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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.

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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 hunted 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 chilies 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.
I gazed in the clinging billows' clasp,
From seaweed fringe to mountain heather,
The British oak, with rooted grass,
Her slender handful hocks together—
With cliffs 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.
—O. W. Holmes.

ARCTIC LOVERS.
I know, my darling," he said,
I've laid up beneath the Pole
The Esquimaux live, and I envy them,
For 'tis the strength of my soul."

Light is six months long,
He pressed her tight,
For lovers there have all that time.

TWO QUEER EPITAPHS.
In the graveyard at Childwold, England, are the following queer epitaphs:—
"Here lies the body of John South, 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.

AUNT VICT'RY.



"YES, VICT'RY, IT'S ME," SAID POOR LIGE. The Temple's cook was from the country, and it was the surprise of Mrs. Temple's Southern life that she was such a good cook.

surprise. But it seemed decent to inquire whether the departed husband was divorced from her. No, of course he was not; that was why she had come to the Rock--as the Arkansans call Little Rock.

wud dat ne give me de truck in de house an' de mules an' everting, cep' only hundred dollars he have at de sto'. An' so he light out. But he nev' did get no satisfaction livin' wid her.

nunted up a new cook or great girls in sauces and salads (according to her former employer), neat, industrious, indeed lacking little of perfection except a good temper.

stairs. Reme's appearance at this moment rather helped the confusion, since he supposed the house to be afire, and ran to the water faucets.

FRANK BLOMFIELD, DEALER IN PIPES, TOBACCO AND CIGARS. THE BEST DOLLAR SHIRT IN CANADA. MACDONALD BROS., Sparks St., Ottawa. GENERAL ENGRAVERS, 175 SPARKS ST. A MARVEL OF CHEAPNESS! "THE MIDGET" SELF-INKING STAMP.

A BOOTBLACK'S LUCK.



"Black you boots, sir?"

It was a childish voice, sweet and pleading, most unlike the usual shrill, half impudent tone of the boot-black army, and George Meredith looked down to see the speaker. Being a tall man, over six feet, and somewhat portly, with fifty-five years of life, mostly of prosperity, he looked quite a distance downward before he saw the little fellow who spoke. Such a very little fellow! He did not look more than six years old, and had close clustering curls of fair hair, and big blue eyes like a baby. But the small face was pale and thin, the limbs, but scantily clad, were far too slender, and the low, sweet voice had an unchildlike pathos in its tone.

"No," said Mr. Meredith, before the look. "Well, yes, you may!" he added afterwards. "What's your name?" he asked presently.

"George Scott."

"H'm. Orphan?"

"No, sir. Mother is living, but she slipped on the ice about two weeks ago and broke her arm. She did not think I was big enough to work before that, but she had to let me try then. I don't make out very well. Gentlemen think I'm too little. But I can make boots shine, can't I?"

"You have certainly made that one shine," was the reply, while Mr. Meredith thought: "Here is something rare, indeed, a boot-black who talks correct English. Has he stepped out of a novel?"

In a moment he spoke again.

"What work did your mother do?" he asked.

"Embroider for a fancy store. She couldn't work very fast, because she isn't very strong; but we don't eat a great deal; that's one comfort."

"Sorry comfort!" muttered the gentleman. "Any brothers or sisters?"

"All dead, sir. Mamie was the last 'cept me, and she died in consumption. She was sixteen and helped mamma sew and keep the rooms in order. Oh, dear!"

It was just a child's sigh, coming from a full heart to answer the look of interest and sympathy in the gentleman's face.

"Do you like blacking boots?" was the next question.

"No, sir."

"Would you like to run errands?"

"I think I should."

"How much can you make a day now?"

"The most I ever made was forty cents. This is my first job to-day."

"Can you read?"

"Why yes, sir. I am ten years old!"

"You come to-morrow-morning to the address on this card, and I will try you for an errand boy."

Then giving the lad a fifty-cent piece and refusing to wait until he went to get change for it, George Meredith strolled off to his hotel, his solitary dinner and bachelor apartments.

"Odd," he thought, "how much that boy reminds me of some one, I can't think why it is. Some one who had just such big blue eyes, at once shy and frank, drooping most of the time, but candid and truthful when they did meet your own. H'm; it is very vague, but somebody I once knew had just such eyes. Poor little chap! I'll give him a decent suit of clothes, and pay him enough to live on until his mother gets well. It won't ruin me!"

And considering that the speaker counted his money by hundreds of thousands, it seemed likely it would not.

The little, eager lad who walked into the rich lawyer's office the next day was an improved edition of the boot-black of the night before. He had on his "best" suit, well worn, but whole, and his linen was white, his hair nicely brushed, and his boots shining.

"Mother better?" asked Mr. Meredith.

"No, sir," was the sad, quiet answer, "she couldn't get over to the dispensary this morning to have her arm dressed. She was so dizzy she had to lie down."

"That's bad! Suppose you tell me when you live?"

"No, 17 Merriam Court, sir, back of street."

"H'm! Well, I'll give you your first errand."

He wrote a note, directed it to "Dr. James Turner," added the address, and gave it to the boy.

"Am I to wait for an answer, sir?"

"No! Leave it, if the doctor is not at home."

"Now," he thought, "I shall know if he is an impostor, at any rate. By Jove!" he exclaimed aloud, "it's Agnes Wellden!"

Then clients and friends came in, and business of the day commenced. But the boy was not forgotten. Errand that were not too far away to tax his strength were provided, a hearty dinner at a restaurant was given him, and he went home with a steady engagement at five dollars a week promised him.

In that home a sad-eyed woman, in a shabby widow's dress, her face lined with sorrow, but with a sweet, tender face, had been all the weary day living her life again. She saw herself a child in her father's pleasant home, where there was never great wealth, but every comfort and an atmosphere of love around them all. She saw herself a young, pretty girl, with many friends, and some lovers. One of these was a man older by fifteen years than herself; grave and tender, but who seemed in her girlish eyes too old and solemn to think of love. When her father told her that George Meredith had asked her to be his wife, she was frightened. It seemed as if it would destroy her youth, take all joyousness from her life, to marry this stately, reserved man, already a lawyer of standing.

So she refused him, never appreciating the value of the heart that had been taken captive by her brightness and sweet girlishness. How could she know that it would have made the happiness of the grave, lonely man's life to surround her with all that could keep her as joyous and free as a butterfly?

He left his old home after his love-dream faded, but he left pleasant memories. Even after William Scott wooed and won the woman he had lost, she could not quite forget the grave man who had loved her.

Sunny days of wedded happiness followed her happy girlhood. Children came to bless her, and when her parents died, her husband her sons and daughters consoled her. She was past thirty years old when troubles came, thick, fast, overwhelming. Two children died on the same day of a prevailing fever, and before the month was over her husband followed them to the grave. He had been a clerk, on a moderate salary, and the nest egg in bank was very small, yet the widow looked at the little ones left her and strove to face her future bravely. It was the pitiful story to be heard every day—irregular work, sickness, death! The removal from a country home to a crowded city, in the hope of better work and wages, proved a failure, and the air of a crowded tenement house dwarfed and injured the children, who died one by one, till only her baby, George Meredith Scott, was left to console the widow.

While she mused and wept over this panorama of her life, wondering a little that some long past memory had made her name the boy for her old friend, never hoping to meet him again, Dr. Turner called.

He explained very courteously that Mr. Meredith had requested him to see if his professional services would not help her, and examined the arm. His directions were brief, and he left her to wonder if indeed her old friend was the gentleman who was helping her boy, and whose card lay between the leaves of the Bible.

Dr. Turner's report to Mr. Meredith was:

"Delicate woman, evidently a lady. Arm doing very well, but general health at the lowest ebb. Wants good food, better air, and, above all, mental quiet. Fretting herself to death."

George Meredith being one of those rare philanthropists whose left hand knew not the good deeds of his right hand, made no parade of his generosity. If Mrs. Scott guessed, she never knew whence came an envelope with a generous gift of bank notes. It enabled her to make George neat, to add to her own scanty attire, and to provide the medicines and food Dr. Turner no longer hesitated to order.

In these weeks that followed George's engagement as errand boy to Mr. Meredith, the boy won his way far into the heart of the bachelor lawyer. For years, after his rejection by Agnes Wellden, he had lived a busy life, trying to forget the pain of his broken love dream in his ambition. A man always reserved, caring nothing for society, he had given to his old friend's child the one love of his life, never striving to replace her image in his heart, never seeking to add family joy to his scheme of life. It would be too much to say that he had not recovered, in the years that followed his disappointment, from its sting. As time rolled on there were often months when he never thought of his old love; and when he took George Scott into his employ, her image was entirely buried under the varied interests of his career of professional usefulness and political interest.

But the boy stirred new well springs in his heart, of love and gentleness. He was a quiet, gentle child, with an active brain, but delicate constitution, one of the frail little ones who seem utterly unfit to cope with the trials and sorrows of this hard world. Willing, respected and gentlemanly, he was trusted with many errands that Mr. Meredith would have hesitated to give to a boy of less refinement and intelligence, and his gratitude made him ever eager to do his best to please his kind friend.

Winter was over, and April winds sweeping over the city, when one day Mr. Meredith sat waiting an answer to

a note, in a state of ~~some~~ impatience. It was something altogether new for George to loiter on the way, or to neglect any detail of an errand. Yet he had been sent on a mission that need not occupy twenty minutes, and three hours had elapsed without his return.

Impatience was giving way to uneasiness, when a policeman presented himself.

"Lad employed here name of Scott?" he asked.

"Yes, what has happened?"

"Knocked down by a runaway team; badly hurt. We took him home, and he wanted me to let you know why he was away."

"Thanks. I will go to him."

He took up his hat as he spoke, wondering himself at the thrill of pain at his heart. He knew then that he loved the boy as he had not loved any one for many years. The lad's own sweetness, with the eyes that were a memory of his mother, had endeared him to the world-worn lawyer, till it was with positive pain he bent over the bed and saw the little face white and drawn with agony.

"My poor boy!" he said, tenderly, "what can I do for you?"

"Did mother go away?" the child whispered. "She said I might see you alone."

"There is no one here but ourselves."

"Maybe I'm wicked," the child said, "because mother told me not to tell you what I am going to tell you now. No, please; don't stop me. I'm badly hurt, sir, and I may die, and mother will be all alone; and so I want to tell you that she knew you once, many years ago, and that my name was George Meredith Scott. I was named for you, sir; and mother's told me so much about you, and how good you always were, that I am sure you will be kind to her if I die."

"You may be sure, George, that while I live your mother will never want a friend."

Presently she came in, a pale shadow of his brilliant young love, and yet when they greeted each other the voices of both were unsteady, and in each heart was a memory that made the meeting at once a pain and a joy.

Over the little bed where George lay for weeks in patient suffering, George Meredith once more let his heart expand to new hope; loving with deep, protecting affection his love of long ago.

And the woman who had once thought life was to be all brightness, and who had shrunk from even a shadow on her path, knew at last what a heart she had once rejected. That he could love her again, with her beauty faded, her life broken by sorrow, did not occur to her, though she knew that her passionate gratitude to him had long been love, deep, sincere love, such as she had thought buried forever in her husband's grave.

It was in their first grateful joy over Dr. Turner's assurance that George was out of danger and would entirely recover, that these two long separated hearts met at last.

They scarcely could have told themselves in what words they exchanged vows of fidelity and love, but in Mrs. Scott's heart there was not one thought of the worldly gain that would follow her marriage, and George Meredith knew that for love, and by love alone, his wife was won at last.

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OCTOBER, 1891.

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We regret to say that there are a number of our subscribers several years in arrears, to whom we have sent notice after notice without result—we are thankful for small favours, if we have to wait for them.

LOYALTY.

We have politicians of every stripe and shade claiming to be "loyal" men. It appears to us the loyalty with many assumes the character of a keen razored sharpness as to the main chances for No. 1, and any crumbs escaping from the voracious appetite of this master-passion is dignified with the name of 'loyalty,' which are scattered about in neat phrases as bait, to catch the confidence of more honest minds, who would never dream, from their actions, they knew the first impulse of loyalty to God or country, to friend or foe.

No sane man imagines in ordinary mundane affairs that either an individual or a people would be prepared systematically to sacrifice his or their commercial interests for the benefit of others; but the loyalty of one person to another, or of a section of a nation to the whole, is a regard and devotion to their mutual interests and welfare such as exists between two friends or the citizens of any commonwealth. In this way we take it that loyalty to the British Empire carries with it, in the minds of all sane men, the conviction that Canada's material interests, as well as her national feelings, are served best by maintaining her position in the Empire. We have every reason to be proud of our position in the Empire—an empire of freedom, of civilized enlightenment and material benefits, such as has had no equal, past or present, in the world's history.

Some Canadians speak like the fabled mouse which peeped over the top of the barrel in which it

had been born and lived, and remarked "how large the world is!" Just so, these parochial politicians will awaken some day to realize the facts that Canada has vast commercial interests spread all over the world; that all she has on land and sea is protected at some-one else's expense, that same one being the English taxpayer; that to millions of Canadians the loving memories of the Old Country make her name sacred and that the bonds of a warm-hearted sympathy, deeply cherished, would lead them cheerfully to endanger all in life counted precious to keep that land inviolate from the foe and to maintain unsullied the glory of the Union Jack; that this very fair Dominion is a possession that has been bestowed not on the few who may inhabit it yesterday or to-day is the heritage of our race for all time—the Briton yet unborn has his title good to his share of every foot of possession his forefather's helped to win; all these things are factors in the principle of loyalty to the great principles of British freedom, and the Empire which enshrines them; to which we are invited to be loyal in maintaining as a glorious unit, not to be broken by the mongrel crowd who may come and shelter themselves under our flag, from nations who are aliens to the great blessings of Protestant truth and liberty.

"Hands all round! Britons hold your own," should be watchwords for every man that has caught the inspiration of British freedom:

"A union of hearts and a union of hands A union none can sever; A union of Homes and a union of Lands And the flag, BRITISH UNION, forever."

Let us all help in voice and purse to perfect the bonds of Unity that have made and which shall keep the Empire one for all time. Let the great principle of parliamentary representation find an Imperial body that shall be able adequately to represent the Empire, and bring to its deliberations the best statesmanship and patriotism that our dominions can send there. Let the noble zeal of those laboring in the cause of Imperial Federation find a worthier response in the hearts and actions of our citizens; let us all give a long and a strong pull together and see how far the distance is between British hearts the world over, till we meet in legislative unity and exchange the fraternal grip and realize a common national obligation and citizenship.

RIGHT HON. W. H. SMITH.—The death of Mr. Smith, Conservative leader in the British House of Commons and Lord Warden of Cinque Ports, who was universally popular, has caused the most profound regret in political circles in Great Britain. Mr. Smith, who was one of the representative business men of England, is popularly reputed to have a fortune of about \$10,000,000.

POSTAL UNION.—The entrance of the Australian colonies—which had hitherto refused—into the Postal Union, has been recently brought about at the Vienna convention, and to our minds is greatly to be regretted, in view of the leverage they afforded to promote what we regard as infinitely better, namely, an Imperial Uniform Postage for the whole British Empire. Foreigners profit chiefly from the Postal Union, and further it debars that perfect freedom of action essential to the cause of British Unity between all parts of the Empire.

NEW SOUTH WALES.—The defeat of Sir Henry Parkes' government, and the accession to office of Mr. Dibbs, the leader of the Opposition, cannot but be regarded as a misfortune to the cause of British Unity. The new premier is an avowed republican, and confesses publicly to the shamelessness of being willing to remain a part of the British Empire only so long as his colony can continue to sponge a large portion of their legitimate military, naval and diplomatic expenses, as a constitutional government, out of the taxpayers of other portions of the Empire. The cause of Australian Federation will be immensely weakened, we judge, by his gain-

ing power, as the more loyal portion of the colonists will naturally distrust such a man.

HARVEST.—All reports agree in stating that whatever the actual yield from our crops this year will be, yet there can be no doubt we have abundant cause to be thankful to God for our many blessings. This thought is driven home keenly as we think of starving Russians, devastated Dakotans, and our fellow countrymen in England battling against an adverse climate to save their crops and themselves from ruin. The summer has been delightfully cool, with abundant rains, and everywhere the crops were a delight to behold. Thank God even McKinleyism cannot rob us of reaping the benefit of our bounteous store of good things—our Motherland still is able to welcome all we can spare her.

S. O. E. SOCIETY.—We understand that the committee of the S. G. Lodge have decided to recommend in their report that the Red Rose degree shall cease to be a working degree in the Order—be simply a step or stage in the ceremony of initiating a member into the Society, the White Rose degree to be the working degree. We fail to see why such a change is to be made, it cannot have any practical value, and is simply multiplying ritual, tending to make the lodge meetings tedious and unprofitable, and seriously wasting valuable time. We regard with great favor the suggestion of the S. G. President, in his published report of his visit to the Maritime Provinces, urging the absolute necessity of the establishment for the effectual working of this rapidly growing society of District Lodges throughout the Dominion; and our suggestion is that the Red Rose degree remain as it is, but that the White Rose degree shall take up all the duties and responsibilities of district lodge work. It will then be an honorable to useful degree instead of—as in many societies—being only a petty pandering to pride for a little fuss and feathers without real good to anyone or anything.

THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

This august assemblage of the representative wisdom and virtues of the Canadian people terminated its prolonged session since our last issue. It began its labours with the great mastermind of Sir John Macdonald to guide it; it ends having almost forgotten him amidst the wranglings of party warfare, so that he who controlled the workings of our political machinery for so many years and whose life seemed essential to its continued workings is doubly dead to-day. "Let the dead bury its dead," is the motto for politicians; nothing can temper the mad fury of these heated politicians, nothing can allay their greedy lust for power and the sweets of office. A whole session has been wasted—and while professedly occupied in purifying the political atmosphere, they concluded their labors by voting an additional allowance of \$500 to themselves.

What can be more utterly ridiculous than for men like Chapleau and Haggart to be on the committee to sit in judgment on the petty offenders, when the evidence so recently given has made their names a by-word to all minds free from party prejudice? An unfortunate man like Engineer Perley is cast aside—the only man who made an honest manly confession of his fault and expressed a worthy contrition for it, that should go along way to restore him to public esteem, but such as he may suffer while others go free. The action of the parties on the committees to investigate official irregularities and the votes thereon in the House, clearly shew the worthlessness of the investigations from a judicial point of view, and damaging as these disclosures may be to the party in power, they will not prove half so injurious to them as their neglect to adequately punish, but rather to screen prominent offenders.

Mr. D'Alton MacCarthy's speech during the debate thereon, was most refreshing as an exposure of the utter insincerity of the Opposition in these matters, for it was a perfect clincher when he asked Mr. Laurier to define the moral difference between buying up a few votes and his own offer to the whole Province of Quebec, that his party would allow them "better terms" to the tune of \$400,000 annually if they got into power?

Sir Hector Langevin is where he should have been long ago, but the Augean stables of departmental administrations are anything but clean yet—in fact hardly touched—nor are likely to be, so long as official power is obtained and retained by statesmanship (?) consisting of jobbing out public contracts to party supporters and stuffing every public office with the most worthless of party heeleders, whose chief functions to the State are to appear on the pay-rolls, and to represent this creed or that nationality.

POLITICAL SITUATION.

The death of the Rt. Hon. W. H. Smith, the leader of the British House of Commons was a startling event with the almost simultaneous death of Parnell. A bluer pen than ours will give all due homage to him as a parliamentary leader, but his age certainly was against him in the great impending struggle between parties in Britain.

Whether the choice of a successor fall nominally on Balfour or not, it is certain that his abilities are such that he will actually be the leader of the party. With the London "Times" we agree in thinking that Englishmen like a real man, and Balfour has shown that he has moral courage and the backbone of sterling manhood that should make his countrymen proud of him. That he is the man for the hour is the belief of those best able to judge, and as between the Unionists and the Gladstonians, our whole sympathies are with the former. We regard Gladstone's treatment of the Irish question as utterly lacking in sincerity, as attempts to deal with the real practical evils of Ireland. They have only been played with, and any so-called policy there has been used as a lever with a body of traitors, to gain their support against his political opponents; and, after reading Lord Montagu's work—"Clue to Current Events," etc., etc., we feel that his whole policy in Ireland forms a gigantic Jesuitical plot; for while talking and writing Protestantism to humbug the voters of England and Scotland, he has been practically and deliberately handing over the control of education and the government of Ireland to priestly domination. The same Jesuitical cunning is still at work for while preaching the possibility of Dissenters of doing away with State Churchism in Scotland and Wales, he refuses to deal with that until Irish Papists are satisfied about Ireland—so that support for his policy for Ireland is offered as the monstrous price for abolishing state churchism in Britain.

QUEBEC POLITICS.

Our contemporary, the Montreal Witness, very truthfully sizes up the situation as follows:—

THERE IS AN INFINITE DIFFERENCE between the British paper of former days and that of to-day, in its grasp of Canadian affairs. Till recently, English papers in dealing with Canadian topics, talked, through sheer ignorance, little but nonsense. Canada was to the average Englishman a frigid fringe on the United States, which he never thought of as British. The opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway is probably, among others, the principal event which has tended to make Canada a terra cognita to the rest of the world. Canadian papers themselves could hardly speak with more grasp of the actual facts, than do most of the leading English papers of to-day, while their distance enables them to see the proportions of things in some cases better than we do. The Pall Mall Gazette, however, makes a singular miscalculation in discussing the rumour that Governor Angers might dismiss his ministers, when it remarks that it should think the people of Quebec would be pleased to get rid of their ministry by any process. There is no evidence that the people of the province have shown the very smallest compunction for what their rulers are accused of having done, or that a single vote would change sides if there was an election fund, or a promise of a wharf or bridge would alter more votes than a Baie des Chaleurs deal in every county. Just let either party threaten to make the people pay the cost of their own government instead of raising it by loans, and squeezing it out of Montreal and the other provinces, and see what a victory it would give to its opponent. Such is the political morality of our people that Mr. Mercier, guilty or innocent, if he can only hold himself together, is as secure on his throne as ever he was in his life.

He erred, no doubt; perhaps he sinned; Shall I then dare to cast a stone? Perhaps this blotch on a garment white Counts less than the dingy robes I own.

—George W. W. Houghton.

Canada's Outfit.

BY THE HON. G. W. ROSS.

Minister of Education for Ontario.

THE MATERIAL OUTFIT.

First, it has the material outfit for national purposes. It has the area on which to establish a population and develop a commerce. The area of Canada measured 3,610,257 square miles, or 50,000 square miles more than the area of the United States. The area of Great Britain and Ireland was 121,115 square miles, or 60,685 square miles less than the area of the Province of Ontario alone. British Columbia was three times larger than Great Britain and Ireland. But the question might be asked, was this great area valuable? Was it habitable? That could be answered by a reference to climate. The climate was genial and enjoyable, and the larger portion of the wide Dominion was not only habitable, but especially well adapted for the development of physical power and force. In that respect nature has been remarkably bountiful to Canada. It had but one person to every square mile of land. England has only one square mile for every 465 persons, or 1 1/2 acres for each. Scotland had only a square mile for every 130; Ireland, one square mile for every 155; France, one square mile for every 180; Germany, one square mile for every 228; and the United States, one square mile for every 16 of their population.

Not only had Canada area for a population, but natural resources for the employment of labour. Since Confederation they had exported from their mines to the value of \$64,550,000, and untold mineral wealth lay in the undiscovered coal and metal of the Northwest. Twenty or thirty millions of people could be supplied with the means of sustenance by these and other industries. Since 1867 they exported \$428,380,000 worth of lumber; and their exports for the same period for grain and farm products were \$630,200,000, or \$30,000,000 a year, and on the sea-coasts Canada had an immense amount of wealth in her fisheries, which were the finest in the world. With regard to the salmon fisheries of British Columbia and the cod fisheries of Newfoundland, there were no better anywhere. From her fisheries Canada derived an export trade of \$112,440,000 for the last twenty-one years. The total exports of natural products for the same period amounted to \$1,227,430,000, and last year to \$15.64 per head of the population.

THE COMMERCIAL OUTFIT.

These were figures regarding the material resources, but the commercial outfit was no less striking. For commercial purposes Canada was more favourably situated than the United States, having a more direct line of communication with Britain and the markets of Europe. On the east her ports were unsurpassed; on the west its harbours receive the commerce of China and Japan; from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Duluth, 2,884 miles of great land navigation connected its great wheat-storeshouses with Liverpool and Glasgow. On canals it had spent \$49,591,000 for the development of commercial facilities and the perfecting of necessary lines of transit. Then Canada has a great shipping, standing fifth among nations. Here might be found a good test of native energy, brawn, fibre, and force, all necessary elements in the making of a great people. In 1886, 52,328 vessels called at Canadian ports with 564,243 sailors. Their railway system was very significant in its extent, and in respect of the area which it covered. It measured 10,715 miles with \$553,959,844 paid up capital; while 50,346 miles of telegraph wire and 15,000 miles of telephone wire interweaved theirland. They had 7,295 post-offices, a postal route of 51,808 miles, and for the delivery of their letters their postmen travelled the enormous distance of 23,809,750 miles. It had large banking institutions also, with an aggregate capital of \$61,841,000; \$112,981,000 in deposits and \$28,200,000 in notes, or a total of \$204,632,000.

RACIAL OUTFIT.

But there is another and no less interesting standpoint from which their country could be viewed in calculating its future prosperity. They might ask "who are the Canadians?" Can we hope for much because of the stock from which we have sprung? In other words what was their racial outfit? Of their population 3,714,492 or 85 per cent. were born in Canada; 470,002 or 10 per cent. in the British Isles; 77,733 in the United States and 20,528 in Germany. Analyzing further and including born Canadians in the calculation, they would find 1,208,000 or 30 per cent. of French origin; 867,403, or 22 per cent. of Irish origin; 881,301, or 20 per cent. of English descent; 690,839, or 15 per cent. of Scotch descent, and 254,319, or 6 per cent. of German origin. There were besides a sprinkling of Welsh, Scandinavians, Italians, Russians, and Jews. There was, thus, a general comingling of races with most favorable ethnological conditions known for the production of a good race. The French as a people were a success. To say that the French-Canadians would be an incubus on the prosperity of Canada would not be doing justice to the growth of free institutions and of the national greatness of France. They are frugal and industrious. They might not possess the energy of the Anglo-Saxon, but they were law-abiding, fond of home and domestic pursuits, and would add to

the wealth of the country by their honesty and frugality. Yet they were bound to look to a great extent for the growth and development of the country in the future to the Teutonic race, and of these they had 64 per cent. of the whole population.

EDUCATIONAL OUTFIT.

Coming to the educational outfit of the country, he could speak with more freedom and more pride. Barbarous nations could easily be overcome in war, but an educated, intelligent people could scarcely be overcome at all. One of England's sources of strength was her intelligence and scientific skill.

HISTORICAL OUTFIT.

Canada had an historical outfit also. She had a history of the study of which was both stimulating and otherwise profitable. In 1759, when British North America was under French rule, the country, the lives, and the interests of the subjects were at the mercy of the military.

WHO KILLED NELSON?

BY D. F. HANNIGAN, LL.B.

Every incident in the career of England's greatest admiral has a profound and fascinating interest. The name of Horatio Nelson will live as long as "Britannia rules the waves."

succeed in making himself master of India. But if Napoleon had any such end in view, it was to be thwarted; for Nelson was on his track—an instrument apparently raised up by Providence to baffle the ambition of the daring Corsican.

The success of this battle was an inestimable advantage to England. It effectively crippled Napoleon's scheme of Oriental conquest, and forced him to confine his wars to Europe.

Even still Napoleon would not abandon his idea of invading England. He gathered together no less than 450,000 soldiers to pour down upon the English coast. There was quite a panic in England amongst all classes, but the traditional bravery of the English race rose equal to the emergency, and 300,000 volunteers enrolled themselves for the defence of their country.

Let us see how much is known concerning the obscure Frenchman who robbed England of her greatest naval hero. His name was Robert Guillemaud. In 1805, in his twentieth year, the general conscription compelled him, like thousands of other peasants, to enter the French army.

men, who were only a few yards distant from the Redoubtable, saw Guillemaud and his comrades, they directed a sharp fire upon the Frenchmen, which the latter, of course, returned.

Nelson cast a pitying glance on the brave men under him who with their life-blood were purchasing glory for old England. The French soldier on the tops of the Redoubtable took aim and fired; then, through the cloud of smoke Guillemaud saw a group of persons gathering anxiously around the officer who had fallen.

The concluding portions of Guillemaud's narrative may possibly lead some people to doubt whether it was his hand that really fired the fatal shot. He certainly assumes a tone of modesty by no means characteristic of his countrymen.

'August Flower'

The Hon. J. W. Fennimore is the Sheriff of Kent Co., Del., and lives at Dover, the County Seat and Capital of the State. The sheriff is a gentleman fifty-nine years of age, and this is what he says: "I have used your August Flower for several years in my family and for my own use, and found it does me more good than any other remedy."

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Aylmer, Ont.
Prince Albert No. 61 meets in Foresters' Hall, over the Post Office, the 1st and 3rd Fridays of every month. We are always glad to see visiting brethren. A. J. Elliott, Secretary. H. Harris, President.

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Southampton No. 28, Barrie—Meets on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month, in the Foresters' Hall, Dunlop st. Whitebread, Sec., J. W. Kempling, Pres. Geo. Allendale, Barrie.

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Brockville.
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Chatham.
Thames No. 101—Meets every Monday evening at Foresters' Hall, Chas. F. Chanter, Sec. Warren Lambert, Pres.

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Canterbury No. 34, Collingwood—Meets every 2nd and 4th Friday in Union Hall. V. M. Durnford, Sec., Collingwood. Robt. Nash, Pres.

Cornwall.
Victoria No. 12, Cornwall—Meets alternate Wednesdays in Colquhoun Block. Visiting members welcome. E. Hunt, Sec., Cornwall. John Sugden, Pres.

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Plymouth No. 63, Exeter, Ont.—Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays every month in the L. O. O. F. Hall, Main st. Wm. Sanders, Sec., Exeter. Daniel Davis, Pres. "Advocate" office.

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Royal Oak No. 26, Galt—Meets on alternate Wednesdays in Foresters' Hall, cor. Main and South Water streets. Chas. Eagle, Sec., Galt. Chas. Brett, Jr., Pres., Richmond Ave.

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Royal City No. 73, Guelph—Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursdays every month, in the hall in Tavell's Block. W. M. Stanley, Sec., Guelph. Harry Bolton, Pres., Box 210.

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Britannia No. 8, Hamilton—Meets the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of every month in St. George's Hall, cor. King William and James sts. Visitors welcome. F. H. Revell, Sec., w. Wm' Hunt, Pres., 195 James St.

Acorn No. 29, Hamilton—Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in St. George's Hall, corner James and King William sts. Visitors welcome. Thos. G. Viner, Pres., Hedley Mason, Sec., 238 King st. W.

Hearts of Oak No. 94, Hamilton, meets on the first and third Mondays of each month, in Wentworth Hall, corner of Wellington and King William streets. Visitors welcome. Harry Marshall, Hector H. Martin, Sec., 22 Wellington St.

Devon No. 102, Hamilton, Mountain Top Barton, meetings are held every first and third Wednesday of the month. All members of the order invited. Walter Harris, Sec., 41 Murray street.

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Croyden No. 85, Huntsville, Ont.—Meets the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month, in Temperance Hall, Main street. Visitors welcome. J. H. Reese, C. Peacock, Sec., Huntsville. President.

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Leicester No. 33, Kingston—Meets in their hall, cor. Princess and Montreal sts., on the 2nd and 4th Monday in every month, at 8 p.m. A hearty welcome extended to all visiting brethren. Wm. H. Cruise, Sec., Ed. Scrutton, Pres., Albert st., Williamsville.

Tyne No. 79, Kingston—Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in each month in the Prentice Boys' Hall, Market Square. John Porter, Pres., John Davis, Sec., Kingston.

Lakefield.
Exeter No. 89, Lakefield, Ont.—Meets on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in the S. O. E. Hall. Visiting brethren made welcome. Edmund Sellens, Sec., John C. Balsdon, Pres., Lakefield.

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Bradford No. 91, Lambton Mills, Ont.—Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays of each month in the I. O. O. F. Hall. Visiting brethren made welcome. J. T. Jarvis, Sec., James Ashman, Pres., Lambton Mills.

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Aensington No. 96—Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays at Albert Hall. F. G. Truill, Sec., 131 Dundas st.

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Cromwell No. 84, Midland, Ont.—Meets in Foresters' Hall, second and fourth Thursday in each month. Visitors welcome. Frank Cook, Pres., R. O. Stokes, Sec., Midland.

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Montreal.
Yorkshire No. 39, Montreal, meets every alternate Monday at the West End Hall, Chatham street at 8 p.m. B. T. Sellars, Sec., No. 132 St. Gabriel street, Turcotte, Ville St. Henri.

Excelsior No. 36, Montreal (R.P.D.)—Meets on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of the month at 5 Place d'Armes Square. Visitors welcome. J. Field, Pres., Chas. Chappell, Sec., 102 St. Felix st.

Victoria Jubilee No. 41, Montreal—Meets every alternate Friday at the St. Charles Club House, cor. Wellington and Richmond sts. F. Brownhill, Pres., J. A. Edwards, Sec., 201 Magdalen st.

Denbigh No. 86—Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays, in Sons of England Hall, No. 6 Craig Street. Chas. H. Beckett, F. W. Cardwell, 5 Parthenais Sq., President.

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Essex No. 4, Oshawa—Meets alternate Fridays from January 3rd, 1891, in the S.O.E. Hall, No. 1 King st. east. W. S. Bowden, Sec., Box 249, Oshawa. John Holmes, President.

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Rowood No. 44, Ottawa—Meets every 1st and 3rd Thursday of each month at Wellington Hall, Wellington st. R. J. Tanner, Sec., H. Bott, Pres., P. O. Box 236.

Stanley No. 55, Ottawa—Meets every 2nd and 4th Thursday of each month at Wellington Hall, Wellington st. James Anney, Sec., E. Bull, Pres., 459 Ann street.

Russell No. 56, Ottawa—Meets the 2nd and 4th Thursdays of each month at the Orange Hall, New Edinburgh. E. W. Gilbert, Sec., C. C. Rogers, Pres., 345 Stewart st.

Clarendon—The United Degree Lodge of Derby, Rowood, Russell and Stanley lodges meets in Wellington Hall, Wellington street, Ottawa, on the 2nd Wednesday of each month. F. A. Jackson, Pres., W. J. Eastcott, Sec.

Owen Sound.
Mistake No. 86, Owen Sound—Meets in Foresters' Hall, Red Rose 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, White Rose, the 1st Wednesday in each month at 8 p.m. Brethren visiting Owen Sound cordially welcomed. J. M. Spencer, Sec., Geo. Price, Pres., P. O. Box 192.

Peterborough.
Lansdowne No. 25, Peterborough—Meets in Sons of England Hall, Hunter st., on the 1st and 3rd Mondays in each month. Visiting brethren made welcome. V. Eastwood, Sec., Box 277, Rich. Warran, Pres.

Peterboro' No. 64—Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays, at S. O. E. Hall. A. E. Dixon, R. Sec., F. L. Somerville, Pres., Peterborough.

Qu'Appelle Station, Assa.
Royal Standard, No. 112—Meets 3rd alternate Thursdays at 7 p.m. A. H. B. Spurling, Sec. G. Purches, Pres., Sault Ste. Marie.

Sault Ste. Marie.
Leamington No. 95—Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in Dawson's Hall. W. E. Sharpe, Sec., Sault Ste. Marie.

St. Thomas.
Chester No. 18, St. Thomas, Ont.—Meets on 2nd and 4th Fridays (W. R. D. 3rd Friday) of every month in Emmiting Block, cor. Talbot and Elgin sts. J. C. Gilby, Pres., W. T. Hollins, Sec., Box 1063.

Truro No. 82, St. Thomas—Meets in their hall, cor. Southwick and Talbot sts., on 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of every month. A hearty welcome extended to all visiting brethren. Robt. A. Mackay, Pres., J. W. Yearsley, Sec., 9 Hughes st.

Sherbrooke, Que.
Gloucester No. 103, Sherbrooke, Que.—Meets on the 1st and 3rd Tuesday of each month in the Court-room of Prince Albert 149 I.O.F., Odells Block. Thos. Rawson, Pres., Box 16, P.O., Sherbrooke.

Stratford.
Queen Victoria No. 78—Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays in Shakspear Hall. Alf. Hirst, Stratford.

Toronto.
Aldion No. 1, Toronto—Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays at Shaftesbury Hall, Queen street West. C. E. Smith, Sec., 31 Sword st.

Middlesex No. 2, Toronto—Meets first and third Tuesdays in each month at Occident Hall, cor. Bathurst & Queen sts. W. W. H. Syms, Sec., R. J. Hodge, Pres., 24 Eden Place.

Kent No. 3, Toronto—Meets 2nd and 4th Monday at Shaftesbury Hall, Queen st. West. Jno. Webster Pres., J. M. Williams, Sec., 16 Carlton Ave.

York No. 6, Toronto—Meets 2nd and 4th Thursday at Oddfellow's Hall, cor. Spadina Ave., Queen street, west. J. Baylis, Sec., T. Steele, Pres., 216 Lippincott st.

Brighton No. 7, Toronto—Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays at Shaftesbury Hall, Queen st. West. J. R. Grant, Pres., W. Pugh, Sec., 74 Sussex Ave.

Somerset No. 10, Toronto—Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays at Wicks' Hall, Parkdale. H. Worman, Pres., W. P. Parsons, Sec., Soranren Ave.

Surrey No. 11, Toronto—Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays in each month in Douglas Hall cor. of Bloor and Bathurst sts. G. Knight, Sec., T. Cannon, Jr., Pres., 105 Oxford street.

Warwick No. 13, Toronto—Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays at Jackson's Hall, Yonge st., cor. Bloor st. John Gunter, Pres., 38 Yorkville Avenue.

Manchester No. 14, Toronto—Meets alternate Mondays from January 5th, 1891, at Winches Hall, cor. Parliament and Winchester streets. Visiting brethren welcome. Thos. P. Williams, Sec., 342 Ontario st.

St. George No. 27, Toronto—Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays at St. George's Hall, Queen st. West, cor. Berkeley st. F. C. Payne, Sec., 11 Clarence st.

London No. 31, Toronto—Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays at Masonic Hall, Queen st. East. F. W. Ingram, Pres., J. W. Hayes, Sec., 128 Broadview Ave.

Stafford No. 32, Toronto—Meets alternate Mondays at Copeland Hall, King st. East, corner Sherbourne st. Thos. Yeomans, Sec., 22 Berkeley St.

Portsmouth No. 45, Dovercourt, Toronto—Meets alternate Tuesdays at Mechanics' Institute. J. Mallon Sec., 294 Clarence.

Worcester No. 47, West Toronto Junction—Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays at James' Hall, West Toronto Junction. J. M. Bolton, Sec., Box 388 West Toronto Jen.

Cambridge No. 54, Little York, Toronto—Meet alternate Fridays at Little York Fire Hall, W. H. Clay, Pres., H. Nichol, Sec., Coleman P.O.

Norfolk No. 57—Meets in their hall, Dominion Hall, cor. Queen and Dundas streets, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in each month. Wm. Miles, Sec., 994 Queen st. w. Rev. W. H. Clark, Pres., 311 Shaw street.

Amalgamated W.R.D., of Norfolk & Birmingham Lodges, 3rd Friday in each month. F. Wooten, Pres., Saml. Leveratt, Sec., Shaw street, 164 Spadina Ave.

Preston No. 67—Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays, i. Room C, Shaftesbury Hall. J. J. Pritchard, sec., 325 Markham st.

Birmingham, No. 69—Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays, in Dominion Hall, cor. Queen West and Dundas streets. C. M. Cashmore, Sec., F. Wotten, Pres., 690 Parliament st., 44 Shuter st.

St. Albans No. 76, Toronto—Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays at Association Hall, cor. McGill st. and Yonge st. R. S. Grundy, Sec., J. G. Mitchever, Pres., 74 Saultier st.

Mercantile No. 81, Toronto—Meets 2nd and 4th Saturday at Shaftesbury Hall, Queen st., west. H. E. Johnson, sec., 42 Yonge st. J. D. Young, Pres.

Chesterfield No. 97—Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays at Shaftesbury Hall, Queen St., Wednesday. Geo. Clatworthy, Pres., Joseph Oldfield, Sec., 3 and 4 Adelaide St., E.

Hull No. 104, Toronto—Meets every 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in the month, in Cameron Hall, cor. Cameron and Queen streets. A. Chapman, sec., J. H. Jewell, Pres., 390 Lippincott st.

Chatham No. 142, Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays at Forester's Hall, Queen St., West, cor. Spadina Ave. over Devaney's new store. C. McClelland, Pres., F. W. Chorley, Sec., 22 Shirley St.

Lichfield, No. 116, Toronto—Meets in Prospect Park Rink, corner Prospect and Ontario sts. every second and fourth Friday in the month at 8 o'clock. C. M. Cashmore, Sec., E. J. Cashmore, Pres., 690 Parliament st. 182 Bolton Ave.

Vancouver, B. C.
Wilberforce No. 77—Meets in Pythian Hall, Dunn Block, Cordova street, 1st and 3rd Monday in each month for Red Rose. Visiting brethren cordially invited. Rev. H. P. Hobson, P. Sec., E. Jas. East, Secretary, Box 552.

Victoria, B.C.
Alexandra, No. 116—Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays of every month, in the Foresters' Hall. Visiting brethren welcome. J. Critchley, Sec., Box 174.

Weston.
Leeds No. 48, Weston—Meets on 2nd and 4th Fridays of each month, at King st. Hall. Visitors welcome. H. Colcock, Sec., Theo. Holdsworth, Pres., Weston, Ont.

Windsor.
Prince of Wales No. 52—Meets Alternate Tuesdays in Pythian Castle Hall, Sandwith street. Visiting brethren are welcome. Thos. Q. Dench, Wm. J. Turner, sec., Windsor. President, Box 619, Windsor.

Winnipeg.
Westward Ho! No. 98, Winnipeg, Manitoba, meetings, bi-monthly at Knights Pythias Hall, Main street. Visiting brethren invited. Rev. G. F. Coombes, Thos. C. Andrews, Winnipeg, President, Secretary, Box 353.

Woodstock.
Bedford No. 21, Woodstock—Meets in Imperial Hall, 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month; W.R.D. 4th Wednesday in each month. Fraternal visitors welcome. W. Whitcombe, Pres., W. E. Wilkinson, Sec., Box 168.

Lachine.
Royal Rose No. 147, Lachine—Meets every 1st and 3rd Fridays each month, at 830 St. Joseph st. Visiting members are welcome. J. H. Thomas, Pres., Edward Pickering, Sec., 331 St. Joseph St.

Secretaries are requested to notify us of any changes required in Lodge Cards.

larger by 600 or 700 tons—and the British taxpayer has every reason to feel satisfied with the progress and despatch of ship-building in the Government arsenals of this country. The latter vessel was commenced on the 30th of September, 1889, and was floated out of dock at Portsmouth on the 26th February, 1891. Since then her machinery has been placed on board, and it is expected that the trials of the same will take place in about three months, and that she will be ready for sea before the close of the present year.

Germany.
The first-class steel twin-screw battleship *Kurfürst Friedrich Wilhelm* was launched at Wilhelmshaven, by the Emperor William, on the 30th June. Between the perpendiculars she measures 354 ft. 4 in., with a beam 62 ft. 3 in., and a displacement of 6,842 tons, on a mean draught of 24 ft. 7 in. She is completely belted with armour varying in thickness from 15 1/2 in. to 11 7/8 in., and her vitals are protected by a 3-in. protective steel deck, running right fore and aft. Her engines, which are of the triple-expansion type, have been made at the Germania Werft, Kiel, and under forced draught will be capable of developing upwards of 15,000 H. P., the resulting speed being estimated at 16 knots. The main armament will consist of six 12-in. 35-ton breech loading guns carried in pairs *en barbette*, while the auxiliary armament will comprise 16 3-4 in. breech-loaders besides quick-firing and machine guns, and there will be seven torpedo-charging tubes. The *Kurfürst Friedrich Wilhelm* is one of a class of four similar vessels now under construction for the German navy. Two are building at Kiel and Stettin respectively, and the other was launched at Bremen on the 21st July.

Spain.
The *Viscaya*, a powerful twin-screw cruiser of 7,000 tons displacement, was consigned to her native element on the 8th June, from the Naval Works at Bilbao. She is the second of three similar vessels to be added to the Spanish Navy, and is of the following dimensions:—Length, between perpendiculars, 340 ft.; breadth, 65 ft.; and normal draught of water 21 ft. 6 in. She is provided with a steel protective deck 2 in. thick at the middle and 3 in. thick at the slopes, the two barbettes are cased with steel armour 10 1/2 in. thick, and the conning tower which contains all the necessary apparatus for maneuvering the vessel, is constructed of 12-in. steel plates. The two sets of triple-expansion engines to be fitted on board are capable of developing upwards of 13,000 h.p., the speed expected being 20 knots. The armament to be carried by the *Viscaya* will be of the most powerful description, and will comprise two 28-ton breech-loaders, carried, one forward and the other aft, each commanding a large range of fire; ten 14-cm. breech-loaders on the broadside; eight 57-mm. quick-firing guns, and eight 37-mm. quick-firing guns, in addition to eight tubes for launching torpedoes. The estimated cost of the *Viscaya* is £600,000.

France.
The French first-class steel twin-screw cruiser *Ily* was recently launched at Brest. She is constructed of steel throughout on the protective deck principle, and will be rigged as a barque to carry a considerable area of sail. Her principal dimensions are as follows:—Length between perpendiculars, 346 ft.; breadth, extreme, 43 ft. 6 in.; and displacement, 4,122 tons, at a mean draught of 19 ft. 6 in. She is destined to carry four 5-ton and six 3-ton breech-loading guns; eight of these will be situated in sponsons on the broadside, with one in the fore-castle and one on the poop, as bow and stern chasers respectively. In addition there will be four quick-firing and six machine guns, besides four torpedo-launching tubes. Her engines are of 8,000 h.p. and the expected speed 19 knots.

Denmark.
The Danish torpedo flotilla has been further augmented by the addition of the first-class torpedo boat *Springeren*, which has just been launched at Royal Dockyard, Copenhagen, and fitted with engines constructed by Messrs. Thornycroft & Co., London. The dimensions are:—Length 116 ft. and breadth 12 ft. The *Springeren* is the first torpedo boat built in Denmark, and is fitted with two automatic torpedo ejectors.

There are also some eight or nine new first-class, torpedo gunboats now under construction, they have a length of 230 feet, breadth 27 feet, and draught of 8 ft. 3 inches, they are 735 tons and have engines of 3,500 horse power, and capable of continuous steaming at a speed of 19 knots per hour.

After this brief summary of what is being done in the British yards, it will not be out of place to insert the following extract from the *Marine Engineer*, of August last, stating the work being done in continental yards.

Italy.
Several important additions have recently been made to the various Continental fleets, and chief among these is the battleship *Scittia*, of 13,250 tons displacement, which was launched from the naval Arsenal at Venice, on the 5th ult., in the presence of the King and Queen of Italy. This leviathan ironclad was laid down on the 3rd November, 1884, and has thus taken six and a-half years to build, and it may be assumed another two years will pass before she is ready for sea. Contrasting the time taken to build the *Scittia* with the rate of construction of the battleship *Royal Sovereign*—a vessel

TIPPO TIB'S ROMANCE.



TIPPO TIB.

About sixty years ago, Tippu Tib, who has been brought into prominence in English-speaking countries through Gordon and Stanley, fell in love with a young girl who had been refused to him by the father on account of his poverty. The young people, however, were much attached to each other, and one fine evening the girl ran away with her lover.

The distance being considerable between the two douars, (villages), and the road extremely perilous, Tippu had armed himself from head to foot. Already the most dangerous part of the road had been cleared, and they were beginning to hear the dogs of the douar towards which they were rapidly advancing, when all at once a young lion, who till that moment had lain concealed behind the bushes, rose and walked straight towards them.

The young girl shrieked so fearfully that her cries were heard by the people in the tents, and several of the men immediately seized their arms and rushed out to the rescue. When they reached the spot to which they were directed by the screams of the young maiden, they saw the lion walking slowly a few paces in front of Tippu, with his eyes steadfastly fixed upon him, and leading him thus towards the forest. The young girl did all she could to prevent her lover following the lion, or induce him to let go herself, but in vain; he kept dragging her on, in spite of all her efforts, saying:

"Come, my beloved; come; our master will have it so; we must go!"

"But my weapons," she cried; "what are they good for if not to save me?"

"Weapons? I have none!" answered the fascinated wretch. Then addressing the lion, he said: "Great lord, believe her not; I am perfectly unarmed, and will follow you wherever you will."

At this moment the Arabs, eight or ten in number, who had come to the rescue of the unfortunate couple, perceiving that the lion would very soon have them in the forest, fired, every one of them, upon him; but on finding that he did not fall, they took to their heels. The lion sprang upon Tippu's love, and with one bound crushed her to the earth, smashing her head at a bite; after which he lay down by the side of the young man, placing his huge paws upon his knees.

The Arabs now finding that the lion did not condescend to pursue them, took courage and returned, and having re-loaded their guns, prepared again to fire; but being afraid of killing the man, they told him to try to get a little way from the lion, which he allowed him to do, without ever losing sight of him. The moment the guns of the Arabs were levelled at him, the lion sprang into the midst of them, seized one with his teeth and two others with his claws dragging them together, so as to make, as it were, one bundle, then, placing under him that mass of palpitating flesh, he instantly smashed the three heads, as he had done that of the girl. Those who escaped ran to the douar and told the story, but no one was bold enough to return for another attack. The lion then carried the man into the forest. What occurred there the hero of the adventure has never revealed; but from that day to this a settled melancholy has found a resting place in Tippu's eyes.

It is true that the lion has the power of fascination over some organizations? All I can say is, that the Arabs answer in the affirmative, and give numerous examples.—H. M. S.

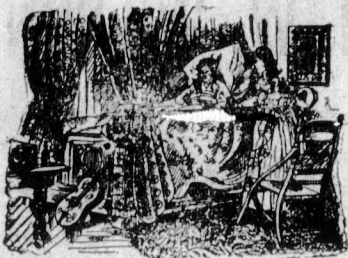
Coffee.
Coffee is not a bush; as is popularly supposed, but a tree, which if permitted to grow will shoot up thirty or forty feet. When properly cultivated, it is nipped off about six feet from the ground thus presenting a surface from which the berries are easily plucked, and allowing the main stem to gain greater strength. The small shrubs somewhat resemble the magnolias, with their shining, dark green leaves, but the starry snow-white flowers remind one of orange blossoms in all but fragrance.

What Can a Lover Do?
When a woman loves, and will not show it, What can a lover do? I asked a scholar and a poet, But neither wise fool seemed to know it, So, lady, I ask you.

Were you in love—let me suppose it— What should your lover do? You know you love him, and he knows it, Oh, why not, then, to him disclose it, As he his love to you!

For Over Fifty Years
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth, send at once a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend on it, it cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation, and gives tone, and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

THE AMULET RING.



It was April 25th, St. Mark's mysterious eve, and not a score of years ago in Washington.

Old Madam Arsinoe, clairvoyant, second sight seer, fortune-teller; well-known, well advertised, and well-to-do, was dying.

And she knew that her hour had come. She needed no doctor to tell her what the heavy breathing meant, and that the labored heart-beats were numbered. She had deceived others too long, to let death entrap her unawares.

Was she repentant of all the evils of a lifetime of fraud? Not at all! She was in a rage and defied the near doom that could not be averted.

A very interesting young girl of, perchance, seventeen summers, stood, with hands clasped and lips compressed, beside the bed.

The expression of her face was one of patient resignation, settled sadness and weariness, rather than of sorrow. She stood in attendance, as one accustomed to receive and obey orders, passive rather than pliant, subdued rather than emotionless.

"Alida," gasped the rasping voice, "bolster me up—higher yet, child. Where is Pythia?"

"Gone for the drug, mother." "Tis well," muttered she, "one more vision of Heaven, from out of which, let me drop into bottomless Hell."

Was it the old habit of the ventriloquist laughter, or did the dismal room re-echo the jibe? Alida stirred not. She had been nourished amid the intoxicating fumes of wonders, and she marvelled not, for of such was the daily habit and complexion of her life.

Presently the woman bestirred herself out of a momentary doze, enforced by weakness. "Alida, the planchette—here, under my chin—confound my weakness; now, the box and die—"

Alida placed the planchette, holding it high up, so that the dying woman could rattle the die on it. Her movements were too measured for the impatience of the sufferer, who cried out: "Quicker child—hurry up with the die I say—not the loaded one, either; I'll have no foul throw this time."

Silently and quickly, without look, word, or gesture of surprise, at this request of the dying fortune-teller, Alida placed the die and box on the little triangular board of planchette.

And now the burning cheeks took on a deeper hue, and the restless eyes glowed with rekindled fires, as she clutched the box and rattled the die. "My first five throws, and the forfeit—my amulet ring."

So saying, she pulled off her forefinger a white, oval, moon-stone ring, in antique silver setting, with cabalistic characters engraved upon it, and placed it on the triangle.

Did planchette quiver? Then, as with uplifted hand, she was about to throw the die, she mused, paused:

"It's the child's anyway. He called it the good-luck ring, but it never brought her, the trusting little fool, aught but sorrow. When I lied about her, and he believed me, she returned it to him, the dolt! Then the simpleton gave it to me. Here it goes, merry as a marriage bell, rattle the die!—ace—five—four—six—ahem!—I ought to have the loaded die. Here it is again—six! The fiends fly away with me—I'm burst—by the black cat's pinching—the ring's yours, child—take it, and a curse go with it. No—I call back the curse from you—here, take the ring; and she threw it at the dazed girl, who had never, until now, seen it off her mother's finger.

twining her skinny arms round the fragile form of the fair girl, and her head fell upon her shoulder, as she sobbed bitterly.

Alida had had a life-long lesson in self-control, but this was a strange and startling thing. She had never been treated cruelly, yet never before had she received a proof of affection from this hard, cold, bad woman, whom she called "mother."

"At last," she groaned. "Oh, God, if God there be, the avenger is in this hour. I know, I must make haste to tell her; and she sank back, pale and exhausted, on her pillow.

"Will Pythia never come with the opium?" Alida raised her mother's head a little, and gave her a dark green cordial, the aroma of which filled the room.

Then the dying one took courage and whispered: "Alida, do not hate me! I am not your mother."

With a sudden great outcry, as if in that moment the death ceremonies that had bound her down—a living corpse—had burst asunder, Alida sank upon her knees. Was it a cry of joy or of sorrow? Ask the resuscitated one, who steps out of a yawning grave, into renewed light and joy of living.

The face of the moribund woman grew ashen gray, but with a firmer vision she went on, without heeding, or seeming to heed, Alida's cry. "Your mother was fair to look upon, pure and good, and your foolish father loved her passing well; but he was jealous. I met him at a ball and fancied him. What was the brittle tie of marriage to me? Bah! I brushed it aside like a flimsy cobweb—poisoned your father's mind against your mother—no matter, now, how it was done. But he believed me, sent her from him, took you, a prattling child, for himself, as he thought—got a divorce—and I became his legal wife—very legal wasn't it? Once your mother wore that ring, which your father gave her as an old heirloom in his family, said to bring 'good luck.' After a time, your mother sent it, with a broken-hearted note, begging that it might be yours. 'For her poor baby,' she said.

"There soon came a time when your father reproached me with his 'lost happiness,' he called it; and I—well, at first I thought he ought to die; and then I felt that a lasting revenge was sweetest, and I fled with you, leaving him a lonely man—fled first to one city, then to another, and still other new places, until we began to get poor.

"My mother had been a West India Obi woman—she and her sister both. I sent for Pythia, she knew all the fetch charms, and more, too. Black arts, are family secrets. Mankind are mostly fools—sodden fools—and so we prospered."

Again the woman sank back upon her pillows, and the shadow of the death-hue fell upon her. After that first outcry of joyful surprise, when Alida sank as in a swoon, overcome by the ecstasy of her new being, she swiftly regained her self-possession and arose, standing, as of old, beside the bed.

"If I do not conquer myself," she thought, "I shall never know the hideous mystery of my life. Now, while the thread spins out, I must cling to the clew, or be forever, in the future, an outcast, as I have been in the dark past."

Thus she said not a word till the fortune-teller stopped, then she very calmly asked: "Where is my father? Who is he?" How her heart throbbled, but her voice gave no sign of agitation.

"Pythia knows," gasped the woman, as if her tongue refused to give up all its secret. "Of late he lives here, in a certain official position."

The wretched thread of life was fast spinning out, and Alida felt it. Once more she asked, and this time with tremulous tones: "And my mother—what of her?"

The response came with a more hurried breathing, a ghastly, glazed look, and a thrilling cry rang forth: "Died broken-hearted!"

"And you her foul murderer!" shrieked Alida, no longer able to restrain herself. At this fearful accusation, hurled against her by the only being for whose love she had ever cared, a vertigo of insanity seemed to seize upon the wretched creature, and her disordered brain became a prey to images engendered by her manner of life.

"Hag of the mist, avant!" she screamed. "Squatting toad of the speckled throat, away! Goblins of the grinning skulls, swing open all the doors and windows—Hah! what now?"

"Sibyl's soul, black as coal, Rides the moon's face! Tell, spectre, tell, Shall we meet in—"

And, with one long, shuddering aspiration, the guilty soul fled forth from out its mortal tenement. At this supreme moment, Pythia entered, and a strange glance shot athwart her dark face, as she gave a momentary look at the bed.

"Go, Alida," she said, sedately. "This is my dead, and none of yours. Go rest."

rest; poor, desolate child. Scarcely had she gone, when Pythia locked the door, strode across the chamber to the dead, and burst forth into wild exclamations of mingled hate and exultation.

Presently she pulled the pillow from under the inanimate form, and hastily ripping open an end, plunged her hand into the mass of feathers, and brought forth a small bundle of rags, after which she carefully reclosed the aperture.

Then she took from her pocket a little brazen image of a fiery serpent, placing it upon a small tripod in the centre of the room. After this she prostrated herself prone upon the floor, with arms extended in the form of a cross, three different times, each time saying: "I give Thee thanks, mighty Oub, that Thou hast hearkened to my prayer, and destroyed the oppressor."

Upon which, she danced in a circle around the brazen image, with uncouth movements of symbolic meaning, all the while muttering fetch incantations.

At last, with lurid eyes aflame, a priestess of Python, she re-approached the dead.

The body was still warm, which seemed to displease her; for bending over it, and forcibly pressing down the chest, she cried out: "Body and soul, separate!" whereupon a thin, blue vapor curled upwards, seemingly from out the nostrils of the corpse, and filled the apartment, as if, perchance, the Obi woman had liberated some subtle essence.

After a time this fiendish malice apparently expended itself, amid mutterings like the roll of distant thunder, succeeding the lightning's flash. Seating herself opposite the lifeless form she denounced it in her wrath: "Child of the Egyptian slave and sorceress, I hate, hate, hate you, and you dared to make a servant of me, the child of a priestess of the mighty Oub, of me, a hierophant of the thirty-third degree! But my charms have vanquished, and you have wasted away, inwardly consumed by the fetch poison. Day by day, I made you drink powdered glass, and you knew it not—now, I am avenged, and I will take your ill-gotten gains, as wages of my long servitude. I will return to my people, from whence your lying promises ensnared me—and sacred honors: the name of Oub—of Python—of Hak—shall be henceforth mine, as their venerated priestess."

Then rising, she searched the dead, finding in her matted hair a tiny key, with which she quickly opened a carefully adjusted trap door in the floor, concealed under the bed. Here was amassed the treasure of sin.

As the morning dawned, Pythia went for a doctor, to whom she gave notice, that during the night Madame Arsinoe had died.

The fortune-teller was duly buried. Alida was too ill to rise all that day, and so Pythia was sole mourner at the funeral.

Alida was seized with a fever, and Pythia patiently waited and watched with the girl, treating her fever skillfully with simple herbs, so that before many days she was convalescent.

Then she said to her: "Alida, I must leave you, and go to my people, whence I came. May the sun ever shine for you, and no shadow cross your path to molest you. I bear you no ill-will, and if I can be of use to you, speak."

Now Alida remembered that the soothsayer had told her that Pythia knew who her father was; but she was afraid of the stern, dark-haired woman, and had dreaded to ask her. But now she felt encouraged. Pythia had been kind to her in her sickness, and had invited her confidence, so she said, timidly: "Dear Pythia, when you go I shall be left poor and all alone. Can you tell me who is my father, that I may claim his protection?"

"I can," answered Pythia, with a grim smile. "God in heaven have mercy!" cried Alida. "I can bear it no longer! Speak!" "Your father, child," said Pythia, quietly, "is General Cassilear. He is now in Washington. It is an easy matter for me to take you to him, but not so easy, poor thing! for you to prove to him that you are his child. Your name is not even Alida; it is Marion—Marion Cassilear!"

Then the girl exclaimed: "Blessed be the Lord, I can prove to him who I am by my amulet ring." "Write him what you will," said Pythia; "seal your note with your good-luck ring, and I will at once take it to him—myself."

That Very evening, a handsome man, of military bearing, not so very old, but with snow-white hair, prematurely white, it was said, came to the fortune teller's house.

He had hesitated. "Yes—it is the ring," he thought; "but the accused adventuress who has wrecked my life and through whom my beloved wife sank into an early grave, she must have stolen this ring when she abducted my child. She may be now using it, to lure me to her den; yet—there, I can force from her the story of my child; I will—I must know, what has become of Marion."

At this moment the door opened, and all doubts were swept away! "My Marial image of your blessed mother! my long lost child!"

"My father!" Pythia had taken the treasure, and left the country. No one would live in the house of the old fortune-teller, whose doors would never shut, and which was shunned as haunted.

General Cassilear was absorbed by his new-found happiness—never wearied of the society of his gentle daughter.

But a shadow rested over the heart of Marion, and at last she found courage to make her trouble known to her father.

One day when he was tenderly caressing her, she confessed to him: "My father, pardon me, but I cannot love you as I would, on account of one thing."

"Well, child!" said he, drawing himself up with a hurt, proud look "It is my mother," sobbed Marion, "Forgive me, father, but you did her an injustice. Do you love her memory? Will you restore the record of her fair fame before the world?"

"My good child," answered he, the big tears rolling down his furrowed cheeks, "I adore your mother's memory. I was deceived and betrayed, but my punishment has been exceeding great for that sin of jealousy that made the crime against her possible. Long ago, I applied to the courts to reverse their judgment—and death alone now divorces us. She is vindicated."

"My beloved father, my heart is now yours, without a shadow," said Marion, as she embraced him fondly.

with his monotonous cry, "morning paper", all about the robbery! Andy jumped with a start, both from his bed and the semi-cornatose state in which we all usually find ourselves after having passed a sleepless and watchful night. Hurridly dressing himself; to the great surprise of his wife of his bosom, he rushed out after the news vendor, purchased a paper, and tearing it open, before he regained the house, began to hunt vigorously for the robbery item.

When found it read as follows:— "Just about closing time yesterday, a daring robbery was perpetrated at the Monopoly Bank.

The facts as far as can be ascertained are, that a young man who though a comparative stranger, is known to have acquaintances in the city, went into the bank late yesterday afternoon when the customers had pretty well thinned out, carrying a small box under his arm, placing which upon the floor, he waited round for some minutes pretending to endorse a cheque at the desk, kept for that purpose, then watching his opportunity when the Cashier's back was turned and his attention engaged in a another direction, he suddenly kicked the box under the wicket and mounting on top of it, reached in his arm far enough to make a successful grab at the first roll of bills which came to his hand, the n darting like lightning for the door he escaped before the bystanders had time to realise the situation.

The police and bank authorities are very reticent as to the amount, and exact method of the robbery, but the former have grave suspicions of collusion with accomplices in the city hiding away both the culprit and the money."

After reading this item of news A. T. felt more uneasy than ever, a load of guilt appeared to rest upon his mind and bear him down. That gentleman in the classic legend, who used to sit at the daily dinner table with a naked sword hanging point downwards, suspended by a single hair, above his cranium could not have felt more uncomfortable than he.

If business compelled him to go down town he did so with dread; it was not without effort he could summons up courage to look a policeman in the face, for he fancied he was what the light fingered gentry term "spotted" by them.

In the eyes of poor Andy even the jolly, genial face of the sergeant who had searched his premises seemed to bear a sinister expression. He found himself isolated and cut off from his former comrades and cronies, his wife even, got as cross as it was possible for her kindly nature to allow, at his taciturn and preoccupied state of mind.

In the nature of things he dare make no confident; the dog alone knew all about it, and he as if trying to make amends for his negligence in not giving the alarm in time, became snappish, and barked furiously at old chums, he, like his master, had formerly petted. Things went on like this for a while, quite a long while, but time inures us to all things; even anxiety will cease to be such, if persisted in long enough, and no doubt Mr. Damocles, to whom we just referred, found this statement equally applicable in his day.

Anyway time went on, so did Andy; his daily struggle for existence allowed of no let up. The creak of gold stood in its place on the shelf, the bills on top of the precious metal; a new receptacle had been found for the skewers.

At length a day came when the painter was again engaged upstairs, the dog was asleep on his chair, basking in the combined heat from the stove and that from the winters sun, which poured through the windows with a force which would lead one initiated, to suppose the temperature outside ranged to thirty above, instead of being, as it really was, twenty below zero in the shade; while his master, deeply occupied in drawing the lines of an intricate monogram was lost to all outward distractions.

A dead quiet for a few seconds prevailed; one of those lulls which mysteriously occur sometimes, in even the most crowded cities.

In a moment, with a crash and a bang, the door in the shop down stairs burst open; then the same hurried step, the same sound as of a heavy jump from an elevation followed by the slam of the back door opening on to the side street.

More dumfounded than on the last occasion, Andy was perhaps longer before he realized the situation; the little dog was again furious, but discreetly kept out of his masters reach, his concise evidently being pricked at the dire consequences which might follow this second neglect of duty.

A matter of two minutes perhaps passed ere the painter had sufficiently recovered his equanimity to go down stairs. His first idea was, police; and in succession the thoughts flitted through his mind, all found out, the police station, judge, jury, then the penitentiary. Going down stairs with anything but the vigour of his descent on the former occasion, naught but empty space, presented itself to his view, no police; the door was shut, everything as he had left it.

To be continued.

Andy Thoms OR The Tale of an Urn, BY Thos. C. Andrews.

For the rest of the day Andy was too agitated over what had taken place to do any more work, but towards evening he remembered having some gilding to complete, which either must be done then or the work would be spoiled.

Pulling himself together, he performed his task in a mechanical manner, and when done, reached down the gold crock to put away the waste.

What! What is this? he exclaimed, as out of the jar he took a roll of paper which just about filled the cylindrical space left above the wad of gold it had contained. Taking it out and unrolling the package, he discovered that it was composed of bank bills, the aggregate amount of which at a rough estimate would not be less than five hundred dollars.

Thunderstruck; he held them for some seconds in his hand, then as the power of thought came back to him he hurriedly thrust them in the place from whence he had taken them, at the same time giving a flurried glance at the shop windows, to see if any one was watching from without, finding that he was not observed he consigned both the jar and its contents to their original position, on the shelf.

Full of dread and anxiety our hero passed a wretched night. What had best be done? That was the question. He had read the tale of Hunchback in the Arabian Nights Entertainments and the parallel in the situation brought a furtive smile to his lips. His first idea was to consult the police, but then, wretched thought; they might suppose him to be the thief, or how came he in possession of the plunder.

A true statement of how it came into his hands would seem too improbable to be believed by either a magistrate or jury—Andy's experience of either of these tribunals had never been personal, and his knowledge or them was mostly obtained from what he had heard years ago about justices, justice in his native land, and from that he supposed each of them would be more willing to believe that a poor man must more likely be guilty, than that lay any chance he could remain honest when there was a possibility of acquiring gain by being the reverse.

No, the story would seem too thin; the officers had searched his premises and found nothing; it would be better, far better to let things take their course, leave the bills as they were, and await developments. The only explanation he could make, even to himself, for the money coming into his possession was, that some individual, well acquainted with both his habits and his shop, had stolen it from somewhere, and being hotly pursued, had rushed through his premises to avoid capture if possible, and to deposit the plunder, so that it might not be found upon the person of the delinquent.

Wearily tossing on his bed, such thoughts running in his mind, the night wore away. With the dawn of day came the voice of the newsboy

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Meets every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, in Good Templars Hall. Visiting brethren always welcome.
A. S. Dodson, Pres. E. W. Thurston, Sec.

Sons of England News.**S. O. E. NOTES.**

We draw the attention of members of the S. O. E., to the card of Kenilworth, No. 149, of New Glasgow, N.S., also to the card of United Roses, No. 117, of Calgary, Alberta, which appear in this issue.

Bro. Fred. Cook, of Bowood lodge, Ottawa, correspondent of the Toronto Empire, and Mrs. Cook, are taking a month's vacation in Florida.

The regular meeting of Lodge St. Asaph, 139, Longford Mills, was held on October 2nd, one candidate was initiated and the resignation of four officers were accepted. The following were elected to fill the vacancies:—V.-Pres., Geo. Bradley; Chap., J. C. Jones; Treas., A. Amey; 5th Com., Bro. Bidwell. Bro. J. H. Jones in the chair.

MANITOBA.**Local Politics—Federation of Trade—S. O. E. Notes.**

(Special for the Anglo-Saxon.)

WINNIPEG, October, 1891.

The event of most interest in lodge circles at the time of my last writing was, and has been for a week or two the First Annual Picnic of the united lodges, Westward Ho, No. 98, and Neptune, 144.

That the affair was a success from start to finish, goes without saying. Fine weather, fine music, an excellent programme of sports, a cricket match, swimming contest, and then, oh then, the aerial poising on the light fantastic toe to the enlivening strains of our Citizens Band. Everyone went with the intention of enjoying himself, and it looked as if all did so.

and it looked as if they did so for at least, when the shades of evening proclaimed once more the "knell of parting day," in spite of the impatient shrieks of the iron horse on the track close by.

There was one little matter though which, perhaps, might to certain extent have marred, in the eyes of eastern people the success of the day, and that is the item of finance. Owing to the number of picnics, both before and after that of the S. O. E., it was hard to get anything like a crowd of outsiders, consequently there was not more tickets sold than about paid expenses, but we, in this country of great expenses, become ourselves expansive, and we look to our reward in the future; but irony on one side, there is no doubt the successful manner in which everything was carried out, and the fact that no unpleasant contretemps took place the whole day, will do much to give the respectable class of the public confidence in the future ability of the S. O. E. to cater for such occasions.

Politics are a dead letter just now.

The slang whanging of our two local dailies has got down to abusing each other about reports of crop prospects. The Grits are working hard though to retain their hold on the Provincial boodle chest, and they intend to capture South Winnipeg if they can. There is something very ominous in the fact that the voters' list being manipulated by a most pronounced member of their own party.

As things are here, the present government have the staff in their own hands apparently, and that from sheer want of organization upon the part of the opposition. It looks as if in spite of railroad boodling in the past, a vacillating policy in regard to the dual language and separate school questions, a rascally gerrymander, and the reckless sacrifice of public interests in their dispensation of patronage of favoured localities, that they are likely to again renew their hold for another term.

Col. Vincent, London's ex-Chief Commissioner of Police, gave Winnipeg a call on his way out west, and to the coast. A meeting was convened at the city hall, to give our citizens a chance to have him enunciate his views and promulgate his theory of the United Empire Trade League.

In regard to the subject matter of the gallant Colonel's discourse, conclusive as doubtless he considered his arguments, yet there was every evidence that his audience considered, after the manner of Goldsmith's Dr. Premrose, that there was "much might be said on both sides." Though there was no dissentient voice in adopting the resolution relative to the advisability of Imperial Trade Federation between the Colonies and the Mother Country, still

having had opportunities of perfecting themselves in the Ritual at their own meetings, they were enabled to render good assistance at the opening ceremonies, thus causing the event to come off with great eclat hardly to be looked for amongst a gathering, the majority of whose members were green to the manner these things are carried out in more eastern cities.

Great credit must be given the D. D. here in that amongst his many important duties ministerial, scholastic and social, he should be able to find the time to devote himself to furthering the interest of the Order in this section with the energy and enthusiastic perseverance he has done, and it is to be hoped that with opening new lodges in our provincial towns, and attending to their never ending requirements, that in the near future he will find his office less and less of a sinecure, and that the S. G. L. authorities will rise equal to the occasion.

Toronto.**Interesting Proceedings of the Sons of England.**

Sept. 22, of the present year of grace will henceforth be a red-letter day in the history of the Sons of England in Toronto. Since the establishment of this influential benevolent society in this city, 17 years ago, on the smallest basis—a dozen Englishmen meeting on the banks of the Don—it has progressed by leaps and bounds. From small beginnings mighty causes grow, and the Sons of England Benevolent Society is a pertinent example. Now the order numbers in Canada

NEARLY 11,000 ONE-HALF of whom are citizens of Toronto. In

later hour than the others, owing to a prior engagement.

P. S. G. Pres. Swait and Sec. Cashmore, then "introduced the candidate."

Thereupon accompanied by the Rev. Bro. Clarke, an enthusiastic Englishman, the Bishop entered. He walked as stately as he has done at the Queen's drawing-room.

Supreme Official Ivens, whose noble presence became his sonorous voice, told the Right Reverend One of the responsibilities and onerous obligations he was undertaking. To all of which the Bishop not only gave vocal acquiescence, but signified unqualified assent by graceful bows of the head.

How the quiet of Prospect street was broken by the unusual melody of an anthem of aspiration for peace and prosperity, for in the sultry night every window was open and passers-by stood to listen.

His Lordship looked most happy when ensnatched in the ample folds of the Union Jack and decorated with the red rose of Old England.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

It was an inspiring sight when the Bishop was the centre of a double circle of stalwart, true-hearted brothers. Didn't they sing with gusto, "Britannia's the Pride of the Ocean!" and give their souls forth in "Cheers for the Red, White and Blue."

The charge was given by Bro. Swait, and the final touches laid on by President Cashmore. Then copies of the law and prophets—otherwise rules and constitution—were handed to His Lordship, and he was introduced to the brethren.

The members of Portsmouth Lodge, No. 45, assembled at their rooms on Sunday, Sept. 6th, at 3 p.m. for their annual church service to St. Mary's Church, Dovercourt, when a special service was held for the occasion; and a beautiful and appropriate sermon was preached by Bro. Rev. A. Hart, chaplain of the lodge.

Lodge London, No. 31, held its quarterly meeting on September 22nd, with the president, Bro. F. W. Ingram, in the chair. There were 200 members present, also a very large deputation from Albion lodge, including the champion Tug-of-War team, also a large number of visiting brethren from the various city lodges, among them was Bros. T. Skippon, G. Garrette and S. G. P. Ivens. A most pleasing part of the evening was the return of the silver challenge trophy from Albion lodge, won by the Tug-of-War team of Albion lodge; a still more pleasing part of the evening was the presentation of a handsome silver medal, presented to each of the tug-of-war team, and the captain. An address and medal was given to Bro. C. Dibble, who through sickness and misfortune had to retire from the team this year. A most enjoyable evening was brought to a close, receipts, \$238.

McKINLEYISM: The New York Tribune is thought a fair mirror of the Washington Administration's mind. Let a very recent utterance of that journal, so recent as Monday, September 7, 1891, be duly laid to heart. In its issue for that day, discussing the Canadian political situation, the Tribune says: "The McKinley tariff has come here to stay, and the only reciprocity which will be adopted between the United States and Canada will be that which carries its provisions from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Sea."

We might add that we very fervently pray that their precious tariff may indeed "stay" where it is. Some day, when a thankless generation has buried it, we may erect a monument to its memory in token of our appreciation of the delicate compliment it pays to the superior skill and enterprise of their British competitors with Yankee "infant" industries; requiring a ring fence of such alarming size to guard off the foes. We see no objections to the tariff being entwined gracefully around the north pole for the benefit of bears.

Old Sarum.

The Dean and Chapter of Salisbury have under consideration a proposal to purchase the site of Old Sarum, by a body of gentlemen who are interested in archeological research; some leading citizens of Salisbury, however, protest if the dean and chapter want to sell, the citizens should have the first offer. There is little doubt that if excavations were made at Old Sarum, where nothing is now to be seen but two or three shapeless masses of wall, interesting discoveries would be made. Old Sarum was the Roman station of Sorbiodunum. London Echo.

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that action must not by any means be considered a safe guide as to the actual standing of public opinion in this Province in regard to the matter.

Had the Colonel been in the company of the writer on the walk home, possibly one of his most pointed tropes, in which he referred to Manitoba and the North-west feeding Great Britain with wheat to the exclusion of that article at present supplied by the United States, might have been left out.

Could he have seen the exquisite anxiety of a group of Winnipeg's "best" citizens standing before a prominent drug store, on Main street, anxiously watching the lowest point marked by the mercury in a thermometer illuminated by matches struck and held in the hand of the enquirers; he might have wondered whether there was not something ironical in the reply of nature to some of the arguments he had just promulgated.

To revert back to Order of Business No. 1, which the writer himself being a Son, in his ideas, to readers of the Saxon should always be the matter of paramount importance in this Manitoba correspondence.

The doings of Lodge Neptune, No. 144, the new lodge which has just closed its charter with over fifty members, is one of great interest. On Friday the 18th inst., the D. D. Rev. Canon Coombes, instituted a White Rose Degree of this lodge, at which an enthusiastic gathering of 21 members made application for, and were admitted to membership. Thanks to the instruction which the Pioneer Lodge had received from the S. G. L. Delegate, Rev. Bro. Hobson, of Vancouver, at the beginning of the year, and which instructions they had profited by, and

its ranks are prosperous tradesmen, City Fathers, Anglican and other ministers, and thousands of artisans. Every week new lodges are being opened in some portion of the Dominion and additions are constantly being made to its membership.

THE LATEST RECRUIT enlisted in this city is His Lordship the Bishop of this diocese "Arthur Toronto," otherwise Arthur Sweatman, was the name enrolled last night on the roll of members of Lodge Lichfield, No. 146.

It was a memorable occasion and was made the most of. The large and handsome lodge room in Prospect Park Rink in the east of the city was filled to its utmost capacity. Union Jacks adorned the walls; the 30 city lodges all had representatives present.

President E. J. Cashmore was in the chair; F. C. Broomhall, vice-chairman. Secretary, C. M. Cashmore; treasurer, H. W. Smallpiece; chaplain, Rev. A. Oliver; committee, C. Harker, C. Cordingly, C. Smallpiece, O. Wenborne, C. Beverley, O. White; inner guard, J. Sylvester; outer guard, G. Bird.

Amongst the many visitors present, were: Supreme Grand President, R. Ivens; P. G. Pres. J. C. Swait; G. Tres. B. Hinchcliffe; Rev. W. H. Clark, D. D., for West Toronto, and Rector of St. Barnabas; Bro. W. Barker, Past D.D., Bro. J. P. Drewitt, D.D., Bro. T. P. Williams, D.D., and officers and members of the various city lodges to the number of 150.

The preliminary business despatched including the initiation of four members in the Red Rose Degree, the time arrived for the first Bishop to undergo his operation. He had special leave from the Grand President to come at a

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