

The True North.

By Bro. Capt. Clive Phillips-Wolley, of Alexandra Lodge, Victoria, B.C.

Is Canada loyal? Who dares to ask! Are our colonists veins. Ducts for some colorless fluid, or red with the blood that stains...

We, who have won you a world, from the pole to the boundary line. Through the Land of the Lakes in the east to the land of the Douglas Pine...

Have we seemed to forget? Here where our furthestmost feet Rides on the selfsame wave that rolls to the Russian's feet...

God! how we love you still! Do you think in the hours of gloom There comes no whisper of home? Look where our dead find room!

Those who have stayed may not hear the beat of their hearts in the cowed: We of the prairies hear, and are not to be bought or cowed...

War! We would rather peace; but, mother, if fight you must, There be none of your sons on whom you can lean with a surer trust...

"SIR REGINALD."

SOME REMINISCENCES OF AN ENGLISH HOME.

By Evelyn Everett-Green, Author of "Barbara's Brothers," in The Sunday at Home.

CHAPTER III.—LITTLE REX.

I do not think my lady had meant to speak out so freely when she began, but one thing led to another, and she knew that I loved them all and would have laid down my life for any one of them...

Yet when he came back and showed himself just as friendly and kind and open-hearted as ever, it was hard to think ill of him; and, his delight in his wife and child did not seem to have abated the least little bit in the world...

Little Rex managed to take cold in the first spell of chilly weather we had, and the cold fastened to his chest, and gave us some anxiety. Not that he was ever very ill; but he appeared to be inclined to be delicate; and parents and nurses know what that means with a life so precious as that of our darling.

It meant in the first place that his mother's heart was always in the nursery, and that the greater part of her time was spent there, especially on the days when her husband was out shooting or hunting, or was engaged in social pleasures...

for to him his wife was still the child and plaything she had been for the first year of her married life, and his caring fondness had not developed into the sort of love she began now to crave—the love of the husband to his helpmeet—the love which engenders per-

fect confidence, and banishes the possibility of any sort of secret between them, even on matters of a purely business character.

"It is my fault," she once said to me with touching humility, when she had received a momentary stab from some jesting words of her husband at her ignorance and inexperience. "I would not lay it on me. I would not listen when he tried to talk to me seriously. I thought it was nice to be a petted baby and know nothing. And now that I feel different, of course he does not understand—how should he? Oh, I wish I could live that first year over again! How different I would be!"

I confess as the winter went on I grew more and more uneasy about the matter. I heard more of his doings than my lady could do, and it was impossible not to fear that matters were going badly with him. He had got in to a new "set" as people call it. The neighbourhood had changed a good deal of late years, and the houses which in old days had been occupied by the old country families, had been sold or let to persons of a different stamp. Hetherington used to sigh to me over the changes he saw; and the play that went on both here and—as we heard from the servants—in other houses—elsewhere, and almost everywhere, was, riding his horses, drinking his wine out of his hand and glove with the master, riding his horses, drinking his wine and winning his money, apparently in equally reckless fashion. One day there came an order to fell timber on the estate; a wholesale and, from the steward's point of view, a most damaging and needless piece of work; and for the first time in his life he ventured to remonstrate with Sir Reginald. The way in which this remonstrance was taken sent him away very heavy at heart. The order went forth which doomed some of the giant oaks that had long been the pride and delight of the owners of the Hall, and the steward came mournfully to Hetherington to whisper that he feared things were going terribly wrong. It was plain that all the ready money had been got rid of; and he feared there was already some sort of a mortgage upon the property. The master had let slip a few words to that effect which had greatly startled him.

Then a horrible fear came over me. I knew that the Hall was not entailed, although it had passed from father to son for so many generations. Could it be possible that that wicked, revengeful man was scheming and planning to get my lady and her husband into the power by a heavy mortgage on the property? Had he not threatened to bring her to her feet? Had he not vowed vengeance upon her, and the man who had won her? What more likely than that he should be trying to rob little Rex of his inheritance, and reduce my lady and her husband to poverty and ruin? Had not men gambled away fortunes in a few months many and many times before, and was not my master being led into the road to ruin by this bad man, with all his bad companions and friends at his back? Who could fail to see the haughty look coming into Sir Reginald's face? Who could fail to observe his frequent absences from home? What was the meaning of all this sudden press of business? What was the raising of money, most likely at ruinous terms, to pay his gaming debts, or worse still, the arrangement for a mortgage upon Warwick Hall itself?

And what could I do? Plainly there was no time to be lost. If our master was to be saved, he must be saved promptly and by strong measures. He was absent from home when this discovery had reached my ears. My lady coveted had reached my ears. My lady thought him in London. Hetherington whispered that he was staying with the Colonel. Little Rex had been very ailing; but a spell of clear frosty weather had brightened him up wonderfully, and set him laughing and crowing again. He was to be allowed to go out, and the cold air seemed to invigorate him wonderfully. His mother was so proud and happy that it went to my heart to have to speak to her of the fears weighing upon my mind, and yet if the boy's inheritance was at stake what less could I do?

Well, do I remember the sunny morning when first I begged leave to take bold to speak to her. The child lay laughing on her lap, clutching with his dimpled hands at the dancing notes in the sunbeams that slanted across him as he lay. In a moment my lady seemed to divine that I had ill news to tell; and whilst I opened my heart to her, she listened with perted lips and wide-open eyes, only interrupting me to ask questions about money matters which I could not always explain; but I too had been making inquiries. I was not so ignorant as I had been a few days ago. When I had quite done her face was as white as the child's frock, but into her eyes there had come a look of purpose that I had never seen in them before. For one moment she folded her boy passionately to her heart and then she rang the bell and gave him to his nurse, who carried him away. "Neighbor," she said when we were alone together, "if I understand you right, Colonel Desborough is striving to ruin my husband and despoil my boy; we cannot get free from his toils without money. How much would it take to cancel that evil bond?"

"I don't know, my lady, I haven't been able to find out, but so far as I make out other folks have been paid in cash, but the Colonel has always waited and waited, and said a bond would do, a bond on the landed property, whether a regular mortgage or not, none of us can say. But, by all I hear,

it must be a matter of twenty thousand pounds, and in a few months it may be double or treble, that is if things go on, and then—"

"And then he will wait no longer and everything will have to be sold—the property that is, or ought to be, my boy's! Neighbor, it shall not be! I will save my husband. I will defeat that bad man. Oh, how I have prayed to God to teach and help me, and I believe He will let me save my husband! It was my folly that began it, my childish vanity and pride. God has forgiven me, I know, but the consequences of our sins must and will follow us, so we are taught and chastened. Neighbor, listen to me. Bring me my jewel case. Do you know that the jewels there are worth a small fortune? I had some from my grandmother, and though we were poor enough, we never sold them, we were too proud. My husband showed more upon me before and after our marriage. I know they cost many thousands of pounds. An uncle of mine who is a diamond merchant himself and was proud of the match I was making sent me a set of diamonds, and told me they were worthy of the back of me at any time I wanted to sell them again. It was only his joke then, but he is an upright and a kind man, and I shall take him at his word, I shall do more than that. I shall take him every jewel I possess and ask them to buy them all, and give me the money down. If there is not the rest, and I shall ask him to lend me the money, and then get ready yourself. I shall order the carriage to catch the noon train for London. This thing must be done this very day, my husband shall not remain another night in the power of that evil man. Oh, Rex, my Rex! How you must have suffered! Why did you not trust your wife with the terrible secret? Did you think she would not understand! Did you think she was still a child? Oh, my husband, my husband, you shall learn this day, God being my help, that your wife is strong enough and wiser enough to save her husband and her child. Oh, my darling, my darlings, God helping me, I will save you! I will!"

Merriton, Ont.

A Hearty Time Enjoyed by a Union of Forces.

Thursday, 23rd, being St. George's Day, the Sons of England Lodges of Merriton and St. Catharines with friends, assembled at the Union Hotel, Merriton, to do honor to their natal day, where mine host, Bro. Willis provided a bountiful supper of roast beef and plum pudding for the 75 present. The dining room being beautifully decorated for the occasion by willing workers of the society. Bro. J. B. Jackson, of Union Jack Lodge, ably performed the duties as chairman of the evening and Bro. J. Kemping, P.S.G.P., of Victory Lodge, vice.

After supper letters of regret at being unable to be present were read from Major Hiscott, M.P.P., and Bro. Merrifield, D.D.

The programme of the evening commenced by the toast, "The Queen," all singing the National Anthem. The "Army and Navy" was responded to in an able manner by Bro. Miller of Ottawa, and "Hearts of Oak" by Mr. Suckling; "Our Natal Day," being responded to by Mr. J. Grenville, ex-Mayor of Thorold, and "St. George's Banner" by Bro. Kemping, the "Englishman" by Mr. Suckling; "District Lodges" responded to by Bro. F. J. Drewitt, P.D.D., and the song, "Let me like a soldier fall," by Bro. Hardy; "Union Jack Lodge" responded to by Bro. F. Bassett; "Sister Societies," responded to by Bro. Magness and Past Pres. J. Holroyd of Albion Lodge, No. 15 Sons of St. George, Philadelphia, U.S., and a recitation, "The red cross of England," by Bro. E. Nicholson. "Victory Lodge," brought forth Bro. H. Nicholson, Pres., and the song "British Lion," by Mr. Suckling. Songs, etc., followed by Bros. Legg, Hardy, Whitham, Dr. Creggan and others till the morning, when God Save Our Gracious Queen was sung, after which the brethren departed for home. We hope to observe it in St. Catharines next year.—F. J. D.

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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 memory 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—ask 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 undersigned.

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Lodge Directory OF THE Daughters of England. Belleville.

Rose of England No. 23, meets in the S O E Hall Belleville, on second and fourth Friday of each month. Visitors always welcome. Miss A. Corham, Sec.

Hamilton. Princess Royal No. 4—Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month in Queen's Hall, cor of Herkimer and Queen streets. Visitors welcome. Mrs. F. E. Lane, Pres. Mrs. John Turk, Sec., 141 Cartharine street.

Queen Victoria No. 1, D. O. E. S., Hamilton, meets in Reliance Hall, corner James and Rebecca Sts., on the first and third Fridays of each month. Mrs. J. Haney, Sec., B. Butten, Pres., 187 Mary street.

Montreal. St. George No. 25—Meets every 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month in Fraternity Hall, Wellington st, Montreal, P. Q.; visitors always welcome. Mrs. A. Tarling, Pres. | Mrs. H. Bradbury, Sec., 97 Ryde street.

Brantford. Pride of the West, No. 27—Meets in the Orange Hall every 1st and 3rd Tuesday in each month. Visitors always welcome. Mrs. C. Dunnett, Pres. Mrs. John Hayhurst, Rec. Sec., 103 Cayuga st.

ST. THOMAS, ONT. Princess Louise, No. 3, D. O. E. S., St. Thomas, meets in their Hall Talbot Street, on 1st and 3rd Monday of every month. Visitors welcome. E. W. Trump, Sec., J. Leach, Pres., 154 Manitoba

Winnipeg. Princess Christian No. 24, D. O. E. S., meets in S. O. E. Hall, St. John's Block, 490 Fortage Ave., on 2nd and 4th Wednesdays in each month. Visitors always welcome. Mrs. G. Davis, Pres. Mary Clark, Sec., Cor. Flora Ave and Charles st.

Toronto. Princess Alberta No. 1—Meets on the 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month in Dingman's Hall, Queen st. E., corner Broadview Ave. Visitors heartily welcomed. Juveniles meet every 3rd Thursday. Leonard Geo. Cross, Sec., T. Johnson, Pres., 604 Gerrard st. e., Toronto.

VICTORIA, B.C. Princess Alexandra, No. 15—Meets the 1st and 3rd Thursday at 8 p.m. in Daughters England Hall, View st. Visitors welcomed. Mrs. Dow, Pres. Miss Alice Iredale, Sec.

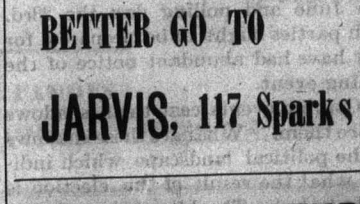
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