

London Advertiser.

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LONDON, THURSDAY, OCT. 26.

The Harvest of the Storm.

The sailors on the great lakes have been in need of a Pilsnol. Pilsnol was an Englishman who fought a hero's fight against the giant shipping interests of Great Britain on behalf of the humble seamen, who were shipped in death traps, and he lived to see the Pilsnol line established throughout the British merchant marine. Every British sea-going vessel bears the Pilsnol mark on her port side, and she is forbidden to carry a load which will submerge it.

There is no such protection for the sailors on the great lakes, which are periodically swept by storms almost as violent in their effects as the ocean tempests. Last week thirty vessels foundered or were wrecked on these inland seas, and eighteen souls went down to a watery grave. It is charged that the Canadian carrier, the *Clashed*, which sank in Lake Huron with all her crew, was overloaded. Whether this is true or not, there is no effective prohibition of overloading in Canada or the United States. The public has learned this with painful surprise. It is said there is a law for the inspection of vessels loading at inland ports, but it has been observed in a very perfunctory manner. The Canadian Minister of Marine, with his usual energy, is determined to have this point settled as soon as possible.

Twelve of the vessels which foundered in last week's storm were over 30 years old, three of them having sailed the lakes for over 45 years. It is pointed out that there has been a careless disregard of human life. Mr. Pilsnol has the opportunity to be a Canadian Pilsnol.

Canada as a Holiday Ground.

The Canadian Northwest has been termed a discovery since it began to grow, and the British press is now discovering the discovery. It is quite the fashion now for British dailies to send staff correspondents to write up Canada. Most of them have confined their attention to the west, but the representative of the Commercial Intelligence of London touches on one of Canada's assets which is too little noticed, in addition to the finest holiday grounds. Of the latter the Commercial Intelligence correspondent says:

What Americans desire in choosing where to spend their summer vacation is a place where they can have (1) a fresher and cooler climate than their own; (2) attractive scenery; (3) water or river or lake fishing and boating; and (4) good surf bathing and a sandy shore where, which is not to be found in the most fashionable resorts, but to sun bathe and swim. All these attractions are offered in numerous places in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Quebec, which are reached by the Intercolonial Railway—the Government railway of Canada—and the Dominion Atlantic Railway, while further west, in the region served by the Grand Trunk, and only a few hours' pleasant ride by fast trains from Toronto, in the Muskoka country, there is a delightful summer climate, a district fresh and invigorating on account of its altitude and its forest surroundings, with boating and canoeing and many other charms as long as the summer and autumn last, and fishing as good as plentiful and as varied as in the most favored lake and river resorts, for which the Maritime Provinces have now a world fame.

Canada's natural charms are an abiding legacy to her people, and the mountains and forests and the rivers and lakes of the Maritime Provinces and the streams, lakes and woods of Muskoka are among the scenic assets of the North American continent. When the boundary lines were finally drawn after the domestic unpopularity of 1776-82, Canada certainly got the best part of the natural beauties of the continent—most assuredly from the point of summer and autumn vacation life; and today these glorious possessions of Canada are of obvious and appreciable value in the present growing time in the Dominion.

The rush of American tourists to Canada in the summer months has reached great proportions, and is yearly growing. In Muskoka and Nipissing the Province of Ontario has one of the most spacious and attractive holiday grounds in the world. Our American cousins are probably the greatest summer "resorters" on earth, and many of them penetrated to the wilds of Nipissing long before the locomotive. The bulk of the tourists, however, prefer to keep within touch of the telegraph, the railroad and the postoffice. The present season introduced them to Lake Temagami, and the volume of tourist traffic exceeded all expectations. That region in a few years will be a second Muskoka. Eventually summer hotels will be springing up on the shores of James Bay. The scenic beauty of New Ontario is one of its natural resources which should be developed as well as its wealth of mine and forest.

A Contrast in Living.

Mr. Joseph Choate, late ambassador of the United States at the court of St. James, has been regaling his countrymen with some of his impressions gathered in an eight years' residence in England. He noted the immense activity of American life, and contrasted it with the more leisurely and less-loving habits of the English. He thought that Americans would do better if they devoted themselves less exclusively and energetically to business

and paid more attention to the art of enjoying life. He thought that they might profitably emulate the example which the old world sets by allowing themselves a larger measure of relaxation and by cultivating a greater capacity for recreative pleasure, and he feared that if they did not, if they continued to lead the pace that kills, as it seemed to him that they are doing now, they would in the end be made to pay dearly for their folly.

Mr. Choate's advice is good, but there are some valid excuses to be made for the American. His way of living is still the way of the pioneer. The latter had a great work to do, building the nation, developing its resources, planting its institutions, making its wealth. These things demanded the highest degree of energy and resourcefulness, and produced a peculiarly active type of citizen. There was no country which offered such opportunities and such rewards. Its boundless material wealth stimulated men to exertion, and the habits of one generation became nature in the next. It is different in a country like England which, to use Kipling's expression, has "arrived," and in which people have moved for generations in well-defined grooves. The Americans of today and their pleasure in work, but with the accumulation of wealth a class is arising which will be disposed to take life easier, and will set an example of leisure which will gradually change the modes of living.

[Thanks, J. V. N.]

There are no people who have more reason as a nation to be in a Thanksgiving frame of mind than the people of Canada. This country has been favored above most others, and this year in a special degree. We have had the greatest harvest in our history. We are entering on the greatest era of railway construction in our history. Immigration has this year broken all records, and attained a volume unhoped for a decade ago. Industry continues in full swing and labor is fully employed. We have been blessed with an unexampled prosperity. If there is any danger it is a danger arising out of an excess of prosperity which may tempt men to improvident or reckless courses. We can only hope that moral and intellectual progress is keeping pace with material progress.

If I Should Die Tonight.

[H. F. Gadsby, in Toronto Star.]
Lines supposed to be spoken by Sir Wilfrid Laurier on reading in the press the tributes to Sir William Mulock on his retirement from public life.

If I should die tonight,
The day would look upon my quiet face
Perhaps, who knows, would even have the grace
To say that Laurier didn't do so bad,
Considering the troubles that he'd had,
And, weighing this and t'other—how can I admit that I had managed fairly well—
It would, that is, if I were dead all right.

If I should die tonight,
The world would come and stand beside my bed,
And take back all the hard things it had said,
And point out how I got the best of Blair,
And prove I did the state good service
And, sobbing editorially, explain
How well I stood with W. E. Macdougall—
It would, if I were dead and dead tonight.

If I should die tonight,
The News would gaze upon my placid brow
And mutter: "Time for that third volume now."
And add to my biography a leaf
In which my virtues shine in high relief,
And print a yard of statey-worded word
Where a slender cartoonist used to carter,
It would, if I were dead and dead tonight.

If I should die tonight,
The telegram would summon up a tear,
Give forth, sharp, scolding screams above my head,
And hold it a delectable trait in me
That Canada owes half the G. T. P.
To my dear old man, my faithful old leader,
Who'd been my heaven-sent savior through the
Orange lodge—
It would, if I were dead and dead tonight.

If I should die tonight,
The Hamilton Spectator would forget
That it had ever tied by soul to fret,
And, with a sigh, would softly say:
"We always loved poor, erring Laurier,
And, though sometimes he caused our
check to blench,
The only reason was he thought in French."
It would, if I were dead for keeps tonight.

If I should die tonight,
Before my body was put underground,
The opinion press would gather round
And intimate that I had done some good.
That, often, I had been misunderstood.
And that, that, now that I was dead and gone,
I might take rank in history with Sir John A.
They would, if I were stark, stone dead tonight.

Behind the Lattice.

[Isaac Klier.]
Behind the lattice eagerly she waited,
And oft she scanned the clock and deep-
ly sighed;
Her heart was a thousand fears was
frighted,
And had he tarried long she must have
died.

He came at last, all flushed with hope, to
Back from the lattice, ere he knew, she
had fled.
And as his hands outstretched he rushed
to meet her,
She checked him with the proud poise
of her head.

He went away, half hoping and half
dreading,
And as he mingled with the passing
crowd,
She, with gladness, through the
lattice peering,
Forgot to be reserved and calm and
ground.

Deserving of Recognition.

[Montreal Herald.]
It is an amazing thing that Canada has no monument to Lieut.-Col. John Macdonnell, who was Attorney-General of Upper Canada at the time of the war of 1812, and who went to the front as military secretary and aide-de-camp to Sir Isaac Brock, and fell beside him at Queenston Heights. Young Macdonnell was then just 25 years of age and was entering upon his brilliant career in our political life; but he laid it all upon the altar of his equally young country. He was strongly praised by Sir Isaac Brock and by his successor, and had already performed a great national service, in arranging the surrender of the American army at Detroit. For

him Glenarry has a particularly warm spot in his heart, for he was a Glenarry boy, and sat in the Legislature for that county, and it is a question whether a monument to him should stand on the historic heights where he fell, or in the Legislative building where he has long been so proudly remembered. At the same session of the United Empire Loyalists' Association, at which a fitting memorial of Lieut.-Col. Macdonnell was proposed, a monument to the great Indian, Tecumseh, the hero of 1812, and has to his credit was suggested. He was also one of much of the honor of that splendid campaign of national defense. The Indian race in this country, has few—if any—greater names than Tecumseh; and a recognition at this time of his services to the British crown would be a gracious and well-deserved, if belated act.

Not in It.

[Milwaukee Sentinel.]
You may sing of the charms of a May day,
When spring's first violets bloom—
But it can't be compared with a pay day
When it comes to banishing gloom!

Ancient Philosophy.

[Epictetus.]
If evil be said of thee, and it be true,
Correct thyself; if it be a lie, laugh at it.

The Difference.

[Toronto News.]
According to the Montreal Gazette, it is "socialism" for a government to carry messages by electricity, but by railways and the legs of horses and postmen.

The Seal and the Polar Bear.

[Punch.]
Once there lived a Polar bear,
Where the north's wastes were
Creamy white his trousers were,
And his glance pathetic,
For he loved a little seal.
Who despised his passion,
Scorning every fond appeal
In the coldest fashion.
Serenades in vain he played,
Vainly coyly bade,
Danced the Arctic fling and made
Half the penguins frantic;
He climbed the pole that coyly snubbed
Expedition leaders;
Began imaginary bing
From pretended feeders.

Up she turned her nose in pride,
Down she curled her whiskers,
Vowed she never could abide
The sentimental frisking of a
pluitor to a young widow, a handsome
cavalry officer, Count Georges Perrady,
Gave her a dose of poisonous humbug.
He had met the lady at the seaside,
and subsequently he visited her in Paris.
She repelled his advances, however, and
he asked an elderly friend, who possessed
the reputation of being an alchemist, to
prepare for him a small bottle of colorless
liquid. The officer contrived to drop
into the lady's window when dining
with her.

No sooner had she drank from the glass
than she became pale and fell to the
floor, suffering from cramp. A doctor
was called in and declared it to be a
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The count promptly gave himself up to
the police commissary of the Chateau
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DREAM BURGLARS
CAME IN REALITY

Robbed This Lady as She Had
Seen Them Do in Her
Night Vision.

New York, Oct. 25.—Burglars and highwaymen these days are more numerous in Clifton Park, Weehawken, than commuters; so when Miss Mabel Goble, a teacher, aroused the family of E. L. Ostrom, with whom she boarded, Saturday midnight, with screams of fright arising from dreams of masked men with lanterns and revolvers, they told her that the lawlessness of the neighborhood was working its way into her mind.

"But I saw them just as plain as day," she protested. "They opened my trunk and took my diamond pin. Then they went out of the room, and by and bye came back and climbed out of my window with a bag full of plunder."

To satisfy Miss Goble's family, the dream burglars had come, and \$1,000 worth of jewelry, silverware and clothing had disappeared. There were Jimmy marks on the floor, and a window by which they had entered and left the house. The burglars went through her trunk, as she had seen them in a dream, but all they got was a diamond pin which she had overlooked in packing her valuables.

POISON IN LOVE PHILTRE

Cavalry Officer Nearly Kills the Lady of His Choice.

London, Oct. 25.—The Daily Mail publishes the following from Paris: In the belief that he was administering a love philtre to a young widow, a handsome cavalry officer, Count Georges Perrady, gave her a dose of poisonous humbug.

He had met the lady at the seaside, and subsequently he visited her in Paris. She repelled his advances, however, and he asked an elderly friend, who possessed the reputation of being an alchemist, to prepare for him a small bottle of colorless liquid. The officer contrived to drop into the lady's window when dining with her.

No sooner had she drank from the glass than she became pale and fell to the floor, suffering from cramp. A doctor was called in and declared it to be a case of poisoning.

The count promptly gave himself up to the police commissary of the Chateau district and made a full confession, but as the widow is now out of danger he was set free, and the incident may end in a marriage after all.

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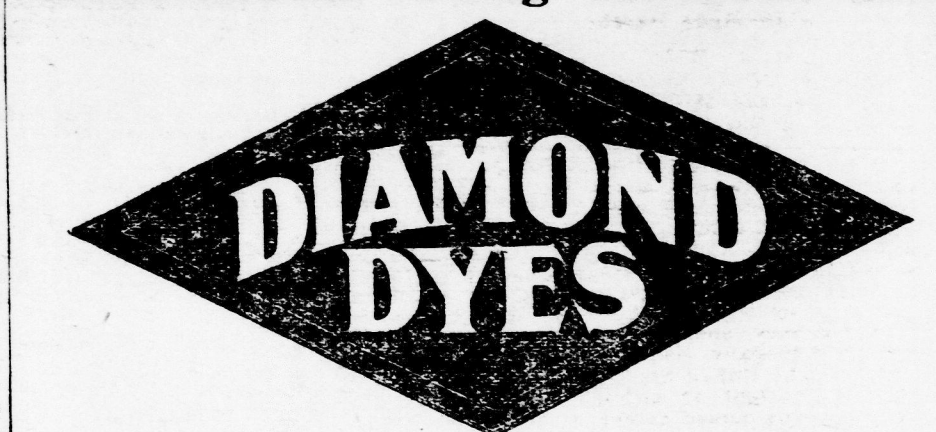
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And prove I did the state good service
And, sobbing editorially, explain
How well I stood with W. E. Macdougall—
It would, if I were dead and dead tonight.

Make Home Dyeing Successful By
Using

As there are weak, adulterated and worthless package dyes under varied names sold by some dealers to whom large profits are of more concern than the home success and comfort of our women and girls, we would urge all who ask for DIAMOND DYES to see that each package bears the words "DIAMOND PACKAGE DYES."

Beware of common package dyes introduced in your town which pretend to dye all materials equally well with one dye. Such package dyes are snares and delusions. They ruin good dresses and all other articles of clothing, and are dangerous to handle.

The Diamond Dyes are the popular home dyes all over the world, and ladies at all times can depend upon their strength, beauty and everlasting colors. Refuse all crude and weak dyes and cling to the reliable Diamond Dyes, and you are sure of success in home coloring work.

Big Granite Ware Sale. **WOODS' FAIR** Big Granite Ware Sale.

2 Carloads of Graniteware on Sale, Second and Third Quality.

You miss this and you miss an opportunity to save yourself money. This big sale will last for some time, as we have an immense quantity, but remember, the wise buyer will be on hand bright and early and get the plums before they are picked over.

Special for Wednesday and Friday Selling.

PIE PLATES. 7-inch, regular \$2. 8-inch, regular \$2. 9-inch, regular \$2. STOVE POTS. No. 8 Stove Pots, 39c. No. 9 Stove Pots, 40c. GRANITE CHAMBER PAILS. Regular \$1.25, sale price \$1.00. Big Granite Ware Sale. **WOODS' FAIR** Big Granite Ware Sale.

TEAPOTS. No. 10, sale price 12c. No. 20, sale price 15c. No. 30, sale price 15c. No. 25, sale price 15c. No. 35, sale price 15c. COFFEE POTS. No. 15, sale price 15c. No. 25, sale price 15c. No. 35, sale price 15c. TEA KETTLES. No. 9, sale price 50c. No. 8, sale price 40c.

DOUBLE RICE BOILERS. Regular 7c, sale price 4c. Regular 6c, sale price 3c. WATER PAILS. 110 size, sale price 30c. price 25c. 120 size, sale price 40c. price 35c. WHITE CHAMBERS. Regular price 45c. sale price 35c.

Big Granite Ware Sale. **WOODS' FAIR** Big Granite Ware Sale.

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE—FOR—
E.B. EDDY'S FIBRE-WARE

SOMETIMES for the sake of making a little extra profit a dealer may urge you to buy an inferior class of goods in this line, stating "it is just as good as Eddy's," but experience would prove to the contrary, so don't be led astray. BUY EDDY'S EVERY TIME AND YOU WILL BUY RIGHT.

DONALD McLEAN, Agent, 426 Richmond St., London.

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The ORIGINAL remedy that "Kills the D