

November 3rd is Forest Action Day

Will Cooper
Contributor

I have a serious question I want you to stop and think about: Do you care that the world's forests are disappearing? I mean, do you think it matters that in the short period of time human beings have been around, the Earth's forests have been reduced by one third? The rate of depletion is increasing rapidly every year. Researchers at Environment Canada now predict that the Boreal Forest, a vast ecosystem covering about 30 per cent of Canada and representing 25 per cent of the world's remaining ancient forest, will be reduced to 50 per cent of its size by the year 2050. Does this concern you? Does it make you angry? Do you wish you knew what you could do about it? Or are you thinking to yourself, "This has nothing to do with me - I'm not the one cutting down the trees"? Well, let me tell you this: If you ever buy a brand of tissues called Kleenex or any other product sold by the same manufacturer, you are in effect paying for someone else to cut down the trees of this ancient forest for you.

For almost a year now, Greenpeace has been campaigning to pressure Kimberly-Clark, the manufacturer of Kleenex, to stop clear-cutting in the Boreal Forest. Greenpeace argues that Kimberly-Clark could be using other resources, such as new-growth

forest and more recycled paper in its products. The campaign aims to hit the company right where it hurts: right in the money bags, that is. All over North America, conscientious consumers are now refusing to buy Kleenex and other products manufactured by Kimberly-Clark. The company has already lost more than \$14 million dollars due to concerned shareholders. Yet the battle to save Canada's greatest forest goes on.

We at the UPEI Environmental Society urge students to take part in the fight. The cause is a worthy one. The prize, one we cannot afford to lose. Greenpeace, along with a number of other environmental groups have declared November 3rd, 2005 the first International Day of Action for the Boreal Forest. Over one hundred events and demonstrations are planned across Canada and around the world to raise awareness about the plight of the Forest. You too can take action, even just by exercising your power as a consumer. Watch out for products like Kleenex, Scott, Viva, and Cottonelle tissue. Remember, it's not the corporations who are to blame for all the destruction. It's the unwitting consumers, people like you and me with the ability to know better, who pay them to do it. We live in a world where the consumer is king.

Shawn Murphy MP Charlottetown

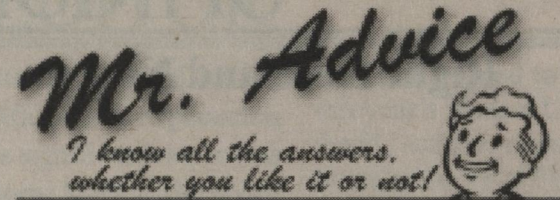
Contact Information:

Office hours: Monday – Friday
9:00 A.M. - 5:00 P.M.
75 Fitzroy Street, Suite 201

Phone: 902/566-7770
Fax: 902/566-7780
Email: murphs1a@parl.gc.ca

For more information,
please check our website at
www.shawnmurphyp.ca

Ask Mr. Advice



Dear Mr. Advice,

Long time reader. First time writer... I hope you can help me out. I noticed that a lot of your letters have to do with relationships, and mine is no different: After months and months of admiring my crush, "Jane", from afar, I decided it was finally time to take a leap of faith and ask her out. She's a real cutie, so I figured that she probably already had a boyfriend and really just wanted to get the rejection over with. Anyway, I asked, and she said yes! I was on Cloud 9 for about 4 days before we actually went on our date. She wanted to go on Thursday night, which was fine with me, since I don't have class on Friday. However, I do have class all day Thursday, but didn't foresee this being a problem. Boy was I wrong. Now, I don't know about the rest of your readers, but I'm not one for public toilets (for sitting on, that is). I like to do my business at home, if you know what I mean... I didn't have time to go home before the date, and it was when I was picking Jane up at her place that I realized I hadn't made a trip to the thrown all day... yikes. "Things must be getting backed up down there" I thought. Anyway, I held tight all night. Boy was I getting ill. I was afraid I would soil myself once or twice, but I can't very well excuse myself from dinner and take a magazine with me, now can I? Other than this, our evening went well. I had the fish and she had the spaghetti. I took her home, and we sat in the driveway chatting while I mentally scanned the streets on the way home to find the nearest toilet. Eventually, we made a date for the weekend, and Jane got out of the car. I was afraid to walk her to the

door, for fear I'd lose control of myself. Once I saw she was about 20 feet away, I thought it may be okay to let a little steam off to relieve the pressure. Holy frig. I almost gagged at my own smell. I knew I had to get going, so I looked up to see that Jane was inside, but to my surprise, she was running back to my car. Oh no! I reached for the power locks, but the smell had made me dizzy and I couldn't focus. Jane opened the door and said "I think I left my purse in here..." That's when I saw it on her face. Half disgusted, half nauseated. Then she stared gagging too... next thing I knew I was covered in half-digested spaghetti and Jane was running back to her house, purse in hand. Now what, Mr. Advice?? I can't shake that memory. I may have lost the girl of my dreams just because I can't zip my sphincter for one night...

Regards,
Mr. Stinky Pants

Dear Mr. Stinky

Yikes. You're pretty much the biggest loser that's ever written to me. If I were you (and I'm glad I'm not), I'd probably get some OxyClean and scrub like no one's business. Spaghetti sauce is hard to get out, I know. If you're dedicated though, I know you can do it. Did you crap yourself on the way home? Ha ha ha. Loser. Hope this helps!

I am
Mr. Advice

Write to Mr. Advice!
askmradvice@gmail.com. Do it!