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WHEN LA BOURGOGNE SANK

While the first thought of comparison in the Empress of Ireland disaster is with the loss of the Titanic, the almost uncannily striking similarity is to be found in the loss of La Bourgogne.

La Bourgogne went to her doom in 1898. Like the Empress, her plunge followed collision with a much smaller vessel. As in the case of the Empress, too, the crash took place in a fog, and in the early hours of the morning. When the great mass of the ship's company were asleep in their berths with never a chance for life. Again, as in the case of the Empress, foundering came with merciless speed after the blow. It was said that La Bourgogne went under ten minutes after the British four-masted sailing ship, Cromartyshire, came flapping, ghost-like, out of the mist and struck her on her flank—a flank unprotected by a double skin, as was the flank of the Empress. And still again, as in the case of the Empress, the saved were for the most part of the crew—the watch on deck. Of the 166 survivors only one was a woman. Only sixty-two were passengers at all. No less than a 104 were seamen, firemen and stewards. Of these that went to their last rest there were 580.

But here the striking comparison ceases. From the Empress there comes no such awful tales as came from La Bourgogne, of sailors abandoning their passengers, of rowers beating their oars upon the heads of swimmers, of blackened, half-naked firemen, spewed up from the fire-room's depth to fight their way with great bars through women and children to the boats. And from the Empress there comes no such dramatic story as that of the master mariner's adieu from the bridge of La Bourgogne.

La Bourgogne was the crack of the French Line. And, Deloncle, her commander, was the crack of the French captains, Chevalier of the Legion, late of the French Navy, and famed upon the western ocean as much for distinction of manner as for seamanship. A tall, strange, withdrawn man was Deloncle, known to the best clubs in New York and Paris. His cabin was lined with books. Poe and Beaudelaire were the authors of his choice. Over his berth hung Beaudelaire's lines:

O Death, Captain Death, it is time we set sail.
The time for our sailing is here; it is right.
Though earth, moon and stars are adark with the
light,
Thou knowest our hearts are ablaze with the
light.

Deloncle was peering over the weather cloth of his bridge when the Cromartyshire struck. A knot more of speed would have carried La Bourgogne clear, but Deloncle was a navigator of stern caution. His vessel was barely under way. He saw the hell which followed and was powerless to change it. He saw, so the survivors told, his deck force on the Breton fisher fleet swept aside and his watch officers knocked overboard, his surgeon going down under the rush with his revolver barking, his spectacular passenger, Yusuf, "the terrible Turk," a mighty wrestler, fighting like a maniac for his life. He knew that his ship must sink long before the frantic little group on the boat deck could lash their spars and hatchets into a life-raft. He turned into his chart house.

When he emerged he had donned his finest frock coat uniform of ceremony. The ribbon of the Legion was in his lapel. With his chief officer by his side he stood on the bridge, unmoved, almost unconscious. With his hand on the whistle cord Deloncle might have been taking his vessel through a review.

La Bourgogne reeled till her deck was awash. She shuddered horribly. She lurched in her final plunge. Then—so told those that came away in the boats—Deloncle pulled his whistle cord. The siren belched steam. Hoarse and tremendous in the foggy air it roared. Thus Deloncle and La Bourgogne said farewell to the face of the waters forever.

SUBMARINE SIGNALS

Many are the suggestions which are being made as to new ways and means to prevent such a tragedy of the seas as has wrung the heart of Canada during the past few days. One cannot yet say, unhappily, that human foresight and prudence can wholly eliminate the risks and perils of the sea, but it is the belief of

Mr. J. B. Millet of Cambridge, Mass., who states his views confidently in the New York Times that collision at sea under the circumstances surrounding this latest marine catastrophe can be prevented by the use of submarine signals. Having been a pioneer in the perfecting of the submarine bell, by the use of which a ship throws out warning sound waves of its approach. Mr. Millet speaks from the fulness of knowledge and experience gained from many tests which he has conducted for United States, and foreign navies.

He insists that the apparatus to prevent collisions between steamships at sea in a fog for ten years, but the delay in its general adoption reminds him that the United States Light-house Department about ten years ago refused to permit a lightship to be fitted with an experimental set of wireless instruments. He quotes Lord Rayleigh, a leading English expert on sound, as declaring that sound in the air is trustworthy. Although the Empress of Ireland possessed the apparatus to receive a signal through the water, there was no bell in the forepeak by which a warning of her position could begin. It is urged by Mr. Millet that the value of sound in the water having been established, no navigator should receive his license until he understands the use of this aid to navigation. In the light of his experience and the results thus far achieved, the question may well be asked, why are these safeguards not regarded as essential as wireless equipment today?

COSTLY LESSONS

Had the Empress of Ireland been equipped with longitudinal bulkheads, the appalling disaster in the River of St. Lawrence last Friday morning probably would not have occurred. The sinking of this ship and the loss of more than a thousand lives raises again the inquiry sounded when the Titanic sank under almost the same circumstances: How long will it be before every passenger ship is equipped with longitudinal bulkheads following the practice of warship construction for the last twenty-five years.

Only five passenger ships now afloat are equipped with bulkheads running through the length of the ship. These are the Onarders, Lusitania and Mauretania, which were built for British Admiralty specifications; the Olympic, which was laid up for the purpose of having this protection fitted after her sister ship the Titanic, sank through lacking it; and the German liners Imperator and Vaterland. Practically no other merchant ship afloat has any protection against a "side swipe" or a glancing blow, which rips up a ship's flank and admits water to half a dozen or a dozen compartments simultaneously. Both the Titanic and the Empress were plentifully equipped with transverse bulkheads. Both ships could have stood any amount of head-on collision and still floated. The Titanic grazed along an iceberg and zipped her whole side open on a projecting spur. The wrecked compartments fitted simultaneously from side to side of the ship and in four hours she foundered with 1,600 people. A deeply laden collier, ploughed along the Empress of Ireland's side, crushing in a relatively larger proportion of bulkheads than in the case of the Titanic and she plunged to the bottom in less than fifteen minutes. In each instance had there been longitudinal bulkheads, or "inner skins" running throughout the length of the ship, so that the intruding waters could only flood a part of each compartment, two fine craft, and 2,500 lives would have been saved. The world has paid a frightful toll for the knowledge that ordinary transverse bulkheads are not sufficient protection. Surely it is time the lesson was learned.

MORE HEART

The one who is loved is the one who loves. The language best understood is that of the heart.

However admirable is capable or brilliant mind, however enviable a skilled or art-kissed hand, something still more good and beautiful lies in a true and generous heart.

For while the head may be lacking in appreciation, and the hands underpaid for their dexterity, because of varying standards by which they are judged, the heart has a larger chance of being understood.

The main thing to be wished for is more heart—more heart in our work, more heart in our plans, more heart in our hopes, more heart in our wishes, more heart in our play, and in our intercourse with the world around. There can never be too much. There is, alas, too little.

The tendency of the age is to make us hard-hearted. We live in a whirl. We can find little time for anything but our material interests. And we so overlook the most practical thing of all. We haven't time for the real treasures of life.

Some are so keen on money-making that they will fully shut their hearts to any emotion that might stand in the way of success in business, no matter what cost that success is attained.

Others are so hard pressed in the struggle

for existence that their whole energy is taken up in the fight for a bare livelihood. The world is so hard to them that it makes them hard to others.

Luxury, too makes its worshippers hard. A life devoted to frivolous amusements has a petrifying effect on the heart.

The gambling spirit binds an icy coating around the seat of kindly impulses and tender thoughts.

The need of these days is not greater opportunities for commerce and trade in dead matter so much as larger realizations of the possibilities latent in the fellowship of all mankind.

Material needs shape their own remedies.

When commerce must be greated, it is. When waterways must be opened, they are. These are the world's appetite, and when hungry and thirsty, food and drink are sought and found.

The higher and gentler side of human nature is more modest and less insistent in its demands. To make it part of our daily duty that no seeking of this kind remains unfulfilled is a nobler endeavor than the continual and overriding race for anything that can be classed as material riches.

The more heart we put into our daily dealings, the more true satisfaction and lasting reward do we obtain.

The wider our sphere of influence, the more care should we take that only good is reflected in it. The narrower our sphere of life, the more heart we need to widen it.

Canada invites and is anxious to secure farmers from the United States to settle on the prairie lands of the Western Provinces. As an inducement we ask them to give up free agricultural implements which they enjoy in the States and to submit to the imposition of a heavy tax on such implements. We also ask them to abandon the largest and best market on this continent for their grain products and to content themselves with a much smaller and restricted market. Under the circumstances it is not surprising that the number of the United States immigrants is steadily declining.

—Regina Leader

Tales of the survivors of the disaster on the St. Lawrence emphasize anew the value of knowing how to swim. It is not necessary that one should be able to swim great distances or even remain long in water. But the self-control, which an acquaintance with swimming gives is of incalculable value in the few moments that may intervene before the arrival of a life boat, or a chance to grasp a floating plank or other agency of relief. Not a few of the survivors of the latest disaster owe their lives to-day to knowing how to swim. And a still larger number of those who went down would have been saved had they been possessed of this resource. The principle applies all along the line, in the duck pond as well as in the great stretch of ocean. It is not so much what the swimmer can actually do, as in the resourcefulness which he possesses in the critical minutes that may determine the outcome.

Some fellows arise from their beds in the morning, when darkness is just giving place to the dawn, and everyone's rights in the neighborhood scolding, they push their old mowers all over the lawn. Their mowers are rusty, and screech like old Harry, go clinkety-clank in a maddening way; the voice of a rusty old mower will carry all over the village, at breaking of day. Then neighbors get up and lean out of their windows, and shovel out language that's addled and sour, and beg, in the tongues of the Choctaws and Hindoos, that silence may reign till a civilized hour. In vain is their pleading; the mowers go clanking their cogwheels and cams, and many good people are driven to drinking, and finally die of the Jimmel Jams. There should be a jail for such slumber destroyers, a dark, mouldy dungeon, disgusting and stale, and also a cell for the coin hungry lawyers who fain would defend them or see they get bail. But law doesn't cover such grievous offenses, and people must suffer till this life is gone, they still must be driven clean out of their senses, by bores who go mowing an hour before dawn.

The two greatest marine disasters of modern times indicate that the most deadly peril which confronts the mariner is not that of storm and sea, but collision. In both the Titanic and Empress of Ireland disasters, weather conditions were the most favorable. There was no storm, no wind, no heavy sea. One ship was ripped open by impact with a huge iceberg, and the other met its doom through collision with a heavily-laden collier. In the one case the scene was the open sea, and in the other a somewhat narrow river channel. In both cases the passenger liners, were sent to the bottom, with a stupendous loss of life, and until the unsinkable ship is achieved, this danger will be ever present, whether the liner navigates the broad Atlantic with unbounded

sea-way or a confined waterway like the St. Lawrence.

Not for many a day until Mr. Borden came into power did the people know what hard times meant. The present generation knew nothing of it. They had always been accustomed to have lots of work and good wages. Factories were all running full time, and sometimes overtime to keep up with the rust. But now there is a change. Factories have shut down, others have gone on short time, and men and women are still idle who, were never idle before. To make matters worse, the price of most articles needed for a family have gone up causing misery and suffering in many homes. One reason for this is the foolish immigration policy of the Borden Government in bringing here thousands of workmen to be dumped down in the cities to compete with the men now here. From the year 1911 to the year 1913 the increase in the number of immigrants coming from the British Isles has been only 9 per cent. The decrease in the number coming from the United States during that period has been 20,000. These are two classes of immigrants best calculated for settlement of the land either in Western or Eastern Canada. As compared with these figures there has been an increase of about 100 per cent in the number of immigrants coming from Continental Europe.

The great majority of these have gone to the cities. That is one reason for the present congestion of labor in urban centres with its consequent unemployment and distress. As a further consequence of this there has been a marked falling off in homestead entries in the three prairie provinces. In 1911 the homestead entries totaled 38,585, in 1912 the number was 35,226 and in 1913, 29,640. The number of pre-emptions in 1911 was 10,583; in 1912 it was 8,947, and in 1913 only 6483. We see in our own city the result of the Tory immigration policy. We have the Gest Company and the Street Railway Company employing Italians and any foreigners, brought here while our own working men go idle. Mr. Borden is well aware of things in the country. But he keeps his agents in Europe drumming up all who will come, only to take the bread out of the mouths of those already here.

—Hamilton Times.

The quiet, hard-working loyalty of every day Canadians does not appreciate the wild, flag-waving variety, which can see nothing but treachery in the harmonious relations between themselves and their neighbors.

—Fort William Herald

When a man with good memory is sure that his little boy is absolutely truthful he must secretly attribute it to the boy's mother.

Queen Mary is said to be the best waltzer in London. It has been intimated before that she occasionally waltzes all over King George.

THE LANE

I trudged along a country lane,
When I was only nine;
'Twas moist and fresh from recent rain
And, oh, the air was fine!
Along the path were asters blue,
And yellow goldenrod.
And here and there a wild bird flew
Above the fragrant sod.

Again I walked a country lane—
A youth of twenty now—
'Twas wet the same with recent rain
But now frowns marred my brow.
My suit was of the latest cut,
I wore new, shiny ties—
Oh, how I scorned the cart wheel's rut
And those drear, lowering skies.

Last week I found a little lane—
(I'm seventy-five today)—
'Twas damp with trace of misty rain
And smelled of new-mown hay.
It took my memory back once more
To those sweet boyhood hours,
And once again I could adore
Those fields of autumn flowers.

Oh, now, of life I used to know
Pray give me just a day.
That I adown the lane may go
With boyish laughter gay.
Would that I might for aye forget
That once each pride was mine,
I lost the charm of roadside's wet
And autumn's shade and shine.
—Laura Sheldon, in New York Times.

Easy enough to be glad when you're glad,
But being glad when you're not glad—eh?
Just putting glee on to help 'em along
And cheer 'em a bit with a smile and song
And help 'em chase sorrow away.

Easy enough to be glad when your heart
Is merry as ever a heart could be;
But making believe is a different thing.
When you try to be happy and smile and sing
And help 'em along with your glee.

Easy enough to be glad when you're glad,
But being glad when you're not glad—oh.
It's so much sweeter and truer and finer
To help some spirit with light to shine
When your own's bowed down in woe.

—Benttown Bard.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XI.—Second Quarter, For June 14, 1914.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Luke xviii, 9-14; xix, 1-10.—Memory Verses, 19, 10.—Golden Text, Mark ii, 17.—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Perhaps there are no people more difficult to deal with or to live with than those who, like the Pharisees, pride themselves upon their own righteousness, which in the sight of God is only as filthy rags (Isa. lxiv, 6) and can in no case entitle one to enter the kingdom (Matt. v, 20). The righteousness which is required by God must be absolutely perfect, an unbroken law, for "whoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point he is guilty of all" (Jas. ii, 10). The law is so holy and righteous that no sinful man can keep it, and it was never intended to give life, but to prove our guilt, shut our mouths and lead us to Christ, who is God's perfect righteousness and the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.

There is no Saviour or salvation for a righteous man in the Bible—that is, for such as think themselves righteous—but only for sinners.

In connection with the murmuring of the Pharisees when our Lord called Matthew or Levi, the publican, and Levi made him a feast in his own house, at which a great company of publicans and others were present, our Lord said: "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance" (Luke v, 31, 32).

On another occasion He said to the chief priests and elders, "Verily I say unto you that the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you" (Matt. xxi, 23, 31). To this day there are churchgoers and church members who, "being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God" (Rom. x, 3).

It is indeed a fearful thing to be satisfied with oneself and have no conviction of sin. In the first part of our lesson today the Pharisee did not pray to God, did not ask God for anything, did not seem to need anything, but prayed with himself and told God what a good man he was and how much good he did and how thankful he was that he was not a bad man nor even like that publican. Truly he was well satisfied with his righteousness self. The publican had no goodness to prove his righteousness; nothing good to say of himself, but he did have a consciousness of his own sinfulness, and from his heart he said, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." In the margin of the revised version it is, "God be propitious to me, the sinner." Weymouth has it, "O God, be reconciled to me, sinner that I am." The Lord Jesus Christ, who reads all hearts, the only Saviour of sinners, the only Judge of all men, said that the publican went to his home justified.

I like the definition of justification which I learned in Sunday school when I was a boy, and, if I remember correctly, it read thus: "Justification is an act of God's free grace, wherein He pardoneth all our sins and accepteth us as righteous in His sight only for the righteousness of Christ, imputed unto us and received by faith alone."

In the second part of our lesson we have a rich publican who had a desire to see Jesus, and, though he did not seem to have the same conviction of sin as the poor publican, he, too, was welcomed and saved. He was a prominent man, chief among the publicans. He was not prominent as to his physical appearance, for he was little of stature. He was not what one might call dignified, for he ran and climbed up into a tree. His thought evidently was to see without being seen. How surprised beyond measure he must have been to see Jesus look up and to hear Him call him by name and to hear Him say, "Make haste and come down, for today I must abide at thy house" (verse 5).

Was this something exceeding abundantly above all that Zacchaeus had ever thought to come his way, or was it the Saviour's recognition of a desire which He had actually seen in the heart of this man? (Eph. iii, 20; Ezek. xi, 5; Pa. cxlv, 19.) I cannot tell, but I do know that the "handful of purpose" which the Lord drops for those who seek Him and for those who seek to serve Him are truly wonderful (Ruth ii, 15, 16).

We do not wonder that Zacchaeus made haste and came down and received Him joyfully (verse 6). Any one but a Pharisee would if he only understood what it meant. According to John i, 12, Zacchaeus thus became a child of God and according to 1 John ii, 12, had there and then the forgiveness of his sins—freely justified, as was the other publican. There is only one salvation and one way of salvation for rich or poor. It was foreshadowed in the atonement money of Israel, concerning which it was commanded, "The rich shall not give more and the poor shall not give less than half a shekel" (Ex. xxx, 11-15). That which Zacchaeus said he did in verse 8 was part of the evidence that he had become a child of God, for, while no works of ours can obtain or help obtain salvation, the good works must follow as a result (Eph. ii, 10; Tit. iii, 8). Weymouth translates: "Here and now I give. . . . I pledge myself to repay to him four times the amount."