

The Weekly Ontario

Morton & Herity, Publishers

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W. H. Morton, Business Manager. J. O. Herity, Editor-in-Chief.

RAWDON AGAIN TO THE FORE

Some months ago The Ontario published an article appreciative of the patriotic efforts that had been made up to that time by the Township of Rawdon. It is very gratifying to learn that the people of this banner township are not satisfied to settle down to inaction because they have done well in the past. A few evenings since a public meeting was called at Springbrook by the township council, and at this meeting a resolution was carried recommending the council to levy a special tax of one mill on the dollar. We have no doubt the council will act on this recommendation. A mill on the dollar doesn't seem a very large amount, but it will be better understood when we state that spread over the whole township it will represent a total of fully \$2,000.

Rawdon has already contributed \$5,500 to the various patriotic funds, as well as more than \$2,000 by the proceeds of a day's make of cheese from the various factories. With the \$2,000 about to be raised the total patriotic offerings by the loyal and self-denying citizens of this good old township will pretty nearly amount to ten thousand dollars. Not bad for the first year of the war is it? We have yet to learn of any other township-municipality of equal population and assessment that has done anything like as well.

INSPIRATIONAL SERVICE.

We shall probably as an Empire never fully realize all that we owe to some half dozen men within our Imperial borders who have steered with strong hands and clean vision the ship of State through this perilous first year of war. Sir Edward Grey, Premier Asquith, Lord Kitchener, Lloyd George and Winston Churchill have been and still are, foremost amongst the tireless workers of the Empire. We are not minimizing the splendid and heroic work of our military and naval commanders, and the hosts of valiant men who serve under their direction upon land and sea. Their names are already writ in our national history and the memory of their valorous deeds will never die. But for the moment, we are writing of our Imperial statesmen—those who have rendered inspirational service, the organizers from the center who have directed the gathering of the Empire's resources, and who are responsible of the Empire's plan of campaign. Their task to this present hour has been terrific. A realization, only partial, of what they have accomplished, reveals a work so stupendous that it well-nigh staggers the imagination.

The sudden declaration of war came, in proverbial phrase, like a "bolt from the blue." Our Empire, peaceful and industrious, was taken by surprise. We were months learning what war, and such a war, really involved. We talked about "business as usual;" we trusted in our traditional good fortune; we never reckoned on the infamy that would drown the unarmed at sea, the hate that would sack defenceless towns and the devilry that would poison our sons in the trenches. This unreadiness has been viewed in some quarters as criminal; in reality it is our moral vindication. There was no secret preparation long planned in Britain. No secret military scheme binding Canada, Australia, Newfoundland, India, New Zealand and South Africa to concerted, pre-arranged movement or action.

With such utter unpreparedness to enter upon a war, involving as it did, and still does, the overthrow and ruin of our Empire, it requires no great effort of thought to recognize what a tremendous task face our Imperial leaders. They had to call to our aid a great army, recruited from dock and mine, shop and school, prairie and bush, field and factory, which, without prestige or tradition, should dash in pieces the proudest, mightiest, professional militarism of history. We needed time, and it was refused us by a foe determined to hack his way to the coast, if not to Paris. We needed munitions, and have had to build the factories that could produce sufficient for the monstrous needs of this campaign. With patience and courage, the Empire has grappled with this prodigious task and has already astonished the world and even amazed herself. Never, as we have already pointed out, shall we wholly realize what we owe to those great, clear-visioned statesmen

whose names are printed above. Their ceaseless toil and tireless energy in Britain and their inspirational service rendered to the Empire at large is undoubtedly largely responsible for the readiness and equipment of the present.

But yet much remains to do. The long and careful preparations of the Germans have not been in vain and their powerful organization for war has not yet broken down. Germany has escaped serious invasion, and German armies still move on foreign soil. Belgium and Flanders and Northern France are in German possession. Hungary has been saved from immediate peril; Galicia is recovered; Poland is overrun, and Constantinople, though threatened, still stands secure. Our dreams of swift triumph have not come to pass, and we are pledged to an enterprise, still fraught with peril, that may take long and weary years. There is no cause for pessimism. Britain has the world to supply her needs. We may call on the loyal manhood of the mightiest Empire history has ever seen. Our power grows from month to month. We are but at the beginning of our efforts, and, if we do not slacken, time is with us. Both morality and mathematics tell us that victory is sure if we are but loyal to our high vision.

We are jealous for the reputation of Canada. We began well, and our zeal must not die. Although the issue may be fought out in Europe this is nevertheless Canada's war, for Canada's freedom is also threatened. Not only does loyalty demand our utmost and our best, but our very liberty, our safety calls for it too. When will our Canadian statesmen and our patriotic leaders realize the value and significance of inspirational service? The Dominion looks to them even as Great Britain did to hers. Will our leaders lead, or will they leave us? Where there is no vision, the people perish. What Canada needs today is what England has all along enjoyed, and what has proved her strength—clear-visioned leadership and the loyal service of her statesmen, not in spurts, but regularly and steadily through all the long year of war. Let Canadians have but this, and their response will be sure and their duty gladly done.

THERE WILL ALWAYS BE FUEL.

Anthracite coal is confined chiefly to one region, the Pennsylvania district, and the supply is limited. Bituminous coal is scattered over the Union and its supply is practically unlimited. Every Western State has deposits of bituminous coal and some of these deposits are enormous in extent. There is one field in Wyoming alone where there are 142,000,000 tons of this coal available for mining.

Coal is a fossilized vegetable matter, so the traveller visiting the hillsides containing these deposits, where now scarcely anything living exist, wonders where these deposits came from. The explanation is that the desert conditions now seen did not always prevail there. Fossil plants, such as palms, figs and magnolias, found at many places in these coal beds, prove that the carbonaceous matter which was converted into coal accumulated in swamps at a time when the climate was as mild as that of Florida at present. That of course, was ages ago.

We of the East have never used bituminous coal for domestic purposes, but in the Western and Middle Western States it is practically the only fuel used. The stoves in which it is burned are differently constructed than those in which anthracite is used, they have to be. The point is that while the anthracite fields are limited and may some time become exhausted, there is little fear that the United States will ever be without a plentiful supply.—Oswego Palladium.

DEVELOPING CHILD PRODIGES.

California has a boy prodigy who seems to be even more of a wonder than the famous William James Sidis, of Boston or Winifred Stoner, of Pittsburg. His name is Richard Carey. He hails from Santa Rosa, the home of Luther Burbank, and is almost seems as if that genius had been practicing some of his botanical wizardry on little Richard.

At the age of eight, the lad is declared to be an astronomer, chemist, historian, geologist and botanist. He is now taking special work in the San Francisco Normal school. Up to the time he entered that institution a week or two ago, he had never attended school at all. As in the case of the other two precocious children mentioned, he received his instruction from his parents.

Richard seems to have a healthy grip on reality. At the age of five he became interested in railroading, collected 200 timetables and studied them until, we are told, "he knew every route and time schedule." At six he took up history, and made a classified list of all the kings there have been since Adam. Then he switched on to astronomy. He knows all the planets, the stars and the principal constellations, and can locate them with his telescope. Also—this seems incredible—he is said to be able to calculate the return of the comets. He knows chemical symbols and understands many chemical reactions. He knows all the trees, shrubs and flowers of his locality, and calls them familiarly by their Latin names. He can distinguish rock formations. He has studied botany, and in emulation of Burbank is trying to cross holly-

hocks to produce a better species.

Maybe this is exaggerated a little, but there is no doubt Richard Carey knows more at eight than most boys at sixteen. And it probably isn't due so much to his supernatural intelligence as to the fact that his parents have appreciated his possibilities and fed his curiosity and given direction to his awakening mental powers, without waste of energy or loss of time.

Professor Boris Sidis, of Harvard, who has produced marvellous results in his own family says that it's possible to develop almost any child in half the time usually allowed, and to make a much more thorough job at that.

THE AMERICAN SITUATION.

There is manifest among us a perhaps not unnatural disposition towards impatience at the immobility of the United States in face of German provocation. But it must not be forgotten that our opinions in the matter may be, and probably are, considerably influenced by our wishes. We can scarcely deny to ourselves that it would be very gratifying to us to have our American brethren fighting on our side in the common cause. That they are really our brethren, in spite of the political and geographical division between us, we have come to realize more clearly than ever, since the outbreak of war. Their warm sympathy has been not only a great source of pleasure to us, but an invaluable asset to the British and Allied cause. Let us, therefore, restrain any impatience which we may feel and try to understand their position as we would have them understand ours.

The attitude and conduct of President Wilson, who, in foreign affairs, stands for the American nation, has been admirable throughout. He has been calm, firm, moderate. He has discharged the duties of a neutral with dignity and impartiality. He has upheld the best interests of his country with splendid consistency. He has made no secret of the fact that the United States is neither prepared for, nor desirous of war. Yet he has made it equally clear that force will be resorted to if it becomes really necessary. What more could have been expected or required of him or his country?

The United States has no direct interest in the war. Had she entered it before, this, she would have done so for purely sentimental reasons. But sentiment, without common sense, is vain. The United States is admittedly quite unprepared for war. For years past she has based all her foreign policy on the expectation of peace. When war suddenly broke from a clear diplomatic sky it found her wholly unready to take part in it. Had it burst upon her own shores, it would have found her quite unready. This may have been an error of judgment. It certainly cannot be set down against the nation as a moral fault. At the outset of the war, the United States could not intervene. Since the battle of the Marne there has been no immediate cause for intervention on behalf of the Allies, because the Allies have been constantly able to hold their opponents in check, and because the Americans could not have intervened effectually, by reason of distance and insufficient military strength.

Of course, Mr. Wilson, has had to submit to insults and wrongs, hard to be endured by the head of a proud nation. But what of that? Those insults and violences will recoil, in the end, upon those from whom they emanated. The days of fantastic chivalry are long past. Nations do not now go to war for a word or a fancy, because, with a few out-of-season exceptions such as Germany, Austria and Turkey, they are no longer one-man affairs. Before deciding upon the ultimate issue of battle, democracies weigh well the pros and cons. They consider what they have to lose, as well as what they may gain. President Wilson has done this for the American people. He has done it far better and more wisely than they could have done for themselves.

He might have plunged his country into war over the Lusitania, but that would not have brought back to life her murdered passengers, nor would it have removed any stain from the honor of the American nation, for American honor had not been tarnished in any way through Germany's disgrace. He might have leaped into war when the Arabic was sent to the bottom with several Americans on board. But he waited in grim silence until he had secured the necessary official information, and the Germans have been given time to ponder. He has his reward in the form of an official apology from Germany, which carries with it an indirect assurance that the Germans will think twice before committing further acts of a like kind. Whose honor has been vindicated, whose tarnished? War, needless, useless war, for the United States, has been avoided in a dignified manner, and Germany has been diplomatically humiliated.

That President Wilson stands ready to go to war, should it become unavoidable, in the interests of the United States and the world, there is not the slightest reason to doubt. In the meantime, he and his country occupy not only a sound, but an honorable position. They occupy a position which best suits the interests of the Allies with whom all their sympathies unmistakably lie; that is proved by Germany's determined efforts to force them from it. They

have been, and now are, from day to day, enormously strengthening the hands of the Allies by their friendly neutrality. Should the Allies, by any unexpected and improbable turn of fortune, find themselves, ultimately in vital danger, no one need fear that the United States will see them go down to final defeat without coming to their rescue with all the force that she can muster. For the present, she has effectively snubbed the German bully by treating him with contempt, as a gentleman might disregard a noisy and threatening street ruffian until he ventures beyond all bounds.

Lightning is accused of many queer and freakish things, but a story coming from Berlin, Conn., a considerable distance from Winsted, where the famous liar lives, is the queerest and most freakish of them all.

It appears, according to the story sent out, that Mrs. Charles A. Burdick, wife of a farmer, had been afflicted with rheumatism for years. She had spent much money on doctors and medicine but without getting any relief. Last week a bolt of lightning struck her home. The woman was knocked down and rendered unconscious. A nail was taken out of the sole of her shoe and her foot burned severely. Articles in all the light rooms of the house were destroyed, the damage amounting to \$1,000. But it was found that Mrs. Burdick had been entirely cured of the rheumatism.

However, it is not believed that persons afflicted with rheumatism will go out in electric storms in order to be cured by being struck by lightning.

There are others who are having their troubles with J. Pluvius during this summer of 1915. The following is from an American exchange.—

Twelve States, lying within the upper Mississippi valley, the Missouri valley up to the boundary line, and the area known as the Mountain region, will go down in the weather records of 1915, as having gone wet all summer long. For example, Hannibal, Mo., on the Mississippi, has thirty-seven per cent. more moisture than normal; St. Louis has thirty per cent. in excess; Kansas City, thirty-nine per cent.; Topeka, sixty-four per cent., and North Platte, Neb., which a year ago was one of the driest spots in the country, had eighty-six per cent. excess between March 1st and July 20th. In the Mountain Region, Helena, Mont., has normal rainfall and half as much again. In the desert regions of Sant Fe, N.M., have fifty-four per cent. above the usual great storage and drainage area of the Western half of the United States and has now enough water in its system to last until next Spring.

Sunday night a young Bostonian registered at a Newark Hotel. His countenance was beaming. He was the most cheerful guest the clerk had ever seen. He radiated gaiety throughout the entire building. He whistled and hummed parts of joyous songs through the halls and corridors. He charmed the bell boys and fairly hypnotized the porters with his pleasant ways. His humor was so fine that it made other travelling men jealous.

In the morning he was found dead. He had committed suicide. That he was polite and good-humored to the last is evident from the note he placed upon the table for the coroner. It said: "Sorry to trouble you, old man; the joke is on me."

This young man had youth and money and position and friends and health. What more could he want?

Why did he take his life?

ADON THE LANE.

Upon one stormy Sunday
Coming adon the lane,
Were a score of bonnie lassies—
And the sweetest I maintain
Was Caddie.
That I took beneath my pladdie,
To shield her from the rain.
She said the daisies blushed
For the kiss that I had ta'en;
I wadna hae thoct the lassie
Wad sae o' a kiss complain,
"Now, laddie,
I wanna stay under your pladdie,
If I gang hame in the rain!"
But, on ane after Sunday,
When cloud there was not ane,
This self-same, winsome lassie
I chanced to meet in the lane—
Said Caddie,
"Why did na ye wear your pladdie
Who kens but it may rain?"

WHAT THE ROBIN SAID.

A robin tugged at an angle worm,
And his grip was steady and strong and firm
At last with his meal in his sturdy bill
He flew to a tree and ate his fill.
And this was the song that I heard him sing,
As soon as he'd finished his breakfasting:
"Don't wait for a push, as you plod your way,
The pull is the thing that you need today."

Other Editors' Opinions

PEACE WITH HONOR.

That peace hath her victories no less than war is strikingly illustrated by the news from Washington today that all danger of a break between Germany and the United States as a result of the Arabic incident has passed. More than that, unless Germany purposes to continue to be a breaker of promises and a violator of her sworn word, the danger of any break whatever between the two countries would seem to be wholly removed. Germany has not only promised to apologize and make reparation for the loss of American lives on the Arabic but the submarine commanders have been given definite instructions to protect the lives of innocent passengers hereafter and in no wise jeopardize them. The United States, in short, through a reasonable and forbearing diplomatic course has been able to accomplish without bloodshed what might not have been accomplished through months with assurance for the safety of her citizens on the High Seas—that is, if Germany's promises are worth anything at all and we are among those who believe that the Huns have at last come to see the madness of their career and the folly of the course they have heretofore pursued and are only too willing and ready to avoid making further enemies—and sheers to obtain also an apology and reparation.

President Wilson is to be heartily congratulated upon this great triumph of diplomacy—a diplomacy as patient and forbearing as it is wise and statesmanlike. The blood of the nation is not now upon his hands, as undoubtedly it would have been upon the hands of a less judicious and temperate man, had such an one occupied the White House instead of Woodrow Wilson. Peace has been maintained without loss of national honor to the United States and the Government of that country as a consequence stands today more powerful than ever in the judgment of the world as a sane and sober government—a reputation much to be coveted in these days of travail and stress.

How much better is this, peaceful settlement of what at one time seemed to be an altogether menacing situation than a settlement undertaken hastily and through force of arms. How much better to arrive at peace in peaceful ways so long as national honor is preserved, than to wade to peace through slaughter and the blood of innocents.

How must Germany now wish, looking back a year gone, that she had been as wise and temperate in her diplomacy and accepted the olive branch held out to her by Sir Edward Grey ere yet Austria and Serbia had become locked in the desperate struggle which was destined, as Great Britain well saw, to precipitate a great and bloody conflict the like of which the world had never known and indeed is never likely again to know. If Germany had been as wise a year ago as she now is today when she apologizes to the United States the world would not now be in sack cloth and ashes mourning the terrible havoc wrought by the mad militarists of Prussia.—Kingston Standard.

"RUSSIA IS UNCONQUERABLE"

(From the London Daily Telegraph.)
Russia is unconquerable, and when all her vast reserves are thrown into the conflict we feel confident that she will retrieve and more than retrieve her present retreat. Mr. Lloyd George drew attention to another and equally important aspect of the campaign. The Germans said the Austrians do not know why they are doing this; they are releasing from its chains the mighty soul of Russia, they are unshackling the nascent spirit of the whole Slavonic race. Of all the results and consequences of the war there is nothing more certain than the fact that Russia not only will emerge triumphant over her foes, but will find herself and disclose her innate national energy in the uplifting and emancipation of her whole people.

Prussian Promises Broken

During the French war flattering promises were made to the "Brave and loyal Poles." But as soon as the war ended, new Germany adopted the mottoes: "We fear no one but God," "one emperor, one empire, one God." These two mottoes were explained by later events to mean: "We Germans are now so powerful, that we are ready to fight the whole world. We want only one German emperor, one German language for everybody." In accordance with these mottoes, the famous, or infamous persecutory laws of 1823 were passed against Catholics in general and against the Poles in particular; later against the Socialists. All religions, except the German Lutheran, were persecuted. Then started a 40-year era of the most brutal persecution of Poles by the German government—throwing to the winds the "solemn promises" of the "Noble House, of Hohenzollern."

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close of the Turco
paused and uncover
cross marking the
standard-bearer.
surveyed the field
melting; the shallo
uncovered by the s

There are wars that
selves on grounds of
the vindication of
the defense of helples
Mars himself would
flagrant a violation a
mon rules and decen
this is not war, bu
foul. It is not ev
piracy has no Govern
This is organised b
Black Hole of Calcu
acre of Saint Barth
atrocities of the B
rolled into one. T
aeroplanes raining f
hamlets; the sea is f
proving like sharks
the earth is scarred
mitting forth corru
is not war! This
the dark ages. Th
his living torches,
Timour the Tartar
The Red Dragon of
with his seven heads
pursuing the woman
in her arms. This
raven of Bellona, s
the vanquished! K
gods distinguish the
And this is the
of the Christian
morning in 1879
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