

THE WEEKLY ONTARIO.

THE DAILY ONTARIO is published every afternoon (Sundays and holidays excepted) at The Ontario Building, Front Street, Belleville, Ontario. Subscription \$3.00 per annum.

JOB PRINTING—The Ontario Job Printing Department is especially well equipped to turn out artistic and stylish Job Work. Modern presses, new type, complete. WEEKLY ONTARIO and Bay of Quinte Chronicle is published every Thursday morning at \$1.00 a year, or \$2.00 a year to the United States.

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

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1916.

A CRIME AGAINST YOUTH.

The letter in this week's Ontario by "A Friend of the Young People" reveals a state of affairs in our High School examination system such as should occasion an outburst of public dissatisfaction and indignation from one end of this province to the other.

The scheme adopted by the "little autocrats" in charge of the Department of Education at Toronto to prevent the success of our boys and girls in their high school course is quite as despotic and unjust as anything "made in Germany." To our young students, many of them with the utmost difficulty making their way through high school or collegiate institute, it is a needless, cruel and tyrannical injustice.

The Departmental officials have become obsessed with the idea of "raising the standard" and believe there are too many public school certificates being granted. To "raise the standard" and to create this wholesome scarcity of teachers they adopt the methods of mountebanks.

As our correspondent points out, there is no actual surplus of public school teachers. Although salaries have advanced as much as one hundred per cent in many schools, we still find that a large number of temporary permits had to be granted this last year to supply vacancies.

But the officials apparently thought the noble profession was becoming dangerously overcrowded and they accordingly began to lay plans for the slaughter of the candidates.

We must confess that they have done a beautiful job. In some counties, out of all the army of young aspirants who went hopefully up for the Normal Entrance, there were scarcely enough left to man the neighborhood school in Basswood Settlement. It was almost as "thorough" as the Prussian occupation of Louvain.

Algebra was selected by the executioners as the pivotal point of attack. Mathematics is an exact science. An answer is either right or wrong and that is all there is about it. There are no gradations or rightness or wrongness such as soft-hearted examiners can gloss over in grammar, history or composition. In algebra it is impossible to mark the victim "up" and enable him to pass when he has done well in other subjects. It was intended to leave no room for the exercise of the quality of mercy.

A specialist with the axe was asked to prepare the algebra paper. When his genius reached its full fruition he produced a masterpiece that deserves to cause his name to rank with Archimedes and Sir Isaac Newton. The paper may have been slightly deficient in latitude and depth but these shortcomings were abundantly atoned for by its longitude. The masterpiece of the axe-man consisted of NINETEEN parts. There was abundant material there to keep the most industrious working for hours after the time-table said they should quit. To make a long story short, only a battered and enfeebled remnant of one-quarter of the original strength of the draft survived the attack. They were outclassed only by the Princess Pats after the battle of St. Julien.

Why can't the Departmental Officials be honest and fair about this thing?

We deny that there are too many teachers being turned out, but, suppose we had five times more public school teachers than we had positions for, is this the right way to reduce the number or to "raise the standard"?

If necessary, let us have no one teaching in our public schools but bachelors of art and doctors of philosophy, but let us be decent, honorable and straightforward in our examination methods.

It is as reasonable to require an all-round athlete to demonstrate his physical fitness, and the good condition of his muscular system, by asking him to stand on his head for nineteen consecutive minutes, as it is to ask a student to solve nineteen algebraic puzzles in half the time that should be allotted for such a feat.

The high schools and colleges of Ontario are manned by a fine, intelligent, conscientious,

thoroughly trained and equipped group of mathematical masters.

The curriculum prescribes a certain specified course, of reasonable length, to be covered in the algebra in the school year. A large amount of the school time is taken up in the proper presentation of this subject by the teacher. We believe the work is thoroughly done. And then along comes the examination and seventy-five per cent. of the students fail!

We say it without fear of successful contradiction that any system of teaching and examination that results in seventy-five per cent. of failures is damnable.

We also assert that the fault does not lie with the teaching. Neither does it lie with the students.

Examiners cannot prevent the success of our students by straight, honest methods and they resort to tricks. The children are passed or rejected according to their ability to perform impossible stunts and weird prodigies. Fair methods of testing whether the student has mastered the prescribed work with reasonable thoroughness are tabu among the Departmental solons.

Any system of teaching and examination, that results in more than twenty-five per cent of failures, is a delusion and a fraud.

Look at the trail of discouragement and disaster left by our educational Von Bissings! What incentive is there for teachers to remain in the profession when they see the effects of a year's energetic, conscientious work nullified and rendered abortive by a fool examiner?

What inducement is there for students to remain at high school when they know that in the end they will be defeated by the roundabout cunning of educational charlatans?

To many hundreds of students in Ontario this late alleged examination was a tragedy and the pitiful snuffing-out of ambition. They will turn away from their academic careers embittered and heart-sick. Not all who wrote on the Normal Entrance examination intended to be teachers. Many hoped for success in this preliminary so as to proceed to other scholastic conquests. They now leave, never again to enter the doors of a high school.

Worse than that they go away with the feeling that the game was not played fair, that they were defeated by a miserable subterfuge, that they were struck below the belt, that the articles of the agreement were violated, that they were not tested by their knowledge and skill within the prescribed limits, but were unexpectedly asked to turn hand-springs without touching their hands to the floor, that they lost, not so much by means of Prussian autocracy on the part of the referee, as by his more characteristically Prussian disregard of a scrap of paper.

Is it the purpose of Ontario's boasted educational system to destroy initiative, wreck prospects and ruin careers?

Why can't the examinations in our high schools be conducted in the same broad-minded, commonsense manner as in our universities? There are rarely over ten per cent. of failures at the university examinations. A certain course of studies is laid out for each year. Professors and students work loyally together to cover that course with thoroughness. It is neither too long nor too short. The resulting examination is not a fakir's exhibition of legerdemain but a true test of what the student has accomplished in his year's studies. It is a system that encourages industry and inspires ambition.

By all means let us raise the educational standard among the teachers of our public schools. Aside from the work of the mothers in the homes they are engaged in the most important business in the civilized world. They cannot know too much. If we have too many aspiring after the easy money in this glorious calling, as things are ordered at present, then, if necessary, let us extend the preparatory course in our high schools to five years. If the pedagogues are still so numerous as to be embarrassing, then let us arrange it so that none but university graduates need apply.

But whatever arrangements we make, or whatever standard we set up, LET US HAVE HONEST EXAMINATIONS.

TAX-PAYING.

The payment of taxes is never a pleasant process. Sometimes it is a matter of difficulty and occasionally it is associated with hardship. The collection of taxes in Belleville has for a long time been carried out in rather a good-natured fashion, with the result that there has always been an enormous arrearage of unpaid taxes on the collector's books. Many of those who didn't pay were in a position where it would have caused financial stress to meet the demand. But on the other hand there were many more who did not pay up as a matter of shrewd business policy. After the initial addition of five per cent, which is all the statute allows, the delinquents could go on and use the city's money for three years or more without further molestation. The money was costing only a trifle of one and two-thirds per cent per annum. As a matter of policy and good business it was therefore much more advantageous not to pay

than to square accounts. Some of our local magnates could make many times the trifle paid the city in the regular course of business.

Aside from these shrewd, Wall Street financiers, however, there was a very considerable percentage of our taxpayers, who through poverty, or poor business returns, or illness, or other misfortunes did not pay because they could not procure the cash. It is of this latter class we wish more particularly to speak.

It is a well known fact that wage-earners, in receipt of a small daily or weekly salary, find it hard to get ahead any considerable sum of money at a time. With the present extreme high cost of living we need not feel amazed that the laborer and the mechanic are perennially hard-up. The wonder is that they are not more so than they actually give evidence of being.

For the accommodation of this numerous class, the majority of cities in Canada and the United States have adopted the system of semi-annual or quarterly payments of the taxes. In Toronto they pay quarterly and it is a system very much in line with commonsense.

For instance the mechanic owns a house assessed for \$2,500. At this year's rate the taxes would be \$80, in round figures. It would in practice be far easier for that mechanic to make four small payments of \$20 each than to gather in \$80 for payment all at once. It would mean somewhat more work for the collector, but, on the other hand, the collection itself would be greatly facilitated.

We believe it would be a move in the right direction to adopt the quarterly system of payment. It would be in the interests of both the citizens and the city.

A few years ago Belleville had the semi-annual scheme of tax-paying. It was discontinued, not for that reason, but because of an excessive discount, associated with prompt payment, which meant serious loss to the city. The quarterly system, if adopted, should not make a feature of discounts.

The present council deserves more credit than it is likely to receive for standing resolutely behind the tax-collector in gathering in the arrears of taxes. In this they have done well and they have played no favorites. They ought, however, to go a step farther, and make the most distasteful of all civic duties as easy as possible by adopting the plan of more frequent payments.

THE LATE SIR VICTOR HORSLEY.

Sir Victor Horsley, whose death occurred on July 16th, from heat stroke, in Mesopotamia where he was voluntarily serving in an effort to ameliorate the bad conditions existing in the Army Medical Service there, was well accustomed to polemical excesses, for he played a prominent part in the vivisection controversy for many years, as well as in several others of less note. A man of strong individuality, Sir Victor Horsley never hesitated to take his own line on any subject. In regard to the use of alcohol, for instance, he held views as pronounced as those of the most fanatical teetotaler; but based his case on purely scientific considerations. It is some years now since he published remarkable figures showing the steady diminution in the use of alcohol in the leading hospitals. At the same time, Sir Victor did not forewear all stimulants in his own case, since he had rather a weakness for tea, which, however, he was careful to explain, though not beyond criticism, has none of the baleful effects of alcohol.

Sir Victor was one of the most successful surgeons of the day, and had many surgical feats to his credit. It is told that on one occasion a man was admitted into the National Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis suffering from unbearable pains in his head and apparently on the threshold of death. Horsley discovered that he had a deep-seated abscess on the brain; he trephined the skull, opened the brain, drained the abscess, and the man was soon walking about in the vigor of his mental health. Professor Horsley was a tall, stalwart man of fine carriage. He was alert and vivid to the very tips of his fingers, and his capacity for work was said to be simply enormous.

The Huns are not only renewing their Zep-pelin "frightfulness" but are lying atrociously about it.

It is particularly comforting that British statesmen, more and more, emphatically are affirming that the blood-guilty will not be allowed to escape punishment for their crimes when the war is over.

In the speech of Mr. Kellaway, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary of the British Munition Ministry, to which we alluded the other day, he showed what had been done in establishing one industry in which Germany has held a very strong position—the manufacture of optical and chemical glass. The Government asked scientists to discover the German formula. So successful were they that the British output of glass has multiplied by fourteen since the outbreak of the war.

THE WAY OF THE BRITISH.

Editor, Ontario:—

I beg to enclose a poem by Miss Lillian Leveridge, which I think is equal to any of the war poems which I have seen. It has the true British ring, and her noble words will find an echo in every patriotic heart.

I am, Yours,

Belleville, Aug. 8, 1916 J. J. B. Flint.

It isn't the way of the British,

In the fight for country and King

On the fair, white field of their valor,

The shadow of shame to bring.

There isn't a lad in the army,

There isn't a lad on the sea,

Would dim the light of his honor,

By a deed of infamy.

It isn't the way of Britain

To grasp with greedy hand,

And hold with a despot's power,

Domain in a friendly land.

But she fights for "a scrap of paper,"

She dies for "an old colored rag."

When the one is her word of promise,

And the other her blood-stained flag.

It isn't the way of the British,

With ruthless hands of hate,

The priceless things of a nation

To plunder and desecrate.

Not 'gainst defenceless women

And children their guns are turned;

Not 'gainst the weak and fallen—

That isn't the way they've learned.

It isn't the way of the British

To strike like the heathen hordes,

To torture the hapless captives

They take at the point of their swords.

That was never the way with Britain.

Her strength is the strength of ten;

For her sons in her far-flung warfare,

Fight like gentlemen.

There were thirty or more of our gunners—

It was but a week ago—

Were called to a post of peril,

In the path of the furious foe.

It was certain death, and they knew it;

But the valor in each heart burned.

"Good-bye, good-bye to you fellows!"

They called—and never returned.

Again came the short, sharp summons,

And there dashed through the sulphurous

smoke,

With the same farewell to their comrades,

While a wreath of smile broke—

Thirty to follow the thirty,

And the eager ranks closed in.

That is the way of the British,

That is the way they win.

This is the way of the British—

In the strength of their righteous cause,

Upheld by the hosts of heaven,

They strike for their King and laws.

From what do they shrink—our soldiers?

They may lose in the fearful fray,

Their lives, but never their honor,

Who fight in the British way.

Then here's to you, lads in the army,

And here's to you, lads on the sea;

To your hands that are strong and steady,

To your hearts that are true and free!

Though long it be ere the dawning,

It cometh at last—the day.

When all that you've fought for, bled for,

You shall win in the British way.

—Lillian Leveridge.

WHEN IT IS HOT.

Consider Mr. Shadrach,
Of fiery furnace fame:
He didn't bled about the heat
Or fuss about the flame.
He didn't stew or worry,
And get his nerves in kinks,
Nor fill his skin with limes and gin
And other "cooling" drinks.

Consider Mr. Meshack,
Who felt the furnace, too:
He let it sizz nor queried "Is
It hot enough for you?"
He didn't mop his forehead,
And hunt a shady spot;
Nor did he say, "Gee! what a day!
Believe me, it's some hot!"

Consider, too, Abed-nego,
Who shared his comrades' plight:
He didn't shake his coat and make
Himself a holy sight;
He didn't wear suspenders
Without a coat and vest;
Nor did he scowl and snort and howl
And make himself a pest.

Consider, friends, this trio—
How little fuss they made.
They didn't curse when it was worse
Than ninety in the shade.
They moved about serenely
Within the furnace bright,
And soon forgot that it was hot,
With "no relief in sight."

—Chicago Tribune.

Other Editors' Opinions

FRUITS OF THE WILD.

At the present time there are enough blueberries, raspberries and Saskatoons going to waste on the rocks within a hundred miles or so of the city to fill the preserving kettles of our Winnipeg housewives, and supply a surplus for such a city as Chicago. What little of this harvest of the wilds percolates to our market is not in the best condition, and, considering that the prime cost is nil, at seeming outrageous prices.

For preserving purposes the flavor of the wild raspberry is superior to that of the cultivated—or, as they say in Ontario, the "tame" varieties. But the latter are planted in serried ranks convenient to the hand of the professional picker, who charges from a cent and a half or two cents a quart; whereas wild berries entail a scramble through the bush and are to be found in but scattered profusion around the fringes of the "bald rock." Taking into account the necessary railway journey, ten cents a quart would be perhaps but moderate remuneration for picking them.

For blueberries one must fare further and labor over scorching rocks under a blazing sun. Few but Indians are equal to the task as a day's labor. The Indians themselves are a scant band, not enamored of persistent toil, whose period of harvest in the wilds is limited to supply of their immediate necessities, though in the matter of price they are keen enough merchants, as thrifty summer campers speedily discover.

The blueberry crop, too, is uncertain. In such a year as this, when rainfall has been plentiful, and moss and ferns are moist in every cranny, the rocks are almost purpled with the mass of the clustered fruit. But in a torrid season one may search miles for a single berry. Raspberries are a more constant supply, and Saskatoons, though far from plentiful in this sector, are generally to be found along the mounting slopes of sheltered valleys.

Here is a great and a valuable natural crop going to waste, as completely as does that of the northern cranberry. Bears, indeed, eat blueberries, but among our highlands the output of black bear is absurdly disproportionate to that of the blueberry.

Man comes along to correct the waste of nature, improved cultivation and scientific marketing turning the trick. In certain districts of New England cranberry marshes are sedulously cultivated. For all we know blueberry farms may already exist. What has been done with the raspberry is a commonplace of our tea-tables, but it is a regrettable fact that, though man may improve on nature in size and color, his alchemy fails in the all-important matter of flavor; there he cannot even ape the wild product—the essence of upland air, the tang of the woods.

No; our children's children will still wander on these rocky slopes, beneath their starry pools shimmering out from the encircling pines; and will discover again with shrieks of delight the incomparable fruits of the wild.—Winnipeg Free Press.

AFTER ALL HE WAS TRAITOR.

All the feeling in America touching the execution of Sir Roger Casement is that England was unnecessarily murderous and revengeful in his case.

Yet there is, of course, England's side of the question. Casement started his Irish revolution at an hour when the British Empire was beset by its enemies, when millions of Englishmen were laying their lives upon the altar of British patriotism, when mothers were giving up their sons for the life of the Empire and the great nation was straining at every point. Casement and his colleagues in a way became allies with Germany. It was treason of the blackest type, of course, and the desperate hour chosen for the enterprise against the home government relieves him in England of the natural sympathy which would have followed his execution at any less critical time. It reduces his martyrdom that he connived with other powerful enemies against his own country. This may not be logical but it is human.—Wichita (Kansas) Beacon.

These Pills Cure Rheumatism.

To the many who suffer from rheumatism a trial of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is recommended. They have pronounced action upon the liver and kidneys and by regulating the action of these organs act as an alternative in preventing the admixture of uric acid and blood that causes this painful disorder. They must be taken according to directions and used steadily and they will speedily give evidence of their beneficial effects.

STORY OF TWO

"Rescue the

Fanny Crosby, writer, herself said of this song had been done, and lay until one evening York rescue mission. She addressed a of men and the the upon her mind the boy must be rescued that night, or.

She made a pre audience, and at the service a lad forward and said, me? I once had mother whom I pro heaven; but the de now leading makes ever being fulfilled ble."

She prayed with t that night started o ward career.

"After I left the writes Fanny Crosby Ninety-Four Years, of nothing else but fishing, the thought sent to me. When I went to work on the and before I retired ready for the melody.

"The next day my ten out and forward who wrote the beautiful music to my hymn as

"Safe in the Arm No less famous the Perishing" is "Safe in Jesus." Fanny Crosby of the writing of the lows:

"One day Dr. Doan and said, 'Fanny, I would like to have you for.' He played it o That says, 'Safe in Jesus.'"

"I went to my room thirty minutes I returned words that have since fort and a solace to the rowing hearts.

"Dr. John Hall, the of Fifth Avenue Presby once told me that 'Safe in Jesus' had given m satisfaction to mothers their children than as he had known.

"It has become famous the world, and was o American hymns to be to foreign languages. great mission campaign Sankey used it, and to the most popular items lery of song."—Selected

ANOTHER INCIDENT GREAT WAR, CAN PEDITIONARY

Private Smith, after ten months in the tr where in France" is gr leave, and on reaching route" for his home of England, makes a quarters Pay Office, to funds for his well-earn Upon arrival at the directed to the special