Eighth Year of Publication

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THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS.

"Some Sihks, and a private of the Buffs, hav ing remained behind with the grog-carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next day they were brought before the authorities and ordered to perform kotou. The Sihks obeyed, but Moyse, the English soldier, decleared he would not prostrate himself before any China-man alive, and was immediately knocked upon the head, and his body thrown upon a dunghill. China correspondent of London Times.

my doubts at rest.

her heart's best love.

no avail.

Last night, among his fellow roughs, Last night, among his feilow roughs, He jested, quaffed, and swore; A drunken private of the Buffs. Who never looked before, To-day, beneath the foeman's frown, He stands in Elgin's place, Ambassador from Britain's crown, And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught, Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaugus Bewildered, and alone;
A heart, with English instinct fraught, He yet can tell his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb; Bring cord or axe, or flame;
He only knows that not through him shoul England come to shame. Shall England come to shar

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed, Like dreams, to come and go Bright leagues, of cherry-blossom gleamer One sheet of living snow; The smoke above his father's door In gray soft eddyings hung; Must he then watch it rise no more, Doomed by himself so young?

Yes, honor calls !- with strength like steel He put the vision by; Let dusky Indians whine and kneel, An English lad must die. And thus, with eyes that would not shrink, With knee to man unbent, Unfaltering on its dreadful brink, To his red grave he went.

Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed, Vain those all shattering guns, Unless proud England keep untamed The strong heart of her sons, So let his name through Europe ring-A man of mean estate, Who dies, as firm as Sparta's king,

Because his soul was great. -SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE.

"The Buffs," are the East Kent regiment, formerly the 3rd foot. A corps making high in the honour list of the British army. The incident on which the above lines were written oc curred during the last war between China and Ringland, the reference to Lord Elgin being in consequence of that nobleman negotiating the . treaty of peace

MY CHUM'S STORY. ed. The moment Edith beheld the hand-

It was just when I was leaving the Australian gold-diggings to visit Old the letter and read it through. Can

junior partner in the London shiping firm of Sandford & Co. As you will "old women," and he bade her prepare understand, the nature of our buisness necessitated the employment of an accomplished linguist as foreign correspondent.

by name, fell suddenly ill, and we porary substitute.

the post was a slender fair haired

THE ANGLO-SAXON.

to ask her to be my wife. Her last silence? But I mentally resolved that venture had been so unfortunate that my first buisness on reaching England should be to look up Mr. Sandford and I was afraid she would not care to risk ask him to through some light on the another, so I hesitated, until accident made me suspect that she returned my mystery.

I was astir next morning as the first love. Then I put the question to her, roseate hues of dawn were tinting the and she laid her little hand in mine sky. I looked at my chum rather curiwith a sweet, trusting look that set all ously, for his face appearded brighter and more cheerful than I had seen him

We were married soon afterwards and old Sanford gave away the bride, for sometime. "I'm going back with for, like myself she was alone in the you, old boy," he said, with a new ring world, and I believe we were the two in his voice. I had a dream last happiest people in London. She always night-or a vision-I don't know the same, as gentle and sweet as on which, that called me home, and I must return with you," our wedding day, and quiet and stupid

I stared a moment in surprise, then, though I was, I know that I possessed catching his hand, I ejaculated fervent-A year passed away; then our little ly, "God grant their may be happi- Depend upon it, that life is very one came, and filled the whole house ness in store for you yet, my friend,!" him; she could not leave him for a affiairs should wait; that I would stick make it. The next thing is to take off moment; it was the prettiest sight in to Fitzgerald until we knew what tidworld to see them together, while it ings awaited him, whether of weal or would be her delight to examine his woe.

On our arrival in London, we lost features one by one, and pronounce no time in repairing to Mr. Sandford's them just like mine. But something house, an old-fashioned comfortablewent wrong with our boy; he fell ill, and medical skill appeared to be of looking building, situated in one of the quietest and most respectable of Lon-He had been lying in my arms one don streets.

As we rattled up to the house, I notday - he seemed to like me to hold him — and I was wild with grief as I watched the little face as death and trembling like a leaf. I as death and trembling like a leaf. I grow paler and more wan, when, just whispered a word of cheer, but he only pressed my hand without speaking. A at sunset, as the last dying glow fell neatly dressed maid-servant appeared upon him and lit up his golden hair, at the door, and in answer to my he suddenly opened his eyes and gave inquiry for Mr. Sanford, demurly ushme a long and farewell look, then with ered us into a cosy sitting-room near a little smile he close his eyes for ever. the entrance, and departed, taking my I had grown so fond of the little chap that I would have given in com- card with her. A few minutes passed in silence.

cept the cheerful glow of the bright coal fire; but Fitizgerald had with drawn himself still further into the shadow, and I could only distinguish his tall form, which looked unusually big and broad in his long fur-trimmed overcoat. Then the door opened slowly, aud a slender, graceful, figure appeared, the wearing sweetest, saddest eign letter arrived for my wife. It was covered with strange postmarks, face I had ever seen.

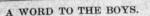
"Mr. Sandford is not-"she began; then her eyes travelled past me to the dark figure behind. There was a startled pause; then, with a low, glad cry, she dropped the card she was holding and sprang forward. I had just time to see her disappear in the embrace of the big fur coat before I stepped outside Her former husband, Captain May, the rcom. As I did so a stout benevolent-looking old gentleman, whom I knew by instinct to be Mr. Sandford, entered the hall.

I introduced myself, and explained the situation as well as I could. He seized my hand and warmly bade me welcome, while his fine old face positively beamed at my intellegence.

where has the boy been all the time? We have written-cabled-advertised for him in all the Australian Newspap ers, without receiving any reply. What could we think? I had given him up for dead, but the poor little woman in there would'nt hear of it; she declared he would come back." "It is just possible that the letters

may belying at some up-country postoffice," I remarked, thoughtfully. As for newspapers we haven't seen many of them during the last two years we've been roughing it." "Then-he doesn't know yet!" gasp-

ed the old gentleman. "He knows nothing, sir," I answered



If you have anything to do, do it at once. Don't sit down in the rocking chair and lose three-quarters of an hour

will seem ten times harder than it did CANADA ATLANTIC RAILWAY. at first. Keep this motto: Be on time in small things as well as great. Habit is everything. The boy who is behind time at breakfast and school will be sure to get 'left' in the important things of life. If you have a chronic habit of dreading and putting off things, OTTAWA, BOSTON, NEW YORK, HALIFAX, make a great effort to cure yourself. Brace up! Make up your mind that

you will have some backbone. Don't be a limp, jelly-fish kind of person. Depend upon it, that life is very much as you make it. The first thing 2 Express Trains Daily between Ottawa, New I quickly decided that my own to decide is what are you going to self necessary somewhere. There are thousands of boys and young men in the world who would'nt be missed if they were to drop out of it to-morrow.

Don't be one of this sort. Be a power in your own little world, and depend upon it, then the big world will hear from you some day.

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and had been more than once re-directwriting she turned deathly pale, and

fell into a chair. She could not speak, so I picked up island in the Pacific, where he had been living amongst natives ever since. It appeared that they had invited him to choose a wife and remain with them, but, said the writer, on the whole he preferred a white wife to a "darkey," and had decided to return home to his

from all pain and trouble !"

to receive him with a loving welcome, I could judge the man's character by his letter which was both coarse and

brutal. It seemed as if he had some premonition of the change that had taken place, for it was written in a were compelled to advertise for a tem- half threatening tone; and I stamped it under my feet as I turned to my poor Among the numerous applicants for girl, who was trembling like a leaf. "Let him come," I said, fiercely "and,

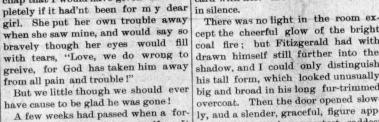
my interest, and, instead of the polite face, for the poor thing fell on her ned almost to expect. knees with clasped hands, and her pale

England, on a well-earned holiday, you imagine the tidings it contained ? that my chum, Fitzgerald, began, all of a sudden, to grow moody. Usually was alive! When his ship went down he was the most light-hearted of fel- he alone was rescued, and carried to an lows, and I could easily see that something lay heavy on his heart. Round the fire, that evening before I set out for home, he related to me the following strange story.

Five years ago, said he, I was

One day this gentleman, Hawksby

little women in deep mourning. I if, he attempts to claim you, I'll shoot wasn't an advocate of women's right him dead before he shall touch a hair to do men's labour, but she was so of your head !" pretty and modest that she aroused I suppose their was murder in my



dismissal she I resolved to give her a hearing.

She was a widow, she said, her husband, Captain May, having been drowned at sea, leaving her, almost penniless, to fight the battle of life alone.

afterwards that her married life had take her to some distant country, beena short and unhappy one. Her hus- where she would be out of reach of the band was addicted to drink; and at villain who had already done the ut young wife. She had been well educated, and I soon discovered had a remarkable knowledge of languages, which was the chief qualification we capable of taking Hawksby's place, and I could see that she was very anthe senior partner, who did not at she was engaged at about one-fourth of the salary paid to Hawksby. Her quiet, methodical ways, her punctuality and cleverness, soon won old Sanford's favor ; and when the time came for Hawksby to be able to resume his duties, the kind old gentleman proposed to Mrs. May that she should take up her position in his household as gover-

ness to his motherless daughters. The offer was thankfully accepted : and from that time my visits to my dead; and I am left with nothing to partner's house became much more fre- or live for. quent. I was a quiet fellow; I had no relatives and was looked upon as a con-Edith May had become the dearest good grounds for his belief. His wife

lips tried to utter a prayer for Heaven to pity and pardon us.

It makes me feel desperate when I think of it and the scene which followed; but there's no use of going over it

She had a sweet, sad face. I learnt again. I pleaded with her to let me times would cruelly abuse his poor most to spoil her life; but no! "it would not be right," she moaned; she was no longer my wife we must part," and though I knew it was breaking her heart I could not persuade her to do required. In fact, she appeared fully otherwise. She only wept, and implored me on her knees to say goodbye to her and go away before the man xious to obtain the employment, so I who called himself her husband made used my influnence with Mr. Sandford, his appearance. Mr. Sandford added his entreaties to hers for they were first approve of the innovation, and both afraid that murder would be done if we met. So after I had placed my poor Edith under the care of the kind old man, who welcomed her as another daughter, I bade farewell to England, to all I loved and

came out to Australia. I cherrished a hope that God would in in some way restore us to happiness ; but the good news I longed for never came; neither word nor message has

reached me so I now know that she is

His voice faltered, and he covered his face again. I could not speak, to firmed bachelor; but I found that offer my comfort, for I felt that he had thing in the world to me, and I longed was surely dead; else why this long

quickly; "is it good news or bad?"

"Why, that villian never turned up, after all," said Mr Sandford. "He got as far as Plymonth, and there he was killed accidentally in a drunken brawl, and my first feeling on hearing of it was not sorrow 1 can assure you; ' and the old gentleman used his handkercheif vigourously. I looked as I felt delighted at Fitzgerald's good fortune; and we sat for an hour or so while Mr. Sandford related some of the incidents in my chum's love-story, which was so nearly ending in a tradegy.

I scarcely recognized Fitzgerald when at last the long-divided pair appeared—he with his handsome face all lighted up with love and gladness, she with her blue eyes shining through a mist of happy tears.

I only waited to offer my sincere congratulations, and then with a frevent wish that Heaven would grant them a future full of peace and happiness, I went forth, my heart beating high with joy and hope, and was soon speed ing on my way towards the bright eyes that I knew were eagerly watching for my return.

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