

The Weekly Ontario

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COSTLY STATIONS.

The beautiful and very expensive railway stations which have been built of late years, more of which are in construction and still more planned for the near future, are being severely criticized on the score of extravagance.

The Chief Commissioner of the State Railways of Queensland, Australia, says our railroads "go in too much for gilded stairs and marble halls."

The Railway Age Gazette sustains this view and states that we have "gone mad on the subject of providing enormous marble passenger train cars, with immense amounts of waste space in them; observation cars, buffets, valets, maids, unnecessarily duplicated passenger train service, and scores of other luxuries, which cost money and which are unknown on the railways of any other country."

Mr. Reginald Gordon, in the Engineering Magazine, agrees with the foregoing indictments, but blames the communities which demand these structures. Mr. Gordon admits that most of the way stations needed replacing or improving, and many of them still do. But he deplores the lavish expenditures on mammoth terminals.

Among the offenders against Mr. Gordon's economic sense are the Northwestern at Chicago, the Union Station at Washington, the new terminals at Kansas City, Spokane, Dallas, Minneapolis and St. Paul and Rochester, N.Y. One of those now building is the new Union Station in Chicago, and one of those planned will be in Cleveland. The Grand Central in New York, while just as costly, is given credit for so arranging its track that buildings may be erected over them thus obtaining revenue for the upkeep. It is true that much more money has been spent in these terminals than the efficiency of getting to trains requires. But when Mr. Gordon warns us that we ought to be satisfied with structures built merely for efficiency, sacrificing architectural beauty to revenue-producing, it is not plain that he is taking the right stand.

In the middle ages communities built magnificent cathedrals—and paid for them—and who questions the ennobling effect of these rich and spacious structures on all beholders? They satisfied and glorified the lives not only of those who built them, but also of their descendants. The genius of the American people runs to transportation and to business. Why not express through those mediums the artistic soul of the nation? Who ever stood before the massive pillars of the Northwestern in Chicago, who that ever walked the floor of that "wasteful" concourse in the Pennsylvania station in New York with its noble space and simplicity, its astonishing and grateful silence, can ever think of them without a thrill?

"The people, in buying transportation," writes Mr. Gordon, "will not knowingly pay for architectural monuments, nor artistic ceilings, nor vast areas in which they may congregate to look at beautiful frescoes and well-chosen inscriptions. It is not the function of a railroad to provide these embellishments of a station either for esthetic effect or for the education of the people at large."

We are not so sure, Mr. Gordon. We are not so sure!

MR. BALFOUR.

The verbal duel between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Winston Churchill in the House of Commons over the administration of the Admiralty, quite apart from the merits of the question, or the propriety of Mr. Churchill's criticism, is one of the most piquant incidents in the politics of the Old Country since the outbreak of the war. It recalls the days, not so far removed, when Mr. Churchill broke with the Tory Party and crossed the floor of the House to the Liberal side. Among the first and the most prominent of his old associates with whom he measured swords was Mr. Balfour, and the young recruit to the Liberal cause proved a worthy foeman for a man who was then, as he is now, the most accomplished debater in the House of Commons.

Mr. Balfour has never been a great administrator; but he is a great Parliamentarian. He possesses in an eminent degree, what is known in the Old Country as the Parliamentary style, and in his skill in debate and his resourcefulness as a dialectician he is easily first among his contemporaries.

M. Joseph Galtier, the well known French journalist, who was present at the opening of the British Parliament, gives in the Paris Temps a very interesting pen picture of the First Lord of the Admiralty. "What a fine figure of the British Parliamentarian," M. Galtier writes, "is Mr. Balfour, tall and bronzed, with his white hair curled at the ends, such a figure of an old man as might have been painted by Greuze. His eloquence is both playful and mordant, with a rich touch of humor, and he still retains the old charm with which he has always been able to work upon his audience."

COLLEGE COURSES FOR COPS.

San Francisco is sending its policemen in regular squads to the University of California to study psychology, sociology, criminology and other subjects connected with their work.

Dr. Jan Don Ball has given one important course of lecture on the insane and mentally defective. Dr. H. H. Goddard has given one on the feeble-minded. Each Friday the men meet for their lessons. During the week they apply their knowledge wherever possible, and prepare papers based on the lectures, and on their own experiences.

If many communities follow this example, the traditional scorn of the detective of fiction for the ways of his brother on the force may lose its foundation. And the heavy-handed methods of the corner cop will be lightened and tempered by his academic knowledge.

The experiment marks, also, an advance in making the connection between academic education and everyday life. Universities, if they are to continue their usefulness, must come out of their cloister and use their treasures of knowledge for the benefit of the common people. This service of the University of California to the city of San Francisco is an admirable illustration of an institution of learning doing its proper work.

DIES IRAE.

The opinion has more than once been expressed in these columns, since the war began, that the German Fleet would ultimately come out and offer battle to the British Fleet. That opinion has always been coupled with an intimation of belief that when the German Fleet did leave its shelter, it would be a confession that Germany's rulers considered their case desperate.

Rumors, or guesses, that the German Fleet is about to abandon its hiding place, have become more persistent and definite of late. It would not be wise to disregard them wholly. They are interesting even if not authentic. They are not coming from British sources. That is certain. Whether emanating from German or neutral quarters, they are significant.

Where the German Fleet now lies it is of enormous value to Germany. It protects her whole northern seacoast. It holds Russia in check in the Baltic. It keeps the main body of the British Fleet constantly on watch in the North Sea. It is easily worth an army of a million men to Germany, without firing a shot or sacrificing a life. It would be sheer madness to risk it in any direct engagement with altogether superior enemy naval forces. The Germans will never so risk it until finally convinced that all hope of ultimate success for them has vanished. After that, there is no knowing what they may do.

There can be no reasonable doubt that should Germany safeguard and preserve her fleet until the end of the war, she would then be compelled to surrender intact to the Allies. In such a case it would inevitably go to swell the sea-power of her hated rivals. Probably a great part of it would fall to Britain's lot. Is it probable that Germany will permit that, if she can prevent it? And she can prevent it by sending her ships into the open to destroy while being destroyed by the British Fleet. The rulers of Germany avowedly care nothing for the lives of their soldiers and sailors. They have contemptuously proclaimed that they regard them as mere "cannon fodder."

The conclusion is safe, therefore, that the German Fleet will be sent out to destroy while being destroyed, as soon as Germany realizes that her case on land is hopeless. "The Day" will be postponed until then. Fortunately, we need have no fears as to what the outcome of the meeting of the two fleets will be. And, happily, we shall know, when the meeting is over, that Germany's last bolt has been shot. We can, in consequence, listen to all rumors with regard to German naval activities or threats with unruffled serenity.

"The Day" will be Germany's "Dies Irae." It will be the sure seal of the complete triumph of the Allies. Britain may, and probably will, lose ships and men. Her sea power will nevertheless remain unshaken. Germany's military strength will have finally collapsed. The end of the war will have been reached.

CO-OPERATIVE BUYING.

Four years ago 165 families of Cleveland, for the purpose of reducing the high cost of living, and calling themselves the Bohemian Socialists, arranged a plan for co-operative buying and dis-

tribution of food and other staples at wholesale prices. The scheme was such a success that it is now proposed to go into it on a larger scale, the plan being to join 1,000 Socialist families into a compact organization, using the Bohemian Socialist as a nucleus, the establishment of a warehouse to be financed by the members and arrangement for taking orders of the members and the distribution of their purchases. This is to be done weekly. To finance the new organization stock will be sold in five dollar and ten dollar shares.

The organization hopes to control more than a million dollars worth of house supplies and the plan, it is figured, will save the members about two hundred thousand dollars a year.

In England and Scotland it is said similar organizations have been in operation for years and their annual business runs into millions of dollars.

"At Verdun a thousand years ago was signed the first treaty of modern Europe, and it marked the epoch of a final separation between the French and the German millions of the Holy Roman Empire."—Hallam, The Middle Ages.

Speaking at a recruiting meeting in Massey Hall, Toronto, Mr. Claude Macdonald, Conservative M.P., said that the Opposition in Parliament had splendidly upheld the hand of the Government in all matters pertaining to the war. "This was essentially a time for unity, for every man's best effort was needed to win this fight."

France has a novel but not entirely a new way of dealing with slackers. It confiscates their property.

A headline writer in the Boston Transcript apropos of Portugal's entry into the war, says that "Portugal tweaks the Kaiser's nose." "Tweaking" is rather good, but it recalls such unhappy memories of our own legislative halls that we hesitate to use the word much as we enjoy the Kaiser's discomfiture.

Mr. J. L. Garvin, the brilliant editor of the London Observer, in a cable review of the Verdun operation says that it is only the overture to the impending conflict and expresses the opinion that the next six weeks will be the biggest time that anyone now living is likely to see. The enemy's last hope he says of either forcing a victory must be realized or ruined between now and the autumn. After that it will be too late.

That Winston Churchill, who drove Lord Fisher out of the Admiralty should now be calling for his return is astounding. It is a vindication of Lord Fisher, but a vindication which he did not need and, we may be sure, did not desire in the way in which it was done. Winston may be right in what he says about the need of a great driving force in the Navy, but the public will probably agree with Mr. Balfour that the attack on the Admiralty was unfortunate in both substance and form.

So many charges and counter-charges are being made in Saskatchewan that it is difficult for one who is not familiar with the developments in that Province to get at the true situation. But the Scott government is acting wisely in granting a full inquiry into the whole affair. Premier Walter Scott and Hon. J. A. Calder, Minister of Education, are public men in whom the people of the West have great confidence, and we may rely upon them to see that wrongdoing will be promptly and fully exposed, and any betrayal of public trust will be dealt with courageously and fearlessly.

People who complain now and then that they have a sleepless night, ought to read the medical reports on the case of Robert Gourlay, a Scotchman, who in 1833 began to know what sleeplessness really was. In that year he went from November 9th to December 22nd without a wink of sleep, and all the drugs could not provide it. In 1837 he was five months without sleep, natural and artificial. Two years later he had another attack of insomnia, which lasted for seven months. On the theory that misery likes company he must have been pleased when he consulted Dr. Robinson, of Montreal, who had a patient who had been sleepless for five months. Altogether, Gourlay passed three years without having a wink of sleep, and those folks who are sorry for themselves over comparatively trifling sleeplessness ought to buy a history of his life and read it, remembering that meantime Mr. Gourlay was able to do a man's work and earn his own living.

The shipments of fox skins from Prince Edward Island to the United States during 1915 were valued at \$37,263, and for the period from January 1st to February 19th, 1916, they amounted to \$81,402. Many more of the standard bred and inferior classes of ranch-raised foxes were pelted in Prince Edward Island within the last two months than ever before, chiefly on account of the heavy slump in the prices of foxes for breeding purposes in 1915. Probably a fair proportion of standard ranch-bred silver black foxes for the three months from November 1st 1915, to February 1st 1916, would be \$1,000 to

\$1,200 per pair. First-class skins have recently brought high prices in the American markets. Therefore, it appeared advantageous to the ranchers to pelt at least a part of their stock rather than carry all of it on a reduced though a gradually rising market. The pelts were marketed in the United States as that country offers at present the best prices. According to a recent report by the fur-sales board of the Island, there is a great demand in the American markets for the skins of registered Prince Edward Island bred foxes. High prices were paid for skins sold by members of the board in Boston and New York. Of fifty-two silver black fox skins, twenty were sold at an average of \$726; ten of these brought an average of \$945 each; eight brought \$1,000 each.

THE MEDICINE MAN.

Old Uncle Pete, with perfect ease, acquired each new found disease;

It seemed to be his chief delight, the only one he had.

Of Uncle Peter it was said he was unhappy out of bed;

To be a chronic invalid was his absorbing fad. There was no dope he would not take, the honest cure, also the fake.

He swallowed most impartially and smacked his lips for more.

The village druggist made his pile and lived in almost regal style.

For Uncle Peter has surely been the mak'ing of his store.

It brought old Pete a lot of fame, because he always got his name

And picture in the papers as a well known public man.

Who had been cured of this or that, and Uncle Pete would come to bat

Each day with some new illness; as an expert sick man can.

He used to do some protean stunts and have nine ailments all at once.

Until one day the village heard that poor old Pete was dead.

He did not die of grim disease. We cannot all go as we please,

The big sign at the drug store fell and hit him on the head.

BYROAD JIM.

Us fellows at the boardin' house We call him Byroad Jim.

But that ain't meant by none of us As ridiculin' him.

Huh-uh! Not us! We're friends o' his, Fer Jim's as pure as gold,

Which same you'll know and understand When this here tale is told.

We kind o' noticed when he come He ain't got much to say

Till some one mentioned nature's joys At suppertime one day,

Well, that was when his sunburnt face Took on a beam of joy

An' he began to talk with all Th' gladness of a boy.

He talked about th' woods an' fields, Knowered where the byroads is—

He'd been along 'em all, he said, With that old wheel o' his.

He'd rode along the towpath, too, An' ever' place like that

"Fact is," says he, "th' country's where I spend my Sundays at."

Jim says his church is out o' doors Where manborn sorrow ain't;

Where trees don't bear no malices, Ner rivers make complaint.

So now, here in th' boardin' house, Where once we thought him odd,

We've come to think that Byroad Jim Knows how to worship God.

—Indianapolis News.

SINCE

I cannot miss my way to Heaven now,

Since you have gone before me o'er the road—

Since you have found the pathway up to God—

I cannot miss my way to Heaven now.

The lone dark valley will be lighted now,

With the remembered radiance of your face,

Since your sweet passing, flowers have found their place,

The lone dark valley must be fragrant now.

Death's river will be rushed and dreaming now,

Regretful of a presence gone too soon,

Its mournful murmur changed to sweeter tune,

Death's river must be hushed and dreaming now.

I cannot miss my way to Heaven now,

Since there, unsmiling at the City's Gate,

You stay with longing eyes and lips that wait—

I cannot miss my way to Heaven now!

—Amy E. Campbell—Baptist.

The French have rounded up and are prosecuting 200 persons for spreading false news. If similar action were possible here we might put an end to the pestiferous rumor mongering which is persistent every week-end.

MELROSE.

Mrs. Robt. Sherman is visiting her niece Mrs. (Rev.) Cameron near Ottawa.

Pleased to report Mr. George Sherman slowly improving in health.

We wish to extend our sympathies to Mrs. Jacob Fox and children who have been suddenly bereaved of a kind husband and loving father.

Miss Maggie Glass visited her aunt Mrs. Walter Sills Jr. on Sunday last.

Rev. Mr. Joblin and Rev. Mr. Main of this place exchanged pulpits on Sunday last. Needless to say all were pleased to have Mr. Joblin with us again.

Mr. William Hamer visited old friends of this place again on Sunday.

Mr. Earl Anderson who has been detained in Kingston for the last week with an oculist, returned home on Monday last. His many friends will be pleased to hear his eyes are improving.

The orderly room of the 155th is now the proud possessor of a colic pup named "Quintie." The little pet is only six weeks old and his master is already learning to pull and drag. He is a lively little chap and is a universal pet.

Col. Perry Goldsmith who is an old Belleville boy and has lately returned from the front has kindly consented to lecture for the Red Cross and Women's Patriotic Association in the High School on Friday, March 17th at 3 p.m. Silver collection 7 to 8.

Lieut. Sanford, assistant adjutant of the 155th is very anxious to return to the front. He is appearing before a medical board which will convene in Belleville this afternoon to conduct a medical examination of the Lieutenant. "I cannot get there too soon," he said. Lt. Sanford is best known as Corporal Sanford of the 8th Battalion or "Little Black Devils." He was wounded 11 months ago at Ypres.

Col. Adams, Major Allen, Major Wallbridge and Capt. Gilmore were at the 155th band concert at Oak Hill last night. Col. Adams will be in town tomorrow for a short time. He will then go to Ottawa to the concert. Lieut. Sanford will also attend. The band plays at Mansions tonight.

All that was mortal of the late Mrs. May White, widow of the late S. J. White, who died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. A. Pope, in Toronto, on Sunday, was brought to Belleville yesterday by O.N.O.R. train. The corpse proceeded from the depot to Belleville cemetery where interment was made. The bearers were Messrs. John Taylor, J. F. Wells, F. B. Smith, E. F. Dickens, Oscar Clapp and J. H. P. Young.

Rev. Dr. Baker of Albert College, officiated at the service at Belleville.

The obsequies of the late James Buchanan took place yesterday afternoon at the family residence, 3rd division of Sidney. Service was held at the home by Messrs. Irvine and Perry of the Brethren Denomination. The remains were then placed in the Belleville vault. Many beautiful floral tributes were sent by sympathizing friends. The bearers were Messrs. J. L. Thraher, M. Vanderwater, G. Robin, H. Robin, W. Jones and W. J. Thraher.

Dorothy McPherson Matthews, four years and four months old son of Mr. John Matthews, 15 Chatham Street, died in Belleville Hospital as the result of an attack of pneumonia from which he had suffered for five weeks. The funeral will be held on Thursday at Belleville cemetery.

Taste a Guide to Health. Modern investigation has shown that no article of food is good for a person if he dislikes it. If a child has practically a fixed notion that he does not like eggs they will do him no good and may do him harm. Only serious results can follow from coercing a child into eating food which he dislikes.

Professor M. V. O'Shea in Mother's Magazine.

Familiar Name. "Well, Davie, did you enjoy your visit to the museum?" "Yes, mother."

"Do you remember any of the nice things you saw?" "Oh, yes, I remember lots of them."

"And can you tell me what they were called?" "Yes; most of them were called 'Be Not Touch'."—Exchange.

"Goodman" and "Goodwoman." A pleasing form of address that was common in the seventeenth century has gone quite out of use, probably because of its restriction to "inferior persons." The "Mr." was then a prefix to which only gentlemen were entitled, and among the Puritan fathers of New England the deprivation of the right to be so addressed was inflicted as a punishment. "Goodman" or "Goodwoman," by contraction "Goody," was the address of those low in the social scale. The term is preserved in some old songs.

A White Flour Illusion. This is what the surgeon general of the United States public health service has to say about white flour:

"I want to warn you against the craze people in this country have for white flour. The whitest flour is not the best; it is not the purest; it is only the dearest; and when you buy it you buy looks and not nourishment. In order to make it white some of the most nourishing and essential components of the natural wheat have been taken away."—Osteopathic Magazine.

As a vermifuge there is nothing so potent as Mother Grace's Worm Exterminator, and it can be given to infants of the constitution.

SISTER:



There still continue to be cases of large winter ailments. The deepest and most sympathetic of the cure for Mr. and Mrs. M. C. reavement they have death of their little girl.

AMELIASB.

Messrs. F. Zuffel & Belleville general agency-Harris company, neighborhood on the

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. host and hostess of a progressive pedro evening. The first hand-painted butter off by Mrs. R. Critch "booby," a dainty little pitcher, by Mrs. R. Dr. Farncombe of professional call on Tuesday. Mrs. Carr

The Misses Staple relatives in Trenton. Mr. and Mrs. G. friends one evening.

Miss Marjorie Spr View has been the sister Mrs. R. Valcott.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Wood, Miss A. P. Reddick attended dance given by the Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. ville Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. of Meville visited day.

Mr. Chas. Kamp, don ate on the sley Mr. and Mrs. A. ant visited at Chas. evening.

Owing to the ir trains Friday, Mr. man failed to acco the first time this

Pte. Richard Pr spent Saturday and old acquaintances

Mr. Chas. Carran field Saturday.

Mr. A. Blakeley Trenton Saturday.

The roads through in an almost impassing to the vast and continual drifting.

MADOC Our pastor, Rev. occupied the pupil and although the stormy and roads, her attended the ser here are planning vices at West Hunt still going on their things among the p

Mr. Geo. Gay's boro visited him of his friends will be is much better this

Mr. Sparrow of friends here on We The W.M.S. here of Mrs. Albert Eg day afternoon. T pleased to welcome son of Holloway w meeting also. The Andrews who was the last meeting offered for the ser tingdon. The Vice took charge of

Master Bertie home on the sick week, also little K Master Melville Pr der the doctor's ca Calreche Fitcher ton have returned friends near Pictor

Trains have been time passing thro it has kept men at some days.

BIG I Breaking roads