



THE PLANT.

the critical eye of the examiner, it is sent in to be starched. It disappears at one end of a large machine, gets dripping wet, dried and mangled all before you see it again, and comes out in a very tempting condition for the folder. This too is done by machinery, and is put up in yard folds as fast as you could count them. Away along in a quiet and clean part of the house it is stamped with its brand, has a large and beautiful picture stuck on to its face, and a ticket attached to its side. Then the casing and the baling, and the loading into great waggons for the railway, with the fat, sleek horses nodding to one another in their pretty brass harness.

All over the Dominion it goes to our city shops and village stores, in grey and white sheetings, grey and white cottons, pillow cottons, shirtings, prints, canton flannel, grain bags, and I do not know what all; and away down to Newfoundland, to the West Indies, China, and elsewhere.

We have two dozen cotton mills spinning and weaving as hard as they can all the long year; flat after flat of machines, in long rows, disappearing away in the perspective, with thousands of nimble men and women, boys and girls, doing for the machines what they can't do for themselves. Here a drop of oil, there a thread astray. Here an empty reel, there a box of supply. Here a broom sweeping up the fluffy waste, there a bag carrying it off. Now the morning whistle, then the dinner bell. Now the over-hours, on a push, then the Saturday holiday. All the time at their post, the brave

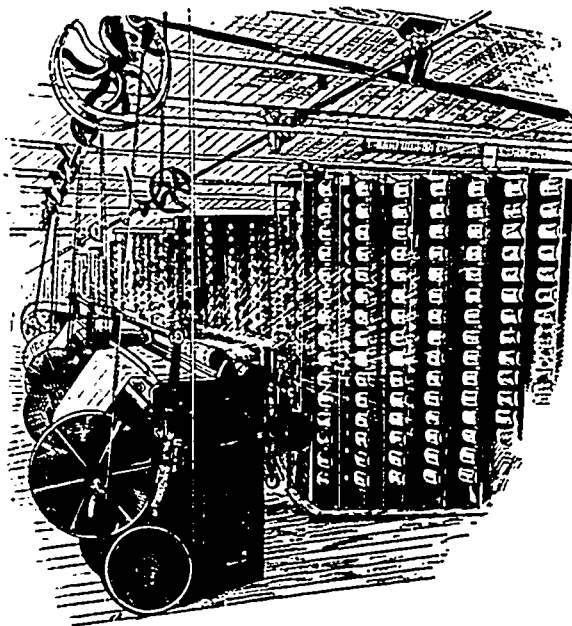


THE BOLL.

souls, toiling for home and for loved ones. As we skim in our summer canoe in our pretty fancy boating print, or on a wintry night lay our weary heads on a snow-white pillow, let us think of the hands and the heads, the brains and the capital, before we can count our

TWO MILLION YARDS OF COTTON A YEAR.

INDUSTRIA.



"HUNDREDS OF REELS AT A TIME."