

The Weekly Ontario

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Thursday, March 19, 1914

WORK FOR THE FOWL INSPECTOR

Perhaps that West Belleville fowl inspector can give us some definite information upon the points raised in the latter part of this paragraph. If so he will confer a lasting benefit upon those of us who are too poor to pay three cents a piece for Easter eggs, or whose hens are always on strike when eggs are most wanted. He has a chance to perform a work of real philanthropy on behalf of his fellow citizens. A Wellington county hen-sharp announces that in order to have hens do their best work they must be amused. He goes on the theory that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," applies to hens as well, and that amusement as well as work should be their portion. The trouble is that this same sharp did not instruct the common everyday folks that own a few hens, how to amuse them. The hen is in every sense a day bird, goes to bed at dusk, and consequently cannot be taken to Griffin's. So far as known the gallinæ do not appreciate classical music, being most human in this respect, and so one cannot employ a Schumann-Heink for them with hope of getting returns justifying the expense. Then one is handicapped in reading to them on account of their wandering habits, and the further fact that one does not know and has no means of learning their tastes in literature. They might have widely varying tastes in this line, and while some of them would be tickled to death to have a poem or two of Martin Farquhar Tupper read to them, others would be disgusted with it and insist on a chapter from Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, or Baxter's Hints to the Unconverted, or something of that style. One cannot play marbles with them or mumble-to-peg, and they do not seem to have any liking for hockey or baseball, or pitching horseshoes, and owing to conditions over which they have no control, they cannot play police, pool, or poker, or anything of that kind, and so the average man is up against it as an amuser of the sorrowful and down-hearted hen. With eggs selling at thirty cents a dozen a hen that will not work overtime is beyond reformation and we for one refuse to put in our time tickling her ribs with a straw or spending our hard earned money hiring a brass band for her entertainment. She can lay or set, just as she pleases, and she can sing, cackle or cluck for her own amusement—or go unamused to her haughty roost.

BASHFULNESS AND PREVAILING STYLES

One of the most soul-harrowing things in life is bashfulness. It is one of the most prominent characteristics of the old man who writes these few sad lines, and whose life has been one continuous round of nervous shock, and most of it for no reason at all—only that overweening diffidence. One after another things come about that keep him in a nerve-wracked condition. Just now it is the latest style of dress assumed by the women. He never goes out on the street but that he fears the expected will happen, and that, too, where he would, as it were, be a party to it, for he feels that it yet is sure to happen, and that is, that sometime, somewhere, some of the belaying pins, halyards and other unknown things that hold the feminine garments in place on their bewitching wearers, will become unspliced, or slip a cog or something, and let the garments do what they are apparently trying to do all the time—drop off. The skirt seems to hang in a kind of hopeless and helpless way from a hook or something concealed under a sort of sack that hangs from the shoulders as gracefully as a nightgown on a nail and acts as though it, too, wanted to retire from business, go off to some solitude and commune with nature unadorned. Well, the fashions will change in time, and this danger will be over, but what will take its place? That is already getting on the old man's nerves. Let us hope that whatever it is, it will not make our girls look like a woolsock full of snaths with the handles on.—Salem Capital-Journal.

MAY RESULT IN UNIVERSAL PEACE

It looks very much as though the nations generally would have to adopt the universal peace plan, for they, one and all, have about reached the limit in the way of war preparations, and the burdens cannot be increased without civil war. Each of the great nations is now in the condition where additional burden in the way of taxes will cause rebellion. They are much in the condition of two belligerent

farmers who have gone to law and finally each has expended all his substance in lawyer's fees and court expenses. They have to quit because there is nothing with which to pay the lawyers. A cursory examination of conditions will convince anyone of this fact. Here are a few figures illustrating it:

A half a century ago European military expenditure aggregated \$3,000,000,000 annually; by 1912 it was over \$10,000,000,000; by the end of 1913 it approached \$13,000,000,000. Military expenditures alone in Europe today exceeds the sum of all the European budgets of 50 years ago.

The German budget between the years 1800 and 1912, a period of 22 years has increased 140 per cent; the Belgian 112 per cent; the French 47 per cent.

Europe has a population, in round numbers of about 400,000,000 and to meet the expenditure for armament yearly requires a tax equal to more than \$30 per capita for the entire population. This in time of peace, and just as a matter of defense in case of war. With war in progress this sum would be greatly increased.

With wages of \$1 a day, it would require an army of 40,000,000 working steadily to meet the payments for war charges in time of peace. This pace cannot be maintained.

If the announcement, made recently, that explosives could be exploded by wireless at a distance of several miles is true, war is at end and the great warships and air fighting machines are utterly valueless, and dangerous only to those who would try to use them. When an operator sitting in his office in Halifax can explode all the ammunition on a battleship 20 miles at sea, at a loss of a few cents, the fighting business is over.

It is rumored that the C. P. R. is about to acquire the C. N. R. Well, why not? As the C. P. owns everything else, why not make a clean job of it?

When you hear a knock at the door this month don't rush to open it expecting to find Opportunity trying to get in. The chances are it will be the assessor wanting to put to you a few simple but very important questions.

It sure is some revolution in more ways than one, that down in Mexico. When barefooted peons ride in automobiles while the former "upper classes" skurry for tall timber and denser underbrush, it is not simply a revolution, but a reversion. If the proverb about a beggar on horseback riding to the devil is true, what will be the destination of a drunken Mexican peon in an automobile?

Now is the accepted time to begin the campaign against the housefly, and it ought to be along more sensible lines than merely using the "swatter." The only real and lasting results are obtained by removing the breeding places of infection laden insects.

A warning against the fly. A man who enjoys doing large sums in arithmetic tells us that from June 1 to September 1, one unswatted fly means 4,353,564,672,000,000,000 flies.

We will accept his statement rather than audit the figures, but it is easy to see what a swat in time means.

The old familiar mud is showing its oozy face on Front Street once more. Perhaps for the last time—yes, perhaps. So take a good look at it now. Next spring when the snow goes off, there may be only some common, cheap, bitulthic bricks, creosoted concrete or vitrified rocks to be seen and we will then have lost our distinction for having a main street that is unequalled in any other city in Ontario for its pure, creamy tint, for depth, and plasticity. Think fellow citizens and fussy fathers before you make the change.

One thing Billy Sunday does prove. The talk of a decline in religious interest is without substantial basis. The hopes and fears of immortality possess the human heart. Perhaps the institutional church, with its subtle invitation to faith, through shower baths, gymnasium, moving picture shows, and dance halls, may not draw them out to expression, but when the master chord is touched they reveal themselves in these days as they did in the times of our fathers.—New York Sun

It is an age of ill manner in both men and women.

Garish vulgarity taints what is regarded, commonly at least, as the best society.

So far have we sunk that the man of genuine courtesy and polish must balance it with some sort of coarseness or be damned as a "sissy."

It is ill mannered to say all this. But the fact, no less the ill-mannered assertion of it, fits the times.—Montreal Mail

The Department of Labour's Index Number of wholesale prices stood at 136.1 for February as compared with 136.5 in January and

135.8 in February, 1913. Dairy products, especially eggs were lower, poultry, sheep, cattle and beef, showed declines but grains and fodder and hogs advanced somewhat. Textiles were also down slightly, but lumber, raint and oils, and furs averaged slightly higher. In retail prices potatoes were advancing, and butter was upward, but eggs declined considerably.

At last a cheap process for making cloth absolutely fireproof has been discovered.

There have been lots of fireproof materials out that could be used for many of the purposes for which ordinary cloth is used, but this is the first time that there have been any definite steps taken toward producing a cloth that is cheap enough for ordinary uses. And it is also the first time there has ever been devised a process that would fireproof any ordinary cotton cloth in a way that enabled the cloth to be washed or laundered.

The new process is the work of an English chemist and his claims are based upon the fact that the fireproofing of any material desired, and especially of cotton cloth will not increase the cost of production more than a fraction of a cent.

Heretofore the cotton cloths that have been fireproofed have taken out a hard and unyielding texture that made them almost impossible for the ordinary uses of such materials. It is well known that the cotton flannel material which women use throughout the world for making wrappers and night clothing, is highly inflammable and that a number of tragedies have been caused by its being worn. Despite this disadvantage the cloth is used because it is soft and gives good wear. The discovery of a process for rendering such material fireproof, therefore, is deserving of more than ordinary attention.

Now is the time when it's doubly winter while to get up at sunrise. During the winter there was always a temptation to lie abed late and snooze beneath warm comfortable—when you have any. Where one's work compels a prompt get-up, it's a bother rather than a blessing; and one is daily reminded of the chap who, suddenly willed a million, spent his first days of idleness throwing pillows at the alarm clock.

Not so, however, as Old Sol crawls close to the vernal solstice. The glory of a March sunrise, the glister upon the morning frost and the faint but slowly growing suggestion of coming sagand buds and flowers and renewed twitter of birds are real pleasures which the sluggard misses.

Besides, there's a stimulus about this getting up with the sun which no other hour of rising quite approaches. It recalls the vim with which, a boy on the farm, you used to jump up to do the chores, bathe your face in the icy basin near the pump, down your quota of steaming bacon and eggs and go to the tasks of the day with pulses leaping and joy singing an-thems throughout your soul.

Do you doubt what we say? Then put it to the test. Get up, to-morrow, with the sun, the chickens and the four-legged beasts. Walk to work in the exhilarating fresh air and sunshine. And see if it doesn't put pep into every part of your sluggish system.

"Do you know, Mayme, I had the hardest work in the world to keep Mr. Smith from proposing." "I dare say you had—to some other girl."

French Dancing Master—"Meeze Brown, we have been chosen to lead ze tango." Miss Brown—"We?" French Dancing Master—"Oui." Miss Brown—"O, you and I."

Victim—"Mercy! That isn't the right tooth you've pulled." Dentist—"Be patient madam; I'm coming to it."

WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

Out where the hand clasps a little stronger, Out where a smile dwells a little longer, That's where the West begins. Out where the sun's a little brighter Where the snow that falls is a trifle whiter Where the bonds of homes are a wee bit tighter, That's where the West begins. Out where the skies are a trifle bluer, Out where friendship's a little truer, That's where the West begins. Out where a fresher breeze is blowing Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing, That's where the West begins.

Out where the world's in the making, Where fewer hearts with despair are aching,— That's where the West begins; Where there's more of singing and less of sighing Where there's more of giving and less of buying, And a man makes friends without half trying— That's where the West begins. British Weekly.

THE SCHOOL OF THE POET

An original poem written for The Ontario by Alice P. McDavitt Foxboro.

Have you sounded the depths of sorrow, Have you been 'midst the deepest woe, Have you added the dawn of the morrow, For your heart was troubled so?

Then write—and the words inditing Will be read by one and all Your poem shall be worth writing. If written where tears do fall.

Have you winced 'neath malicious slander Belittling your life, work fair? Have you wished for a life out yonder, For rest and peace are there?

But write, for then all will read it And smile as they go their way, For wrong has none to heed it And justice has gone to-day.

Or did you envy the dying When the call of death had come, That you 'neath the grass were lying And your soul with God at home.

Have you lost the friendship dearest And found that false were your friends? 'Tis then your poem's ring clearest When alone life's way you wend.

A sweet joyful laugh go borrow Brightly jest and make folks glad, You may write who have known sorrow, But not of themes that are sad.

To liting rhymes of pleasure, With joy make your songs alight, And to tunes of gleeful measure, Sing the chansons gay and bright.

By grief you are taught composing, To sound the depths you've lear And 'mid' cross and thorns-reposing You, the Poet's wage have earned.

Your work while you live forgotten You must tread the ways that grieve, But the songs, by sorrow begotten, Shall in the future live.

THE HABITANT'S FRIEND

A correspondent sends us the following beautiful dialect poem with a request for publication. It evidently refers to the death of Dr. W. H. Drummond, the big-hearted Irish Canadian poet, author of many humorous, pathetic, and amusing poems, voicing the sentiments, and aspirations, and portraying the lovable characteristics of the French Canadian habitant.

Marie, you take dat stuff away—I don't wan' to eat to-night—And bring does cloe's I buy las' fall And dat shirt dat's clean an' white: For I go to Mon-real—Only bout sixty mile: You wan' min' to be alone. I come back in a little while. I don't care it was ten thousand mile! My heart he tell me right, He say, "Go to Mon-real, Go, Pierre, to night." I won't open' de money for train I walk alone all' de way, Ain' I told you, my frien' he dead; He died yesterday. Dat man he was kind to me An' to you an' baby too, When you were so sick an' so poor You do not know what to do—An' every day for mo' a month He came an' made you well, An' he give money but you don't know—For Pierre, he never tell. An' he say to me: "Cheer up Pierre, De spring he soon be here, Dis snow an' ice dey go away—So don't you never fear, Your wife an' chil' dey bot' get well In 'bout a week or so," An' you bot' get well, just as he say: I wonder how he know? An' when I say in few month's time; "What ha'e I to pay?" When he look at me an' laugh an' laugh, An' den I turn away—An' like a fool I bow my head An' not a word can speak I almos' cry jus' like a chil' An' feel so very weak. But I shake his hand an' den he say "Somethink kind to me; Mon Dieu I de tears come to my eyes So bad I could not see: An' I jus' say: "Merci, my frien' For what you done for me."

'Bout an hour ago they tol' me How he died in Mon-real How de peoples say 'dey lose deir frien' How dey honor him not because he's rich But for being kind. An' dey all say in Canada He de bes' man you can find. Marie, if some one ask for me You tele him what I said, An' say I go to Mon-real My frien' is dead."

Administrators' Notice to Creditors

IN THE SURREGATE COURT OF THE COUNTY OF HASTINGS, IN THE ESTATE OF CATHERINE GRIBBEN LATE OF THE TOWNSHIP OF TYENDINAGA IN THE COUNTY OF HASTINGS, SPINSTER, DECEASED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, pursuant to the Statutes in that behalf that all creditors and other persons having claims against the Estate of the above named Catherine Gribben, who died on or about the 20th day of December, A. D. 1911, are required to send, by post prepaid or deliver to the undersigned Solicitor for the Administrator of the said Deceased, on or before the 10th day of April, 1914, their names, addresses and full particulars of their claims duly verified and the nature of the securities, (if any) held by them, and after the said 10th day of April, 1914, the said Administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have had notice, and the said Administrator will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claim he has not then had notice.

Dated at Belleville this 11th day of March, 1914. E. J. BUTLER, Solicitor for JOSEPH HEFFERNAN, The Administrator herein, in 19 28 A 2, 24w

For Sale

Good Barley Meal at \$26 per ton at Ganniffon Mills. Farmers why you pay such high prices for Bran, Short-Corn and Mixed Feeds? Write for list.

FARMERS, ATTENTION Having purchased the 11/2 acre of the late Almon Reed, Foxboro, we will be in position to supply you the wants for the coming season made by all new and up-to-date machinery and the way that has stood the test for thirty years. Address old orders to G. A. Lahey & Son, Trenton, Ont. Contracts taken for ditching. D-18-6m

Farm For Sale or Rent. 100 acres of clay loam in the Township of Athol, County of Brant, Ontario, five miles west of Cherry Valley. 2 roomed house, drive house, barn and implement shed, small bearing orchard of good fruit, plenty of wood and water, never failing spring in lane. R. M. D. daily. Possession at once. For further information write Grant Vailean, R. M. D., No. 2, Gosport, Ont.

SEED OATS (LIGOW) First prize at Picton, Robinson Mills, and Demarestville Fairs, last fall. Third prize in standing field crop competition. In small lots 65c. per bushel. In lots of 100 bushel or more 60c. Delivered at barn, April 1st. Geo. W. Anderson, Evesgreen Farm, Evesgreen, more P.O. w-1-22-4f

FOR SALE Lot 1 and 2, 1/2 Con. Tyendinaga 150 acres. Good buildings, new house, with furnace and telephones, new barn, also rural mail. Apply W. G. Hoffman Gilead Ont. T. F. V.

Ladies Wanted To do plain and light sewing at home, whole or spare time, good pay. work sent any distance; charges paid. Send stamp for full particulars. National Manufacturing Company, Montreal.

FOR SALE Comfortable 8 roomed residence, north of Albert College, garden lot, good barn and well, buildings in good condition. Nice neighborhood. Apply to Mrs. James Smith on premises or to Francis S. Wallbridge. m17-6d.

HOUSE FOR SALE Moderate sized, comfortable, convenient residence, east side Ann St. connected with sewer, gas, water, electric light. Apply on premises or to Francis S. Wallbridge, Barrister. m18-4f

BELLEVILLE ASSAY OFFICE Ores and Minerals of all kinds tested and analyzed. Samples sent by mail or Express will receive prompt attention. All results guaranteed. Office and Laboratory corner of Bleeker and Victoria Avenues, East Belleville. Telephone—399.

\$100.00 IN GOLD We will give one hundred dollars in gold to any man, woman or child that cannot be benefited by Sagine hair tonic. We are anxious to have everyone try Sagine for we know it is the greatest hair tonic that has ever been discovered. Sagine will positively cure an itchy scalp, bring life to a dull, ached hair and add inches to its length. Sagine is now obtainable in Belleville and is sold under a guarantee to please. A large bottle of Sagine costs but fifty cents. Be sure to go to E. G. Clark's drug store for other stores don't have Sagine.