

"SHOP EFFICIENCY"

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I think I ought to feel somewhat of a stranger among you to-night, but for some reason I have never felt that way in Toronto. I can still remember landing here from the Old Country well nigh forty years ago, and it certainly seemed strange to me then, coming out here in this new country. I have a warm spot in my heart for Toronto, especially Toronto ladies; I might just tell you an incident which occurred when we were living here, and I was a little nipper.

My father at that time was employed as chief engineer at the Hesson Biscuit Works, which was then on Front Street; I don't suppose this is in existence at the present time; we lived away up on a street called Terauley. There were, of course, no telephones at that time, and frequently when my father had to work nights, he would get the delivery man to tell my mother he would not be home for supper, and I would then have to take him down some lunch.

One night I was taking him some poached eggs on toast and I well remember as I was coming down Yonge Street, which was paved with flag-stones then, and rather uneven, my foot caught on one of these, and over I went, the lid came off the dinner pail, poached eggs, toast and everything else went all over the sidewalk. Of course, everyone stopped and were laughing at my predicament, and I was pretty near crying when some dear, kind, old lady put her head out of the window up above one of the stores, and said, bring up your pail, little boy. Well, I seemed to have an idea she was going to do something for me, and so I went up. When I got up there she told me to never mind and not worry she would soon help me out of this mess. She had the maid make some tea, and got a leg of lamb and cut several slices off it, making some very nice sandwiches. She wiped off the dinner pail, and arranged everything nicely, and started me off down to my father. When I got there, of course, he wanted to know where I had been and what kept me so late, and I told him I had got there as soon as I could, that I had been stalled in the crowd.

I was in bed when he got home that night, and mother also. Instead of going right to bed, however, he went to the pantry and was searching around there. Mother called and asked him what he wanted, and he said,—“Oh! I was just looking for some more of that lamb I had for supper.” “The lamb,” she