

London Advertiser.

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Managing Director, John Cameron

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The Ontario Farmer—An Appreciation.

Who is this "man with the hoe" about whom so much is being said and written these days? Millet has painted him from the European standpoint, and from that artist's strong portrayal a western poet has described him as a distorted and soul-quenched being, with darkened brain and brutal jaw, a brother to the ox, slave of the wheel of labor, who leans

"Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground, The emptiness of ages in his face, And on his back the burden of the world."

The Frenchman, probably with an eye single to his art, chose a degenerate European peasant for the subject of his canvas, and doubtless so far as the laws of art permit, exaggerated the stolid, rapturous expression and pose to make it harmonize with the stubborn and ungenerous glebe used for its setting. Surely this "monstrous thing," "plundered, profaned and despoiled," is not a type of Millet's peasant countryman.

The poet, Markham, an ardent singer of Fraternity, claims to see in the figure the result of degeneracy produced by our social inequality, the victim of man's inhumanity to man. But Millet's "Man With the Hoe" does not stand for degeneracy any more than for advancement. He might equally as well serve a poet's fancy as the last in the march of progress, stranded and leaning on his primitive implement, bewilderingly and despairingly gazing after those whose have passed him. Historically, the latter view, at least so far as field labor is concerned, is the more correct one. The English "villain" once meant nothing more nor less than a field-dweller; it may have lost something of respectability, but it never was associated with any degree of honor. One word, "boor," once signified, as the Dutch word "boer" does now, a cultivator of the soil. Improved conditions and altered relations have called for new words, while the old ones remain to mark the lines of progress.

Although the poem does not particularize or even imply field-labor as the enslaving wheel, it is being made the occasion for homilies on the rude and cheerless round of life on the farm. The writers will have to go to the Fellowship of the Nile Valley, or the "Crackers" of the hill districts of Georgia for their illustrations. They certainly cannot find them in this country, outside of the individual examples that are the exception to the rule.

The slavery that exists on the farm in this country is mainly self-imposed. We have heard of the farmer whose sole aim in life was to buy more land, to plant more corn, to raise more hogs, to buy more land, to plant more corn, etc. Anyone traveling the concessions of Ontario and mingling with the farmers, will soon be convinced that the majority of them have other aims besides the increasing of their acreage. He will seldom find the rude, naked home, unsupplied with book and paper, unadorned with picture or flower and shrub, where the barnyard fowl and stock are free at the front as well as at the back doorstep.

The Ontario farmer's home is, as a rule, a fairly comfortable house, moderately furnished, usually located on the most favorable site, adorned in front with a few shrubs and flowers, and with an orchard and garden for background. His children go to school until they enter or pass through the highest class. His roads are getting better. His mail facilities are multiplying, giving him his newspaper every day; while buggies and bicycles contribute to overcome distance and diminish isolation. Services of church and Sunday school are available, and generally used. He is getting to be more and more of a student and thinker. He says he had to study the markets, for they fluctuate more than they used to; the soil and the weather—for they are more capricious than when the country was first settled; the insects and fungi—for they are now far more numerous and destructive than in his father's day. His hoe and his scythe are hung up, so he is obliged to acquire considerable expertise in mechanics, to use successfully all the complicated machines that have supplanted the simple manual implements of former days.

Than the tillers of the soil no other industrial class has a freer field for that "upward looking and the light" of which the poet sings. As proof of that our farmers may point with justifiable pride to the highest officer in the land under the representative of royalty—the speaker of the House of Commons of Canada—who, like Cicero of old, was called from the plow to preside over the councils of the nation. The Ontario farmer is certainly not "the man with the hoe."

Between the Boer-British imbroglio and the Shamrock-Columbia yacht race, Africa and America hold the stage at present.

It is declared that the Boers will declare war tomorrow. It is likely that war will be declared tomorrow for some days now.

Japanese influence is said to have superseded Russian influence at the Chinese court. With Japan paramount at Peking and Great Britain paramount at Tokio it looks as though the lion had checkedmate the bear for the time being.

Compulsory Arbitration.

The City Council last night requested the Ontario Government to complete the present statute relating to arbitration in cases of dispute involving public franchises, such as those of street railways, by making acceptance of the finding compulsory. Some doubt was expressed as to how that compulsory acceptance could be effected; but difficulty would not be apt to occur in more than one instance out of ten. Let us suppose a fair arbitration—let us suppose a fair finding—and let us suppose, also, refusal on the part of either side to accept the finding. What would then happen? Public sympathy would drop away from the side clearly shown to be in the wrong, just as a lump of lead sinks into the depths of the sea; and Londoners do not need to be told that the most powerful thing in the world is public opinion. In most cases, indeed, the invoking of compulsory arbitration would produce, as in New Zealand, an early settlement by voluntary arbitration or mutual concession.

The action taken by the London City Council should have been taken earlier.

A Commercial Scarecrow.

We are now paying Uncle Sam \$90,000,000 a year, the great bulk of which should go to Canadian manufacturers and their employees. Every yard, every pound, of this enormous importation displaced a yard or a pound which should be made in Canada by Canadians.

What this country needs is an increase in the tariff sufficiently heavy to keep those \$90,000,000 worth of goods out of the Canadian market.—Hamilton Spectator.

The Spectator ought to blush at this deception. Ninety million dollars looks to be a prodigious figure at first sight, but a little inspection shows that it is illusory, and that the Spectator is using it as a bogey to frighten ill-informed readers. Of our imports from the United States fully one-half are duty free. Most of these, so far from displacing Canadian goods, cannot be produced in Canada. They are essential to our manufacturers, who would be the first to resist any attempt to tax, much less exclude, such imports.

Last year among other things we imported from the United States nearly \$400,000,000 of gold and silver in coin and bullion. Money coming into the country is generally thought to be a good thing, and people are not concerned as to where it comes from. We also imported last year free of duty nearly \$8,000,000 worth of hard coal. We had to get this from the United States or go without. Again, some \$2,324,457 worth of settlers' effects came from the same country last year. In its prejudice against American imports would the Spectator shut out both the settlers and their effects? Raw cotton, hides, crude rubber, and wood to the extent of several millions of dollars are annually imported from the United States free of duty. The Spectator or its party would not dare tax them if they could.

The Spectator's statement is almost as fallacious as applied to dutiable goods. For instance, Canada imported last year from the United States a million dollars worth of fruit and nuts which could not be grown here unless in hot houses. Over a million dollars worth of leaf tobacco is also included in the disastrous category of American imports. Ask the Canadian smoking public and Canadian cigar and tobacco manufacturers if they would have this shut out.

The Canadians likewise sent nearly \$3,500,000 to the United States for soft coal last year. So far from wanting American soft coal excluded, the people of Ontario particularly the manufacturers, would like to see it placed on the free list. Again, nearly ten million dollars worth of these obnoxious imports from the United States merely pass through Canada en route to Europe. Canadian transportation lines get the profit of handling them.

By going over the list of imports in this way the Spectator's \$90,000,000 may be sifted down to a comparatively small sum, which Canadians spend in the United States for goods which could possibly displace home products, and it is safe to say that Canadians only buy these things elsewhere because it is profitable for them to do so.

The plundered passengers of the Scotsman can give a clear-cut definition of the word "scab."

Our American friends glory in their Independence Day but think Aguinaldo is enjoying his too long.

With the British and Boers both converging at Laing's Neck, it looks as if one of the parties will be choked there.

He is the Honorable James Sutherland now, but in the hears or his friends the name will always be written "Jim."

The Transvaal situation must be a severe strain on the Kaiser. He is under the necessity of minding his own business this time.

Doctors differ occasionally; that must be expected; but why should any person write anonymous letters? Why should any newspaper print them?

Many newspapers are pointing out the moral of the Scotsman horrors, viz., the danger of employing inferior, irresponsible labor when human life and property are at stake. We have had a striking lesson of the same kind in London. During the last four months, there have been more street car accidents than during the first year of the electric street railway system, when all the hands were new to the work. The fact is that efficient men cannot be secured to replace a body of strikers, because the best class of workmen are either organized or have too much self-respect to

take the bread out of one another's mouths. A transportation company is under a very grave responsibility to the public to provide competent service, because human life is involved, and this principle applies equally to a steamship company and to a street railway company.

What Others Say.

Good for the City.

[Ottawa Journal.]

The experience of the city of Sheffield, England, has given a fresh impetus to the municipalization of tramways of street railways in Great Britain. In July, 1898, the corporation of that city took control of the street railways, and during the first year of their working the number of passengers increased by 1,500,000, and the receipts by over \$25,000, or 15 per cent. The improvement continued last year, though not in such a marked degree. The corporation have reduced the fares, increased the wages of the employees and improved the comfort of passengers.

Dewey Tribute.

[Chicago Tribune.]

That ordinarily quiet, sober town, Keene, N. H., went Dewey mad on Wednesday night and carried its patriotism to the verge of idiocy. The people piled materials 100 feet high for a bonfire and when remonstrated with by the authorities, who were fearful the town might be burned, as a strong wind was blowing, notified the latter that they would have the bonfire anyway. The police and firemen resisted them and finally drove them away. The patriots, however, were resolved to celebrate, and later in the night not only lit the bonfire but succeeded in burning the bandstand, a house and several barns in Dewey's honor. A few thousand dollars will cover the loss, but the patriotic idiots expressed their willingness to burn the whole town. The sober, slow-going old state of New Hampshire is about the last place in the country where one would expect to find patriotism so enthusiastic as cheerfully consent to burn a town for the glorification of a naval hero.

High Lights.

[Chicago Record.]

There is no fun in grumbling when nobody pays any attention. Nature is kind; any artist can paint a sunset and sell it for a sunrise. Knowledge is power sometimes when communicated, at other times when withheld.

Dignity and pride are lonely because happiness always wants to sit in somebody's lap.

Life is not short when we count up all the foolishness we have had time to indulge in.

He who does many things correctly and makes one error will hear only of the error.

Love consists in getting a few of the desirable things we started out in life determined to have.

Love can't break a man's heart after he has got old enough to take an artistic interest in his dinner.

When a woman truly loves a man she admires his indifference more than the attentions of other men.

The New Minister.

[Toronto Globe.]

Mr. James Sutherland, M. P. for North Oxford, has been appointed to the Federal Cabinet as Minister without portfolio. This does not mean an increase in the number of Cabinet ministers. Mr. Sutherland, Q.C., the eminent lawyer of Montreal, has been in the cabinet for a score of years and almost ever since Sir Wilfrid Laurier became leader of the Liberal party he has been a member of the cabinet. He is a man of cool head and common sense, of exceptional popularity with Conservatives as well as Liberals, and few men in public life are in closer touch with the great agricultural and business interests of the country. In the season of opposition he gave the Liberal party much useful and faithful service, he has enjoyed in several instances the confidence of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and we may be sure the cabinet and the country will benefit by his presence in the council chamber.

Light and Shade.

"What makes it go?" asked one of the curious bystanders.

"Money," replied the owner of the automobile, who had become tired of

BABY'S AWFUL BURN

Large as a Silver Dollar. Hot Coffee Scalds Breast and Hands. Skin Comes Off with Clothes. All Remedies Useless.

CURED BY CUTICURA

My little boy was two years old when he reached upon the table and spilled a cup of hot coffee over his chest. It had gone through to his breast, and before I could remove his clothes it had burned his breast, and the skin came off with the clothes, and he has to-day scars on his breast. I applied a great many things. I was requested to try CUTICURA (ointment), which healed rapidly, but before I used a half a box of CUTICURA it was well. Oh, I think CUTICURA is the salve above all others. Nov. 20, '98. Mrs. R. CARTY, Needles, Cal.

BABY'S SORE HAND CURED

I was obliged to keep the first three fingers of my little boy's hand open all the time, as it was a raw sore, beginning to extend downward the palm. We consulted three different physicians, each a certain length of time. A gentleman recommended CUTICURA remedies. I purchased CUTICURA SOAP, CUTICURA (ointment), and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, put aside what I had been using, and began with them. Well they cured that hand. Mrs. DIAMOND, Jan. 20, '98. 151 Bronson Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS

In all the world there is no other treatment so pure, so sweet, so specifically effective for distressing skin humors of infants and children as warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle anointing with CUTICURA (ointment), greatest of skin cures, followed by mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor remedies. They afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure, when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world. FORTY D. AND C. CO., Prop., Boston. "All About Baby's Skin and Scalp," Free. SAVE YOUR HAIR. Hands and Skin by using CUTICURA Soap.

Phone 1046

THE RUNIANS, GRAY, CARRIE CO.

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October Selling in the Staple Department.

Exceptional Opportunities, Large Stocks, New Goods and Close Prices.

The staple is one of the biggest departments in the Big Store, and really the most important at this season. Here's where you get the soft, warm Wool Blankets. The fine English and Canadian Wool Flannels and Sheetings. The warm Woolly Eiders for the little ones. English and American Wrapperettes, etc. The thrifty buyers can find no better place to make their fall purchases than here. Everything's in their favor. Large and well-selected stocks, bright new goods and modest prices. No matter what the weather is like outside there's always plenty of cheer and brightness in here, while bargains are in evidence at every turn. The following representative values will give an idea of prices in this department.

200 Pieces

Flannelette

At 5c a yard.

38-inch, very heavy Flannelette, in good colors and designs, per yard, 10c.

36-inch heavy, soft English Flannelette, in cream, pink and blue, beautiful goods, 20c.

Canadian grey wool Flannels, in plain and twill, dark and light colors, per yard, 12½c and 15c.

English Flannels, in scarlet, cream and gray. These goods are shrunken, per yard, 25c, 30c and 35c.

French and Saxony Flannels, in cream, plain and twilled, per yard, 30c, 35c, 40c, 50c and 60c.

French printed Flannels for Blouses in spots and stripes, handsome goods, per yard, 45c.

Wool Eiders, plain and fancy, in check, stripes and plain colors. These goods are having a big run, selling per yard, 50c, 40c and 35c.

Feather Tickings, best makes, 25c, 20c, 19c and 15c.

Cottonades, checks and stripes, 25c, 22c, 20c and 15c.

Cotton Shirtings and Denims, 20c, 15c and 12½c.

Fancy Metallic Striped Skirtings, in all the new shades at, per yard, 35c and 25c.

Cotton Moire Skirtings, in new styles at, per yard, 15c.

English and American Wrapperettes, beautiful new designs and colorings in stripes, spots, scrolls and conventional designs, per yard, 20c, 18c, 15c, 12½c and 10c.

Crash Toweling, 29-inch, worth 12½c, for 10c.

62-inch Unbleached Table Damask, pure linen, worth 45c a yard, for 35c.

66-inch Bleached Table Damask, pure linen, good patterns, worth 65c yard, for 49c.

70-inch Bleached Table Damask, worth 95c yard, for 79c.

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