

The Weekly Ontario

MORTON & HERITY PUBLISHERS

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

Thursday, May 7, 1914

"STICK TO THE FARM"

In the village of Malvern in the county of York, Ontario, 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 contributor to The Markham Sun when we presided over its destinies.

Canada is largely an agricultural country. The farmer scratches the earth for a living—and he has to scratch pretty hard to accomplish that result. The average farmer in Canada is either a Liberal or Conservative. He calls it "our government" at Ottawa, or at Quebec or at Toronto.

"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 rustic joy.

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

less operator of the Titanic, and others of his vocation who have lost their lives in heroic performance 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 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.

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 six-shooter acquaintance with men of affairs; 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.

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.

is no record of law breaking against the parents of any of them, Brothers of Gyp and Whitty 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.

"Gradually, 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 Diego 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 toward 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 FOR HARMONY

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.

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 politics, 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 understand. There has never been an 'entente cordiale' such as the Oxford movement between two churches; and the spirit it 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."

"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 to build.

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 grudge. 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 climbing.

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 grouch about can always find them—if they 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 Seaco.

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 new,

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 autumn 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 tempest 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.

Oh Quinte, rigid Quinte! When thy stern cold Master saith

"Peace, be thou still," what answereth thou His silent icy breath?

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 varied 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 smiles Live the dear remembered smiles

Of a joy like thee, untouched by care or pain. In thy solemn undertone

Breathes the hearts' moaned moan For the joys that die and never live again.

—Annie Rothwell Christie Ottawa.

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.

MARKET REPORTS

CHICAGO, May 5.—Despite a strong front at the outset, wheat today gradually weakened on account of fine conditions for growth and because of entire absence of export demand.

TORONTO GRAIN MARKET. Wheat, fall, bushel... \$0.98 to \$1.01

TORONTO DAIRY MARKET. Butter, store lots... \$22.00 to \$24.00

WINNIPEG GRAIN MARKET. WHEAT—No. 1 northern... \$1.00 to \$1.05

MINNEAPOLIS GRAIN MARKET. WHEAT—No. 1 northern... \$1.00 to \$1.05

DULUTH GRAIN MARKET. WHEAT—No. 1 northern... \$1.00 to \$1.05

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.

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