

## MEDICAL.

DR. J. P. SIVERTWRIGHT—Office and residence, 117 King street, (over Backus' Harness Shop) telephone 236. Night bell.

## DENTAL.

A. A. HICKS, D.D.S.—Honor graduate of Philadelphia Dental College and Hospital of Oral Surgery, Philadelphia, Pa., also honor graduate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto. Office over Turner's drug store, 26 Rutherford block.

## LODGES.

WELLINGTON Lodge No. 46, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth St., at 7.30 p.m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

J. S. BLACK, W. M.  
ALEX. GREGORY, Sec.

## ANCIENT ORDER UNITED WORKMEN.

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Visiting Brethren heartily welcome.  
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Master Workman, Recorder.

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## BACK TO THE FARM.

A Newspaper's Moralizing on Recent Action of Prof. Sharpe, of Queen's.

The Temiskaming district seems to be attracting the right kind of settlers. Professor Sharpe of Queen's having read his Georgics to advantage, has taken up three hundred and twenty acres, and will show the natives what science and hard work can do with rich, arable land. The professor is already an influence. He is agitating for good roads and experimental farms.

The fact that a college professor should abandon the ease and dignity of an academic chair for toil of the farm should do much to ennoble the ancient and honorable calling of husbandry. A university education too often results in a contempt for manual labor. Professor Sharpe's action should apprise all supercilious, loitering, ill-fingered graduates that all labor is honest and dignified, and that education has not misused its mark if it but teaches a man to plow a straight furrow. Professor Sharpe is not the only man of his kind who has found comfort in agriculture. It is an old story that a splendid Latinist of Toronto University cheerfully vacated his professoriate and went out to his farm in Blanchard to put into practice what Cicero has taught him about planting orchards and Virgil about farming matters in general. If Professor Sharpe needs any extraneous consolation for what he has done, he will remember that Cato next to the soil in his old age, that Horace wrote some of his finest poetry from the Sabine farm, that Cicinnatus was raised from the plow to a dictatorship, and that rich and learned men in all ages have gratified a very healthy human instinct by taking up farms where they could see things grow, hear what nature is saying, and pluck a gentle philosophy from their quiet surroundings.

As a man who all his life had done with books, the professor has probably concluded that there is too much reading and too little original thinking. The farmer always has time for meditation, sowing, reaping, or gleaning, and his meditation is usually of that calm, imperturbable sort which illumines the lessons of life, and at the same time compensates for them. One of the spinning thoughts are bred in the country, though it takes the friction of the city to make them give out the sparks we call philosophy and literature.

Professor Sharpe's course is a challenge to university men to get back to first principles. Fortunately the idea that a university education puts a man above the necessities of business, is being overcome. The learned professions are overcrowded, and the rewards are not nearly as great as may be had in the industrial departments. The multiplication of technical schools and physical, biological, and geological laboratories indicate that the university man is beginning to know where his bread is buttered. In another twenty years we may expect to see the Master of Arts, the Doctor of Philosophy, and such preceding straight from the convocation hall of his Alma Mater to the old farm that gave him his start. He will understand that an education in the humanities—if he has elected to take that course—is given to him to broaden his vision and make him contented wherever his lot may be cast. He will be fortified, too, by the principles of political economy, which teach that, in the last resort, everything good and useful for society comes from the soil. We look forward to a time when the Northwest Territories will be positively infested with B.A.'s.

Still, the curious may ask what led Prof. Sharpe to desert the studios calm of the college quadrangle for a tabernacle in the wilderness. One answer is that universities no longer provide a studious calm. They demand stentorian advertising from their professors, or their university life is forgotten. Another is that Prof. Sharpe, having dealt out philosophy all his life to others, wants now to keep a little for himself. Such a treasure you may hoard in the country, but not on the lecturer's rostrum. Prof. Sharpe will find in the Temiskaming the hard work, the studios calm, and those exceptional opportunities for insight and insight which develop every side of a man's nature.—Toronto Star.

## Ge-Nome Biological Station.

The Government biological station at Georgian Bay, Penetanguishene, is now in active operation. Recent additions to the equipment have made this station one of the best scientific schools on the continent, and a varied scheme of investigation is being entered into by the staff, including experiments with a view to improving artificial methods of hatching bass and pickerel in special reserves. Also a classification of the fishes of Georgian Bay, and a study of the food upon which they live. Prof. C. Wright of the School of Practical Science, Toronto, is making a hydrographic survey of the waters in the vicinity, and Prof. W. J. Loudon, of Toronto University, will make daily observations on the meteorology of the district, which will be communicated to the Government observatory at Toronto. Dr. Amyot, provincial bacteriologist, will conduct bacteriological researches in connection with the water in the locality, and a number of junior workers are to carry on other lines of investigation. Accordingly it is expected that some very valuable work will be accomplished this season.

## This Year's Trees.

Trees planted this spring will now require a little attention. Bedford's advice is to water them with a hose that is, cultivate about them to prevent a crust from forming which would hasten the evaporation of soil moisture, and also keep down weeds and grass. Trees that are newly set out have no chance against grass and weeds.

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

## New Sissors Are Made.

Though no complexities are involved in the making of scissors or much skill required, yet the process of manufacture is very interesting. They are forged from good bar steel heated to redness, each blade being cut off with sufficient metal to form the shank, or that destined to become the cutting part, and bow, or that which later on is fashioned into the holding portion. For the bow a small hole is punched, and this is afterward expanded to the required size by hammering it on a conical anvil, after which both shank and bow are filed into a more perfect shape and the hole bored in the middle for the rivet. The blades are next ground and the handles filed smooth and burnished with oil and emery, after which the pairs are fitted together and tested as to their easy working.

They are not yet finished, however; they have to undergo hardening and tempering and be again adjusted, after which they are finally put together again and polished for the third time. In comparing the edges of knives and sissors it will be noticed, of course, that the latter are not in any way so sharply ground as the former, and that in cutting sissors crush and bruise more than knives.

## Eating Nightingales.

As exemplifying the pitch to which Roman epicureanism was carried and indicative of a truly barbaric nature, a dish consisting of the tongue alone of some thousands of the favorite song of the air was requisitioned at immense cost to satisfy the inordinate cravings of one of the emperors. One can hardly avoid the reflection that such a being must have been extremely untimely. The liver of a capon steeped in milk was thought a great delicacy, and of solid meat pork appears to have been most relished. The stanch Roman who did not take his pleasure homeopathically reclined during dinner on a luxurious couch, his head resting on his left elbow, supported by cushions. Suetonius draws attention to a superb apartment erected by the extravagant Nero, in which his meals were partaken, constructed like a theater, with shifting scenes changing with every course.

## The Lightninglike Loon.

The loon is the quickest living creature. A loon that has had experience can dodge the flash of a gun. You see a loon on a lake, but long before you see him he sees you and has taken a mental inventory of you and your belongings. If you have no gun, you may perhaps approach within 100 yards before he laughs at you with that horrid shriek which gives him his name and disappears under the water, but show a gun and he does not stop to laugh—he goes instant. When in a sportive mood, he sometimes waits until he sees you about ready to fire, when, at the flash, he dives, and you see the shot splatter the water where he has just gone down.

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## CHATS WITH THE COBBLER.

The "Orator of Imperialism" as seen through the spectacles of the London Daily Mail.

The London Daily Mail of June 21 published the following article on Canada's Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, under the heading, "The Orator of Imperialism."

A man of foreign race teaching loyalty to a British people beyond the seas, Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a unique figure now, as he was at the Diamond Jubilee. His career and picturesque place in the Empire have a new significance in the light of what has happened during the last three years. May we hope that, after a war so bitter, men of different blood and temperament will agree to forget? Is it possible that a gallant and free race can learn to be zealous for the Empire which has crushed it in the field and now absorbs it? Sir Wilfrid Laurier comes among us to-day, and the doubt is as to whether he is a Frenchman or a Canadian, or a man of his own race. They fought under Papineau. His people still speak their own tongue and keep their own ideals. But more than any other statesman of the British colonies, he has fired the passion of Empire.

In his 61st year, Sir Wilfrid Laurier is full of animation and magnetism. Tall, with a handsome presence and a strongly intellectual face, he is less like a Frenchman or an actor than his likeness suggest. The clean-shaven face, clear and penetrating eyes, firm lips, powerful shoulders and straight neck suggest command. His eyes are blue and set wide apart, his hair iron-grey and long. The brow, high, broad, masterful, gives gravity to a mien always dignified, yet the features in repose do not convey a true idea of the man. One rare characteristic, which Mr. Gladstone had in the same way, is a sweet, magical smile. In Sir Wilfrid Laurier it reveals an amiable character, and somehow suggests his far from robust health. It is the face of an orator unmistakably; but, as to his race, you would say a Scot of the type of Christopher North. Only a keen ear can detect the French accent. He is singularly polished and urbane, with an easy bearing.

A Canadian writer who knows him well says that at heart Sir Wilfrid Laurier is probably less of a fighter than any other man in Canadian public life. He prefers to win all his victories by the arts of peace. A personal attack upon himself wounds him to the heart, but it does not move him to recrimination in kind, far less to vengeance. He has hardly ever been known even in debate to utter a bitter word, although two years ago his supporters goaded him to make an onslaught upon the Opposition leader, Sir Charles Tupper. The Premier undertook it reluctantly; he sat down in a highly-strung state, immediately left the House, and did not return for three days. "Laurier," explained one of his Cabinet afterwards, "cannot bear to make an enemy."

That is one of the secrets of his popularity. It helps to explain how he, a Roman Catholic and a Frenchman, has so largely and devotedly followed in Methodist and Presbyterian Ontario as his great predecessor, Sir John Macdonald.

What is the motive of his patriotism? Why did he propose a piece of tariff legislation so entirely generous, and why has he nursed the sentiment which moved Canadians of both races to pour out their blood in South Africa so eagerly? Sir Wilfrid Laurier once answered that question himself in an eloquent speech at Montreal. "I am of French origin, as you all know," he said. "The blood flows in my veins that great nation which excited in turn the admiration, the love, the pity and the hatred of Europe, but never its indifference. But though I am proud of my French origin, I love England, and I love British institutions. And why? Because under the banner of St. George my fellow-countrymen and myself of French origin have found far greater freedom than we could ever have hoped for had we remained subject to France."

"If I wanted examples and precepts of art I would go to France. If I wanted philosophical counsel I would go to Germany. But for matters of government, for all economic principles, I would go to the land of migration, the old England. It is from that land that I take my theory."

"I want," he said on another occasion, "no little Republic of San Marino, no principality of Monaco. My ambition is to be a citizen of a great Empire."

The Premier of Canada came to power with the Liberal party after thirteen years in Opposition, at a time when the mood of the whole nation was attuned to his optimism and broad outlook.

Till then he was little known in England, but he had made his personal entry into the political stage. Trained for the Bar, he went into Parliament in 1871. Just after the codification of the British North America Act, he was chosen as a member of the House of Commons on a larger destiny. Louis Frechette, the poet laureate of the French race in Canada, has described his maiden speech, which set every one in Quebec inquiring, "Quel est cet étranger?"

"The effect was magical. I can almost imagine that I still hear the thunders of applause which shook the galleries when, at the close of a graphic passage in his speech, in which he had made the long, sad column of our fellow-countrymen emigrating to the United States file slowly past before the very eyes of his hearers, the orator hurled at the government of the day his scathing allusion to the celebrated salute of the doomed gladiators of ancient Rome—'Ave Caesar, morituri te salutant.'"

In five years he was a Cabinet Minister, and when Edward Blake relinquished the Liberal leadership there was no question as to who should take it up. What followed is in everybody's recollection. Instantly his name was world-wide, for he struck a note with which the Empire was palpitating.

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