

THE WEEKLY ONTARIO.

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W. H. MORTON, Business Manager. **J. O. HERITY,** Editor-in-Chief.

MONDAY, JUNE 26, 1916.

THE WEATHER-MAN IN A RUT.

Word has been gravely given out in Toronto that the weather-man and the weather have fallen into a rut and that those circumstances are the cause of all our troubles from excessive rainfall.

It appears that when the man who manufactures and distributes the weather for the province of Ontario gets into a certain groove, it becomes a matter of extreme difficulty for him to break the habit and effect a change. He goes on in the course in which he has started, unable apparently to alter the character of the goods he delivers.

If the representative of Prof. Hicks at Toronto would but do a little thinking and exercise a small amount of will power he would at once ascertain that he has been making a stupid mess of things in Ontario all through the present season and would climb out of the rut even though he had to twist an axle of the water-wagon in so doing.

His lack of foresight and absolutely ill-considered course in travelling, week after week, and month after month, in the same mud-spattered rut has pretty nearly ruined his reputation for doing things as they ought to be done, for using his brains to ascertain what is necessary for seed-time and for growing crops, for being a sane, provident, intelligent, wide-awake, progressive weather-manufacturer. We now look upon him as a dunderhead, an ox-like yokel, who drives on and on without ever giving the least thought or consideration as to how his job is being executed. He has been so long working and manipulating the weather-making apparatus that he has himself become merely a part of the machinery, with little more capacity for intelligent direction of his course than the mechanical appliances he is supposed to govern.

His dulness, his lack of thoughtful planning have very nearly brought disaster to many of the most fertile sections of this province.

We find fault, and properly so, with the stupidity of the weather-man. During the past three months he has passed from one witless error to another, until the most patient of us have lost all patience and have broken out into loud complaints that our pig-headed weather-director was driving our country to the demerit dachshunds.

We kick about the weather-man, but yet, gentle reader, how much better have you or any of us been doing throughout this same three months?

Almost every evening there are groups of young men who gather about the street-intersections, particularly about the corners of Front and Bridge streets. If you watch these groups closely night after night, you will ascertain that pretty much the same young men make up the parties every night. Later they move away to go to the pool rooms, the moving-picture theatres or to some other resort that fancy or habit or the suggestion of others may dictate.

Later they partake of indigestible midnight lunches at the Chinese restaurants and then they go home to go to bed and get what rest they may before the alarm clock warns them it is time to face another day's duties. The majority of these young men have regular occupations and work at something or other during the day. Generally speaking they are carrying out routine duties in some minor mechanical employment, or hold some irresponsible subordinate's position or some petty clerkship. Very few of them will ever rise any higher than they are now. Later many of them will become successors to the middle-aged or elderly men who linger about these same street corners in the daytime or occupy benches in the park.

Of the young men but few have reached twenty-five years of age and yet they are as dead at the top and as incapable of further mental expansion or growth as though the undertaker had performed the last sad services of his occupation.

These young men have fallen into a rut from which they will never escape, because the will power that would enable them to throw themselves aside has been stupefied and weakened so that they no longer think or care. Ambition, thought, intellect are all strangled and dead. They now have an opportunity that may not come again during their span of life to fill a Canadian uniform and perform a patriot's service for his country. But all patriotic sentiments are quite as dead as is ambition.

Their rut-following proclivities caused the seed-time to pass with nothing done. The growing season is now upon them and there is no growth or opportunity for growth. Therefore to them can never come an old age of competence, of independence, of respect and the certain satisfaction, that comes from a life well lived, from opportunities seized and improved.

"I know what pleasure is," wrote Robert Louis Stevenson, "for I have done good work."

At every model and normal school where teachers are trained, those who are being prepared for their work are repeatedly warned not fall into the ruts. There is perhaps no profession in which it is so easy to do that very thing as in that of teaching. Aside from that of the mother in the home, there is no work so important as that of the teacher. But yet how many teachers reach up to the full limits of their possible mental stature. How many there are who, instead of reaching out and expanding and making themselves fit for the principalships of the important schools, settle down apathetically to spend a lifetime in their little one-room establishments and by their indolent outlook and attitude pass the infection along to the children whose minds the teacher should kindle and arouse. Instead of saturating himself with the pedagogic and educational philosophy of giants like Froebel, Pestalozzi, Thomas Arnold and Herbert Spencer, he dawdles along day after day, with no new ideas, no new methods, no striking, forcible plans of presenting facts, information, and inspiration to the immature and plastic minds over which he has such power of influence.

His apathy, his indolence, his indifference, his running in the rut is a crime against childhood. The Spring season of the child's life passes without the sunshine and the genial warmth radiating from the central source of power and instead of stimulation and growth we find a score or more of minds dwarfed and deformed with no rich, full harvest in prospect because one teacher had not the will power to climb out of the rut.

Even so it is with the rut-ruled clergyman. Instead of preaching the truth that would arouse the people from their somnolence, that would cause the consciences of sinful men to burn as with an iron at white heat, we hear too often the pious platitudes that offend nobody because nobody pays any attention. The shepherd has not the force and strength of mind to throw himself out of the shallow rut that governs his purposeless course.

The lawyer, too lazy to read the ponderous tomes, upon which his clients case depends, the physician who will not keep abreast of his profession by patient research and who fails to give to those to whom he ministers his highest skill, may often do terrible injury where they might otherwise bestow the highest benefit. Lawyers and physicians in many, many cases are as dead at the top as the young men who impede the traffic at our street corners.

The farmer who inherits property or who acquires a competence and then moves into the city, when he is enjoying the full vigor of physical health, in order that he may retire and rust to death after approved fashion is a sorry rut-traveller, but he harms no one but himself.

Influences all about us tend to throw us into ruts, and to keep us there. Society is very harsh with the man or woman who does things differently or thinks differently. The aim of modern society is to make everybody as nearly as possible like everybody else, in thought, in speech, in clothing and in manner. The rut is the thing. Independence and originality are tabu.

It is hard to think or to act independently. It is hard to get free from the crowd, free from slavery. It is hard to do the difficult work, hard to climb the hill, hard to get out of the rut.

It is easy to do what everybody else is doing, to talk the small talk that everybody else is talking, to repeat the ideas that everybody repeats.

It is hard to be a useful, thinking independent man.

We all, however, can be that. We can demand the facts, then form our opinions, instead of swallowing opinions whole.

We can use the brain that we have, big or little, weak or strong. That brain is strong enough to take us out of the rut if we will it.

The weather-man has been less than three months in the present rut, yet he has done millions of dollars' worth of damage.

The rest of us, or the great majority of us, fall into the rut in our early youth and spend the rest of our life in its narrow, congested confines. We work havoc with our own characters and often bring disaster to our friends.

Become an anti-rutlist.

DECADENT CONSERVATISM.

The Conservative party in every quarter of Canada seems to be a decadent and dying force. Nova Scotia general elections on Tuesday emphasized this in a most emphatic manner. It

would not have been at all surprising, if after thirty-four years continuously in office, the Liberals had sustained a smashing defeat. It is therefore all the more extraordinary and amazing that after this almost unparalleled lease of power that the Liberals should not only come back to office, but come back with a majority greatly augmented.

It now seems probable that as far as the provinces are concerned the Conservative party will be wiped out from ocean to ocean. In the Manitoba provincial election there was only a melancholy remnant of French Canadian Nationalist Tories left to tell the tale after the memorable contest last winter. The same result happened in the recent provincial elections in Quebec. In Prince Edward Island the Conservative party retains office only by a precarious majority that may at any time be wiped out on division. New Brunswick and British Columbia are waiting impatiently for the time to arrive when they can get an opportunity at the polls to even scores with governments that have been bringing disaster and disgrace to their provinces. In Ontario the Conservatives have a very large majority in the legislature at Toronto but it is a well known fact that the party is rent asunder by a bitter and irreconcilable difference between the forces led by Hon. W. J. Hanna on the one side and by Sir Adam Beck on the other. It is very difficult to see how this breach can be bridged over. Ever since the death of Sir James Whitney it has daily been growing wider.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that these remarkable upheavals of public opinion in every province have gained impetus largely because of conditions at Ottawa. The people of Canada will undoubtedly deal with the flagrant maladministration at Ottawa after the same fashion as the electors of Manitoba dealt with the bobrogism in the last contest.

THE ISLAND OF REVOLUTIONS.

Less than two months after Columbus first sighted land in the Western Hemisphere he set foot in the Northwest extremity of the island which he named Espagnol (Little Spain) and now known as Hayti. Four years later Santo Domingo, on the northwestern coast of this, the second largest island in the Antilles, was founded, the first European settlement in the new world. For two hundred years Hayti, then called Santo Domingo, remained a Spanish colony, but by the treaty of Ryswick in 1697 it came under the dominion of Louis XIV. of France. French settlers flocked to the island. The Spanish had imported slaves from Africa as early as 1512 and these had multiplied until they far outnumbered the white men.

While the French people were divided over the revolution which was going on in the home country the negroes rose against the whites and under the leadership of Toussaint L'Ouverture, attained their freedom. Toussaint was afterwards captured and sent to France, where he died in 1803.

Dessalines, Toussaint's follower, declared Hayti independent and assumed the title of Emperor in 1804. After his assassination two years later by two of his officers, Christopher and Pétion, the northern section of the island came under the sway of the former, while Pétion established a mulatto republic to the South. John Pierre Boger, a mulatto, succeeded those two and gained complete control of the whole island, ruling with firmness for nearly a quarter of a century, the French having recognized the independence of Hayti in 1825.

In 1844 the eastern two-thirds of the island set up the independent republic of Santo Domingo with the city of the same name as its capital. On several occasions the latter country has made proposals of annexation to the United States, but the United States Senate has rejected the proposals.

For the last three-quarters of a century rulers in both Hayti and Santo Domingo have followed each other like birds of passage, flight, assassination and forcible removal from office being the rule rather than the exception.

The republic of Hayti occupies a territory somewhat larger than Massachusetts and Rhode Island combined, has a population of 75,000. Santo Domingo has an area twice that of Hayti, being about the size of Vermont and New Hampshire combined, but the population is but one-third as large as the smaller republic. While no accurate census of the two republics has ever been taken, it is estimated the population is about 2,700,000, of which more than 700,000 are Indians.

TREATING ORPHANS AS PEOPLE.

Think of an orphanage where no three little girls are dressed alike and where there is no glaring sign labelling the place an "institution." Those were two of the provisions in the will of a Philadelphia millionaire who believed that orphan girls probably have individualities of their own as well as girls who have fathers and mothers. A row of blue gingham, aprons topped by pigtail ties with ribbons exactly alike was always distressing to this millionaire, for he believed that such inescapable identity in outward things would tend to clothe little minds and souls with the same deadening uniformity.

A place that really spells "home" for the

youngsters instead of "asylum" is the idea. Its three aims are to give health, happiness and capacity for girls. Grounds and buildings are being laid out with these aims and ideals in view. Flower gardens, tennis courts, lovely winding paths and play-grounds are being planned as carefully as the dwellings, the gymnasium, auditorium and schoolrooms.

It's a big idea and one for which most people will join in wishing success. But there is a great deal needed that money alone can not procure. There is sympathy and understanding of the little girl-souls who are to be trained there for useful and happy womanhood. It will take infinite patience and tact and love to satisfy the longings and cultivate the natural ability of children who are dressed differently, just as surely as it does under the uniform dress and pigtail system. Environment and outward conditions have a great deal to do with the development of people. But they must be backed and interpreted by a spirit of love and service if they are to count for their fullest usefulness.

JOBS WANTING MEN.

New York city, which usually has a large unemployed population, reports the greatest dearth of labor it has ever known. The Bowery is a good index to the labor situation, not only in New York, but throughout the country. That famous thoroughfare has been turned into a great employment bureau. From end to end it is filled with offices clamoring for the man without a job.

And the agents do not wait for men to drift in. They go after them. Many of the agencies have "barkers" standing outside like the "pullers-in" of cheap dry goods houses, or old-fashioned circus barkers. Phonographs and free meals are used as baits. Any man who looks as if he might be persuaded to accept a job is promptly set upon. He is offered work on State highways, on the railroads, in factories, on Western farms. He is promised free transportation and \$2.50 or more for an eight-hour day. And there is no delay. Men signing up are shipped out of the city the same night. Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Paul, Denver, San Francisco, all report a corresponding demand.

The causes are the stoppage of immigration, the return of so many immigrant workmen to Europe for the war, and the marvellous activity of American industry. It is a bonanza for unskilled labor. Nobody, anywhere in the United States, who is willing to work, has any excuse now for idleness. If there is no job for him at home, he can easily get one elsewhere.

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE.

Despatches from Perograd have told of the Russians taking as many as nineteen lines of trenches in succession, in one sector of the Austrian line in Bukowina. The incident serves as a vivid reminder of the amazing amount of ditch-digging there has been in Europe lately.

It would be interesting to know how many miles of military trenches there are altogether. Every rod of battle is marked by excavations. Each side has its row after row of trenches, roughly paralleling the front, and its connecting trenches and its subterranean approaches zig-zagging away to the rear. It would probably be safe to figure on half a dozen miles of trenches on each side for every mile of front. On that basis the trenches on the Russian front alone would suffice, if placed end to end, to go more than half-way around the earth. France and Belgium, with shorter lines, have more elaborate ditch defences. There must be tens of thousands of trenches in France. And every time the battle front shifts, in any theatre of war, there are now sets of trenches dug.

Digging trenches has been for two years, and is still, the chief occupation of the male population of Europe. How easy and simple it will be when the war is over to excavate sewers and subways and lay water mains and gas pipes in any of the belligerent countries! And it has become an eminently honorable pursuit, although we never used to consider it so.

We shall probably find ourselves hereafter treating our own spade-wielders with new respect, when we reflect that the grimy "Wop" or "Hunky" or "Dago" in the ditch probably gained his skill by digging under shell fire.

It makes no difference whether Woodrow Wilson is re-elected or whether Charles E. Hughes is the next President, the White House will be occupied by a minister's son. And all the other ministers' sons who have been regarded as worse than other sons, will refer to that fact with pride.

Travellers in the future may have their comfort greatly increased on shipboard. A newly invented self-leveling berth has been installed in the staterooms of a large steamer. This berth is provided with a short swing by means of which it adapts itself to the motion of the ship and remains always at the same level, thereby greatly lessening the tendency to seasickness. The swing motion is hardly noticeable in connection with the movement of the vessel in a rough sea.

Other Editors' Opinions

HOW PROHIBITION WILL WORK.

How is the Ontario Temperance Act to be worked out in detail when it comes into effect on September 1st next? How is the liquor that it will be lawful to use for certain purposes and under certain conditions to be dispensed? These are some of the questions that are confronting the temperance people today, as well as those who are opposed to the prohibitory enactment.

The new law still permits the purchase of six ounces of liquor from a druggist on a physician's order. It also provides that a man may purchase on a doctor's order, at one time a quart of liquor and twelve bottles of ale or porter, each bottle not to contain more than three half pints, or eighteen pints in all of the malt beverage. From whom is he to get such a supply? Not from his druggist, certainly, for the latter cannot sell more than six ounces at a time. The druggists refused to become vendors of liquor under the new law, but will still continue to handle intoxicants for medicinal purposes in accordance with the provisions of the Pharmacy Act. Veterinaries and physicians will be allowed to keep liquor on hand in certain quantities, but they, too, must have a source of supply outside of the druggist.

The Ontario Temperance Act provides for the appointment of licensed vendors, in this matter, both as regards location and numbers, to be left with the license commissioners. At the time the Act was passed there was rumor to the effect that four such vendors would be appointed for the Province.

The Review is in a position to state that the license commissioners have considered this question and that they have not yet reached a conclusion. Their first proposition was for four vendors, one in Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa and London. This they dropped as impracticable, and now they are considering one vendor, a Toronto dealer, to get the license to supply the entire province according to the new law. He is not to be paid a regular salary by the Government, as is generally supposed, but is to depend entirely upon the profits of the business.

It is not a hard matter to see that this would be nothing more than a legally supported monopoly and that the profits of such a dealer, even if these profits were regulated by law, would be enormous in the course of a year.

There is a general feeling, even among the temperance people themselves that under such an arrangement the enforcement of the Act would be a matter of difficulty. If a vendor were appointed in every centre of population as large as Peterborough, the local license inspector who will be charged with the enforcement of the law, would find his task easier. If a man is in need of a quart of liquor and eighteen pints of ale to preserve his health, it would be a long wait for the panacea before the "medicine" could be received by express from Toronto.

Every vendor must keep a record of sales, the name of the buyer, and the doctor's order on which the sale was made these records to be open for public inspection at any time. The license inspector could easily enough keep track of these sales if there was a vendor in this city. It would be another matter entirely if the vendor was located in Toronto.

Supposed a druggist was disposed to violate the law. The record of his purchases must correspond with the record of his sales and the amount of stock he has on hand. How could a license inspector examine all these records if the druggist, the doctor or the veterinary was getting his supply from a dealer in Toronto?

The law will never work out satisfactorily unless there is a local dispensary established and no purchases by residents of a specified district permitted from a dealer in any other place. In no other way will it be possible for the officers to keep track of the sales and so make sure that the law is being observed. Even if the law is carried out to the letter, the number of legal sales for medicinal, mechanical and sacramental purposes is sure to be considerable, and the amount of business done too large for any single dealer to undertake. No one who knows the members of the license commission doubts for a moment that they are in sympathy with the movement and will do all in their power to enforce the law. That this can best be accomplished by the plan they have in mind is a question that is certainly open to debate.—Peterborough Review.

TO RECEIVE COLORS

It is expected that the 155th Battalion will come to Belleville about the middle of July and spend a few days in the city, during which time they will receive the colors which the ladies of the Argyll Chapter I.O.D.E. will donate.

ALBERT SUCCE

Annual Convocation
Baker's E
Addresses
to Five Bo
tribution
Prizes.

Albert College for another year most unique session. Under the shadow of academic work has been the same success, the institution in responsibilities of added an influence wrought changes. Some old style college disappeared, yet has come to take richer fruits in the Convocation.

tracts a large attendance was held last evening. Rev. Principal E. J. sided over the exercises and had as the platform Miss staff and Judge V. Smith, Rev. C. S. Smith, Rev. A. S. Clary and Rev. Kery, who offered full bouquets of flowers to Miss G. Baker.

Following the essay on "Will came the confer granting of diplomas officiating. Prof. Taylor, Prof. C. and Miss Tufts, certificates in the of college work. Among the certificates those to several.

Prof. Cameron for his lieutenant cheered to the echo a solo "Songs of the conventional School of Instruction and black trousseaued uniform, but strange in the khaki. Prof. Cameron and as well before he began his military career in the selection brought him great Miss Jessie Tufts. Truth About the her best in the de C. soldier who to his valor in every which the British eral French had.

Distribution The prizes and ous departments a number of get of congratulation on the work of the

Rev. A. S. Kery and the gold adding his tributes young ladies on

The prizes in the ed by Mayor Kery. It an honor to be these prizes upon worthily won

speak volumes for Albert College. Belleville is proud of its situation. Graduated Canada and the high in commercial educational life.

prud of Albert College it more supply Those who can art were compiled E. C. Currie, who pleasant things about Albert College quality of the work students.

The graduates once received his C. G. Smith. "It is the of the prizes he said. The Red Cross shows difficult of account women. The love root of evil, but say that money is ley advised people could and give all

Success of Principal Baker prizes in the Coferred to the ex and of the pupil cent. of the standing last year for matriculants with honors, the having spent on course, which is phismment. He report would be previous year.