

THE WEEKLY ONTARIO.

THE DAILY ONTARIO is published every afternoon (Sundays and holidays excepted) at Toronto Building, 100 St. Belleville, Ontario. Subscription \$3.00 per annum.

THE WEEKLY ONTARIO and Bay of Quinte Chronicle is published every Thursday morning at \$1.50 a year or \$2.00 a year to the United States.

PRINTING—The Ontario Job Printing Department is especially well equipped to turn out artistic and stylish Job Work. Modern presses, new type, competent workmen.

Subscription Rates (Daily Edition)

One year, delivered in the city \$5.20
 One year, by mail to rural offices \$2.50
 One year, post office box or gen. del. \$3.00
 Six months, U.S.A. \$2.50

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THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1919.

THE THINGS THAT COUNT.

"When I am dead, if men can say, He helped the world upon its way; If they can say—if they but can— He did his best; he played the man; His way was straight; his soul was clean; His feelings not unkind nor mean; He loved his fellow-men and tried To help them, I'll be satisfied."

A few days ago there passed away, in this city, a youth of eighteen years. After his demise, his mother, in going over his belongings, discovered a diary and on the front page appeared the above quotation, from the poems of James Whitcomb Riley. Those lines were placed where he might see them every day and derive from them a daily inspiration. They contained a creed and an ideal toward the realization of which he turned his youthful enthusiasm and energy.

This boy had been a more than unusually brilliant and successful student. He had an established record in school athletics. He had uncommon ability in the amateur debating forum. His natural instinct for leadership brought him, though entirely unsought by himself, several positions of prominence in the boy-movements of the province. But it was not because of any of these attainments that he was honored in death as though one of our first citizens had departed and all over the city his name was spoken with respect and affection.

The springs of popular sympathy and sorrow, were stirred because of qualities and influences very different. Those who knew this boy well believed that he "had done his best", that he had "played the man", that "his way was straight" and his record "clean", that what failings he had were not associated with unkindness or meanness. Left without a father's care at the age of seven years, they had watched him advance towards man's estate. They had noted his kindness, helpfulness, and respect for his mother, his thoughtfulness for others, his honesty of nature, his cheeriness, his self-control, his honorable ambition, his enthusiasm for cleanness whether in sports or the more serious occupations of life, his freedom from seeming, cant or goody-goodness.

These were the qualities of heart and mind that made this young life outstanding and formed a character singularly attractive and lovable. The knowledge that he had acquired, his accomplishments in the gymnasium, his facility of thought and expression were all remote and secondary in the formation of that intangible thing we call character. And that was why his last, long, brave fight and his untimely demise called forth such uncommon manifestations of grief. There seemed about it all an appearance of mysterious injustice, pathetic and unexplainable. With his face shining bright with ambition's hope, with the immediate prospect of scholastic conquests and of later triumphs in the professional world, he was stricken down.

And yet there is about such a life a sense of maturity and completeness. "We live in deeds, not years." Life is not measured by its length but its fulness. We are judged by our conduct and character. The influences set in motion by a life well lived cannot be measured by any human standard.

The war against a brutal enemy determined to extinguish human freedom, has been ended on the battle-fields of Europe. But there is another war for freedom that will continue long after our children's children have faded into a misty past.

There is a place in that struggle for every boy and girl who lives today. It is the struggle against uncleanness, oppression, poverty, cruelty, vice and all the ills, that have transformed this beautiful earth into what the poet, Henley, called "a place of wrath and tears."

There can be nothing more worth while than to serve our fellow men, but we cannot serve them without strength and wisdom and courage and human sympathy. In that glorious struggle it is character that counts.

We must learn, when we begin to fight, to conquer our own enemies, the enemies such as ignorance, selfishness, vanity, conceit, procrastination, prejudice, vice, weakness of will much too long.

and superstition, that lie within ourselves. The world belongs to the man who conquers himself.

SIR WILFRID LAST LIBERAL TO ACCEPT A KNIGHTHOOD?

With the death of Sir Wilfrid Laurier Liberalism has no member in the House of Commons who is the holder of a title. It is practically certain that no future Liberal premier or Cabinet Minister will ever wear knight-hood's cross, and it will be recalled that for many years it was against the policy of the Liberal party for any of its leaders to accept a title. The circumstances surrounding the acceptance of a title by Sir Wilfrid have been related before, but will be more interesting than ever at a time when Sir Wilfrid has passed on and the question of titles is again to become a subject of debate. Sir Wilfrid attended the diamond jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1897, and was present at many functions which the famous old sovereign graced with her presence. He was reluctant to become "Sir Wilfrid," and had so expressed himself on many occasions, but of a certain night when attending a state banquet he found his place card engraved with the words "Sir Wilfrid Laurier." Her Majesty had pressed the title upon him, and such was Laurier's delicacy upon points of courtesy, his sensitiveness to a kindly action, that he was placed in the position of being unable to decline the honor with the certainty of not giving offence.

A title of any kind could be worn by such a man as Laurier, who regarded it much as he did the simple prefix "Mr." For one thing, it gave his friends and the world a chance to refer to him by his first name, and as in the case of men like Earl Grey, the man threw the title into almost total eclipse save for its qualities of handiness and euphony. The public took naturally to calling Laurier "Sir Wilfrid." To the names of other titled men, the fine shade of difference is added, in that many titled persons are always spoken of as "Sir James Jones" rather than Sir James. There is a subtlety about the use of names, and whatever favor vested in the title itself, it is certain that the public liked to have the chance to call their old favorite "Wilfrid." It brought him even closer to the public than the plain use of names of statesmen like Gladstone, Lincoln, Lloyd George and others whose very force of character places them above ordinary appurtenances of social practice.

MAKING MEXICO BEHAVE SEEMS FIRST TASK OF NEW LEAGUE

The Allied governments apparently have turned to the task of regulating Mexico. That is the fact behind the brief announcement that twenty international bankers, acting through the Morgans, are to take over and run the financial affairs of the turbulent republic. Even before its constitution is signed the league of nations appears to be doing excellent work, for unquestionably the Paris peace conference has sanctioned by intent, if not officially, the proposal to make Mexico toe the mark. Mexico's creditors are to be "protected." That seems to hint that physical force will stand in the background whilst Carranza's country is being cleaned up financially. For years past Mexico's many presidents, no matter how brief their rulership, have been exasperatingly different to the rights of those whose financial investments have brought to the nation any industrial progress it has made. The people were bled white generations ago, but there was always the foreign gold to be stolen and legislative methods that were as bad and bold as a footpad's turned millions into the pockets of the fly-by-night rulers and their friends. Thanks to the Monroe doctrine, they were able to escape retribution at the hands of European governments. They played that for all it was worth. It remained for Carranza, however, to display the greatest intolerance towards foreign investors and institutions and their governments. The war gave him an ideal opportunity to put on the screws "in the interests of Mexico." He practically confiscated everything in sight, especially banks, and on several occasions under the influence of Hun agents was so actively pro-German as to bring his ports under the guns of British and American warships.

With the machinery to enforce respect and obedience, Carranza will not offer any great resistance to the financing of his country by the interested powers. He can have no illusions now as to what would be the outcome of a clash with say the United States. And in time it will be for the benefit of Mexico. The country is of the richest mineral and agricultural possibilities. Even at the height of its turbulence this fact has drawn billions from abroad for development purposes. And many more billions will be sent there now that Mexico is to be made behave. That in time will so civilize the entire country that pests such as Villa will automatically disappear. The whole world will approve this move to deal sharply to conquer our own enemies, the enemies such as ignorance, selfishness, vanity, conceit, procrastination, prejudice, vice, weakness of will much too long.

HEROES OF THE UNSALTED SEAS

Perhaps nowhere else in the world is efficiency carried to greater lengths in the way of transportation than it is on the great lakes of this continent. Certainly this efficiency was the cause of unbounded astonishment to salt water sailors who came to these lakes on various missions during the war.

One sea captain at Detroit thought his informants were "stringing him" when they told him that the Jake carrier Snyder, which he had seen going east with 13000 tons of grain aboard for Buffalo was the same Snyder that he saw passing Detroit five days later on the return journey with 13,000 tons of coal. When the captain, finally convinced, tried to impress some of his subordinates with the same facts they concluded that he had joined Roosevelt's Ananias Club.

The feat of the Snyder was, however, the New York Outlook informs us, an every-day affair for the great lakes. In Lake Erie ports, there are electric cranes which grasp and hoist into the air hundred-ton gondolas of coal from the railway tracks and toss their contents into the holds of freighters at the rate of a gondola every three minutes. At Duluth 435,000 bushels of wheat have been chuted into a cargo boat in two hours and forty minutes. In less than seven hours at the same port 10,074 tons of Youghiogheny lump coal have been unloaded. At the other end of the lakes a cargo of 456,000 bushels of wheat has been unloaded in less than fourteen hours.

We have heard of the courage of deep sea sailors who braved the submarine-peril in carrying food to Europe. This was matched by the courage of fresh water sailors who fought Nature in carrying bread-stuffs from the head of the lakes towards seaboard on the way to Europe. A year ago last fall when the Great Lakes season of navigation closed and ships everywhere were being tucked away in harbors for their long bearlike nap until the following spring. Herbert Hoover, United States Food Administrator, found that he needed thousands of tons more of flour, feed, and foodstuffs for Europe than had been delivered on the Lake Erie docks. So he got in touch with Connors, manager of one lake line of vessels, and wanted to know if he wouldn't run his fleet until the middle of December. That meant sending vessels out in a season of abnormal fog, blinding sleet storms that cut like a knife, and in waters cold as the Arctic seas. But Connors and his men did not hesitate. Ice-breakers were employed to smash the ice in the narrow waters above and below the Sault so that freighters might get through. The Wissahickon, one of the last of the Hoover relief party to go south, plowed through pack-ice in the St. Mary's River, down the channel that had been gouged out for her, on December 15 with five thousand tons flour, feed, and foodstuffs packed under her hatches, and nearly that much ice frozen to her decks, sides, and upper works. Ice on either side of her hull was four feet thick, and all thermometers that had not been frozen solid registered thirty below zero!

This work did not end with the fall of 1917. It began again with the spring of 1918. Last spring in spite of the most terrific winter they ever had up there, the locks were opened four days earlier than in the spring of 1917. During that April of 1917 only four tons of cargo had gone eastward through the Soo. But last April somebody got behind and pushed hard. Channels were bored open, and as a result, for April, 1918, are stacked these figures: 1,474,698 bushels of grain, 4,045,047 bushels of wheat, 136,436 tons of iron ore. Altogether, as a consequence of keeping the ships going late in the fall and early in the spring, nearly 75,000 tons of flour and well over 6,000,000 bushels of grain were started for Europe that would not have been started otherwise.

Hats off to the sailors of the great lakes.

OTTAWA SHOULD TACKLE THE SLUM PROBLEM OF DOMINION

It is clear the United States Government intends to handle the Red element within its borders without gloves. A congressional investigating committee strongly recommends heavy punishment for waving the red flag and spreading of anarchistic propaganda. Another committee proposes that immigration literacy tests be made more rigid, and that Russians be barred for a period of years. These proposals may be modified before adoption, but the prompt deportation of alien I. W. W. leaders behind the recent Seattle strike shows Washington is alive to the danger and will take measures to wipe out this detestable thing wherever it appears. Better still, the U. S. Government recognizes that the surest way to escape turbulence and anarchy is to destroy conditions which foster unrest and disorder. The Federal authorities have ordered an expert inquiry into slum conditions of all cities, and with the cooperation of state legislatures, will plan a titanic scheme for healthier living in all parts. Great waste places are to be placed under irrigation and made available on easy conditions to millions. An effort will be made to relieve the cities of the congestion which

breeds mental, moral and physical unhealth.

The Ottawa Government for four years has been in the habit of following Washington's lead, not infrequently to the disadvantage of Canadians. Here is a chance to follow suit that would, if properly followed up, help to solve the Bolshevik problem which Canada must tackle. There are sections of Montreal and Toronto which are a disgrace to these two leading cities of the land. They breed physical, moral and political plagues, which only too easily burst into epidemics. Lloyd George in England and Wilson across the line have taken up the task of bringing health, happiness and contentment to millions, without which there will always be the social madness which at present is bringing misery to so many parts of the old world. The Union government should inaugurate a cleaning-up of those dark spots in our communities which hold so great a menace

If Canada's members of Parliament are not paid a living "wage," it leaves Parliament pretty well to the men who are independently wealthy.

A Mitchell Palmer is to be Uncle Sam's new attorney-general. He's the man who found "A Better 'Ole" for many a German-American fortune.

While few people wore out many pairs of rubbers this winter, the motor cars kept the consolidated rubber companies from starving to death.

Every lap the Lapland makes lands a few thousand more soldiers home, but not even the Mall and Empire will say the land is lapping at her bows.

South Africa as well as Ireland, appears to be preparing embarrassment for Lloyd George at the Peace Conference. In South Africa the opposition party stands for complete independence and, in the opinion of so acute an observer as Gregory Mason, of the N. Y. Outlook, this opposition party is likely to be the dominant party after the next election in South African Commonwealth. Meanwhile this party is seeking to send delegates to the Peace Conference to demand independence now. British merchant ships have refused them passage. Portuguese ships, Portugal being practically a dependent of Britain, have not unreasonably done likewise. The captain of a British cruiser has offered the delegates passage on his ship but the offer has been declined. The Boers probably remember that their last voyage under convoy of British warships was when Cronje and some of his fellowmen were taken to St. Helena during the South African war.

If Hon. Dr. Cody by any chance should become Ontario's premier, man a dry human herring will be asking him if he is only could-y

Is Socialism to form the means by which the Irish riddle will be solved? The Statesman thinks it may prove such. "Socialist ideas have," The Statesman says, "made, and are making immense strides in the very stronghold of Carsonism. The housing and rent questions are as acute in Belfast as in any city in the Kingdom. One day Sir Edward Carson, if he lives long enough, will have to reckon with an element in his own territory which he has taught to regard its own wishes as above all law." In other parts of Ireland cooperation, has covered practically the whole country. Will North and South, Orange and Green, Home Rule and Anti-Home Rule, ultimately come together on a common platform of state communism?

CHEERING SOME ONE ON

Don't you mind about the triumphs, Don't you worry after fame; Don't you grieve about succeeding, Let the future guard your name. All the best in life's the simplest, Love will last when wealth is gone; Just be glad that you are living, And keep cheering some one on.

Let your neighbors have the blossoms, Let your comrades wear the crown; Never mind the little set-backs, Nor the blows that knock you down. You'll be there when they're forgotten, You'll be glad with youth and dawn; It is hungering for the fellow Who keeps cheering some one on.

Let the wind around you whistle, And the storms around you play, You'll be there with brawn and gristle When the conquerors decay, You'll be here in memories sweetened In the souls you'll save from pawn, If you put aside the victories And keep cheering some one on.

—H. Monroe in Baltimore Sun.

OTHER EDITORS' OPINIONS

MEETING ITS OBLIGATIONS WITH PROMISSORY NOTES

What is going to happen at the present session of Parliament? How can anyone tell when the ministers themselves don't know? At the time of writing the opening of the House is still some weeks off. But even as you read with the statesmen all in Ottawa and settling into their regular stride, you may rest assured that more than one member of the Cabinet is consulting the outside board in a vain endeavor to discover just what the future may hold for them.

Not long ago Hon. Geo. P. Graham who, after months of fumbling in the dark, finally found the missing keyhole and is now safely back in the Laurier household, took occasion to comment on this Union Government.

"It reminds me," said Hon. Geo. P., "of the man who used to meet a bill with a promissory note and a fervent 'Thank God that's paid.'"

"So," he continued, "this Government when it strikes a troublesome question, refers it to a commission and says 'Thank goodness that's settled.'"

But if the prodigal George P. hadn't been so busy finding his way back to Father Laurier, he might have discovered that this Union Government, of which we are all so proud, bears a closer relationship to the man in his parable than even the one he suggests. Unless all reports are false it has been making a series of promises that it cannot live up to. "We aim to please," has been its motto. And if you watched the faces of the various delegations visiting the capital, you had to admit that they all looked pleased when they departed. It mattered not what they wanted. If they came looking for lower tariffs they went away smiling. If a solid protection was their prayer there was a grim satisfaction reflected from their faces as they boarded the train for home. If it was more prohibition, a little loosening of the liquor law, more advanced divorce legislation, a tightening of the moral code, or leniency for some suppressed member of the Bolsheviki, they just mentioned it and went home happy.

"It's a darned mean cuss that won't give a man a promise," an old Western politician once said. No delegation that visited Ottawa during the past few months would dare to call the Union Government mean. Of course it is happily constituted to help along the promise industry. Would not Hon. Wesley Rowell with a melancholy cheerfulness, swear to do his utmost to dash the snuff from the drunkard's lips, to keep divorce beyond the reach of the untutored masses and to otherwise safeguard the straight and narrow path? Could not Hon. J. A. Calder and Hon. T. A. Creer, knowing the feeling in the west, assure all and sundry that the desire of their hearts was to see the western plains plowed with tractors that had never paid duty and harvested by reapers that had not even hesitated at the border? And if Sir George Foster, that grand old disciple of Sir John Macdonald, does happen to be busy with the map of Europe, don't you think that even a good Liberal like Hon. C. C. Ballantyne could be persuaded to whisper that Canada's future depended on protection for her infant industries and that this is his own, his native land?

Ask for What You Want

Grand little Cabinet this when you come to look it over carefully. If you don't see what you want, ask for it. A bank merger you say? Just step this way and our expert on banks will fit you out. Meet Sir Thomas White! Land for soldiers? Boy, call Hon. Arthur Meighen. What's that? Just out of it, you say, but Hon. Arthur has gone out to try and buy some! Well, well, don't worry, we'll have it for you all ready for the spring plowing. Clemency for some members of the Bolsheviki? Oh, yes, that's work for Hon. Gideon Robertson, our tame labor man. We hand-picked and imported him for the purpose. Tell him what you want and remember it's no trouble to show goods. We're a little short of help just now. Had to lend some of our staff to help clean up that European after-war muddle. But what's left of us are willing. Read once more that motto on the door mat: "We aim to please." And then cast your eye yet again to the handwriting on that wall: "What you don't see, ask for!" — J. K. Munroe in MacLean's Magazine.

Oysters are delicious broiled in a toaster over a charcoal fire and served with lemon and cayenne.

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