



A touching appeal,

Have here a clipping from the Toronto Globe—you know, I get papers from all over the world.

"The lumberjack seems to be passing from the scene, as pulp companies in the New England states cannot get men to go into the woods. Many of them would be better in the bush than on the city streets and out of work, but they do not see it that way. As Canada still has a few expert woodsmen, the eyes of the pulp makers in the States are turning northward, and the man who is handy with an axe may join the bricklayer in the aristocracy of labor.—"

So they can't get men to go into the woods—that's a problem. The New England pulpmakers might try paying wages, it might entice the "jacks" away from their firesides—a little food, too, on the tables would be admirable bait. Lumber camps have not yet reached the point in sanitation where they could be classed as health resorts—therefore, it follows, a little bribery in the form of food, comfort and wages is positively necessary.

Jailing of a few raw-mouthed bosses would be a big aid to the perishing companies.

P-r-o-s-p-e-r-i-t-y, says H-e-n-r-y,
 Extends around the n-a-t-i-o-n.
 Which shows that Ford,
 The flivver lord,
 Has mental i-n-f-l-a-t-i-o-n.

—Baxter.