

social considerations. But in India the boycott is being invested with the sanctity of religion, and dark superstition is used to influence the native mind. How pseudo-religion may obstruct material progress is instanced by a passage in a recent work on Siberia. Farmers in some districts there decline to sell milk to the creameries. Their fathers did not, nor their grandfathers either, and they are fully persuaded that "the Lord would not like it."

In bracing Canada the incentive to drink is no doubt less acutely felt than in moist, muggy England or in South Wales. Still, brewers will want to advertise, and they will need to be careful to avoid such slips as this from a Swansea brewer's circular: "Bright, sparkling beer, free from sentiment."

NORTH COUNTRY.

Manchester, Oct. 2nd.

IN THE OLD COUNTRY

With the Canadian Manufacturers.

Whoever thinks of Sheffield thinks at once of cutlery and edge tools. Indeed it has been famous for these since Chaucer's time. And a man who has been there, in former years, say 1875, carries with him visions of black smoke, of busy machinery, of a community absorbed in industrial activity. To-day, however, there is a different Sheffield; different, that is to say, in its greater attention to things that make for man's higher good. And one who has observed, long ago, the beauties of the country immediately around commercial Sheffield must have found an incongruity in the maintenance of a grimy, noisy, crowded city of workers with little or no attention paid to their surroundings outside these workshops. A town that may be said to belong geographically as much to Derby or Nottingham as it does to Yorkshire has beauties of nature all around it. The Peak District is famous, Castleton interesting, Matlock lovely as a holiday retreat. Then the noblemen's seats—Chatsworth, with its glories, Clumber and Thoresby with their beauties—Newstead Abbey, with memories of Byron; Wharfedale, with its fable of the Dragon. Later years have made these attractions more accessible, and not only the traveller from abroad but the artisan and his wife from Sheffield now finds facilities by steam rail or tram to see them easily.

Too few of them were visible on this occasion to the pilgrims of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, however, for our programme did not permit of our loitering in the outskirts. Our business was in Sheffield's splendid town hall to meet the Lord Mayor, in the Cutlers' Hall to lunch with the Chamber; we wanted to see the Firths and John Brown & Co., and Joseph Rodgers, and Vickers and other people who have helped to make the place famous. And see them we did, thanks to the efforts of our guides and the convenience of the tramways. Sheffield possesses real art treasures in the Mappin Art Gallery; and at Meersbrook Hall are genuine Stones of Venice collected by John Ruskin himself, who founded a museum there, and who in his abrupt way was wont to say: "This is no show place merely; this is a school." We saw too little of the public buildings, but this was the fault of nobody but that pestilent fellow, Circumstances.

What a quaint and unusual experience it was to be shown, in parties of ten at a time, through the cutlery works of Joseph Rodgers & Sons. I am puzzled to recall how many years it has been—140 I think—that the curious little cubicles, stone-floored, stone-walled, having low ceilings, fitted with venerable anvils, Lilliputian furnaces and bellows, have been in use, unaltered, by this firm. Knives, razors, scissors were at our visit being fashioned by the thousand every day in the scores of little prison-like places where each man worked alone, doing nothing else all day long but heating and hammering these blades. Passing through other departments—ivory stores and lathes, wood work-shops, silvering shops, we reached the sample rooms and sales ware-

houses of the firm. Here we were allowed to buy what we chose as reminders of the place, to be taken over to Canada doubtless and exhibited as "bought in Rodgers' own works in Sheffield." Indeed we were presented with souvenirs as well, as if to bid defiance to the superstition that presents of knives or scissors are unlucky because "they will cut friendship."

Something of the method of building modern cannon and making ammunition was illustrated to us at Woolwich Arsenal, on the Thames, where a hundred or more members of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association were admitted in parties of ten each, a compliment quite unusual, especially for so large a number. The automatic working of some of the cartridge machinery was wonderful, but what struck us most was the big-hammer of 975 tons striking weight, which could also give a tap of five pounds, and the guns of forty feet length and twelve inches calibre, weighing fifty-four tons each, or together with the gun-carriage, ninety-four tons. At the Maxim works in Sheffield there were more industrial wonders. There we saw a barbette gun carrying an 850 pound shot, for a big ship, and walked over it, trying to imagine how it would be in time of war. A thrilling sight it was to see, at the Arsenal, a rifled cannon forty feet long plunged red-hot into a well sixty feet deep, said well containing rape oil—the object being to temper the metal. It is kept in the oil all night. The head of this great establishment, Col. Thomas Vickers, paid us the compliment of personally conducting the party about the works. "There is one of the finest metallurgical heads in all Sheffield," said Mr. Fisher to a group after introducing us. Here we saw the rolling of hot armor plates by electrically-driven rollers, and the handling of them by semi-human mechanical powers. An ingot weighing twenty-eight tons was reduced in our presence by successive rollings from 6 by 8 feet and 19 inches thick, to a thickness of 9 inches while expanded to 10 by 12 feet. An enormous amount of yard space was covered with cold ingots of steel, intended for future guns, with slowly cooling plates, and with masses of metal for other purposes. "Here are some 18-pounders we are making for Canada," said Col. Vickers, and then he showed us the gun which carries an 850-pound shot. Responding to some remarks from members of our party as to various industrial centres of the Midlands, Mr. Fisher, who had a happy way of expressing himself, and was by no means beyond a joke, declared that "Birmingham is the toy-shop of the world; but this (Sheffield) is the workshop of the world."

Observing, as we had occasion repeatedly to do, the seals and mottos of the various English towns which entertained us, a member of the party with a taste for the classics was struck with the frequent attribution in them of hard work as a good thing to conjure with. For example, the motto of the Bradford Chamber is *Labor omnia vincit*,—labor overcomes all things. Of Sheffield, *Deo adjuvante labor proficit*,—God assisting, hard work will prevail. And the sturdy motto of another English industrial centre is, we were told: The Lord helps those who help themselves.

A military band played us to our temporary resting-place (after some strenuous visiting) in the Memorial Hall, Lister Park, at Bradford, the town corporation and the Chamber of Commerce uniting in a sumptuous luncheon. "The Visitors," and "Our Kinsfolk beyond the Seas" were toasts proposed by the Mayor, (Ald. Priestley), and the president of the Chamber (Mr. W. H. Mitchell), respectively. The menu cards and toast list bore the Canadian arms and the seal of the town embossed in colors.

At Leeds, which we reached on 29th June, the luncheon given us by the Chamber of Commerce was served in rooms of old-fashioned appearance with a certain crowded cosiness. And the menu contained, among many substantial viands, Yorkshire ham and gooseberry fool, two dishes which we were later to grow increasingly fond of as the trip went on. Lord Mayor Armytage made us a warm speech of welcome. From his speech some took him for a foreigner, but he is of Leeds origin. He is chairman of the directorate of the well-known Farnley Iron Works.

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