



C. ROSS & CO.

DIRECT IMPORTERS,

FROM THE

Leading European Markets.

CLAN TARTANS

IN FINE WOOL GOODS.

The Bruce, Campbell, Cumming, Duncan, Dundas, Forty-Second, Gordon, Malcolm, McDonald, McDuff, McKenzie, Hunting Stewart, Argyll and other clans.

Clan Tartans are very fashionable in America and Europe.

We commence a Great Sale something like Two hundred pieces of New Wool Dress Goods, which our buyer purchased at the sale of the large insolvent estate of J. P. Westhead & Co., Manchester, England. These will be sold wholesale and retail, and the prices are the most startling you have ever seen Dress Goods sold for.

PRICES TELL.

Every Department is booming this fall, we give you almost everything you want fresh and always the lowest prices.

C. ROSS & CO.

DIRECT IMPORTERS,

94 & 96 Sparks Street,
24, 26, 28, & 30 Metcalfe St.,

OTTAWA

Fred's Jacket.

Fred's jacket was new and ought to fit. But something or other was wrong with it. And so last night, when fast asleep he lay in his bed, I took a peep at the little garment just to see. If I could, what the secret of it might be.

'Twas a little sturdy, gray affair, Hung on the back of the rocking chair, While the rest of his clothes were strewed around. I took it. What do you think I found? What but pockets, which from the first I saw were full enough to burst.

I emptied each one carefully. Freddie had treasures, as you shall see! A knife with a broken blade; and then A handful of marbles, eight or ten; A stick for a handle, on which to spin Gay bits of paper upon a pin;

A chisel or some such useful tool; A bit of pencil, an empty spool; A watch that took no note of time, And a top long past its humming prime; A whistle to help in making noise, And fragments of half-a-dozen toys.

But more than of any other thing, I found that there were three kinds of string; There was pink, and yellow, and white and red In all degrees from twine to thread, In tangles or knots or in a ball; What use as the little Fred for all?

I gave one glance at the sleeping face, Then put each treasure again in place. The pockets bulged as I hung it there, So gay and sturdy, upon the chair, And I thought as I pondered over it, No wonder the jacket doesn't fit.

YOUNG CANADIANS DO HONOR TO HEROES OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

The Future Defenders of Canada Inspected by Col. G. T. Denison.

The anniversary of the battle of Queenston Heights was very fitly celebrated by the school children of Toronto on the 13th inst., by a grand parade on the Bloor street cricket grounds. Ever since the school Board decided to celebrate the day the boys of the school corps had waited patiently for the event, and had worked hard to perfect themselves in the drill. The schools were dismissed at 3 o'clock, and in a few minutes the companies from each school were marching through the streets on their way to the cricket grounds. At 3.30 the whole brigade were drawn up in line, extending from the northern limits of the grounds almost to Hoskin avenue, while around the square, which was roped off, stood thousands of citizens and school children, who watched the proceeding with the greatest interest and delight. The brigade was in command of Capt. Thompson, their drill instructor, who was mounted on a fiery gray charger, and with his bright scarlet uniform and white helmet, made a very conspicuous figure on the field. The Battalion state parade showed 26 companies, with 1,326 privates and officers.

Col. Denison's Address.

A hollow square was then formed on the eastern side of the grounds and the boys were addressed by Col. Denison. He regretted that the Minister of Militia had disappointed them, but was very glad to have the opportunity of addressing so many of Canada's young defenders, because he was one of those who believed that Canada had a right to celebrate the anniversaries of her great military victories. He thought that the national feeling in Canada was not strong enough, and that these celebrations were a splendid and effective way of arousing it. He then told the boys how that battle of Queenston Heights was won, and reminded them that there was then, as there are to-day, disloyal men in Canada who would stoop to betray the liberty of the country. It was right that Canadians should meet and tell their children of the

great victory which was won at the cost of the lives of Gen. Brock and many patriots who shed their blood that Canada might be free. (Cheers.) There were men who would find fault with such a celebration as this, but.

THANK GOD, THERE ARE NOT MANY, and the majority of them are adventurers. (Cheers.) Men who will live under the protection of our laws and then seek to betray us, must be classed as sneaks. (Loud cheering.) The men who won the battle of Queenston Heights had little to fight for but liberty, as the country was in an unsettled condition at the time, and it is therefore all the more fitting that we should honor their memory. Are we to be told by strangers and traitors that we shall not celebrate the deeds of our ancestors? (Cries of "No," "No.") Let us remain true to the traditions of the past and be hopeful as to the future, and there may be no fears as to Canada's prosperity. These young volunteers will be loyal to Canada and will fight for the liberty that our fathers died to protect. He was wonderfully struck, he said, with the proficiency of the drill and the movements that had been performed, and he hoped that these celebrations would in future be held in all parts of Canada and not only in Toronto.

It was time that the children of Canada were taught as much about the history of their own country as they have been formerly of that of other countries. Col. Denison concluded by again congratulating the boys on their appearance and their proficiency in drill.

Customs of our Ancestors.

A thousand years ago, when the dinner was ready to be served, the first thing brought into the great hall was the table. Movable trestles were brought, on which were placed boards, and all were carried away again at the close of the meal. Upon this was laid the tablecloth, which in some of the old pictures is represented as having a handsome embroidered border. There is an old Latin riddle of the eighth century in which the table says: "I feed people with many kinds of food. First I am a quadruped, and adorned with handsome clothing; then I am robbed of my apparel and lose my legs also." The food of the Anglo-Saxon was largely bread. This is hinted in the fact that a domestic was called a "loaf-eater," and the lady of the house was called a "loaf-giver." The bread was baked in round, flat cakes, which the superstition of the cook marked with a cross, to preserve them from the perils of the fire. Milk, butter and cheese were also eaten. The principal meat was bacon, as the acorns of the oak forests, which they covered a large part of England, supported a numerous drove of swine. Our Anglo-Saxon fore-fathers were not only hearty eaters, but unfortunately deep drinkers. The drinking horns were at first literally horns and so must be immediately emptied when filled; later when the primitive horn had been replaced by a glass cup, it retained a tradition of its rude predecessor in its shape, for it had a flaring top while tapering toward the base, so that it, too, had to be emptied at a draught. Each guest was furnished with a spoon, while his knife he always carried in his belt; as for forks, who dreamed of them, when nature had given men ten fingers? But you will see why a servant with a basin of water and a towel always presented himself to each guest before dinner was served and after it was ended. Roasted meat was served on the spit or rod on which it was cooked, and the guest cut or tore off a piece to suit himself. Boiled meat was laid on the cakes of bread, or later on thick slices of bread called "trenchers," from a Norman word meaning "to cut," as these were to carve the meat on; thus preserving the tablecloth from the knife. At first the trencher was eaten or thrown upon the stone floor for the dogs which crouched at their master's feet. At a later date it was put in a basket and given to the poor who gathered at the manor gate. During the latter part of the middle ages, the most conspicuous object on the table was the

salt cellar. This was generally of silver in the form of a ship. It was placed in the centre of the long table, at which the household gathered, my lord and lady, their family and guests, being at one end and their retainers and servants at the other. So one's position in regard to the salt was a test of rank—the gentlefolks sitting "above the salt" and the yeomanry below it. In the houses of the great nobles dinner was served with much ceremony. At the hour a stately procession entered the hall. First came several musicians, followed by the steward bearing his rod of office, and then came a long line of servants carrying different dishes. Some idea of the variety and profusion may be gained from the provision made by King Henry III. for his household at Christmas, 1254. This included thirty-one oxen, one hundred pigs, three hundred and fifty-six fowls, twenty-nine hares, fifty-nine rabbits, nine pheasants, fifty-six partridges, sixty-eight woodcocks, thirty-nine plovers, and three thousand eggs. Many of our favorite dishes have descended to us from the middle ages. Macarons have served as dessert since the days of Chaucer. Our favorite winter breakfast, griddle cakes, has come down to us from the far-away Britons of Wales, while the boys have lunched on gingerbread and girls on pickles and chutneys since the time of Edward II., more than five hundred years ago.

A Widow and Orphans Home.

DEAR SIR,—Having been a subscriber to your paper for a short while, and admiring your earnest endeavours to advance the interests of Englishmen in this country, and more particularly the welfare of the S. O. E. B. S., I venture to address a few words to you.

I believe that all Englishmen will agree with me when I state that the Sons of England Society has made wonderful progress since its inception, by seven noble-hearted Englishmen, 17 years ago. The Society is doing a grand and noble work, in relieving its members in sickness and distress, and in making some provision for those dearest to them, that are left behind. We make a provision for the widow and orphans, of the brother who is fortunate enough to be able to pass the medical examination, but unfortunately we have a large number of brethren who are unable, from that cause, to reap the advantage of the Beneficiary. I contend that we should alter that by making some provision for the widows and orphans of ALL BROTHERS, by establishing a Widows and Orphans Home, and this is the way that I suggest it should be done.

Let the Grand Lodge at its next session, impose a per capita tax of 25c per quarter, upon all members in good standing for one year; then, having upwards of 12,000 members, we should realize upwards of \$12,000 for a building fund. To support this institution, let the Grand Lodge impose a 5 per cent. tax per annum upon the total fund of each and every lodge. According to our last G.L. return, we have over \$50,000, owned by the subordinate lodges, either invested or lying idle. This tax, if made a perpetual charge upon all lodges, would, at the present time, produce \$2,500 per annum towards supporting and maintaining our Widows and Orphans Home. Our 24th of May church anniversary service could be made to produce some income towards the same object.

With regard to the government of such an institution, I would propose that all Grand Lodge Delegates shall be, by virtue of such office, a Widow and Orphans Board, and that they shall meet annually at the same time and place as the Grand Lodge meets, and that they shall elect their officers, and an executive committee to carry on the business of the institution; that the immediate Sup. Past Grand President shall be the presiding

officer, and the Sup. Grand Secretary, shall be the secretary; that all their funds shall be invested in the name of the Grand Lodge Trustees, to the credit of this branch of the Order; that they shall have power to make their by-laws and do all that may be necessary to properly carry out the scheme, and in all ways be subject to the Sup. Grand Lodge, in the same manner as our subordinate lodges.

I ask your help Mr. Editor, to lay this proposition before the members of our noble Order, by kindly publishing it in the ANGLO-SAXON.

Yours truly,
BRISTOL 90,
Oct. 10, October 10th, 1891.

ENGLAND.

In great in the clinging billows' clasp,
From seaweed fringe to mountain heather,
The British oak, with rooted grasp,
Her slender handful holds together—
With clifts of white and bowers of green,
And ocean narrowing to caress her,
And hills a thousand streams between—
Our little mother Isle—God bless her.
—G. W. Holmes.

ARCTIC LOVERS.

"I know, my darling," he said,
"I'll lie beneath the Pole
In Esquimaux live, and I envy them,
For 'tis the strength of my soul."

TWO QUEER EPITAPHS.

In the graveyard at Childwall, England, are the following queer epitaphs:—
"Here lies the body of John Smith,
Buried in the cloisters;
If he don't jump at the last trumpet,
Call 'Oysters!'"

"Here lies me and my three daughters,
Brought here by using Sedlitz waters;
If we had stuck to Epsom salts,
We wouldn't have been in these 'ere vaults."

Eternal Rome who sat on Seven Hills,
Big with vast conquest and ambitious lust,
Sent forth her legions, thick as Egypt's lilies,
To grind opposing nations to the dust.
And Rome still stands, immortal and sublime!
Nay, is there city where ye may not find
Her legions now, as in the ancient time;
They still go forth—There mission still to grind.

General News.

A London journal is trying to increase its popularity by publishing itself on scented paper.

English hunting men are importing foxes from Norway. One Swedish breeder has sent over 600.

The Lords of the Admiralty have decided upon extra pay for officers qualified to act as interpreters.

One-seventh of the landowners in Great Britain are women.

There is a pear orchard or garden in Jersey, Channel Islands, containing 60,000 pear trees.

In 1888-89 there were 12,886 acres of vine-yards in Victoria, Australia, and 1,200,442 gallons of wine were produced.

A philological statistician calculates that in the year 2000 there will be 1,700,000 people who speak English, and that other European languages will be spoken by only 500,000,000.

Some land in Paris has been sold at the rate of \$2,000,000 per acre; some in London for what would net \$5,000,000 per acre, and some in New York for a sum equal to \$8,000,000.

In 1873 there were not 150,000 acres of orchard in Great Britain; now there are 202,305, and the orchard area increases yearly.

The poorest church living in Great Britain is that of Wainfleet, Lincolnshire, where the parson gets 1s. 1½d. a week for ministering to 200 people.

The smallest church in the world has a seating capacity for 12 persons. It is at St. Lawrence, near Ventnor, on the Isle of Wight.