

WEEKLY POST LETTER BOX

THE TRENT CANAL OUTLET.

(To the Editor of The Post.) Sir—Conversing with parties here, I am led to believe that there are some points in this Trent Valley outlet on Lake Ontario question that are not fairly understood, and that the advantages offered by the Port Hope proposition are not accepted at their true value. In comparing the two routes, Port Hope versus Trent, I think we may take it as fairly demonstrated:—That the cost via Port Hope will be very much less, as from Rice Lake to Lake Ontario the distance is only 10 or 12 miles, is of earth excavation and by a natural ravine, while from the mouth of the Ottawa, the river to Trent and open water, is 58 miles of which it has been estimated some nineteen miles at least solid rock—seven miles at Trenton, two at Healy Falls, and ten at Campbellford. An eminent engineer employed by the Imperial Government in his report on the Trent outlet from Rice Lake to Trenton, the cost from the Trent River would alone be the same as the Canal from Lake Ontario to Port Hope.

THE BURLINGHAM POWER MORTGAGE.

(To the Editor of The Post.) Sir—As is well known, Mr. J. A. Culverwell has been several times in the last few days for the purpose of getting relief from a certain mortgage given to the town several years since. I do not blame Mr. Culverwell for getting all that he can, and I feel sure that there is not a person here who wishes to hurt him in any way, but as far as we are concerned it should be a case of Lindsay first, and "what we have will hold." There is a very strong suspicion among the citizens that the Burleigh power is being manipulated for the benefit of some other place or places, and that unless the town gets a proper guarantee that the power will be brought here the mortgage should not be handed over. I am told that Mr. Culverwell has given three reasons why the mortgage should be given up to him:—First—"Mortgage not valid." Our solicitor says that it is alright and that should settle the question as far as the town is concerned. Second—"Town has sustained no loss." Let any business man give his unbiased opinion and he will tell you that Lindsay has been handicapped by not having a sufficient supply of power, such as other towns in our vicinity have been and are receiving today.

WELLINGTON-ST BRIDGE APPROACHES.

(To the Editor of The Post.) Sir—In last week's issue of Watchman-Warder the editor calls attention to my denial of his report of a conversation between him and myself re approaches to Wellington-st., bridge, and asserts that his report is correct. This is certainly strange, after Mr. Mallett admitting to me that his report was not correct. What I did say concerning Wellington-st. bridge approaches was that I told Mr. McCrea, on being asked what I thought the approaches would cost, that I thought they could be built for \$3,500, but that I said they could be built for \$2,500 was a fabrication and nothing less, and the Watchman man knows it. Respectfully yours, J. J. MILLER. Lindsay, August 4th.

THE BURLINGHAM FALLS POWER.

(To the Editor of The Post.) Sir—The recent application of Mr. Culverwell for the surrender of his bonds to the town, goes to show that he is a good friend to our neighbors in Peterboro, where he is well known for his public spirit and executive ability in the development of electric power, and it is just possible he may be induced to take hold of a similar enterprise in this country. It is admitted that Mr. Culverwell may have had considerable influence in the reduction of electric charges in the County of Peterboro, a reduction the ratepayers can appreciate when it lessens their payments to a rate of half of the usual charges made by privately owned electric plants; in view of these facts it would be well for light and power users here, in the absence of action on the part of our conservative town officials, to confer

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THE SILENT CITY.

BEAUTIFIED BY ODDFELLOWS' FLORAL DECORATION OF GRAVES.

Lines by George H. Fox, Lindsay. Yes, this is a Silent City— The city of the dead; Let the voice be low and gentle mixed— And soft the footsteps tread. 'Tis the home of ceaseless sleepers Who awaken nevermore; The gateway dim of passing life In drift to unknown shore. 'Tis the place of weeping willow, A sort of hallowed ground— Let teardrops fall from riven clouds mixed— While flowers be strewn around: Let memory linger once again On days that are gone by; With faces sweet of vanished friends Whose forms "neath grass-mounds" lie. Here rest the good, and good alone,— Faults fade at touch of death; Short sermons may be read on stone; Life leafless in a breath. And what is life, and what is death? Two mysteries rolled in one— The cradle and grave oft quickly meet Through life that's scarce begun. We live, we love, we laugh, we weep, And then we droop and die; But sun gleams break the shadows deep That fall from clouded sky. Like bubbles on the stream of time, We drift a day and then are gone; And find "sunshine and shadows mixed— Bright smiles and bitter tears. The bubbles break—we disappear! The world moves on apace; A restless sea of humanity In an unceasing race. Through faith and hope we live and love, And pierce the gloomy grave; God's sunlight shines for all above— Let hearts be stout and brave. The spirit leaves this mortal frame When earth's short race is run; Clay caskeys sooner into dust— Oh God! Thy will be done. Yet here in this Silent City, This home-place of the dead, Send up joy-songs for the living While fervent prayer be said. "Nearer my God," and "Rock of Ages," Let the anthems sweetly roll,— "Dust thou art, to dust returneth," Was not spoken of the soul! Live not in the past, with its sorrows, But enjoy the glad to-day! Extend a hand and help to cheer Some straggler by the way. This world may seem a weary one, With its misery, woe and woe; But scatter flowers and help to make A heaven here below. Oddfellows fling their banners out Of love for human kind, And walk within the gently way That leaves the ill behind. They recognize God's Fatherhood, And Brotherhood of Man! They strive to raise the standard high And work the perfect plan. The Golden Rule their guiding star— The world their battle field; They hope to wreck the God of war, The "three links on their shield. The nations yet will learn to know That brutal strife is wrong, And swords and guns to ploughshares turn To help the right along. Peace hath victories no less than war— Let battle flags be furled; Then Brotherhood of Man may meet In a congress of the world. And now in this Sleeping City, Midst graves and tombstones grim, Just say yourselves, "Is the future safe?" Ere stars of heaven grow dim. Live in hope of an hereafter, With life that is eternal. A spirit world where sainted souls Rejoice in joy's superlative. Where angels sing their sweetest songs, Around a throne in glory, And cherubs chant in metric chime Of love's unfathomable story. The peary gates are open wide, The beacon-lights are burning, The curtains have been drawn aside, And mortals are home turning. The one God of the Universe, Who rules both night and day, With flaming torch of flaming Truth Still upward points the way. Then join in the great procession— Move forward with steady tread: March on to the last grand triumph, The victory of the dead!

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