Work was struck at one o'clock at the coal pits and the iron works, and the fight was arranged for three. From the Crokley furnaces, from Wilson's Coal-pits, from the Heartsease Mine, from the Dodd Mills, from the Leverworth Smelters, the workmen came trooping, each with his fox-terrier or his lurcher at his heels. Warped with labor and twisted by toil, bent double by week-long work in the cramped coal galleries, or haif-blinded with years spent in front of white-hot fluid metal, these men still gilded their harsh and hopeless lives by their devotion to sport. It was their one relief, the only thing which could distract their mind from sordid surroundings, and give them an interest beyond the blackened circle which inclosed them. Literature, art, science, all these things were beyond their horizon; but the race, the football match, the cricket, the fight, these were things which they could understand, which they could speculate upon in advance and comment upon afterwards. Sometimes brutal, sometimes grotesque, the love of sport is still one of the great agencies which make for the happiness of our people. It lies very deeply in the springs of our nature, and when it has been educated out, a higher, more refined nature may be left, but it will not be of that robust British type which has left its mark so deeply on the world. Every one of these ruddled workers, slouching with his dog at his heels to see something of the fight, was a true unit of his race.

It was a squally May day, with bright sunbursts and driving showers. Montgomery worked all morning in the surgery getting his medicine made up. "The weather seems so very unsettled, Mr. Montgomery," remarked the doctor, "that I am inclined to think that you had better postpone your little country excursion until a later date."

"I am afraid that I must go today, sir."

## ERE "BEAVER" FLOUR IS MADE.

The Mammoth New Mill of the T. H. Taylor Company, Chatham--Modern in Every Respect, With No Superior in North America.

now the duelles miller has load his day, and now the duelles miller has come to stay,"

To spend two hours among the whirting machinery of a big flour mill and come out without a speck of dust on your clothes is an experience to be remembered. A like visit to one of the old-fashioned mills would mean to have been covered from head to foot, but so absolutely dustless and clean is the mammoth mill of the T. H. Taylor Co. of Chatham, where "Beaver" flour is made, that the miller can no longer be distinguished by his appearance or the clothes he wears while at work.

Everyone has heard of "Beaver" flour, and many know it by its superior products after it has passed through the hands of the housewife, but not many have had an opportunity of visiting the place where it is made or watching the process of its manufacture from the time the proper proportion of spring and fall wheat has been blended through the use of delicate scales and proper mixing apparatus, until the finished product is packed in the spotlassity clean packing room. The amount of machinery and the outlay and expense necessary to perfect a plant of this magnitude and equipment are truly astounding. A mill that has all the modern dust-proof appliances, as well as a complete equipment of all the latest inventions for converting grain into flour and feedstuffs, is a sight well worth remembering.

The new mill, which was built within

