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THE OMNISCIENT ONES.

Mr. F. R. Mallory has informed The Ontario that at the "Patriotism and Production" meetings he was recently addressing in eastern Ontario, there was a disappointingly small attendance at a number of the towns along the front such as Napanee, Prescott and Morrisburg, while away from the frontier, even at the smaller villages there were always large audiences and deep interest manifested.

This would go to corroborate the statements made in the following article from The Kingston Whig.

The Whig some time ago referred to a lamentable lack of interest shown by the young farmers in the Institute which the Department of Agriculture had established in Kingston at considerable cost. The department had, as it were, brought some features of the Agriculture College to their doors, so giving them advantages they could not get without having to go to Guelph, and at a large expense. For this want of appreciation no reasonable excuse could be offered.

Now another serious reflection has been reported to The Whig, and by a friend of the Department of Agriculture, not by an officer of it. This month there will be a Seed Fair in Brockville, and it should be attended by the farmers from this district. Moreover, they should contribute to it. During the last year, and at the fall fair, many received prizes for their grain. There were some very excellent samples of oats, and anywhere, at any exhibition, they would look well and attractively.

What the Department of Agriculture may think of all this one cannot imagine. But surely the experience is enough to break the heart of any official who is working among the people, and trying to inspire them into greater things. This world is moving very quickly and the young farmers of Frontenac must move with it if they will amount to anything.

There is manifest in many places and among many farmers an unfortunate lack of interest in their own business, and in progressive agriculture. This class of farmer treats with contemptuous scorn the advice or instruction or information given out by the most highly skilled agriculturists who go about lecturing at Farmers' Institutes, and by the trained specialists who come from the various agricultural branches or colleges. There may be some of these alleged experts who are incompetent, but there can be no question but that the great majority are men of wide knowledge and excellent judgment, who are sure of the correctness of the advice they give or the views they express.

Most of them have spent years in careful, scientific investigation and have arrived at safe conclusions as the result of long experimentation that no farmer would have the time to work out for himself. By their know-it-all, and don't-try-to-tell-me-anything attitude, many farmers stand in their own light. They underrate their own profession. It has been said that "any fool can run a farm." Perhaps "any fool" can—in a certain way. But to manage a farm really well, so as to bring out of it the highest possibilities, requires a wideness of knowledge, experience, and skill almost greater than in any other calling or business.

Where there is so much to learn, it occasions surprise that any person engaged in such an occupation should deliberately close his eyes to the possibility of gaining further information. Such a one is dead at the top, although he would probably be the last person on earth to admit it. For the agricultural community the various governments have done more than for any other class in the way of technical education. The Agricultural college at Guelph is one of the most excellent and thorough institutions of its class in the civilized world. In every county

there is established a branch of the Ontario Department of Agriculture presided over by earnest, practical O. A. C. graduates who are only too willing to give advice and instruction to all who apply. The farmer in these respects has been dealt with generously. And while there has been a fine response on the part of many of the best farmers to avail themselves of these privileges, there has been another very large class who needed the advice and instruction most, but who treated these opportunities with scornful indifference.

There are successful farmers who take no agricultural papers, who read no government bulletins, who never attend a meeting of the Farmers' Institute. But if you take an average you will find that the highly successful farmers are those who study their business, who are open to gather in information whenever it comes from any reliable source, who will freely profit by the experiments of others rather than spend valuable time in doing work that others have already done for them, who believe standing still is equivalent to moving backwards.

Go through any of the well-thumbed sections of the county like the Zion, or Gilead or Allen Settlement neighborhoods and you will find there a class of farmers who look after their business as carefully as any professional man or merchant, but who are extremely modest about proclaiming their supreme wisdom or their inability to learn anything more.

Find a farmer whose brain is so crowded with knowledge that he cannot be taught anything further and you are also pretty sure to find fields overrun with weeds, crops that scarcely pay for the harvesting, tumble-down fences, unpainted buildings, and machinery exposed to the elements.

It is not the progressive, wide-awake farmer who considers it an insult or a crime for any agricultural specialist to offer him a hint or a suggestion. Such men are open to new ideas and to adopt new methods as soon as they are satisfied that the new is better than the old.

And that is just the way that success comes to the progressive farmer, the up-to-date business-man, to corporations and to governments.

Self-satisfaction means stagnation. And stagnation means decay and the demitition bows.

THE VICTORIA CROSS.

Few have been the Victoria Crosses awarded in the present war, although there has been no lack of heroic deeds. How different is the case with the Iron Crosses of the Germans, which have been handed out by the thousands. The Kaiser's famous decoration has been cheapened. Already he has given it to no less than 35,000 sailors and soldiers. But the Victoria Cross is given to comparatively few, and is an honor greatly coveted in consequence.

The Victoria Cross was instituted by Queen Victoria during the Crimean War. It is made from cannon captured from the enemy and is in the form of a Maltese cross. On a scroll are inscribed the words: "For Valor," and above them the royal crest. To a man who bears the Victoria Cross there is a pension of £10 per year, and if he wins it a second time another bar is added to his decoration, and he becomes entitled to an additional £5.

Midshipman Lucas, of the steamship Hecla was the first to win the Victoria Cross. A live Russian shell fell on the deck of the Hecla as she was taking part in the bombardment of a fort, and Lucas, picking it up threw it overboard, the shell exploding as it touched the water.

On her brave sailors and soldiers France pins the ribbon of the Legion of Honor; Russia the Cross of St. Vladimir, and Austria the Ancient Order of Marie Therese, but no decoration occupies a higher place in history than the Victoria Cross.

MAKING TIME WALK BACKWARDS.

To a vivid imagination, not too seriously limited as to the probabilities, there are some interesting speculations to be indulged in growing out of the opening of direct telephonic communication between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Many of our previously conceived ideas of the proprieties may not improbably receive a rude shock if some day at noon we call a friend in Vancouver and find ourselves roundly berated for rudely and unthinkingly disturbing his morning slumbers; nor may we, therefore, leap to the conclusion that he has been out unnecessarily late the night before.

We might go even further and realize what this may mean. Hawaii is now in communication with the British Columbia coast by wireless, and when a very few breaks have been filled in, it will be possible to relay a message around the world in three minutes. This is not yet up to Puck's boast that he would "put a girdle around the earth in forty seconds," but is far in advance of Phileas Fogg's feat of making the circuit in eighty.

With time eliminated so nearly to the vanishing point by the telephone and the telegraph, why may it not be possible for a man presently to wire to himself a message that shall travel around the world and be received by himself twenty-four hours before he sends it? This was the theory upon which a novel

called "The Panchoricon" and published a dozen years ago, was founded. The inventor of a fast-flying airship sailed to the North Pole and circled it so rapidly in the reverse direction that taken by the sun that he found himself turning back the years with such rapidity that when he again steered southward he alighted in a garden where Shakespeare was writing his famous soliloquy from "Hamlet," and helped that struggling author over many a hard and difficult passage. Why could he not? He had read it.

With the present speed of transmission of messages it should not now be necessary to fly to the North Pole to accomplish this purpose. If a man may wire himself some morning and get it the day before, it opens up a vast array of possibilities. No longer may one bemoan his lack of forethought when it is possible to give himself a day in advance as to what he should have done after he had seen his mistake. No longer will that bright retort that we might have made if we had thought of it in time remain unspoken on the lips. Indeed, to go but a bit further, why need any man regret his lost years if, by a sufficient liberal use of toll lines, he can roll them back again?

But, to revert to Shakespeare again, "There's much virtue in an 'if.'"

Krupps have just given thirty million marks to the war fund. Business is good.

A leper is loose in Chicago. They ought to round him up; he might catch something.

In 1914 the people of the United States ate 400,000 Angora Goats, mostly in the form of spring lamb.

Declaring one's determination to fight to the bitter end seems a sort of confession that the end is bound to be bitter.

The way to solve the vexed question of taxation is for the assessor to list every man at his own valuation of himself.

The lazier a man is the more wheat per acre he can raise and the quicker he can settle a public question. That's what he thinks.

There is one thing about this war to be thankful for; it lessens the number of things an after-dinner speaker dares talk about.

At the Parliamentary investigation into the quality of the boots supplied the First Contingent, held at Ottawa on Wednesday, we find that General Alderson reported some time ago that the boots were not suitable to the rough wear, and when it was suggested from Ottawa that overshoes should be worn, General Alderson replied that "these would not compensate for the faulty construction of the boots;" and that "some pairs were useless after ten days."

The Westminster Gazette records the statement of an officer as shedding an interesting sidelight on the false dissemination of news in Germany afforded by an incident on a ship conveying prisoners after the recent naval battle to Edinburgh. Steaming up the Forth, the bridge came in sight, and attracted the interested attention of the rescued German seamen, who inquired: "What great structure is that?" On being informed that it was the celebrated Forth Bridge the men expressed their surprise and incredulity, and remarked that it was impossible, as the Forth Bridge had been blown up by the Germans months ago.

The British Preference is the direct fruit of Liberal statesmanship. It was hailed at the time of its inception by great leaders in the Old Country as "a great Imperial stroke." It has proved a bond of union between the Mother Country and Canada, and it has been more than justified on economic grounds. It has developed trade with the Mother Country, and has proved of enormous benefit to the people of Canada in reducing their tariff burdens. The advantages accruing from it to the Canadian people are now to be largely minimized, if not swept away by the action of the Government, which seek, under cover of "war taxes" to impose additional burdens upon the people of Canada, and to bestow fresh privileges upon the protected friends of the Government.

The Liberal Party would be false to its traditions, it would be disloyal to the plain people of Canada, and above all, it would be untrue to the policy of true Imperialism, if it did not take its stand resolutely against this iniquitous and indefensible proposal. Liberals are pursuing the true course, and are serving the best interests both of Canada and the Mother Country in placing on record their determined opposition to this attempt to strike a blow at British trade. It would be objectionable at any time. It is doubly so in time of war.

A strange anomaly of war is that music is as important as the death dealing machinery. "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary" would never have arrived had not the "thin, red line of

Tommies" been called to war. The Spanish-American war was given verve by "It's a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." "The Girl I Left Behind Me" was the music that cheered the boys to the front in the American Civil War. Every other war has been characterized by music, from the barbaric cadences that attended Attila's swoop from the north to the harpers of David who attended the early battles of the Israelites.

Perhaps music is one bright spot in all the blackness. So cosmopolitan is music that it fits every nation and temperament. No matter how the nations rage, slay and maim, nothing is able to destroy the accuracy of a rhythm or the harmony of sounds. Music is a live part of the nation's progress. As long as a song dramatically lifts across trenches in which men crouch to kill the world's better impulse is not dead. It is just temporarily paralyzed and will break forth again with the heart-free song of the lark at morning.

MEN OF CANADA. An American Tribute.

Men of Canada, Fellow Americans, Proud our hearts beat for you over the border: Proud of the fight you wage, Proud of your valiant youth Sailing to battle for freedom and order.

On our own battlefields Man's the bout we had— Yankees, Canadians, redcoat and ranger; But our old brotherhood, Staunch through the centuries, Shoots in our blood now to share in your danger.

Ah, it's a weary thing Waiting and watching here, Numbing ourselves to a frozen neutrality; Yet, in a world of war, 'Tis our good part to keep Patient to forge the strong peace of finality.

Though, then, our part be Peace, Yet our free fighting souls League with your own 'gainst the world-lust of Vandals; Yea, in the dreadful night, We, with your women, weep And for your shroudless dead burn our shrine candles.

So, by the gunless law Of our sane borderline, By our souls' faith, that no border can sever, Freedom!—now may your fight, Waging the death of war, Silence the demons of cannon forever!

Kin-folk of Canada, So may your allied arms Smite with his legions the Lord of Disorder! God speed your noble cause! God save your gallant sons! Would we might sail with them—over the border! —Percy Mackaye in "The Present Hour."

THE MOTHER'S PART.

Have you not men enough? I hear them day and night Marching away from home, marching away to fight, Marching from mother-love, marching to cruel fight, Have you not men enough? I hear them day day and night, Out on the country road, here in the city street; Sirs, you must hear it, too—the tramp of those young feet.

There in the marching ranks my two dear lads go by, Willing enough were they; not so willing was I; Willing enough to go, ready if need to die— All that I had to give there in the ranks go by. Have you not men enough? What is there still to do? I who am left alone have given my only two.

All the youth of the land, all the flower of the race, Wrenched from the mother breast, flung in the foeman's face, Torn from pity and care, hurled in an iron face, All the youth of the land, all the flower of the race; Surely you've enough to end this war lord's reign, Only the babes are left, only the old remain.

What! are there men still left, young men, sturdy and strong? Where are their mothers, then, for these have done the wrong? How can such mothers breathe, doing such coward wrong? Men still left in the home! young men, sturdy and strong! If I had more to give, sirs, I would give you more; Desolate make my house if you make an end of War. —Harold Begbie.

Other Editors' Opinions

MOVE OUT A THOUSAND OF THE FARMERS. It has been talked of before, and may not be very good reading in parts of Renfrew county, but there's something in it. That is that the Government should move practically all the farmers in the west and timbered lands in the west of Renfrew county and parts of Lanark and Frontenac out to the west, and then reforest all that district with pine. "It is a natural pine district," remarks one well acquainted with the situation. "Look at the abandoned farm after a few years and you will find young pine springing up over it. It would pay the county for the Government to expropriate these lands, giving the owners for acre in the West, and also supporting them with enough money to transport them to the West and keep them over the first year, till they secure their first crop. In fact, it would be a good move to transplant them over to New Ontario, but they would have to be 'carried' there for more than the one season and they would not be able to produce a crop so quickly, which, if the war continues, is a matter of consideration. Leave them where they are and they'll always have comparatively poor crops; while re-forested the district will produce constant revenue to more than finance the moving proposition. There would be some hardships. Some of the older men would lament leaving what had been even a hard home to them, but the general result would be greater prosperity.—Renfrew Mercury.

RENTON AND CLOTHES' VENDOR.

One day this week a man stepped into our sanctum and announced himself as representing Messrs. Trenton and Clothes' Vendor. He said he was taking orders for men's clothing, taking your measure on the spot and sending the clothes, fit guaranteed, etc. From his conversation, we learned he was in the habit of coming to Markham and securing orders at certain intervals. We assured him we were going to make the old duds do service till we could raise the money for some new ones, and then we were going to start it on our own town.

The Sun has called attention to these outside dealers, a great many times and hasn't tired of it yet. It is not only clothes but shoes, merchants with all kinds of goods that are in our midst to the detriment of our merchants who help support our town and should have the trade. If these outsiders sold cheaper, quality for quality, it would be a different thing, but they don't.

Quite recently we saw some goods in a window of one of the Trenton stores. They looked good—their looked cheap. The next time a traveller came in we asked for some of those goods. He said, "You don't want them. They are all right to go to a customer whom you never expect to see again and there is 100 per cent profit on them, but your customer would be back and throw them away if he is a sample of how people are taken in. The regular merchant doesn't do it because his customer would return the goods too quick but the outsider can do it and sell." We don't say that the man we referred to in the beginning was selling reliable goods, but we do say that our merchants sell just as reliable at just as fair a price and money stays at home.

There is another side of it. Some people when they have the money once turn their thoughts to some outside merchants, but when they have a little credit those same thoughts don't seek so wide a range.—Montreal Star.

LITTLE HINDRANCES. Many a man has been hampered by peculiarities that he has allowed to creep into his personality or manner which, if realized properly, could easily be removed. We cannot too thoroughly realize how much so little a thing as an unpleasant and disagreeable manner has to do with failure in life. Commanding ability will not always counterbalance disagreeable peculiarities.

One of the things that exert most tremendous influence against success is carelessness. It is more common than stupidity, more distressing than ignorance. Abilities, mighty forces in the world, but the finest abilities ever developed by brain may be rendered ineffective by carelessness. So high is the value put upon personal appearance nowadays that even men of genius or the very rich and powerful can afford to disregard the way they look. Success will not come to meet any man halfway unless he looks inviting and agreeable. A pleasing appearance creates about a man an atmosphere in which "luck" likes to linger.—Montreal Evening News.

Lincoln to

Wings of A

OUR daily news letter from this thriving town furnished by The Ontario's special representative.

TRENTON, March 10. A concert by Mr. Howland, a new high school building expected to see the light this year, is expected to rectify the deplorable existing. However, no fee that it is necessary to the health of our children, this school and the only being general, to try to start matter.

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