

oughly as the Supreme Chief has done upon his mastery of financing and preparing statements, should relegate these cast-off fragments of assets to the waste paper basket, in order that his members may really know what is the true financial condition of the Order. But then the Chief relies, and surely not in vain, upon the cheerful brotherly credulity of the members of his Order. Many of them will take his word for almost anything, so cleverly has he hypnotized them.

By the way, a Cobourg correspondent in to-day's issue of the Monetary Times presents some figures bearing on the financial ability of the I.O.F. to meet its obligations. These present the matter in a somewhat new light and from a layman's standpoint. We have already commented upon the pretended comparative saving Oronhyatekha shows in management expenses. It is very far from real. Mr. Boggs asks if we think the Independent Order of Foresters as safe as the ordinary life insurance companies. And we frankly answer we do not.

#### HANDWRITING AND TYPEWRITING.

It is not a long while since we heard a manufacturer complain of the tiresomeness of some of his customers in ordering goods by letter. "The letters we get are often badly spelled," he said, "but that would not matter if they were not so badly written." What with the way some folks use their pens on paper and the mixed way they try to express what they want, we have a hard time understanding them and filling orders." We can quite believe that many more besides this manufacturer are worried in this way. Often have we seen in wholesale warehouses orders on cheap, mussy paper, written in pale ink, with a bad pen, and the signature or address indistinct, phrased in a way that reminded you of the queer reading of Pomona, in "Rudder Grange." It would have been welcome to wholesalers if such people had a printed heading for their letters and signed them with a rubber stamp.

But for all that, we cannot agree with a recent writer in the Shoe and Leather Journal, who contends that because retailers often receive letters from wholesale houses and manufacturers, all typewritten, and containing no superfluous sentences, that therefore retailers should take the hint and instal a typewriting machine. What time has a country dealer or mechanic to learn to work the typewriter? And is it worth his while, for all the business letters he has to write? Of course, if he can afford it, and he wants to train his son or daughter to be a typewriter, that is different. And besides, its work is neater and easier to read than most written letters. One point is made by our contemporary which is worth observing:

"The manufacturer or wholesale dealer receives each morning many letters, and as he opens them the verbose and poorly written ones are set to one side and the short typewritten letters read at once and handed over to be attended to without delay. "Furthermore, it is quicker to write a letter on the machine; consequently the busy retail dealer is less liable to put off writing the letters that should have been despatched three or four days or a week ago." While it is true that the typewritten letter is a help to the writer and the person being corresponded with, it is also true that

many small tradesmen, who are not typewriters and never will be, owe it to their wholesale house correspondents to be more particular about the wording and writing of their orders.

—The Canadian Emigration Office, in London, is moving with the times in preparing to branch out on an extensive scale. It has secured commodious offices in Charing Cross, the centre of the railroad and steamboat office district, and will have them fitted up exclusively with Canadian woodwork, Canadian office furniture, and Canadian heating apparatus. The office is to contain also a complete exhibit of Canadian natural products. Commissioner Preston believes that a great emigration movement to Canada will set in next year, and he does wisely to enlarge and arrange the machinery of his office to assist the movement. There is great competition in all lines of transport now-a-days, and we cannot expect to get immigrants unless we look after them.

#### OUR SYDNEY LETTER.

The drought is yet with us, mitigated by useful rains in New South Wales, but not much change for the better in Queensland and Western Victoria. In the latter state the Government has been obliged to come to the relief of the farmers, not only by carrying train loads of water, that was general long ago, but also by starting relief works to give them employment.

Australia's misfortune makes a market for Canadian products. The Canadian commissioner, who resides here, sent out a warning note four months ago, and asked to be put in possession of samples of the new crop of wheat at the earliest moment, with prices. A mail is in that left Winnipeg and Vancouver the last of August, but it brought, I am told, not a single reply to this request. Cabling has been done with Vancouver, but, in most cases, the prices vary so much and are so much higher than those obtainable from San Francisco, that they impeded business. A firm in Victoria, B.C., sent a representative here, but he came without a sample of any sort, and has had none since. The only business he has done is through San Francisco. This is not complimentary to Canadian business methods. Could not the Boards of Trade borrow something of the energy of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association?

The first wool sale of the season was held this afternoon. Prices were firm at recent London advances. The stock department places the loss of sheep by drought in this state this year at nearly nine million, which is only a reduction of twenty per cent., much less than was feared. There is a heavy loss in the number of lambs, which only number one third those of last year.

Mr. Yager, of the Cockshutt Plough Co., of Brantford, has gone to South Africa. Mr. Milligan, of the Corticelli Silk Co., Montreal, is still here but leaves for India shortly.

No Canadian travellers have put in appearance by late steamers, but an odd pilgrim from Toronto turned up in the person of Edgar Biggan, a youngster in knickerbockers. He managed to get to 'Frisco with some clothes and \$10. There he was robbed of everything. He was turned over to the British Consul, who took interest in him and forwarded him to Sydney on the way to Melbourne in search of an aunt in Melbourne. He turned up here with an empty pocket and a thin pair of breeches, but with the lightest heart and the most cheerful face imaginable. He never asked for money, but his good manners and his smiles got him friends, and he was sent on to Melbourne. A good address and a light heart help a boy wonderfully, but I cannot recommend them to any other Canadian boy as sufficient capital to start a round the world tour. He will go hungry often, and may end in being run in by the police.

Sydney, N.S.W., 7th October, 1902.

F. W.