"SIR REGINALD."

SOME REMINISCENCES OF AN ENGLISH HOME.

BY EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S BROTHERS," IN THE SUNDAY AT HOME.

CHAPTER II.—THE MASTER'S BRIDE.

(Continued from November.)

Days and weeks flew by. The silent Hall was filled from end to end with gay company, and my lady was as happy as a child entertaining her guests and being everywhere sought after and admired. I used to think she grew more bewitching every time I saw her. Even her little fits of petulance and temper had a charm of their own, and they were so quickly over that one had never time to grow impatient over them. My master fairly worshipped the ground she trod on, and if he saw her faults it seemed as though he could not bring himself to try and correct them.

"She never had any real gaity or pleasure before," he once said to me, lingering behind in the bedroom, littered over with costly fabrics and jewels, after one of my lady's toilets which had taken double the usual time, owing to her capriciousness whilst being dressed. "You should have seen the great bare barrack of a house where she was born and brought up; the loneliest, dismalest spot, almost surrounded by peat-bog and rank pasture, with never a soul to speak to from month's end to month's end. Picture a jewel like that in such a setting! No wonder she is a wee bit intoxicated by the change and the glamour. She will learn to take up her responsibilities in time; and we must not grudge her her little fling just at first."

I knew why my master said this, with the friendly smile that we all valued so much. Whilst dressing my lady's beautiful hare (for she had found out by this time that she liked it done for her; and when I was a girl I had been regularly trained as a lady's maid, so I easily caught up the knack again) I had been trying to get her to listen to a few domestic matters which needed her attention, and I could get nothing but laughing nonsensical answers out of her, whilst finally she had turned a little fractious, and had refused to pay the least heed to what I said, singing snatches of songs in her pure high soprano, and keeping time to the music by clapping her hands together as a little child will sometimes do. And all the while Sir Reginald, who had been out shooting and had dressed early, was sitting beside the fire dozing comfortably; and of course he heard everything, and saw his lady's little fits of petulance and caprice as she tried on and rejected quite half-a-dozen different dresses, and as many sets of jewels before she could be satisfied. I think that I was almost as eager as he to excuse and indulge her; but there were moments when I used to ask myself if it could be altogether wise or right to encourage the pretty creature, even in a tacit way, to play so long at being an irresponsible child. Certainly her little whims were growing upon her, whilst she had turned over to me even the few tiny duties of her house which she had assumed with pride and dignity at first. I sometimes felt that it was hardly right, the power I had in my hands; and I used to wonder whatever would happen if I were to be taken ill, or in any way incapacitated from my duties. My lady was as helpless and as thoughtless as a child, and had all a child's petulant dislike for trouble. Her social duties she performed to admiration, as I heard on all sides, but the domestic ones she simply laughed at and ignored. She left them to take care of themselves, and Sir Reginald and I managed them together.

I had almost forgotten her words about her former admirer, when one evening as I came up to dress her for a dinner-party to which she was going, I found her looking over her jewel case with an air of lively interest, and her face was all rippling over with that arch fun which became her so wonderfully well. She looked up with sparkling eyes as I came in, and her cheeks were flushed, whilst the dimples came and went round her saucy rose-bud mouth.

"You are to make me look my very, very best to-night, Neighbour," she said. "For Sir Reginald's sake as well as mine. We are dining at the Fortescue's to-night; and I heard this afternoon that Colonel Desborough is to be there. He has been away a good while, but is back again now. I want to show myself to him in all my glory. I am going to wear the Warwick diamonds. Rex always says I look glorious in them," and she laughed as gleefully as a child.

"My wedding dress of course," pursued my lady eagerly, "I am glad I have had it redone with those ostrich feathers—it looks most lovely. I know everybody will admire it. And do my hair in that new way you have learned; it is more becoming, Rex says, than any other fashion. I do think it will be such fun to meet him as the first lady of the company. But I sha'n't tell Rex anything about his silly infatuation. I don't think it is quite fair to talk of those things, do you? I always used to say it was very bad taste in girls to talk about men and the offers they had refused."

My lady spoke more gravely than was her wont, and looked at me with a child-like appeal which was so engaging in her. I warmly aggreed with her words, but said that secrets between husband and wife were a mistake.

"Oh, it isn't a secret," she answered laughing. "As though I could ever keep a secret form Rex! But I don't want him to dislike a near neighbor, and if I told him all, I should have to tell him how rude he was, and how he threatened to spoil my life, as if I had spoiled his, and that would make Rex angry, and things might be very uncomfortable. Rex knows that I have had lovers and offers before, and that I never cared for anybody till I saw him; and that is quite enough for him, as he has said a hundred times himself." And a happy flush stole into the bright face of the gay young wife as she fell into a brief reverie, whilst I brushed out her abundant tresses and piled them up in a mass of curls and plaits upon her head. Of course it was not my place to say more, and indeed I do not know that I had anything to say. I did not like the thought that my sweet mistress had ever been threatened by that stern and fierce looking colonel, whose face I had never forgotten; but, as I reflected, an angry man often says far more than he means, and certainly it would be hard to do any mischief to one so closely watched and tended as Lady Dorothy Warwick.

How lovely she looked that night in her shimmering white robes, with their costly feathery trimming, diamonds sparkling round her throat and on her arms, in her hair and upon her shoulder! Her husband took her in his arms and kissed her almost passionately when he came in from his dressing room and saw her standing there in all her bridal bravery; and as I watched them leave the room together I said to myself that a handsomer or more loving couple surely had never lived. I almost laughed to think I had ever felt the smallest uneasiness about them. What power could bring any shadow over such happiness as theirs?

My lady came home in gay spirits. She came up to the bed-room alone, as there was a note for the master to answer before going to bed. Whilst I unrobed her she chatted, as was her way, about the party she had been at, and the people she had seen; and soon the colonel's name was mentioned.

"He was there, but he wasn't a bit cross. I think he had almost forgotten about it. He has a beautiful voice, and I played some Irish songs for him. Rex took rather a fancy to him, or he to Rex, I hardly know which, so I suppose we shall see something of him now. He evidently does not bear malice. Perhaps he is glad now that he is not saddled with a useless and expensive wife. I am sure he may be thankful for the let off!"

My lady spoke lightly and merrily. She took life altogether in a light and careless fashion. I began to wish to see tokens of a little more seriousness of thought and purpose. I loved the sweet young thing dearly, and was loth to find any fault with her; yet I could not but recollect the differences in the house in the days of my dear dead master and mistress, and to sigh sometimes at the changes that came over things."

When young Sir Reginald came back he had given out that family prayers should be read in the Hall at half-past ten, and for several weeks he kept up the practice, though my lady often went to bed before that hour, and sometimes kept me from attending. Then came the influx of guests, and the master was often in the billiard room when the gong sounded, and would come hastily out, without anybody with him and hurry through the short service as if he were rather bored by it. Then came nights when he was out at other houses, and gradually things became so irregular that it surprised nobody when the order went forth that the service should be given up altogether. I did once just say to Sir Reginald that perhaps it would be easier in the morning—his father had always assembled the household first thing, before the work of the day began—but he laughed and said that times were changing and old fashions going by.

He had got into irregular ways in foreign parts. Sometimes he was astir with the dawn and had had a long ride before he came in to his late breakfast at all, and then he would lie late in bed, or get up and go to his study to answer business letters, and only come down about eleven o'clock. The breakfast hung about all the morning, and the cook and her underlings had to get into new ways with things.

Master was so beloved by us all that nobody dreamed of grumbling, and some of the younger servants liked the new-fangled ways and thought them a proof of "real good service;" but for my part I like the old ones better, though I would not make a trouble of trifles. But it did trouble me, when the winter days came, that my lady paid so little heed about going to church on a Sunday.

The church was but a quarter of a mile away—and at first my lady had been as regular as clockwork, and had a great many questions to ask me when she got home about the people whom she had seen there; but gradually this interest ceased. She gave up the evening service: said that one was enough, and that it bored her visitors to go out twice; and when the weather set in cold and wet, she often stayed at home the whole day, spending her time reading a novel over the fire if she were alone, or laughing and chatting with her guests if they had visitors in the house.

I don't want to be hard on folks. I know the spending of Sunday is one of those points on which the best and most thoughtful men and women find it hard to agree; and it certainly isn't a poor ignorant woman like me to be the judge. But it does seem to me that there is one law plainly laid down in the Old and New Testament alike, which is that Sunday is the Lord's Day—to be kept Holy to Him; and it isn't easy to me to see how that's to be done when it's made a day of amusement and idleness, to be got through anyhow, and made as much like a week-day as possible.

It may be a bit of fancifulness on my part; but it did seem to me that the dropping of family prayers and the growing carelessness about Sunday brought a kind of a change upon the house; and a change not for good. The young servants took to gadding about the stable yard and park of an evening if they were not looked after sharp, there being no regular hour at which thay had to appear in the hall, dressed and neat. And of course they grew careless about church going, too, as there was no mistress to see whether they were in their places or no. Not that my lady paid much heed to her servants; but they thought she had sharp eyes, and never ceased their attendance so long as hers was regular; and I could not get her to take the matter a bit seriously when I spoke to her about it.

"You dear, good old soul, one really can't play the domestic tyrant in these enlightened days. Don't you know that sort of thing is quite going by, and servants do as they like as much as their masters? Besides what does it matter? Why, at my old home we were seven miles from any sort of church, and for months in the winter nobody thought of going all that way, and really I don't see that we were any worse than other folks. Come, now, Neighbor, do you call me a very bad kind of creature? And I do assure you it has often been my lot to be pretty nearly six months together without seeing the inside of a church!"

"But church here is at your very doors, my lady," I ventured to say, whereat she laughed and yawned and said that she knew all that, but really the singing of the village children was too distracting, and she was not feeling very strong either.

But she was strong enough to do plenty of other much more fatiguing things, and I was often uneasy lest she did too much in those days. She was still the bride and the beauty at all the winter gaities, and could seldom be persuaded to stay at home if there was any amusement in the wind. Then there came the necessary round of gaieties at the Hall itself, in which Sir Reginald returned the many hospitalities he had received since his return home; and it was during this time that I kept hearing Colonel Desborough's name spoken by one or another, and sometimes had a passing glimpse of his handsome, but sinister countenance, as he went to and fro about the house.

For as the winter wore away, and the master settled down to the life of a country squire, and collected a circle of friends about him, the Colonel became one of the habitues of the house; and I confess I did not like it at all. It was not that I was in the least afraid that he would ever again exercise the smallest influence upon the fancy of my lady. Her whole heart was given to her husband, and greatly as she delighted in pleasure, she had no eyes for anybody but Sir Reginald, or he for her. A more lover-like husband and wife had surely never been seen. But I began to hear ugly whispers in the servant's hall of high play in the billiard room and at the card tables, which in old days were never got out, save for a sober round of whist when the old master entertained his fellow magistrates or county magnates; and it always seemed as though the Colonel were the man who organized these games, and put up the stakes higher and higher. He was a most excellent billiard player, and at cards he had wonderful luck, or else was a wonderful player. I don't know enough of card games to know exactly which it was: but I kept hearing whispers of the sums he won evening after evening from different members of the company; and Hetherington, the old butler, who was too discreet to say a word to anybody but me for what he saw above stairs, used sometimes to come to my room with a very grave face, and tell me stories which sent thrills of anxious foreboding through me.

Taken one with another, these stories came to this—that he most thoroughly feared and distrusted the Colonel.

"Mark my word, Mrs. Neighbour," he said once. "That man is here after no good. He is playing some deep game of his own; and I'd give a deal to know what it is. He means mischief to the master—of that I'd take my oath."

I didn't press Hetherington to say more. We didn't like to discuss our betters even between ourselves; but I was certain that he believed the Colonel had some secret enmity against our master, which he veiled beneath a mask of outward affability, and remembering the story my lady had once told me of his threat of being revenged upon her for her careless encouragement of a suit she did not intend to accept, I often felt a terrible fear rise within me that the delicate young wife was to be hurt in some way through her husband; and I was low-spirited every time that I heard that the Colonel was in the house, or that my master had gone to see him. I thought that my lady herself began to grow uneasy in these days. She could not go out with her husband just now as she had done at first, and as she did not want to keep him always at home she encouraged him to leave her from time to time to get some amusement for himself. The hunting was over, and the spring days were lengthening out, so a walk or a ride across to the Colonel's seemed a natural and convenient way of spending an afternoon or evening. But gradually I felt sure that my lady dreaded those visits almost as much as I did, though we exchanged not a word on the subject—not until something happened which unsealed her lips for the first time upon this subject.

I had been out upon an errand for her ladyship one afternoon, and came in about dusk, and went straight up to her with the answer to her message. She was sitting by her fire, with her dainty tea-equipage beside her, but I saw that she had not so much as porued out a single cup, but was sitting resting her head on her hand, gazing at a sheet of paper upon her knee. As I came in she looked up, and I saw that she had been crying; but I also saw in her eyes a new look—a look of womanhood and purpose quite different from the appealing helplessness of a child which generally shone in her eyes in moments of trouble or vexation.

"I want you to read that, Neighbour," she said; "It came at four o'clock with the afternoon letters. I must have somebody to speak to of this terrible fear in my heart. Read that, and tell me what it means."

I took the paper and got my spectacles, and read the short note before I spoke a single word.

"Dear Madam (it ran),—I greatly regret the nature of the communication I feel bound to make to you; but my conscience will not let me be silent on the subject. I am told by some who know him best that my unhappy brother has resolved upon the ruin of your husband—why, I am unable to imagine, as I did not know he could possibly have any grudge against him. But he will not be the first victim of this miserable man's hatred; and when he has set himself to a task of the kind, and has put all his powers and abilities to work, I have never known him fail. Experience has taught me the utter hopelessness of ever warning the victim himself, therefore, madam, I address my warning to you. I beseech you, as you value your happiness and welfare, keep your husband from the society of Archibald Desborough. If some one does not step in to save him, I feel there will be a time of terrible sorrow in store for him and those who love him.—Yours in sympathy and distress,

"MARY DESBOROUGH."

I read the letter and handed it back to my lady. She looked at me with wide-open questioning eyes, and suddenly putting out her hand she seized me, and cried out:

"Oh, Neighbour, Neighbour! It all comes from thinking one can do wrong and yet take no harm. I knew I was wrong long ago leading him on for the pleasure of sending him away at the end. I knew it was folly and vanity a few months ago when I wanted to show off to him, and make him admire me as he used to. But oh, if it lead to this! And I have seen the cloud coming over Rex. I know something is wrong with him; and it is all my doing. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

What could I say to comfort my now thoroughly aroused mistress? Forgetting my place for a moment in the rush of love and pity that came over me, I said, 'Keep up a brave heart and spirit; when he comes to have more home ties than at present he will soon forget that bad man—"

"Oh, if he only would!" cried my lady, her face all in a glow of hope and pretty pride. "But oh, Neighbour, that bad, bad man! And I have been so foolish—I never even told you—I knew you would say or think that it was wrong; but I have teased and twitted him. I have humbled his pride in a hundred little ways, and have known that he was inwardly raging because he knew he had not the faintest power over me, whilst I had some small power over him. And listen, Neighbour, it was almost the last time I ever saw him—we were dining out—and he was cloaking me in the hall, and for the moment we were alone, for something had called the other men into the study, and the servant had been sent for to light the lamp. He had been asking me why I never came to his house and I had answered him with some rather stinging words which I knew had wounded his pride. His face whitened a little as he stood facing me, and his eyes had a gleam in them which I had seen there once before, and when he spoke there was a hissing sound in his voice which reminded me of a snake before he strikes. 'My lady,' he said, 'I have put up with your slights and caprices more patiently than many men would have done; but beware! —for my turn is coming. You are very full of pride—very full of superciliousness —you think yourself impregnable in your proud young beauty. But I will lower that pride to the very dust. You think yourself too good to speak to me—you are far too proud and too grand to enter my poor abode; but the day shall come when you will come crouching to me for pity and for mercy; and you will see then the answer you will get!'"

"Did he dare say that to you my lady?"

"He did, and his words seem graven on my memory in letters of fire. Oh, Neighbour, I begin to see it all now. My levity and folly first won me the hatred of this bad man; and now he will strike at me through my dear, dear husband. He thinks I am a child. He thinks I am a helpless dupe. But, I am not! I will not be! For Rex's sake, I will be a woman now; and his wife shall save him from the peril her folly has caused!"

(To be Continued.)

AIMS OBJECTS, AND BENEFITS OF THE SONS OF ENGLAND BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

Organized in Toronto, December 12th, 1874.

To Englishmen and Sons of Englishmen:

The mission of the Society is to bring into organized union all true and worthy Englishmen; to maintain their national institutions and liberties and the integrity of the British Empire; to foster and keep alive the loving memcry of Old England, our native and Mother land; to elevate the lives of its members in the practice of mutual aid and true charity—caring for each other in sickness and adversity and following a deceased brother with fraternal care and sympathies, when death comes, to earth's resting place.

Great Financial Benefits, viz.: Sick pay, Doctor's attendance and medicine and Funeral Allowance are accorded. Healthy men between the ages of 18 and 60 years are received into membership. Honorary members are also admitted. Roman Catholic Englishmen are not eligible.

Reverence for and adhesion to the teachings of the Holy Bible is insisted on.

Party politics are not allowed to be discussed in the lodge room.

The Society is secret in its proceedings to enable members to protect each other and prevent imposition—for which purpose an initiation Ritual is provided, imposing obligations of fidelity to the principles of the Society on all who join it.

The Society is making rapid growth and has lodges extending over Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores, having a membership upwards of 13,000 at present, the ratio of increase being far greater as the Society's influence and usefulness is better known. Lodges have been started South Africa and will soon probably be started in England, etc.

The Beneficiary (Insurance) Department is providing insurance to the members for $1,000 or $2,000 as desired, at the minimum cost, unsurpassed by any other fraternal Society in Canada, and is conducted on the assessment system. The assessments are graded. A total disability allowance is also covered by the certificates in class "A." There are no disability claims in class "B." No Englishmen need join other organizations when the inducements of this Department are considered.

Englishmen forming and composing new lodges derive exceptional advantages in the initiation fees, and 12 good men can start a lodge.

In our lodge rooms social distinctions are laid aside and we meet on the common level of national brotherhood, in patriotic association for united counsel and effort in maintaining the great principles of our beloved Society. As such we can appeal to the sympathetic support of all true Englishmen—asking them to cast in their lot with us, thereby swelling the grand roll of those bound together in fraternal sympathies and in devotion to England and the grand cause of British freedom.

Any further information will be cheerfully given by the undersiged.

JOHN W. CARTER,
Grand Secretary.

Shaftesbury Hall,
Toronto, Ont.

POST OFFICE GUIDE, OTTAWA.

DECEMBER, 1895.

CLOSE. **Arrival and Departure of Mails.** DUE.

MAILS.

A.M.	P.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
10 00	.....	9 30	West—Toronto, Hamilton, London, Peterboro, Smith's Falls, Perth, Kingston	8 00	.....	6 15
				10 45	.....	6 15
10 00	.....	5 00	Brockville, Napanee, Belleville, etc	.....	5 30	.....
		12 45	Manitoba, N. W. T., B. Columbia	8 00	.....	.....
.....	.....	9 30	Sharbot Lake, Norwood	10 45	.....	6 15
10 00	5 00	9 30	Kingston, Hamilton	8 00	.....	.....
3 30	3 30	5 30	Eastern—Montreal, etc	10 45	2 15	.....
7 30	.....	9 30				
10 00	.....	5 00	Cornwall, Morrisburg, Lancaster, etc	10 45	.....	6 15
3 30	3 30	5 30	Quebec	8 00	2 15	.....
3 30	3 30	5 30	Three Rivers	8 00	2 15	.....
.....	12 00	5 00	Prescott	10 30	.....	4 15
.....	12 00	5 00	Kemptville	10 30	.....	4 15
10 00	12 00	9 30	Merrickville	10 30	.....	4 15
.....	12 00	.....	St. L. & O. Ry.—Manotick, North Gower	10 30	.....	4 15
.....	12 00	.....	Kars, Kenmore, Osgoode Stn., Oxford Stn	10 30	.....	.....
12 15	.....	.....	C. P. R. West—Sault Ste. Marie, Bruce Mines,	.....	5 30	.....
			Thessalon, Algoma Mills	.....	5 30	.....
12 15	12 45	.....	North Bay	.....	5 30	.....
12 15	12 45	.....	Mattawa, Sudbury, Pembroke	8 00	5 30	.....
.....	12 45	4 00	Pakenham, Pembroke, and Almonte	11 45	5 30	.....
.....	12 45	.....	Arnprior, and Renfrew	11 45	5 30	.....
10 00	.....	.....	Ashton Britannia Bay	10 45	.....	.....
	12 45	5 00	Appleton, Carleton Place	10 45	5 30	.....
10 00	4 00	9 30		11 45	6 15	.....
10 00	.....	.....	Stittsville	.....	6 15	.....
7 30	.....	.....	C. P. R. East—Gatineau Point, Cumberland, Thurso, Clarence, Grenville, L'Original	.....	2 00	.....
7 30	.....	.....		8 00	2 00	.....
7 30	5 00	.....	Buckingham	8 00	2 15	.....
			C.A.R.—Alexandria, Glen Robertson, Greenfield, Maxville	8 00	2 15	.....
7 00	.....	5 30		8 00	2 15	.....
7 00	.....	1 45	Hawkesbury, Vankleek Hill	.....	2 15	.....
7 00	.....	5 30	Eastman's Springs	.....		
7 00	.....	.....	O. & P. S. Ry.—Carp, Kinburn, Arnprior, Renfrew, Douglas, Eganville	.....	7 00	.....
.....	.....	.....	P.&P.J.R.—Quyon, Eardley, Bryson, Bristol, Vinton, Shawville, Heyworth, Fort Coulonge, Dechesne Mills	11 45	.....	.....
.....	4 00	.....		11 45	.....	5 00
8 30	.....	4 00	Aylmer			
	.....	4 00	G. T. V. Ry.—Ironside, Kazabazua, River Desert and Maniwaki	10 00	.....	.....
.....	4 00	.....	Chelsea, North Wakefield, and Wakefield	10 00		
.....	2 00	.....	By Stage—Bell's Corners, Richmond, Skead's Mills, Hintonburgh, Fallowfield, Musgrove	11 15	.....	.....
7 30	1 45	7 00	Hull	.....	2 00	7 30
10 00	4 00			10 45	4 15	.....
8 00	.....	.....	Harbord	10 30	.....	.....
.....	12 30	.....	Ramsay's Cnrs, Hawthorne, Mon. Wed. & Fri	.....	12 15	.....
		1 30	Billings' Bdge., South Gloucester, Metcalfe, etc.	11 15	.....	.....
.....	1 30	.....	Cummings' Bdge., Orleans, Robillard	11 15		
9 30	.....	.....	Ottawa East	10 00		.....
.....	12 30	.....	Merivale, City View, Jockvale, Tues. Thus. Sat.	.....	12 15	.....
10 00	.....	.....	Cyrville, Hurdman's Bdg.	10 30	.....	.....
			MARITIME PROVINCES.			
			Nova Scotia, P.E.I., N. Brunswick except S.W.			
	3 30	5 30	Unregistered matter	10 45	2 15	
.....	.....	3 15	Registered matter, except Saturday	.....	2 15	
.....	.....	5 30	Registered matter, Saturday	.....	2 15	
.....	.....	3 15	S. W'n—N.B. Regist'd matter, except Saturday		2 15	
.....	.....	5 30	" " " " Saturday		2 15	
.....	3 30	.....	" " Unreg'd matter, except Saturday		2 15	
.....	.....	5 30	" " " " Saturday		2 15	
			UNITED STATES.			
	12 00	5 15	Ogdensburg, Potsdam, Watertown, etc	10 45	4 15	.....
.....	1 45	.....	New York, Philadelphia, and Atlantic States, south of New York,	10 45	12 00	4 15
.....	.....	.....	New York, Registered Mail	.....	2 15	.....
7 00	1 45	.....	Rouse's Point, Albany, State of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Eastern and Southern part of State New York	.....	12 00	...
10 00	5 00	9 30	States west of Atlantic States (via Buffalo and Detroit	10 45	.....	.....
				8 00	.....	.....

BRITISH MAILS.

P.M.		
1 45	Monday, 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd, 30th	Via New York.
1 45	Tuesday, 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th Supplementary	Via New York.
1 45	Thursday, 5th, 12th, 19th, 26th	Via New York.
5 30	Thursday, 5th, 12th, 19th, 26th	Via Halifax.
1 45	Friday, 13t, 15th Supplementary	Via New York.
1 45	Saturday, 7th, 14th, 28th	Via New York.
4 30	* Parcel Post Dispatched with these mails.	

Letters for registration must be posted fifteen minutes previous to the time of closing the last mails.

Post Office, Ottawa, December, 1895.

Office hours from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.
Money Order, Office and Saving Bank from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.

J. A. GOUIN, Postmaster.