

THE WEEKLY ONTARIO,

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

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1916.

THE MILLENNIUM.

The controversy between the two doughy warriors, ex-Alderman Robinson and "Truth-Lover," has served to revive interest in a subject that many believe will soon be relegated from the field of actual into that of historic theology—the subject of the Millennium.

This idea of the Millennium, or, more properly speaking, the establishment of a Messianic kingdom on earth, is not the recent diabolical discovery of Pastor Charles Russell, as many orthodox church members have convinced themselves. On the contrary it is one of the oldest religious creeds in existence—older even than Christianity itself. The emphasizing of the doctrine by the International Bible Students Association is but a revival of beliefs that were far more extensively held three-quarters of a century ago.

What is the Millennium? It is made a distinctive dogma by the International Bible Students, the Adventists, the Christadelphians and other denominations of greater or less numerical strength. The beliefs differ very widely in regard to details, as the animated controversy by Mr. Robinson and "Truth-Lover" has brought out. But, generally speaking, the idea is that Christ will return to earth and reign with His saints on the earth for a definite period of one thousand years, or, as others maintain, for all time to come. The main basis for the belief is found in the twentieth chapter of Revelation where several references are made to "the thousand years." During this Millennial period evil will be non-existent for Satan will be bound and there will be a complete triumph of holiness. "They shall be priests of God and of Christ and shall reign with him a thousand years," are the words of St. John. The general purport of the chapter is that after Christ has appeared from heaven in the guise of a warrior and vanquished the anti-Christian world-power and the devil, those who have remained steadfast in the time of the great catastrophe and have given up their lives for their faith, shall be raised up and shall reign with Christ on this earth as a royal priesthood for one thousand years. At the end of this time Satan is to be let loose again for a little season. He will prepare a new onslaught, but God will miraculously destroy him and his hosts.

During the first century and a half of Christianity the doctrine of the coming Messianic kingdom was almost universally accepted and was believed to be then imminent. It remained for Augustine, one of the most astute theologians and statesmen of the early Catholic church and previously himself a believer in Millennialism, to bring forward the ingenious argument that the Millennium had already been established by the coming of Christ and the triumph of His religion over the pagan empire of Rome. That has since been the accepted position of the Roman Catholic church, and of some of the large Protestant denominations.

It remained for William Miller of Massachusetts to give the movement or belief a new impetus in the early part of the last century. Miller even set the day in the year 1843 when the present order would come to an end and the Millennium would begin. Many now living can recall the bitter disappointment that existed among his numerous following, the Adventists, or Millerites, as they were generally called, when the day of the expected advent of the Messiah passed off about the same as any other day with no unusual phenomena either in the clouds or upon the earth.

Since Miller's day there have been frequent revivals of the Millennial dogma, but in no instance have the professed believers attained preponderating numbers.

The modern churches, as a rule, hold the view that Millennialism is only a very small and unimportant part of the Christian religion. Theology is daily becoming more practical. Admitting, for argument's sake, that the Millennium is a matter of certain expectation, why, asks the twentieth century theologian, should we worry about it? All agree that it belongs to the future, and all further agree that our status in that beatific FUTURE depends entirely upon how we conduct ourselves in this commonplace PRESENT. The thing to be concerned about then is the life that now is and how we can best fulfil life's mission. Therefore we find the men who are stirring the present-day religious world with their compelling message are not devoting much attention to the mystic, and highly figura-

tive passages in Revelation but are basing their creed more and more upon the 5th, 6th and 7th chapters of Matthew, containing the all-comprehensive Sermon on the Mount. Here the plain meaning is easily understood and is not unduly obscured by the language of metaphor.

It has always seemed to us an indeterminate and profitless task to endeavor to place definite logical or mathematical values upon the poetic and mystical expressions of St. John. It is equally unconvincing and unsatisfactory to set up text against text and verse against verse in order to establish or disprove certain positive arguments about what the original author meant or did not mean. Even if we go back into original languages our difficulties are not lessened but rather increased. Language at best is a very uncertain and inadequate medium to convey thought. The Greek verb "poieo," generally means "to do" or "to make" but it also at times may signify such widely different acts as "to write," "to procure," "to use," "to fulfil," "to suppose," "to think," "to live," "to put a case," "to signify," "to be powerful," "to pretend," "to subjugate," as well as more than forty other strangely divergent meanings. This one word serves to illustrate the elusive task a man essays who sets himself to place bounds and limits to the significance of the inspired imagery of the words of the Apocalypse.

To appreciate this difficulty it is not necessary to go outside the English language. Take the last stanza of Tennyson's well known and popular "Bugle Song"—

"O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill or field or river;  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow for ever and for ever.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer echoes, answer, dying, dying."

The most illiterate reader at least appreciates the music of the master's touch and a certain indefinable inspiration as he repeats the noble words. But, he would be a very rash critic who might attempt to define strictly all that the great Victorian intended. Even the author would never have permitted himself to set such arbitrary limits. The stanza contains all the meaning that we are capable of reading into it. And so it is with the Revelation. Viewed aright it is magnificent in its inspirational power. But to dissect it, and label the various parts with the exactitude of scientific formulas, uselessly disintegrates and destroys its wondrous literary beauty, its exalted spiritual vision, and its matchless prophetic symbolism.

GIRLS EXPECT TOO MUCH FROM HUSBANDS.

The reason given by most bachelors for being single is "I can't afford a wife." Now that does not mean that he blames the feminine sex with all the trouble, necessarily. It may also mean that he, too, has his expensive tastes and if the two are added together it spells prohibition as far as marriage is concerned.

The modern tendency to educate daughters to expect as much from their husbands as they receive from their parents at the time of marriage, explains the aloofness of many a good man who ought to marry and really wants to. Without criticizing the ambition of every girl to have higher education and best accomplishment should be the care of a home, the ability and willingness to cook a perfect dinner. Now, girls, don't flare up and say that when you marry you won't be anybody's drudge. That is what causes divorces.

Marry with the idea that it is a fifty-fifty division of work and responsibility.

Let the young man find you in the kitchen making toothsome dishes once in a while, rather than always in the parlor dressed in your most expensive gown.

AERIAL WAR.

After two years of fighting in the air, with flying machines steadily becoming more and more efficient, what is the lesson learned?

Here it is as written for the Fortnightly Review by England's greatest aerial war authority and a flying expert himself—Claude Grahame-White:

"Any nation which falls behind in the struggle for air power may, in years to come, be defeated in a campaign lasting not a year or a month of even a week, but as the result of a blow delivered and completed within a few hours.

"With aircraft flying, as they will, at speeds of 200 miles an hour and even more, it will be possible for an enemy, immediately on a declaration of war or without waiting for one, to strike in the course of an hour or so and with precision—using fleets of thousands of machines—against the very nerve centers and vital arteries of any opponent who is ill prepared; destroying government buildings, arsenals, factories and railways, paralyzing all communications and blotting out whole cities.

"The power of a perfected aeroplane, when in unscrupulous hands, may in the future become so fearful as to appear almost superhuman.

"Pestilence may be spread by aeroplane; the inhabitants of great cities may be slain in thousands by poisonous or suffocating gases.

"Swift and pitiless may be the action of sea power. Far more swift, far more pitiless, will be the action, ultimately, of air power.

"Disaster awaits a nation which ignores these warnings—which refuses to read this writing that the war has written on the wall!"

DON'T LET CLOTHING MISREPRESENT YOU.

It is interesting to analyze the influence of character on clothes, clothes being a rather sure indication of the type of the individual. Of course we readily make up our minds that the unshaven man with soiled and frayed collar and tie, baggy trousers and unshined boots, falls into the same lot with the down-at-the-heels woman, whose belt fails to perform its duty, whose buttonholes are buttonless, and whose ratty-looking hair suggests the need of a thorough combing.

But, aside from these, we can easily recognize the neat, nonimaginative kind, regular in habits, going through life in well-made, unostentatious garb that never attracts attention, because of its commonplaceness. Every rent is darned and there are often patches, but the clothes never need pressing or show the lack of mending.

The imaginative person suggests his bent by a bit of color, a line of originality in the style of the gown, in his selection of tie or his boot, and, nowadays, even of his hosiey.

There is the foppish man appearing in the morning in one costume, another in the afternoon, another in the evening, with further changes for the following day. It takes no great insight to know that his wardrobe absorbs all the thought in his little brain, and we rejoice that fortune has given him a means of existence other than his own exertions.

Of course one's purse must limit the personality expressed in clothes, but the dominant traits are bound to be reflected, if not in the whole, in little ways.

There is danger that New Yorkers will have to walk on account of a strike of surface lines, but the exercise will do them good.

Recent German official reports are largely composed of "fighting continues," or "fighting is in progress." Most enlightening!

The despatches tell us that the Kaiser has already awarded 430,000 Iron Crosses. When he thinks of his deserving "Baby-Killers" he must be astonished at his own moderation.

Take Jonescu, the Liberal leader of Roumania, like Venizelos of Greece, was threatened with arrest a year ago for his pro-Ally sentiments. Now he is a popular hero. Times have indeed changed.

There is a splendid lesson for people suffering from insomnia in that report from Kingston that a man who piously knelt down early in the evening to say his prayers did not wake up until broad daylight next morning. It is worth trying.

About the same time that we learn of the refusal of the British Cabinet to be filmed at work, we are told that the moving pictures of President Wilson signing the Philippine Bill will be released. They do things differently in America, don't they?

"DOC SIFERS."

Within a few years after the conclusion of peace between the Northern and Southern States, I settled in a frontier town beyond the Mississippi River, and living there for seven years I had many opportunities for the study of interests, not only social but medical. Many of the doctors with whom I was associated had been assistant surgeons in the army, and there were some who never had graduated, yet had experienced much in varied hospital and field service and had considerable schooling in surgery. The first surgical instruments I secured were those purchased from an old army surgeon. My first saddle bags were those that had been used throughout the war. In fact, for many years I was daily associated with army surgeons who—I may here state—very seldom mentioned their experiences, and in after years—as for more than thirty years, with the venerable Dr. Robert Parker, Stirling, who had seen nearly five years of continuous service as surgeon, yet seldom, he ever referred to his military life; for, evidently it was far from pleasing to do so. I often met "Doc" Sifers out West where the corn was full of kernels and the Colonels full of corn. One fact, not publicly understood or even known, is that of those who return from the battlefields, but few escape the ravages of those disorders contracted by associations with meretricious Piccadilly, or polluted camp followers. That these loathsome distempers are more disastrous to the possessors thereof and to the commonwealth at large than the mutilations by shot and shell is well known to army doctors, and with such unwritten history for the public I have countless references, personally witnessed cases, and professionally obtained facts. Such is the scourge—the leprosy that medals or stripes or shoulder straps can not hide, but follows the victim as long as he can cast a shadow on the earth and is transmitted to innocents. Army surgeons talk more about such cases than amputations, the waste by fevers, tainted rations, or surgical or medical successes. Fathers, advise your sons who are defending us and the British Empire.

In July 1910 I stood by the graves of four U.S. army surgeons, my conferees in early practice, in Humboldt, Iowa, and it is needless to state there were recalled memories imperishably etched—yes there were many tears shed by me—especially, near the grave of one—

my dear friend (H.) whose eyes I had closed (June 3rd 1871); and with one of his surgical instruments, today (August 8th 1910) I did some minor surgery. Drs. Rutlan (Napawee), Kuttan (Wellington), Parker (Stirling), Potts and Canniff (Belleville) were assistant U.S. surgeons during the Rebellion, and many others could be named from this section. In those times Canadian M.D.'s were given positions, why not now U.S. M.D.'s be given the similar appointments in our Canadian regiments?

The British War Office is asking for more doctors. Candidates must be British subjects, under 40 years of age and graduates of some Canadian medical college. They must pass the regular military service examinations, be members of the Army Medical Corps and vouchered for by the authorities of that corps.

I am too old—I can not go, as the eldest son of him who served in 1837.—Medicus.

(Read at the banquet of the Indiana Medical Assn.)

Of all the doctors I could cite you in this ere town, Doc Sifers is my favorite, jes' take him up and down; Count in the Bethel neighborhood, and Rollins, and Big Bear, And Sifers' standin' jes' as good as ary doctor's there!

There's old Doc Wick, and Glenn, and Hall, and Wurgler and McVeigh, But 'I'll buck Sifers' ginst 'em all, and down 'em any day; Most old Wick ever knowed, I s'pose, was whisky; Wurgler—well He et morphine—et actions shows, and fact's reliable!

But Sifers—though he ain't no sot, he's got his faults; and yit When you git Sifers onct, you've got a DOCTOR, don't fergit!

He ain't much at his office, or his house, or anywhere You'd macturly think certain fer to ketch the feller there;

But don't blame Doc—he's got all sorts o' car'ous notions, as The feller says—his "odd-come shorts." Like smart men mostly has; He'll mor'n like be potter'n 'round the blacksmith shop, er in Some back lot spadin' up the ground, er gradin' it agin;

Er at the workbench, plain' things, er buildin' little traps To ketch birds; galvanizin' rings, er graftin' plums, per-haps, Make anything, good as the best—a gunstock, or a flute; He whittled out a set o' chessmen onct o' laurel root.

Durin' the army—got his trade o' surgeon there—I own Today a finger-ring Doc made out of a Secesh bone; An' gived a fiddle onct for me—jes' all so busted you 'D a-throwed the thing away, but he jes' fixed her good as new.

And take Doc, now, in ager, say, or bites, or rheumatiz, And all the afflictions thataway, and he's the best they is; Er Sanders—milk-sick—I don't keer—k-yore anything he tries— An abscess, gatherin' in yer yeer, er, granulated eyes.

There was the Widder Daubenspeck, they all give up fer dead; A blame cowbanck on her neck, and clean out of her head! First had this doctor, what's his name, from "Puddlesburg," and then This little red-head, "Burnin' Shame" they call him, Dr. Glenn;

And they "consulted" on the case, and claimed she'd haf to die, I jes' was joggin' by the place, and heard her dorter cry, And stops and calls her to the fence, and I-says-I, "Let me Send Sifers—bet you fifteen cents he'll k-yore her!" "Well," says she,

"Light out!" she says. And, lip-tee-out, I loped in town, and rid 'Bout two hours more to find him, but I kissed him when I did. He was down at the gunsmith shop a-stuffin' birds. Says he, "My sulky's broke." Says I, "You hop right on and ride with me."

I got him ther. "Well, Aunty, ten days k-yores you," Sifers said; "But what's yer idy livin' when yer jes' as good as dead?" And there's Dave Banks—jes' back from war, without a scratch—one day Got ketchin' up in a sickle-bar—a reaper runaway.

His shoulders, arms, and hands, and legs, jes' sawed in strips; and Jake Dunn starts for Sifers—feller begs to shoot him for God's sake! Doc 'Course was gone, but he penned the notice, "At Big Bear; Be back tomorrow; gone to 'tend the Bee Convention there."

But Jake, he tracked him; rid and rode the whole en-durin' night, And 'bout the time the roosters crowed they both hove into sight. Doc had to amputate, but 'greed to save Dave's arms, an' swore He could a-saved his legs if he'd been there the day before.

Like when his wife's own mother died, 'fore Sifers could be found, And all the neighbors, fer and wide, a all jes' chasin' 'round, Tell finally—I had to laugh, it's jes' like Doc, you know— Was learning for to telegraph, down at the old dee-po.

But all they're faultin' Sifers fer, they's none of 'em kin say, He's biggity, or keersless, or not posted anyway; He ain't built on the common plan of doctors nowadays; He's jes' a great, big, brainy man—that's where the trouble lays! —James Whitcomb Riley (the Hoosier Poet).

Other Editors' Opinions

OUT OF TOUCH WITH PUBLIC OPINION.

One of the greatest surprises in connection with Northwest Toronto election was to read the speech of Sir Alan Aylesworth in support of Mr. Gordon Waldron, the anti-prohibition candidate, so we mourn with The Pioneer that it should be possible that a man of his attainments should be so blinded by prejudice as to exert his splendid talents in behalf of the liquor traffic, and therefore in aid of the enemies of the great principles for which our men are today laying down their lives at the front—is one of the painful and incomprehensible anomalies that are sometimes found among the few citizens who in selfish class-isolation have utterly failed to bring themselves into touch with the needs, the sorrows, and the growing moral purpose of their fellowmen. We are glad to find by the returns that only 130 votes out of 5360 polled were given for the anti-prohibition candidate, so that Sir Alan must see that he really is out of touch with public opinion.—Bowmanville Statesman.

SELF-CONFIDENCE.

The truth that follows should cause every young person and older ones, too, to take stock of themselves to place an estimate of the value he or she is to the community in which they live. The doctor says that no man can rise higher than his estimate of himself. One has said, "there is no power in the universe that can help a man to do a thing when he thinks he cannot do it." He must have faith in himself, or he will not succeed. Let a young person realize that his ambitions along a certain line are proofs of his ability to reach the ideal along that line, and success is his. If a young man or woman has selected a life work that he loves, that he takes supreme pleasure in, there can be little doubt he is in his proper niche. Then his achievement will be according to his faith in himself.

The great deeds of history have been accomplished by men and women of great self-confidence, men and women who had unwavering faith in their own power to accomplish the tasks they undertook. If one has chosen the occupation for which he is adapted, that life work for which he believes his Creator has placed him here, then an unwavering belief in himself will remove all obstacles. The persistent thought that you are not as good as others will lower your whole standard of life, and paralyze your abilities. If you want to amount to anything in the world, you must hold up your head. Instill into the boys and girls the idea that they are of some importance in the community, in the nation, that God has placed them here for some purpose, and that nothing outside themselves can keep them from success if they but do their best.—Bowmanville Statesman.

AN UNDEMOCRATIC EDITOR.

Attempts to chloroform The Vindicator having been brought to naught, that wise Solon, that cultured man-about-town, that righteously-minded individual, Mr. Alex. McLessee, promulgated a method by which a wedge could be entered under our armour. This he did at the meeting of the Board of Education on Monday night, in those words: "I make this request. As our discussions are upon matters of a personal nature, I would ask that the report be suppressed, and that the powers that be hand out reports for the newspapers. We could then deal with these personal matters more frankly."

It is not upon record, in the long series of centuries in which the liberty of the press has been gained, that an Editor took the initiative to curtail his own powers, won by his predecessors at the cost of much imprisonment, blood and treasure. Great lovers of liberty and democratic freedom in the past history of our nation had served time in the stocks, had bared their necks on the block, had suffered imprisonment of the most strenuous character, before Junius was able to freely write:

"The subject who is truly loyal to the Chief Magistrate will neither advise nor submit to arbitrary measures."—Oshawa Vindicator.

A Thorough Pill.—To clear the stomach and bowels of impurities and irritants is necessary when their action is irregular. The pills that will do this work thoroughly are Parlee's Vegetable Pills, which are mild in action but mighty in results. They purge painlessly and effectively, and work a permanent cure. They can be used without fear by the most delicately constituted, as there are no painful effects preceding their gentle operation.

GILLET EATS



Social

Every reader invited to contribute and social interest. Let us know by about the arrival, friends and meet, and help us to bright, reliable as, of course, no formal announcements, engagements.

(From Thu...)

Capt. A. Hunter...  
ough yesterday.

Corp. Chas. A...  
is in the city on

Mrs. (Capt.) G...  
ing the week in

Lieut. Herb F...  
tation, was in tow

Bandsman Fran...  
Fatta'n is in th

Corp. Wm. K...  
tation spent yeste

Mr. J. W. Joh...  
was a Peterboro...  
returned to this c

Mrs. D. Hall...  
has returned fro...  
ville.—Brookville

Mr. and Mrs. J...  
mercant street, hav...  
past two days in T

Mrs. A. C. Rut...  
holidays and will...  
of business Octobe

Lieut.-Col. W. S...  
Lottie Conger of...  
a few days at Hot

Mr. and Mrs. T...  
spent Tuesday at...  
Mr. and Mrs. Youk

Armour Sergt. C...  
has returned, af...  
spending a few da

Mrs. W. A. Em...  
days last week vis...  
Mrs. F. G. Ketch

Messrs. Chas. B...  
yes and family ret...  
from an auto trip t

Mrs. Ethel Her...  
spending a few da...  
ing her sister, Mr...  
man.

Private Wm. Re...  
was in the city ye...  
the obsequies of...  
Beaton.

Miss Ada Splan...  
after spending the...  
of her parents in...  
ville Times.

Messrs. Archie...  
and L. Mason have...  
tended auto trip to...  
Falls and Buffalo.

Miss Ruth Blak...  
for Toronto, Niag...  
chester, where she...  
for a couple of we

Mr. and Mrs. F...  
Master Harold of...  
turned home after...  
Mrs. Youker, Bow

Miss Helen Ross...  
Belleville, left on...  
for Peterborough...  
the Norman School

Mrs. George As...  
has returned home...  
week's holiday with...  
Charles E. Osland,

Mr. and Mrs. A...  
Catharines, who w...  
at the obsequies...  
Clara Brown, have...  
home.