

The Action Free Press.

THURSDAY MORNING August 30, 1885.

THE CROPS OF ONTARIO.

Below we give a summary of the report of the Bureau of Industries on the wheat, oats and barley crops of Ontario, based on returns made by 1000 correspondents on Aug. 5. The reports of the fall wheat crop just harvested indicate that generally the return has been a good one, both in the yield per acre and in quality of grain. The average will be almost as high as that of the fine crop of last year. Expected average yield per acre 32.8 bushels. The present condition of the spring wheat crop throughout the province, though somewhat inferior to that of fall wheat, affords ground for hope of a fair average yield in spite of a good many adversities. Expected average yield per acre 18 bushels. The barley crop of this season, with the exception of a few localities, has generally been heavy and well matured; but with the great bulk of the crop the color of the grain—which so largely regulates its market value—has been materially damaged by the storms of Aug. 3. Expected average yield per acre 28.5 bushels. The accounts received of the oat crop are uniformly favorable from every section of the province. Expected average yield per acre 38.8 bushels.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Cholera continues to spread in Spain and increases in violence. This plague threatens to be the most fearful on record in a civilized country.

It is stated that there are 125,000 miles of railway in the United States, enough to encircle the earth five times. During the past half century the mileage constructed in each ten years would go once round the world.

"Gan" proposes for Young Canada a new party with new issues: prohibition, abolition of the Senate, reciprocity and civil service reform. "Gan" is pretty near right in treating both the existing parties as decrepit, the one being exhausted as to character and the other as to aims.

The growth of the cattle industry is wonderful. Twenty years ago \$1,000,000 would cover the amount invested in cattle ranches in the United States, while now the investment is estimated at \$100,000,000. Not only in this country, but abroad, agriculture has been superseded in many places by cattle raising, which is lowering, and will continue to lower, the price of beef.

The Ontario Board of Health has issued their report for the month of July. There is a total absence of disease of an epidemic character. In the order of disease the forms of general debility, viz., anæmia and neuralgia, take the first place. Next comes bronchitis, followed as usual by consumption and rheumatism. In infantile diseases, especially in measles, it is urged that isolation of the first case should be practised by individuals and committees.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

To the Memory of the Late Robert Little, Esq., by His Fellow Inspectors.

At the annual meeting of the Inspectors' section of the Canadian Teachers' Association at Toronto last week the following resolution was presented and unanimously adopted:—That this section has reason to deplore the loss during the past year of one of its most esteemed members, the late Robert Little, Public School Inspector for Halton. In him his fellow-workers feel that they have lost a warm, true-hearted friend, one whose ripe experience, wide attainments, and sound judgment made his counsel always valuable. The heart-felt sympathies of Mr. Little's late colleagues are extended to his sorrowing widow.

On motion the resolution was adopted, and it was decided that a copy should be forwarded to Mrs. Little.

Limehouse News.

From our own correspondent. School opened here to-day. The lime business is steady.

Mr. W. Snyder is flying around with vegetables.

Mrs. John Moore has gone off on a three weeks' trip.

Mr. John Craig was in the village to-day all spruced up.

Now that berry time is over, hop picking is almost on hand.

Mr. George Grant is very ill. No hope at all of his recovery.

The Salvation Army meetings are still continued with interest.

George Moore passed the recent Entrance Examination at Guelph.

The Methodists talk of holding a tea meeting some time in October.

Our old teacher Mr. Longman gave us a friendly call during the holidays.

Miss Lamb makes bi-weekly calls here, giving music lessons to several of our young ladies.

Rev. Mr. Wallace has been away to the sea side for a few weeks. He is expected home this week.

Mr. Stow and his wife have returned from their trip, and have commenced business. Welcome home.

Quite a number of men and teams are employed getting out stone. An order for about 600 carloads has to be filled.

Mr. Thos. Meredith and Miss Nellie Lindsay, wrote at the recent July examinations for teacher's certificates, but have not heard results yet. We wish them success.

August 17th, 1885. ROCK.

Try T. H. Harding grocer, for flour and tea.

THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Meeting and Holiday Dinner of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

A DELIGHTFUL TRIP.

The twenty-seventh annual meeting of the Canadian Press Association was held in one of the parlors of the Rossin House, Toronto, on Tuesday, 4th August. Mr. G. R. Pattullo, of the Woodstock *Sentinel-Review*, the esteemed president of the Association, in the chair. The meeting was largely attended by members and their ladies. After the presentation of an interesting and well-prepared address by the President, the following gentlemen were elected as officers for the ensuing year:—President, J. A. Davidson, *Mercury*, Guelph; 1st Vice-Pres., W. Watt, *Advertiser*, Brampton; 2nd Vice-Pres., H. E. Smallpiece, *World*, Toronto; Sec.-Treas., W. R. Climie, *Sun*, Bowmanville. Executive Committee—Geo. Tye, *Times*, Brampton; E. J. B. Penne, *Whig*, Kingston; C. D. Barr, *Post*, Lindsay; H. Hough, *Grip*, Toronto; Jas. Somerville, *True Banner*, Dundas; G. Blackett Robinson, *Presbyterian*, Toronto, and G. R. Pattullo, *Sentinel-Review*, Woodstock. At a subsequent meeting of the Association during the week, C. Blackett Robinson, *Presbyterian*, Toronto, and H. P. Moore, *Fax*, Paris, Action, were elected auditors for the year.

The meeting adjourned at four p.m., when the party visited several of the newspaper offices, the Island, and the Lakeside Home for sick children. The latter is a very worthy institution, and one which should call forth the sympathy and charity of all who visit it. About seventy children are at present in attendance. The Home was established and the beautiful building erected by Mr. Ross Robinson, publisher of the *Toronto Telegram*.

At eight p.m. our party—about sixty in number—departed in Pullmans by G.T.R. for Montreal, which point was reached about seven next morning. After a slim breakfast at St. James' hotel we were escorted to the Central Vermont through train by Mr. A. C. Stoddard, the genial and obliging manager of the road for Canada, where a special car awaited us. The train immediately sped out of the city, through the famous tubular Victoria Bridge then through St. John's in the direction of the Green Mountains of Vermont. About 9 o'clock we crossed the imaginary line—for here it is imaginary—separating Canada from Vermont. Shortly thereafter we reached St. Albans, a characteristic Yankee town, having a more cosmopolitan air than most New England towns, built upon gently sloping hill overlooking Lake Champlain, about two miles distant. The beauty of the scene from this little city is great, commanding as it does a view of the Adirondacks and Green Mountains, and a wide stretch of Lake Champlain.

All form a scene

Where musing solitude might love to lift

Where silence and the bright watch alone,

So clear, so bright, so still.

Leaving St. Albans we entered the country in which the attractive, far-famed, symmetrically-formed ranges of Green Mountains are prominently situated. Shortly after noon we reached Montpelier, the capital of the State. This place is nestled in one of the most charming valleys of the Green Mountains, four hundred and ninety feet above the level of the sea. Here we were allowed half an hour for dinner at the Pavilion, and we sat down to one of the most tempting spreads ever tendered a party of hungry tourists. The Pavilion is a model hostelry, and every member of the party had a good word to say respecting it. At Montpelier is erected the magnificent State building, which ranks in beauty and importance third in the Union.

At this point a special train was made up for our party, in charge of Mr. J. G. Farewell, general agent of the road, who accompanied us to Mount Washington. In the course of an hour or so we came in sight of the White Mountains of New Hampshire. The country through which we passed is of a very inferior character as far as agricultural pursuits are concerned, only a small farm being cultivated here and there in the valleys. Manufacturing is carried on largely, however, the excellent water power facilitating various lines of industry. In some sections here the glove manufacturing trade flourishes, but although at Littleton and Plymouth we saw some extensive factories, none were observed which could compare in point of extent and general attractiveness of the works with the magnificent glove factory of Messrs. W. H. Storey & Son, of our own busy little town.

About 5 o'clock we reached Fabian's, one of the beautiful summer resorts with which this mountain country abounds, and at six arrived at the base of that majestic eminence, Mount Washington. Not a few of the party were subjects of serious misgivings when they came in sight of the railway by which they were expected to ascend to the summit, when they found that it was constructed on a grade approaching an angle of forty-five degrees. But it was soon realized that an ascent to the top of the highest mountain peak in the United States—barring, of course, the Rocky Mountains—is just as about as easily accomplished as any other railway journey. Mount Washington Railway is necessarily constructed upon a different plan from ordinary roads. A grade of no less than 1,380 feet to the mile is actually overcome. Engine and car travel, in addition to the outer rails, upon a centre ratchet rail into which cog-wheels run. Notwithstanding the remarkable steepness, the passenger enjoys absolute safety, through a number of ingenious devices. Should a breakage occur the train would immediately be brought to a full stop by means of air-brakes. In ascending the car is pushed ahead of the engine, and there are safety devices which prevent the train from slipping back a single inch, even upon the steepest grades. Many thousands of people are carried over the railway annually, but in sixteen years not a single passenger has received injury. Mount Washington is 887 feet higher than the Rigi-Kulm, the famous Swiss mountain, up the slopes of which two similar roads have been built.

The Old Colony Railway hurried us away from the good old city on Saturday to Falls River, where we secured berths in the Palace Steamer "Pilgrim" en route down the Atlantic coast for New York.

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Mount Washington, the crown of New England, lies its bare weather-beaten summit 6,293 feet above the level of the sea. At

this remarkable elevation we found a commodious hotel, the Summit House, to the very door of which, through the clouds, we were transported by means of a railway referred to. At this admirably arranged hotel we were billeted over night to witness a sunset and aurora. The former, however, owing to the heavy clouds, was obscured from view, but the sunrise on the morning of our visit was said to be the finest that had been observed for thirty days, and was a spectacle gorgeous beyond description. From the observatory the neighboring mountains are overlooked, and the vision extends far across New Hampshire and the hill-tops of Maine, Vermont, and even to the outskirts of our own Dominion and the far-away ocean. The encircling peaks, peaks and ridges like billows upon a tempestuous sea. Here and there dark shadowy gulfs and lakes are seen, while far distant towns and villages glisten in the sun, with billowy banks of snow-white clouds here and there half hiding the wonderful and attractive view.

At 10 a.m. we had breakfast at the Field's Building—a nine-story—one at the foot of Broadway.

During the remainder of our stay in the metropolis we were the guests of Mr. Wiman, who conveyed the party by special steamer to Coney Island where we were arranged to spend the afternoon. Immediately upon our arrival we were conducted to the amphitheatre to hear a grand concert by Gilmore's celebrated band. Afterwards a dip in the surf at Manhattan Beach was enjoyed, and promptly at 6 p.m. a banquet was served by Mr. Wiman at one of the magnificient hotels of the island. The excellence of the meal was incomparable.

At the close informal speeches were made by Mr. Wiman, by Mr. A. J. Cummings, president of the N.Y. Press Club, and by our worthy president, Mr. G. R. Pattullo. The whole concluded by the entire party joining hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the Queen." We then visited the island by electric light and returned to New York about midnight.

Early next morning we boarded the beautiful Hudson River Steamer *Albany* for a trip up the Rhine of America to Albany. This great water thoroughfare, with its almost unlimited beauties and attractions, is so well known by the most of our readers that no description by our pen is necessary. Arrived at Albany in the twilight and having three or four hours at our disposal paid it a hurried inspection. Found a number of beautiful public buildings, but dirty and irregular streets. The fine new white marble capitol building, with its main entrance the remains of Grant repose in state for several days, is worthy of a visit. The city hall and post office are also elegant structures. At 10 p.m. we started on the Hudson for Niagara Falls, arriving there in good health and spirits in time for an early breakfast next morning. After breakfast we were met by the Niagara Falls National Park Preservation Commission and the Governor of New York and driven to the various points of interest around and about the Falls, embracing the new park survey. The grand work accomplished by the State of New York, and so on, we hope, to be accomplished by our own province, to the great satisfaction of all who desire to witness it, should be commended by every one.

Shortly after noon we left for Hamilton. Here we found the Governor-General inspecting the city, and the Grand Lodge I.O.O.F. demonstration in full blast. A drive through the city was enjoyed at the kind invitation of our respected president.

At the conclusion "Homeward Bound" became the watchword, regretful good-byes, and lingering adieux were said and we boarded the reliable old Grand Trunk for home via Toronto.

Thus ended one of the most enjoyable,

interesting, educational and comprehensive trips that has ever been the pleasure of the Canadian Press Association to embrace.

For much of the comfort and convenience enjoyed throughout the trip the association is specially indebted to Mr. W. J. Edgar of the G. T. R., the official of the Central Vermont and the Boston & Lowell R. R., to Mr. Travers, Boston, Mr. E. M. Barrett, New York, and lastly but in no means in any small degree to our indefatigable and indefatigable secretary Mr. W. R. Climie of Bowmantown.

At 2 o'clock we left the Profyle for a ten-mile stage ride through the valley to North Woodstock. This is one of the most delightful portions of the trip. Seated upon one of those old-fashioned, but really fine new stage coaches, drawn by a four horse team, the traveller drinks in the pure mountain air, and feasts his eyes upon mountains of various beauty. Here the dark mountain ridges stand upon either side, there is a little interval of field or meadow, and across a joyous little cascade leaps higher and higher with merry dash down the mountain side and across the roadway. The railway depot is reached, and we embark in a special car on the Pemigewasset, en route for the Boston & Lowell Railway, en route for Boston.

A comfortable and interesting afternoon's journey over this excellent road, through some of the most beautiful and picturesque scenery of the continent, and passing towns of world-wide importance for their manufactures, notably Manchester, Nashua and Lowell, brought us to old Boston. The "Hub" of the universe. At the depot we were met by Mr. Travers, an old Port Hope boy, and several members of the Boston Press Club. Our two days in Boston were most enjoyably spent, detailed description of them all. For scenery suplatively grand Francoise Notch in the White Mountains, to our mind, fills the bill superbly.

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