The University of Tennessee is giving night courses in the mathematical arts, to help skilled mechanics improve their knowledge and earning power.

Courses were opened last year, available to any man in Memphis desiring to better his knowledge of mathematics, mechanical drawing, automobile engineering, etc. The work is being continued this year on a larger scale.

The Memphis Manufacturers' Association is enthusiastic over the work. Its members not only urge their employees to take it up, but contribute money to help pay the expenses.

Many persons, imbued with the old notion that a college exists only to disseminate classical learning and culture, will object to such extremely practical and utilitarian instruction.

A BOY'S THOUGHTS IN BATTLE.

A boy of 19 years fell in battle in France the other day. He was the heir to a peerage—that of Lord Glenconner. Wyndham Tennant was his name.

They found in a pocket of his jacket a short note, scratched on a scrap of paper. On the outer side of the folded sheet was the one word: "Mother." The note read:

"This is written in case anything happens to me, for I should like you to have just a little message from my own hand. Your love for me and my love for you have made my whole life one of the happiest there has ever been.

Not even the turmoil and the travail of the trenches can wipe out a real man's veneration for his mother. Wyndham Tennant, you could have given your mother no finer gift than the little scrap of soiled paper found in your blood-stained jacket.

FICKLE MAN!

It was Virgil, the Latin poet, who first called woman a "fickle thing." "Varium et mutabile semper foemina" are the words Virgil uses to describe woman's changeable disposition.

That was before his hero, Aeneas, did not have the self-control or the will power to combat the wiles of beautiful Dido, Queen of Carthage.

But Virgil was wrong. Dido never was more set upon one idea than when Aeneas was in her palace. Her mind was made up from the start and she did not change it until after her hero had left.

The truth is, Aeneas was the "fickle thing." He wavered constantly between decision. He wanted to continue his journey, still he wanted to remain with Dido. Uncertainty ravaged his mind.

Stop at any busy corner and watch Aeneas and Dido of today. Many of them are walking in opposite directions. Why do they not collide, in the confusion of the crowd?

Because, if you will watch closely, you will notice Dido walk in almost a straight line, and Aeneas, going the opposite way, zigzagging around her and many of her who happen to walk toward him. To the left; to the right; to the nearest open space he wanders, almost bewildered and fearing to collide with Dido.

It is because man is obliged and respectful to woman, is it? Not by any means, as many a Dido who has hung to straps in the street car while an Aeneas sat comfortably before her, can testify.

The matter is, Aeneas makes up his mind on

the spur of the moment, while Dido thinks and reasons, then decides and then determines Aeneas is too impatient to go through that process.

But Dido has become so used to it that between thought and determination is as a flash to her. She has cultivated the habit of determination.

So it is in all walks of life—in the office, at home, on the street and in the public hall. Dido determines while Aeneas just decides. That's the cause of the universal joke on the power in the office who is just a humble, obeying husband at home.

If Dido and Aeneas both determined, they would keep to the right in walking, working and wooing and there would be no confusion. As the matter now stands, the most uncertain creature on earth is man!

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

A reader of The Ontario has handed us the following remarkable poem for publication. This introduction is given by The Ontario Republican.

"During the early part of the civil war, one dark Saturday night in mid-winter, there died in the Commercial Hospital in Cincinnati, a young woman over whose head only two-and-twenty summers had passed. She had once been possessed of an enviable share of beauty, and had been, as she herself said, 'flattered and sought for the charms of the face,' but alas! on her fair brow was written that terrible word, prostitute. Once the pride of respectable parents, her first wrong step was the small beginning of the same old story over again, which has been only the life history of thousands. Highly educated and accomplished in manners, she might have shone in the best society. But the evil hour that proved her ruin was the door from childhood, and having spent a young life in disgrace and shame, the poor friendless one died the melancholy death of a broken-hearted outcast.

"Among her personal effects was found a manuscript, 'The Beautiful Snow,' which was at once carried to Enos B. Reed, a gentleman of culture and literary taste, who was at that time editor of the 'National Union' in the columns of that paper on the morning of the day following the girl's death, the poem appeared in print for the first time. When the paper containing the poem came out on Sunday morning the body of the victim had not yet received burial. The attention of Thomas B. Reed, one of the first American statesmen, was so taken with the strong pathos that he followed the body to its final resting place."

Such are the plain facts of her whose "Beautiful Snow" will long be remembered as one of the brightest gems in American literature. The London "Spectator" has pronounced it the finest poem ever written in America.

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow; Filling the sky and the earth below; Over the housetops, over the street, Over the heads of the people you meet; Dancing, flirting, skipping along— Beautiful snow it can do no wrong; Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek, Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak; Beautiful snow from the heavens above, Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow! How the flakes gather and laugh as they go Whirling about in their maddening fun, It plays in its glee with everyone— Chasing, laughing, hurrying by, It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye; And playful dogs with a bark and a bound, Snap at the crystals that eddy around; The town is alive and its heart in a glow To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How wildly the crowd goes swaying along, Hailing each other with humor and song! How the glad sleds, like meteors flash by, Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye! Ringing, swinging, dashing they go, Over the crust of the beautiful snow— Snow so pure, when it falls from the sky, As to make one regret to see it lie To be trampled and tracked by the thousand feet Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell— Fell like the snowflakes from heaven to hell; Fell to be trampled as filth in the street; Fell to be scoffed at, to be spit on and beat; Pleading, cursing, dreading to die; Selling my soul to whoever would buy; Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread; Hating the living and fearing the dead— Merciful God! Have I fallen so low? And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow, With an eye like its crystal and heart like its glow; Once I was loved for my innocent grace, Flattered and sought, for the charms of the face, Father, mother, sister, all, God and myself, I have lost by my fall! The veriest wretch that goes shivering by Will make a wide sweep, lest I wander too high; For all that is on or above me I know There's nothing so pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go! How strange it should be when night comes again If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain! Fainting, freezing, dying alone; Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan To be heard in the streets of a crazy town Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down; To be and to die in my terrible woe With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow; Sinner, despair not! Christ stoopeth low To rescue the soul that is lost in its sin. And raise it to life and enjoyment again. Groaning, bleeding, dying for thee, The crucified hung on the accursed tree. His accents of mercy fell soft on thine ear; Is there mercy for me? Will He heed my prayer? O, God, in the stream that for sinners did flow, Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

Mural Decorations In C.P.R. Station At Vancouver

The walls of the noble and spacious waiting hall of the C. P. R. station at Vancouver have recently been beautified by a series of mural decorations representing the fine scenery of the province. The artist in charge is Mrs. Langford, whose training has well qualified her for this species of work. She is in a class by herself. Mrs. Langford studied in the State School of London, England, one of the most celebrated institutions for artistic training, and she also is a graduate of the Art Institute of Chicago. Among her teachers in former years were Professor Tombs, whose name is well known in all circles. From the Free School of Art in Chicago, the artist has received the honor of membership of the International Art Union of the United States. Her work in the waiting hall at Vancouver has been the subject of much discussion. The artist's work is a masterpiece of art. The decorations are a series of fine natural scenes of the province, and they are all the work of one hand. The artist's work is a masterpiece of art. The decorations are a series of fine natural scenes of the province, and they are all the work of one hand.

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ESTABLISHED BATTLE ABOVE M... DETERMINED RE... NORTH... PARIS, Nov. 22.—Office reports that tance is being offered and Bulgarians on front north of Monastir, 15 miles from the allied lines. Bulgarian forces are a... from Monastir, north of Monastir, Makovo, 15 miles city. Besides war-garians abandoned around Monastir. Two entire regiments infantry. GERMAN ARTILLERY ACTIVE... LONDON, Nov. 22.—headquarters state during the night tery was active against front on the A... AUSTRIAN EMPEROR DIES... LONDON, Nov. 22.—patch states that Joseph died of pneumonia while in school the King of Bavaria. GERMAN PEACE... "INSINCERE" AMSTERDAM, Nov. 22.—German efforts to prosecution as insincere. STEAMER TORPEDO NURSES AND O... ATHENS, Nov. 22.—steamer Sparta has nearly all on board, including several nurses. SUB. SEIZES MAIL... CARGO THROWN... MARSEILLES, Greek steamer Erlis here and reports that ped by a submarine, y sacks of mail and fore her cargo overboard. FOPE CONGRATULATIONS SIXTY-SECOND... ROME, Nov. 22.—of the sixty-second Benedict yesterday received messages of from all parts of the FRENCH TAKE CELEBRATION OF 1916... PARIS, Nov. 22.—Populists last night to to 35 adopted a bill the taking of a census conscripts. The debate by the obstructive socialists. ONTARIO ASSOCIATION OF TRADE... At the annual meeting of the Provincial Board of Trade, K.C., was President and Mr. J. member of the Board. Col Ponton spoke at the last night at the Royal He believed the solving gration problem was of a greater Imperial the Overseas Dominions great element link chain of commerce give

ON PAGE THERE'S WHOLE OF BARGAIN TURN TO NOW RITCHIE