

The Advertiser

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LONDON - CANADA.

London, Friday, Oct. 30, 1896.

Export the Best and Always Mark It "Canadian"

It having come to the ears of the Dominion Minister of Agriculture that "fined cheese" has in the past been sent from the United States to be shipped from Montreal, so as to avoid the law which prohibits its exportation from the neighboring country, he has promptly ordered that a watch be put on exports from Montreal, in order that the good name of Canadian products may be maintained in the markets of the world.

This is a very necessary precaution.

The law which exists in Canada for the prevention of the manufacture of "fined" cheese was passed with the

unanimous approval of the people, and it has done much to establish and

maintain the good name of that staple product. The British people, who are

our chief consumers, have a trade system which enables them to buy

freely from every country in the world, and they are in a position to get the

best of everything at the lowest market price. They detect attempts to

swindle them, or to palm off inferior or bogus products for the genuine article, and if a country once gets a

bad name, it is a most difficult thing to make it good. Years ago, and with

some degree of foundation, Canadian butter fell into disrepute in the British

markets, and immediately sharp traders in the products of other countries

began to sell their inferior butter as "Canadian," until the term

was used to imply all that was vile in the nature of butter or its substitutes.

Then some sharp cheese makers in the United States took to making

cheese that externally appeared to be of the finest brand, whereas internally

they were made up of the skim milk variety. Immediately there was an

enormous falling off in the demand for United States cheese and a corresponding

increase in the purchase of Canadian.

There could not be a better object lesson of the wisdom of sending only

the best butter, cheese, apples, poultry, fish and other products—manufactured

and unmanufactured—to the highly discriminating people of the old world.

Not only should this be done, but, as the Toronto Globe argues, to prevent

any attempt at substitution of inferior products for the genuine

Canadian article, Canadian producers, manufacturers and exporters should

adopt a distinctive mark of origin. As our contemporary puts it, "Made in Canada" or "Grown in Canada" would,

if plainly marked upon every package of Canadian produce exported, be

worth vastly more in bringing Canada continually before the world's notice

than tons of misleading literature from an immigration bureau. Canadian

cheese, Canadian flour, Canadian apples, Canadian butter, Canadian

poultry, Canadian deals and lumber, Canadian fish, should be branded as

Canadian and sold as Canadian to the consumer. Canada is a big country,

and people get localized in their ideas, but Canadians doing business with

other countries should remember that Canadian county names, or even the

name of such a province as "Ontario," on an exported article, means next to

nothing to the receiver of the product in another country. Let us export the

best of everything of which we have a surplus, whether it be products of the

soil or manufactures, and let it be so marked that no one can mistake its origin. Canadians need never

be ashamed of what they produce.

Britain in Egypt.

Sir Charles Beresford is the naval commander who made so sensational a record by his daring conduct at the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882. That warfare was followed by the British occupation of Egypt, but on the distinct pledge that evacuation would take place as soon as the country could stand by herself. Only by taking that position, it was believed at the time, could Great Britain avoid serious conflict with France and other European nations. That was fourteen years ago. In the interval, the inevitable result of British rule has been exemplified in Egypt. The people have been relieved of great tax burdens. They have been honestly governed. The country has been vastly improved. Lord Charles Beresford now takes the position that Britain should ignore her pledges to the Powers, and annex the land of the Nile. That Britain cannot do. Neither is it likely that evacuation will take place at an early date, if ever. The Egyptian masses take kindly to British rule, and recent events in the Sudan show that it is necessary to their welfare, as well as to that of the neighboring tribes in the fertile

lands to the south. Therefore Britain will remain in Egypt, without formal annexation, even though her course in so doing may not be pleasing to the French.

They talk of "the solid South," and "the silver West," in the campaign in the United States. But careful observers will be astonished if the result of the voting shows the existence of either.

London as a Convention City.

The Ontario Sunday School Convention, which had been in progress in this city for three days, ended last night. It was an unqualified success. Much valuable information was imparted to those in attendance, and it is believed a great stimulus to local Sunday school endeavor was afforded. The effect of the visit of the hundreds of delegates, therefore, apart from the advertising which London incidentally obtained as a residential, educational and trade center, has been decidedly beneficial.

Some have argued recently that there was a tendency to overdo the convention idea. They have said that London was getting more conventions than could be taken care of. But the experience of the last three years was abnormal. It may be many years before so many big conventions are held in this city in so short a period. We have had in the last year or two the Methodist General Conference, which had not met here previously for nearly twenty years, and it will be well into the twentieth century before it is here again; the Presbyterian General Assembly, which only comes to London once in ten or twelve years; the Christian Endeavor, Epworth League, and Sunday school conventions. Our turn to entertain these bodies will in future only come at long intervals.

There is one thing about London that attracts conventions to the city. The people are so hospitable and kind to their visitors that when they get a reasonable opportunity they are always glad to come back and to urge others to join them. "London is kind to strangers" might well be made the motto of the Forest City.

They tell us that Mr. Whitney, Opposition leader in the Legislature, at the recent conference in Toronto, told

the defeated M. P. P. and the M. P. P. who were successful what his policy

was. It is somewhat astonishing that every item of his alleged policy has been kept secret. Mr. Whitney is said

to have boxed it up and put it in the cellar. This may be wise. It may

have to be changed once or twice before the next Provincial election, so anxious is Mr. Whitney to be complaisant. If Mr. Whitney had been a

school teacher, he would doubtless have followed the example of the

obliging old-time pedagogue who expressed his willingness to teach that

the world was round or flat, "just as the parents desired."

An English View.

The English Review of Reviews, conducted by Mr. W. T. Stead, in its

last issue makes the following pointed reference to a subject which has been

much discussed in Canada: "It is satisfactory to see that Lord

Aberdeen has had the courage to brave the wrath of Sir Charles Tupper and the retiring Ministers rather

than consent to the scandalous and colossal conglomerate of indecent jobs with which they proposed to leave

office. A reasonable amount of patronage and promotion within the limits of the law and tradition is

allowed to outgoing Cabinets, but Sir Charles Tupper's proposals passed all bounds, and Lord Aberdeen vindicated

his office by refusing to assent to them. The Governor-General no doubt tends to approximate to the position of an

English monarch, but at present he is still invested with the functions of an umpire in a cricket match. He is bound to see fair play between

parties, and Lord Aberdeen's action, although it provoked an outcry from the defeated jobbers, will be approved

by the sober second thought of the English-speaking race."

This shows what representative Englishmen think of the Aberdeen-Tupper episode. When all is known, it will be found that British statesmen generally have decided that Lord

Aberdeen only did his duty by the people of Canada.

The November Arena (Boston) contains a paper by Mrs. Mary H. Harris, who has for years made a study

of child life, on "Children's Sense of Fear," which will be of especial interest to those engaged in training the young. Now that child psychology is

being made a distinct study, it is to be hoped that the baleful and pernicious old-time custom of filling the

minds of little innocent children with frightful pictures, so largely resorted to hitherto as a factor in their moral

training, will be relegated to the barbarities of the past.

The Century for November is a very interesting number and beautifully illustrated. Two new serials, by Dr.

Weir Mitchell and Marion Crawford, adorn the number; and there are contributions by Gen. Horace Porter,

Bartholomew, George F. Parker, Father Talbot, Mr. Aldrich, Ernest Ingersoll, and many others. Gen. Horace Porter's article, campaigning

with Grant, is especially interesting, and is supplemented by Mr. Leslie Perry's "open letter" on the "Miss of Gen. Grant."

Col. Higginson speaks a good word for the village as a birthplace in his

Atlantic Monthly reminiscences. He says "A so-called cosmopolitan man

has never seemed to me a very happy being, and the cosmopolitan child is above all things to be pitied. To be identified in early memories with some limited and therefore characteristic region, that is happiness."

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Exterminator is pleasant, safe, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to

procure it for you.

Anna Eva Fay.

Interesting Interview With the "Mind Reader"

We Are All Clairvoyants. It We Will.

But We Must Cultivate and Train the Faculty.

McKinley Will Be Elected and Miss Fay Will Wear a Dress of Gold.

After Miss Anna Eva Fay's remarkable performance of Wednesday evening, which has set this town rubbing its eyes trying to discover whether it has just fallen asleep or it only waking up, an advertiser representative sought the Tecumseh House the following morning to gain an interview if possible with Miss Fay. This was kindly accorded, and from the conversation held with her, the reporter brought away with him an impression of something as unique and remote as Undine, or Mignon, or Thekla.

Miss Fay is as hard to interview as Li Hung Chang, which is saying a good deal, and for reasons entirely opposite that tortuous old gentleman's desire to be perverse. Miss Fay is frankness itself, perfectly unconscious and outspoken in her speech, but her mind is too broad to care to dwell upon the petty details and little personal rivalries which are the lot of a public career come to consider, as being of the great moment, and only to themselves, but to the world besides. Miss Fay only becomes eager animated, and inspired when she touches upon those great questions of the day, which are now ever to the front in the minds of all thinking people. Then she becomes a woman; another woman; her slender little body seems to expand with the strength of her opinions; and she gives the eyes flashes of fire not seen there before; and the subject she is discussing, be it her travels in the land of the East, with her husband, the delightful remarks and vagaries of her adored little son "Johnny," or the intolerable position of all women even in enlightened countries, is further accentuated by the rapid, graceful movements of her hands, and her expressive little hands, laden with gems.

But I wish to say, before anything more of Miss Fay, a strong young man. She is not nervous, as some people think—at least, that is to say, while the nerve centers of such a body are doubtless in a high state of development, she has control of those nerves. Spiritually, fervent and alive to her finger tips, she gives the impression of a tempered bit of steel, which will bend far, yet never break.

More beautiful like snow across the course upon Swedenborgianism was scarcely ever heard than the glowing

reporter explained that he would be glad to have her tell him, if, as she said blind-folded on the chair answering questions, and especially toward

Fay told her belief, and the rest and joy she had entered upon, when she found this great secret.

"Miss Fay, what do you see under that sheet?" asked the reporter all at once, who had been waiting some time for an opportunity to ask this somewhat stupid question. Miss Fay looked her inquiry, at which the reporter explained that he would be glad to have her tell him, if, as she said blind-folded on the chair answering questions, and especially toward

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