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J. O. Herity,

"STICK TO THE FARM"

Thursday, May 7, 1914

In the village of Malvern in the county of York, Ontario, there resides a plain, country philosopher by the name of George Robins, Mr. Robins is an old and a valued friend of the editor of The Ontario, and was a steady contributer to The Markham Sun when we presided over its destinies, Mr. Robins is still contributing to The Sun his weekly budgets of quaint humor, homely philosophy, and incisive comment. In the last issue he turns his attention to the "Back to the Farm" balderdash that is now so popular, and exposes the hollowness of the admonition in this unmistakable man-

Canada is largely an agricultural country. The farmer scratches the earth for a livingand he has to scratch pretty hard to accomplish that result. The average farmer in Canada is either a Liberal or Conservative. He alls it "our government" at Ottawa, or at Quebec or at Toronto. The governments, dominion and provincial turn out tons of literature and hours of talk for the benefit of the farmers, and many of us think that this proves the governments are helping us. But look of the question from the viewpoint that "money talks" and then what? Compare the Dominion appropriations for Agriculture with those for Militia and Defence. "Back to the farm" is the slogan of the press. Yes, back to the farm, and fill the cold storage warehouses to overflowing. Farm produce can be kept till the people are forced to buy it back at twice what was paid the farmer for it. This is termed good business. Yes, back to the farm, you slaves, where the rates of exploitation are the highest the hours longest, the profits smallest. Big business has turned its attention to exploiting the farmer. Ask any farmer the difference between his revenues now and a few years ago. The farmer does more work, has more expenses, and a harder time to meet his obligations than formerly, and if he ekes out a bare living wage for himself he is lucky. The farmer is easier to exploit, for as a general rule he does not count the help of his wife and family, who if they were paid wages, would set the farmer back so far he would never recover. If the farm is such a haven of rest as described by politicians and city gents, why are there 96,000 less farmers operating the same amount of area or land, then there were in 1901. How is it that there are 684,000 less acres of wheat grown in Ontario than there was a few years ago, and 120,000 less milch cows than there were in 1907. Yes, stick to the farm-

"Stick to the farm" says the President to the wide-eyed farmer boy,

Then he hies him back to his White House home with an air of rustc joy.

"Stick to the farm" says the railroad king to the lad who looks afar,

Then hikes him back on the double quick to his rustic private car.

"Stick to the farm" says the clergyman to the youth on the worm-fence perched. Then he lays his ear tothe ground to hear a call to the city church

"Stick to the farm" says the doctor wise, to those who would break the rut.

Then he hies him away where appendix grows in bountiful crops to cut.

THE TITANIC

The Titanic is now a hulk on the floor of the sea. The grim outline of its skeleton, and those other grisly skeletons it holds, are softened by deep sea growths. As the centuries pass, scientists surmise, the Titanic will be reduced to a fossilized state. Later still the big hulk will split up, and fossilized remnants will be cast ashore on the islands of the West Indies, to become the object of speculation and conjecture by the scientists of the year 3000. All over England and America memorials have been erected to the victims of the great disaster. Thomas Andrews, designer of the Titanic, who went down with his ship, has a monument at Belfast. A great Titanic memorial has been erected in Washington commemorating the heroism of the men who sacrificed their lives that the women passengers might be saved, and, quite appropriately, the design selected was the work of a woman sculptor, Mrs. Henry Payne Whitney. Another memorial of this popular interest will be erected in Battery Park. New York, in honor of Jack Phillips, the wireless operator of the Titanic, and others of his vocation who have lost their lives in heroic preformance of their duty. Dr. Francis Norman O'Loughlin, surgeon of the wrecked ship has been remembered by a new emergency ward in St. Vincent's hospital New York. The United States congress authorized a memorial fountain to perpetuate the names of Major Archibald Butt and Frank W. Millet, the artist. Homes for the women workers of London, to be known as "Stead hotels," will serve as appropriate memorials to that great journalist and servant of humanity, W. T. Stead. Scores of other memorials, including Harvard's new library, have been or will be erected to commemorate the name and fame of Titanic victims, and many more modest monuments mark the graves of those who are buried in the cemeteries of Hal fax. As a result of the wreck of the Titanic inventors have been stimulated in their efforts to pertect devices for making ocean navigation safer. Professor Howard T. Barnes, of McGill University, Montreal, and several others have been working on apparatus for detecting the proximity of icebergs, and it is probable that this grave source of danger will soon be eliminated. The international conference on the safety of ships at sea, held recently in London, adopted recommendations that may go far toward accomplishing the purpose for which the conference was called.

THE CORRECT MANNERS AND MORALS OF MURDER.

Since it seems war cannot be entirely abolished—at least not for the present—all good men must rejoice at each fresh evidence that the sport is to be made as gentle and humane as possible. Even Francisco Villa, one of the all-shootingest and diabolical Dons since Francisco Pizarro, now says he has thought the matter over and concluded that in spite of his fixed habits and customs to the contrary, he can push the campaign with reasonable vigor and keep the respect of his men without killing any more prisoners of war—unless, of course, there is some provocation to do so. General Villa, in effect, declares that he was born with his trigger finger crooked, that his earliest cradle cry was "One-two-three-fire," and that all his schooling has been confined to problems of keeping the enemy off the grass and himself from under it. Yet to a certain extent he has always been willing to let by-gones be by-gones. and no man can rightfully accuse him of murdering any captive twice. He now desires to go even further than this in the interests of humanatarian ideals and in future will summarily put out of the way only such of the Mexican Federals as put themselves in the way by violating their paroles or the rules of civilized warfare. It seems that, up to a few days ago, he had never heard of the rules referred to, having been deeply engrossed in working out and applying the uncivilized rules; but recently he got hold of a neat little book called "The Ethics of International Warfare," which he means to study by the help of an interpreter and reader provided unforeseen exigencies of flood and field don't force him to use the paper for gumwadding-and hopes good may be thus accomplished.

In this announced purpose to improve himself in the more refined and conventional manners and morals of murder, naturally General Villa's lack of education will be a drawback but it need not be an insuperable barrier.

Some of the most eminent train, bank and stage robbers who did quite a neat side-line business in assassination, were men almost or entirely without education or literary training. But what they lacked in mere book knowledge they made up in native talents, observations, experience and an extensive sixshooter acquaintance with men of aifairs; and, with these helps and a strict attention to business, they gained national and even international fame as high class persuaders who scorned to shoot the man who was down under a car seat or take money or jewels from good looking women-unless of course, they happened to have a dangerous surplus. In addition to the book on table manners when eating up an enemy, which General Villa now has in hand, if he could secure the ably written biographies of Canada's most successful and gentlemanly Conservative chieftains, we believe he could easily see his way clear to adopt a very high standard of warfare, so that he couldn't quite give up killing unarmed prisoners, he would at least assure himself that no ladies were present, and do the necessary act of war in such a nice and thoughtful way that no reasonable Mexican or Spaniard-especially no believer in their beautiful and handy "Ley Fuga" -could possibly object.

WHO ARE GUNMEN?

The life stories of the gunmen who killed Rosenthal and were recently executed at Sing Sing prison are sketched by Winthrop D. Lane in The Survey. "They are," he says, "the histories of four young men whom the world has stamped as 'hardened criminals,' but beyond whose connection with a single crime the world has not cared to look.

"A number of facts stand out. First, there

is no record of law breaking against the parents of any of them. Brothers of Gyp and Whitey have been convicted of offenses, but their waywardness came later, so that no one of the four can be explained on the ground that he came from a long line of criminals, or that family example and encouragement is responsible for his undoing

"The early year of each seems quite clearly to have been normal and straight-forward, giving no hint of the direction later conduct was to take. One by one, through disease, going to school, or going to work, they came into contact with the abnormal street life of a crowded heterogeneous community. Their youth demanded play and excitement and they sought these where they were easiest to find.

"Gra 'ually, but with seeming inevitableness they made the acquaintance of older boys and men who had mastered the trick of turning an easy dollar.

"Their own entrances into crime were gradual, beginning, in every case but that of Digo Frank, with petty attempts to get spending money easily. Yet no attempt was made to give them the benefit of a sympathetic understanding. Whatever help there may be in probation and suspended sentence was not extended to them.

"This is not a plea of leniency to ward murderers. It is the mere putting of a question. No people is without its machinery of punishment. It is not important also to know why those punished come to such a pass? Must the obtaining of that knowledge be left to the random explorations of an occasional journalist ?"

AN APPEAL FORTHARMONY

A good deal of notice has been attracted to a notable article in the London Daily citizen. written conjointly by Henry Carson, the son of Sir Edward Carson, the Orange leader, and L. G. Redmond-Howard, nephew of John Redmond, the Irish Nationalist leader. It does not put forward any specific, definite suggestions for settling the problem of Irish Home Rule, but is a striking appeal on behalf of the younger generation of Irishmen on both sides to forget the past and look together to the future. The character of that appeal and the fact of the joint authorship of it by two young men so closely connected with the leaders of the two sides make it deserving of the attention it has aroused.

One of the most striking paragraphs in the letter is the following:

"It is idle for impatient partisans to proclaim that their respective creeds or parties are the only tolerant institutions in Ireland when everybody knows that 'free thought,' the first principle of toleration, is as hateful to the fervid Protestant of the North as is to the fervent Catholic of the South, and religion is politcs, and politics religion, in a way which has probably no parallel in any other country in the world, and that is a way no Englishman can uncerstand. There has never been an 'entente cordiale' such as the Oxford movement between two churches; the spirit is that of the days of Tyburn and the Armada."

These two young gentlemen think that an election could not solve the controversy one whit, though it might endorse a proposed solution. According to them the trouble is that no Englishmen ever did or ever will understand Irish problems. The solution of Ireland's difficulties, in their opinion, lies with Ireland herself and with her alone. Each new generation of Ireland is sacrificed to a species of ancestor worship into which religion and politics are declining A little less of the dead tradition and a little more of living contemporary aspirations, that is what these two young men demand as they call on their elders to shake hands and do away with those personal recriminations and racial distrusts which are, for the most part, merely "the wreckage of controversies long since dead and grievances long since remedied." And this is more of their advice;

"The newer generation is growing sick alike of the platforms and the pulpits; pastor thundering against pastor, parliamentarian against parliamentarian; and all the while the real problems of religion and of economics are waiting the mutual respect by which alone they can be solved. We want fewer historians and more prophets of Ireland; a little less sacrificing of the unborn to the dead; the past is forever beyond our reach -the-future-is-ours-tobuild.

The other day two Eastern Professional ball teams happened to pass a night in the same

hotel. Fans in the corridor noticed a contrast. The members of one team were silent and sullen. In individual playing ability they are among the best. But they were rent by factions they had got a poor start and each seemed to be cherishing a grouch. The percentage table showed it—they led the league downward.

The other bunch, on paper not nearly so good, were cocky and hopeful.

"Sure" we're out for the rag," one of their number said to a reporter. "Will we get it? Bet your life we will. Every man of us is out to win. We haven't a sorehead. Just watch

our team play."

It is worth watching. In the first fortnight of the season this club had climbed up two rungs of the ladder and it is still climping.

What was the secret of the difference? Just confidence; that's all.

Whereas one group was fighting each other the second was putting its united strength against its opponents:

The chap who sets out to find things to lative articles all had a net gain-corn 1-2 to 7-8c, oats 1-8 to 1-2c and grouch about can always find them-if they provisions a shade to 5c. don't exist, he will soon imagine them.

No man, no bunch of men, can do good work while fighting the job. Better quit than sulk-Wichita Beaco 1.

ADDRESS TO THE BAY OF QUINTE

Oh Quinte, flashing Quinte; flinging back the summer blue To the fervent summer sunshine that has warmed thy pulses through:

In a joy of youth eternal, in a spring time ever How thy white tipped wavelets leap How thy leaping ripples creep, Softly wrapping rock and sand in fold on fold!

But thy caves are dark and deep And the billows as they sweep Whisper never of the secrets that they hold.

Oh, Quinte, sleeping Quinte ! giving back the silver beam As the lazy paddle lingers in a lily-margined

stream. And the freight of hopes and fancies cleaves the shadow like a dream Oh happy little boat!

Rock the lovers as they float And their babble mates the ripple in its flow That the lilies pure and cold draw their lustrous white and gold From the depths where lurks the reptile below.

Oh Quinte, fruitful Quinte! when the fisherman spreads his sail As the mist of dawn is rising on the favoring aut-

umn gale. And the eastern heaven glimmers with a planet's radiance pale-Can the hopeful fisher know.

As the surges kiss the prow, They may beat at eve his requiem on the shore? More sure than guiding star The boulder on the bar-

And the teeming nets are lifted nevermore. Oh Quinte, stormy Quinte ! giving answering frown

for frown When cloudland stoops to meet thee and tempes is full grown, When the driving rack spins skyward and the shores with wrecks are strewn.

Keep the harbor! Furl the sail! Straining eyes and faces pale Search the wild waste where the hearts beloved roam : And faint from trembling lips

Rise petitions for the ships Doing battle with their foes the snow and foam. Quinte, rigid Quinte! When thy stern cold

Master saith "Peace, be thou still," what answereth thou His silent tcy preat? In meek obedience yieldest thou thy waves to

shrouded death. .In thy tranquil corpse-like face No familiar line we trace While the winter winds thy dirges seem to sing. But beneath the wintry sheet We can hear thy great heart beat.

And thy resurrection cometh with the spring. Oh Quinte, dearest Quinte! Queen in every var

ied mood ! Who, thro' years unchanged and changing on thy rock fast shores have stood, Know thee only but to love thee, find thee always fair and good.

In thy soft and dimpling wiles Live the dear remembered smiles Of a joy like thine, untouched by care or pain In thy solemn undertone Breathes the hearts' mothered moan For the joys that die and never live again.

-Annie Rothwell Christie +++

STIRLING

If we search through the annals of history.

We will find there, a time-honored name.

It is Stirling—a gem of old Scotland— And a birth-place of sovereigns of fame. There the great Scottish bards dwelt securely, Near the Castle-the name we now bear; And our people take pride in this feature, Being loyal to the name that we share. We may travel from ocean to ocean, Visit city, and hamlet, and town, But we love to reflect on the homeland. More than places of note or renown. An old adage on which we have pondered-That to some "Hills look green far away" But the landscape that here doth surround us, In its beauty, words fail to portray. It is here that the evergreens flourish, With the maples so stately and tall, And the elm that grows by the mill-stream, To its grandeur may naught e'er befall, Through our village this stream ripples gently, As its way to the river it wends, Enriching the forest and farm-land. Tis a blessing kind Providence sends. In the distance the lake lying calmly, Hath its charms-luring many away To its shores, where each one strives to fathom The mysteries of nature's display. Both the hills and the valleys adjoir With the garden, the orchard and field Are resplendent with blossoms and verdure, And most bountiful harvest doth yield We are proud of our schools and our churches, Streets, parks, and that one SPOT called home, And old friends may we never forsake them, If from Stirling, we e'er chance to roam. -S. E. F., ir Stirling News Argus.

******** MARKET REPORTS

*********** CHICAGO, May 5.- Despite a strong front at the outset, wheat today grad-ually weakened on account of fine conditions for growth and because of entire absence of export demand. The market closed heavy at the same as last night to 5-8c low . Other specu-

TORONTO GRAIN MARKET. Wheat, fall, bushel. \$0 99 to \$1 01
Barley bushel 0 62 0 64
Peas, bushel 0 80
Oats, bushel 0 65
Rye, bushel 0 70 70 75

TORONTO DAIRY MARKET. Butter, store lots...... 0 23 Butter, creamery, lb. rolls 0 25 Cheese, old, lb...... 0 15 Cheese, new, lb..... 0 141

Honey, combs, dozen.... 2 50 Honey, extracted, lb.... 0 09 WINNIPEG GRAIN MARKET. WINNIPEG GRAIN MARKET.

WINNIPEG, May 5.—Cash close: Wheat
—No. 1 northern, 91%c; No. 2 do., 90c;
No. 3 do., 88%c; No. 4, 84%c; No. 5, 78%c;
No. 6, 73%c; feed, 68%c; No. 1 rejected
seeds, 87%c; No. 2 do., 85%c; No. 3 do.,
83%c; No. 1 smutty, 87%c; No. 2 do.,
85%c; No. 3 do., 83%c; No. 1 red winter,
92%c; No. 2 do., 90%c; No. 3 do., 88%c.
Oats—No. 2 C.W., 37c; extra No. 1 feed,
35%; No. 2 feed, 34c.
Barley—No. 3, 47c; No. 4, 46c; rejected,
43c; feed, 42%c.
Fiax—No. 1 C.W., \$1.36%; No. 2 C.W.,
\$1.33%; No. 3 C.W., \$1.24%. MINNEAPOLIS GRAIN MARKET.

MINNEAPOLIS, May 5.—Close: Wheat,—May, 89%c; July, 89%c; No. 1 hard, 94%c; No. 1 northern, 91%c to 93%c; No. 2 do., 89%%c to 90%c.
Corn—No. 3 yellow, 64%c to 65c.
Oats—No. 3 white, 36%c to 36%c,
Flour and bran—Unchanged. DULUTH GRAIN MARKET.

DULUTH, May 5.—Wheat—No. 1 hard 98%c; No. 1 northern, 92%c; No. 2 do., 90%c; July, 92%c to 92%c.

CATTLE MARKETS

UNION STOCK YARDS. TORONTO, May 5.—Receipts of live stock at the Union Yards were 45 cars, comprising 673 cattle, 734 hogs, 34 sheep and 215 calves.

hogs, 34 sheep and 215 calves.

Butchers.

Choice steers, \$8 to \$8.30; good to choice at \$7.75 to \$8; medium at \$7.50 to \$7.75; common at \$7 to \$7.40; choice cows at \$7 to \$7.50; good at \$6.50 to \$6.75; common on cows at \$5 to \$6.75; canness and cutters at \$3.50 to \$4.50; choice bulls at \$7 to \$7.50; good at \$6.50 to \$6.75; common tows at \$6 to \$6.25.

Stockers and Feeders.

The market for stockers and feeders held about steady. Choice steers, \$600 to 700 lbs., sold at \$7.25 to \$7.50; steers, \$600 to 700 lbs., sold at \$7.15; stock helfers, \$6.75 to \$7.10.

MILLERS and Springers.

Receipts of milkers and springers were again small, and prices very firm, as usual, ranging from \$65 to \$100, and one extra choice cow brought \$125.

Veal Calves.

Receipts of veal calves were heavier, but prices remained firm. Choice calves, \$9.50 to \$10.50; good calves, \$8.50 to \$9.25; common and medium, \$6.25 te \$7.50.

Any calves selling at lower prices would be classed as "Debs".

There were only 34 sheep and lambs reported on sale. Prices were firm, Sheep, ewes, sold at \$6.50 to \$7.75; rams, \$6 to \$6.50; clipped yearling American wethers, \$8.50; yearling natives, unclipper, \$8.75 to \$9.50; spring lambs, \$7 to \$10 each.

Hogs.

Selects, fed and watered, sold at \$8.75;

Hogs.
Selects, fed and watered, sold at \$8.75;
\$8.40 f.o.b. cars, and \$9 weighed off cars. EAST BUFFALO LIVE STOCK. EAST BUFFALO, N.Y., May 5.—Cat-tle—Receipts, 159; steady; prices unchangeals-Receipts, 50; active, stealy; \$5 Hogs—Receipts, 3200; slow and strong; heavy, \$8.70 to \$8.75; mixed, yorkers and pigs, \$8.75 to \$8.80; roughs, \$7.70 to \$7.75; stags, \$6.50 to \$7.25; dairies, \$8.50 to \$8.75. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 2000; steady; prices unchanged.

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK. CHICAGO, May 6.—Cattle—Receipts 2500. Market strong. Beeves, \$7.25 to \$9.60; Texas steers, \$7.10 to \$8.15; stockers and feeders, \$5.60 to \$8.30; cows and heifers, \$3.70 to \$8.60; calves, \$6.25 to \$9. Hogs—Receipts 10,000. Market strong. Light, \$8.30 to \$8.55; mixed, \$8.25 to \$8.52; heavy, \$8.05 to \$8.50; rough, \$8.05 to \$8.20; pigs, \$7.25 to \$7.30; bulk of sales, \$8.35 to \$8.50. Sheep—Receipts 17,000. Market strong. Native, \$5.10 to \$5.85; yearlings, \$5.60 to \$6.85; lambs, native, \$6.10 to \$7.50.

Fear of Baptism Fatal. PITTSFIELD, Mass., May 6 .- Miss Grace MacArthur, 15 years old, died suddenly yesterday morning a few minutes before she was to have been baptized in the Pilgrim Memorial Congregational Church. Miss Mac-Arthur, who was dressed to go to the church, was nervous over the approaching sacrament. She complained of darkness, became unconscious and died before a physician arrived at her father's house. Her death was caused by a hemorrhage of the brain, due to excitement.

Four Men Drowned. NORTH BAY, Ont., May 6 .- Early Sunday morning five men went out in a small boat on Spanish river at Espanola. They lost control of the boat in the swift current, and the craft was upset. One of the men reached shore safely, but four were drowned. J. Jamieson leaves a wife and two children, Wm. Blandier a wife and five children, and F. D.

Ross and S. Brant were single men.

Cut Spine; Cord Not Hurt. PHILADELPHIA, May 6.-By an operation so delicate that a slip of a hairs-breadth would have meant death, the life of James Keith, a student in the medical department of Jefferson College, has been saved. Three vertebrae were removed without injury to the spinal cord to relieve the pressure of a broken rib. Keith is recovering. He had fallen out of a second-storey window.

Sold Liquor To Indians. CORNWALL, May 6 .- Joseph Lafaivre of Martown, who has been under the eye of the police for some time, was arrested by Officer Crites yesterday on a charge of supplying liquor to Indians. He was brought before Police Magistrate Davis and fined \$50 and costs or three months in jail.

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