

## London Advertiser.

TWO DAILY EDITIONS AND WEEKLY.

The Leading Medium for Advertisers in Western Ontario.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY (Limited). LONDON, ONTARIO.

London Wednesday, Sept. 24.

## Retaliating On Canada.

As an act of retaliation, the United States has added 25 cents a ton duty on ground wood pulp and 35 cents a ton on unbleached sulphite and soda pulp imported from Canada.

This is a direct reply to the pulpwood policies of the Ontario and Quebec Governments. In Ontario, since 1909, the export of pulpwood cut on crown lands has been prohibited, the intention being to compel the pulpwood to undergo manufacturing processes in this country instead of being shipped to the United States in the rough. In Quebec the same thing is attempted in another way. A stumpage tax of 65 cents a cord is imposed on pulpwood cut for export, but if manufactured in the country the tax is only 40 cents. These regulations have had the desired effect of fostering the growth of the pulp industry in Ontario and Quebec. Several large mills have been erected, and some are now being built, a considerable amount of American capital being invested. The mills in this country are dependent to a great extent on export business. The exports of pulp last year were \$1,937,297, of which \$937,330 went to the United States and \$934,722 to Great Britain. The extra duty now imposed by the United States, though by no means prohibitive, may injure the Canadian industry for the time being, and it will react on the American paper manufacturers who import Canadian pulp. If there is any deficiency, the Canadian manufacturers should be able to make it good before long in the British market.

It is argued by some newspapers that pulp should not be exported, but manufactured into paper in this country. An embargo of this kind would be disastrous at the present time, when the Canadian paper mills can take only a small proportion of the output of Canadian pulp mills. The spruce forests of the United States are being rapidly denuded, but the American paper industry is not yet dependent to any appreciable extent on Canadian pulp. Great Britain can still find an ample supply in Norway and Sweden. If Canadian pulp were absolutely necessary to either the British or American paper makers, the Canadian Government, by prohibiting the export, might transfer the paper industry on a large scale to this country. Meanwhile, the industry is growing to extensive proportions in Canada, because of the favorable natural conditions, such as the proximity of the raw material and the abundance of cheap water power. Ontario and Quebec are conserving their pulpwood resources by retaining them for domestic manufacture, and Canada should become in the not too distant future a great seat of paper manufacture, as it is of pulp manufacture.

## Lowering of the Lakes.

Are the great lakes drying up? That they are becoming shallower is the opinion of eminent engineers. The question is one of such immediate importance that the United States Government will shortly appoint a commission to enter upon a series of investigations with a view to devising remedies. Experts have figured that the lakes are annually replenished from rainfall, drainage, etc., 6 feet 4 inches, but lose from evaporation and overflow, 6 feet 5 inches. Even the loss of an inch a year would have an appreciable effect, within a lifetime. The tendency has been to greatly increase the tonnage and draught of lake vessels, and already the big lake freighters frequently ground in the shallows at the entrance to Lake Erie. This large craft has been the means of greatly reducing the cost of lake transportation, and a lowering of the lakes that would put it out of business would be an enormous loss to the United States, and in a lesser degree to Canada, as freight rates would be raised on the immense volume of traffic on the inland waters.

The plan most favored for raising or maintaining the depth on the great lakes is a dam at the upper end of Niagara River. This would raise the level of Lake Erie, the shallowest of the lakes, but whether it would have an appreciable effect on the upper lakes is something for engineers to determine. Canada has an advantage in one respect. Nearly all the cargoes of grain, ore and other products from the Canadian Northwest and many from the Western States are trans-shipped at Parry Sound, Midland, Collingwood, Owen Sound, Goderich and other points on Lake Huron and the Georgian Bay, where the depth of water gives as yet no cause for alarm. The western terminal for nearly all the traffic in American bottoms is Buffalo, requiring a longer trip over the shallowest portions of the lakes. Still, Canada expects to develop a great traffic via the Welland and St. Lawrence Canals, and has a joint interest with the United States in preventing, if possible, the lowering of the lakes.

## The Coal Strike.

If either the coal operators or the coal miners could have foreseen that the strike would drag on to this late day they would have adjusted their differences in the first place. The influence of the Republican bosses has been exerted on the operators so far in vain, and Senator Platt, who predicted a settlement within a given time, has been classed with other false prophets. The crisis, which grows more virulent every day, cannot last much longer. A month or six weeks ago the strike had an impersonal interest for the majority of people, but now nearly every family in the United States and Canada is vitally and directly affected. It is a great object lesson for the people of the United States, that a small group of men have it in their power, to inflict misery and suffering upon countless thousands of the poor, through the monopoly of a necessary like hard coal. No matter which party to the present dispute is in the right, it does not impair the argument against allowing the coal supply of a continent to be controlled by one corporation, with no public safeguards whatever. The temper of the people is inflamed, and the chances of public interference daily improve. Unless the miners surrender from sheer exhaustion in the meantime, the operators will be compelled to recede before winter sets in. Senator Mason, of Illinois, announces that he will introduce legislation authorizing the Government, in the event of the mines being closed down by labor troubles, to become temporary receiver of the mines and operate them until the dispute is settled. There is little chance of the resolution carrying in that trust-ridden body, the United States Senate, in which seats are openly bought, but the House of Representatives, which is directly responsible to the people, would probably favor a similar policy. In this and other ways public impotence will find expression and force a settlement if the strike does not collapse.

The English journalists have been in this country six weeks and haven't seen a polar bear. This will be a great surprise to their readers.

Mr. Whitney seems to be terribly afraid that some of his supporters are trying to sell out.

President Roosevelt will have the cordial sympathy of King Edward, who knows how it feels.

La Patrie says that both Elgins were lost to the Liberals in 1900 because of the free trade gospel. The fact is, that West Elgin was lost because two Liberals were in the field. No Conservative has the ghost of a show there in a straight party fight.

The Ottawa Citizens says the Dominion Government ought to do something, to prevent a coal famine. What can it do, seeing that the supply comes from across the line? One thing is certain, if this coal strike were in Canada, there would be enough public spirit in this country to compel the parties to come to terms.

In reply to President Roosevelt's argument that the anthracite coal trust is not protected, the New York World points out that "the duty of 67 cents a ton on bituminous coal does give the anthracite monopoly protection in New England and New York against the abundant soft coal in Nova Scotia." Very true, but the people of Ontario prefer to see Nova Scotia coal steer this way just now.

**Vain Regrets.**  
[Judge.]

May—He's French and she's English. When first they met neither could understand a word the other said. Jack—But they married, didn't they? May—Yes, and now they wish they couldn't understand each other.

**A Money-Making Family.**  
[Judge.]

"The Gettises are on the road to wealth," says the sage of the grocery. "I understand they were doing right well," observed the grocer.

"Yes. They had a big wheat crop, and their corn turned out twice as good as they expected, the oldest daughter ran away with a summer boarder that owns a oil well in Texas; the younger daughter is engaged to a sickly millionaire; and the youngest is married to a automobile and gets accident insurance and damages from the chauffeur; and now they are going to move to the city, where the lady will have a chance to collide with a trolley car and make the company settle."

**For What?**  
[Chicago Tribune.]

Mrs. Crossway—I called on you the other day while you were down town. Mrs. Sellum—Home—I'm so sorry.

**Resourceful Woman.**  
[Judge.]

"My wife," says the first husband, "bought her a tailored suit last spring and thought it would do to wear this fall."

"And will it?" asks the second husband.

"No, but she is sure that she can buy one that will fall that she can wear next spring."

**Learned in Wall Street.**  
[Life.]

"Papa, you didn't know I had been down to Wall street, did you?"

"Why, no! Whom did you go with?"

"With Uncle Jake. And you have no idea how much I learned, Uncle Jake told me all about it."

"Did he? Well, what did you learn?"

"What is a trust, for instance?"

"What is a hold-up of the many by the few?"

"What is a merger?"

"A merger is where you change water into rocks."

"My boy, your Uncle Jake has been giving you some valuable information. Now, what is a corner?"

"A corner is holding on to something that belongs to your neighbor long enough to make him pay about four times what it is worth."

## Poems the World Has Read..

## The Song of the Shirt.

[Thomas Hood.]

When Hood's Poem, "The Song of the Shirt," first appeared, directing the attention of the public to the miserable lives lived by the seamstresses of London, it created a sensation which can be compared to the reception of no poem of recent years, and was, like many of Dickens' novels, responsible for greatly bettered conditions in the lives of those about whom it was written.

With fingers weary and worn,  
And eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread—  
Sew! sew! stitch! stitch!  
In poverty, hunger and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch  
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!  
While the cock is crowing aloof!  
And work—work—work,  
Till the stars shine through the roof!  
It's oh! to be a slave!  
Along with the barbarous Turk,  
Where woman has never a soul to save,  
If this is Christian work!"

"Work! work! work!  
Till the brain begins to swim;  
Work—work—work,  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim,  
Seam and gusset and band,  
Band and gusset and seam,  
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
And sew them on in a dream."

"Oh! men, with elsters dear!  
Oh! men, with mothers and wives!  
It is not linen you're wearing out,  
But human creatures' lives!  
Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
In poverty, hunger and dirt,  
Sewing at once with a double thread,  
A shroud as well as a shirt."

"But why do I talk of Death?  
That phantom of grisly bane;  
I hardly fear his terrible shape,  
It seems so like my own—  
It seems so like my own,  
Because of the work I keep;  
O God! that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap!"

"Work! work! work!  
My labor never flags,  
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,  
A crust of bread—and rags,  
That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—

"And what is a deal?"  
"A deal is doing others according to law."

"What is the difference between a trust and a syndicate?"  
"Generally speaking, if you are a syndicate, you rob only in one state, but if a trust you rob everywhere."

"What is prosperity?"  
"It's a time when the necessities of life are all going up and salaries are standing very still."

"What is a tucker?"  
"An instrument to torture lambs with."

"And where is Wall street located?"  
"Oh, it's a half-way station between the Statue of Liberty and the House of Representatives. Papa, am I a bright boy?"

"Phenomenally so, my son."



Some friends of Lawyer Barnes of Leacon gave him a blow-out yesterday morning. A lovely time was had.—Exchange.

**Uncalled For.**  
[Chicago News.]

Weary Walker—His paper tells about a guy who was axed to death while taking a bath.

Tired Tatters—Well, I ain't wastin' my sympathy on dem fools who's allers takin' useless risks.

**A Critical Situation.**

Kingston, Jamaica, Sept. 24.—The British steamer Antillar, from Colon, Colombia, brings a report that the situation on the isthmus was extremely critical when she left there last Sunday. The rebels at that time were massed near the railroad between Colon and Panama, and the Government was sending troops from Panama to Agua Dulce, to cut off the rebels' retreat should they be beaten on the isthmus.

Panama, Sept. 22.—Government soldiers, who were captured by Herrera at Agua Dulce and forced to join his army but escaped, report that the whole revolutionary army has abandoned its camp near Chorrera and is retreating to the west. Reinforcements of Colombian troops continue to arrive on the isthmus, which undoubtedly caused Gen. Herrera's retreat.

**THE FIRSTBORN.**

Why is it that the firstborn child is so often the healthiest of a family of children? The reason seems to suggest itself. As child follows child the mother has less and less vitality; often not enough for herself and none, therefore, for her child.

Expectant mothers who use Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription find that it keeps them in vigor and a healthy condition. They eat well, sleep well and are not nervous.

When baby comes its advent is practically painless, and the mother is made happy by the birth of a healthy child. If you would be a healthy mother of healthy children use "Favorite Prescription."

"I will be very glad to say a few words for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Mrs. F. S. Douglas, of Mansfield, Ohio, "I have been using it for the first four months, when I looked forward to becoming a mother. I suffered very much from nausea and vomiting, and I felt so terribly sick I could scarcely eat or drink anything. I hated all kinds of food. At this time I wrote to Dr. Pierce, and he told me to get his 'Favorite Prescription' and a bottle of Golden Medical Discovery. I got a bottle of each, and when I had taken them a few days, I felt much better. I had taken hardly three parts of each bottle I felt well and could eat as well as any one, and could do my work without any trouble (I could not do anything before). I feel very thankful to Dr. Pierce for his medicine, and I tell all who tell me they are sick to get these medicines, or write to Dr. Pierce."

Those who suffer from chronic diseases are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence strictly private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness and sick headache.

**AN ATTEMPT TO KILL THE CZAR**

Rails Removed on the Line on Which He Traveled—The Plot Failed.

London, Sept. 23.—In a dispatch from St. Petersburg the correspondent there of the Daily Express reports an attempt to derail the train upon which the Czar traveled from Kdsk. Rails were removed on the two routes over which the Czar might travel; in one instance the plot was discovered, and in the other the train was wrecked. The Czar reached St. Petersburg safely.

London, Sept. 24, 6 a.m.—The details of the attempt on the life of the Czar, while he was returning by train to St. Petersburg, show that four conspirators, dressed as railway workmen, unscrewed the rails. The discovery was made by the merest accident.

**Packing Trust Abandoned.**

Chicago, Sept. 24.—The combination of the great packing houses of the country, which has been under consideration and in process of actual formation for the last six months, has been abandoned, at least for the present, says the London Times. The decision not to complete the combination is due in a large degree to the attitude of the national administration towards trusts as outlined by President Roosevelt in his recent speeches.

**Captured a White Whale.**

New Bedford, Mass., Sept. 24.—The whaling barge Platina, of this port, Captain McKenzie, on May 10, captured a pure white whale which made 100 barrels of oil. In his six years of whaling Captain McKenzie writes that he never before saw a white whale. The Platina had been only three or four days out from Barbadoes when the big fellow was captured.

**Millions in Corundum.**

Ottawa, Sept. 24.—Archibald Blue, chief census commissioner, visited last week the region of Renfrew and Hastings counties, where corundum has been discovered. He found one deposit which at least the present price of the mineral ought to yield over \$12,000,000. "What particularly struck me," remarked Mr. Blue, "was the even larger deposit that could be made out of these deposits if a process were discovered for extracting the aluminum that the formation contains. The corundum now yields 33 per cent aluminum, which is worth \$20,000 a ton, and which, at least twice as much money as the corundum now brings for grinding purposes. Mr. Blue thinks a large reward—\$50,000 or \$100,000—should be offered for the discovery of a process by which the aluminum can be economically separated. We could then be able in this Province to control the corundum and aluminum markets of the world."

A table—a broken chair—  
And a wall to blank my shadow I thank  
For sometimes falling there.

"Work! work! work!  
From weary chime to chime;  
Work—work—work—  
As prisoners work for crime!  
Band and gusset and seam,  
Seam and gusset and band,  
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,  
As well as the weary hand."

"Work! work! work!  
In the dull September light,  
And work—work—work—  
When the weather is warm and bright!  
While underneath the eaves  
The brooding swallows cling,  
As if to show me their sunny backs,  
And wait me with the spring."

"Oh! but to breathe the breath  
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,  
With the sky above my head,  
And the grass beneath my feet;  
For only one short hour  
To feel as I used to feel,  
Before I knew the woes of want,  
And the walk that costs a meal."

"Oh! but for one short hour!  
A respite however brief!  
No blessed leisure for love or hope,  
But only time for grief!  
A little weeping would ease my heart,  
But in their briny bed,  
My tears must stop, for every drop  
Hinders needle and thread."

With fingers weary and worn,  
And eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread—  
Sew! sew! stitch! stitch!  
In poverty, hunger and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—  
Would that its tone could reach the rich—  
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

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And eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread—  
Sew! sew! stitch! stitch!  
In poverty, hunger and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—  
Would that its tone could reach the rich—  
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

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