



A STATEMENT has been given general circulation in Canadian newspapers, based on a letter to the *Timber Trades Journal*, of London, Eng., from its Ottawa correspondent, saying, that "the shipment of deals from Ottawa to England, is far greater this year than it has been for any previous year." "A Shipper" gives this an emphatic denial. He says the statement is "utterly wrong, reckless and absurd. It is implied that Liverpool takes the Lulk, if not the whole of these magnified shipments. If this correspondent had not cut short his remarks where he did, he might eventually stumbled on something approaching a fact."

I have a letter from a Peterborough lumber firm asking for the latest information relating to the preservation of burnt pine. Canadian lumbermen, of late years, and this year has been no exception, have suffered severely from forest fires. Our American lumbermen have in the past been great sufferers in this respect, and I understand, that some of them have made a study of the question, and are in possession of the best information that is desired by our correspondent. For the general benefit of the craft in Canada, I should be glad to hear from any of our friends

"With all this talk about the great amounts invested in southern timber by Michigan men," said Walter T. Peale, of Saginaw, Mich., a few days ago, "one would think that our timber was nearly all gone. That is a big mistake. We were so very foolish at the start as to ship a great deal of timber away in the rough, but this is stopped and factories for manufacture of doors, blinds, etc., are increasing wonderfully all over the state. The abolition of the Canadian export duty on logs is already being of great benefit to us. Over 100,000,000 feet of lumber will be sawed in Saginaw this summer. Every year this will increase. We have many years of prosperity before us yet."

"Business is slow," said Mr. Willard W. Brown, the wholesale lumber merchant of Buffalo, N.Y., whom I met a few days ago. "But we look for good trade in the fall. Crops are good. We are just going to have big crops this year. Wheat is looking splendid. Then we send our wheat across the Atlantic, and back comes British gold for it, and things commence to hum. Yes, the New York strike and boycott affected our trade somewhat. I commend the lumbermen of New York for the bold and united front that they showed in this trouble. If they had not acted in this spirit, the boycott might have been in existence to-day. If the men had succeeded they could have gone on and closed every yard in New York. When workingmen organize, capital must organize too."

Meeting Mr. R. B. Joyce, a few days since, and knowing that for some years he had been actively identified with the lumber trade of New Brunswick, I queried him in regard to the strike among the mill men of St. John. Said he: "I can remember when eleven and twelve hours was a mill man's day. He would start work at 6 a.m. and keep it up till 6 or 7 p.m., with only the break of an hour for meals. This was simply killing. The work makes too great call on the physical man for even the strongest man to keep this up long. Other employers more considerate would have a break of an hour in the forenoon for a meal, besides the regular dinner hour, which reduced the working hours to ten, rather more reasonable. On the other hand there are and have been cases where the work was kept up until 7 p.m. and a day of twelve hours made up. I know how hard it is for the mill owners to get their money out of their investments on a short working day—at least they think so—when

eleven and twelve hours is the day in Maine. But my own opinion is that the reserve of strength on a nine hour day would be such as to produce more actual work within the week than on the longer day."

To what uses will the products of the forests not be put? I have learned of an hotel in Hamburg built entirely of compressed wood as hard as iron and rendered absolutely proof against both fire and the attacks of insects by subjection to chemical processes. Then what a close relationship is growing up between the wood and paper trades. Sixty-seven cords of poplar is used, for example, to print a single edition of the *Philadelphia Record*—150,000 copies of a twelve page paper. In 22 hours from the time of felling the tree it had been turned into printed papers. A paper averaging 50 cords of poplar daily would consume 15,250 cords annually. In Japan, where the best paper in the world is made, mulberry bark is used. The bark grows on a sort of bush. It is stripped from the young shoots at certain times of the year, just as willow is gotten in this country to make baskets with. The shoots are allowed to grow about three feet long before they are clipped

Where is the man without a sweet tooth—somewhere? Editors possess them, I suppose, like other mortals. The mail clerk of the LUMBERMAN has shown me a letter from an American lumber firm, renewing their subscription to this journal, and adding: "The CANADA LUMBERMAN is a credit to journalism in your country. It is ably edited, and tastily gotten up. We could not do without it in our office." I know of no one who has a better right to sweetmeats than this self same editor. I say eat the candy my friend and relish it. A hearty cheer does every man good in his work. My readers all know the oft told story of the fireman who was ascending a high story to save a child, who was hemmed in by fire and smoke, and must soon have perished. It hardly seemed possible, that the fireman would be able to reach the top of the ladder. He was about giving up in despair. A hearty cheer came from the crowd below. He made one desperate effort inspired by the enthusiasm below, secured the little one and descended safely with her in his arms. The rough places of life with everyone—for who meets not brambles and thistles in his pathway?—is made much the smoother by the heartfelt cheer such as cheered on the fireman to save the little child. These things had far better be given in the present time than in the obituaries that follow after one is consigned "dust to dust, ash to ashes."

Wonderful finds are not always the most wonderful things in the world. "A wonderful find" always makes a good newspaper item, especially in the "silly season," and the item is often more wonderful than the "find." But there are some good stories extant that can be authenticated sometimes by ones own eyes. The attention of visitors to Toronto has no doubt been attracted by a peculiar "find" that is on exhibition in the emigration offices of the C.P.R., on the corner of York and Front Sts. It will naturally have a special interest to lumbermen, because the "find" was found in a tree—and trees are the stock-in-trade of the lumber business. In one of the windows of these offices will be seen a good sized round of timber sawed from a tree that had its home at one time in the Assiniboine section, near Portage la Prairie. Placed in the heart of this piece is a bone of a buffalo, about eighteen inches in length. How came it there? The tree which was cut down a few years ago, is supposed to have been about 170 years old. The theory is that when a mere sapling, Indian children, who had been playing in the locality, and perhaps had had Buffalo for dinner—aye?—took this bone and set it in a recess in the tree. No more was thought of the affair. The tree grew and grew and the bone was incased in the growth. But in later days, when the woodman had gone forth to slay these giants of the forest, this tree was cut down and the bone discovered. Another good story of interest to the lumber trade comes from Prince Edward Island. Fifty years ago a valuable silver watch was lost by Mr. Holland, the son of Major Holland, well known in the provinces

in those days. A week ago the watch, which was identified by the initials, E. H., on the cover, was found under the roots of a large tree, which had then been chopped down. The watch, I am told, is almost as good as new after its long burial.

The annual period for holidaying has come around and the answer "out of town" meets one more frequently from the business man's office these days than does any other. Going away for the summer has in some cases I believe become a mere fashionable fad. Those who live in the lap of luxury ten months in the year cannot urge, that they must needs spend the other two months in increased luxury, as a means of recuperation from the toils and burdens of the ten months. But my business does not take me among those who spend their days on beds of roses and feed daily with a silver spoon on gold jelly. If there is any lumberman in Canada who finds that he can successfully carry on his business on these lines I want to see him, and I promise him that you shall hear all about him in these pages. No, the business man of the present day has got to have lots of "get up" about him, if his business is to prosper. I am satisfied, that nowhere is the mental tension greater than in mercantile life in the present day. And the more extensive the business man's undertakings, and often the more successful these are, the greater the strain and the heavier the mental burden. "A breaking up of the humdrum of life," as one writer has put it, "and an entire change of life for a couple of weeks once a year is of wonderful benefit to man. It shakes him up, gives him new ideas of life, takes him out of the ruts and delivers him from the charge of becoming a mere machine." I get disappointed in my news gathering, when I find the majority of my clients are summering it, but I know that when I see them on their return, they will fairly bristle with new ideas as an outcome of their summer's outing.

Suggested by an interview in the ELI column of the July LUMBERMAN a New Brunswick reader writes. "I recollect over 50 years ago when ships came from foreign countries into St. John harbor and unloaded their cargo of lumber into British waters and reshipped it and took it to the English market to save the duty they imposed to protect our lumber trade, when our forests were clothed with the most majestic pine and spruce. Sir P. Thompson was at the time sent from England to look into our lumber trade. On his return he recommended the reduction of the duty on foreign lumber and the sons of New Brunswick burned his effigy on the square in St. John. Now our forests are denuded of pine and almost of spruce and the only valuable wood left is our cedar, which is getting slaughtered right and left for shingles; and Americans are allowed to cross our lines and drive it by our mills by the million feet and manufacture it in Maine to save American duty. And O'Leary the great dealer in our short and small spruce, is taking it out of our forests and towing it out of our country in rafts of 3,000,000 ft. at a time; all goes to kill and damn our future lumber trade, all for the want of a protective export duty. Compel the manufacture of our lumber at home and secure our lumber trade for Canadians instead of Americans. Not one stick of lumber should be allowed to leave our shores unmanufactured. Speaking of the Baltic lumber, perhaps it is not generally known that there they haul their lumber in many cases 15 and 20 miles before it is shipped and the wages are less than one shilling per day. Well they may compete under such circumstances, so long as their lumber lasts. We hear considerable blathering about preserving our forests from destruction, and tree planting to meet future demands, but an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Exact an export duty at once and stop the slaughter of our forests to play into the hands of syndicate lumbermen and give our local mills a chance to secure a few sticks on their streams to saw."

It is estimated that one building at the World's Fair, Chicago, will take 30,000,000 feet of lumber. This will probably be about half of the total consumed by these buildings.