

space! It is not ours, unless we have faithfully measured it out with consecutive paces of twenty-eight inches each. The world is his only who has walked round it. How much of hope, of curiosity, of mystery, of awe, have been lost to us by not sticking to shoe-leather! We are thousands of years in advance of our time; and having exhausted the resources of our own little corner of the universe, we are now cooking our eyes at the stars. But, after all, we are anchored here, and must make the best of it. "Go slow" is a wiser motto than "Go ahead," and we are likely to be unpleasantly convinced of it one of these days.

I have dwelt upon the ethics of walking, because that side of it is generally neglected. To walk is wise, independent, manly and moral. It is also healthy and agreeable. Our characteristic impatience and fury of competition has introduced artificial and, in a measure, objectionable features into it, to which allusions will be made further on. Let us linger a few moments over its æsthetic and hygienic rewards. The man afoot on the surface of his own earth is the true king; the so-called monarch who journeys in a coach or in a bomb-proof railway carriage is, in truth, a slave. The pressure of the free foot on turf or road exhilarates the soul: the magnetism of our mighty mother flows into our nerves and nourishes their vitality, our blood dances through our veins and strengthens muscle and organ. The whole atmosphere is our own; it flows rhythmically into our lungs and unites us with the sky. The horizon wooes and stimulates the eyes; they become bright and gain power and judgment. Nature instructs us at every step; her beauty must ever remain unknown to him who has not thus placed himself face to face with her. Distant hills slowly draw near, and unfold to us their wonders of color and form; winding valleys reveal their lovely hearts to our orderly seeking, tempering their surprises by exquisite gradations. The trees are companions; each yields to us its individual charm, and so passes us on to the new charm of its neighbor. The forests veil from us the sky, as if to remind us of the beauties of this earth: the broad plains smile to heaven, in intimation that earth and heaven are inwardly at one. Every insect, animal and bird vouchsafes us glimpses of its secret life, which shuns the monotony of our machines. A day of walking in the country, whether it carry us four miles or forty from our starting point, at any rate leads us back through the countless noisy ages of civilization to the quiet seclusion and spontaneous insight of the pastoral era, before cities and business were invented. We are not the same at evening as we were in the morning. We have absorbed the day and the landscape; we have journeyed shoulder to shoulder with the sun, and the winds and rains have visited us. A little more, and we should become gypsies: still a little more, and we could comprehend the faun and the satyr.

The best thoughts and the purest moments of a man's life may often come to him when he is afoot. The regular and gentle exertion of the movement gives the body just enough occupation to keep it out of the way of the mind. The heart acts fully, but not to excess; the lungs thoroughly aerate the blood, without becoming overcharged; the other organs discharge their functions with ease and lightness. The little ducts of the skin breathe forth their moisture; the muscles glow and expand; and the brain, finding all well in the domain of its dependencies, turns to its affairs with joyous freedom and alacrity. At evening, what an appetite! At night, what sleep! Were any magical physician to invent an elixir which imparted a tithe of the vivifying virtue of a day's walk in the open air, he would be the Cæus of pill-makers. How much would we give for a bottle of his concoction? And yet we may walk for nothing, and we may begin to-day, and the more we take of the prescription, the more solid and lasting will be the benefit we derive from it.—*Julian Hawthorne, in Lippincott's.*

#### INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

The town Council of Woodstock, N. B., has voted to give a bonus of \$2,000 to Mr. A. Willis to start a one-set mill there for the manufacture of woollen goods. The new factory will be in operation by the close of the year.

The Canada Axe and Harvesting Tool Manufacturing Company is being incorporated at Oshawa, Ont., with a capital stock of \$100,000 to manufacture axes, scythes, forks, rakes, hoes and other harvesting tools.

The name of the Brooks Manufacturing Company, Peterborough, Ont., manufacturers of electric carbons, etc., will change their corporate name to The Canadian Carbon and Porcelain Company of Peterborough.

Messrs. E. Broad & Sons, manufacturers of tools, St. Stephen, N. B., will put considerable additional capital into their business and increase their output. By their excellent methods they have been able to drive out of their market large quantities of edge tools heretofore imported from the United States.

The cheese factory at Hopewell Hill, N. B., opened on Wednesday of last week under the supervision of Mr. McCready, of the Havelock cheese factory. Teams are on the road each morning between Wm. Calhoun's, Beaver Brook, and Capt. Fred. Wilbur's, Mountville, to get the milk, and on one day brought about 1400 lbs. It is thought that in a week or two the supply will be equal to one ton. The factory is said by men who have been appointed by the government to look into such things, to be the best in the province, and that the country affords splendid facilities for cheese-making.

The *Canadian Manufacturer* says:—"Mr. A. W. Spooner, Port Hope, Ont., has begun the manufacture of a machine recently patented by Mr. F. E. Gaudrie, of that town, for putting labels on bottles, cans, round and

square packages, newspaper addresses, etc. In the old way of labeling bottles it requires the service of an exceedingly nimble and quick working operator to label from 3,000 to 5,000 bottles per day, while with this machine the capacity is from 25,000 to 30,000 per day. In putting labels on fruit cans, from 1,500 to 2,000 cans is considered a good day's work when done by hand, but with this machine an operator can put on from 8,000 to 12,000 labels per day. It puts the labels on perfectly smooth and tight, and in the proper place. The machine is small, well made, strong and light, and is easily handled. This is a Canadian invention and a good one."

Messrs. Weir & Morrison, of Stellarton, have built a large and well-equipped foundry in Westville. They manufacture stoves and all kinds of metal castings, and as they do good work they are securing a large patronage from the town and country round about.

One of the most important industries in the Maritime Provinces is one which perhaps the public in Nova Scotia hear least about. It is the business carried on by Miller's Tanning Extract Company. There are two factories in New Brunswick, one in the United States, one in the north of Turkey and one in Austria. Nearly thirty years ago, Mr. Miller, of New Brunswick, discovered the extract, or rather found the present method of obtaining it. He went into the manufacture and made a good thing of it. Subsequently he sold out to a syndicate, and for the past ten years the business has been controlled from a head office in London. The New Brunswick factories are at Millerton and Mortmore, and afford employment to a large number. The extract made at those points is hemlock. About 20,000 cords of bark valued at \$100,000 are annually consumed at the two New Brunswick factories. The factory at Jonnetto, Pa., produces oak wood extract, as also does the factory in Turkey. In the Austrian branch larch extract is made. James Miller, of New Brunswick, went to Austria to superintend the erection of the factory there. The annual value of the product of the various factories aggregates some \$2,000,000. The process of manufacture of the extract is similar to that of sugar refining. The bark is ground fine, then leached and the tannic acid dissolved and taken from the bark, the impurities being separated from it. It is boiled in vacuum pans, surplus water being removed. The last stage is barrelling for shipment. The process takes about 40 hours from the time the bark is put into the factory. J. C. Miller is the manager of the American branches, and J. W. Miller, of Millerton, N. B., is in charge of the bark-getting department in New Brunswick. J. W. Miller was in the city the other day accompanied by Mrs. Miller. They left via the steamer *Miramichi* for Montreal on a brief trip to the commercial metropolis.—*Herald.*

One of the novel exhibits in Machinery Hall at the World's Fair will be a model paper-mill. It will be in active operation and will show all the processes of paper-making from the pulp to the finished card, which will be in the form of a World's Fair souvenir. Secretary Agnew, of the Paper Trade Club of Chicago, accompanied by several leading manufacturers, have recently made arrangements with Chief Robinson for the exhibit.

The Trenton correspondent of the *Eastern Chronicle* says: "All that is required just now to make this a busy place is to put the glass factories in operation. The Humphrey's factory has no regard for hot weather, bottles must be made. Mr. Humphrey has a heavy order for bottles for a firm in Halifax."

Indiana will make a fine display at the World's Fair of the results of manufacturing industries growing out of the discovery of natural gas. Since Indiana first began to use the gas in 1885, it is claimed, the growth of manufacturers in the state has been greater than in any other state in the Union.



Mr. L. B. Hamlen,

Of Augusta, Me., says: "I do not remember when I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla; it was several years ago, and I have found it does me a great deal of good in my declining years."

#### I am 91 Years

2 months and 26 days old, and my health is perfectly good. I have no aches or pains about me.

#### Hood's Sarsaparilla

regulates my bowels, stimulates my appetite, and helps me to sleep well. I doubt if a preparation ever was made so well suited to the wants of old people." L. B. HAMLEN, Elm Street, Augusta, Me., Sept. 26, 1891.

HOOD'S PILLS are a mild, gentle, painless, safe and efficient cathartic. Always reliable.

## Athlete and Derby CIGARETTES

Are Sold on their MERITS.

Everybody knows  
they are the Best.

Everybody Smokes Them.

They have no Rivals.

SAL ESMAN Wanted Salary and expenses paid, Unknown Bros. Co., Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.