

anything that we saw. The buildings dating back hundreds of years; the desks old and battered, and carved and stained; the walls covered with names cut in the wood,—names now famous in history,—Wellington, Nelson, Shelley, Thackeray, Tennyson, Gladstone. Not many of the great men whom we know in history that did not pass through the old school. One ceases to wonder that Eton boys become famous, when we gaze on the surroundings, and think of the traditions that lie behind and urge them on. Rather the wonder would be should they fail. The famous playing fields were also visited, and then the old chapel. As we entered the Chapel each one seemed to catch something of the spirit of the place, and it was a very reverent party, that quietly occupied the pews, and gazed in silence at the beauties of the ancient building. One corner more than any other attracted our attention. The walls were covered with brass tablets, inscribed with the names of the Eton boys who fell in the African war. If memory serves aright there were a hundred and thirty names engraved there. Their country had called and true to their traditions they had gone forth, to face danger and hardship and death, as other Eton boys had done before. Amongst them was the name of Lord Robert's only son. A statue of the Angel of Peace, stands in front of the altar, while a beautiful memorial hall has also been built to their memory. After tea had been served in the great dining-hall the head master, The Rt. Hon. Canon Lyttleton, spoke briefly to his Canadian visitors and welcomed them to the old school.

Revelled in Art

On Friday the party went to Margate, and on Saturday they made a trip up the Thames. At Margate, we were warmly received and royally entertained. The hospitality of London's famous watering-place was unbounded. On their return to the city, Lady St. Helier gave an evening reception to the teachers at 50 Portland Place.

The national gallery, the national portrait gallery, and St. Paul's Cathedral were next visited. Members of the Art Teacher's Guild conducted the Canadians through the galleries, while Archdeacon Sinclair conducted them through St. Paul's. In the afternoon Mrs. Austin Chamberlain was at home to the visitors at 34 Portland Place. The following day a visit was paid to St. Albans and Hatfield House, the famous home of the famous Salisbury's. Since the days of Queen Elizabeth, the family has played a foremost part in English history.

No better guide could have been found at St. Albans than Mr. Ashdown, at one time principal of one of the schools there, and one of the first antiquarians in England. He told us about the early British and Roman days, in the district, till we felt as if Cassius, and Boadicea and Arthur and Cymbeline had lived only yesterday. The Dean himself conducted the party through the Abbey.

At Hatfield the party was received by Lord William Cecil; the Marquis' brother, who showed them everything. But though he were the son of a marquis fifty times over, he is just a dear lovable old man, who I am afraid tired himself out, as he did not spare himself and seemed very frail. We saw the rooms where Elizabeth was imprisoned before she became queen of England. The rooms are stables now. And he told us the history of the family from Lord Burleigh to the last marquis. Armor of the knights of old was before us, and flags everywhere. Tattered old colors from Spain and the Crimea. A great banner of the Coldstreams, and ever a Cecil to the fore in every engagement represented. It was a great record, and was told so simply and unaffectedly. After tea he took the visitors to the gardens and the maize, and finally wandered bareheaded down the half-mile of village and saw them safely off on the train.

Westminster Abbey

Westminster Abbey and Lambeth Palace were the next places of interest though by no means the least. Canon Henson conducted the visitors through the Abbey, and it is difficult to convey any adequate idea of the feelings of each member of the party as we stood—

"In the hush of the dread high altar,
"Where the Abbey makes us we,"

To wander through the cloisters, to gaze on the tombs of the mighty dead, was in itself an inspiration, and alone

worth a visit to England. The world may hold grander monuments; it holds none greater.

Unfortunately when we went to Lambeth the Archbishop was ill, but we were received by Mrs. Davidson, and an old gentleman who announced that, "he was only the Bishop of Peterborough." One of our lady guides was a very ardent churchwoman who assured us that the Lollards were not really persecuted, as we had always believed, and that they were quite willing to return and be shut up in the Lollard's tower, also that Archbishop Laud was an uncanceled saint who had been grossly misrepresented. One of our number remarked that it might be well to keep this in mind, when we went to Scotland and heard the Scotch estimate of Laud. It is needless to say that we enjoyed the visit to Lambeth, and appreciated the great kindness shown us here as everywhere.

On Thursday the Duchess of Wellington had invited us to Apsey House. Here the private picture gallery was opened for our benefit, and a number of very special relics were brought out on our account. In the afternoon Mrs. Humphrey Ward invited them to the vacation school, and perhaps the crowning event of all, on Friday, they were received by the members of the House of Commons, conducted through the Houses of Parliament, after the members had been assured that there were no suffragettes in the party, and then entertained to tea on the Terrace. Oxford and the University also extended a welcome and another enjoyable day was spent there.

Off to the Continent

When the party left Winnipeg sixty-five of the number, had signified their intention of visiting the continent; but when the time of departure arrived, no less than one hundred and thirty-five set out. Though when they left London they were assured by Mr. Ney that over sixty of them were doomed to sleep in the streets of Brussels, as he had been unable to secure accommodation for so many. Nothing daunted, and with an implicit faith in his genius and ability to manage somehow, they set forth.

Sunday and Monday were spent in Paris. On Tuesday an excursion was made to Versailles, and in the evening the journey was resumed to Brussels. Here the centre of attraction was the exhibition, where in the estimation of all the British and Canadian exhibits held first place. A visit to Brussels would not have been complete, had we not seen the famous field of Waterloo. There is little save the "great mound," to mark the spot where took place one of the most decisive battles ever fought in the cause of liberty. Hedge rows, and houses and sunny meadows and waving grain fields meet the eye everywhere, and the Belgian peasant will soon be gathering in the sheaves of yellow grain. It is hard to realize, as we gaze, what on that Sabbath day, nearly a hundred years ago, "For other harvest here, was gathered in by sterner hands, with bayonet, blade and spear." But here actually stood the British squares through the long and bloody day. In fancy we can see the charging squadrons of the French, and hear the thundering of the hoofs, and the tumultuous shout as they rode down on the little dots of red scattered over the plain, only to be met and broken, "by that unconquerable British courage, which is never so sedate and stubborn, as toward the close of a doubtful and murderous day." Not the old guard of France, heroes of Marengo, and Austerlitz, and Jena, could pierce these dogged, enduring Saxon ranks, who were destined to blot out forever the vaulting ambitions of him who was never more than merely the vulgar conqueror.

But we must hasten on. Antwerp, Ghent, Ostend, were the next points and the party re-assembled in London on August 6th, glad as they expressed it, "to be home again."

Britain's Pride

Portsmouth the great naval base could not be passed by. The commander-in-chief, had arranged that the party be met at the dock-yard gates, by two warrant and twelve petty officers, who conducted them through the dockyards. The great battle-ships, those grim guardians of our shores, were viewed with awe and interest. And if some of us did feel the blush of shame mantle our cheek, when we thought of the British tax-payer staggering under this heavy load, and thought of the complacent contentment which we as Canadians, have been willing to allow him to

do so, we were careful not to give voice to our feelings. On our return we might have found that we were looked upon by some as traitors to Canada's proud spirit of independence.

From Portsmouth we crossed to the Isle of Wight, where by special permission we were admitted to the King's private gardens. This was a very great privilege and if one or two of our number, did so far yield to temptation as to pluck a forbidden leaf as a souvenir, their fall has not been followed by any dire consequence.

Training the Homeless

During our stay in England we were also invited to pay a visit to the Royal Caledonian Asylum. This is not a mad-house as you might be led to believe by the name. It is a home for the children of Scottish soldiers and sailors who have died in the service of their country. And it is worthy of the best traditions of our Scottish race. We were received by the boys and girls, dressed in Stewart tartan and headed by their own pipe band. There were a hundred and twenty boys and eighty girls in attendance when we were there. Each one of the visitors was presented with a sprig of heather, as we were led to the great assembly hall. Here dances and songs by the children, and music from the pipes made the time pass all too quickly. The children are kept here until they are fourteen or fifteen years of age and then they are assisted to secure suitable employment. Curious to know if many of the boys followed in their father's footsteps in choosing a career I enquired of one of the officials, who told me that at the present time the pipe band of the first battalion of the Gordon Highlanders is made up, with two exceptions, of boys from The Royal Caledonian School. This institution is maintained almost entirely by voluntary subscription and it is one of the finest in equipment that we saw. We gazed on many monuments to the great dead, while in England, but this monument to the dead, in aid of the living impressed us most. It was something to cause a feeling of pride in the race, to see that there were men and women, patriotic enough and generous enough, to take care of the bairns of the common soldiers, and give them a chance to become useful men and women. Surely the approval of the "Master" who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these," must be their reward.

The Emerald Isle

On the 11th of August we left London en route for Ireland, halting by the way at Stratford-on-Avon, and Warwick Castle. At the former place we saw Shakespeare's birthplace, the memorial theatre, and Anne Hathaway's Cottage. At Warwick we were received by the Countess, who entertained us to luncheon on the lawn in front of the historic Castle. Afterwards we were conducted through the building itself, and even taken down into the dungeons where men were immured in the good old days of "The Kingmaker." I could wish to describe some of these famous places, but when one has nothing but a confused memory, of great cabinets of wonderful china, a profusion of historic pictures, all the work of the great masters, silver tables, or gold chairs encrusted with gems, and ancient armor, and old fire-arms, and time-worn banners, it is in truth a little difficult. Few places in England are more famous, and few families, in the early days of our history, played a more important part, than the ancient family of Warwick.

On our arrival in Dublin, we were received by Lord and Lady Aberdeen, and entertained to luncheon by them. Next day the famous, "Lakes of Killarney," held the centre of the stage. Wildly beautiful they are deserving all that has been said and sung of them in story and song. Only one day could be spent there however and we returned to Dublin late on Saturday night. We had little time to view the city but, the People's Park, Phoenix Park, and Stephen's Green, charmed all who saw them. But the south of Ireland is cursed with poverty or so it seemed to us.

Next day the journey was resumed to Belfast. Belfast is a fine city, full of life and business energy, great ship-yards, throbbing manufactories, vigor and life; in marked contrast to the lethargy and poverty of the south of the island. The stranger could not but be impressed with the difference, and such cause for the same. Why should the "black north" flourish and the south languish? We

were all sorry we had so short a time to spend in romantic Ireland.

The Land o' Cakes

Crossing the Irish Sea once more we found ourselves in, "The land of brown heath and shaggy wood," Bonnie Scotland.

"From the lone shieling on the misty island,

Oceans divide us and a waste of seas,
But still the blood is strong, the heart is highland

As in our dreams we see the Hebrides,
And as we gazed on the Galloway hills,
blue in the distance, some of us at least felt, that we were home at last.

"For we who were bred at her knees,
To the hills of the North we would flee,
Where we're more than content if you please,

With the smell of log-myrtle and peat,
From Stranraer to Ayr, the scenery is wild and beautiful and full of interest. For we are not in the very heart of the Covenanters country, and the names of Peden, and Renwick and Richard Cameron crowd thick and fast on the memory. "In a dream of the night I was wailed away,

To the moorland of mist where the mat-tyrs lay.

Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen,

Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green."

When we reached Ayr, we were met at the station and driven out to Burns' cottage and many were the exclamations of delight at the beauty of the scenery. "Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thickening green." But of course the chief interest was in the home of the immortal "Robbie," for surely his is, "One of the few, the immortal names, that were not born to die. Old-fashioned and mean consisting only of "a hut and a ben," the home of the poet still stands, and forms an attraction to thousands of tourists from all parts of the world, who have come to worship at the shrine of Scotland's ploughman bard.

Investigating Edinburgh

Leaving Ayr with regret, we found ourselves about seven o'clock the same evening in the ancient capital of Scotland. A committee of ladies and gentlemen were waiting to receive and escort us to the houses at which we were to stay, while in Edinburgh. How shall I describe our first view of Princess Street, the Castle, the Calton Hill and Arthur's Seat? But the following morning brakes were provided and the whole party taken for a delightful drive through the city. The grim old Castle stern and gray, jacked much of the splendor that we had seen in some of the English castles, but was none the less, nay, rather more impressive on that account. The Cannongate where long ago dwelt the great Scottish nobles, the coat of arms, or the motto of some great house may still be seen over the entrance to the "close" which led from the street to the rear of the dwelling. Holyrood faded too in splendor, but how replete with interest, and how closely associated with the hopeless Mary Stuart. We stood in the room where Mary sat, and saw the narrow stairs up which the assassins crept, on that fatal night, when Ruthven's dagger found the heart of David Rizzio; saw the brass plate in the floor that marks the spot where he fell and the pity of romance went out again from our Canadian hearts to the hapless and ill-fated Mary.

Bruce and Knox

Leaving Holyrood, we next visited the house of John Knox, "the man who made Scotland," for if Bruce won her independence at Bannockburn it was Knox who made her a nation. And a thrill of pride comes to those of us who have Scotch blood in our veins, as we think of the stern old Presbyterian taking his life in his hand, and defying the Queen as she stands up for the right. How do you explain it, the Scottish admiration for two characters so diametrically opposed to each other? It is beyond me, unless it be the very helplessness and beauty of the one, and the devotion to truth, and the unbending courage of righteousness that marked the other. The weak and the strong appeal alike to the heart of the Scot, for though he may be granite in his foes, he is kindly by nature and sympathetic as most of you know; and in spite of his rugged nature endowed with a strong spirit of romance.

In the afternoon the Lord Provost

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