

The Weekly Ontario

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THAT FREEDOM MIGHT LIVE.

Day after day, for a year and a half now, we have been reading the lists in the papers of the names of those who have been "killed in action" or who have otherwise paid the supreme sacrifice in this war to save civilization.

It required but a flash over the wires yesterday morning conveying in the briefest form intelligence of the death on the battlefield of Horace E. Yeomans to bring home to us the fact that this war is our war, that it is a tragic ghastly reality, that it is daily robbing countless homes of their most loved possessions.

It is impossible now to find comforting words to assuage the grief of those whose hearts are so terribly stricken. There will later come a sombre consolation in the knowledge that "Pat" died like a hero, that he gave his life to save the most precious things in civilization.

Horace Yeomans did not wait for the urging of recruiting officers before he tendered his services to his country. As soon as the call came for volunteers, his mind was made up. He was ready to go. The father and mother of Horace Yeomans did not put themselves in the position to claim exemption from the burdens of anxiety and sacrifice.

But the hearts of all will go out to that younger son, now left sadly alone, "somewhere in France," without the support and companionship of the elder brother who was more than a brother to him. What bosom friends they were! "Pat" and "Ted" were inseparable.

"Pat" Yeomans was as valiant as he was conscientious. The Distinguished Conduct Medal for which he was recommended for rescuing a comrade under a ravaging fire was to be the outward recognition of a heart that was as brave as it was true.

At a time in life when other boys were thinking only of games or wild oats he became a tower of strength to the Young Men's Christian Association. He was not too important to undertake the work of teaching a class in the Sunday School.

The letters that he wrote to his mother, some of which appeared from time to time in the papers, were plain narratives, free from egotism, telling in soldierly fashion of their round of duties. His letters have been an inspiration to many to emulate his noble example.

While his body rests in its lowly grave in Flanders, his laurels will be kept green by the city that was his native home and in defence of which he cheerfully surrendered his life.

His country's flag in battle's front unrolled; For it he died—on earth forever ended, His brave young life lives in each sacred fold.

"With proud, proud tears by tinge of shame untainted, Bear him, and lay him gently in his grave, Above the hero write, the young, half-sainted, 'His country asked his life, his life he gave.'"

THE GASOLINE SCANDAL.

The oil companies controlling the output of gasoline claimed that the enormous increase in the price of that commodity was due to a shortage of crude petroleum and a consequent reduction in the amount of gasoline, a by-product, manufactured.

Perhaps the greatest insult that the German Government has yet offered to the intelligence of the American people, is the ridiculous explanation it makes about the torpedoing of the Sussex. Right on the heel of the Huns' denial comes the intimation that the crew of the submarine which torpedoed the Sussex are now in the hands of the British or the French.

These figures show that in February 1915 there were 69,323,942 gallons of crude petroleum held in storage as against 100,021,790 gallons in February 1916 and that in January, 1915, the production of gasoline was 76,663,537 gallons against 97,056,217 gallons in January, 1916.

A CANADIAN PARALLEL.

A few days ago we called attention to an act of gallantry, which won the Victoria Cross for Second Lieutenant A. V. Smith of the East Lancashire Regiment, who lost his life thereby. A correspondent has forwarded us a clipping from the London Times which records an act of gallantry by Private W. B. Harris of the 29th Canadian Infantry Battalion, which closely resembles the heroic deed of the British officer.

Sec. Lt. A. V. Smith. For most conspicuous bravery. He was in the act of throwing a grenade, when it slipped from his hand and fell to the bottom of the trench, close to several of our officers and men.

Pte. W. B. Harris. For gallant conduct. Private Harris was throwing a bomb when his foot slipped, and the grenade fell on the side of a traverse, where the rest of the grenade class was standing. They all got away except one man. Pte. Harris, realizing his danger, rushed forward and threw himself on the bomb to save the man. The bomb exploded, and he was severely wounded through his self-sacrificing act.

We are glad to print this tribute to another brave Canadian who has won distinction.

THE GAY GORDONS.

The Aberdeen Evening Express of March 12 publishes under the title "Immortal Deeds of the Gay Gordons," a thrilling and moving discourse by the Rev. A. M. Maclean, B.D., C.M.G., of Paisley Abbey. A correspondent writes to the British Weekly: "It would be difficult to convey any idea of the effect produced by Mr. Maclean's words as they were spoken."

"Sitting his horse in the midst of his glorious men, Colonel Percy Browne, of the Gordons, told them what they had to do in brief, stern words, and bade them 'remember the name of the regiment.' Like a greyhound straining at cheers, and so they went into battle carrying their heads high and with the steel glint in their eyes."

But there the tragedy began. For some reason or other the maze of barbed wire in front of the remaining company and a half of the Gordon left had escaped the deadly artillery fire and was intact. The Englishmen reached the wire and, finding it insuperable, wisely retired to their trenches. Not so the Gordons. On to the wire they surged, tried to get over it, to get under it, to get through it, and there they died, but they would not go back.

There is not a single elephant left in Zululand, South Africa, once a paradise for the great animals. The last survivor was found dead the other day on a farm on the banks of the Unfoloz river, where he had lived since the early part of the reign of the great chief, Cetewayo. An immense herd once roamed the Duggugugu forest and along the Unfoloz, but it was diminished by incessant hunting, until Cetewayo one day finally drove it away forever.

The Sinn Fein is causing a profound sensation in Ireland by asserting that Kitchener has connived with Sir Edward Carson to leave the Ulster troops in a safe place for parade duty while the soldiers from the other Irish provinces have been thrown into the war where there was the heaviest and most fatal fighting such as at the Dardanelles. Dublin is greatly aroused over the matter.

Premier Asquith has finally disposed of the persistent stories, told by American travellers or written in letters sent from England to Canada and the United States, that the British authorities were suppressing the extent of the destruction caused by the Zeppelin raids and the loss of life was much greater than officially reported.

The diplomacy of the war will not lose any of its complexity by the statement of a faction in London to the effect that Japan is now double crossing England by "ribbing up" Russia to make a separate peace with Germany.

St. Louis, Pittsburg, Chicago and Cincinnati have under way a relative smoke test to determine which city is the least smoky. In order to ascertain the amount of soot fall for the year ending April 1st, 1917, the same test is being applied to each city.

A departure in medical science, which if successful will revolutionize the treatment of persons apparently dead from drowning or asphyxiation, is now being experimented with at the Johns Hopkins Hospital. It consists of the injection of a serum to stimulate the blood to such an extent as will form a reaction on the heart.

And I gird up my life in confident cheer, Though 'twas only a child." "Twos only a child," but the music has flown, And left in its stead but a ceaseless moan. The music that came as an angel song, Though 'twas only a child."

"Twos only a child," but in stronger arms, He is safe from all in the world that harms; And I gird up my life in confident cheer, Though 'twas only a child."

"Twos only a child," but how much to me! More of treasure in heaven I see, And baby fingers beckon for me, Though 'twas only a child." Belleville, March 20, 1916 E. C. C.

GROWING OLD.

A little more tired at close of day; A little less anxious to have our way; A little less ready to scold and blame; A little more care for a brother's name; And so we are nearing the journey's end, Where time and eternity meet and blend.

A little more love for the friends of youth; A little more zeal for established truth; A little more charity in our views, A little less thirst for the daily news; And so we are folding our tents away And passing in silence at close of day.

A little more leisure to sit and dream, A little more real the things unseen; A little bit nearer to those ahead, With visions of those long-lived and dead; And so we are going where all must go, To the place the living may never know.

A little more laughter, a few more tears, And we shall have told our increasing years; The book is closed and the prayers are said, And we are part of the countless dead. Thrice happy, then, if some soul can say, "I live because He has passed my way."

Other Editors' Opinions

IS LIQUOR TYING THE EMPIRE'S HANDS?

Since the outbreak of the war the attention of thinking people has been turned toward the liquor business, and much criticism has been heard regarding it in many of the belligerent countries, as well as in neutral nations. The Czar of Russia, with one stroke of his pen, practically wiped the business out of that nation, and in one year from that time vodka was abolished, savings bank accounts of the peasants increased \$900,000,000, notwithstanding the fact that heavy calls were made upon them in the way of taxes to foot the war bills.

A recent conference including representatives of twelve of the leading Christian denominations in England and Wales, went on record as favoring unremitting and united endeavor on the part of the churches to remove strong drink, with its grave and hurtful evils. The Archbishop of Canterbury said that never before was there such wide recognition of the urgent need for temperance, and, in his belief, the churches with the excellent example of the King before them, could accomplish much.

It should not be necessary to go farther into this subject. Readers should weigh the matter carefully, and, after considering what Prohibition has done for Russia, what restricted legislation has accomplished in France, together with the statements of such men as David Lloyd-George, the Archbishop of Canterbury, John St. Loe Strachey, Editor of the London Spectator, and also considering that Canada consumes over eight gallons of intoxicants per head at a cost of \$12.76, each year, totalling over \$100,000,000, as previously stated, and considering also that the consumption of liquor is greater per capita in the Old Land, there would seem to be no argument in favor of continuing to tie the Empire's hands to liquor, when they are needed to fight Germany.

After the reading of the address by H. M. Br... the Public School, many of the brethren a sumptuous repast... patriotic songs were readings given, the wended to their words of reply by gift and the singing Anthem.

SPEED REQUIRED.

Street Foreman Henderson, may have to get a motor attachment for his bicycle to enable him to move rapidly from one portion of the city to another. Ald. Whelan drew the council's attention to this last night and incidentally expressed the opinion that a cheap motor for the public works department would not be amiss, as it would save horsehire and labor. The question was laid over.

Mr. P. Falconer of Sault Ste. Marie was in the city yesterday.

ADDRESS PRESENTED

David Parks Given By Brethren of T. Bay

Byaside, To Bro. David Parks, We, your brethren 2849, and Council Members, are assembled in appreciation of you to be one more to the grandest Empire ever known, to uphold our religion and our national existence of the small nation God's appointment, work out their character and welfare, to uphold our friends, the clergy, French, of the martyred Belgians and Serbs and unconquerable hero is to avenge the sacred Armenians, freedom of the world our barbarous enemies their purpose of union, through which would mean the revival of Christian, a return of military and autocratic most incomprehensible.

Do we realize that the existence depends on the success of every physical man?

You have done your follower of the Cross, national righteousness, sincere conviction, defender of the faith, to the saints, a cry sense of the word; autocrat, and his only conception of life. "That might is right, rogative of but one, 'divine right' to rule."

Believing as we do, you do, that it is the strong to bear the weak, and inspired conviction and the glows in the heart of intensely loyal Briton, forth to die, if need twofold brethren, to depart from us, taken of our esteem, their friend and neighbor, willingness to give, ing for your country, King and God, our therefore, we ask your wrist, watch as a love, toward you as partner in life. As moments of life held by the power to battle, trusting, wards His faithful, diers. May you "faith," and be your native land, wife, is our fervent.

We bid you a farewell, you Godspeed and in your trying orde strengthened by the many Christian friends of your two fraternal. Signed on behalf of the committee:

H. R. Hunt, W. H. Fink, Geo. B. Hess, Lewis Wilson, Rev. F. G. J.

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THE WAY THEY

Once in a while, noise from Lindsay, from of recruits to the Empire. Hughes' home town like Cobourg in the other day, however say papers rather away when it publishes our rolls of the... The sum total includes residents who are where and everybody is claimed, packing Militia in for good 300 men or only of the population Peterboro would a little over 700 men, three times that boosted their average buying in hundred Toronto and rumor of the 19th men, strange to the Hope Guide.

Mother Graves' car will drive without injury to its action, while...