

merest, tiniest excrescence, after several inches had been woven past it; and the weaver was directed laboriously to unpick his work until the flaw was reached—a task that occupied quite as long a time as the process of weaving itself. It was about the end of the month of February that the lovely length of stuff, glowing like molten metal, was completed in triumph and borne from the mill to undergo the next stage in its process towards completion, when hand embroidery it was decided should be given to it, instead of the woven patterns of crowns, eagles, roses, thistles and shamrocks in repetition, that garnished Queen Victoria's mantle.

CANADIAN COLORED COTTON MILLS.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Canadian Colored Cotton Mills Company, held at Montreal, May 29, David Morrice, president of the company, announced that the profits for the year had amounted to \$221,000. Out of this was paid interest on the bonds, which amounted to \$111,000, and a four per cent. dividend on the paid-up capital of \$2,700,000, amounting to \$108,000, leaving a small balance to place to the credit of profit and loss. During the year goods to the value of \$2,700,000 were manufactured, which is \$350,000 less than was manufactured the previous year. During the twelve months the sales were \$150,000 in excess of what they were the year previous. The stocks on hand were thus reduced to a considerable extent. Considering the condition of the markets, this was the best policy. The president lamented that the manufacture of textiles had proved so unsatisfactory throughout Canada. What was needed was a population sufficient to consume a larger product. Foreign importation had also been such as to interfere with home industries. The tariff was in a most unsatisfactory condition. They had done what they could to make the Government see its error, but apparently had not made much impression. In the meantime, all those who had placed their money in manufacturing enterprises in Canada were suffering by the reduction which had been given in the preferential tariff. The \$2,000,000 worth of bonds which ran out this year had been renewed. Many had been taken up by the old holders, thus showing that they had every confidence in the ultimate destiny of the company. In answer to some questions, C. D. Owens, one of the directors, stated that the present condition of the cotton manufacturing business was unfavorable owing to the limited market and the number of mills now in operation. He referred to the keen competition which mills in Canada were subjected to. The cost of manufacturing a pound of cotton into indigo denims was in Canada about six cents. While on a recent trip in the Southern States he had seen these same denims manufactured for 3½c. Long hours for the hands and the most improved and up to date machinery would account for the reduction. Mr. Owens stated that during the year the mills owned by the company were stopped 18 per cent. of the full working time and 20 per cent. of the spindles were not operated.

The old board of directors was re-elected as follows: D. Morrice, Hon. G. A. Drummond, C. D. Owens, E. S. Clouston, T. King and D. M. Morrice, jr.

REMINISCENCES OF THE ENGLISH COTTON FAMINE.

When the Civil War in the United States broke out, the supply of cotton to English mills stopped. Hard times followed, and the English working man watched the war with as much anxiety as did any American. James E. Holden, who writes, "My Story of Abraham Lincoln," in *The Outlook*, was born in Lancashire during the cotton famine on a day

when there was only half a loaf of bread in the house. The wealthy classes, supposing that the North, if victorious, would not give them cotton, were on the side of the South. But the working people were with Lincoln.

The emancipation proclamation is the best-known foreign document among the common people of Lancashire to-day. Many boys and girls have been taught it by their parents, who remember the day it was issued, and can repeat it off-hand. A Government inspector of schools asked a school of 1,200 Lancashire children:

"Whom do you regard as the greatest man outside of England?"

Hundreds of voices shouted in chorus, "Abraham Lincoln!"

When the question, "Who is the greatest living Englishman?" was put and variously answered—Bright, Gladstone, Thomas Hughes—one little fellow said, "My dad says Lincoln is bigger'n 'm all."

In the Cotton Exchange in Manchester is a stand on which is a miniature bale of raw cotton. Behind it is the inscription: "Part of the first bale of free cotton. Shipped from West Virginia to Liverpool, 1865."

The story of that bale of cotton marks a great holiday in England. Lancaster people walked to Liverpool, got a wagon, trimmed it with bunting and flowers, and put on it the bale of cotton, the flags of England and America, and between them the picture that appeals to plain people in all the world—Abraham Lincoln.

They dragged the wagon through the streets to St. George's Square, where it served as an altar for the Bishop of Manchester, who preached a sermon to 20,000 people on the lessons of civil liberty.

A WORKER AMONG THE WORKERS.

To know the real, genuine textile world one must not confine his attention to the prominent figures in it, to the great merchants and manufacturers whose names are household words, nor to the textile fabrics with which the people are clothed, nor to the complicated and ingenious machines that manipulate the fibres and convert them into useful cloths. To know this interesting world one must meet the mill worker in the mill, without whom the mill owner would be helpless, the production of cloth impossible and the mill and machinery worthless junk.

Let me, therefore, introduce my readers to a New England mill, now being refitted and started by new owners of a new class of cotton cloth, and in which a new lot of operatives have been gathered. The mills are situated on either side of a river, and are built of stone, brick and wood. The machinery in part of them is run by water power; this introduces an element of uncertainty into the operation of the works. In the winter the canal freezes and the mills stop until the ice is cleared. In the spring freshets cause another stop, while in the summer the water is so low that another vacation is necessary. Kerosene lamps are used for lighting the works, and it is a common occurrence to knock your head against one of them, which makes one think of the old tow path days, when the boat men would call "low bridge," and all hands on deck would duck their heads. The machinery, however, is nearly all new, the old machines having been thrown out by the new company.

My first impression on entering the mill was one of astonishment at the immense number of children pouring through the gates to work. In a recent report of the factory inspector of this state, he calls attention to the marked decrease in child labor. I do not question the inspector, but