



A Monthly Journal devoted to the interests of the Anglo-Saxon race in Canada.

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LOCKING UP THE TOWER OF LONDON.

AN ANCIENT AND CURIOUS CUSTOM STILL IN OPERATION AT THE PRESENT DAY.

The locking up of the old Tower of London, Eng., is an ancient, curious and stately ceremony. A few minutes before the hour of eleven, and on Tuesdays and Fridays at twelve, the head warder (yeoman porter), who is clothed in a long, red cloak, and bearing a huge bunch of keys, attended by a brother warder carrying a lantern, appears in front of the main guard house and loudly calls out, "Escort Keys!" The sergeant of the guard, with five or six beadles (petty officers), then turns out and follows him to the "Spur," or outer gate, each sentry challenging as they pass his post, "Who goes there?" to which the beadles reply "Keys!" The gates being carefully locked and barred, the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation, and receiving the same answer as before. Having arrived once more in front of the main guard-house, the sentry there gives a loud stamp with his foot and asks, "Who goes there?" "Keys." "Who's keys?" "Queen Victoria's keys." "Advance, Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well." The beadles (or beefeaters as they are sometimes called) then exclaim, "God bless Queen Victoria!" The main guard respond, "Amen." The officer on duty gives the word, "Present Arms!" The rifles rattle, the officer kisses the hilt of his sword, the escort falls in among the companions, and the beefeaters march across the parade to deposit the keys in the lieutenant's tower. Not only is all egress and ingress precluded after this ceremony is over, but even within the walls no one can stir without being furnished with the countersign.

Now is the Hour!

No one can contemplate the national life of Canada without grave misgivings as to the future relations of amity between the different races forming its population—one, unless it be those blind infatuated adherents to party who persuade themselves that, because *their* party holds the reins of power, everything will necessarily follow to realize the bright prospects pictured to their minds so vividly by the hirelings of the press. The one dominant feature of our political life is the complete subordination of all political questions to the interests of party. Questions of such deep vital importance, that fairly involve our continued existence as a national unit, are treated in the same reckless fashion as matters of the smallest weight, so that, from end to end of this fair land, we are like a seething cauldron of contending factions. These factions are those of race and creed, and the time-serving political factions of "Grit" and "Tory" who are neither willing or able to *guide* the people, but who ride into or retire from office when they fail to be the pliant tools of religious factions or when the powers "behind the throne" have found still more pliant instruments, willing to out-Herod the Herod in office.

Many events in recent years have been *burning* these truths into the hearts and minds of many loyal sons and daughters of Canada—people who love their native or adopted land, a land endeared to them by the memories of childhood's days, and to which they owe all that measure of comfortable, happy existence they have enjoyed—the fruits of honest toil and industry so liberally rewarded to the toiler out of the rich and abundant natural endowments of Canada. Many such hearts have longed and devoutly wished in patriotic pride a glowing future for Canada, and too often have wept at heart and felt despondent as they heard the struggles of opposing factions and noted how lust for wealth and power had corrupted the streams of political life, so that all the nobler, more manly and patriotic impulses of the people have to be starved down into ignoble existence or trampled under the ruthless iron wheel or the party Juggernauts. ●

Many of us in whom the warm, generous impulse of national feeling beats strongly, who, like children proud of and delighted to do honour to the traditions of a glorious ancestry, do not blush to own that we are Englishmen, Scotchmen and Irishmen—loyal British hearts—peoples who in the paths of peaceful industry or on hard-fought battlefields have stood nobly side by side, only to vie with one another as to whose should be the hand and heart that should that day bring the greatest glory to the Old Flag. All the mighty developments in science, art and agriculture which are possible in this virgin land present to the Englishmen, Scotchmen and Irishmen who make it their home and for their descendants a field for noble purpose and lofty endeavour such as well might fire with enthusiasm the most sluggish heart and mind, and in which, as races speaking the same language and happily commingled, they can enjoy the bright legacy of possession of this fair land which the pluck and daring of their ancestry won for them in the great struggles of the nations of the world in the past. This noble possession must not be selfishly enjoyed,