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W. H. Morton, Business Manager
J. O. Herity, Editor-in-Chief

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THE POSITION OF THE CLERGY

The position of the clergy in this election is everywhere exciting keen interest. Never before in the history of Ontario has the united voice of the churches spoken out so clearly and unitedly as in the present contest. In the past the ministry has held studiously aloof from everything in the nature of party politics. But in this campaign it is different.

The churches have worked with one accord for a generation past to promote the cause of temperance. The majority have declared in favor of prohibition as the only satisfactory method of dealing with the liquor traffic. They have all along complained of the indifference of politicians, and the hostility of legislatures. At last a leader has come forward, with a long consistent record in the field of temperance, with the courage of his convictions, and has offered to carry out to the full the program of the churches in reference to the suppression of the liquor traffic.

"What else can I do?" asked Rev. H. S. Osborne, a gentleman of great sincerity, earnestness and cultured refinement, as he addressed a convention of temperance workers on Friday afternoon and announced his determination to support the Rowell policy. What else could he do? What else could any conscientious clergyman do, or any conscientious church member do? To act otherwise would be to declare his previous demands and attitude toward temperance a hypocritical mockery and a sanctified sham.

"Can I as a thinking man refuse to support the one who brings forward the policy that the church has always worked for and prayed for? Shall I say to Rowell 'I believe in your policy, but I cannot support you because you're a liberal?' were two unanswerable questions asked by Rev. A. R. Sanderson, an ardent conservative, in his sermon on Sunday night.

What a pity it is then to see these earnest, unprejudiced, disinterested witnesses of their faith exposed to scurrilous newspaper attacks, the cold brutality of which is only exceeded by their unfairness and lack of veracity. Such a course can only be dictated by the counsels of desperation, and can have no other effect than to injure the cause it is intended to promote.

MR. ROWELL'S SINCERITY

We have heard many Conservatives say, "I would vote for Rowell on his abolish the Bar platform if I thought he was sincere and would carry out what he has promised."

It seems to The Ontario that this election is more a test of the sincerity of temperance advocates than it is of the sincerity of Mr. Rowell.

Is Mr. Rowell sincere? Will he do as he has promised? Suppose Mr. Rowell were a goody-goody, making hypocrite and were returned to power on this issue, he would not DARE to do anything but carry out what he has promised. Suppose that he were made premier as a result of this election and then said to the people, "I now find that I was mistaken. We will continue the good old license system. It was good enough for our fathers, and should be good enough for us."

Can you conceive of any man in his sober senses taking such a course. If Rowell, as premier, were to assume such an attitude, Ontario would in a few short hours become far too hot a place for him to continue in as a place of residence.

There is nothing in Rowell's career to justify any other opinion than that he is a man of the utmost candor, who thoroughly believes in the policy he advocates.

Are not the men who question Rowell's sincerity themselves casting about for reasons to excuse their own insincerity in the cause of temperance?

Many are saying "This is only a grit dodge to help them to carry the election." Let us admit for argument's sake the truth of this assertion, and again we are faced by the inevitable conclusion that the Liberal party DARE not do anything but carry out the policy they have promoted. Any other course would be suicide.

This election, we repeat, is a test of the sincerity of temperance men and of the Christian church. Judging by present indications temperance men and the church are responding nobly to the appeal. From all parts of the province come reports that the temperance men in the conservative party are coming over by thousands to the cause of temperance. The old party lines are dissolving, and practical politicians are in desperate

straits. What the result will be on June 29th, no man can foretell with accuracy, because the silent unannounced vote will be enormous. But should this upheaval result in the return of the temperance party to power, then "abolish the bar" will become a fact just as certain as there is a legislature in Ontario.

It should not be necessary to mention that the Local Option Act is a Liberal measure passed by a Liberal Government. Whitney's work on it consisted of attaching the three-fifths clause to it.

The Guelph Association of Baptist Churches in convention last week proclaimed itself in favor of Rowell and his "abolish the bar." The churches are all lining up beside Rowell.

Mr. Rowell has stated repeatedly and explicitly that if a majority of members favorable to the abolition of the bar is returned to support him, he will pass legislation to close the bars at the first session of the Legislature.

Speaking in the Toronto Methodist Conference last week the Rev. Dr. Carman, the General Superintendent, said of the Rowell temperance policy: "I know it comes to us in political guise, but I do not think we will ever get it without some such entanglement. The integrity of the leader of this movement has been impeached, but I believe he is a sincere, clean man. The three-fifths hindrance clause must be done away with on the clear ground of British rights."

The Whitney Government has rejected all proposals to reform the Ontario Assessment Act although great pressure has been brought to bear upon it. A hundred and sixty-nine newspapers petitioned for the reform, as did six cities, thirty-eight villages, 144 townships, and 233 labor organizations. Toronto city carried tax reform by a majority of 19,020, yet the Whitney Government refused to give it what it asked.

Mr. Rowell has made great sacrifices in the interests of the people and the principles he has upheld. He is certainly not in politics for the money there is in it.

J. W. Johnson, of Belleville, conservative candidate in West Hastings, makes an extravagant claim on behalf of Sir James, namely, that "he has fulfilled every promise he made to the people." What about the promise to introduce an anti-treating bill?

People who give Whitney credit for the Local Option Act, which is a Liberal measure, should not forget that his three-fifths clause has kept many a bar room open. The Brantford Expositor illustrates it this way: The will of the people as expressed by majority vote is prohibition in 685 municipalities. The three-fifths requirement permitted it in only 535 municipalities. The will of the people is that there should be licenses in only 184 municipalities. The three-fifths handicap has retained licenses in 307 municipalities. The will of the people is to continue only 1,165 licenses. The three-fifths handicap permits the continuance of 1,537 licenses.

Last week's Presbyterian has this to say of Mr. Rowell's policy, and the duty of the people in connection with it: "And now Mr. Rowell issues this challenge: 'If the organized temperance forces in this Province, if the Christian churches of Ontario really want the bar to go, they can say so on the 29th of June. If the bar does not go, where does the responsibility rest?' To that challenge there can be but one answer. Those who believe that the liquor traffic whose stronghold is the licensed bar, is a menace and a curse, those who accept, on moral issues, the leadership of the Christian church, are bound to vote only for candidates who can be relied upon to support such legislation as Mr. Rowell has pledged himself to enact."

There are four Sinclairs now in the field in the provincial contest in Ontario, and three of them are red-hot believers in the abolition of the bar. First we have our own David V. for West Hastings, then there is W. E. N. Sinclair ex-M. P. P., who redeemed South Ontario in the last provincial election, and thirdly Dr. J. P. Sinclair, who was last Friday nominated by the liberals of Leeds county.

There must of course be one black or dun-colored sheep in every flock, and we regret to have to report that Sinclair No. Four is championing the cause of the open bar in South Oxford. That he will be defeated by Mr. Thos. R. Mayberry, the late popular representative of that riding, goes without saying, but, with true Caledonian pertinacity, he is putting up a fight. Fighting against heavy odds seems to suit the Sinclairs. And where the battle is waged in behalf of women and children and the home they deserve to win, and win we believe they will.

Looks like a landslide for the Liberals.

The police will have an easy time when the bars are closed.

The hotelkeepers are all working for Whitney. There is a reason.

Never yet has one of Whitney's Ministers appeared on a local option platform.

Mr. Johnson stands for the maintenance of an institution that he dare not come out in public and defend.

Holgate is putting up a great campaign in East Hastings. Do not be surprised if the returns declare him elected on the evening of June 29th.

The members of the Government are as scared as a timid girl in a ghost-haunted churchyard at midnight.

Rustic benches are the limit of the uncomfortable, unless you are lucky enough to be twenty-one and in love.

"There's a tide in the affairs of man, etc." And it looks as if there was going to be a tidal wave in the affairs of Whitney.

The Seven Sleepers are not getting much sleep these days, and what they do get is disturbed by the nightmares of lost power.

Think of over a million dollars sunk in a Government House that is sunk in a hole in the ground. That is enough to make the farmers punish every Tory candidate that shows himself.

If Hon. Mr. Hanna had known how few friends the bar had he would scarcely have pinned his faith to it.

Col. Roosevelt has been in Spain a whole week, but we have yet to hear of a torador brave enough to tackle the Bull Moose.

There will be millions more to spend on houses and clothes and sane amusements when Ontario ceases to buy "Scotch" by the shipload.

Dr. Reaume is to be forced on the Conservatives of his constituency. Well, it's their affair. If they like it no one else need grumble.

A conference in Europe to prevent the extermination of the elephant and the rhinoceros is a timely move, and shows a healthy interest in the preservation of these interesting survivors from the age of big mammals.

"During my reign I have observed that of the great number of crimes appealed to me for decision, nine-tenths are due to alcohol. Nerves are undetermined and endangered from youth up by the use of alcohol."

For the first time in the history of Ontario's political advancement bar abolition is made a leading feature in the platform of the established parties. And parties exist for the purpose of enabling voters to carry their views into effect.

There was a majority of 811 for the abolition of the bar in Brantford. But the three-fifths clause keeps the bar-rooms in that city open. How is that for the best temperance Government Ontario ever had?

So far the workmen's compensation law is only a prospect. The present Government delayed action as long as it dare do so, and has taken the risk of delaying enforcement a little longer.

About five-sixths of his Majesty's subjects are dark-skinned and unfamiliar with the English language. This creates a problem of Empire which is not simplified by projects for Hindu emigration to Canada.

"I was in my garden," says Rev. J. B. Muller, Elora, "and on my knees, thinning and weeding my beets, parsnips, etc., a few days ago, and lo! I began to meditate on the approaching election, when a voice seemed to say to me: 'You ought to vote to abolish the bar. There was no one near but God and Conscience, and immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood, but said to myself: "That is what I intend doing if spared till the 29th." Mr. Mullen gave his first vote to put out the liberal government, because it was not aggressive on the temperance question. He will give his second vote to put Mr. Rowell where he can give effect of his policy.—Kingston Whig.

"If the alcohol question were solved there would still remain other social questions to be solved, but it is also true that as things stand today no other question of social welfare can be taken up with any prospect of securing effective results until the alcohol question is solved."—Judge Hermann Popert, Hamburg, Germany.

There can be nothing in astrology. In the winter Mars reddened the sky of nights, and the British militants were fairly quiet. Peaceful and loving Venus now beams over the sunset, and look what is happening. Pansy, Laveneer, Millicent, Christabel, May, and Sylvia are ablaze with fury. Venus' own-picture is torn and man trembles.

Said the Rev. A. Hone, pastor of Pauline Avenue Methodist Church, Toronto, Sunday: "Conservatives are in the majority in Toronto; they are in the majority in the Methodist Church in Toronto, and they are in the majority in my own church; yet I have met very few men who have not given me definite assurance that they are going to support Mr. Rowell, and, if not, they at least will refrain from voting at all."

Prince Edward too has fallen into line by defeating the former representative at the conservative nomination. This makes a total of eight of the old members who have gone down to defeat at the hands of their friends. The Conservative party is everywhere breaking up into jealous factions. A dangerous situation was averted in West Hastings only by a solemn promise. In Lennox the former member had only one majority over a resolute opponent. These family jolts disclose a household everywhere divided against itself, a horde of hungry henchmen howling for the spoils. It is all unbridled, unwhorled, fratricidal and disloyal, and indicates a party fast drifting among the breakers.

We have read with careful attention the published report of Mr. Johnson's address to his supporters at the nominating convention at Trenton to see what defence he had to offer for the Open Bar that he and the leader whom he "trusts" are championing. Aside from a vague reference to "coercive sumptuary laws," we cannot find one word in defence of the institution he is doing his best to preserve and protect. It is probable that Mr. Johnson will deliver a number of public addresses. We shall await with curiosity to hear his argument in behalf, and the good work it is doing in Ontario.

We doubt if there is any other statesman in Canada who has come to the front so rapidly as has Mr. N. W. Rowell, K. C., the leader of the Ontario Opposition. When Mr. Rowell first entered the House, Sir James Whitney treated him with supercilious indifference, bordering upon impertinence. He apparently looked upon the new Liberal leader as a lightweight, as a greenhorn not worth bothering with. But not many weeks elapsed before Sir James awakened to the fact that he had an ordinary man to deal with. Then he began to bully him and bludgeon him. But the new and untried man soon proved that he was more than a match for Sir James. His bludgeon blows were met and parried with a rapier-like skill that resulted in the Premier wildly beating the air, while Mr. Rowell tickled him under the fifth rib and made him howl and growl. So well informed, so clever in debate, and so resourceful and ready did Mr. Rowell prove to be that now he is the most feared man in the House. He has forged to the front. He is the leading figure in the Legislature, and will soon be the leading figure in the Province.

MAKE THE MAP ALL WHITE

(Tune: "The Wearing of the Green.")

Oh my comrades, have you heard the glorious word that's going 'round?
There'll very soon be no saloon on all Ontario's ground.
There's a wave of Prohibition rolling up from every strand.
And everywhere it inundates, straightway becomes "dry" land!
By city, or by county, by riding, or by town,
Just let the people have a chance—we'll vote the bar-rooms down—

Till we make the map all white,
Till we make the map all white,
We'll work for Abolition
Till we make the map all white.

The distillery and the brewery and the winery all must go;
The saloons can stay no longer, when the people have said "NO"!
So we'll sing them out, and pray them out, and educate them out,
We'll talk them out, and vote them out, and legislate them out;
We'll agitate, and organize, and surely win the fight,
We'll work for prohibition till we make the map all white.

STRANGELY SAVED.

Dane Oves Escape to Priest Mummy In Hidden Cave.

There are in suffering Mexico many Indians, belonging to several tribes, that have descended from prehistoric races. Though not educated to any extent, some of them are very intelligent and their ideas of right living are not so bad as one might suppose. A peculiar instance in this connection came to light recently when Peter Oleson, a Danish mining engineer and mill owner, reached San Francisco with his wife, after having made their escape from Zacapu, in the state of Michoacan, Mexico. Oleson declares he owes his good fortune to the influence of a Danish monk who lived in that part of Mexico nearly 400 years ago.

It seems that Father Dacio, a Danish monk, went to Mexico in the early part of the 15th century. In 1540 he founded the town of Zinzona. He worked among the Indians and so far endeared himself to them that the memory of his life is to-day their treasured tradition.

When Father Dacio died his body was embalmed and hidden away in a cave, where it was installed in a sitting posture in an armchair carried out of solid rock. From the day of his death until now, so tradition goes, candles have been kept burning in his underground resting place and three Indians have kept constant vigil over the place, the location of which is said to be known to the guards only, who never leave until taken by death, and the two oldest Indians of the tribe which treasures the tradition.

For well on to 400 years the secret had been handed down by its custodians to those selected by virtue of their age to receive it, keep it and pass it along at the approach of the reaper.

Oleson says that he had many warm friends among the Indians and has every reason to believe that the story is true and that somewhere in the vicinity of Zinzona the embalmed body of that missionary of long ago sits in a stone chair, staring with soulless eyes at the everlasting candle light which keeps alive in the hearts of the descendants of the people he loved and worked for the memory of his own good deeds.

"The Indians believe it to be true," said Oleson. "I have talked with one of the old chiefs who is said to have the secret of the subterranean tomb. I have heard the story of Father Dacio from his lips. I knew that I and my property were safe solely because I was a Dane."

"When the Indians first learned that I came from Denmark they were deeply interested, but surprised that I had not known Father Dacio. I tried to explain that 1540 was a long time ago. They said they knew that, but Father Dacio was such a great man that everybody must have known him. They accepted me because I was a Dane and I know that when I go back my property will be just as I left it. If the Indians who promised to care for it are dead they will have delegated the duty to some other else. They may be ignorant as the world's idea of knowledge goes, but they have the capacity for remembering a friend."

Polaris and the Meridian.

People living away from the glare of the electric light of cities can always tell the meridian of Polaris to the meridian at night by watching the star Alloth, the first one from the bowl of the Great Dipper or third from the end of the handle. From a stick nailed to the corner of a house, say fifteen or twenty feet high, let fall a plumb line with a bucket of water to prevent the wind causing it to oscillate. Stand south of the plumb line, look toward the north, watch Alloth; then, when this star and Polaris are on the line, drive stakes in a line to the south and you will have a very rough location of the meridian.

Explosive Force of Water.

Water, looked upon as the tamest of liquids, is as great an explosive as dynamite under certain conditions. In one day water breaks up more earth and rock than all the gunpowder, gun cotton and dynamite in the world do in a year. These explosives can be controlled by human energy, but water does not hold itself accountable to man. It runs into the ground, freezes, expands and splits the soil into little pieces. Finding a crack in a huge rock, it repeats the same process, forcing it asunder. If frozen in the pores of a tree it often explodes with a report like a gunshot and the force of a dynamite bomb.

Poster For the Artists.

Perhaps the most amusing art critic in London to-day is a young lady of my acquaintance who is still in her early teens. She accompanied her mother to an artist's studio where an exhibition of the very latest things in the way of paintings adorned the walls. She studied them attentively for a quarter of an hour without saying a word. Then she said, "Mummy, if they want to paint something that doesn't look like anything, why don't they choose something pretty?"—London Sketch.

Unanswered.

A political candidate, irritated by the groans with which he was received at his first meeting, exclaimed furiously: "Confound you all! You've got to have me whether you like it or not." "Why, gov'nor?" exclaimed a placid individual at the back of the hall. "You aren't the measles, are you?"—London Telegraph.

Land Overflowing With Honey. Some \$4,000,000 worth of honey, which may be had simply for the taking, is going to waste in the Thunder Bay district, in the wake of J. M. Munroe, an experienced beekeeper of Slate River, who addressed the Port Arthur Board of Trade recently.