

again" but those who wish to forget them and prefer to work in a house that they have seen cleaned and know to be clean, rather than to cling to an old one full of memories, will soon find out, by diligent seeking, a new era of prosperity opened up to them.

"Get abreast of the new conditions and forget the past. The Equitable has lost some old associations, but it is like a tree that has been pruned, the trunk is there, solid and strong; the useless branches and those that were growing out of harmony with the tree have been cut off, and the one and inevitable result will be that the tree will grow stronger and bigger and more beautiful than ever before. It is the law of life.

"Look at it in this new light, and you will soon be entering into your work with a lighter heart than ever. Remember that heretofore you merely had faith in the company you represented. Now you know what it is. You know that, as compared with the total assets of the Equitable, the amount that has been diverted to questionable uses was very small, and the semi-annual statement submitted by President Morton at the last board meeting shows a condition of which we may all be more than proud."



NOTES IN THE OLD COUNTRY.

Evidences have been accumulating of the interest felt in this country in the possible results of the visit of delegates of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association to the British Islands in July and August. And this tempts one to reprint some pages of one's note-book of impressions made while on the tour and some extracts from letters written home. It is not too much to say that the tour has opened the eyes of many of the Canadian visitors to the extraordinary industrial activity of the United Kingdom, and it will likely prove a warning to us not to pay too much attention to the writers (American for the most part) who would have us believe that England is a decaying nation, in either manufactures or anything else. And we may hope that what the delegates were able to tell the Old Country folk of conditions in this new land will arouse their interest in us afresh. Assuredly they have a great deal to learn about Canada, and a great deal of prejudice and misinformation to get rid of.

Extract from letter written at London, England, July 1, 1905.

Our reception in the Midlands was wonderfully warm. As an instance of the people's whole-heartedness, when I reached Sheffield at 7 p.m. there was no room for me at the hotel I was billeted upon. While scolding the lady clerk for somebody's error, a nice little man came up and said, "Sir, if you are Mr Hedley, Mr. F.—, of Sharrow, bids me say that you are welcome at his house, and if you like to go first to the Athenaeum Club he will wait there till 7.30." Thanking the man—a member of committee, I suppose—away I drove with all my four pieces of luggage to find, twelve minutes afterward, the lady of the house awaiting me, with her two nice daughters and little boy, on the front door-steps. "Will you not have something to eat, Mr.—." "No, Madame, thank you." "Then you must have a cup of tea." Presently the master drove up and said, "Why, this is some-like like! You don't look a bit the worse: come and have a smoke and tell me about things." This we did, till it was time for all three of us to dress for the reception in Cutler's Hall. We drove in, had music, readings, refreshments, met lots of townspeople, cordial and real. Reached home at 11.30. Next day, my host, who is a builder and contractor, drove me in and saw me off on the train, introducing me to the Master Cutler—a great swell—the Lord Mayor, and others. So this domestic entertainment was better than any hotel, and I had learned how warm the stand-off Englishman can be.

I cannot begin to tell you through what scenes we have passed: Lichfield cathedral and Sam. Johnson's house—Kirkstall Abbey near Leeds, a wonderful ruin—the Birmingham dinner, where we heard Joseph Chamberlain speak and I shook hands with him and his wife and reminded him of

his speech in Toronto in 1893, which he remembered with warmth. Then at Bradford yesterday, a place as big as Toronto. They had the traffic stopped and we marched up from station to town hall in the middle of the street, which was crowded with people on both sides, flags flying, a band playing welcomes outside the building. Clearly we were either regarded as curiosities or as welcome visitors—and we preferred to be in the latter category.

Extract from notes of the trip.

Richard John Younge, our secretary, made the prettiest speech of the tour at Leeds. Yesterday Morley Wickett, of Toronto, and George Amyot, of Quebec, spoke. Previous speakers have been Messrs. George, Ballantyne, and McNaught—all did well. I am resting here all this forenoon and have much need, for the pace is hot. Four hours in the train, 60 miles an hour, to get here yesterday, four hours in the train to-morrow to get to Liverpool.

Extract from letter written at Middlesborough, England, July 20th, 1905:

Approaching Middlesborough last night, it seemed that this great iron place was an inferno. Smoke and mist and thick vapor was everywhere. Blue flame, white flame, red flame, streamed from the tops of chimneys of puddling furnaces, and the Bessemer converters were emitting their smoke. Every now and then a burst of radiance illumined the landscape (moonlit) for miles around as something burst from a furnace. At last the train reached the station and I hired a cabby to drive me out to cousin John's. Tired and half dazed, trying to make out, as the Yankee says, "Whar I was at," by looking out of the windows, the cab stopped, and I asked the driver, who had got down, "Are we at Cleveland Lodge?" and he answered, "No, sir, not for half a milè yet. Please, sir, have you got a match? My lamp is out, and you see, sir, it's a matter of 15s. fine." So I gave him a match, for which he was profusely grateful. The incident set me thinking how careful of the individual the authorities are over here. The regulations as to bicycles, their bells and lamps, are strict to a degree that would make the Canadian bicyclist stare. One thing, however, which still needs modification, and that is the speed of auto-cars in country villages. I have seen something of their swiftness, and can understand as well as Kipling, how the country people resent the inconsiderate and dangerous speed of chauffeurs from the cities.

Extract from letter written at Glasgow, Scotland, July 30th, 1905:

Such a lonely-looking town, this Sunday Glasgow, after the crowds and bustle of last night, and after what we know of the city's enormous extent and its week-day industrial activity. The very churches seemed deserted, and it was 10.45 in the morning; I passed two which were not even open, and it set me thinking whether this disgraceful condition of quarrel between the U. P.'s and the Wee Frees may not be responsible for their closing.

At Rothesay my friends saw me to the boat for Prince's pier, Greenock. The view as the sun was setting over the hills and slopes of Clyde Banks and the Kyles of Bute was something to remember for many a day. The many swift steamers, steam-yachts, sea-going vessels, small boats, made glistening streaks of white foam in the deep blue water. Through rifts in the low-lying clouds the sun lit up Wemyss Bay across the Firth, and made patches of vivid green on the slanting farm lands or elevations all about. The watering places of Dunoon and Kirn are so grown as to form almost a continuous settlement, and the stream of traffic to those coast towns by trains and steamers makes it one of the busiest landscapes in the world. Rothesay, too, has grown much. Disregarding all convention, I made it a point to speak to some one in every train or boat, and made pleasing acquaintance-ships thereby. There is observable everywhere a wondering curiosity about Canada. Man after man would say he had relatives "in Canada," but often when you asked him where, he could not tell. "Away by Hamilton," one man said, he had a cousin a farmer; and one keenly intelligent railway hand, whom I found going down by the G. & S. W. Railway, declared that his nephew, Rev. John Wallace, was somewhere in Canada, and he wondered rather

that I did not know asked by one man and marvelled where from where I lived.

From the no

An enormous mind of the Bri for emigrants America is terr the great fiscal c it seems to be c ten. To-day at t ton to see Rev. who went to Can station steps, bou Bathgate, who v walked with me church and the castle garden. I Am off to Lond

THE LAKE

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