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Thursday, June 10, 1914

AN EXCELLENT CHOICE

In the nomination of Mr. Nelson Parliament as their standard-bearer in the coming provincial election, the liberals of Prince Edward county have made an excellent choice. Mr. Parliament will rally to his support united and enthusiastic liberalism, confident and determined in a cause they believe to be right and in the best interests of the country.

Mr. Parliament is well known in Belleville as well as Prince Edward county, having been salesman for the William Paterson Company here for several years. He is a gentleman about the firmness and honesty of whose convictions there can be no doubt. The people know exactly where he stands on every public question. His record is entirely consistent with the high moral issue that he becomes sponsor for in this contest. He is a clear thinker and forcible speaker.

With so excellent a candidate in the field there can be little doubt that Prince Edward will be found in the liberal column on the evening of June 29th. With the exception of the county town, Prince Edward is now entirely under local option. Mr. Parliament will be strongly backed by temperance men, regardless of party affiliations. The temperance people only await an opportunity to repudiate the alliance with whisky, and to show their disgust with the farcical enforcement of the local option act that now prevails.

Many shrewd observers predict that the days of this moribund, disunited Whitney administration are at an end, regardless of the ponderous majority that has subserviently obeyed the autocrat's will at Queen's park.

ANGRY HINDUS

The detention of the shipload of Hindus at Vancouver has brought to a focus a difficulty that had to be met some time. The Hindus themselves are exceedingly indignant, and at last accounts were becoming riotous on shipboard. In the Hindu community at Hong Kong threats are made that if British Hindus are not accorded the right of entry in any part of the British Empire, sedition and insurrection will probably become irrepressible among the hundreds of millions of the people in India. The editor of the Hindu organ in Vancouver, Dr. Sunder Singh, has had several interviews with the authorities at Ottawa, and, failing to make any impression there, intimates that he may appeal to the Imperial government.

But the present case is perfectly clear. When the Komagata Maru left Shanghai with this load of Hindus, it was well known that under a Canadian order-in-council they could not be allowed to disembark in British Columbia. Their leader and financial backer, Gurdit Singh, has admitted as much in saying that his object in bringing a shipload of Hindus across the Pacific was to test the point, and see whether British subjects, because Asiatic and dark-skinned, could be excluded from any part of the British Empire to which he might choose to take them. He now has his answer. That answer he could not have expected to be anything else. Those of the party who could prove that they previously had been residents of Canada, and were merely returning, have been allowed to land. All the others are held. The pretense that the bulk of the men are agriculturists, and not artisans or laborers, and thus not covered by the Order-in-Council, will not avail, for the reason that those Hindus, long residents in Canada, show no inclination to agriculture, but are laborers in sawmills, and also because, even if the Order-in-Council excluding incoming artisans and laborers from British Columbia did not apply to them, an earlier regulation would, which excludes all Asiatics not sailing to Canada directly from their own country. If the present shipment had come straight from Calcutta, it might have some claim; as the voyage began at Shanghai it has none.

Talk of remonstrance to the Imperial government, or of a revolt in India, cannot affect the course of the Canadian government. As was recently seen in South Africa, the autonomous dominions under the British Crown are allowed to decide for themselves whether or not they will admit British subjects from any other part of the Empire. The right to do so went with the right of self-government, and cannot now be revoked. Whatever the consequences may be to India, this state of affairs must continue.

THE MEXICAN SITUATION

Now that Huerta is reported as willing to do a reasonable attitude towards the recommendations of the conference delegates who are considering the restoration of order in Mexico, Carranza, the constitutional leader, threatens to prove a formidable obstacle to peace. His forces, under the leadership of Villa, have enjoyed an uninterrupted series of successes, and as far as can be judged, will succeed in opening their way to the capital. Villa, from all accounts, has developed quite a shrewd business instinct which, with his arbitrary methods, has enabled him to collect the sinews of war from the districts he subjugates. His practice is to confiscate land and all kinds of mining and other properties and to work and operate them for the benefit of the cause. This course, however, is unpalatable to the American and other foreign companies that are dispossessed, and his methods are to be investigated by the United States Government.

A curious situation would develop were Huerta to pose as an ally of President Wilson in his effort to befriend the Mexican people, while Carranza and Villa, in the pursuit of their joint or several ambitions become the opponents of a conciliation policy. They will naturally regard the issue as one wholly between Huerta and Carranza, and for this they resemble warrant. But for them and the other opponents of Huerta, whose operations, however, have been relatively of much less account, he would have established himself securely in the presidency, or really the dictatorship. Carranza, however, was clever enough to adopt the land policy which had given Madero his temporary lease of power, and Villa, with or without his nominal chief's consent, has gone ahead appropriating the estates of the great land owners and dividing them up among the peons, to whom land is the one supreme issue.

If President Wilson is right in regarding the land question as the crux of the Mexican problem he can hardly afford to turn down the claims of the constitutionalists.

Why let the boy scouts and the other youngsters have a monopoly of the fun of hiking?

Why isn't it a great sport for ma, pa and the other elders too?

You can make great sport of it if you want to, and get some bully by-products into the bargain.

For instance, the next time you have a day off, pick a route in the country, pack the baskets, take a pencil and a notebook, make your hike, and on the way jot down the number of plants and flowers you can identify, the bird calls you are sure of, and any little incident you think worthy of notice.

Then, as you spread the lunch beneath a fine shade tree, give the pick of the feast to the person in your party who makes the best score in this race for commonplace knowledge.

Try it again the next time you can, and have first and booby prizes for the highest and lowest percentages of improvement.

Say! you'll be surprised how much about Nature you don't know and what fun it is to learn.

Also, how much better you'll sleep when you get home and how it'll build your health.

From New Zealand we get the story of doing things to save baby lives.

In one city in New Zealand—Dunedin, a place of 50,000 inhabitants—as the result of a really determined baby saving campaign, the percentage of infant deaths has in five-years been reduced from eight to less than four.

A big-hearted doctor, Fruby-King, started the ball rolling. He inspired and guided the organization of a society, with which, pretty soon, nearly everybody was co-operating. It hired nurses and built hospitals and started up on a campaign to teach every parent in the neighborhood how to get ready for baby, what to do when baby came, how to feed baby—how to do all these things, somehow or other (with help if necessary), even if father's wages were only \$2 a day.

This service was free, but those who could were invited to contribute to carry on the work. Any mother whose baby wasn't doing very well could have a nurse or a doctor or could go with baby to a hospital to have the trouble looked into.

There hasn't been any magic in this New Zealand experiment. No wonderful new discoveries have been evolved. All the processes are familiar to doctors, nurses and mothers elsewhere. What was new was the willingness of a whole community to join in a fine pursuit of baby culture—join in saving babies, no matter how poor it may be.

We could do as well here.

Enquiry elicits the information that the ill-fated Empress of Ireland had ten watertight bulkheads or partitions across the ship. The Empress press was 600 feet long. The bulkheads would therefore be about fifty feet apart. Palpably no collision could destroy more than a couple of these bulkheads a most

Had the doors of all the bulkheads been closed at or immediately after the moment the Empress was struck by the Storfal, could so rapid a sinking have been possible? The dispatch stating that the Empress had ten watertight bulkheads adds that on C. P. R. boats these are tested every morning at eleven o'clock. By this is meant, we suppose a test whether the doors of the bulkheads close freely and properly. If this was by human agency, possibly the suddenness of the disaster prevented men of the crew getting to their posts in time. It is a point that deserves attention. The Montreal Star makes a suggestion which seems sensible, namely, that there ought to be an alarm-bell system on all steamships by which the captain, by simply pressing a button on the "bridge," could set a loud alarm ringing in every cabin in the ship. This would serve the double purpose of awakening all the passengers simultaneously, and of telling them at the same time that the captain thought the danger sufficiently imminent for them to rush up on deck without losing much time.

—Ottawa Journal.

By the way that baseball fielder ran for that fly far over alongside the fence it might have been supposed that to catch it was the most important thing he had to do.

The minute the bat cracked, he started, running like a fiend.

"You can't get it," the captain and coachers shouted.

"Look out for the fence," exclaimed the fans, who feared that the player might be hurt and lost to the game.

But he heeded nothing; he ran as if his very life was at stake; and just as the descending sphere was near the ground, he leaped forward, threw himself headlong, rolled over and over, but as he arose it was to a chorus of tumultuous cheers, for he had the ball.

Was it that important?

Indeed it was, for it was the performance of a duty.

The fielder was paid to do such things. To be sure, he had to run less speedily and dared less bravely, missing the long chance, he wouldn't have lost his job or had his pay lowered.

But, on the other hand, he wouldn't have won that cheering or helped his team-mates to retire the other side.

He did his utmost. He showed what nerve and training and keen, brilliant will power can do in a pinch. And that was worth more as a spectacle and as an example than the mere winning of one game or a dozen games.

Everybody who saw the fine performance was made just a little better by it; was given a new insight into what fit manhood is.

Everybody who saw carried home, consciously or unconsciously, a new ideal.

There isn't any limit to the value of a good ideal. —Wichita Beacon.

Women who have been graciously permitted to destroy the mails, smash windows, mutilate masterpieces in art galleries, set fire to churches and country houses, horsewhip Cabinet Ministers, defy the courts and terrorize a kingdom according to their own sweet will, have a right to expect that murder is also a privileged crime. The militant who backed an attendant in a London art gallery with a hatchet recently, failed to kill him, but that was not her fault. Arson and assault and battery having failed to convince the British people that these women are fit to govern, and the Government having refused to take adequate steps to suppress their crimes, the heroine of the attempt at manslaughter is wholly logical in her contention that "we have been too ladylike in the past." Hitherto the militants have not been treated as criminals. No matter what offences they committed, they have not been punished as other criminals are punished. A few days of "hunger-striking" and they are usually released to begin new depredations. Murder may appeal to them as more messy than some of their other crimes, but if their "cause" is as sacred as the pretend, there is no reason why they should permit human life to stand in the way. Three days of hunger-striking ought to be sufficient to turn a militant murderess loose again and every dead man means one less "tyrant"

One feels like laying a wreath and dropping a few tears before the great Kipling of the bookshelves when a certain Rudyard Kipling of Biteman's Burwash, Sussex, bursts into politics. His recent effort in behalf of the Unionist party and against Home Rule has given his fellow artisans pause. For wild blather it is without an equal, even in the present explosive days of English politics.

The speech is racy in style, with occasional suggestions of that rancid quality which made Shalby so unpalatable. The main idea comes from Mr. Kipling's Indian experience. A young murderer is quoted as declaring: "Take it from me that when a chap starts crooked one thing leads to another till he finds himself in such a position that he has to put somebody out of the way to get straight again." Good and pithy sense, this, and by itself, a pretty apt account of Liberal action in Ulster as seen through Unionist eyes.

But Mr. Kipling of Burwash could not let

his idea do its own work. Breaking off his own rules for short story writing, he proceeded to explain everything in laborious detail, incidentally accusing Mr. Asquith and his fellows of most of the crimes on the statute book. Plain thieving makes one, the tactics of a firm of fraudulent solicitors is another, and wholesale murder in Ulster—"cattle killing"—forms the climax.

The Unionists are evidently a little nonplussed by Mr. Kipling's wild talk. He had "out-Limehoused" the Chancellor of the Exchequer, they had to admit. The Daily Mail went so far as to call Mr. Kipling's outlook that of a schoolboy "who divides mankind into two classes—"our fellows" and "the cads." That is a fair description, too, assuming such to be the point of view of English schoolboys.

The wonder is that a powerful literary imagination can be suddenly reduced to the level of a bargee's intellect by merely changing its subject-matter from life to politics. Is it the literary mind that lacks poise?—or politics that makes too strong a potation?

The relationship between early rising and crowing may form a difficult problem for the philosopher to wrestle with, but the fact of the relationship is obvious. Cocks are notoriously early risers and, notoriously, they crow. A man normally does not crow, but let him rise early and he will crow throughout the day. Nothing will content him but that every human being that he is brought in contact with shall know of his achievement. The cause of his early rising—the baby, the insomnia, or whatever it may have been—is never revealed. All that we are permitted to know is that he has risen early; and the fact that he thinks himself a hero for it is sufficient evidence that it is a very unpleasant experience, he will try to disguise from sufferings. From the armory of the wiles, he will draw forth a proverbial shaft and prate about the early bird catching the worm, fondly imagining the proverb to imply that virtue is its own reward, whereas anyone who has ever seen a worm knows that it is merely an instance of the punishment fitting the crime.

OUR COUNTRY

Lord, while for all mankind we pray,  
Of every clime and coast,  
Oh, hear us for our native land,  
The land we love the most.

Oh, guard our shores from every foe,  
With peace our borders bless;  
With prosperous times our cities crown  
Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love  
Of knowledge, truth and Thee,  
And let our hills and valleys shout  
The songs of liberty.

Lord of the nations, unto Thee,  
Our country we commend;  
Be Thou our refuge and our trust,  
Our everlasting friend.

—Wreford.

THE COLORS OF THE FA G

What is the blue on our flag, boys?  
The waves of our boundless sea,  
Where our vessels ride in their tamesless pride  
And the feet of the winds are free;

From the sun and the smiles of the coral isles  
To the ice of the South and North,  
With dauntless tread through tempest dread  
The guardian ship goes forth.

What is the white on our flag, boys?  
The honor of our land,  
Which burns in our sight like the beacon light  
And stands while the hills shall stand,

Yea, dearer than fame is our land's great name,  
And we fight wherever we be,  
For the mothers and wives that pray for the lives

Of the brave heart over the sea.

What is the red on our flag, boys?  
The blood of our heroes slain  
On the ourning sands in the wild waste lands,  
And the froth of the purple main;

And it cries to God from the crimson sod,  
And the crest of the waves outrolled,  
That he send us men to fight again  
As our father's fought of old.

We'll stand by the dear old flag, boys,  
Whatever be said or done,  
Though the shots come fast, as we face the blast

And the foe be ten to one;  
Though our only reward be the thrust of a sword,  
And a bullet in heart or brain.

What matters one gone, if the flag float on,  
And Britain be lord of the main?  
—Frederick George Scott.

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

HUNGARIANS CELEBRATE WEDDING

A crowd of Hungarian youths, and gentlemen, musicians all, came to town yesterday from Point Anne to celebrate in Survin style a wedding which took place in the city yesterday. The very instruments seemed to enjoy the nuptial air and performed their best in honor of the occasion. But Jupiter Pluvius added his unexpected tribute and as Zelig-lancers were on M-in Street in front of a photographic studio, down came the most terrific storm known here in many a day. The musicians and their chords were soaked with heaven's blessings and every available doorway was sought to shelter the singers. The boys soon dried in the afternoon sun which poured out over all.

FORTY FISHING SCHOONERS LOST

In Severe Storm Off New Brunswick Coast—Twenty Fishermen Missing.

(Special to The Ontario) Quebec, Que. June 8.—About forty fishing schooners were lost with a loss of life numbering about twenty as the result of a severe storm that swept the coast of Northern New Brunswick and Chaleurs Bay last Friday. Mostly all the wrecked boats were shown ashore on Miscou and Shipigan Islands and these points being rather remote, news of the disaster was slow in coming in. Eight bodies have been recovered so far and were taken to Carriquetto N. B., this morning. All are those of French Canadian and Acadian fishermen. Considerable damage was caused to property along the coast and in Chaleurs Bay.

DEATH OF MRS. AUSTIN HAYES

The funeral of Mrs. Austin Hayes was held Sunday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock at the Methodist Church, Unionville, Michigan. Rev. Joseph Dibley officiating, preaching from the text, Job, 14:2. The church was filled to overflowing with the many friends and acquaintances of the deceased.

The Misses Grace Hubbell, Ella Gorkin, Lucille Gorkin and Estera Parker carried the floral emblems and the Messrs. Will and Ebbon Wilson, Fred and John Laver, John Eckfield and John Zimmerman acted as pall bearers.

Harriet Emma Cook was born near Belleville, Hastings Co., Ontario, September 16, 1852, making her at her death, aged fifty-one years, seven months and twenty-nine days.

April 20, 1892, she was united in marriage at Belleville, Ont., to Mr. Austin Hayes and came immediately to Unionville and resided on the Hayes farm just south of the village. Their wedding was the first marriage published in The Crescent. To them two children were born, Miss Vera who graduated last June and a teacher of this locality and Vernon a high school student. Mrs. Hayes was educated in the Belleville schools, and was a graduate in music. For some years before she came here and as long as health would permit after she came here, she taught music, being a very proficient instructor and possessor of an excellent voice. She was a member of the M. E. Church and was a consistent Christian bringing her children up in the faith of the Lord.

She was the youngest of a family of eleven children and is the first to be removed by the hand of death. Her sisters and brothers are: Mrs. Isaac Brundage of Unionville; Mrs. Ross of Corbyville, Ont.; Mrs. J. K. McNeil of Belleville, Ont.; Mrs. Stanley White of Bloomfield, Ont.; D. M. Cook, of Everett, Wash.; Mrs. N. Gibb-r. Pictou, Ont.; Mrs. Wm. Hayes, Chicago; Wealthy Cook, Unionville; L. A. Cook, Belleville; Irene M. Cook, Chicago.

Mrs. Hayes had not been a strong woman for a number of years and in February she had a serious attack of heart trouble and pneumonia. She was supposed to be gaining slowly but surely. She was able to get about the house and had walked around the yard and been taken for short drives Saturday afternoon. Her friends called on her and while she did not visit her self very much, not feeling strong enough she enjoyed their presence. In an hour she was stricken with paralysis. In her weakened condition she succumbed to the attack Friday morning, May the 15th at 7:00 o'clock, her family and a trained nurse giving her every attention.

Mrs. Hayes was a very dear friend of many a devoted wife and mother and her presence will be greatly missed in the home and in the church.

—Unionville Ex.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 57, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

Italian Workmen Furnished Job.

The workers of Front and Bridge Streets today were crowded with Italian workmen who in the employ of the Dominion Construction Company have been engaged in Canadian Pacific Railway construction. The work now being completed as far as these men are concerned they are now leaving for other points.