

PROVINCIAL S. O. E. NEWS.

THE NORTHWEST TERRITORIES, NEW BRUNSWICK, MANITOBA AND ONTARIO.

Royal Standard of Qu'Appelle, Assa., Present an Address and Disc Together—Fredericton, N.E., Brethren Looking Forward to the Promised Visit of the S. G. Lodge Officers—A Field for New Lodges—A Winnipeg Budget.

Qu'Appelle Station, Assa., N. W. T.

On Thursday, the 20th inst., at the regular fortnightly meeting of the Sons of England Benevolent Society, there was a full meeting of the brethren, notice having been sent out that the President, the Rev. H. S. Akehurst, would resign his office in consequence of his being about to leave this district for Nelson, British Columbia. In accepting his resignation the Lodge, as a recognition of the high esteem in which they held their President, presented him with the following address:—

To the Reverend Henry Stephen Akehurst, President of Royal Standard, No. 112, S.O.E.B.S.:

REV. SIR AND BROTHER.—

We, the members of this Lodge, desire to express our regret at your resignation of the office of President and your removal from Qu'Appelle.

The eminent services you have rendered to the Society; the great interest you have taken in everything calculated to improve the best interest of the Lodge since its formation, the courtesy and consideration you have shown to everyone whose pleasure it has been to work under your guidance, and the kindness of heart which has ever been one of your chief characteristics, all combine to intensify our regret at your departure.

We shall always recall with pleasure the period you have passed amongst us, and we beg to offer you and Mrs. Akehurst our best wishes for your future prosperity and happiness.

Signed on behalf of the members and sealed with the seal of the Lodge this 20th day of July, 1883.

A. E. WHIFFIN, Vice-President. J. BURGHALL, Rec. Secretary.

The address was beautifully illuminated by Brother Cecil Bell, and is unquestionably a work of art. At the close of the Lodge the brethren invited their late President to supper at the Queen's Hotel. The chair was taken by A. H. B. Sperling, the newly-elected President, who was supported by about twenty brethren, the vice-chair being occupied by the Vice-President, A. E. Whiffin. A most enjoyable evening was spent, speeches being made by the chairman and Messrs. Bell, Gisborne, Whiffin, Nicolls, Burghall and Redpatch, in all of which high praise was given to the guest of the evening for his universal kindness and good fellowship. Songs were then sung by the Rev. H. S. Akehurst, and Messrs. Hicks, Nicholls, Garnons, Williams and Whiting. It is needless to say that the supper was most satisfactory, not only as regards the viands, which were excellent, but the table was most beautifully decked with flowers, and Mr. Whiffin, who had returned from Winnipeg especially for the meeting, presented each of the guests with a red rose, the emblem of the Society. The party closed at 11 p.m.

The Royal Standard Lodge S.O.E.B.S. has now been in existence for over three years, and is steadily increasing its membership.

New Brunswick.

Fredericton, N.B., Aug. 5th—While we are not able to record any increase in our membership for the last three months, we are holding our own, and trust also to be able to report more favourably in the future. We have not been in existence as a Lodge quite two years, and have now a membership of 46. The institution of Rose of Stanley, has been one of the good results of the starting of the order here.

We anxiously await the coming of some of the members of Supreme Grand Lodge; their visit would be sure to awaken renewed interest in the Lodges already formed, and also be the means of instituting many more new Lodges in the Maritime Provinces.

Concerning Rose of Stanley Lodge I am glad to know that they are brimful of enthusiasm, and intend to celebrate the first anniversary of their existence with a two days celebration with a full band of music, church parade, etc., on the 21st and 22nd of August. Then programme is already announced and it promises to be an enjoyable affair. Islington Lodge has received an invitation to attend in full force, and in full dress, to be the guests of the members of Rose of Stanley, and assist in making the celebration a success.—A.C.T.

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Lodge Shakespeare held its usual regular meeting on Monday, June 23rd. In spite of the hot weather there was a very good attendance; a good amount of business was gone through, including one initiation, and two propositions, also the auditors quarterly report, which shows the Lodge to be in a very satisfactory position financially as well as a steady increase in membership. The Picnic Committee also reported progress, after general business was through, and closed, and the members gladly availed themselves of the cooler air outside the lodge room.

The chief topic in S. O. E. circles is the forthcoming picnic to Morden on Saturday, August 19th, which promises to be a great success. The brethren of Lodge Anglo-Saxon at Morden are very enthusiastic over the affair and are using every endeavour to make things pleasant for the Winnipeg brethren on the occasion. There is a good working committee, with Bro. W. H. Reeve as chairman, and Bro. A. Bush as secretary, who are sparing no efforts to make the picnic one worthy of the S. O. E.

The United White Rose Degree of Winnipeg, which has lately been instituted, held its first regular monthly meeting on Monday, June 30th. The principal officers are Bro. Broughton, President Westward Ho; Bro. Bowyer, Past President, Shakespeare; Bro. Bush; V. P., Shakespeare; Bro. W. H. Reeve, Chaplain, Shakespeare; Bro. Harrison, secretary, Westward Ho; and Bro. Cuthbert, treasurer, Shakespeare. There were six initiations, and a good budget of general business. The committee on By-Laws submitted same, which were received and considered in committee of the whole, Bro. W. Jones, D. D., in the Chair. The hour being late and the lodge room hot and close, the committee adjourned so as to be able to devote a whole evening to such an important work.

At the time of the S. O. E. Church Parade, in May last, one of the Hymns selected was "The Chimes of Motherland," the beautiful words written by Bishop Coxe, of Western New York. The Rector, Rev. Canon Pentreath, B. D., wrote Bishop Coxe, and told him that the words, sung probably for the first time in a church, had touched many English hearts, and were greatly appreciated. The Bishop replied: "To think that any words of mine were found to stir the English heart in far-off Manitoba, sending their feelings homeward like doves to a window, is a real cordial to my spirit. Bless you and yours. You are doing a glorious work, giving to a new world the holy institutions which have made England a mother of so many souls." These beautiful words (which I enclose) have been applied for from a number of places in Manitoba, the Northwest Territories, and as far off as British Columbia.

The Chimes of England.

The chimes, the chimes of Motherland, Of England, green and old, That from grey spire or ivied tower, A thousand years have tolled; How glorious must their music be, As breaks the hallowed day, And calleth with a seraph's voice A nation up to pray.

These chimes, these chimes of Motherland, Upon a Christmas morn Outbreking, as the angels did, For a Redeemer born; How merrily they call afar To cot and baron's hall, With holly deck'd and mistletoe, To keep the festival.

The chimes of England, how they peal From tower and gothic pile, Where hymn and swelling anthem fill The dim cathedral aisle Where windows bathe the holy light On priestly heads that fall, And stain the florid tracery Of banner-dighted walls.

I love you, chimes of Motherland, With all this soul of mine, And bless the Lord that I am sprung Of good old English line; And like a son I sing the lay That England's glory tells, For she is lovely to the Lord, For you, ye Christian bells.

Morden Manitoba.

Word has been received that the various lodges of the Sons of England located in Winnipeg have decided to visit Morden for their annual picnic on Saturday, the 19th of August. There is no doubt that the Brotherhood have selected an excellent time to observe the magnificent crops of wheat which will at that date be just on the point of being harvested. There may be some few patches cut, but it appears about a certainty that the harvest will become general by the 20th. It is estimated that about 1500 people will take advantage of this cheap excursion to visit the country and Morden.

Anglo-Saxon lodge held a special meeting, when a good attendance of members showed unmistakable signs of satisfaction at the contemplated visit of their Winnipeg brethren. Committees were appointed to canvas the town and steps taken generally to make this a red letter day in the history of Morden. A splendid band attends, from Winnipeg and a dancing platform will be erected. Arrangements are in progress to get the "Capitals" lacrosse players to attend on that day to play the Morden and Miami teams. Numerous sports and contests will take place, and the citizens of our town will no doubt heartily reciprocate the selection of Morden by the Sons of England for holding their annual picnic by hanging out their banners and decorating the town in a becoming manner.—Morden Monitor.

St. Catharines, Ont.

St. Catharines, Aug. 8th.—Victory Lodge, No. 173, held its 12th meeting, with P. S. G. P. Bro. J. W. Kempling, in the chair. After routine business the president welcomed Bro. W. Jenkins, after his severe sickness, back to the lodge room again. Rob Lock was very carefully put through the beautiful ceremony of the R. R. D. Messrs. Geo. Smith and James Pithouse were proposed for membership. This lodge is just gaining an hold of the Englishmen in this district, and the year which is fast rolling away will leave a page of triumph amongst our fellow-countrymen. We can look back with pleasure to the part this lodge has taken in forwarding the objects and aims of our beloved Order in this city and surrounding towns, where we hope soon to plant our standard, and look forward with pleasure to the future that teems with glowing hopes and ever brightening prospects. The members of the lodge have achieved a good work in cementing more closely and firmly the ties of friendship and brotherly love that should ever characterize all members of our nationality. After thanking Bro. Goodcliff for the effort he has made in getting in new members, and his brother officers for their attendance, the president brought the lodge to a close by the members singing God Save the Queen.

H. Bliss, D. D.

Oshawa, Ontario.

Oshawa, Aug. 5th.—Essex Lodge held their regular meeting on Tuesday evening, Aug. 1st. One candidate was initiated. Other important business transacted after which the lodge was thrown open to receive Sister C. F. Smith, S. G. V. P. of the D. O. E. and the V. P. of Princess May Lodge D. O. E., when a pleasant hour was spent in discussing matters pertaining to the D. O. E., addresses being delivered by Sister C. F. Smith, the V. P. of Princess May Lodge No. 20, D. O. E.; Rev. C. W. Match and others. In spite of the heavy draws for sick pay, the lodge is in a prosperous condition, having over 80 members and funds amounting to \$1,000.

On Thursday evening, the 27th July, a number of the Sons of England, accompanied by a few friends, took a pleasant trip around Lake Couchiching, Orillia, on the steamer Longford. The moon was at its full and the sky clear, giving a splendid opportunity of viewing the beautiful shores and islands by moonlight. The lake teemed with pleasure seekers in steam or sailing yachts, row boats, canoes, &c., while all the tents of campers were illuminated by their camp fires.

WHAT IS AN ENGLISHMAN?

MAX O'RELL REPLIES.

"An Englishman is a lusty fellow, fearless, hardy, strong knit, iron-muscle and mule-headed, who rather than let go a ball that he holds firmly in his arms, will perform feats of valor; who, to pass this ball between two goals, will grovel in the dust, reckless of lacerated shoulders, a broken rib or jawbone, and will die on a bed of suffering with a smile on his lip if he can only hear, before closing his eyes, that his side won the game. Multiply this Englishman by the number of stars in the firmament and you will arrive at a pretty correct idea of England's martial if not military force."

"When an Englishman visits an old castle, you may think yourself lucky if he has not profited by your back being turned for a moment to go and hoist the Union Jack on the highest tower. That is a little weakness of his that makes him a trifle inconvenient occasionally; but one cannot get on in this world without a certain aptitude for making oneself at home."

The entire empire of Persia has but one vessel.

FOR THE "BOYS."

THE JUVENILE BRANCH OF THE ORDER.

Wanted to be Forgiven.

A street boy was run over several weeks ago by a heavy wagon in an English city. He was in the gutter, in the act of stooping, and did not see the approaching team. Another gamin, who had been taunting him, ran away when the accident happened. The injured boy was taken to the nearest hospital, where he was found to be fatally hurt.

After he had been in the hospital a few days a small boy, as ragged and friendless as himself, called to ask about him and to leave an orange for the injured lad. The visitor was shy and embarrassed, and would answer no questions.

He soon came again with an apple, to be used for the same purpose. After that almost every day he appeared at the hospital, bringing some small gift.

One day the nurse told the little visitor that his friend could not get well. The boy lingered in the receiving-room, and then with great hesitation asked if he could see John. He had been invited before, but had refused.

The little patient was lying on his cot, very pale and weak. His eyes opened in dull surprise when he was told that he had a visitor. Before he knew it two little arms were about his neck, and a familiar, grimy face bent over his and sobbed:

"I say, Johnny, can yer forgive a feller? We was always fightin' an' I know I hurt yer, an' I am sorry. Won't ye tell me, Johnny, that ye hain't got no grudge agin me?"

The boy reached up his thin arms and locked them around his little mate's neck, and said: "Don't cry, Bobby. Don't feel bad. I was firin' a rock at yer when the wagon hit me. You forgive me? Yes, you forgive me—an' I'll forgive you, an' then we'll be square. The folks here learned me a prayer. How does it go, nurse?"

"Forgive us our trespasses," said the white-robed nurse, softly.

The next morning Bob was a little late. The kind nurse met him with a grave face. Johnny she said, had just died. She led the little boy to the place where his little friend lay shrouded from sight. He looked at the dead face a moment, and turned away with streaming eyes.

"Didn't he say—nothin'—about me?"

"He spoke of you before he died, and asked if you were here," replied the nurse.

"Are you sure he forgiv' me?" pleaded the trembling voice.

"I am quite sure."

"Then—may I—may I go to ther funeral?"

"Indeed you may," said the nurse, tenderly. "Poor Johnny hasn't any friends."

He was the only mourner; his little heart the only one that ached, and his the only tears shed over the pauper sod. But Bob had exchanged forgiveness with his friend before he died, and felt his conscience clear with his small world.

If such nobility of feeling can be found in the midst of ignorance and vice, what excuse can there be for us if we fail to exhibit it? His teaching, "Who spake as never man spake," is emphatic: "Forgive if ye have ought against any, that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses."

Among the many stories told of the childhood of Queen Victoria is one of a visit made with her mother at Wentworth House in Yorkshire. While there the Princess delighted in running about by herself in the gardens and shrubberies.

One wet morning, soon after her arrival, the old gardener, who did not then know her, saw her about to descend a treacherous bit of ground from the terrace and called out:

"Be careful, miss, it's slape!" a Yorkshire word for slippery.

The ever-curious princess, turning her head, asked, "What's slape?" and at the same instant her feet flew from under her, and she came down.

The old gardener ran to lift her, saying, as he did so, "That's slape, miss."

Teacher: "What is a synonym?" Bright Boy: "It's a word you can use in place of another when you don't know how to spell the other one."

It is said that the smallest sheep in the world are the "Breton," native of France, which are "but little larger than a rabbit."

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