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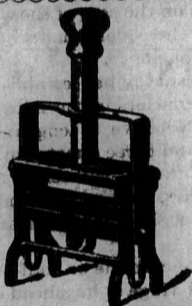
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GOLD VS. LOVE.



"I'M NOT WORTH HIS LOVE," SHE CRIED.

She was so pretty—so very pretty—so childishly willful, with her face puckered into frowns, and her lips pouting, that the heart of the man looking at her ached with heavy pain, and responded with throbs of agony as she stabbed it again and again with her words. He loved her deeply, and yet so unselfishly, that he was honestly trying to hope she would be happy without him, although his life-dream had been to contribute to that happiness.

"You are so unreasonable," she protested, "to tell me now that you love me."

"But I hoped to-day," he said, sadly, "you might still be free to choose your own future."

"Why, so I am; but my grandfather's choice for me is—" She hesitated, and then, leaving her sentence unfinished, rushed on, in rapid utterance: "Frank and I have known each other since we were little children, and you know I was always a mercenary little wretch."

"Were you?" he asked, with a smile more pitiful than tears. "You know I was! You know I used to fondle grandpa, and coax and flatter him, just because he was rich; for he was not very ungenerous. I was planning for a legacy, and I must have one, even if I have to take Frank with it; and Frank is good-natured, and fond of me."

"And your grandfather leaves you nothing if you do not marry Frank?"

"Nothing! He can refuse me, but I cannot refuse him without forfeiting all share in grandfather's money. I call it shabby, but there it is! And I am so tired of being poor, so tired of turning old dresses, patching my boots, saving car fares to buy gloves. Oh, Bert! don't look as if you wanted to cry. You are well rid of such a selfish little horror as I am, you are indeed!"

"I will try to think so," he said, pressing his white lips together for a moment before speaking. "I hope you will be very, very happy. But—if you should find, on consideration, that—"

"Now, please!" she said, looking up at him with misty eyes.

"I only want to say, dear—I may call you dear once—that life with me, although not such a life of luxury as your cousin Frank offers, will not be absolute poverty, while I have my strength to work for you."

"But you have only a salary, and not a large one."

"Very true! Still, if you can think of me and my salary with favor—with love, dear—one word, 'Come,' will bring me to your side. I will not tease you any more to-day. Good-bye."

He was gone a moment later, and the unreasonable little lady was crying like a baby. "I'm not worth his love!" she sobbed, tearing her very best handkerchief with her nervous fingers; "I'm only a nasty little bunch of avarice and selfishness! But I am glad it is over, and now—good-bye to poverty, music lessons, and make-shifts. I will accept Aunt Jane's invitation!"

Aunt Jane's invitation had been to the effect, that as her father had wished her son and her niece to marry, she thought it would be well for said niece, Elsie Reed, to make a visit to L—and become accustomed to her future home.

So it was only three hours after her parting with Herbert Bedlow when Elsie drove to the depot to take a train for L—and leave poverty, music lessons, and, perhaps, true, earnest love behind her, forever. So she assured herself.

Her welcome was a warm one from her aunt, but Frank was stiff and embarrassed. Every wish of the little heart was gratified in the new home. Dresses, bonnets, jewelry, were given her with lavish hands, and she flitted from one superb room to another, trying to fancy herself the mistress of the wealth around her.

The grand piano, under her skilled fingers, gave forth treasures of music, all of the showy, brilliant type, and her voice, like a bird's, carolled the blithest ballads.

But surely no bird or butterfly was ever more restless in a gilded cage than Elsie in her new home. She was never still. Walking, riding, driving, gardening, flitting here and there, till Aunt Jane, a model of repose, wondered she did not drop down with actual exhaustion.

"I don't sleep well unless I am tired," she said once, in answer to some gentle remonstrance.

"But, my dear, at twenty, you surely know, you ought to sleep well."

"Twenty! I feel as if I was fifty!" and having made this tremendous assertion, she flitted from a French window, and the balcony steps like a child of ten.

It was April when old Mr. Reed died, and in September his grandchildren were to be married. There was only Aunt Jane to care for the details of Elsie's trousseau, for the young girl was an orphan, and her father's marriage had been displeasing to her grandfather. But for the kindness of Aunt Jane and Frank, she would have had scant welcome at L—during the old man's lifetime.

But Aunt Jane was equal to the emergency, and the profusion of Elsie's bridal wardrobe was a good earnest of the luxuries to come after her marriage.

"I wonder, now," Elsie thought, after the rapid flight into the garden already described, "what is Frank's opinion of all this. Four blessed months have I been in this house, and he has not once spoken a word of love to me. He is all courtesy, gentleness, and—I will say it once—stupidity, but about as much like a lover as a walking cane. I suppose he don't like having his wife willed to him, like a teapot or a cake-basket. Why couldn't my grandfather have left me a tiny, tiny little fortune all my own? I can't wear more than one dress at a time, after all, and nobody can eat more than one dinner, if they order enough for fifty. Oh, dear! There is Frank now, in the summer-house, looking like—h'm, let me see! Downcast face, brooding eyes, hands clenched fast! Not like happiness—grief is too mild a word—he looks like despair! Why? I believe I'll have it out with him now!"

In pursuance of which design Elsie presented herself before her betrothed, rousing him from his gloomy abstraction to his usual gentle courtesy.

"What were you thinking of as I came down the walk?" she asked, abruptly.

For a moment he looked confused, but answered, very gently:

"A man's thoughts are not always ready for dress parade, Elsie."

"Were you thinking of me?"

"No!"

"I am glad that. I should expect to find a dose of arsenic in my next cup of tea, if you had been."

"Did I really look so murderous?" he said, smiling as old people smile at the vagaries of their children.

"You looked—" then she paused, and came nearer to him upon the rustic seat. "Frank," she said softly, and with eyes of womanly tenderness, giving a new beauty to her winsome face, "will you answer my question truthfully? Only one!"

For a moment he hesitated, then with a long, deep breath, he braced himself as if to meet a blow, and said:

"I will!"

"Did you love somebody else when grandfather died?"

"Somebody else?"

"Besides me! Are you keeping the terms of the will because you will not thrust me out of a share in grandfather's will? Are you breaking your own heart—"

"Stop, Elsie! There are many questions."

"Answer my first one, then. Do you love somebody else better than your little cousin?"

"Yes!" was the murmured answer.

"Oh, so do I! so do I! It is all a wretched mistake! Oh, Frank!" in a passion of tears.

Never had he been so lover-like as now, when he renounced her. He took her in his arms, soothed her, kissed her, called her pet names.

"Don't, Elsie, don't sob so. My dear child, there shall be no compulsion. I thought you were heart-whole."

"So I ought to be. I treated him shamefully. I told him I wanted money, lots of money. I was hateful!"

Then there was a sobbing confession, and a cousinly confidence; and Aunt Jane, seeing the pair coming arm in arm, thought:

"Why, dear me, the dear children have come to an understanding, and Frank will forget Agnes, after all. I am so glad!"

* * * * *

The summer had been a long one to Herbert. He worked hard, studied in the evenings, wearied himself in many ways, having much of the same restlessness that had tormented Elsie. He tried to think he had had a wonderful escape in losing his dream of love.

"She would have been always discontented and unhappy," he thought, "and she is hard, selfish and mercenary by her own confession. But I love her! I love her! How I would have worked for her! In time I might have conquered fortune, and given her the riches she coveted. My little love! So patient, so industrious, so tender, until this will come to part us."

Unhappy thoughts do not tend to improve health, and in July, Herbert looked haggard and pale. He was entitled to a holiday of two weeks, and took it at L—. Elsie did not dream that he was near her, but he saw her every day, heard the brilliant music that floated out from the window, under the touch

of her fingers, saw the dainty riding dress, the pretty home dresses that flitted about the garden, and thought:

"She is happy. She never loved me, or she has forgotten me."

So he was not so much improved by his trip, as he might have been had he taken it in some other locality, and he went back to his office work a little more haggard and thoughtful than when he left it.

But a wonderful change awaited him. Years before, when he was but a boy, he had gone with his father, long dead, to see a great-uncle, who even then appeared to his youthful eyes a marvel of age. He had a dim recollection of a miserable, shabby house, an old woman servant, who cooked a horriblesoup, and a general impression that his uncle was a man of great poverty, and much to be pitied. And now, when he had almost forgotten his father ever had an uncle, there comes to him a lawyer's letter, brief, formal, informing him that the old miser, has died, and left him sole heir to about a quarter of a million.

It stunned him. He thought he was dreaming. When persuaded that he was awake, he thought of Elsie.

"I could win her now," he said exultantly. "I can offer her what she covets. I can buy her love!"

And his manliness revolted, and his heart said, sadly:

"Better lose her forever!"

He was listening to his own thoughts, most hating the good fortune that came too late, when there was a little knock upon his office door, and in a moment there was Elsie!

Surely it was all a dream! For she was sobbing out.

"Oh, Bert, I dared not write, for fear that you could not forgive me! I am so sorry, I am so miserable—No!" she cried, seeing his face. I am the happiest woman in the world."

It was well there was no one about, for really the way the tears and smiles struggled for mastery was very bewildering.

"You have come to me?" Bert said—

"Come to share my poverty!"

"If you will take me," Elsie answered humbly. "I can get some of my scholars back to help along a 'file."

"Oh!"

"And I don't mind ~~turning my dresses,~~ or saving car fare, for gloves, if only you will forgive me."

"Will you—" he asked, slowly and deliberately, "come with me to-day, now, to a clergyman, and be my wife?"

"Yes!"

And she actually did. She knew nothing about the great-uncle for a month, for Bert wanted to feel the keen happiness of knowing he was loved for himself alone.

But, Aunt Jane sent the whole trousseau to the new home to which Bert took his wife early in September, and at Frank's wedding there was not a guest more beautifully dressed, or more radiantly happy, than the "mercenary little wretch" who might have stood in the bride's place.

MANITOBA.

A Grand Harvest for the Prairie Province.

OPENING OF LODGE NEPTUNE No. 144.

Prospective Field for 50 New Lodges of the
S. O. E. in Manitoba.

(Special for the Anglo-Saxon.)

WINNIPEG, August, 1891.

The August issue of the ANGLO-SAXON is just to hand and finds the "Sons," not only the Sons of England, but every mother's son in the Province in a state of trepidation and anxiety about the very erratic behaviour of that other Old Sun who has taken all the harvest contracts in hand during the last few thousands of years. Don't be alarmed reader of the SAXON, no one is going to say much about the weather, for there will be such a mighty yell go up through the length and breadth of the land in the course of the next two weeks if anything goes wrong with it, that the sunny voice of the "Manitoba correspondent" will, say what he may, be drowned in the lamentation. But as before said, the Sun's treatment of the Sons' just now, is a very important matter, and outside of harvest prospects and the number of "millions" of bushels of wheat we are going to have for export, his behaviour on the 24th is indeed a matter of serious consequence, for the reason, that the United Lodges of Westward Ho, No. 98 and Neptune No. 144, have combined their forces in one mighty effort at holding a picnic at Selkirk, a rural suburban town, some twenty miles away. Neither labour or expense have been

spared to make the affair a success; the members feeling that profit should not be so much the object in such affairs as the opportunity it gives to the families, of the brethren assembling together, becoming acquainted, and thus forming a preliminary step to more frequent social intercourse in the future. From this point of view such outings are of particular value in the North-West, people moving so frequently that one seldom can retain the same set of friends for more than a limited period, and as man is a social animal, it is very important he should get every chance of making new friends when he cannot keep old ones.

Our local government has undertaken another big contract, which is, to placate the Roman Catholics and keep in with the ultra Protestants at the same time, and the hero of "White's Crossing" our late Attorney-General, is not in it this time either; we have apparently quite another kind of one now; one who, if he cannot lead, seems willing to be led, and the latest piece of extraordinary inconsistency is that, under the late regime, the Catholic Schools were declared to have ceased to exist, and now they have been, or are to be, paid their special share of the school rate for six months after their demise as a legally constituted institution. Verily are the ways and wiles of the professional politician beyond the ken of the unfortunate tax payer.

The institution of another lodge of the Sons of England is an accomplished fact; the new lodge has adopted as its cognomen that of the classically famed old gentleman who is reported, the last two centuries at least, for the most part to have disported himself in a certain narrow sea known as the English channel and who is usually represented sitting in a kind of washing tub, his right hand grasping a toasting fork.

Well Neptune is the name, and, however, inappropriate, it may seem for a lodge situated some six hundred miles, via Hudson's Bay from salt water, yet it serves to call up faces and scenes in the minds of most of our countrymen, which, however long they may have been lost to sight, are yet still to memory dear.

One most pleasing feature is the thorough accord and sympathy which exists between these two otherwise isolated lodges, and so far there has not been the merest shadow of a cloud of jealousy to mar the cordiality of their relations—so may it continue.

There are splendid opportunities for the formation of new lodges in this province and in the North-West, and in it does seem a great pity some of the head pushers in the larger commercial centres, do not make an effort to organize some method by which a Grand Lodge Officer could come up here, see for himself, and make an easy conquest, then like the great Roman general of old time, proceed to establish little colonies of the faithful in the rising towns and villages of this, evidently destined to be, *par excellence* the English portion of the Dominion of Canada.

Delay in such a case is not only dangerous but culpable. The Forresters are pushing their order with great vigour and perseverance also the order of Workmen, and now comes a long yet another, the World, with tremendous inducements, cheap dues, cheap life assurance, *et al.*

All these institutions dangle their glittering baits around, the lines are plied by shrewd wide-awake paid agents, and they are for ever catching the unwary, while the Sons of England Society which might be made a tower of strength in all that is patriotic and conducive to the best interest of the country as a whole, is left to take care of itself in this north-western region which should be its strong hold.

Such apathy to such important issues on the part of the S. G. L. authorities, and by the original founders of the Order, can only be engendered of a sublime ignorance of this country, and its capabilities. As a proof of the truth of this statement it may be mentioned, lodge Neptune, has closed its charter list with fifty members. The secretary of lodge Westward Ho has, within the last six months received at least a dozen letters of inquiry in the matter of starting rural lodges; and he feels confident that if the S. G. L. Executive would defray the expenses of the right kind of man, there are hundreds of Englishmen who would join the Order if its Object and Aims were once brought before them in an intelligent manner by a S. G. L. official personally.

The English Government have, in the cause of agricultural progress, departed from their usual custom, by issuing free, what we would call Agricultural Bulletins, but which they call agricultural leaflets. So mote it be.