compared with his censors in Parlia ment for brazen faced impudence and dishonesty. The Equal Rights move ment was but a spirited protest against public robbery, but how much support did it receive? It was a fair index of the measure of political morality of the electorate. The corruption revealed at Ottawa is being followed by revelations of the same taction in the Baie-de-Chaleur Railway in the Quebec | Province, and also it is being exposed in the civic affairs of Toronto. We feel a profound disgust in seeing the public affairs of this bright Dominion subject to the controlling influences of rascality. These exposures are not the occasion for jubilant party demonstrations, but of real national humiliation value principle above "party," that our trust should be in neither party but in a fidelity to the great principles that have received embodiment in the constitution of the Sons of England Society, and to stand faithfully together in their support at all times.

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was gratifying as indicating his views on imperial questions, especially on that of preferential trade within the Empire. Mr. MacCarthy expressed himself as willing to move in the Deminion Parliament a motion in favour of such a policy. He also repeated again that he was a "Conservative" and belonged to that party. In what a "Conservative' differs from a "Liberal" in Canada is one of those puzzles no fellow can understand; for, in turns, all their party planks are cast to the winds in the struggles for office. Party names here represent no dividing principles, but only the ins and outs of personal factions—but in England State Churchism is a party plank peculiar to the Conservative party. It is quite time that men of Mr. Dalton MacCarthy's type should not merely strike attitudes and play with names, but to let the principles he avowed to the electors at the recent election be his sole title to our esteem and confidence. He there scorned to accept a straight party nomination—he told them his principles and said he was going to adhere to them at all cost.

FREE-TRADE, FAIR TRADE, PROTEC-TION: Trade is barter in commodities and is only "free" where BOTH parties to the trade abolish the customs barriers or any other artificial restriction on the perfect freedom of the transaction,—then it becomes free and 'fair' trade, Protection is requsite against outrage, injustice and every form of wrong-doing, and every civilized government professedly accepts the theory that its functions are to see that its subjects have that protection from internal and international wrongthat its own tax-payer is not defrauded of his rights. International trade therefore comes under the supervision of governments, and according to Sir R. Cartwright where one government imposes a more or less prohibitory tariff on imports from another it is waging 'commercial war' on that nation. War against a persons' life, or against his property, or international rights is morally on the same brutal and barbaric footing and can never be defended except on the grounds of retaliation in self-defence. Protection in this sense-whenever it assumes the form of retaliation we hold to be legitimate warfare whether it affects the dollar and cents of trade or the lives of citizens but "protection" in order to develop "infant industries" is, to our mind, a legalized form of robbery of the masses for the benefit of the few. Nations which are "protective" in trade, if retaliated against, would soon find the business of swapping jack-knives in their own country not nearly so profitable as buying where they could buy cheapest, and selling where they could realize the most for what they had to sell. The marvel is that any country like England-should tolerate for an hour, to her infinite harm, any such jug-handled system of trade to go on between her and foreign nations, it being "war" in its most hideously iniquitous form against the rights of her citizens.

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A PRETTY SIMPLETON.



hat a silly little thing she was, but how pretty! All smiles and dimples, rosy cheeks and fluffy brown hair, shading laughing blue sat opposite her that day in the street car, and heard her girlish prattle, that I had ever seen such a combination of sillines

which had direct bearing on a complicated case I was going that morning to treat. An to every patriotic mind. Let all Eng-to every patriotic mind. Let all Eng-lishmen learn from these rascalities, to lishmen learn from these rascalities, to had forced me to take the car, and I felt as cross as a bear, and I looked so, I know, for when I caught her eye she tossed her silly little head and turned away with a pout. I heard enough about papa, balls, the opera, etc., to guess that she was an idolized, only child, and something of a belle. As I was too old to ignore the vacuum in her head, for the sake of the pretty face, I was much relieved PRINCIPLES—NOT PARTY: Mr. Dalton MacCarthy's recent speech in England, at a Conservative convention was gratifying as indicating his views

sake of the pretty face, I was much renewed when Dora Copperfield—as I mentally styled her—and her friend left the car. It was strange, but after that first chance meeting, I was constantly meeting Dora. I caught glimpses of her nestling down in the cushions, as her carriage dashed with a flash and a clitter by my office. At the copera the fates as her carriage dashed with a flash and a glitter by my office. At the opera the fates threw me in her neighborhood. She was with a fat, pompous looking middleaged man whom I took to be "papa." I mentally dubbed him "old money-bags" and hated him as heartily as I did his daughter—he looked so complacent and listened with such evident relish to her ceaseless, silly matter. prattle. If I could have become suddenly metamorphesed into Mr. Hyde, I would have strangled them both with much satisfaction, strangled them both with much satisfaction, for Marguerite was singing most divinely and all the while her prattle went on, like the babbling brook, "ever, ever," while old money-bags encouraged her with his chuckle of appreciation. At the theatre, lectures, in fact everywhere I went there was the ubiquitous Dora, with her silly prattle and throng of admirers. So pretty and so silly! But my admirers and discourage the did not in the displeasure and disapprobation did not in the least disturb Dora, in fact, I think she was never conscious of my presence after that day One day I was summoned in great haste

One day I was summher in great have to the bedside of a patient whom I had attended a few times before. She and her daughter lived in a quarter of the city to which my practice seldom called me, and among people I only served for sweet characters. through people I only served for sweet clarky's sake. Though these two were as poor as many I attended free I could not dare refuse the fee they promptly tendered after each visit. Of them I knew nothing further han that they were ladies. There was a good independence, a dignified reticence hat commanded my respect. I was much groud independence, a dignified reticence hat commanded my respect. I was much traced by them both; the mother was refined and gentle, and bore with ortitade her sufferings; the daughter as beautiful, proud, dignified, and revely independent. I was anxious to pup then, but the opportunity for log so delicately and without risk of offeading had never yet presented itself, and it for my right hand would I have offended their brave, proud, reticent poverty. But a bits wist the evidences of poverty were n this visit the evidences of poverty were en greater. The room was very bare, evi-ently they had been forced to pawn many ently they had been forced to pawn many occas ary articles. The daughter was pale of thin and something like despair shone in ne beautiful dark eyes. I found Mrs. Trevor ery weak and low. After I had prescribed or her I sat like "Micawber," hoping "something would turn up"—that there would be use onening in the conversation where I me opening in the conversation where I night safely offer aid. I could not ave then in such destitution I must clp them—this was not their place and phere, and they must be lifted out by some neans. The mother was too weak to talk, and Mis Trevor was too absorbed in her own

quiver:

"No, Dr. Heathcote. We were not able to follow your prescription fully. The wine you sent mother was of great benefit to her, and I was able to supply it, also, until ast week, when she was taken much worse, requiring my unremitting attention, which forced me to stop sewing, my only means of support. But I had just finished some work for a young lady, and as she owed me \$90, I trusted to that to tide me over, until I could resume work. But I have been unable to collect the money, and we are penniless."

Bravely said, my beautiful Spartan! I thought, as I looked at the fine, pale face with its troubled eyes. The Spartan youth, with the wolf gnawing at his vitals, suffered less than you did in making this confession. Behind that marble calmness, my beautiful Galetes, what a Vesuvius must be throbbing and seething in your heart and brain! Injuries and injustice that you can't forget—ries and injustice that you can't forget—ries and sold-near from those who should

than you did in making this confession. Behind that marble calmness, my beautiful Galetes, what a Vesuvius must be throbbing and seething in your heart and brain! Injuries and injustice that you can't forget neglect and coldness from those who should have befriended!

"Yes, doctor," said Mrs. Trevor, "Helen isset her troubles from me as long as she could, and has allowed me to want for nothing, but failing to cellect the money due her has been a great herdship. The poor child has not tasted food since yesterday."

She covered her face with her hands and the tears trickled down through the thin shears.

fingers.

I turned like one shot and stared at that beautiful girl, standing so quiet and com-posed. Starving, starving! She, fit to be a queen, and suffering for bread! I stalked like a caged lion up and down the narrow

I stopped short as the cool, even topes fell on my ear, and marching up to her took both her hands in mine. I was old enough to be her father.

"Helen, why didn't you come to me? Why didn't you come?" The tears came to her eyes—the first I had

een there.
"We are such strangers to you. I would

act have presumed—"
"Strangers be hanged! Excuse me,
Helen But, my child, you are too proud!
There comes a time in the life of most,
when we must accept help—when pride
must be laid aside and we must stoop! Independence is a very fine thing, my dear,
but the proudly independent man is not the
happy man. He who can find pleasure in
receiving as well as in giving is the one who
gets most good out of life, because closer
drawn to his fellow men. Now, my dear,
Tm going to get wine for your mother, and I'm going to get wine for your mother and nourishing food for you."

She put out her hand protestingly and again that blush of humbled pride mounted to her

"Your mother's life depends upon timely You and I can have our reckoning by and by. I will look in again this after-

Soon I had sent to wine, fruits and well prepared food to Helen and her mother. I could not dismiss them from my mind for a could not dismiss them from my mind for a moment during my round of visits. I could understand the agony of humiliation that poor girl was suffering—as well as the fear and sorrow hanging over her, from her mother's illness. Poverty had not been long with them; it was apparent that their better days had been recent. Then as I thought how that rich girl's thoughtless, heartless indifference and neglect to pay her heartless indifference and neglect to pay her had aggravated Heien's shame and grief, my indignation knew no bounds, and when I reached Mrs. Trevor's humble room that afternoon, I had worked myself into a furor of anger against that unknown transgressor Helen's late employer. I was boiling over with rage, which increased, if possible, when I found Mrs. Trevor worse and noted Helen's troubled, anxious face. After doing all I could for my patient, who soon fell into a doze. I called Helen out into the hall.

Helen, give me the name and address of the person who owes you."

She looked at me inquiringly as I took out my notebook and pencil, but said:
"Miss Floy Garrison, 2010 L avenue."

I wrote it down hurriedly and without another word was on my way to find this girl. I had but one thought—to bring her to see the sorrows she had caused. It might teach her a lesson and cause her to feel a little of the shame and mortification Helen had to endure.

When I drew up before 2010 L avenue a carriage stood before the door and a party of four stood ready to enter. A slender, middlefour stood ready to enter. A stender, middle aged lady, a fine looking young man, "old money bags" and Dora Copperfield! Ribbons flying, curls blowing, draperies fluttering and merry laughter.

So Miss Empty Head was the culprit. I was not surprised at all. If I had been a rejent of the middle ages. I would have

was not surprised at all. If I had been a knight of the middle ages I would have snatched her in my arms and rushed away with her, and after showing her the trouble and sorrow she had calsed, immured her in a dungeon deep and dark, but as it, was the practical nineteenth century I must observe the conventionalities. So, while thirsting for vengeance, I had to smirk and bow

for vengeance, I had to smirk and bow and introduce myself.

Yes, "old moneybags" knew Dr. Heathcote quite well by reputation. Glad to meet him. "This," pointing to the middle-aged lady, "was his wife; the young lady was his daughter Floy, and this his nephew, Mr. Philip Everett, from the south."

I then politely requested Miss Garrison to accompany me to see a patient who was very low, who knew her, and in whom she would be interested. Floy looked inquiring-

very low, who knew her, and in whom she would be interested. Floy looked inquiringly at paps, who said: "Yes, go,"

Not a word was spoken during the drive, but when we stood in Helen's room I pointed to Mrs. Trevor's wasted form and said:
"Behold your work."

"Behold your work."

"Oh, what do you mean?"

The blue eyes were round and frightened and the roses had faded from the pretty cheeks. I turned sternly upon her and said:

said:

"I mean that a girl as young and beautiful as yourself, as well-born and as well-bred hars. Trevor! You are much weaker than when I saw you last, and I had hoped the wine would have built up your strength."

Miss Trevor seemed to struggle with herself. A burning blash suffused her face and neck. At last she raised her head proudly, and with a defiant air looked me full and steadily in the eye, as she said in a low voice, without a quiver:

"No, Dr. Heathcote. We were not able to follow your prescription fully. The wire."

But what was the matter with Helen! Was she about to faint! She steadied herself with one hand against a chair, while the other was pressed to her heart; her face was deadly pale, and her wide-stretched eyes were riveted upon Mr. Everett, who, when he caught sight of her through the open door, stepped forward with a glad cry-of "Helen!" His manly, handsome face was radiant with happiness, and I heard him say:

"Found at last! I have searched everywhere for you. Helen!"

Plate Printer, Die Sinker. But what was the matter with Helen! Was

where for you, Helen!"
"Can you still—"

"Do I still love you? Oh, Helen, how can And unmindful of us all she fell into his oom.

'Oh, the heartless rich! The cold, heartless ich!"

'More thoughtless than heartless, I think, br. Heathcote."

And unmature of us all ane relief mo his arms and wept out her sorrows and griefs upon his heart. I closed the door, and Col. Garrison, Floy and I discreetly withdrew farther into the hall...

Helen came out. At last my beautiful Galatea was endowed with life. A look of happiness such as I had never seen there before shone in the dark eyes. Then Mr. Everett, in a manly, straightforward way, told their story. He and Miss Trevor had been children together in a far distant southern city, and became engaged soon after both had left school but after the death of Helen's father, nearly a year before, an unfortunate misunderstanding arose, which separated them, and Helen and her mother quietly left the city, leaving no trace behind them, and all these months he had been searching for them. Then that pretty little simpleton, Floy, proved her head was not quite empty, by saying:

by saying:
"Papa, Mrs. Trevor and Helen must go
home with us, where we may repair, if possible, the wrong I did them."

sible, the wrong I did them."

And it was done just as Miss Rattlebrain proposed, and she proved herself the most fattiful, untiring and devoted of nurses—the finest unselfish and loving of friends and and cousins; and before the wedding day game around, she and Helen were as devoted as sisters, and when that day did come old Money-bags was the most generous of uncles. And when Helen kissed me good-bye that day, she said with happy tears in her pretty

"Dr. Heathcote, I will never cease to love and bless you! The brightest day of my life, except this, is that on which you rushed

Floy in upon her avenging Nemesis!"

Before Philip left with his wife he told me, at Helen's request, what he told no one else—the story of their poverty and separa-tion. Helen's father had been Philip's guardian, and after his death it was found guardian, and after his death it was found that he appropriated and squandered the whole of Philip's fine fortune. Philip tried to keep this from Helen, but in some was she learned it, and her grief, mortification and despair were terrible to see. She thought that Philip would scorn to marry the daughter of a dishonest man. So, after she and her mother had settled all of that small fortune upon Philip—for both felt keenly the disgrace, and wished to make what reparation they could—they quietly left the city, giving Philip no hint of their destination.

"I knew she was a heroine!" I said, as I

slapped Philip on the back.

Mrs, Trevor remained with the Grrrisons until Philip and Helen returned from their until Philip and Helen returned from their brief trip, then she went with them to the cosy little home that Col. Garrison gave Philip on his wedding day. My gift to my beautiful girl was a complete silver service and a horse and phaeton; so I see the bright, happy face every day or so as she drives by and nods and smiles at me.

Well, it is always the unexpected that happens. When that boy of mine, Walter Heathcote, came home from college ready for a partnership with his old father, what should he do but fall in love with that pretty little simpleton. Floy Garrison, and made

little simpleton, Floy Garrison, and made her Mrs. Heathcote before I could say Jack

They live with me now, and she has made a home of what before was only a hig house

with two lonely men in it.

I've never seen Jip in the butter yet, and as Floy is a model wife and mother, I've concluded that pretty little head isn't quite so empty as I once thought it.

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